

in the Christmas play and decided not to risk what I knew to be an impossible errand. I was, in fact, waiting smugly at home, ready to reproach them for missing Christmas, only to discover I was the one who got lost.

Christ had not arrived in the middle of the marvelous program. He had hidden, waiting to be found behind a migrant blanket. I missed him. You may run the same risk sitting here, hearing this. Somewhere in the world, someone is waiting, and if you don't go looking, if you won't risk getting lost and being late, then you will miss your Magi moment. Instead of seeing what happens, you will be left with only the story. But if that happens—when it happens—you will discover as ~~we~~ have discovered and as Paul once discovered, sometimes the story is light enough for the way. To us, "the very least of all saints," this grace will be given "to preach to the Gentiles the unfathomable riches of Christ." On Epiphany, that story comes with a gift: the sacrament of Christ's table.

On communion plates used in the early church, there was engraved a star, the wise men's star. It was placed there to show that now the star leads those who would be wise to Christ's presence here. Come. It's time for the journey. Someone is waiting. Come and receive what is more precious than gold, more fragrant than frankincense. Follow the star. Receive him here at the table. Here in the starlight are the gifts of God for the people of God. And when the star moves from here into the world, follow it. It will surely lead you to the place where the Child of God is waiting.