

Three Wise Men



Three wise men.

Searching, studying, waiting, watching. A calling in their hearts had their eyes on the skies. Looking for a sign. Longing for a Savior.

There must be more to life than living for self. Purpose. Passion. Filling for the emptiness carved by sin and suffering and anguish and life. Something to truly treasure.

Finally, darkness split by light not to be missed. The heavens again declare the glory of **God**.

Star light. Star bright. Lead to the Savior through the dark of night.

A Child of Hope;

of promise always spoken

of love never broken.

In the straw. In the manger. In the dark. In the cold.

*Not what was in their hands, but in the hearts.**

And three wise-men find their King. An epiphany of the heart.

7 Then Herod, when he had secretly called the wise men, determined from them what time the star appeared. 8 And he

sent them to Bethlehem and said, "Go and search carefully for the young Child, and when you have found Him, bring back word to me, that I may come and worship Him also."

9 When they heard the king, they departed; and behold, the star which they had seen in the East went before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was. 10 When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceedingly great joy. 11 And when they had come into the house, they saw the young Child with Mary His mother, and fell down and worshiped Him. And when they had opened their treasures, they presented gifts to Him: gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

12 Then, being divinely warned in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed for their own country another way. Matthew 2:7-12

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