

TRINITY NEWS

Christmas and Mary of Nazareth, Keeper of the Secrets of God

Mary of Nazareth was a keeper of the secrets of God. But she did share her secrets with those who passed it in to Luke, otherwise we would know nothing of the conception of Jesus or hear Mary's Song to God that we call the Magnificat. As Harrison Ford says in the fantastic Star Wars 7 with the characteristic half-sowl on his face, "The women always figure it out". She was the humble abode of the presence of God, anticipating the humble place of the birth of Bethlehem. Mary and Joseph were not poor and they could have paid their way at the inn, but there was no room for the Saviour of the world. This would be commented on acutely in John's Gospel: "He came to his own, and his own received him not." The Last Gospel is a brilliant interpretation of the others.

God trusts us to do his work in the world, but he knows all too well our wavering and our inability sometimes to carry it out to fulfill his heart. He sent Someone called Yeshua to encourage our hearts, focus our minds on the task, and enrich our lives.

Reflections of Jesus about his Mother-Touching our own Beginnings.

My first sound: my mother's heart; My first sensation: my own breathing. My first face: my mother's face surrounded by her veil; My first feeling in my heart: responding to the love in my mother's smile. My first touch: the soft caress of my mother's hand; My first touch with my own hand: touching the smooth sheen of my mother's robe. I have never forgotten the feel of the cloth in my hands. Later, I would enjoy watching her sewing, and touching the material; My first drink: from the source, warmed in my mother's breast. My first food: soft stuff that slid down my throat; My first sense of awe: my huge father, unsmiling, unblinking, looking at me as if he owned me. My first reflection: when I close my eyes and travel back to the place where I came from I have a sense of well-being; at home within a circle of love created by my mother. I am still in awe of my father. Later, when I sat in his lap and looked into his dark eyes enclosed in his massive face, I felt secure. His touch was gentle, but I felt a hidden strength that might crush me. How could

such sensitive hands, finger bony and slender, be so powerful? His speech was deep, and it rang in my ears. My mother's voice was high pitched but sweet, like the songs of the birds moving about outside my vision.

Sounds were linked to movement for me from the beginning. I could hear the rattle of the utensils when my mother was cooking, and my father's steps when he came into the entrance. When I cried in the night I could hear my mother getting out of bed and the pad of her bare feet in tentative steps rustling on the floor.

Something big came into the room sometimes and it seemed to fill the room. I said hello to it in my jumbled sounds of greeting, but it did not answer. I didn't hear the door open when it came or hear it shut when it left. It seemed to bring more light than the oil lamp's lit by my mother or the woman who helped her. I could see the light but not the form. I tried to touch it and my hand passed through it. It also passed through me.

From a Meditative Reflection by Bishop Arthur Jones at Christmas as an aid to our reflection on the snapshots in Luke of what happened and our associations with it.

JOIN US on
January 1, 2016.
Holy Eucharist, 10:00am

**NEXT SUNDAY'S
READINGS:**
Jeremiah 31:7-14; Psalm 84;
Ephesians 1:3-6, 15-19a;
Matthew 2:13-15,19-23 *or*
Luke 2:41-52 *or* Matthew 2:1-12
