Sometimes, in the darkest night, a light shines. Victor Frankl wrote of a night when, looking out from his bunk in a Nazi concentration camp, he saw a tiny light way in the distance. That tiny light, although surrounded by darkness, gave him hope and the desire to survive.

The magi came to Jerusalem from a land far away. They must have traveled through much physical darkness as well as wondered what lie ahead. But, the light of a star brought them to Bethlehem where they found the Light of the world!

Recently, in Jersey City, the sound of gunshots darkened the day with fear. Two people were firing 'long guns,' the sound of which reverberated in the air. But when the shooting ended, the light, very quickly began to shine. People came, strangers from all over—like the Magi, bringing gifts of kindness, comfort and help.

No matter how dark the night, there is always the hope of light, always a star to follow. We need to look for it. Jesus, the Light of the world, will lead us to it!