



Ancient Mirror from the Israeli Museum

“Now we see but a poor reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.” – Paul, 1 Corinthians 13:12

It must have been one of her prized possessions. She carried it with her into the desert as she fled. It was a mirror. Not a fine modern glass and silver mirror, but a mirror of polished metal. It was the finest of its kind two thousand years ago. It was set in a painted wooden case and tucked deep in a goat skin bag. Perhaps, each night when they

stopped, she would carefully take it out and comb her hair. By the light of the fire she saw the lines of her face grow deeper, caked with dust. The journey was hard and by the time they reached the cave in the Judean wilderness, she could hardly recognize the person staring back at her.

Once she had seen a girl – young, spry, winsome. The lass had become a lady and the mirror had confirmed the compliments of her suitors. Now that same mirror echoed her despair. The revolution was over. The Romans would relentlessly hunt them down. She could hardly bear to look into that mirror again and see what she

had become. Finally, one day, she put it in its case and hid it in the floor of her cave home.

I stepped back from the display in the Jewish museum saddened by my own over-active imagination. The ancient mirror, recovered by archaeologists, now sits in a display case in a museum in Jerusalem. The owner has long since passed away, but mirror can still tell us stories.

Today, on earth, we may not be able to see Jesus, but upon reflection, like gazing into a looking glass, we can see how he is changing us. I hope you like what you see!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'John'.