

23rd March 2022

Home

**“How does it feel, how does it feel?
To be without a home,
Like a complete unknown,
Like a rolling stone.”**

Bob Dylan, Like a Rolling Stone (Highway 61 Revisited – 1965)

With close on two million people now refugees as they flee from the horrors of the invasion of Ukraine, it's gratifying to see the good side of human nature: strangers offering rooms and properties, so that those who are made homeless by this conflict can have a place to call home.

I spoke recently with a Polish lady, now a Scottish resident, who, through tears, told me how proud she is of her people in Poland, including some of her own family, who have opened their doors to refugees. “It is not government,” she insisted. “No one tell my people what to do. It is people who do this. It is my people who offer, who take strangers. It is people's love that gives home. There is hope here, no?”

Indeed, there is hope here – if we, in Scotland, follow the example of our Polish brothers and sisters. And there is hope here, in this moment, right now, that self-giving, compassion and welcome will win out over destruction and death. There is hope here and now – thank God!

Bob Dylan has it right. To be without a home, to be “like a rolling stone” moving from place to place, or from country to country as Ukrainian refugees are doing, is about losing your personhood, becoming an unknown. “How does it feel?” It must feel hellish!

There was a fund-raiser for the DEC at the local High School recently, in the form of a “drive-through” cake-shop. You drive up to the kiosk, hand over a tenner, and become the instant owner of a box of cakes. I knew the lady at the kiosk. In conversation she told me, “A bunch of us have baked these at home. From our home to yours, so that, together, our money can help Ukraine people get back their own homes – and their hope.”

“How does it feel, to be without a home?” Bob Dylan asked. I, for one, have absolutely no idea. But I'm pleased that, with others, I might have a small opportunity to reach out with compassion to those who know, all too well, how it feels – today, and for many days still to come.

A prayer for today

How does it feel? Let me offer my compassion as I try to work that out. Amen