

Houses with a soul

Often I go for a bicycle ride and look around the landscapes in the eastern part of Himmerland. This day I again chose an unknown unpaved road.

Often, I have from my bicycle a view to huge fields. The monotonous surfaces of the fields are only parcelled out by windbreaks and the ditches, which drain the large fields.

The roadside is an oasis for natural plants. It is a pleasure to see how hard-working the nature has survived to this little bit of land which the modern agriculture has not exploited.

The years that pass are blurring traditional agriculture. In the past there were many small farms and even houses to the rural workers along the small roads. A few houses have been retained.

But it seems only to be the large farms, which continue to occupy large agricultural areas, that are maintained and modernised.

On my trip I have come to a place where the road splits. I have doubts about which way to cycle. I take the road to the south. It looks most exciting.

In front of me, the large fields of their eternal expansion for some reason have allowed a group of trees to remain. I ride slowly nearer and are curious as to what hides behind these trees. There is the driveway to a house!

Densely entwined trees lie the old house. The place oozes of the passage of time. The house is dilapidated, but not abandoned. I can hear a dog barking behind a door. The door threatens to fall off the hinges.

I will not intrude and only stop for a short moment in front of the driveway to the house. As I ride on, I think about what stories this house may tell.



A house south of the village Øster Hurup, August 2018