“When the angels had gone away from them into the heaven, the shepherds began saying, ‘let us go straight to Bethlehem then, and see this thing that has happened which the Lord has made known to us.’ So they came in a hurry and found their way to Mary and Joseph, and the baby as He lay in the manger. When they had seen this, they made known the statement which had been told them about this Child. And all who heard it wondered at the things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary treasured all these things, pondering them in her heart.” Luke 2:15-19

Today my baby girl middle child turns eight. And on three days a year, while I celebrate birth of my own children, I’m taken baby to the events of that particular day. The weather, the sights and smells, the details of each labor and delivery process, the way each baby looked, who visited, etc. And I remember at some point with each one, there came sort of an out-of-body experience and I spent some time of pondering things in my heart as well.

{Webster defines ponder as: to think about; to reflect on. The Greek word used here (thanks Thomas) is sumballó and it means: I throw together, hence: I ponder, come up with, encounter, with or without hostile intent, I dispute with, I confer, consult with, contribute, being strategic.}

The moments of pondering usually came when I found myself alone with the baby for the first time. I would start with a lot of “oh-my-goodness” moments, which led to me asking the Lord if He was sure He’d made the right decision giving this child to me, and generally wrap up with me forming some sort of strategic, battle like plan to simply keep this baby alive.

And while I think Mary may have had some similar ponderings herself, I can only imagine hers were vastly different as well. She had just given birth and had never *been with* a man. So it was more confirmation that it wasn’t just some crazy weight gain, she really did just deliver God in human form. She really did just deliver her Savior.

I sit here this morning and my mind is spinning as I try to wrap it around *all* she had to ponder. She was literally holding the definition of *love* in her hands. He was her hope, her redemption, all the grace she would ever need and *real* peace. All the things she so desperately needed, she held in her arms. Angels sang about Him and shepherds proclaimed Him. God’s great rescue plan for all mankind was lying in a feeding trough beside her. This was a pretty tall order. This was a miracle.

And as I ponder over the birth of my baby this morning, I wonder why I don’t ponder over the birth of Jesus even more. My child is here from natural causes. Jesus was a miraculous birth. My child was born sinful and remains that way. Jesus was born sinless and remains sinless. My child is imperfect. Jesus is the definition of perfection. God Himself wrapped in human flesh, setting into motion the most strategic battle plan ever known. Wow. There really is much to ponder.

I’m asking the Father to help me remember the miracle Jesus *is*; asking Him to create a desire within my heart to celebrate Him as He deserves to be celebrated. And from what I can tell based on His arrival, He’s not so much concerned with pomp and circumstance and much more concerned with a faithful and obedient heart, much like His mama exemplified. I’m thankful today that He willingly took on human form and granted me access to the Father. He is the greatest and most wonderful baby ever born.

May His presence truly be the greatest gift I receive this season.