

Advent II Matthew 1:18-25

This is what it feels like to be chosen to bear the Son of the Most High:

Not so great. I keep throwing up.

It is really awkward at home right now. When my dad comes in for lunch, he just sits there in front of the plate. He doesn't eat; he sighs a lot. I was his baby, his favorite. I guess not anymore.

My mom has been crying. She isn't talking to me. I can't ask her about women's things, about pregnancy or birthing. Maybe later.

I didn't tell anyone at first. I was kind of in shock. When I did tell them, it didn't go well. They asked, "Was it Joseph?" Of course I had to say no. I tried to explain. They think I'm making it up, or maybe I've gone soft in the head. Everyone is trying to figure out what to do with me. I'm a problem. The baby inside me is not a baby to them; it's just a huge problem.

Someone else told Joseph. I don't even know who. He was not nice about it. He sent a message yesterday that he was breaking up with me. He didn't come to tell me that in person. I never even got to talk to him. I was really mad at him.

But then went outside and sat in the shade under the old olive tree. My old doll was lying there. I picked it up and held it and tried to imagine it was a real baby. I thought about Joseph and I realized I could understand how he felt. He thinks I was with some other guy. So I prayed to my angel Gabriel to go explain everything to Joseph.

Now I'm just waiting. I don't know what else to do. I feel so alone. I'm scared of the pain to come. So far nothing is the way I wanted this to go. Everyone is angry with me. This is not how I expected the most important event in my life to be. I need another angel.

There was a girl in the village who got pregnant a couple of years ago. You should have heard how they talked about her. Some people even said she should be stoned.

As a pregnant girl, you have no defense. Everyone knows how you got in this situation. This will not be something I can hide. People are already talking about me. Down in the village, the stares, the nosy questions, the rude comments are already starting. I was always a good girl. I always behaved; I never caused trouble. I'm not like that. Not what they think. But there's no defense.

Alone in my room, I feel excited. I remember my angel and everything he promised. But in front of my family, in front of the town, I am expected to hang my head in shame. To take this seriously. I can't smile or laugh or look forward to being a mother. I guess I am going to have to look sad for nine months.

I have to get out of here.