

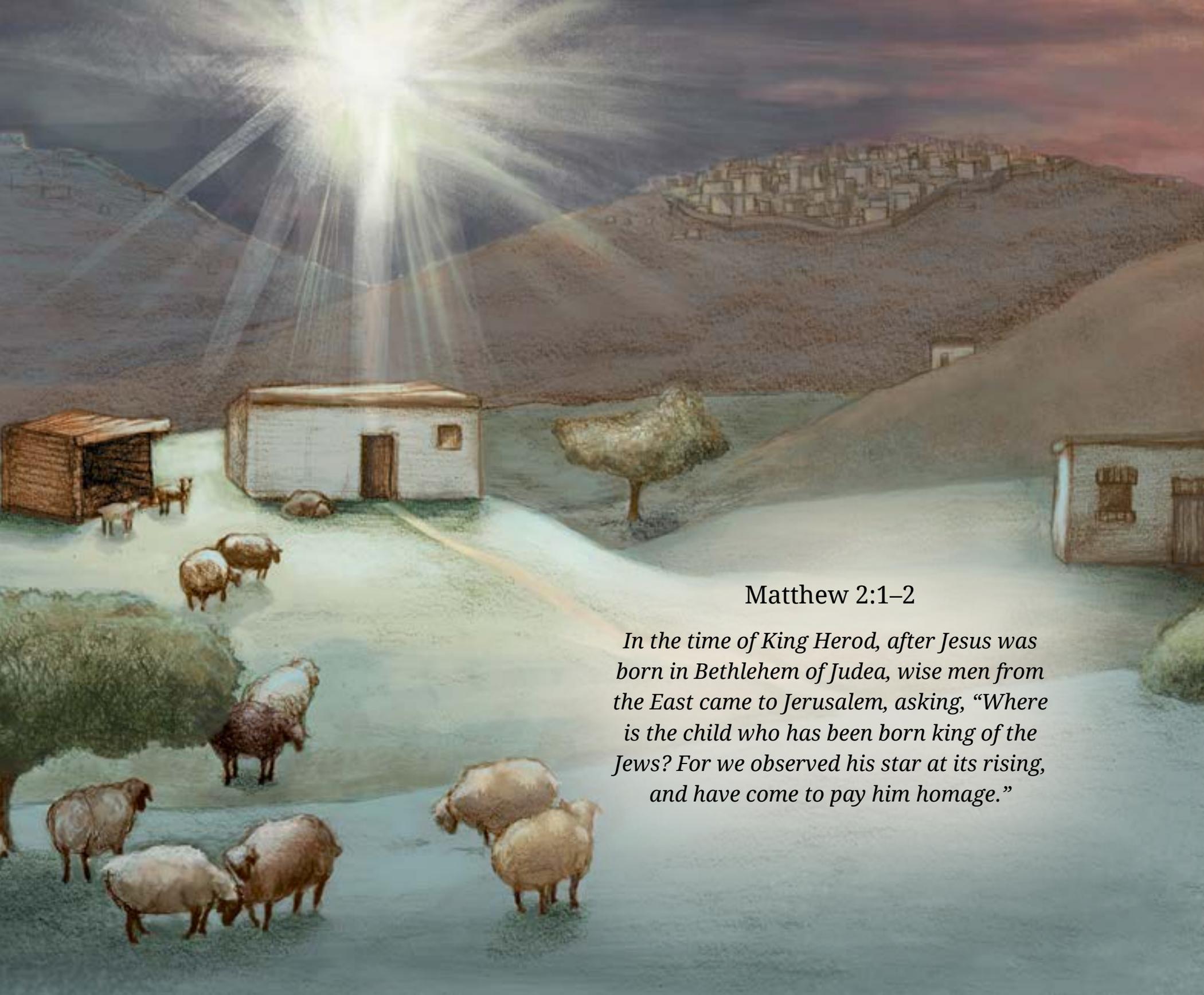
BARBARA BROWN TAYLOR

*Home by  
Another Way*

A CHRISTMAS STORY

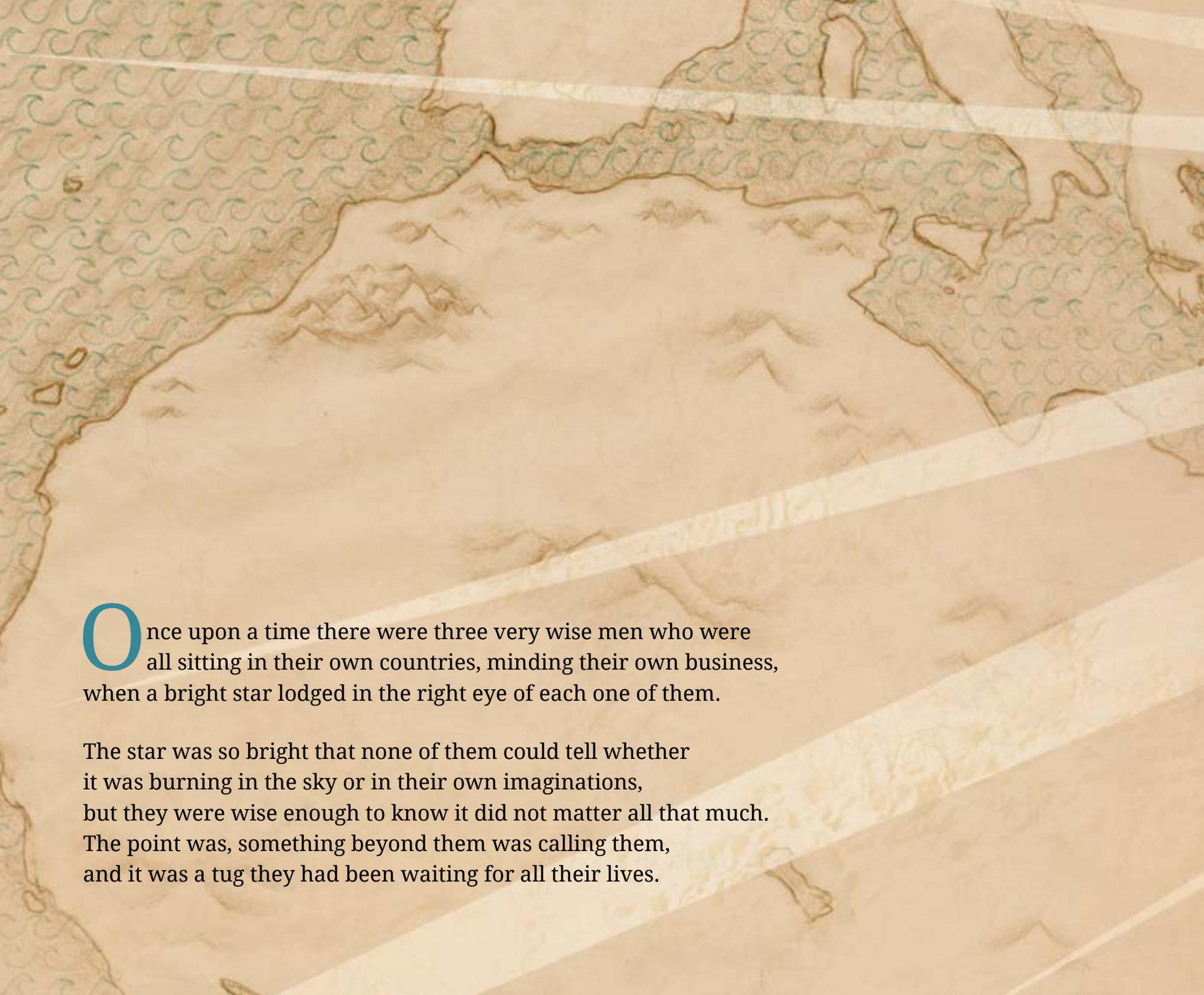
Illustrated by Melanie Cataldo

*flyaway  
books*  
Louisville, Kentucky



## Matthew 2:1–2

*In the time of King Herod, after Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, wise men from the East came to Jerusalem, asking, “Where is the child who has been born king of the Jews? For we observed his star at its rising, and have come to pay him homage.”*



Once upon a time there were three very wise men who were all sitting in their own countries, minding their own business, when a bright star lodged in the right eye of each one of them.

The star was so bright that none of them could tell whether it was burning in the sky or in their own imaginations, but they were wise enough to know it did not matter all that much. The point was, something beyond them was calling them, and it was a tug they had been waiting for all their lives.

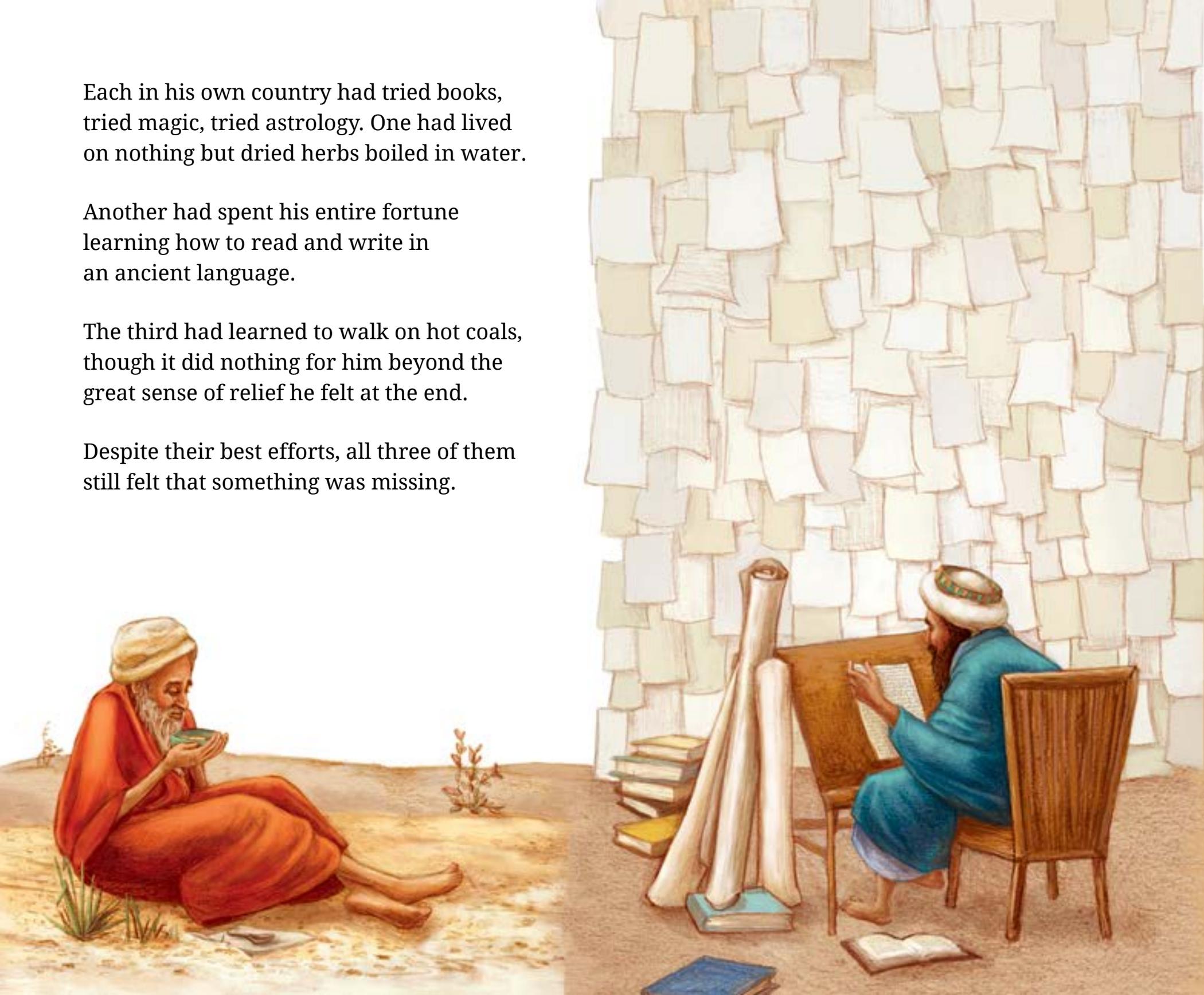


Each in his own country had tried books, tried magic, tried astrology. One had lived on nothing but dried herbs boiled in water.

Another had spent his entire fortune learning how to read and write in an ancient language.

The third had learned to walk on hot coals, though it did nothing for him beyond the great sense of relief he felt at the end.

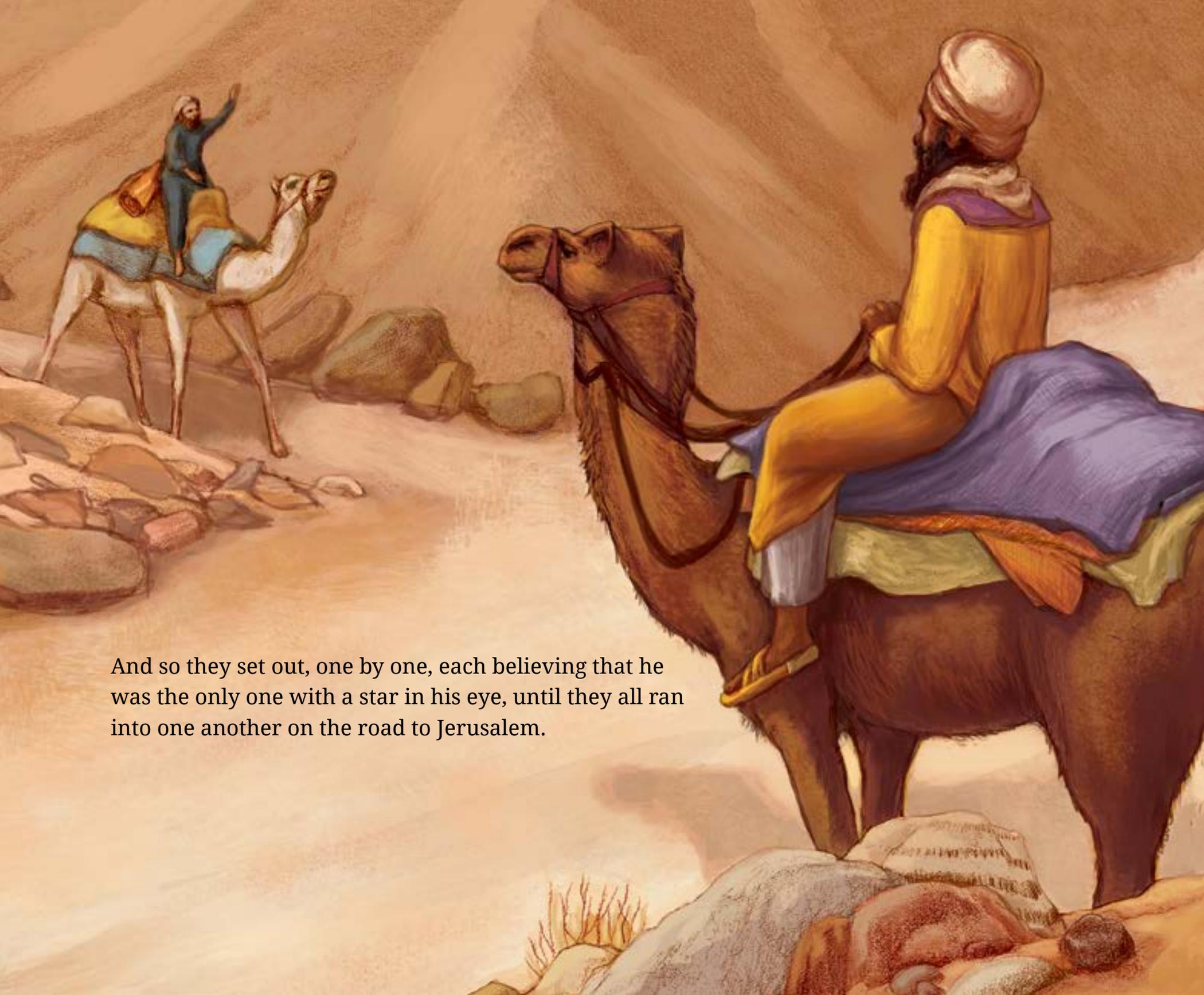
Despite their best efforts, all three of them still felt that something was missing.





They were all glad for a reason to get out of town, which was clearly where the star was calling them: out away from everything they knew how to manage and survive, out from under the reputations they had built for themselves, the high expectations, the disappointing returns.





And so they set out, one by one, each believing that he was the only one with a star in his eye, until they all ran into one another on the road to Jerusalem.

From a distance, each thought the other to be a mirage at first, a twinkling reflection made of vapor and heat. But as they drew near to one another, they saw the star they had in common—like a tattoo or a secret handshake—something that made them brothers before they spoke.

They all believed that the star was leading them to Jerusalem. This made perfect sense, because they had every reason to believe they were on their way to meet a king.



