

# La Magia del Día de Reyes

Por Yolanda Gutierrez

6 de Enero. Son las 6 de la mañana. Los niños duermen plácidamente, Ignacio destapado, como siempre, Nicolás tapado hasta los ojos, duermen en la misma habitación, son mellizos y tienen 2 años. En otra habitación duermen Yolanda, la mediana tiene 4 años y abraza a su oso Baloo, el compañero inseparable desde que nació, y por fin Laura, la mayor, tiene 6 años, está abrazada a Rosa, su gatita de peluche.

Todo transcurre de forma habitual, de pronto, Laura grita: "HAN LLEGADO LOS REYES MAGOS.... VENGA, RAPIDO, CORRER TODOS, VAMOS A VER QUÉ NOS HAN TRAIIDO..."

Gritos, carreras, empujones. Primero vienen a vernos, esperando ver en nuestras caras la misma excitación que ellos reflejan, creermos, es bastante difícil a las 6 de la mañana. Con escasas energías, intentamos contagiarnos de su alegría, a la vez que noto un dolor intenso en el costado, cuando me doy cuenta de que está provocado por Ignacio subido encima grita: "PAPA, MAMA LOS REYES MAGOS". Nos arrastran de la cama hasta el salón para contemplar los regalos que Melchor, Gaspar y Baltasar han dejado colocados alrededor de la chimenea. Todos corremos a recoger los nuestros. A Juan Carlos y a mí nos han contagiado su alegría y nerviosismo. Juan Carlos, corre a coger la cámara de vídeo, pues no queremos perdernos este momento tan especial.

De repente Yolanda, mira a su alrededor dándose cuenta de que los camellos y los propios Reyes Magos, han comido la cena que ella y sus hermanos habían preparado, leche para los animales, para los Reyes turrón y una copita de Jerez para cada uno.

Otro nuevo motivo de alborozo, gritos y risas nerviosas. "MAMA, PAPA, MIRAR, MIRAR, LOS REYES MAGOS SE HAN COMITO TODO Y LOS CAMELLOS TAMBIEN, CLARO, POBRECITOS, TRABAJAN TANTO QUE TIENEN HAMBRE....." exclama Yolanda.

Mientras tanto Ignacio y Nicolás luchan por desenvolver sus respectivos paquetes, cuando por fin logran saber qué les han regalado, sus ojos se abren (aún más) y se lo muestran al resto de sus hermanos.

Todos quieren ver los regalos, propios y ajenos, pasan de uno a otro, no saben con cual jugar. No pueden quedarse quietos, gritan, ríen, se llaman entre sí para mostrar lo que acaban de encontrar debajo de un montón enorme de papeles de envolver.

Al cabo de una hora, todos estamos más relajados, y nos sentamos a desayunar el roscón de reyes, típico dulce de ese día, claro que los niños, con una mano sujetan su tazón de leche y con la otra el juguete que, cada uno de ellos, ha elegido para acompañarlos durante ese día.

Charlamos, comentamos los regalos, la generosidad de los Reyes Magos, la suerte que tienen de recibir tantos. Yolanda y Laura, después de meditar unos instantes, comienzan a preguntar: "Oye, Papá. ¿Los Reyes Magos van a todas las casas? ¿Por qué los Reyes entran por la chimenea y no por la puerta? Si los camellos son muy grandes ¿cómo caben por la chimenea?" Juan



Carlos contesta a cada uno de los interrogantes y cuando llega a las preguntas más conflictivas, la respuesta es fácil... los Tres Reyes son Magos.

Laura, Yolanda, Ignacio y Nicolás sonríen, asienten y comprenden que esa es la respuesta lógica para todas sus dudas sobre los Reyes Magos. Son felices, felicidad que luego compartirán con sus primos y sus abuelos, que vendrán con los regalos que Melchor, Gaspar y Baltasar han dejado para ellos en sus casas, con los vecinos y con cualquiera que les pregunté o no, qué les han traído los Reyes, pregunta obligada durante esos días, para comenzar cualquier conversación que se precie.

Durante ese día, hasta yo creo que los camellos caben por la chimenea, y los Reyes hacen magia olvidándome de las diversas teorías que existen sobre ellos. Sigo creyendo en Melchor, rey de Nubia y de Arabia, el más bajo de los tres. Baltasar, rey de

Godolia y de Saba. Gaspar, el más alto de los tres, oscuro de piel como los etíopes, rey de Tharsis y de Egriseula, la isla donde la mirra crece en plantas que son como doradas espigas.

Esos Reyes que siguieron la estrella que les precedía, que avanzaban con todo su séquito cuando ella avanzaba y se detenían cuando ella se detenía.

Hablaban varios idiomas diferentes, pero se entendieron y comprendieron que tenían la misma meta.

Esos Reyes que llevaban para todos regalos procedentes de la Casa de Salomón y de su Templo, pertenecientes una vez a Alejandro, hijo de Filipo de Macedonia, y a la Reina de Saba.

Esos Reyes que entraron en Belén, después de un viaje que había durado trece días. En la estrella que se paró sobre una covacha, donde encontraron a Jesús, un mofletudo neonato de trece días, en los brazos de su madre. María de cuerpo florido y morena de piel y cabellos.

En ese día, por un instante, yo sigo creyendo que los tres Reyes Magos existen, porque mis hijos me enseñan a creer en lo mágico, sus ojos así me lo dicen y yo quiero creer.



# The Magic of the Day of the Kings

Sixth of January. It's six-o'clock in the morning. The children are sleeping peacefully. Ignacio, with the bedcovers off, as always, Nicolás, with the blankets up to his eyes, sleep in the same room. They're two-year-old twins. In another bedroom sleep Yolanda, the four-year-old middle child who hugs her bear, Baloo, her inseparable companion since birth, and finally, Laura, the oldest, six, who clutches Rosa, her stuffed cat.

Everything is as usual when suddenly Laura yells: "THE THREE WISE MEN HAVE COME...HURRY, EVERYONE RUN, LET'S SEE WHAT THEY'VE BROUGHT US!"

Screams, races, pushing and shoving. First they come to see us, hoping to see in our faces the same excitement they are feeling, a tall order at six in the morning. With low reserves of energy, we try to contract their contagious happiness, at the same time I feel an intense pain in my side, when I realize it's caused by Ignacio who is on top of me, screaming, "Papa, Mama, the Wise Men!" The children pull us from bed and into the living room to look at the gifts that Melchior, Gaspar and Balthasar have left around the fireplace. We all run to see our gifts. Juan Carlos and I have caught the children's happiness and

excitement. Juan Carlos runs to get the video camera, as we don't want to miss this special moment.

Suddenly, Yolanda, looks around and realizes that the camels and the Wise Men have eaten the dinner she and her brothers and sister had prepared, milk for the animals and turrón and a glass of sherry for each of the Kings.

A new reason for joy, screams and nervous laughter: "Mama, Papa, look, look! The Wise Men ate everything and the camels also. Poor things, they worked so hard that they were hungry," Yolanda exclaims.

Meanwhile, Ignacio and Nicolás struggle to unwrap their gifts and when they finally succeed, their eyes open even wider and they show their gifts to their sisters. Everyone wants to see the presents that each has received. The children pass each gift around, not knowing which to play with first. They can't keep still; they yell, laugh, call out to each other to show what they've just found beneath a heap of wrapping paper.

After an hour, we're all more relaxed and we sit to have our breakfast of Roscón de Reyes, the typical ring-shaped cake eaten on Epiphany. Of course, the children have one hand on their cup of milk and the other on the toy they've chosen as their companions for the day.

We talk about the gifts and how generous the Wise Men are and how lucky we are to receive so much. Yolanda and Laura, after a few thoughtful moments, begin to ask questions. "Listen, Papa. Do the Three Kings go to all the houses? Why do they come in by the chimney and not the door? If the camels are so big, how do they fit down the chimney?"

Juan Carlos answers each of the questions and when he comes to a more difficult one, the answer is easy...the Three Kings are magicians.

Laura, Yolanda, Ignacio and Nicolás smile in agreement, understanding that this is the logical answer to any doubts about the Wise Men. They're happy, a feeling they later share with their cousins and grandparents who will come with presents that Melchior, Gaspar and Balthasar have left for them at their houses. The children will also share their happiness with neighbors and anyone who asks what the Three Kings have brought them, the obligatory question to start any conversation to boast of.

During this day, even I believe that the camels fit down the chimney and the Kings make magic, forgetting the diverse theories that surround the subject. I still believe in Melchior, King of Nubia and Arabia, the shortest of the three. Balthasar, King of Godolia and of Saba. Gaspar, the tallest of the three, with dark skin like the Ethiopians, King of Tharsis and of Egriseula, the island where myrrh grows in plants that are like golden spikes.

These Kings that followed the star before them, travelling onward when the star led them forward, stopping when it stopped. They spoke several different languages, but they understood one another and comprehended that they shared the same goal.

These Kings who on everyone's behalf brought gifts from the House of Solomon and his temple, belonging at one time to Alejandro, son of Filippo of Macedonia and the Queen of Saba.

These Kings entered into Bethlehem, after a journey of 13 days. The star stopped above a manger, where they found Jesus, a chubby-cheeked infant of 13 days, in his mother's arms. Mary, a beautiful young woman with dark skin and hair.

On this day, for an instant, I still believe that the Wise Men exist, because my children teach me to believe in the magical, their eyes tell me it's so and I want to believe.

## The Visit of the Magi

After Jesus was born in Bethlehem 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 in the east and have come to worship him."

When King Herod heard this he was disturbed, and all Jerusalem with him. When he had called together all the people's chief priests and teachers of the law, he asked them where the Christ was to be born. "In Bethlehem in Judea," they replied, "for this is what the prophet has written:

"But you, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, are by no means least among the rulers of Judah; for out of you will come a ruler who will be the shepherd of my people Israel."

Then Herod called the Magi secretly and found out from them the exact time the star had appeared. He sent them to Bethlehem and said, "Go and make a careful search for the child. As soon as you find him, report to me, so that I too may go and worship him."

After they had heard the king, they went on their way, and the star they had seen in the east went ahead of them until it stopped over the place where the child was. When they saw the star, they were overjoyed. On coming to the house, they saw the child with his mother Mary, and they bowed down and worshiped him. Then they opened their treasures and presented him with gifts of gold and of incense and of myrrh. And having been warned in a dream not to go back to Herod, they returned to their country by another route.

Matthew 2:1-12

