

Caspar's Story

By Pete Large

This happened many years ago when I was a much younger man. One night, Melchior, Balthasar and myself all had the same dream that a new King was to be born. The following night we saw a new star in the sky, and Melchior, who was the wisest of us, said that it was a sign and that we should follow it.



We packed our supplies and fed our camels and said goodbye to our families. We travelled at night, setting off as soon as we could see the star, and set up our tents to sleep in the middle of the day. We travelled for many weeks and the weather grew colder and the nights grew longer. Every night we followed the star, wondering where it would take us.

Then, one night in the middle of the winter, when we were, all three of us, tired and cold in the snow, we came to a town called Bethlehem. The star was now above us and Melchior said that we must have arrived at where the King was to be born.



We asked around the town but there were no babies being born that night. Then an inn-keeper remembered a man and woman who he had allowed to sleep in the stable of his inn. We tied up our camels and walked across the snow to the stable. We stopped in the doorway and looked in. A man was setting a new-born baby down in a crib while a woman, looking tired, lay down on a straw bed.

We said nothing but laid our gifts at the end of the crib and kissed the baby on the forehead. Then we left. We stopped in the courtyard outside the stable and, still silent, gazed up at the stars through the falling snow.

The journey back took a long time. Since then I have heard many stories about what happened at Bethlehem. But what happened to me I know to be true.

