I wonder what was seen in the sky that first night. What was it that got the wise men thinking? What was it that motivated them to pack and begin a journey to who knew where? Something had been revealed to them. But what was it was it in the sky, in their mind, in their hearts?

We don’t have much historical information about these wise men and their journey. Matthew says they came from the East. Some have speculated they were from Persia. We like to think that there were three of them but Matthew doesn’t say that, and the number has varied throughout the church’s history.

We call them Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar but those names didn’t come about until the seventh century. This anonymity and lack of historical information is a reminder that this story, this Epiphany journey, is not just the wise men’s journey, it is everyone’s journey, it’s our journey. We need to remember that the truth of sacred scripture is never limited to or contained only in the past, it moves on as in a journey.

I don’t know what was in the sky, what they saw, that first night. I don’t know what was in their minds, what they thought, asked, or talked about. I don’t know what was in their hearts; what they felt, dreamed, or longed for. But I know that there have been times when we each have experienced an Epiphany.

Times when our night sky has been brightly lit, times when our minds have been illumined, times when our hearts have been enlightened. Those times have revealed to us a life and world larger than before. Moments that gave us the courage to travel beyond the borders and boundaries that usually circumscribe our lives.

Epiphanies are those times when something calls us, moves us, to a new place and we see the face of God in a new way, so human that it almost seems ordinary, maybe too ordinary to believe.

I think that’s what happened to the wise men. They began to see and hear the stories of their lives. Something stirred within them and they began to wonder, to imagine, that their lives were part of a much larger story. Could it be that the one who created life, who hung the stars in the sky, noticed them, knew them, lived within them, and was calling them? Could it be that the light they saw in the sky was a reflection of the divine light that burned within them, that burns within each one of us?

Yes. God notices us, knows us, lives within us, and calls us. God is continually revealing himself in and through humanity. Maybe it was the day you bathed your first child or grandchild and saw the beauty of creation and the love of the Creator.

Or that day you said, “I love you” and knew that it was about more than just romance or physical attraction. Perhaps it was the moment you really believed your life was sacred, holy, and acceptable to God.

I have been privileged to be at the beside of many people who were very sick or dying and experienced the joy that death is not the end, some of you may have had the same privilege.

These are the stories of our lives, epiphanies that forever change who we are, how we live, and the road we travel. They are moments of ordinary everyday life in which divinity is revealed and we see God’s glory face to face.