**Humble Beginnings**

Luke 1:26-38

Gabriel, the angel of God was sent to inform the young lady Mary, she would give birth to Jesus, the Son of God. What most people do not talk about is where Mary came from. Mary was from a small village in the town of Galilee called Nazareth.

Research shows that Nazareth was so small that it has been referred to as a one camel town. I have heard of a one horse town and a one stop light town but never a one camel town. But what this revealed to me is that God did not go to a large city like L.A. or Manhattan, nor a place like New Orleans to get the person He wanted for this assignment. He went to a place we might have called a hole in the wall, when I was growing up.

Research also suggests that the people in Nazareth was either poor or they knew how scam others. Writers have stated it is believed the people of Nazareth dug tunnels under their houses and hid to keep from paying their taxes. This is the place God sent His angel Gabriel to find the girl to give birth to His Son, Jesus.

I can remember when growing up as a kid, our neighborhoods weren’t divided by streets, but according to which side of the tracks you lived on. That is railroad tracks. We lived on the good side of the tracks so to speak. However friends of mine lived on the side of the tracks where the projects were: some of them even lived in them. Houses were worn ragged, and the roads where rough and not cared for. Never the less, some of those friends are very successful individuals today.

The point is, do not worry about your upbringing, where you live, or what kind of family, home or neighborhood you come from. God has a way of using what others reject, see as unfit, or disqualify. If people knew God was going to choose Mary to complete such a prestigious assignment, there would have been some saying she wasn’t good enough. Others would have said she was from the wrong family. Some might have even said she was from the wrong side of the tracks.

God looks at the heart of each of us. Who knows how long He had been watching Mary. My guess would be that she was born for this. However she did not know it. She mostly like never got a glimpse of what purpose God had for her life. Who knows, had she known ahead of time, she might not have thought herself worthy either. But I believe God chose someone like Mary who was of humble beginnings for a reason.

When Jesus was born, it was of humble beginnings. He was wrapped in torn pieces of cloth and slept in a trough that animals ate out of. His shelter was a barn. He did not live in palaces or gated communities growing up, nor as a man. Yet He is King of kings and Lord of lords. He is our Rock in uncomfortable places and situations. When everything seems to fall apart, He is the one thing that remains stable.

You see there was no material things to get in the way when God chose Mary. She did not have to worry about leaving her good furniture behind. As Jesus began to serve God His Father, He did not complain about where He would leave His flock of camels, sheep or goats. He did not have mansions and houses to be concerned about. All He needed was His faith to go with Him.

Sometimes things, people, and even titles and positions can get in the way of what God is trying to tell us and show us. Mary did not have this to worry about and neither did Gods’ Son Jesus. Humble beginnings may have looked like less than to others but it made the way clear in Mary and Jesus’ lives. I see people today downsizing, getting rid of stuff. That stuff has gotten in the way long enough. They no longer care about keeping up with everyone else. Even younger people today and living with less in hopes of finding something greater.

Humble beginnings can be a sort of freedom. There is no attachment to material things or whatever may get a hold on us. If you come from humble beginnings, count your blessings. The freedom to be what you want and who you were created to be is one of the greatest blessings. Walk freely in God. Enjoy life and every once in a while, stop and count your blessings. If you can.

Be Blessed,

Minister Jackie