

## A VISIT FROM THE MAGI

*By Verna Kwiatkowski. Sky View. A companion piece to LOOK IN THE MANGER.*

God couldn't be silent when virgin Mary gave birth;  
He wanted the news to travel throughout the earth,  
For the child was also his: God's one and only Son,  
Who had humbled himself, his earthly work begun.

So God told his messengers, the angel cavalcade,  
The very ones who sang when the earth was made.  
They remembered creation, how they'd shouted for joy,  
And now once again at the news of God's baby boy!

A multitude of angels found shepherds near Bethlehem  
Who reacted in faith to everything the angels said to them,  
While far away in the east God placed a special star – OR –  
Was that star an angel? They'd been called stars before!

A group of Magi saw that star and they became entranced.  
They had been expecting a sign. Their spirits fairly danced!  
"The king has been born!" they said, recalling the prophecy.  
"Look, the star is moving! Come on, let's go and see!"

The Magi traveled on, but as they neared the Israelites' land,  
The star vanished! This was not what they had planned!  
Jerusalem, it seemed to them, would be the place to go.  
Wouldn't a king be born there? And wouldn't Herod know?

But Herod didn't know about a newborn king of the Jews,  
And he certainly didn't like the implications of this news!  
"We have come to worship him," the wise men boldly said.  
Inside himself, Herod raged; that child was as good as dead!

The priests said Bethlehem was to be the baby's birthplace  
And the Magi told the time of birth, anxious to see his face.  
"Go and make a careful search," Herod smiled. "Good for you!  
Then tell me where he is, so I can go and worship him, too!"

The trip to find the child was not as hard as they had feared,  
For when they stepped outside, their guiding star appeared!  
It stopped over the house where the family was now staying,  
And soon they were all inside, the Magi bowed down, praying.

Then they opened their treasures for him, gifts of royal worth:  
Gold, and incense, and myrrh for Jesus, King of all the earth!  
What a story they had to tell – no, they were not deluded –

Jesus was born for everyone! Even they had been included!

At night the wise men and Joseph all had warning dreams.  
Angels clearly told them about Herod's murderous schemes.  
So the Magi returned to their country by a very different path,  
And Joseph took his family to Egypt to escape Herod's wrath.

Those who didn't escape were the boys age two and under  
In and around Bethlehem. They were all killed! No wonder  
Weeping and great mourning filled the land with sorrow!  
Parents, weeping for their children, couldn't face tomorrow.

The child Jesus, after Herod's demise, grew up in Nazareth.  
Then, about the age of thirty-three, he too was put to death!  
God's Son, willingly humbled as he hung on the cruel tree,  
Completed the work he'd come to do: he died to set us free!

Don't consider his death to mean his mission was diminished;  
The most triumphant cry in all the world is this: "It is finished!"  
Death didn't have the final word; Jesus rose and then, ascending,  
Became our advocate and friend, whose love is never-ending!

In the manger, in a house, on the cross, by our side, in the air,  
People still encounter Jesus. He speaks to us from anywhere!  
Let's worship him on bended knee, and give a gift we can afford:  
With our tongues may we confess that Jesus Christ is Lord!