

Magi

I am one of the Magi. We are an ancient order, studying secrets of the heavens. Our work is hidden from most people, and thus has been much misunderstood.

Although we are not kings, down through the ages we have often been royal advisors. Our knowledge of the stars has even allowed us to confirm or deny claims to many thrones. Thus we sometimes travel to pay homage to true kings.

Although our art is similar to that of practitioners of darkness, we have no more to do with Nimrod and his rebellion against the Most High than a true coin has with a counterfeit.

The movements of the wandering stars do indeed have meaning but do not impart power, only knowledge. We are humble observers of the works of Him Who made them. That is all the true Magi ever claim.

When the Star of the Righteous One joined first the Mother Star and then repeatedly the Royal Star, all of this within the Constellation of Judah, we knew that great things were taking place. The second time it happened was on the first night of the Jewish New Year, remembering the day Noah stepped off the ark. And at that time, the sun was also in the constellation of the Virgin.

When the sign repeated, but with signs of danger, our Brotherhood decided that a large company must set out for Jerusalem in the land of Israel, for these auspicious events were in keeping with all that their prophets had written of the coming Messiah.

It was a long and dangerous journey, but the signs in the heavens were repeated while we were on the way, not once but twice, to remind us -- as if our excitement could be increased -- of the greatness of our quest.

In Jerusalem, because of the reputation we carried, audience was immediately granted into the presence of the one who called himself king. Despite his grandiose demeanor and ostentatious court, the stench of his life was well known not only to those in his city, but as far as Persia and Parthia, which regarded him as the rotten eastern flank of Rome.

Herod was fearful at our coming, for his own wise men were either ignorant of the stars or plotting against him. But he feigned devotion to the one we sought. A message given us in a dream confirmed our suspicions that one visit to his court was more than enough.

But then the two stars again joined into one, exactly in the direction of the village Bethlehem, which the priests and scribes had assured us was the one prophesied.

There we found the child, who had been born nine months before, exactly on the day of the most auspicious signs.

Can you imagine our joy and amazement. Generation after generation of Magi had looked for this, the greatest of all events announced in the stars. Now we not only knew, we saw and gladly gave rich gifts. The tokens we carried were fit for a king, but only a faint reflection of the praise and adoration in our hearts.

To the ignorant, the child could have been mistaken for any other baby boy, just as the stars that made his birth known could be viewed with unseeing eyes. Yet we knew that before us was one whose greatness even we who understood the signs were only beginning to imagine.

Matthew 2:1-12