

# HOME

To me, home is a special place  
A place where all dreams come true.

A place that everyone matters  
And everyone is involved.

A place where old friends reunite  
And new friends are made.

A place where the river calls me  
Outside my door,  
A place that far back Ojibwe and Cree,  
Yes, they once lived here, and now...me

To me a home is where I am loved the most,  
Where I am recognized,  
My talents, my hopes.

A home is a place to be encouraged,  
A place to encourage  
When others are discouraged.

A home is a place where we share ourselves and our space  
In hopes of seeing joy  
On one another's face

To me a home is a place where I feel secure  
From the rain, the snow  
And all of my fears.

A home is a place where I am free to play  
And would love for all others  
To have fun in this way.

A home is a place where I am warm,  
A place of comfort during a storm.  
When I think of the thought of not having a home,  
I begin to cry and in sadness I roam.

So every night before I sleep,  
I thank God for my home  
Which is mine to keep

And maybe with luck this poem has grown  
Into something that will help a child have a home.

**By Ryan Mota**