

**Thought for the day – Tuesday 11<sup>th</sup> January 2022**

**By Revd John Marshall**

**Another Epiphany poem from Emmanuel**

A journeying Magi's Mood Swings Susan Hardwick

My feet are sore

The star is dim

The journey long

What a mood I'm in

I wish I was back

From where I began

I'm sick to death

Of this caravan.

Our route seems wrong

The camels are lame

They've got the hump;

It's Caspar I blame

A town ahead!

Can it really be

The Saviour's home –

and our destiny?

The star has stopped!

It's overhead

a stable bare –

and a manger bed.

Our journey's end!

At last we see

the Saviour – Child

it is truly He

The Baby smiles

The angels sing.

Our gifts, ourselves

To you we bring

Gold is yellow,

The colour of sun

I dedicate my wealth

To the chosen One

Now Frankincense,

To perfume the air.

The most holy smoke

carries up our prayer.

Myrrh for sorrow

which is overcome

when from death to life

goes the Risen One

But that's not yet,

Enough for now,

That our Saviour's born ---  
King to King I bow

Oh, Baby Jesus!  
God's most Beloved Son !  
Redeemer of all –  
You are my chosen One.

Susan Hardwick Shine on star of Bethlehem  
Canterbury Press Christian Aid

As you look at your Christmas cards with Magi or Kings on them, think of what gifts you can bring to the Christ Child!