**The Annunciation of the Lord A 2020**

EVERYBODY STOP!! Silence! Today we look back. We take time to remember how everything started. We know the story well but why not live it again as if for the first time. It began with a question – a request. The answer given would change the future of the world. The answer was “Yes! I will do your will” – the will of God. A response full of love and with a deep desire to respond in whatever way would please God best, with no expense spared and no thought of self or misgivings, but doubtless with great wonder. And so, Mary gave birth to a child, to Jesus, to the Messiah, to our Saviour. It is so important for us to relive this story because we are being asked the same question and our response will help change the future of the world. We too are asked to give birth to Jesus, our Saviour, the Saviour of the world, and bring him to the lives of those we encounter every day. Do we respond with love, with a heartfelt desire to do God’s will, with wonder? God only asks this question of those he knows and believes can respond wholeheartedly. This is the magnitude of the trust and belief God has in us. If we have any fears or misgivings, be assured that the Holy Spirit who blessed and endowed Mary with new life will do the same for us. Another reason to **rejoice** and give praise to God!

We see so little, stayed on surfaces,

We calculate the outsides of all things,

Preoccupied with our own purposes

We miss the shimmer of the angels’ wings,

They coruscate around us in their joy

A swirl of wheels and eyes and wings unfurled,

They guard the good we purpose to destroy,

A hidden blaze of glory in God’s world.

But on this day a young girl stopped to see

With open eyes and heart. She heard the voice;

The promise of His glory yet to be,

As time stood still for her to make a choice;

Gabriel knelt and not a feather stirred,

The Word himself was waiting on her word. *(Malcolm Guite)*

to bear in her womb
Infinite weight and lightness; to carry
in hidden, finite inwardness,
nine months of Eternity; to contain
in slender vase of being,
the sum of power –
in narrow flesh,
the sum of light.
                   Then bring to birth,
push out into air, a Man-child
needing, like any other,
milk and love –

but who was God.

*(From a poem by Denise Levertov)*

She had been a child who played, ate, slept
like any other child – but unlike others,
wept only for pity, laughed
in joy not triumph.
Compassion and intelligence
fused in her, indivisible.

Called to a destiny more momentous
than any in all of Time,
she did not quail,
                          only asked
a simple, ‘How can this be?’
and gravely, courteously,
took to heart the angel’s reply,
perceiving instantly
the astounding ministry she was offered: