

## God Newborn

*For a child is born to us, a son is given us;  
upon his shoulder dominion rests.  
They name him Wonder-Counselor, God-Hero,  
Father-Forever, Prince of Peace. (Isaiah 9)*

The Incarnation, the embodiment, of God infusing all creation with God's own life is a Mystery beyond all words. The Word of God becomes flesh, embraces matter, forever changing the created world. So we sing our response in poetry. We use titles and phrases of hope and exaltation, as Isaiah does, to express our wonder before this great gift of Divine Love. No words are adequate, but we offer the best we have. We stand before the Christ Child in awe.

Another response to this Mystery is expressed by this child before the Christmas crib.

"GOD'S MY SIZE!" The three-year old girl jumped up and ran to tell her mother. "Mom, God's my size!" She got the idea while lying on her stomach looking at the crèche beneath the Christmas tree. Eye-level with a baby is a good position from which to do theology.

At Christmas God is newborn, less like Michelangelo's muscular men and more like an infant in wet diapers sucking milk from its mother's breast. God is less like an equation in theoretical physics and more like a hungry three-year-old in a refugee camp. At Christmas God is less like a come-of-age, post-modern adult and more like the toddler laughing at being able to walk.

Adults look at the baby and say, "This can't be God! This is a bawling baby!" The protests are diverse. "This can't be God! This baby is Jewish. This baby is poor. This baby is illegitimate. This baby is male. This baby is traditional. This baby is a refugee. This baby is, well, a baby."

Children look at the baby and say, "God's our size!"

(Elizabeth Bettenhausen, published in *Christianity and Crisis*.)

*Fiat* – let it be done to me according to your word. With these words Mary accepted God's invitation to her. A simple response made after presenting her questions and objections. *Fiat*. The details were not worked out. The journey was uncharted. Her *fiat* was a baby that needed constant care, a toddler that needed to be taught to speak and to walk, and a child she and Joseph raised in their Jewish faith. They taught him *fiat* from their own life experience.

Remember your own *fiat* moments – the times you heard God's call and said, "yes," with no idea where the road would lead or the challenges you would face. In what ways is God calling you this Christmas? In whom are you being called to see God made flesh? God is with us now.

This Christmas, take some time to lie on the floor (metaphorically speaking) in front of the crib and cry out, "God's my size."