

The Servant's Story by David Kossoff

You know, there was a happening during Elizabeth's pregnancy that stays in my mind most clearly. She was about half-way through when we had a visit from a young relative of hers. A young woman from Nazareth. I'd heard her spoken of but had never seen her. She was unmarried but engaged to a carpenter.

Elizabeth was pleased to see her because since she'd become pregnant she had seen almost no one, living in this secluded place.

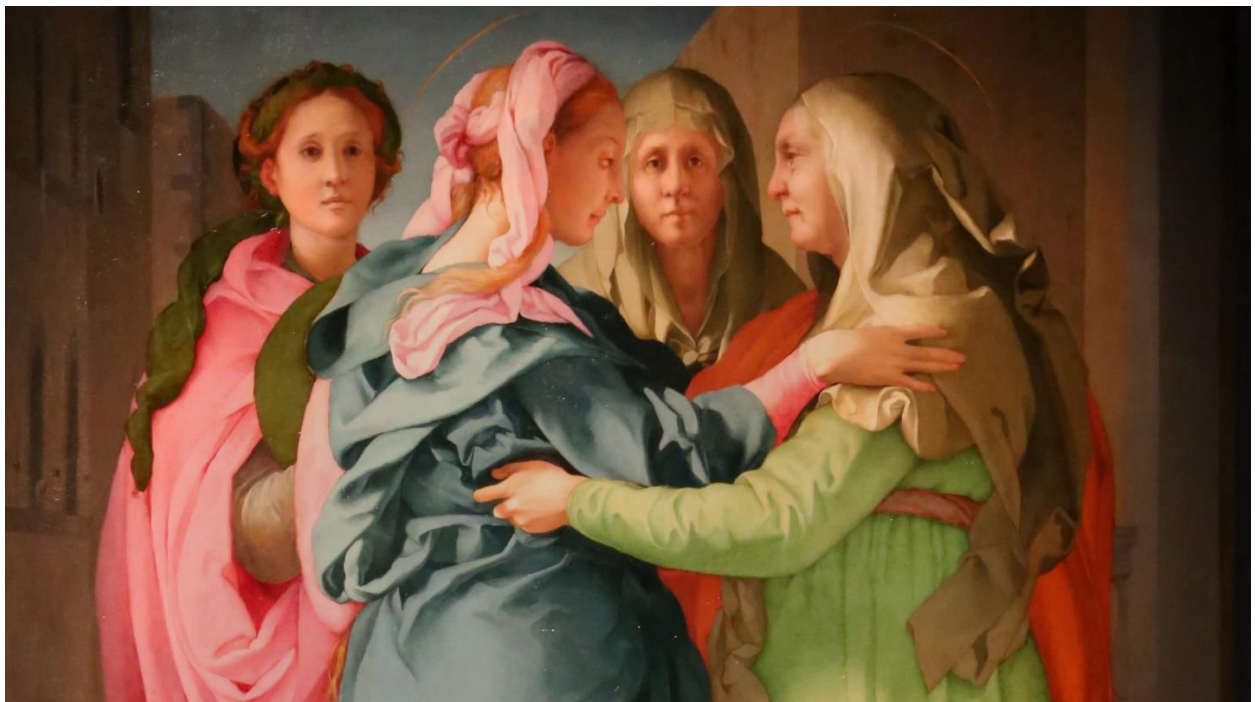
The young woman's name was Mary, quietly spoken with a friendly face. We'd had no message that she was coming, and Elizabeth was curious to see the young woman's reaction to her older relatives surprising condition.

But Mary was not surprised. She said that the angel Gabriel had told her that Elizabeth was to have a baby and that she was also to have a special baby who was to be called Jesus and that he would be a great man and his name live for ever.

Elizabeth said that the angel Gabriel had told her that her baby, to be called John, would be a prophet "to prepare the way for the coming of the Lord." Elizabeth was very excited, laughing and crying and she seemed full of joy for both the younger woman and for herself. She said "Mary's baby is the Lord, I am sure of it, and even my baby inside me is full of joy. He kicks and leaps and moves."

She made me and Mary feel, and it was true. We put our hands on hers and she put her hands on ours.

"Be friends" she said, "love each other." And we did. We became like sisters. Mary stayed about three months. We shared a room and we've kept in touch ever since.



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