

## **John 2:1-11**

2:1 On the third day there was a wedding in Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there.

2:2 Jesus and his disciples had also been invited to the wedding.

2:3 When the wine gave out, the mother of Jesus said to him, "They have no wine."

2:4 And Jesus said to her, "Woman, what concern is that to me and to you? My hour has not yet come."

2:5 His mother said to the servants, "Do whatever he tells you."

2:6 Now standing there were six stone water jars for the Jewish rites of purification, each holding twenty or thirty gallons.

2:7 Jesus said to them, "Fill the jars with water." And they filled them up to the brim.

2:8 He said to them, "Now draw some out, and take it to the person in charge of the banquet." So they took it.

2:9 When the person in charge tasted the water that had become wine and did not know where it came from (though the servants who had drawn the water knew), that person called the bridegroom

2:10 and said to him, "Everyone serves the good wine first and then the inferior wine after the guests have become drunk. But you have kept the good wine until now."

2:11 Jesus did this, the first of his signs, in Cana of Galilee and revealed his glory, and his disciples believed in him.

## Jesus Bob Stillerman

John the evangelist says that in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And that somehow, somehow, the Word became flesh and dwelled among us.

It turns out, I'm the Word. I didn't know it. Really, I didn't. Until one day last week in the wilderness when I met John the Baptist. He identified me as the Lamb of God, one who would take away the sins of the world, and one in whom God's Spirit clearly dwells. Imagine that!

Now I know this may be a strange thing for some of you to hear. We have, after all, just finished the season of Christmas, and you've heard more of what Matthew and Luke say about me. By their accounts, I've had more than thirty years to wrestle with my vocation. I've had a very special birth, and everything, everything has been building toward this moment.

Perhaps in this version of me that the evangelist paints, the stories of my youth are just veiled from my memory. Of course, in his telling, my youth is the beginning of time! And one could be forgiven for the omission of details predating the Cosmos!

In any event, here I am, in the first week of my vocational ministry.

And if I'm honest with you, it's all overwhelming. Like Moses and the prophets before me, this calling is sudden, and solemn, and all-consuming. I'm confident I can do this. I think.

It's just...how does one get started? As I mentioned to Nathaniel, the Mighty One foretells great things ahead of us, and indeed for me, heaven opened and the angels of God descending upon the Son of Man.

So I wait. Yes, confident, but anxious, too. For my time, and for a sign that my work should begin.

And I pray that God will surround me with a community that supports and empowers my calling.

And I pray that I am finally ready to be my mother's son.

**Mary**  
**Jessica McDougald**

Finally! I've been waiting for so, so long. Waiting and praying, worrying and fussing, holding tight to the words that the angel said to me thirty years ago. *Son of the Most High*. My baby.

And you know... I've heard what people say about me. When Jesus was a baby and people - strangers, really - came to see him... there would be whispers about me. Everyone figured there had to be something special about me to have been chosen to carry and deliver and raise Jesus. But there's not. I'm not perfect or special or different from anyone else - I just listen to my heart and keep my eyes open.

That's how I knew the time was right... to be honest, I think it's been right for a little while now. But you know how hard it is to come into your calling. It can be so scary. I know from experience how terrifying it is when the Divine whispers in your ear that it's time to embrace who

you really are, and what you were made for. You never feel ready. It's not really something you can plan for, is it?

At that wedding I just knew it was time - I knew it in my heart and in my gut - and I nudged him. I try not to nudge my babies... I want them to live their own lives and make their own decisions, but this time I did. I saw the servants pouring the last of the wine - everyone heard them frantically whispering about what to do. And so I nudged Jesus. "Hey look," I said - nodding to the servants. Real casual. "They ran out of wine."

Of course he knew what I was trying to do. My boy is sharp. He just shook his head and said it wasn't his business. But he was quiet for a bit after that. It looked like he was squaring himself up to do something big. Like he knew he couldn't keep this up for much longer.

And when I stood up to go speak to a friend at another table, I told those servants to keep an eye on Jesus, and that, when he came to them they should do whatever he told them to do.

You know, as his Mom, I've been proud of him his whole life. When he learned to walk. When he was finally potty-trained - the angel must have helped with that one. I was proud when he started helping Joseph in the shop. When I saw him being such a good brother, such a good human...

But I don't think I've ever been as proud of him as I was when he turned the water in those basins to wine. My baby. My boy. Isn't this what every mom prays for, from the moment they feel the first flutter of a kick in their bellies? That their kids - the flesh of their flesh - will

grow and finally lean into their callings, finally be the human that they knew they were all along?

I'm so proud. So proud to be his Mom. So thankful that the angel came to me and shook up my life and my plans all those years ago. Because Jesus really is the one - the Son of the Most High, with a kingdom that never ends.

### **Choral Reading:**

**Happy are those who delight in God's law; they meditate, day and night, on how to be community for one another.**

Lovin' and Huggin'.

### **Listening.**

Supporting.

### **Making casseroles.**

Writing notes.

### **All the everyday blessings.**

They are like trees planted by streams of water which yield their fruit in its season, and their leaves do not wither. In all that they do, they prosper!

**There is water all around us, Millbrook!**

And Jesus has shown us how to transform water into wine.

**Our hospitality is fruit.**

Our generosity is fruit.

**Our empathy is fruit.**

Our service is fruit.

**Grab a ladle**

Grab a chalice

**Grab a bucket**

Grab a basin

**Grab ten!**

We're here to make the good stuff, the best stuff, the Jesus stuff!

**Lives lived well for God and neighbor.**

Cheers!

**Cheers!**

Together: Cheers!