Reflections on Psalm 127

LORD OF MY HOME
(Praise to the Shepherd of my earthly home)

Because the Lord is my Shepherd, I have everything I need
A home in His sweet meadow, and an earthly life to lead

He lets me rest in velvet grass, beside His quiet streams
And sleep under His galactic sky, finding rest and peaceful dreams

His gentle breeze blows across my face and tenderly kisses my brow
My Father knows everything I'll ever need, and provides it all somehow

My ears hear the gentle whisper of His delicate butterfly wings
As I listen and am thrilled, by His graceful bird that sings

The moisture of His rain brings a pleasing scent to my nose
And draws my spirit ever close to the fragrance of His rose

Hearing the gurgle of family laughter, happily filling the crisp, clean air
Makes me realize how much my Heavenly Father does really, truly care

I kneel at my make shift altar, a rotting stump by His mighty tree
And humbly thank Him for bestowing, such blessings of love on me

No matter how close, or far away, in my journey I may roam
There will be no greater earthly treasure than this place I call home

Unless the Lord builds my home, all my labor is in vain
For He alone is my shelter from life's stormy clouds and rain

He shields me all day long, and throughout the evening, too
As I rest between His shoulders, until my journey is through

Jerusalem! Oh, Jerusalem! Wonderful dwelling place of God's love
Because of the cross, my eternal home waits, in His heavenly city above
Psalm 127: 1
Unless the Lord builds the house, its builders labor in vain.

Matthew 7: 24
Therefore everyone who hears these words of mine and puts them into practice is like a wise man who built his house on the rock.