



Station Two – How still we see thee lie

We carried on, following the star. Not many miles later, it appeared to stop over the town of Bethlehem, so we went into the town and asked if there had been any royal births. No one knew of any royal families living in Bethlehem, but they guided us to an inn, and the innkeeper showed us to a hut in his yard. That is where we met the baby Jesus. It was the most magical moment of my life.

It was no wonder that Herod hadn't heard of the birth of this king. No royal palace, no courtiers, just a hut in the yard of an inn, the kind of hut you would normally keep sheep and cattle in. But all our party – the astronomers and the learned men and women – agreed straight away we were in the presence of greatness. The star had led us to the king we hoped to find.

The parents were humble people. The father, Joseph, was a carpenter whose family came from Bethlehem many generations ago. They had come to the town from Galilee in the north because of the census, when the government counts the people. Mary, the mother, was a beautiful young woman with a great sense of calm about her, despite the hut being so busy with people. The baby Jesus captivated us all. He lay quite still in his cot, watching the comings and goings with wise eyes.

We presented gifts, which Mary and Joseph accepted gracefully. They didn't seem at all surprised at such lavish presents. Mary took Jesus out of his cot and nestled him on her knees. Jesus looked at us and looked at the gifts. I felt like he was giving us his approval, letting us know that we had done the right thing coming to see him.

We travelled back across the desert, back to the palace where I lived. I didn't hear about Jesus for many years, but I never stopped thinking about him. I carried on watching the stars, spending my nights on the palace roof, secretly hoping that another bright star would appear in the sky, moving fast, and leading me to travel to see Jesus once again.