

Epiphany

Timeless in its brightness, the “star of wonder” filled the intrepid travelers with a sense of pilgrimage. Richly adorned, riding upon the Cadillac of their day, they followed the twinkling global positioning satellite of two millenium past. Camel “jockeys” loping along in the desert in search of truth and a hope of what might be.

The Magi’s quest upon the shifting sands of life was an epiphany that marked an exchange that has echoed far beyond the confines of that small Galilean province. Their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, symbols of a much greater offering that spoke of immeasurable wealth. The true gift of pilgrimage, a journey of hardship, discipline, perseverance and joy - the giving up of oneself for the hope and dream of another. It was homage to divine life itself, as captured through the loving embrace of a Mother with child. A faith stance lived and breathed through the likes of Joseph, the shepherds, the innkeeper, the Wise Men and a host of nameless faces peering into the risky future of an infant. Images of greatness and humbleness caught within the same breath as honour was bestowed upon the Christ child.

The desert sands still shift, and the stars still twinkle as we quest under the heavens. Pilgrimages are taken and gifts are offered in the name of the child. It is enough to know that to make manifest - to show forth - is the heart felt calling imprinted upon each. It can motivate us to great heights, inspire us to the depth of our being or send us on our way. It is to God’s glory that thanks giving for the birth of a child still continues and that love and compassion abound as the image of Christ is seen upon each newborn’s face. It is to our credit that we can muster up the courage to travel into the unknown braving the stinging sands of time to give of ourselves for the sake of others. It is a wonderful story. A true story.... our story!

-NJP