

. . . as we journey towards and onwards from the Feast of the Epiphany 2021



Overheard in the caravan, while going home by another way...

Myrrh, frankincense and gold, that's what we left with.

Now we go home empty-handed. Empty saddlebags on the camels, hearts full of questions..., Did we leave the presents with the right king? One king in a palace, warm, fine and plush; the other in a barn, all muck and hay – and oh, the smell! But did we leave the presents with the right king? Oh, I think so! Remember Herod's eyes, envy-green?

But ah, the innocence of the child who but cried and nursed and slept... I think I saw him smile once! And clearly, his parents needed the help. No newborn's parents would have turned down the gold! No, they were honest folk... You could see it in her face and in the way he cared for her and for the child. They'll save our gifts for when they need them and mark my words, they will need them... But did we find the one we sought? Was it his star? What if we were wrong? His star it was, indeed:

a star of mystery, beyond the wisdom of us all.

We may not understand, but we know it was his star... What next, then?

What will we tell the folks at home of what we saw - and did not see?

And what will they think of us when we tell of a manger throne in a barn of a palace? They'll likely think us fools!

I wonder, still, myself if we found anything or everything or maybe even more than all... A trip we won't forget, that's sure, nor him we found nor those we met along the way... And the angel in the dream with warning – just in time! Now this way home, another way... A new way now, the way of dreams... So mind the star, it's still above...