



## Station Three – God’s message to Mary

Doctor Luke was collecting eye-witness accounts for his history of Jesus and sat chatting with Mary, now an old lady, she twisted her hands together as they talked, but her eyes were bright and her words confident. At his request she told him how it had all started while he made detailed notes of her words.

“I’d never seen an angel before,” she began, gazing into the middle distance, “but somehow I recognised him, could even give him a name, but my heart was thumping and I felt hot and cold at the same time. Even now, I am not sure how I knew that he was the Angel Gabriel. I’d heard tell of angels in the stories of old, and I knew they came direct from Yahweh, but I really had no idea quite what they might look like. Even as he spoke, I was trying to work out just what he was doing in our scrappy little village of Nazareth.

To be quite honest I was shaking like a leaf, as I had no idea at all why he had come to see me. He greeted me by name and seemed to think I was somebody special; despite his gracious words, I was feeling frightened and quite faint. When he told me not to be afraid, I almost laughed. It was all so confusing and so very strange, nothing that had ever happened to me before had prepared me for this. Why me? Why me? I kept repeating to myself. It was encouraging to hear that God was pleased with me, but a bit scary all the same. I tried to make sense of what he was saying, even asked a question; but the answer made little sense to me.” She smiled and shook her head before picking up the thread of her narrative.

“Then he told me that I was going to have a baby, and I was to name him Jesus, the son of the most high, the king of an eternal kingdom. This response was even more confusing, my Jesus was holy, the son of God.” A tear gathered in the corner of one eye as she relieved the wonder of that moment in time; wiping it away with a wrinkled hand, she smiled at her guest, a smile that lit her face. “Yes, then it was as if the mist over the lake had cleared, suddenly it all made sense, I knew.” Now her face was radiant with joy as she continued, “God’s promised Messiah was my child, this was Yahweh’s plan for me; I could foresee all sorts of problems and difficulties ahead, not least with my mum and dad, but I somehow knew my grandfather would be alright with it. I had no idea what lay ahead, which was perhaps just as well, but I knew that I had a place in God’s plan of salvation for the entire world.”

Doctor Luke quietly excused himself, he had other calls to make, but Mary hardly noticed his departure as she relived those fateful events.