

Luke 1:26-38 Handout

Luke 1:26–38 (NASB95)

²⁶Now in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God to a city in Galilee called Nazareth,

John 1:45–46 (NASB95)

⁴⁵Philip found Nathanael and said to him, “We have found Him of whom Moses in the Law and also the Prophets wrote—Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph.”

⁴⁶Nathanael said to him, “Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?” Philip said to him, “Come and see.”

Luke 14:25–35 (AMP)

²⁵Now huge crowds were going along with [Jesus], and He turned and said to them,

²⁶If anyone comes to Me and does not hate his [own] father and mother [in the sense of indifference to or relative disregard for them in comparison with his attitude toward God] and [likewise] his wife and children and brothers and sisters—[yes] and even his own life also—he cannot be My disciple.

²⁷Whoever does not persevere and carry his own cross and come after (follow) Me cannot be My disciple.

²⁸For which of you, wishing to build a farm building, does not first sit down and calculate the cost [to see] whether he has sufficient means to finish it?

²⁹Otherwise, when he has laid the foundation and is unable to complete [the building], all who see it will begin to mock and jeer at him,

³⁰Saying, This man began to build and was not able (worth enough) to finish.

³¹Or what king, going out to engage in conflict with another king, will not first sit down and consider and take counsel whether he is able with ten thousand [men] to meet him who comes against him with twenty thousand?

³²And if he cannot [do so], when the other king is still a great way off, he sends an envoy and asks the terms of peace.

³³So then, any of you who does not forsake (renounce, surrender claim to, give up, say good-bye to) all that he has cannot be My disciple.

Luke 1:26–27 (NASB95)

²⁶Now in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God to a city in Galilee called Nazareth,

²⁷to a virgin engaged to a man whose name was Joseph, of the descendants of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.

Romans 3:23 (NASB95)

²³for all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God,

Mark 6:3 (NASB95)

³“Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, and brother of James and Joses and Judas and Simon? Are not His sisters here with us?” And they took offense at Him.

Matthew 12:46 (AMP)

⁴⁶Jesus was still speaking to the people when behold, His mother and brothers stood outside, seeking to speak to Him.

Acts 1:14 (NASB95)

¹⁴These all with one mind were continually devoting themselves to prayer, along with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with His brothers.

Mark Driscoll writes this in his sermon on Mary – he is the pastor at Mars Hill but he grew up Catholic and he says this:

And when it comes to Mary, the Catholics have sort of cornered the market on Mary, right. And all the pictures I saw of Mary growing up weren't very accurate. I'll show you one example. They usually looked something like this. Mary was not in her 30s, wearing a crown of gold, nicely embroidered clothing, sitting on a gold throne, holding a baby with perfect hair, wearing a white gown, having yet another gold crown, usually encircled by a halo, it wasn't exactly like that. So our picture of Mary, in large part that has been promulgated by Catholic art, is not accurate.

Think peasant girl, peasant dress, pulling water from a well, out collecting firewood to heat her parents' home. Think of her as being illiterate and having dirty feet and sandals, walking around on dirt roads. If anything, she's

sitting on a homemade stool by her fire, not on a gold throne with a crown on her head. Mary wouldn't even know who this person was.

Luke 1:28 And coming in, he said to her, "Greetings, favored one! The Lord is with you."

Acts 5:40–41 (NASB95)

40 They took his advice; and after calling the apostles in, they flogged them and ordered them not to speak in the name of Jesus, and then released them.

41 So they went on their way from the presence of the Council, rejoicing that they had been considered worthy to suffer shame for His name.

Luke 1:29 But she was very perplexed at this statement, and kept pondering what kind of salutation this was.

30 The angel said to her, "Do not be afraid, Mary; for you have found favor with God."

Holmans Illustrated bible Dictionary

FEAR Natural emotional response to a perceived threat to one's security or general welfare. It ranges in degree of intensity from a sense of anxiety or worry to one of utter terror. It can be a useful emotion when it leads to appropriate caution or measures that would guard one's welfare. On the other hand, fear can be a hindrance to the enjoyment of life if it is induced by delusion or if it lingers

and overpowers other more positive emotions such as love and joy, perhaps leading to an inability to engage in the normal activities of life.

Luke 1:31¹⁴ And behold, you will conceive in your womb and bear a son, and you shall name Him Jesus.

Isaiah 7:14 (NASB95)

¹⁴Therefore the Lord Himself will give you a sign: Behold, a virgin will be with child and bear a son, and she will call His name Immanuel.

Luke 1:32³³ He will be great and will be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God will give Him the throne of His father David;

³³and He will reign over the house of Jacob forever, and His kingdom will have no end."

³⁴Mary said to the angel, "How can this be, since I am a virgin?"

³⁵The angel answered and said to her, "The Holy Spirit will come upon you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you; and for that reason the holy Child shall be called the Son of God.

Genesis 3:14–15 (NASB95)

14The LORD God said to the serpent, "Because you have done this, Cursed are you more than all cattle, And more than every beast of the field; On your belly you will go, And dust you will eat All the days of your life;

15And I will put enmity between you and the woman, and between your seed and her seed; He shall bruise you on the head, And you shall bruise him on the heel."

Luke 1:36¹¹ **And behold, even your relative Elizabeth has also conceived a son in her old age; and she who was called barren is now in her sixth month.**

37¹¹For nothing will be impossible with God."

My Loveless Marriage

Why divorce wasn't the answer to my emptiness.
Judy Bodmer

I lay in bed staring at the darkness. My husband, Larry, was snoring softly beside me. We'd just had another fight. I could hardly remember what had started it, but I knew we'd both said ugly, hateful things. Nothing had been resolved. We'd just gotten tired. Now he slept and I lay here, feeling utterly alone.

I crawled out of bed to check on our two sons. David, such a handful while awake, looked like an angel even though his face was sticky from the ice cream he'd eaten earlier. I pulled Matthew's covers back on his small body and smoothed his blond head. He needed a haircut. Working full-time, with two small sons to referee and a house to keep clean, I never had enough time to do it all. Something drew me to the window. I could see the lights from downtown Seattle. So many people. What were they doing? Were *they* as lonely as I was? Was there anyone out there who cared? *God, I cried, help me find the strength to leave.*

Hitting the Wall

After ten years of marriage, I wanted out. Our love hadn't died in the heat of this battle or any other battle. It had died at the bottom of a wall it couldn't climb.

I remember clearly the day I laid the first brick. We'd been married nine months. We went to a movie and I waited for Larry to reach over and take my hand, thus proving the magic was still there. But he didn't and, as the movie progressed, I grew hurt and angry. He shrugged it off, surprised I was upset over such a little thing. To him it was nothing; to me it was the first sign our love wasn't perfect.

As the years passed, I added more bricks. When we were first married, he called me every day from work. But slowly those phone calls grew further apart and finally stopped. When I brought it up, he started calling again, but it wasn't the same. When we watched TV in the evening, he'd fall asleep. When we went out for dinner, he couldn't think of anything to say. His days off were measured by how much he got done—chores, work, and the children took priority. I got the crumbs, and I was starving.

I felt guilty for feeling the way I did; he wasn't abusive, he didn't run around with other women, he didn't drink or do drugs. He came home every night and worked hard to support our family. Despite this, the wall grew, built with bricks of buried anger, unmet needs, silences, and cold shoulders. The marriage books we read made things worse; counseling confused the issues.

Divorce seemed like the only answer. It would give me a chance to start over and find the *right* person. Yes, it would be hard on the children, but when I was finally happy, I'd be a better parent. In the long run, it would be better for all of us.

Divorce's Price Tag

Before taking that big step, I asked myself some key questions. First, would a divorce make me happier? Somewhere I read that people who divorce tend to remarry the same kind of person, that the root of unhappiness isn't in the people we marry but in ourselves. When I looked at my husband, I knew this was true. The trait in Larry that drew me to him—his calm exterior—also drove me crazy. He never complained, criticized, or caused a fuss. The downside was that when situations arose when he *should* get angry, he didn't. Once he was cheated in a business deal. I wanted him to confront the man who'd lied to him, but he wouldn't. His love of peace kept him from standing up for himself, making me think he was a moral marshmallow. But if I divorced Larry, I knew I'd marry

someone with his same peaceful demeanor. And if I did, my problems would be multiplied by his kids, my kids, child support, and custody battles.

I took a long, hard look at the single mothers I knew. They were exhausted and lonely. There was no one to help soothe crying babies, entertain toddlers, shuttle kids to practices, or help with the house, yard, and car.

Could I afford a divorce financially? The average divorce, according to my paralegal friend, costs about \$12,000. My salary was good, but when I looked at our household expenses, there would be hardly enough money to live on, let alone extra money to pay lawyers.

Would my children really be better off in the long run? I looked at the children of my friends who'd divorced. Many of these kids started getting into trouble: staying out all night, drinking, doing drugs, and running away. Most of them were angry and blamed themselves for their parents' split. They took it out on their mother. The father became the hero because he wasn't doing the disciplining. Instead, he brought presents, bought a hot car, and took them fun places the mother couldn't afford. Studies show that even 25 years after a split, children can still have significant emotional problems stemming from their parents' divorce.

What about my friends? I assumed they'd be there for me, but was I being realistic? Four of my friends divorced in one year—I didn't see any of them now. Two of them disappeared, one began leading a lifestyle I couldn't support, and another dated men I didn't care for. Even with the best of intentions, if I divorced, I'd probably lose many, if not all, of my friends.

God showed me I might escape my current pain, but in the long run, divorce extracted a high price. One I wasn't willing to pay.

Fanning the Flames

But I refused to settle for the status quo. From experience, I knew I couldn't change my husband. There was only one person I could change: me. Jesus said, "You hypocrite, first take the plank out of your own eye, and then you will see clearly to remove the speck from your brother's eye" (Matthew 7:5). I got involved in a women's Bible study and started applying what I learned. Before I read a passage, I asked God to examine me. After many sessions on my face

before him, honestly asking for forgiveness, I started to change. I became less critical

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I tried new things—taking a writing class, asking a new friend to lunch, volunteering at school. With Larry's blessing, I quit my job to stay home with our children, even though it meant cutting our income in half.

From 1 Corinthians 13, I discovered love isn't a feeling but an action. I decided to treat Larry with love, even though I didn't feel like it. Instead of pointing out his shortcomings, I told him the things he did right. Instead of reading books to see what Larry should be doing differently, I read to discover how I could be a better wife, mother, and friend.

My change in attitude had an amazing effect on Larry. He began spending more time with me. When I stopped overreacting to his comments, he felt freer to share more with me.

My decision to stay went against everything the world told me. Jesus promised, "I have come that [you] may have life and have it to the full" (John 10:10). I decided if God was my God, then I could trust this promise. I asked him to restore my love.

Rekindled

The love I thought had died didn't return in a week, a month, or even in a year. There were times I wanted to give up. But I clung to God's promise that he would give me the desire of my heart.

One weekend Larry and I went away. Before we left, we prayed and drew a line in the sand. Everything that had happened before was over; this was a new beginning. That weekend I experienced a new passion for my husband. The flame I thought was dead was rekindled.

Today when I sit in church worshiping God, I shudder at what I almost threw away. Larry and I laugh over things that used to drive me nuts, like his falling asleep in front of the TV. I can tell Larry anything, and he listens. Just yesterday he sent me a fax just to tell me he loves me.

At night when we lay curled up together, I reach over and touch him just to reassure myself he's still there. The love I have is strong. It's born out of suffering and obedience. The pain, tears, and struggles to get to this point were worth it for these rich rewards. There *is* hope for loveless marriages. Our relationship is living proof.

³⁸And Mary said, "Behold, the bondservant of the Lord; may it be done to me according to your word." And the angel departed from her.