

I come from

I come from a drug-abusing home.
Where we would wake up and wonder where Mom and Dad were.
having to ride with them to get that high...
from a home where strange people would sleep in my bed instead of me!

I come from a family who drank their liquor like water.
Wondering when it will stop—
I come from a home where domestic abuse was normal.
I'm from a broken family.

I come from a home afraid of sirens and blue lights.
would they take my parents away again?
Having butterflies in your stomach when you get pulled over.
Praying they won't rip them away from me again-

I come from a home with parents who stopped being parents.
To a home where my grandmother had to raise me--
Explaining to kids that the old woman isn't my mother.
Having to make Mother's Day presents for my grandmother instead.

From where the church is my second home!
Where those people became my second family.
Where I stand and sing every Sunday in that old choir loft.
Where I sing out of that old burgundy hymnal "Living in Canaan Now".

From where the sun hovers the mountains.
Creating a painting in the sky.
Watching the sun go down and the moon comes up.
Waiting for it to be night to catch lighting bugs!

From playing outside for long hours.
Running through soft green grass barefooted.
Drinking the crisp cool water out the hose.
Playing with bubbles trying to see who can blow the biggest!

I come from a broken family—