

# Nest Building

## LOOKING FOR THE DOORS

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Most houses begin their dialogue with a visitor before he or she even knocks on the door. Take a stroll through your neighbourhood and you will find as many types of front doors as there are people living behind them. Without meeting a soul, you will already know a little bit about those you live beside.

There are thick, solid wooden doors on wrought iron hinges providing almost impenetrable security to the occupants; there are light and airy doors with plenty of glass, allowing sunshine and life to infiltrate; and there are neglected entries sending sadder messages.

The previous owners of my current home had painted my front door a whispering off-white to blend in almost invisibly with its surroundings. Today, my front door is an uncensored, vocal raspberry red.

I have two friends, Ashley and Peter, who bought their first house a couple of years ago. It was a sound little structure, but had many superficial flaws, including an unremarkable front door hidden behind a typical metal screen door that rattled in the slightest breeze and slammed shut without provocation. The front door hinted that the house it protected was in a similar shabby state.

Ashley and Peter had a modest budget to work with and, over the next few months, paneling was demolished, drywall went up, flooring was replaced and, bit-by-bit, everything was repaired, restored and refreshed.

A year passed before I visited again. This time, when I pulled up outside, there was a smartly tailored front door and sidelight installed at the entrance. It said: *"Things are much better around here now."*

I walked inside to find the house—its packaging and its energy—had been exquisitely transformed to provide the home my friends had always envisioned just as their new and handsome front door had promised.