



Station One – A star for a king - story

The royal astronomer taught me almost everything I know about the stars. From when I was just a little girl, I would spend nights with him on the palace roof, watching the skies and listening to him describe the constellations. He made lenses that helped us see deep into the constellations and realise the greatness of our God – one that created all the stars in the sky.

He is long gone. But I remember everything he told me. For years, he said we should expect a bright star to appear in the western sky and that we should follow it as it moves through the heavens. I was so excited when just such a star appeared, brighter than anything I'd ever seen.

I pleaded with the king to let me travel and follow the star. When he refused, I pleaded again the following day, and then the day after that. One of the wise old men at the palace told him about the importance of the star, that it meant that a king was born, one that would change the world, and that the star would lead us to him. So the king changed his mind.

He ordered the country's greatest astronomers to go with me. We had helpers too, people to look after the camels, people to read maps and people to feed us. We set off at night, so that the star was clearly before us and we could be sure which direction to go.

We travelled for many days, across the deserts of Arabia. It was very hot during the day when the sun was high in the sky, and freezing cold at night, so cold that on some nights we brought the camels into the tent to give us some warmth.

Eventually, we came to Jerusalem and King Herod's palace. We were granted an audience and taken to meet the king. He knew of the prophecy but knew of no royal babies being born in his country. He gave us permission to go on our way, but we could see that he was angry.