

**"HOMESICK NO MORE"**

One Sunday afternoon, after Church service. A young boy of about ten was walking through the old church cemetery with his mom and dad. As they walked along, the young boy noticed an old man kneeling by a grave stone at the foot of the hill.

The young boy ask if it would be all right to walk down and say hello. His dad said, "okay, but don't be too long." As the young boy approached the old man, he said "Good day Sir, how are you?" As the man turned, the boy could see he had tears running down his face.

The young boy asked, "Are you sad, sir?" The old man answered in a teary voice. "No son, I guess I'm not sad, just a little homesick. "The boy, not understanding what he meant, asked, "What do you mean homesick , sir?" The old man answered. "Well my young friend, if you'll set down here beside me, I'll try and explain." As the young boy knelt down, the old man began his story.

"You see son, lying here in this old grave is my friend and companion of over fifty years. My wife and I were traveling missionaries. She would lead the choir, and I was a minister who preached God's word. We would travel from town to town holding revivals and prayer meetings in an old tent we had. She would sing, and oh she had a voice so beautiful that even the angles in Heaven would stop and listen. When she was finished, and the choir was seated, she would watch the little ones, and I would open my Bible and bring God's word.

When the service closed, she would hug and kiss all the little children that were there. You see, we never had any kids of our own, it was always just the two of us. So I guess in a way all those little children were really her children.

We would pack our things and start for the next town. We would laugh and sing and talk of things to come and of all the souls still to be won, but those days are over now. For you see, a few weeks ago God sent for her to come home."

I guess he needed someone to lead the choir and watch the little ones. As for me, well I'm too old to travel anymore, but I still have my old Bible and such sweet memories of my dear friend. But someday soon, we'll be reunited in Heaven, and I'll be homesick no more."

The young boy was fascinated by the story the old man was telling and wanted his dad to meet him. He jumped to his feet and said, "Sir, I'll be right back!" and ran off to find his dad. By the time they returned, the old man was gone. They looked for him, but he was nowhere to be found. The young boy was sad. His father told him, "It will be all right son, we'll visit here from time to time, and I'm sure you'll see your friend again."

As a young lad, the boy returned to the cemetery many times and always made it a point to walk down the hill to the old grave stone in hopes of seeing the old man, but he never did.

The years quickly passed, and the young boy grew into a fine young man. He left home, entered into the ministry, and eventually became a traveling minister just like the old man. He would travel from town to town holding revivals and meetings, and, each time a lost soul was saved, he would think of the old man and wonder how he was doing.

One week in the summer during the month of June, he returned to his home town to hold a revival. When the meeting closed, he decided to pay one last visit to the old cemetery before moving on to his next revival. As he walked down the hill, he noticed something different this time. Instead of one grave stone there were two now. As he knelt down and read the name, he realized that this was the old man who had befriended him all those years ago and had made such an impact on his life.

With tear filled eyes and a sad heart, he wondered if the old minister was finally at peace. As he brushed away the dirt below the name on the stone, the inscription read...

***'Gone Home'***  
***'Homesick No More'***

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