

# Church Arise

## VIDEO SCRIPT



This story is one you might recognise.

But how closely do we see it reflected in our own lives?

Some say that Scripture is like a mirror - as we read it, it reads us right back - I wonder what we will see then, as we recall how it all began ...

Is it merely a story we visit this time of year - or do the roots of what we call Church still cling strong? Maybe you recognise what the early followers began as something not too far from your present reality. Or perhaps you recognise postures of the past, that God is calling us back to.

You see, this story may feel familiar, but the Holy Spirit has a habit of breathing new life into what we think we know. So let's stop, to notice, to dwell. Because before the noise, the fire, the crowd - they sat. A room full of hopeful hearts, united in anticipation of a promise. A promise of power that would connect them to the man, the friend, the leader, they'd just lost.

Prayers of men and women vibrated around the room which held such sweet obedience. We can only imagine the words spoken in this space of anticipation. Until the Heaven they once gazed towards surrounded their feet. Still enough to hear Heaven breathe. Expectant, but not striving, they sat, surrendered. Open to the God who fills empty spaces.

Then Heaven roared, consuming the walls with a tangible exhale!

It was time.

Holiness made manifest in the mundane room, as though flames were purifying the very air which knew to bow to its maker. An ordinary space invaded by Glory, as creation gave way to its reverent instinct.

Then the flames stirred with intention and came to rest on each believer. The Holy Spirit filled them and power overflowed - spilling from their mouths in sounds they didn't recognise. The room buzzed with languages not their own, drawing a crowd who heard echoes of their home.



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Familiar tongues carried a new story. Non-believers stood amazed, hearing words they understood and revelations they were beginning to - of a man named Jesus and the life-changing things he had done.

They observed, in confusion of a power they'd never seen before and the crowd grew as revelation caught. Divine truth landed with unmistakable weight, as what once lay dormant awakened in a heart that could not be left unchanged.

Peter continued to proclaim the gospel to all who would listen. The gospel of grace - able to pardon the worst of mistakes - settled over the crowd like a weighted blanket. Thousands turned from their old ways and chose to make the crucified man their King.

And so the Church was formed, to continue his cause. A people transformed by the Spirit, energised by faith, stepping beyond themselves into a life surrendered. Ordinary men and women rising in unity for a cause worth losing everything for.

But there is still work to be done. There are still souls to be saved and lives to be changed.

Do we not call ourselves by the same name?

Church, arise, to new heights! Move united in God's direction, beyond the borders of comfort, above the tides of complacent lives!

You might recognise this story - not because it's one that's passed, but because this is a history we carry on our backs. This is the work we continue through our hands.

This is our Church, Christ's redemption plan.

