

CELEBRATE ME HOME

Lillie Knauls

In 1976, I had begun to travel—singing just on the weekends—and I was always happy to get to the airport on Friday. And even though I had lovely accommodations as I traveled, I realized that there is “no place like home.” So when I would return to San Jose, I would look out the plane window and say to myself, “Soon I will be home, I’ll see my mother, eat her cooking, sleep in my own bed...”

When it was time for me to record a new project, my producer played a song for me called “Finally Home,” saying that I might like it. As I heard it, I knew it was for me! So, since 1977 I have been asked to sing this song at funerals and memorial celebrations. I have even been sent printed programs showing that my song was played in those services. Through the years, this song has been loved because of its powerful and comforting words of hope.

As the years have gone by, I don’t have the same feeling I once had when I first began traveling and returning home. Now I realize that I can never feel at home in this world anymore. I will be satisfied only when, as the song says, “Just think of stepping on shore, finding it heaven, touching a hand and finding it’s God’s ... of breathing new air and finding it celestial, of waking up in glory and finding it home.” Yes I will be “finally home,” and that is the song I would like played at my service. And sung by me!

