

Week 4: Peace

Jesus' Story

Hi! My name is Jesus. You've probably heard of me. I'm God's Son. I could tell you many stories about the things I did during my time on earth, but today I want to tell you about the day I was born.

My mother, Mary, lived in Nazareth. She was engaged to be married to a man named Joseph, who also lived in Nazareth. At that time, Caesar Augustus was the emperor and he decided everyone in the empire needed to be enrolled in the tax lists. Caesar said everyone had to travel to the city their family was from in order to sign up. This meant Joseph had to travel to Bethlehem, also known as David's city, because he was a descendant of King David. Since they were engaged, Mary went with Joseph to Bethlehem even though she was pregnant.

When Mary and Joseph got to Bethlehem, there were many other people there too. People had traveled from all over to register for the tax lists. Because Bethlehem was crowded, there was no place for Joseph and Mary in the guestroom. While they were in Bethlehem, Mary gave birth to me! She wrapped me up snugly and laid me in a manger. That's right—even though I'm God's Son, my first bed was an animal's feed box.

(Based on Luke 2:1-7.)

