



REFLECTIONS

December 19, 2010

**...and the glory of the Lord shone around
them,**

Luke 2:9

Drawn to the Light

The story has endured for more than two thousand years. It tells of a star shining so brightly that it could not go unnoticed, so convincing that even magi far to the east were drawn to it; and so compelling that they could do nothing but gather their richest gifts and follow its path.

The trip was not a short one, but they could not have known then how far they would travel or where the journey would lead them. They only knew that they were drawn to the light; and they followed it.

Meanwhile, more than a year's journey away, shepherds were watching their flocks by night. Suddenly an angel of the Lord appeared to them and the glory of the Lord shone around them. And just as the magi so very far away, they were drawn to the light. It was so compelling that they could do nothing but follow its path and then go tell others the good news.

It's hard to imagine a star shining that brightly or one compelling enough to move someone to follow it. It's hard to imagine a light from the heavens that illumined a path in a single direction and ended at a solitary place. It's hard to imagine a light so convincing for three magi and a few shepherds to be drawn to it, yet there is no biblical account that anyone else saw it, or that anyone else followed it. Was the light not visible to others, or did others simply choose to ignore it?

The answers may never be revealed on this side of heaven, but a few were drawn to the light and the world was never the same again. Each Christmas the Light of the season shines so brightly that almost everyone knows of it. The Light is so compelling that the many who refuse to believe in it will still celebrate the day in some way. They will celebrate with gifts rich in value and love; and they are likely to hear the renewal of the story told each year.

More than two thousand years ago, the Light came into the world. Many are offended by it, most resist it, but those drawn to the Light discover that its path leads in a single direction and ends at a solitary place—the loving arms of the Savior.

And in the arms of the Savior, we find his peace.

Merry Christmas

Richard +

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