

**Once they saw a star**

that pointed to a promised land,  
a land of peace.

Peacemakers set out to follow that star.

It is both a joyful and an arduous journey.

Sometimes the star shines brightly,  
the promise seems certain,  
and the pilgrims can sing:

**How beautiful are the feet of those  
who bring God's peace.**

Often the star disappears,  
clouded over, hidden from view,  
and the pilgrims grope blindly,  
grow discouraged, get weary,  
give thought to settling down,  
to forgetting the promise of peace.

One thing is certain:

**All pilgrims need nourishment  
to sustain the journey.**

An occasional oasis for the spirit  
is essential,

a time to feast on the refreshing waters,

the rich food of the spirit

in order to get strength

to continue the pilgrimage through darkness,  
star-shine or not.

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