

## home...

It was just a few days ago that I over heard someone say to Marla “I bet you can’t wait to get home!” As the conversation continued to unfold, I understood that the person speaking was referring to Brazil as home for us. And I guess in one sense, that is true, but the very word “home” is more confusing now than it has ever been.

In all of our traveling back and forth it used to be that “home” was where ever we were not. If we were in Brazil, when we spoke of “home” we understood that we were speaking of our life in the US. And like wise, when ever we spoke of “home” while in the US, we knew we were speaking of our life in Brazil. But over the past several years a funny thing has started happening... though it is often accompanied by a very lengthy delay; “home” has started feeling like where ever we are currently at.

When we were in Brazil, about a year into our stay there, Brazil truly did begin to feel like home. But then just a few weeks ago I commented to Marla that finally Newberg was starting to feel like home once again. Perhaps it is the consistency of finally having a routine, or perhaps it is getting comfortable with where we are at. What ever the cause, for the first time in a long time, it finally feels like we are home.

Of course having a “home” and actually being there, brings with it all kinds of warm fuzzies, especially around the holidays. Family traditions, cold weather, hot cocoa and Christmas trees all seem better when we are back in the United States. And believe you me; we are sure going to enjoy it all while we are here.

But there, nagging in the back of our minds through all of the holiday cheer, are the one-way plane tickets that we purchased to Brazil. It seems we are eternally leaving home. It used to be that such trips always brought us back “home.” Now it feels as if they continually take us from “home.” These trips are getting increasingly harder to take.

Perhaps these trips, these steps, are increasingly getting harder because life seems to continually be taking us from what is known and familiar to what is unknown and mysterious. And with each step, there have been more lives to consider. First it was just me. Then it was Marla and I. Then it was Marla, Samara and I. And now we add in Noelle. I’m not complaining mind you; it has been a fantastic journey! It just seems that there is now more at stake. God has been there every step of the way, and it’s the assurance of His continued presence that even gives us the strength that we need to keep following. But sometimes it is hard, especially when we’re right on the verge of taking that next step.

So I guess, I’d ask you for your prayers. Prayers that would carry us through this time of transition. Prayers for the girls (especially Samara), as they’ll leave the only home they remember. As they’ll lose the constant interaction of Maamaw and Paapaw, and be thrust into a Portuguese speaking world. Pray that God give them excitement for the move, and perhaps a new friend or two already waiting on the other side. Pray for us that establishing a “home” would not be so delayed this time. Pray that we’d find friends and

a good house / apartment. And pray for us as each in move, we are time and again reminded in a practical way that neither Brazil nor the US is truly our home.

For the only Cause that matters,  
Micah and Marla