

Our home sweet home

A year ago we were trying to get our house in order so we could put it on the market.

When we listed it at the end of June, we knew we had to get the right offer to be able to buy another house. We would also probably have to move in with my parents in between homes.

Looking back, I am not sure I had complete faith it would all happen. Still, with the daily commute wearing me down and with Leo about to start kindergarten, it was worth a try.



As it turned out, the first couple who toured our house made an offer. Suddenly John was frantically packing and moving our belongings to a storage facility.

We toured our new house the same day we received that offer. I remember standing in the street outside, wondering aloud whether this was the house for us. But we agreed that we couldn't buy the first house we saw, so we didn't. Not then.



By the time we had seen more and knew how fantastic this house was, it was already under contract, so we kept hunting. And then, all of a sudden, it was back on the market. The contract had fallen through. The house was ours.

This weekend John and I sat on our deck and watched our sons play in their backyard, and I marveled at how this house has become our home.



If you had asked me what we cared about in a house, I would have talked about the number of bedrooms and a finished basement. What the yard looked like would have been farther down my list. And yet it helped us fall in love with the house.

Our yard isn't huge. But it's perfect for sledding races and sprinkler fun and an inflatable pool.



It's ideal for sneaking up on butterflies.



It's also a great place to act out scenes from Transformers or Star Wars or whatever else.



Finding our new home has been such a gift. And I don't think I have thanked God, or my husband, for that matter, enough for making it happen. Having the opportunity to carve out our own little space for our family is all part of the American dream.

And we don't take that, or the sacrifices that have made those opportunities possible, lightly.

At Sunday Mass when we sang "God Bless America," I got a bit emotional. Realizing that Leo was singing the words too brought tears to my eyes. I found myself thinking back to that moment when our airplane touched down on American soil and we knew that he was a U.S. citizen.

God bless America. Our home sweet home.

