

My dear brothers and sisters in Christ,

Grace and peace to you from the child I once held and the Savior who now holds me.

Two thousand years have passed since the night Jesus was born, yet every December you gather again to celebrate what Heaven celebrated that night. I want to tell you something: it was real. More real than you can imagine. The manger wasn't a symbol—it was a feeding trough. The stable wasn't a postcard—it smelled like animals. And I was not glowing with holiness; I was trembling with the weight of God's promise.

But do not pity me. Marvel instead at the God who chooses ordinary people to reveal His extraordinary love.

I was young. Poor. From Nazareth—the town everyone made fun of. I had no status, no voice, nothing to offer. But God does not choose the impressive; He chooses the willing.

To those of you who feel overlooked or unqualified... I know how you feel. I felt that way too. But the Lord sees you. He still speaks, still calls, still sends His Spirit to overshadow the humble.

On the night Jesus was born, I remember holding Him and whispering, "You are Light. You are the promise. You are the mercy of God in flesh." I did not fully understand it, but I knew Heaven had bent down to earth.

As you celebrate Christmas in your century, please do not let the lights, gifts, or traditions distract you from the miracle. Remember: the King came quietly. Salvation entered the world in weakness. God chose a manger so you would know His love reaches the lowest places.

And when life becomes confusing or fearful, remember the words the angel said to me: 'Do not be afraid.' That was not just for me. It is for you. For every season. For every storm.

My letter to you is simple: treasure Jesus. Like I did that night. Like I did all His life. Treasure Him in your heart. Make room for Him. Carry Him with you as I carried Him in me.

And when He speaks, say what I said:

"I am the Lord's servant. May your word to me be fulfilled."

He is worth your yes. He is worthy of your life. And He still comes to those who make room.

With love and hope,
Mary of Nazareth