

# Message Notes

December 21.2025

Behold the Mystery  
 The Magi (Matthew 2:1-13)  
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◆ As we behold the mystery of \_\_\_\_\_ we will find the peace, hope, joy, and love we are all looking for.

## The Magi

◆ The Magi in Matthew 2 knew: a Jewish king would be born in \_\_\_\_\_; a \_\_\_\_\_ would be the sign; the child deserved to be \_\_\_\_\_ as God; He would be a suffering servant who would die to \_\_\_\_\_ people; an approximate \_\_\_\_\_. Num. 24:17; Is. 9:6-7; Dan. 2:44; Ps. 72

After Jesus was born in Judea, during the time of King Herod, Magi from the east came to Jerusalem and asked, "Where is the One who has been born king of the Jews? We saw His star when it rose and have come to worship Him."  
*Matthew 2:1-2*

- ◆ God uses all kinds of things to draw people to \_\_\_\_\_. Ex. 3:1-12; Num. 22:21-35; Gen. 37, 40-41; Judges 6-7
- ◆ \_\_\_\_\_ was given the \_\_\_\_\_: "King of the Jews." Mt. 2:2; Jn. 19:19
- ◆ The newborn King (Jesus) would rule as a \_\_\_\_\_. 2 Samuel 7; Micah 5:2; Mt. 2:6
- ◆ The \_\_\_\_\_ led the magi to Jerusalem, but they needed \_\_\_\_\_ to find Jesus.
- ◆ Joy is a settled \_\_\_\_\_ in the presence, promises, and salvation of God. Ps. 16:11; Rom. 15:13; Gal. 5:22-23; Phil. 4:4; James 1:2-3

On coming to the house, they saw the child with His mother, Mary, and they bowed down and worshipped Him. Then they opened their treasures and presented Him with gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh. *Matthew 2:11*

## Three Responses

- ◆ Herod's response = \_\_\_\_\_.
- ◆ Religious leaders' response = \_\_\_\_\_.
- ◆ Magi's response = \_\_\_\_\_.
- ◆ What is my \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ this Christmas?

## **Journey Of The Magi by T.S. Eliot (1927)**

A cold coming we had of it, Just the worst time of the year  
 For a journey, and such a long journey:  
 The ways deep and the weather sharp,  
 The very dead of winter.'  
 And the camels galled, sore-footed, refractory,  
 Lying down in the melting snow.  
 There were times we regretted  
 The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,  
 And the silken girls bringing sherbet.  
 Then the camel men cursing and grumbling  
 And running away, and wanting their liquor and women,  
 And the night-fires going out, and the lack of shelters,  
 And the cities hostile and the towns unfriendly  
 And the villages dirty and charging high prices:  
 A hard time we had of it.  
 At the end we preferred to travel all night,  
 Sleeping in snatches,  
 With the voices singing in our ears, saying  
 That this was all folly.

Then at dawn we came down to a temperate valley,  
 Wet, below the snow line, smelling of vegetation;  
 With a running stream and a water-mill beating the darkness,  
 And three trees on the low sky,  
 And an old white horse galloped away in the meadow.  
 Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over the lintel,  
 Six hands at an open door dicing for pieces of silver,  
 And feet kicking the empty wine-skins,  
 But there was no information, and so we continued  
 And arrived at evening, not a moment too soon  
 Finding the place; it was (you may say) satisfactory.

All this was a long time ago, I remember,  
 And I would do it again, but set down  
 This set down  
 This: were we led all that way for  
 Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,  
 We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,  
 But had thought they were different; this Birth was  
 Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.  
 We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,  
 But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,  
 With an alien people clutching their gods.  
 I should be glad of another death.