

The Journey

So they left home

sultans, princes, patrons
comfort, security, family.

No mere stargazers,

They studied the stars –

placement, movement, shape.

What was it about this star?

Why leave everything familiar

to venture into a hostile world?

Why risk reputation, perhaps life,

For a strange star?

to appease a new king?

to gain influence for their princes?

to win esteem?

Did others whisper, *A fool's errand!*

How did the three – or two – or four - meet?

Did they plan the journey together?

Did they compare calculations?

Were they used to desert travel?

Were they fearful?

Did they know how to deal with desert tribes? marauders?

Did they have a guide? a translator?

What did they carry –

aside from gold, frankincense, and myrrh?

What did they discuss each night by the fire?

or each noon, taking refuge from the burning sun?

Did they share stories? fears? hopes?

Did they travel by night with the star –

in the frigid cold?

Or by day in the soaring heat?

Or in the in-between time?

The journey is long; the journey is hard.

But did they wonder?

Did they wonder about the star?

this peculiar pattern, this abiding presence?

Did they wonder about the new king?

Did they wonder about his royal parentage?

Did they wonder about the future? the present?

Did they wonder about Herod and his astrologers?

Did they wonder why they were not seeking the new king?

So they arrive.

How far had they traveled?

How far within?

What are they feeling as they behold the child and mother?

What do they see? really see?

Are they surprised?

Do they welcome this sight?

Do they feel welcomed?

Did they think, *How can this be?*

“They did him homage”.

“Then they opened their coffers
and presented” their gifts.

So they return - “by a different route”.

Did they have new questions to ponder?

Did they compare thoughts, feelings?

Or enveloped in silence,
in wondering, in wonder?

Were they somehow different?

Did they see the journey in a new light?

The journey is long; the journey continues.

Now I stand at the threshold
beneath the ‘same star’.

Does it summon me to journey
from the familiar to the unknown?

To a journey with others? with a guide?

To a journey within?

Will I remain aware of ‘the star’?
its guiding presence?
its abiding presence?

Will I continue to ponder?
to wonder?
to ‘behold the child’?

What can I give you? ...

The journey continues.