

Reader One	Reader Two	Reader Three	Reader Four
<p>Whoever brought me here will have to take me home.</p>	<p>Where is the one who has been called King of the Jews?</p>	<p>We saw his star in the east and have come to worship him.</p> <p>Until it stopped over the place...until it stopped over the place where the child lay.</p>	<p>After they heard the King, they went on their way and the star they had seen in the east went ahead of them...</p>
<p>PAUSE</p>	<p>PAUSE</p>	<p>PAUSE</p>	<p>PAUSE</p>
<p>A vagrant wanders empty ruins. Suddenly he's wealthy. But don't be satisfied with stories, how things have gone with others. Unfold your own myth, without complicated explanation, so that everyone will understand the passage - <i>'We have opened you'</i>.</p>	<p>Whoever brought me here will have to take me home.</p>	<p>Whoever brought me here will have to take me home.</p>	<p>Whoever brought me here will have to take me home.</p>
<p>PAUSE</p>	<p>PAUSE</p>	<p>PAUSE</p>	<p>PAUSE</p>
<p>Sometimes it seems everyone else knows what they are doing here. Maybe. But my mind burns with wondering about why I am on this path and what I have to bring.</p>	<p>Everyone else knows what they are doing here.</p>	<p>Maybe, maybe not.</p>	<p>Wondering about why I'm here and what I have to bring...</p>
<p>PAUSE</p>	<p>PAUSE</p>	<p>PAUSE</p>	<p>PAUSE</p>
			<p>In deep nights I dig for you like treasure. For all I have seen that clutters the surface of my world is poor and paltry substitute for the</p>

<p>...that has not happened yet. That has not happened yet. That has not happened yet. That has not happened yet.</p>	<p>My hands are bloody from digging. I lift them, hold them in the wind, So they can branch like a tree.</p>	<p>Reaching, these hands would pull you out of the sky as if you had shattered there, dashed yourself to pieces in some wild impatience.</p>	<p>beauty of you...</p> <p>What is this I feel falling now, falling on this parched earth, softly, like a spring rain?</p>
<p>PAUSE</p>	<p>PAUSE</p>	<p>PAUSE</p>	<p>PAUSE</p>
<p>PAUSE</p>	<p>PAUSE</p>	<p>PAUSE</p>	<p>Whoever brought me here will have to take me home.</p>
<p>PAUSE</p>	<p>The birth of God, captured in a star, its light penetrating earth time. The Christ longing to be found. Distant meteor, earthdwelling babe, faithful wanderer.</p> <p>The birth of God, captured in a</p>	<p>'Faithful' and 'wanderer' – seeming opposites. Yet one drives the other. There's no true faith without wandering. There's no true wandering without faith.</p> <p>'Faithful' and 'wanderer' – seeming opposites. Yet one drives the other. There's no true faith without wandering. There's no true wandering without faith.</p>	<p>PAUSE</p>

	star, its light penetrating earth time. The Christ longing to be found. Distant meteor, earthdwelling babe, faithful wanderer.		
PAUSE	PAUSE	PAUSE	PAUSE
I would love to kiss you. The price of kissing is your life. Whoever brought me...	I would love to kiss you The price of kissing is your life Whoever brought me here...	I would love to kiss you The price of kissing is your life Whoever brought me here...	I would love to kiss you The price of kissing is your life. Now my loving is running toward my life shouting, <i>'What a bargain, let's buy it!'</i> Whoever brought me here will have to take me home.
PAUSE	PAUSE	PAUSE	PAUSE
And the story ends with these starstruck travellers, having been warned in a dream, agreeing to go home by another route.	Take me home.	Take me home.	Take me home.