

Wise Men Follow the King

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Today's true story from the Bible goes right back to the beginning. Really, they all do, for it is really all one giant story.

A Lost Kingdom



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When God made the world (and the entire universe too) He made a man and a woman. (read about it in Genesis, the 1st book of the Bible. Genesis means "Beginning") The man and the woman were wonderful, perfect, beautiful and happy in God's care and love. They lived in a garden full of all good things, and no bad things. Everything was theirs, except for one tree and its fruit, which God said they must not touch nor eat. Will they do what He told them? Sadly, very sadly (the saddest tale in all the world), they did not. They did not trust God to be their King, and they took and ate the fruit.

They became very frightened, and felt really bad (they were really bad too) and had to leave their garden home, out into the wide world, which had now become wild, dark, difficult and

dangerous. It was all because they did not "FOLLOW THE KING". That's what the whole title of the sketch is, as you will see later. How sad! But it gets worse. We are all the children of their children's children's children, and we are just the same.

- we want to take, not give
- we want to lie, not tell the truth
- we hurt others, instead of helping them
- we fight others, instead of playing with them
- we laugh at others, instead of comforting them
- we call names, instead of being friends with others
- we hate others ("I'll kill you!"), instead of loving them

But God still loved them (and you and me), and gave them a promise, like a great signpost, that one day they and their children would come HOME again. God's promise, that filled them with HOPE, was that one day someone born from their children's children's children, would come to set things right again. Someone Who would be their true, great and strong King, to rescue them from sin and sadness.

A Baby



In the land of Israel 2000 years ago there was a young woman named Mary. She was engaged to be married to Joseph, the local carpenter. However, before the wedding day came she was startled one day by a visit from an Angel of God! That doesn't happen very often at all.

Even more surprising was what the Angel said to Mary - "You are going to have a special BABY boy! He will become the great man God has long promised to send." Now Mary was still a virgin, she had never lain with any man, and did not expect to have a baby till well after her marriage to Joseph. "Don't be scared" said the Angel, "for this BABY will be God's Son, and not any man's son. The Holy Spirit of God will come to you and make this all happen." Mary replied "I am God's servant, and I am ready."

Joseph and Mary had to go to the town of Bethlehem, which was crowded with visitors. It was time for the BABY to be born, but the only bed they could find was a pile of straw in a barn, among the animals. It was there that baby Jesus was born, into a poor family, and in the poorest part of a little town. Not many people even knew He had come!

Wise Men



Some months later, some very wise men from an eastern land arrived at Jerusalem, the capital city of Israel, where bad King Herod sat on his throne. These men, called the Magi, had travelled many weeks to reach Israel, a long, hard and dangerous journey. They asked everyone they met "Where is the one who has been born **KING** of the Jews? We have seen his star in the east, and have come to worship him."

A King

When King Herod heard about another king, he was angry, but pretended to want to worship him too. "Tell me when you find him" he said, but really he wanted to kill the baby!

A bright light in the sky had signalled to them that God's great King had come, and they set out to find him. As sightseers? No, to worship him, for they knew He was more than just another man, another king.

At last they found the baby Jesus in Bethlehem (just where one of God's servants, Micah, had said, over 400 years before). They were so happy to have found Him. Much to the surprise of Mary and Joseph they bowed down before the young child Jesus and worshipped him as they would worship God Himself, and gave Him presents fit for a **KING** - gold, sweet-smelling frankincense, and precious myrrh.

When the time came for them to return home, an Angel warned them not to tell wicked King Herod where the baby was, so they went home another way.

My King



King Herod did not want another king - he wanted always to be king himself (which was silly, for he too must die one day). He wanted to be his own king, and not obey anyone else, even the King of the Universe, God Himself. Herod would rather be a sad little king than be a happily-ever-after servant of the True King, Jesus.

Will you have Him as your King? Will you say to Jesus, "**My King!**"?

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