

Readings for January 5, 2025

Matthew 2:1-10

After Jesus was born in Bethlehem in Judea, in the time of Herod who was a Jewish leader, came wise ones, priests, astrologers, and magi from the East to Jerusalem saying, "Where is the one who is born king of Judea? For we saw his star when it rose and have come to worship him." When King Herod heard this he was alarmed, and all Jerusalem with him. After assembling all the chief priests and experts in the law, he asked them where the Christ was to be born. "In Bethlehem of Judea," they said, "for it is written this way by the prophet:

'And you, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah,
are in no way least among the rulers of Judah,
for out of you will come a ruler who will shepherd my people...''

Then Herod privately summoned the magi and determined from them when the star had appeared. He sent them to Bethlehem and said, "Go and look carefully for the child. When you find him, inform me so that I can go and worship him as well." After listening to the king they left, and once again the star they saw when it rose led them until it stopped above the place where the child was. When they saw the star they shouted joyfully. As they came into the house and saw the child with Mary his mother, they bowed down and worshiped him. They opened their treasure boxes and gave him gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Another Sacred Text

"Whole Up"

Adrienne Maree Brown

I believe in the transformative and healing power of even one taste of being seen as a whole person.

I believe we complete each other.

I believe learning to listen is the clearest path towards love – listening to myself, to earth, to the silence, to each person I meet, to what I don't want to hear, to that which is hard to share, to what is emerging, to the many-truths we call history.

I believe in crying. I mean, I believe in weeping with my whole body.

I believe that community is always the answer.

I believe in the humility of smaller and smaller scale, deeper and deeper changes – inch wide, mile deep. From the mountaintop everything was grand, far away, beyond my lifetime, and small.

I have been down into the valleys and the gutters, the lightless ocean, even to the arteries, all the time listening as a form of prayer. The closer I got, I noticed heartbeats are a thunder.

I saw that life is a miracle because of what happens in the smallest darkest instances.

One cell splits to carry the load of life, one breath, one awakening.

I know nearly nothing, except let go, surrender, see what is, lean in, be direct, be honest, and love, starting within.

See the little flame of life, and grow it with your deepest breath.