

## Mary and Zechariah's Magnificats

**Luke 1:46-55, 67-79 by Patty Friesen (Third Advent, Dec. 13/15)**

Today, the third Sunday of Advent is Mary's Sunday and we have magnificats aplenty, magnificats galore, as enacted by Kathryn Janzen, our season's token pregnant Mary and George as Zechariah. These scriptures are full of drama, which is why we act them out during Advent and at the Christmas program. Dietrich Bonhoeffer said, "If we want to participate in this Advent and Christmas event, we must join in the action that is taking place for here the spectator is always an actor. We cannot remove ourselves from the action" (*God is in the Manger*).

We've been acting out Luke's story of Elizabeth and Mary with Robin Neudorf's engaging female statues that reside in her garden – itself a place of living art and contemplation. Joining us today is the gloriously pregnant Mary, the brightest of the three statues, standing proud with one hand on belly and one hand raised in praise. She's been waiting for her turn to come up front. She is a rare figure, especially in church. Renaissance artists refused to paint or sculpt a pregnant Mary which shows us how scandalous and how earthy this female form was in which Jesus came to us. We've sanitized the birth of Christ so much that we've forgotten how human and how earthy it all was. I've never been pregnant myself but people have asked if I was - which is awkward for everyone involved. Being fat is not the same thing as being pregnant!

We have spent these three weeks of Advent meditating on pregnant women as a symbol of what God is doing in our souls and in the world. While the coming of Christ is as intimate as the seeds within our own souls, it is as cosmic as the created universe that also waits for the redemption of Christ.

While meditating on a free-standing sculpture of the pregnant Mary, writer Wendy Wright was led to contemplate the image of the world very much like the photograph of our planet taken by the American astronauts several decades ago – that iconic clear view of the round green, brown and blue earth against the backdrop of the black universe. She says, “I began to see that within our earth, the womb of the world, Christ was also born. This precious planet, this earth is also the place of gestation. All matter is suffused and transfigured by the divine.” (Vigil, p. 54)

French scientist and mystic Pierre Teilhard de Chardin sensed this miracle of Christ in creation as well and communicated it in his Hymn of the Universe...I bless you, matter and you I acclaim: not as the pontiffs of science or the moralizing preachers depict you, as debased, disfigured – a mass of brute forces and base appetites – but as you reveal yourself to me today, in your totality and your true nature. You I acclaim as the inexhaustible potential for existence and transformation wherein substance germinates and grows. I acclaim you as the universal power, which brings together and unites, and in which they all converse on the way of the Spirit. I acclaim you as the divine milieu, charged with creative power, as the ocean stirred by the Spirit, as the clay molded and infused with life by the incarnate Word.

From the cosmos to the embryo, Madeline L’Engle says, “there is nothing so secular that it cannot be sacred, and that is one of the deepest messages of the incarnation.” Vanderbilt University poet and mother Kate Daniels integrates her understanding of the incarnation with babies’ diapers in her poem titled Inscrutable.

Opening the diaper, each morning  
Becomes the third day, when God  
Created the earth, late  
In the afternoon, mountains

And continents firmly in place,  
The waterways swinging between,  
He turned his attention to the lowlands, malodorous  
And steamy, the swampy  
Muck of undersides mutating  
Already into something new,  
Future home of the uncivilized  
Creatures who will sleep in their own  
Dung and arise unfazed, a dazzling  
Smile ripping through the bars of the crib, sunlight breaking  
Like tears on their slithering bodies and their unhaired heads.

Poet Brian Doyle also captures this sense of the divine in children in his poem

God.

By purest chance I was out in our street when the kindergarten  
Bus mumbled past going slow and I looked up just as all seven  
Kids on my side of the bus looked at me and I grinned and they  
Lit up and all this crap about God being dead and where is God  
And who owns God and who hears God better than whom is the  
Most egregiously stupid crap imaginable because if you want to  
See God and have God see you and have this mutual perception  
Be completely untrammelled by blather and greed and comment,  
Go stand in the street as the kindergarten bus murmurs past. I'm  
Not kidding and this is not a metaphor. I am completely serious.  
Everyone babbles about God but I saw God this morning just as  
The bus slowed down for the stop on Maple Street. God was six  
Girls and one boy with a bright green and purple stegosaurus hat.  
Of course God would wear a brilliantly colored tall dinosaur hat!  
If you were the Imagination that dreamed up everything that ever  
Was in this blistering perfect terrible world, wouldn't you wear a  
Hat celebrating some of the wildest most amazing developments?

Neither the familiarity of the Christmas story nor the season's festivities should  
prevent us from realizing the scandal that God came into human history as a newborn.  
By entering human history in this way, God showed us that unless we too become like  
little children, the least of these, we will not enter the kingdom of God.

Kate Daniel's Prayer for My Children:

I regret nothing.

My cruelties, my betrayals  
Of others I once thought  
I loved. All the unlived  
Years, the unwritten  
Poems, the wasted nights  
Spent weeping and drinking.  
No, I regret nothing  
Because what I've lived  
Has led me here, to this room  
With its marvelous riches,  
Its simple wealth-  
These three heads shining  
Beneath the Japanese lamp, laboring  
Over crayons and paper.  
These three who love me exactly as I am, precisely  
At the center of my ill-built being.  
Who rear up eagerly when I enter,  
And fall down weeping when I leave.  
Whose eyes are my eyes.  
Hair, my hair.  
Whose bodies I cover  
With kisses and blankets.  
Whose first meal was my own body.  
Whose last, please God, I will not live,  
To serve, or share.

Amen.