

## A Reflection for the Feast of the Annunciation – ‘Mary of Nazareth’

The angel has just left.  
He spoke to me, Mary of Nazareth,  
and his words still dance in my heart:  
“I greet you, full of grace ... you have found  
favor with God ...”  
Me, a Nazarene.  
Me, graceful and graced.

The angel has just left.  
The silence remains, and I remain, no longer  
alone,  
but now inhabited by you, my Son.  
Nine months in which my body will weave  
your body.  
Nine months ... and then everything will  
change.  
I will become the “blessed among women”,  
the “mother of the Lord”,  
and you will be Jesus, “God saves”,  
the “Son of the Most High”.  
But not today.

The angel has just left.  
And I am still Mary of Nazareth and you are  
my Son,  
work of the Holy Spirit, and my womb, of my  
love.

The threads that weave my life, the air that  
fills my lungs,  
the colors that make my eyes sparkle and  
weep  
will be threads, the air, and the colors  
that build your body in me.  
They are the threads, the air, and the colors of  
Nazareth.  
Hare was I sought out by  
my Father and your Father,  
this is what I have to offer you, even though so  
many say,  
“What good can come from Nazareth?”

From Nazareth I will take the threads of  
everyday:  
the work, the tiredness, the routine ...

Gray threads?  
My Son, they will weave your hands, your  
feet,  
and you can create, and caress,  
feet that can cover the distance, going toward  
another ...  
and behind the gray you will discover  
the thousand of colors of creation and of love,  
the thousand colors of God.

From Nazareth I will take the air of time  
shared,  
time “wasted” being close.  
There you will rediscover the sacred moments  
in which hearts breathe together.

And then,  
the air of the Word that appears unexpectedly  
within the many words exchanged,  
listened to, shouted, or whispered ...  
And “the Word will become flesh”,  
and in You it will dwell in our midst ...

From Nazareth I will take the colors  
of the old and the babies,  
the colors of the encounters that will make you  
a “meek and humble” brother,  
that will make your heart exult and weep.  
The Nazarene colors of the passion, and of  
compassion.

My son,  
in nine months you will be  
“the image of the invisible God,  
begotten before all creatures” and ... you will  
be like me,  
“you will be called Nazarene”.