

December 19, 2021
Fourth Sunday of Advent

Meditation: “And then along comes Mary”

She sat in the darkness of her kitchen, her head in her hands. She was exhausted. Pregnancy can do that to a woman, and she wasn't young either. She had just turned eighty-eight. What foolishness was God up to, seeing a woman who ought to be sleeping with her ancestors full of child, full of life? She was worried, always worried. Would she and the child live until the fullness of time? Would they both survive the birth ordeal that lay ahead? Surely she would not live to see the child grow to maturity. It wasn't likely that her husband would live to see the child grow to maturity either. He was older than she was by five years. How was that fair to the child? To lose his mother and his father when he is but a child. Oh yes, she knew it was a boy. She could tell by the way she was carrying.

She and Zechariah had had a wonderful life together, despite being childless.... at least until now. She loved him dearly, and he was as devoted to her as he was to God, whom he served in the temple. What was going to come of all this?

And then along came Mary! Her cousin. She was just a child really. Fourteen and already betrothed to a carpenter, Joseph. Elizabeth had heard Mary call out as she approached the house, and they met one another in the doorway. Mary reached out to touch Elizabeth's belly, and the child within her leapt, and she felt a wave of power and life sweep through her body. It was overwhelming. She needed to sit again.

They talked while Mary worked in the kitchen, preparing the evening meal for Zechariah, Elizabeth and herself. After they caught up on all the news, Mary confided that she too was with child. She had fled her home, worried that if word got out that she was with child before she married Joseph that he would not take her as a wife, or worse yet, he would be within his rights to have her stoned to death, her and the child she was carrying. Suddenly Elizabeth felt that her worries were trivial compared to Mary's. Mary told Elizabeth about her dream of the angel who told her she was to give birth to God's own son. Who better to understand her dream than one of God's priests and his wife.

As Elizabeth digested Mary's news, Mary broke into song, praising God. Here was an unwed pregnant teen, someone who should have been worried for her very life, and that of her child, and here she was singing praises to God. She was making

room in her life, and in her body, for God's promises to be born. Hallelujah! God be praised!

God's calling does not always, perhaps not even ever, come at a convenient time.

God's calling is not always, perhaps not even ever, easy.

Mary made room for the love of God to be born in her, so that the love of God could be born into the world.

The question is, are you willing and able to prepare a place in your heart and in your mind and in your soul and in your life to receive the gift of God's love that it might be born again into our world?

Go, and prepare a place for Christ in your life.