



**Melodies of a Home- Peg Arnold 2017**



Empty rooms and echoing halls once filled with



the music of laughter, voices, and footsteps.



Walls once decorated with faces of loved ones' smiles,



now bare, with only the memories soaked inside.



Oh if these rooms had voices, the ballads they would sing.



If the floors were instruments, the rhythm of life would be a symphony.



First the bouncing beat of babies and toddlers



Full of giggles, sleepless nights, and teary-eyed cries,



Boo boos being kissed, and bedtime stories retold.



Next the chaotic cacophony of school books, competitions, and



choruses full of chatter, chiding, and cheers,



Interspersed with descants of backyard picnics,



Refrigerator Picassos, piles of laundry, and insatiable appetites.



As the family grows into the teen years, the symphony reaches a climax of



dichotomous joys and challenges that accompany emerging independence,



Ending with a mournful melody of separation, interspersed with harmonies of joyful expectation!



This home embraces the many memories and movements carved into the



walls and floors from each season of life,



But just like seasons, houses change, families grow up and move on.



This house now silent; cleaned spotless, swept clear of generational legacies,



Becomes an empty score for the composition of a new family chorus.



God bless this home, the tunes that dwell within, and the harmonies of its new song.

