

A black and white photograph of a man, Jamie Bower, sitting on a tufted leather chair. He is wearing a white t-shirt and dark pants. He has his right hand on his head, looking down with a somber expression. A light-colored electric guitar is resting on the floor in front of him. The background features a wall with a repeating geometric pattern and a window with bright light coming through. The overall mood is melancholic and reflective.

HOMIE

JAMIE BOWER

CMFSG

MIDWEEK AT THE BEGINNING OF MAY I DROVE FROM ATLANTA TO NASHVILLE TO SEE MY FRIEND RYAN NECCI. THROUGH THE MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN AND DROPPING DOWN INTO NASHVILLE I FOUND MYSELF IN A STRANGE NEW LAND. NASHVILLE HAS ALWAYS HAD THIS MYSTIQUE TO IT, OFTEN I FEEL I DON'T BELONG IN MOST PLACES AND TO BE IN THE HOME OF COUNTRY MUSIC I FELT BOTH A GREAT TERROR AND A SENSE

OF POSSIBILITY. I HAVEN'T ALWAYS ENJOYED WRITING WITH OTHER PEOPLE. SOME OF THAT HAS COME FROM EXPERIENCE KNOWING THAT SOMETIMES INTENTIONS BETWEEN PEOPLE

CAN BE DIFFERENT, THIS HOWEVER FELT CONTRARY TO MOST OF MY RECENT LIVED EXPERIENCES. I HAVE BEEN A FAN OF RYAN FOR A LONG TIME AND BEING INDEPENDENT I FELT COMFORT KNOWING THAT WE HAD A MUTUAL LOVE AND RESPECT FOR EACH OTHER. I PULLED INTO THE MOTEL I HAD BOOKED AND CHECKED INTO MY ROOM. THAT NIGHT AS I WENT TO SLEEP I PRAYED, I PRAYED TO WHATEVER I BELIEVE MIGHT BE OUT THERE. SOMETHING GREATER THAN



MYSELF. I ASKED FOR FEAR TO BE RELEASED, I WAS THANKFUL THAT I WAS THERE AND GRATEFUL TO BE ALIVE. I WOKE EARLY AND AS I MUSED ON THE DAY, THANKFUL TO BE THERE THROUGH THE CLOUDS THE SUN CUT THROUGH MY SHUTTERED WINDOW AND POURED DOWN RIGHT ON TO MY FACE. I LAY THERE A WHILE AND BATHED IN THE MOMENT. FEELING IT'S WARMTH. COMFORTING AND LIFE AFFIRMING.

AFTER A WHILE I GATHERED MY THINGS AND LEFT. DRIVING



A LITTLE OUTSIDE OF THE CITY AND INTO THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE.

ALTHOUGH BORN IN THE CITY WE MOVED OUT TO THE COUNTRY WHEN I WAS 8, SO THE COUNTRY HAS ALWAYS HAD A SPECIAL PLACE IN MY HEART AND AS I'VE

GOTTEN OLDER THE CITY HAS SEEMED AT TIMES TOO MUCH. I LONG FOR THE PEACE, THE SERENITY AND THE COMFORT OF NATURE. I'M LUCKY, I LIVE IN THE MOUNTAINS NOW SURROUNDED BY NATURE, COYOTES, TARANTULAS AND THE MAJESTY OF ALL OF THAT. I PULLED UP TO RYAN'S HOUSE. HE WAS SAT ON THE PORCH PLAYING HIS GUITAR. WE HUGGED AND GREETED EACH OTHER AND WENT INSIDE TO WRITE. WE SPOKE FOR A WHILE SHARING STORIES OF BEING ON THE ROAD, PLAYING IN BANDS AND I GOT SHARING THIS IDEA OF



PEACE, OF LOVE OF A LONGING FOR SOMETHING FAMILIAR AND COMFORTING. IT WAS A FEELING THAT I THINK WE IDENTIFIED WITH. HE PRESENTED ME WITH THE FIRST 2 LINES OF THIS SONG AND WE WERE OFF AND WITHIN 3 HOURS WE HAD THIS SONG. IT IS AS I MENTION ABOUT FINDING THAT HOME, WETHER IT BE A FEELING OF BEING WITH SOMEONE OR SOMETHING, AND THE PEACE THAT COMES WITH THAT. A DESIRE WE HAVE TO FIND OUR PLACE IN THE WORLD. A LAND OF OUR OWN AS IT WERE. I HOPE YOU LIKE IT. WE ARE HAPPY TO GIVE IT OVER TO YOU. WITH GREAT LOVE. JAMIE.



CMFSG