We’ve just sung—well, read—the Magnificat, the Song of Mary. Then I read it again for all of us in its context in Luke’s gospel, from a more contemporary translation, the New Revised Standard Version of the Bible.

This canticle, the Song of Mary, could just as well be called the Song of Michael, or of Linda, or Jaxon, or . . . well, let’s try this: I’m going to ask you to do something, if you’re willing. In just a moment, after I say, “The Song of . . .” I’d like each of you to say your own name aloud, please.

Okay, here we go: This is the Magnificat, the Song of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_” Excellent!

I asked you to do that because this is the Song of Each of Us, of All of Us Together.

That notion of mine began with the Collect of the Day in which we ask God to purify our consciences (note the plural there) daily, that at the Second Coming Christ might find a hospitable home in us.

In fact, the Collect makes it clear by that plural—“consciences”—that this is something *each* of us asks of God . . . divine help with this work of preparation. Yet it asks that we might build a mansion (singular)—not just a home, but a befitting *mansion* among all of us. The Second Coming, or Second Advent, really means right now, since we’ve been told that we won’t know the time or the season when that is to happen.

And that’s just the Collect. We go from that prayer to Micah’s prophecy of the birth of a ruler whose aim is peace.

The author of Hebrews tells us that has been accomplished in the person of Jesus Christ.

And the real heart of the matter is revealed in Mary’s song, our song, in which she describes her unique and singular role in the coming of God into the world. And she sings it out for eadch of us, and all of us, as well.

“*My* soul magnifies the Lord”—our souls do that, are meant to do that.

“Magnify came into the English language in the late 14th century from Old French and meant “to speak or act for the glory or honor (of someone or something).” It was 200 years later that “magnify” took on the meaning of increasing the apparent size of something through an optical device.

Mary says, for us, “This is what I’m here for—my purpose—to honor God, who saves us.” As I’m fond of saying, saves us from ourselves and our crazy notions and greedy schemes.

God looks favorably on, and loves, those whom the world ignores, or worse, neglects and abuses. Mary says, in effect, “I know this, because God has looked favorably on little old insignificant *me*.” That’s what we sing as well, that God has looked favorably on each little one of us.

And, she goes on, “Everybody’s going to know this, from this time forward, because God has chosen *me*—not the Queen of Sheba, nor Cleopatra, nor anyone in some high falutin’ position—to be the vessel to use to come into, and be part of, this world.

There’s much more about God’s mercy and love for the lowly and resistance to those who think they’re as powerful as gods. And there’s a great deal to be said about all of that.

But today? This time we sing this song with Mary? Today we sing our song to remind us that *we* are the means whereby God is made incarnate in our own day.

We are the ones called to declare by our lives, “Listen, if God loves the likes of us, God loves you, too.” And we are the ones to accept God’s will to be done through us, by our caring for those whose lives seem negligible in the world, to point out—again, by our lives and actions—to those who think of themselves as gods that they are not.

All this means helping to provide the essentials of life to those who struggle, to hold them in high regard as our sisters and brothers.

So I say once more, on behalf of all of us, “*My* soul magnifies, the Lord, and *my* spirit rejoices in God my Savior.”

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