




In the days of Herod, the king of Judea, Mary, her husband, Joseph, and the Baby Jesus fled Bethlehem by night, bound for the land of Egypt.

Weary from their journey, they sought refuge in the caverns of the hill country...



“Pray for our safety,” he said, closing his eyes.
Mary lightly moved her lips. Only the faraway
shrieks disturbed the cave’s silence.

Nephila stiffened at the sound.

“Poor children,” Joseph said. “The soldiers are close.”

“Dim the light,” Mary whispered.

“I am sorry we are in this horrible place,” he told her, snuffing out the lantern light. “We are so exposed.”

“It is where we are meant to be. There is beauty, even here.” She looked up at Nephila’s web, touching Joseph’s hand. “And love.”