

Advent 4 2021
Luke 1

³⁹ In those days Mary arose and went with haste into the hill country, to a town in Judah, ⁴⁰ and she entered the house of Zechariah and greeted Elizabeth. ⁴¹ And when Elizabeth heard the greeting of Mary, the baby leaped in her womb. And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Spirit, ⁴² and she exclaimed with a loud cry, **“Blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb! ⁴³ And why is this granted to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me? ⁴⁴** For behold, when the sound of your greeting came to my ears, the baby in my womb leaped for joy. ⁴⁵ And blessed is she who believed that there would be a fulfillment of what was spoken to her from the Lord.” ¹

In the Name of Jesus.

Blessed are you among women, men, children of Adam and Eve! Blessed are y’all, my dear ones! For the One Whose Spirit fills you will bring to completion all that was spoken to YOU from the Lord, all that you have trusted from His Word. As a great evening hymn inspires us to sing out loud:

You will live and learn to dread the grave as little as your bed.

¹ [The Holy Bible: English Standard Version](#). (2016). (Lk 1:39–45). Wheaton, IL: Crossway Bibles.

You will learn from your Lord to die that so you may rise glorious at the awe-full day.

The sins you abhor about yourself: He has forgiven, forgives today and will remove from you on That Day.

The good you pray that you could do, with a willing spirit but a weak flesh: you will do good; in fact, it has begun, real good in you, from you, as you forgive those who sin against you as you pray, with boldness and confidence for your own pardon.

The Lord Whom you fear from His Law, but trust and love because of His travels in the womb of Mary, His mother— THAT God, Real God, the God furious at our self-will and bringing a judgement real and unending on this world: This God has deposited HIS Spirit within you. By the Glad Tidings of The Babe sent through Mary's Body to hang His Body on the Cross and to give His Body for you to eat and have now no interest in death: This God has placed an irrevocable deposit inside of you, as surely as nothing was going to revoke the course of the Baby in Mary. And EVEN IF This God, your God, could IMAGINE asking for His Spirit back from you, that deposit is 'non-refundable.' So, everyone outside you, everyone INSIDE you, whoever tells you that the time has come at last—you are too sinful, too weak, too wobbly in your faith, blah, blah, blah

!—whoever lies to you like that is just that: a liar! And Real God, non-fiction God, has His ear pressed to your lips, your

heart, your insides—HE LIVES THERE, inside of you, without waiting for you to ask Him in! And He has nothing on His agenda today and forever, other than to delight Himself in your prayers.

Your poor pastor wonders aloud today, with Elisabeth, Mary's cousin, how it could be granted to the most sinful man I know to have temples of joy—y'all!—come to the place where y'all KNOW that I AM scheduled to be, every blessed Sunday morning! I don't know how to flatter; and I don't want anything from y'all; nothing that y'all have not blessed me with already!

The LORD Whom no temple can contain is content to bless YOU as His Home; and He has no plans to move anywhere else. But YOU! You! You dear people move from lives abounding in joyful good deeds, to visit the lowest of the low, and confess with me and pray with me and eat and drink the Body and Blood of the Crucified and Risen and Ascended Son of Mary: to make sure that THIS MAN?! Has every blessing heaven could give?!

Blessed are you, and blessed is the Lord Who came as one of y'all. And blessed is this poor man, who has believed that there MUST be a God that no man has invented: He lives, and I shall live! For despite my daily, mounting, unstoppable sins of unbelief, despair, and other great shame and vice, y'all bring little Jesus to visit this grandpa, and to bless Him in the Name of Jesus.