

RANSOM Notes



Welcome Home

The voice was excited as my friend announced at breakfast one morning that visitors had taken up residence on her patio. She did not know their names, but loved having them. Some feathered friends were snuggled down in the petunias in her hanging basket. Judith's eyes sparkled as she shared that the container of flowers had been a Mother's Day gift from her family.

Apparently a pair of doves decided to have a family and looked for the most wonderful spot in the area at our senior living center. Why not birth your family among beautiful flowers instead of a dead tree or snarly bush?

Of course, you know that this crazy lady immediately wanted to view the new home. Immediately returning home, I found my way over to the nursery, phone/camera clutched in my hand. Directed to the patio, and while almost standing on my toes, I could just barely see one little object which I presumed was one of the residents of the leafy perch.

I had to get a picture, both to share with "nursery" attendant, as well as with my Ransom Note audience. Standing on my toes, I reached my arm as high as possible, leaving my thumb on the shutter, but unable to see anything but the roots on the bottom of the plant container. Quickly I took one shot and eagerly looked at the result. My heart almost stopped. Not just one dove head was captured photogenically, but two. At least a pair of grey feathered birds was home. Thrilled, I showed her the results of my stretching experience. She, too, gasped with joy and wonder. I took a moment to forward the shot to her phone, enabling her to pass on to her family.

As we spoke, I shared that the previous spring a similar set of dove visitors stayed with Sydney, a friend on the second floor of our complex. Those two built their own nest in the seat of one of her deck chairs. I had the privilege of recording their visit, both while eggs were present and again when wee little ones chirped as I clicked the camera.

Walking back to my apartment, my mind reflected on the concept of HOME. Perhaps the doves in the petunia patch were the same parents I viewed a year ago, only two stories higher. Maybe, yes, maybe they just moved to another home. They did not wear name-tags and I'm not an ornithologist, so unable to identify.

Those thoughts quickly reminded me of my own childhood. No, no, not living in a nest, but moving. As a baby, my family moved about every four to six weeks because of my father's job as a civil engineer with the mapping department of the Federal Government (USGS). We were always needing to find a new home, along with new sources of food, and hopefully even some friends and a church. My mother had a tough job, as naturally our family could not live in a petunia nest and eat bugs.

The joyful part was that, regardless of where we landed, my mother found a way to make our home feel safe, warm, and loving, as my father labored away with his surveying in the local fields and woods.

Once again my thoughts strayed to the scriptures. As followers of the Lord, we eagerly look forward to a new and permanent home, that eternal destination which God has prepared for His children. Scriptures indicate that our earthly home is temporary, but the new one is a place of perfection and prepared by Jesus himself. We will be reunited with loved ones. I certainly don't know exactly what that home will look like, but I'm confident that when I reach life's end, the landing pad will be a place where I finally belong, with friends that care and sparkle with love for our Father.

**Hopefully, Each Reader is Making
Daily Preparations to Meet the Father at Your New Home.
My Goal and Prayer Is To Be There To Welcome You.**

(Take a moment and read John 14:2-3, Philippians 3:17-21, and Revelation 21:5, 22-27

for a quick preview of God's Promises of the Home He is Preparing for Each of His Followers)

(Photo taken 7-8-25 in Springfield, IL by Kathryn Ransom - Look closely to see the second bird head.)