

## **Where Is Home?**

In March of 1964, our family of five was taking a ship from New York to Cannes, France. (Back in those days it was cheaper to go by ship than by plane.)

Destination: The Principality of Monaco, where we would join the staff of Trans World Radio, an Evangelical organizational.

The ship happened to be half cruise, half regular passenger. It stopped at various interesting places in the Mediterranean Sea. One of them was the island of Majorca. We spent a day discovering the town of Palma. We did a lot of walking.

At one point, our four-year-old son Jeff announced, "I'm tired...I want to go home!"

Betty and I looked at each other, then asked, "Jeffrey, where is home?"

"The ship, of course!" he answered somewhat irritably.