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# Fan into Flames - A Pentecost Reflection

There, in a room for guests, above someone else’s living space, the ragged remnants of the Messiah huddle together. The world as they knew it has been shattered. Fragments of meaning and faith collide with the sharp dagger-points of fear and uncertainty. Life will never be the same again for those men and women. But it is about to get a whole lot stranger. A whole lot … more.

That is the day when God releases the Holy Spirit.

The rest of Jerusalem is celebrating the day that God gave them the Law at Mount Sinai carved on tablets of stone in a cloud high above a nation, mediated by the prophet who led them out of slavery. A Law given to lead a nation to become a holy priesthood, to reveal sin and highlight righteousness, to be a gift unto the nations. A Law which no one has been able to live up to. Sin has led us to a place where even when we know what is right, we cannot help but do what is wrong.

But things are changing.

With a roaring wind blowing from Heaven fit to burst apart the little room, shaking the shutters over the windows, tugging at robes and tossing hair about, the powerful presence of God-with-us scorches into the world on tongues of fire. Eyes are open wide and hearts beat faster as words come pouring like a waterfall in dozens of languages in a babel of praise and terror and awe and wonder. Life and light are brought into that little room and blaze out of every crack and every seam.

The passers-by hear their ocean of words, their paeons of praise, and stop to laugh. Drunk so early in the morning! But the apostles know what has caused their cups to run over with holy joy. The Holy Spirit has come. New life has been given. New creation has been birthed amid the old, in the midst of the remnant, with hope for a brighter tomorrow. Peter preaches, and thousands are touched by that same fire. Lives are transformed in an instant.

But then the supernatural becomes natural. The alien becomes ordinary. The power of the Holy Spirit, the fires that burned above their heads, descends into their hearts and minds, and transformation is seen not in the noise of words but in the love of deeds. They share what they have in common. They break bread and repeat what Jesus told them, remembering that Christ is with them when they sit and eat together as a family. They give to the poor, take care of widows and orphans, they care for each other and share with each other and learn to love each other.

They live out the new creation.

The fires that burned in the wind from Heaven sparked the revolution that is still burning today in the Church of Christ. It is fanned into flames with every word of praise and every act of love. Every day is Pentecost when the flames burn within your heart.