

I am alone in the house of mourning.

This is a place for sorrow and respect. Although I cannot always be dressed in black, in the house of mourning, my heart is dressed in mourning clothing.

In the house of mourning, I will lament.

Our hearts have grown cold and hard, and we hardly understand it!  
Woe to us! Yes, woe will come to us of this.  
Our brothers and sisters are our enemies  
And all along, our enemies were our brothers and sisters  
And we cursed them and humiliated them and plotted revenge  
Woe to us! Yes, woe has come to us because of this.  
We have great knowledge and wisdom  
And yet too much of the wrong wisdom and the wrong knowledge  
And so people perish from lack of knowledge  
And vision.  
We are unfortunate  
And count ourselves blessed.

The Man of Sorrows once said the following:

'Blessed are the poor in spirit,  
for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.  
Blessed are those who mourn,  
for they shall be comforted.  
Blessed are the gentle,  
for they shall inherit the earth.  
Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness,  
for they shall be filled.  
Blessed are the merciful,  
for they shall obtain mercy.  
Blessed are the pure in heart,  
for they shall see God.  
Blessed are the peacemakers,  
for they shall be called children of God.  
Blessed are those who have been persecuted for righteousness' sake,  
for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

The Preacher once said this:

"The heart of the wise is in a house of mourning, but the heart of the fool is in a house of mirth."

I have much to learn from mourning, and I will stay in a house of mourning. It is my own house of mourning, and yet there is the house of mourning that we may all inhabit. Let us be silent and listen.