

## TO TELL THE STORY



LUKE ITALIANO

## Father to the Son of God

In those days Caesar Augustus issued a decree that a census should be taken of the entire Roman world. (This was the first census that took place while Quirinius was governor of Syria.) And everyone went to his own town to register.

So Joseph also went up from the town of Nazareth in Galilee to Judea, to Bethlehem the town of David, because he belonged to the house and line of David. He went there to register with Mary, who was pledged to be married to him and was expecting a child. While they were there, the time came for the baby to be born...

And no one would take them in.

Joseph went from place to place. He went to his cousin Benjamin. "No. I heard what you did with your....fiancée. No."

He went to his Aunt Rachel. "No. We won't support people like you here."

Mary's body shook as another contraction shook her. She cried out in pain, grasping her stomach. He had to find something, and he had to find it soon. But no one in his family would take him in. They all thought that he had sinned. They were wrong...And they were right.

He hadn't sinned the way they thought he did. But how could a man like him be father to the Son of God? How could a man like him, who – he couldn't even find a place for his wife to give birth. How could God trust him with his Son?

Finally an innkeeper took pity on them and gave them a barn, a stable.

Joseph supported her as they came into the cave and laid her down. Mary cried out again – another contraction. The time would be soon. So soon. Why wasn't there someone here to help? Why wasn't there any, any women? Joseph didn't know how to do this. He wasn't even a shepherd; he didn't know how to help even animals give birth, much less Mary.

He wasn't good enough for this. He wasn't good enough.

Mary gripped his hand. Oh, that hurt. No, don't think about that. It's worse for her, of course it is. Joseph crouched down, held her, did his best to soothe her. He wasn't good enough. She was still in pain. She cried out again.

Ah, if only Joseph had trusted her. He never should have even looked at the divorce. Why did it take an angel for him to believe her? Of course she would tell the truth. Of course she would never cheat on him. Of course...

It was time. And they were alone with the mooing of cattle and the neighing of sheep. And he had to deliver the baby. He crouched down. What would happen if he dropped the baby? What would happen...ha.....he...but....? He didn't know how to do any of this. What was he supposed to do? And then.....

Another cry split the night. But it wasn't Mary. He was holding the Son of God. The Child of David. The One that would reign on his throne. The One that had been promised for so many years. And here he was in Joseph's hands, helpless and crying. How could God trust him like this? How could this be?

Mary took the child. Tears were running down her face, sweat all over her forehead. And she held her son, the Son of God. Jesus. The One who was here to free his people. The One who had chosen Joseph to serve, not because Joseph was worthy, but because he loved even Joseph.

The One who came on Christmas to save us. Because it's not about how good we are. It's about how good he is and how loving he is that he would come and dwell among us.

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Brothers and Sisters:

This Christmas marvel in wonder at the God who would choose to be one of us and love us.

And this story is true.

*Much of the imagery in this story is based on  
"Joseph's Song" by Michael Card and  
"Labor of Love" by Andrew Peterson.*

Luke 2:1-7

<http://www.breadforbeggars.com>

