



Advent Reflection for Monday November 28, 2022

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Matthew 1: 1-17

An account of the genealogy of Jesus the Messiah, the son of David, the son of Abraham.

Abraham was the father of Isaac, and Isaac the father of Jacob, and Jacob the father of Judah and his brothers, and Judah the father of Perez and Zerah by Tamar, and Perez the father of Hezron, and Hezron the father of Aram, and Aram the father of Aminadab, and Aminadab the father of Nahshon, and Nahshon the father of Salmon, and Salmon the father of Boaz by Rahab, and Boaz the father of Obed by Ruth, and Obed the father of Jesse, and Jesse the father of King David.

And David was the father of Solomon by the wife of Uriah, and Solomon the father of Rehoboam, and Rehoboam the father of Abijah, and Abijah the father of Asaph, and Asaph the father of Jehoshaphat, and Jehoshaphat the father of Joram, and Joram the father of Uzziah, and Uzziah the father of Jotham, and Jotham the father of Ahaz, and Ahaz the father of Hezekiah, and Hezekiah the father of Manasseh, and Manasseh the father of Amos, and Amos the father of Josiah, and Josiah the father of Jechoniah and his brothers, at the time of the deportation to Babylon.

And after the deportation to Babylon: Jechoniah was the father of Salathiel, and Salathiel the father of Zerubbabel, and Zerubbabel the father of Abiud, and Abiud the father of Eliakim, and Eliakim the father of Azor, and Azor the father of Zadok, and Zadok the father of Achim, and Achim the father of Eliud, and Eliud the father of Eleazar, and Eleazar the father of Matthan, and Matthan the father of Jacob, and Jacob the father of Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom Jesus was born, who is called the Messiah.

So all the generations from Abraham to David are fourteen generations; and from David to the deportation to Babylon, fourteen generations; and from the deportation to Babylon to the Messiah, fourteen generations.

Reflection by Zach Parkman:

The “begats.” These are the parts of the Bible that made my eyes glaze over and where my mind wandered off as I labored over line after line of genealogy and hard to pronounce names. Just a long list of dead people.

But I got older. I had children of my own. I was no longer at the end of the list. I had a “begat” after my name and suddenly this long list of names began to take on new meaning. I am no longer just a frayed end, but a link in a chain. A chain going back to the beginning of mankind, through countless generations of people with their own lives, their own hopes and dreams and struggles and perils. Their own names.

I always thought it was cool in movies or books about “olden times” when a character would present themselves to a king or an elder as “So and So, son of So and So” or “So and So, daughter of So and So.” It always felt like a very formal proclamation. It had weight. As if to say, regardless of class or standing in society, “I am somebody. I come from someplace. Here are my go-befores. They had names and they gave me a name.” It anchors us in time and space. It ties us to a story that is so much larger than our own. It says this is my family, whether by fate or by choice.

That’s what this passage is trying to do in my eyes. It is connecting Jesus to the entire story of the Jewish people, through the exile into Babylon, through King David, all the way back to Abraham. It is tying Christ’s story irrevocably with their own. It is saying, “Hey, have you heard about this guy? Cuz he’s one of yours.”

Zach Parkman lives in Kensington with his wife Kim and their 2 children Adelaide and Gideon. They have been attending This Little Light at Holy Apostles since 2019

