

## Pentecost

Listen!

Listen to the wind – God’s voice.  
Can you hear it?

Look!

Look with your mind’s eye.  
See the fires of our beginnings.  
Suns and stars – handwork of our Creator,  
bursting from primordial darkness,  
furnaces of God’s imagination.  
Crafting all that is.  
A universe given to us.

Listen again!

Listen to the roaring!  
Wind churning.  
Newly birthed chaos.

Word of God giving form and function.  
Breath and Spirit.  
Light and dark,  
morning and evening,  
days of creation.  
Wind soaring, whispering, birthing life.

Then.

A pause, a rest.  
All that is, called good and beautiful.  
Enfolded in God’s arms.

Fire!

Radiant and blazing.  
Light in our darkness.  
Food and warmth, love and relationship.  
Hearths kindled.  
Flames of love – God’s family.

Wind whispering through a stable.  
Man and woman cold and yearning for warmth.  
Lying together in darkness.  
Feeling the desert wind waft into life the returning spark.

A tiny ember. Light for our darkness.

Wonder of life!  
Emmanuel, God with us.  
Brilliant roaring fire, warming all.  
Blazing through eternity.

Yet extinguished here too soon.

On a dark hilltop the flame died, returning to its creator. God's fire with God.

Yet a promise remained.

The spark would return.

A closed room.

Gathering, despairing, desolate and afraid.

Friends with friends, heartbroken and lost.

The darkness of mourning.

Yet listen!

Listen to the wind!

Can you hear it again?

Sacred Ruach, breath of God from the desert.

Whispering life into the hearts of those gathered.

And look!

Can you see it?

There's fire!

The flame of the Spirit!

The Holy Spirit, turning darkness into brilliance.

Hearts on fire with the presence of God.

Strengthening, sustaining, inspiring.

Forging courage from fear,

action from numbness,

newness of life from death.

On their heads, tongues of fire, setting the world alight.

We're here today. Together in God's name.

Listen!

Listen again!

And again!

Can you hear that same wind?

The wind of creation

That blew through that stable and out onto that hilltop.

It's blowing through here!

Here where God's people gather in person and in spirit.

Feel it on your faces, around your feet, inside your being,

swirling and winding, blowing away the dust of inaction,

and birthing the potential for delight.

Bringing new life at this moment.

And the fire?

Yes, the fire is the Spirit.

Look!

Look again!

Here it is.

Aflame on our altar and haloing the heads of each of us.

Crowns of fire,

Kindling the desire to burn with the beauty and life of God.

Beacons of love and passion radiating God's presence in our world.

Empowering each of us.

Wind and fire,

Blowing and flaming, roaring and blazing, igniting enthusiasm and wonder.

The Holy Presence.

Transforming Fire, ignite us with your fierce bold flames and light the way to grace.

A world ablaze in God's name.

Pentecost, then, now and forever.

**Val McCormack Pentecost 2021**