

As we write today, life couldn't be more ideal – it doesn't get any better than this! Here we are; square in the middle of the best football in the nation. The top two teams in the nation, both in the Big XII, are facing off – an elimination game for the national championship. We had our first frost this morning. The legendary Midwest hardwood fall colors are ablaze. Award winning chili is on the stove. The scent of nachos duels with oak burning in the fireplace. My wife has cinnamon rolls rising in the kitchen. The little guys are cracking nuts inside and inventing some kind of neighborhood obstacle course outside. One son is looking up Peter Frampton riffs on the Internet. Oldest son and I are wading into a sea of pigskin madness that will last until midnight. Everything seems right today. It DOESN'T get any better than this.

The conclusion of it all is this – it's a wonder-filled life. Dorothy felt very lost and alone while she wandered in that mysterious netherworld called Oz. The odd companions whom she gathered on her journey amused her, but lent her no comfort. All she wanted was to be home. Amid all the great wonders of life, the greatest is the absolute peace and joy that come from resting in that place above all other places – home.

The Shakers of old gave us a sweet little song that speaks to this whelming peace:

'Tis a gift to be simple
'Tis a gift to be free
'Tis a gif to come down
Where you ought to be
And when you land in the place that's right
'T'will be in the valley of love and delight

And so it is good to be in Kansas, soaring over the fertile valleys, sweeping around the rolling hills, adorning our home with the colors of the land. It is good to have been elsewhere and to realize how good it is to be here. It is good to be home. We hope it is sufficient to say that we miss the friends we made in our travels abroad. We wish for you all the warm blessings we have come to cherish most – to be at home, to love and be loved.