

6th October 2025

Houses

"Through wisdom a house is built, and by understanding it is established."

Bible, *Proverbs 24:3*

What is your house like? I don't mean is it terraced or detached, is it in a city apartment block or out in the country, does it have a flat roof or dormer windows, is it cluttered or all *House and Garden*? No, I mean what is your house *like*? What does it stand for? What does it say about you?

I've found a new song. Actually, it isn't new at all. It was written in 1907 and was a favourite of my granny's – though she could never remember the words! It's a translation into English of a Gaelic poem called *Mo Dhachaidh* – "my home". Set to lovely waltz tune, the song is called *My Ain Hoose*. It speak of what this "hoose" represents: cosiness; shelter; family; music; nurture; welcome; love; peace; contentment. The chorus is:

*Sing cheerily, couthily, canty and free,
O this is the hoor o' sweet solace tae me,
When wearied wi' toilin' oot o'er the green lea
I'll toddle wi' glee tae ma ain hoose.*

During my research, I went back to the writing of the Lebanese poet, Kahil Gibran. In *The Prophet*, Gibran has a reflection on houses, in which he bemoans houses being built in close proximity to one another. "In their fear your forefathers gathered you too near together ..."

Would that I could gather your houses into my hand, and like a Sower, scatter them in forest and meadow. Would the valleys were your streets, and the green paths your alleys, that you might see one another through the vineyards, and come with the fragrance of the earth on your garments.

Towards the end, he touches on what a house – any house – should mean.

Your house shall be not an anchor, but a mast. It shall not be a glistening film that covers a wound, but an eyelid that guards the eye. You shall not fold your wings that you may pass through its doors, nor bend your heads that they strike not against the ceiling, nor fear to breathe lest walls should crack and fall down. And though of magnificence and splendour, your house shall not hold your secret nor shelter your longing. For that which is boundless in you abides in the mansion of the sky, whose door is the morning mist, and whose windows are the songs and the silences of night.

So, if you don't mind me asking again – what *is* your house like?

A prayer for today

Built through wisdom? Established by understanding? Good foundations for any house!

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