

# **DOWN HOME: No place like âhomeâ**

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## **DOWN HOME: No place like 'home'**

We've got another home.

No, the Baptist Standard didn't hand me a big, fat bonus so I could go out and buy a second place out in the Hill Country or down by the beach. And I haven't signed a blockbuster movie deal based on "Down Home." (Who would play me in the movie? Some folks might pick George Clooney or Brad Pitt, but I'd go for Ray Romano or Matthew Perry. In my universe, funny trumps sexy.)

If you've met me on this side of the page the past few months, you probably know Joanna and I bought another house late this summer. We sold the home in Lewisville where we raised our girls and bought another one in Coppell, way closer to work.

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Our house seemed like home from the start. It feels like it was built for us, even though we didn't find it for a long time. Now, except for hanging pictures in a hallway and trimming bushes, we're pretty much settled. And since the "new" neighborhood is about twice as old as the "old" one, we enjoy the trees and developed yards.

But for the record: We don't own a second home. This is the only one we've

got.

Still, Jo and I have another home. It's an apartment in Orlando, Fla. We visited it for the first time during Thanksgiving. It's where our oldest daughter, Lindsay, and her husband, Aaron, live. A part of Jo and me goes wherever our kids abide.

Molly lives in a funky loft apartment in Waco with five other Baylor coeds. Lindsay lived in Abilene in, ummm, two apartments with I can't remember how many Hardin-Simmons coeds and then in a duplex with Aaron for a semester.

Although I would've loved to have lived in a loft like Molly's when I was a student at Hardin-Simmons, I've tried to figure out why I haven't thought of the girls' collegiate housing quite the way I feel about where Lindsay and Aaron live now. The deal, I've decided, is college seems/seemed so temporary. In college, things can change from semester to semester. In college, the kids are home for a month at Christmas, and they just might be home for the summer.

Now, however, Lindsay and Aaron have moved halfway across the country, and they have set up housekeeping entirely on their own. They're there, making a life for themselves. And no matter how far away it is, our hearts are with them, feeling a wee bit like Florida residents. If only we could get their sunshine and fresh oranges.

During our trip to Orlando, I reflected on something my mother has talked about for years. Jo and I have lived in 11 residences in six communities. Mother always said she never could feel settled until she visited each place the first time, so she could see where we lived and spent our time.

When we walked into Lindsay and Aaron's apartment, I realized what had been nagging me since last summer—I never could picture them until I knew what their "place" looks and feels like.

So, I'm better now. And I take comfort in knowing that even though our kids are too far away for our daily hugs, they're still in the embrace of their Heavenly Father.

— *Marv Knox*

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