*The Three Kings*

The sun showers down on the back of your neck. Waves of sand whipped up by the wind, blast against your face. Sweat pours from your brow. Hungry desert flies bite. The desert is not a fun place. In daytime, the heat is excruciating. At night, it gets fiercely cold. A place of extremes. At times, the star of hope may have disappeared behind a sandstorm. Still, the three kings persevered.

What did they encounter when they reached the Messiah? What did they see? They saw a tiny, baby vulnerable, fragile, in need of nurturing . . . dependent. Could this be the King? Could this child bring peace and justice to the world? Did they know He would be Infinite Love in human form, that He would set the world on fire with transforming Love? Did they doubt, have second thoughts? Maybe. But I believe they had a glimmer. I believe they hoped against hope, trusting in the brilliant star that shone even in pitch darkness.

Today we celebrate the Epiphany. “Epiphany” means a moment of revelation or insight. I believe the three kings experienced this. They believed God could transform the world through a tiny, vulnerable infant. Let us pray that this celebration can be an epiphany for us too, that we can gain insight. May it be a reminder to us that nothing is impossible with God. Like the baby Jesus, we can make a difference too. In the brutal desert of life, in the dark of sin, we can be stars of hope, beacons of light.