

30th March 2020

Home

**“Go on home, you have fed full,
the evening star is coming, go on, my she-goats.”**

Virgil, Eclogue No. 10

Margaret Thatcher, in an interview with *Vanity Fair* in 1991, affirmed: *Home is where you come to when you have nothing better to do.*

Jane Austen, however, in *Emma*, has a character saying this: *The folly of people's not staying at home ... five dull hours in [another's] house, with nothing to say or hear that was not said or heard yesterday, and may not be heard or said again tomorrow ... four horses and four servants taken out ... to convey five, idle, shivering creatures into colder rooms and worse company than they might have had at home.*

In these times of “lock-down” and “social distancing”, I come down mid-way between Jane Austen and Margaret Thatcher (now, there's something I never thought I'd say!) Yes, indeed, home gives me as much, if not more, than I would get elsewhere – even though what my wife and I talked about yesterday is pretty much what we will talk about today, *and* tomorrow. But I also miss being out and about. I'd like to do and see other things. Home sometimes feels like “second best”.

But for now, if this is how it has to be, I will try to appreciate my home; I will give thanks that I have a roof over my head; I will reflect that when Virgil's “evening star is coming” I can find rest; I will even try to find new things for my wife and I to talk about. Today, I will value the home I'm getting reacquainted with, and, for once, not take it for granted.

A prayer for today

God of my home, when the Psalmist sang: “Even the sparrow has found a home, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may have her young – a place near your altar, LORD Almighty, my King and my God.” [Psalm 84:3] I thank you, in this my home, that he was singing a song with me. Amen

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