



Going Home

by Cheryl Banks

Another limb has fallen from the family tree
and the ache echoes in all the branches.
In December, on the first day of winter,
Eternity stretched wide to catch her.

Her winter came quietly,
not as an ending,
but as a doorway
draped in the drama of light and letting go.
She stood at its threshold,
surrounded by the love she gave
and the love that stayed,
and with that smile we all know, she said.
“Life was a gift.”

And it was.

Marcie drank fully from life’s cup—
not in small sips,
but in deep, grateful draughts—
the whole breadth of it,
the whole wild, tender, ordinary miracle of it.
Then breath by breath,
she unwrapped the last of it.
Feeling the hands grasping her own,
She let go—
It was not with fear or regret,
But with grace and peace
for she could already hear heaven’s music.

And that dauntless spirit—
always drawn to the next adventure,
lifted like the eagle she was born to be.
Gently slipping away, her spirit soared,
free of gravity’s hold,
tree of temporal things,
drawn upward by something deeper—
A brilliant light — a homecoming.

Past trees that remembered her touch,
past stars that blinked like old stories,
past every mile between longing and fulfillment
and into a heavenly garden of indescribable colors,
where light is alive and singing a living light
all revealing God’s majesty.

And the colors!

Colors she had never seen,
as if every color carried a meaning,
Grass, trees, flowers, mountains and
streams—

All creation pulsed with the rhythm of heaven
and every meaning carried peace.
And the air had music in it,
like it could breathe you back.

There—in a garden not grown with time but with
Glory—
She beheld her Father's face.
And touched her Savior's hand.

And in His touch was the knowing—
no more strain,
no more sorrow tugging at the edges,
no more body failing the spirit inside it.
Only wholeness.
Only welcome.
Only the purest love.

And then from the far side of forever,
they walked towards her,
All there greeting her—
all the ones her heart never forgot.

She had waited until this day—
The same day she had let him go,
In what now seemed like yesterday.
Not far away, never fading, not really gone.

Her dear Sam led the group of happy faces
There—as real as her own name.
As familiar as home.
They all were the same, but better,
And she was delighted that she was herself—
but even more so.

And together they listened—
as angels wove hallelujahs into the air,
as light danced like old music,
as every tear being shed this morning
was not wasted—
not one—
but gathered, held, remembered,
and made precious.

And back here on the earth side of it,
life kept doing what it does—
the strange mingling of grief and mercy—
And great joy—
because just days ago
a new life was born—
as if God Himself whispered,
See... I am always making all things new.

And friends of a lifetime remain—
the ones who knew her laugh,
who heard her stories,
who were warmed by her presence
without even realizing it.

Marcie lived wide.
Marcie loved well.
Marcie left fingerprints on hearts
that will not fade.

And with joy deeper than memory,
she joined the other voices around her now,
worshipping with the angels.
Aware she had lost nothing but gained every-
thing—
Marcie whispered—

“It's good to be home.”