

My Son, You Are Not Yet Home

*Travel stops
with
Father Archimandrite Nicodim Petre*

Translated from Romanian by
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Getting started.

My Son, you are not yet home

This life is but an ongoing journey towards home.

That's why, at every moment, we experience an inexplicable longing that manifests itself in vague desires, groundless grievances and a strange feeling of loneliness, even though we are always surrounded by people.

Consciously or not, even if some of us don't want to admit it, we miss God constantly. Only beside Him will we rest and feel truly at home. 'My soul is restless until it shall rest in you, Lord.'¹

¹ Saint Augustine, *Confessions* (Confessiones), PSB vol. 64, translation and notes by prof. dr. docent Nicolae Barbu, introduction and notes by fr. prof. dr. Ioan Rămureanu, EIBMBOR, București, 1985, pg. 63.



The journey to Him can be beautiful, even challenging.

With this book we invite you on that journey, to take a few steps and make a few stops with Father Nicodim, Abbot of Bucium Monastery in Iași.

When he has time, Father tells beautiful, bohemian stories, sharing his memories from the porch of the monastery, which itself sits on one of the hills of Iași. Every word he speaks is filled with meaning and humour. Listening to him, we realise that we still have so much to do, so much to see, so much to learn...

This book could not have been called anything other than 'My Son, You Are Not Yet Home'. The title was taken from one of the stories also told by Father Nicodim, on the porch of the chapel of Bucium.

It is said that a missionary² who had lived in India for many years and a famous singer who had been there for only a few

² Bruno Ferrero, *40 stories from the desert (40 de povestiri din deșert)*, Publisher Galaxia Gutenberg, Târgu-Lăpuș, 2007.

days were returning home to the United States onboard the same ship. After about two weeks at sea, they were preparing to dock in New York Harbor. There were crowds of people on shore who seemed to be waiting for someone. For a moment, the missionary thought they were waiting for him. He had done a lot of work in the East, built churches, founded missionary centres and was somewhat well known in certain circles. Alas, no! When they docked, he realised that the crowd of people were all fans of the singer. But for him, there was no one to help him unload his luggage.

‘God, I can’t understand it’, our missionary muttered quietly. ‘I have dedicated forty years of my life to India, while this singer who sings mundane songs has been there for only a few days and, lo and behold, there are thousands of people here to welcome him home’.

But the Lord answered him, *‘My Son, you are not yet home’*.

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