



# A Better Story

## FCCNH 2022 ELDER MEDITATIONS

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*After they had heard the king, [the Magi] went on their way, and the star they had seen when it rose went ahead of them until it stopped over the place where the child was.*

*When they saw the star, they were overjoyed. – Matthew 2:9-10 (NIV)*

My son became fascinated with astronomy around the age of 5, and I found his love of the subject to be infectious. We read books together, watched the Discovery Channel, bought a telescope, went to Griffith Observatory, and even took a tour of Nasa's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. Watching and feeding his childhood enthusiasm and curiosity was wonderful.

He's moved on a bit to things like Minecraft and soccer, but I still find myself seeking out articles about our solar system with its planets, dwarf planets, and moons, pulsars, quasars, nebulas, and other celestial phenomena. The background image on my computer's desktop is a recent image of the Crab Nebula taken by the James Webb Space Telescope. As I type this, its concentric waves of multicolored mist seem to explode outward from a single blazing eight-point, blue-white star.

Some folks find scientific study and inquiry to be incompatible with their Christian faith, but that's never been my experience. The more I learn of the story of the universe around us, the more I stand in bewildered awe at the sheer scale and complexity of it all and of the creative wellspring that set it all in motion.

I wonder... What must the Magi have felt gazing at the heavens more than two millennia ago? Profound wonder at the beauty of what they beheld? Admiration for the boundless creativity that willed it into being? A swirling mixture of gratitude, humility, rapture, and insignificance in the face of their own tiny place in the vast, churning dance of creation?

Now granted, I've never looked up into the night sky and seen the star of a Savior, but if they experienced any of that, I feel like I can relate.