

*“And having been warned in a dream not to go back to Herod, they returned to their country by another route.”
Matthew 2:12*



I have always been interested in the other road these wise men, magi, astrologers, whatever they were; I've always wondered about that other road they took home. And just how much we can relate to that different path taken thousands of years later. After all, as much as a new year can be filled with all these carefully thought-out plans based on hopes and dreams for 2023 and beyond, these last few years have most assuredly reminded us how all those plans can be thoroughly torn apart within an instant. Yes, we prefer to take the roads we know, with the surroundings that are more

familiar to us. It gives us comfort, peace and our own sense of precious tranquility: not just actual streets and highways or whatever else, but our daily schedules, our family and friends, the stores we frequent, not to mention the feelings deep in our hearts.

We much prefer none of the above get messed up in any way whatsoever. Nevertheless, more often than we like, the world has a tendency of throwing a massive wrench into all our plans and hopes and dreams. So, another road must be taken, much to our chagrin. Except, it may just be that there is as much of this God of hope and love on those other roads; there may be just as much God there as on the paths we cherish in this life.

Of course, such other roads had to be taken in 2022 as well, and one of those overlooked stories came to fruition with a group of five moms in Milton, Massachusetts; just outside of Boston. It actually all started the summer before, when COVID-19 continued to throw its horrible wrench into so many plans and hopes and dreams. However, during *those oddly quiet days...when [these five women] had sudden space in...schedules and a serious case of carpe diem [seize the day(!), Joanna, Heather, Martha, Imge, and Leila, decided to take a different hope-filled road. They] fantasized at times about being in a band, crooning into karaoke machines and playing air drums in the bathroom mirror, but there was always something more important to do. Now, knocked out of [their] routines, reminded of life's fragility, [their] mindset shifted from "Why would we do that?" to "Why wouldn't we do that?" And so, to the raised eyebrows of [their] husbands and the quizzical glances of [their children], the five of [them] went to [Joanna's] basement, where [her] husband — a...musician [himself] — had a collection of equipment. [Joanna] picked up one of his old guitars. Heather brought the bass her husband bought her for Christmas. Martha sat down at the drum set, Imge at the electric piano, and Leila grabbed a tambourine. [They] called [themselves] The Lazy Susans because [they] wanted to rotate turns at the microphone. And they] set [for themselves] a deadline to play at that year's Porchfest in Milton [, where for one afternoon, porches throughout the community become makeshift stages, yards become venues, and people from within and beyond wander the streets, chatting, taking in the music, and realizing what it all means to be neighbors, especially when we all have to find different roads to take in this life].*

[After all, as Joanna said:] If you're a working mother — any kind of mother — you know that things are going to go wrong from time to time. That's why you need a solid group of friends. Long before we were a band, [we] were a surrogate family. We met when our oldest [children] were babies, and we started getting together for pizza every Friday night — weekly gatherings that evolved into holiday meals and joint vacations and the knowledge that we could count on each other for anything. These were the friends I'd call in desperation to pick up [our children] if traffic was a nightmare. The friends who would show up in a pinch with a bottle of wine to talk out a bad day, or instantly set up a meal chain if somebody fell ill. Now, we've applied that support system to music...More recently, we've been building songs together. Heather wrote a song about a dead relative's ashes that sat on her kitchen counter — though it's really a song about living your life without regret...Leila wrote a song about watching her daughter face the challenges of teenage-hood, and how she once went through it all too...[The music] grows and moves into unexpected places, just like a friendship. And it always gets better. The trick to making music...is figuring out how to keep rocking when something goes south, [because God cares more about attitude than perfection].

With all that being said, it turned out for these five women that hopes and dreams came to life on a rather different road than what was the original plan in their day-to-day schedules. It ended up being that there was just as much God on that wrench of a path as on the roads of life they had come to know and cherish. And for those magi long ago, the ultimate miracle may not have been when they saw the Messiah face-to-face, but that God refused to leave them even when they departed for that other road they did not know whatsoever. That amidst whatever changes in this life, whatever fears or uncertainties, there's going to be as much God with us then as when everything goes according to plan. As if there is no road, no porch or basement in Milton, Massachusetts or anywhere else; no place in this entire world or in the depths of our very hearts, that will ever separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus, our Lord. For that Greatest News of all that will never change, we most certainly give thanks to God, indeed! Amen!

Source: [“Five Moms Gone Electric’: The Lazy Susans Will Rock You” / Cognoscenti \(WBUR.org\)](#)