

## Mary's Musings

### Advent 1

#### Luke 1:26-38

By Jenae Longenecker

You would not believe what happened to me today. I don't quite believe it myself, actually. I think I saw an angel. I've definitely never said that out loud before. Sure, I've heard some of the rabbis talk about angels, but I never quite knew how much of it to believe. I'm pretty sure though, because I didn't just see this angel. It talked to me. I guess I should say he talked to me. His name was Gabriel.

Even if I saw angels on a regular basis, I would still have been shocked by what happened today. This angel is convinced that I am going to have a baby. As in, have a baby *now*. I'm not even married yet. And yeah, I mean, eventually that would be cool. But now? Now is ridiculous.

But angels are supposed to be messengers from God, right? I mean, you're supposed to be able to trust them. And this one was nice and all—he did say that I'm blessed by God and even favored.

But that almost makes it harder to believe, really. Why would God favor me? I'm just a teenage girl from a little town called Nazareth.

But Gabriel seemed pretty sure it was going to be me. He even had the baby's name picked out. "Jesus." I guess that means it's going to be a boy.

But it just can't be—on top of all the confusion about me having a baby or not, Gabriel said something about my cousin Elizabeth having a baby too. That's crazy. She's way too old for that!

And Gabriel, or God, if that's who really sent this message, also said that my son would be a king. That confuses me though—it's not as if I'm a queen or a princess or anything. Why would my son be a king?

Gabriel must have gotten the message mixed up. It can't be me. I'm not special enough for this.

But I did say yes—something made me say yes. It just seemed like it would be amazing if it were true. So even if it was a mix-up, maybe it can still be me?

After all, I agree with that last thing Gabriel said—nothing is impossible with God—right?