

# The Right Way → HOME

BY MARY ANN SNOWBALL

When I've been playing with my friend  
My mother calls to say,  
"Please walk home very carefully;  
I'll wait for you today."

She taught me how to cross the street,  
And how to listen well.  
She watches through the window glass;  
She loves me, I can tell.

I also know that Jesus waits  
For me to come back "home."  
He put me in my family  
So I won't be alone.

I'm learning truths my parents teach;  
I'm trying to obey.  
Then when I need to make a choice,  
I'll choose the righteous way.

If I will follow on this path  
That Jesus set for me,  
Someday I'll be back "home" again;  
Then His face I will see.

I'll thank Him most for giving me  
My fam'ly kind and dear.  
I'm glad He shows His love for me  
And that He's always near.

