

PARISHES OF  
**ST PIUS X, ALDERLEY EDGE, ST BENEDICT'S, HANDFORTH**  
**AND**  
**SACRED HEART & ST TERESA'S WILMSLOW**  
**WEEKLY REFLECTION**

**Sunday 14th December 2025: Third Sunday of Advent**  
**The Expectations of Mary, Daughter of Joachim and Anna (3)**

As we draw ever closer to the celebration of Christ's Nativity, I continue this week with an imaginative reflection of what Mary may have been thinking and feeling as she prepared for the imminent birth of her son, the Divine Christ Child....

... Well, Joseph and I returned home to Nazareth and we lived happily amongst our kindly neighbours. We suffered from time to time from the cruelty and oppression of the Romans and sometimes that of Herod's soldiers, who were equally as cruel and did whatever Herod or the Romans wanted them to do.

One day, some of Herod's men came by and said that Caesar Augustus wanted a census of all the people in his empire and that people should register in the townland that their tribe came from. Most people just registered locally but as my folk and Joseph's folk came from the townland of Bethlehem we decided that we would go there, visit Elizabeth at Ein Karem, register and then be back in time for Jesus' birth.

My cousin Elizabeth surprised us by saying, "You must stop here, your time is coming." But I said that we would stop with her on our way back and then she could assist me with the birth of Jesus just as I had assisted her with the birth of John. "After all," I said, "Bethlehem is only half a day's walk from Ein Karem and it is downhill so we can be back soon."

So off we set to Bethlehem and, before we could think of returning to Elizabeth's, my time came. We would have to stay in Bethlehem now and for a few weeks afterwards to give me time to recover and baby Jesus time to settle. The innkeeper had no room except in the stable at the end of the house. The innkeeper's wife, Rachel, helped me while Joseph stood anxiously by. I was delighted to hear baby Jesus cry and I took him in my arms and fed him as I lay in the straw.

There were some shepherds nearby and they experienced the presence of God in their midst as they sat in the stillness and silence of a starlit night. They felt drawn to the inn from whence came the faint cry of a baby. They came in and knelt and stood about in utter silence, in awe and in union with God made baby before them.

The shepherds smiled at me as they left, but all of their eyes and hearts had been drawn to the Saviour of the world. I was pleased that they smiled at me but a thousand times more pleased that their attention focused on the Christ Child, their Messiah, not just a human like me, but God made man.

Thirty something years later, after the death of my Jesus as Saviour and His glorious resurrection, I thought back to those happiest of days. I thought of my empty womb and the living Jesus in the straw beside me and in my mind I compared my empty womb to the empty tomb; my joy with the Christ Child to my joy in the Risen Christ. He did not come just to be my child. He did not come just to live and grow as a boy or to just be a good man amongst men. He came not only to preach and teach us how to live in union with him in our hearts. His birth was all for his death and resurrection. Whenever people reminded me of his birthday I would remind them of the purpose of that day and pray that the day be dedicated to his resurrection also, for without the resurrection, the birth would have been forgotten.



Regina coeli, laetare, alleluia.  
Quia quem meruisti portare, alleluia.  
Resurrect sicut dixit, alleluia.  
Ora pro nobis Deum, alleluia.

Queen of Heaven, rejoice, alleluia.  
For he, whom you did merit to bear, alleluia.  
Has risen as he said, alleluia.  
Pray for us to God, alleluia.

Kevin H.