**New Kilpatrick**

**YouTube**

**June 5th 2022**

**Acts 2:1-13**

**Reading**

When the day of Pentecost had come, they were all together in one place. And suddenly from heaven there came a sound like the rush of a violent wind, and it filled the entire house where they were sitting. Divided tongues, as of fire, appeared among them, and a tongue rested on each of them. All of them were filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other languages, as the Spirit gave them ability.

Now there were devout Jews from every nation under heaven living in Jerusalem. And at this sound the crowd gathered and was bewildered, because each one heard them speaking in the native language of each. Amazed and astonished, they asked, ‘Are not all these who are speaking Galileans? And how is it that we hear, each of us, in our own native language? Parthians, Medes, Elamites, and residents of Mesopotamia, Judea and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, Egypt and the parts of Libya belonging to Cyrene, and visitors from Rome, both Jews and proselytes, Cretans and Arabs—in our own languages we hear them speaking about God’s deeds of power.’ All were amazed and perplexed, saying to one another, ‘What does this mean?’ But others sneered and said, ‘They are filled with new wine.’

**Welcome**

A moment

A movement

A mission

A place

A presence

A possibility

A chaos

A confusion

A commotion

A genesis

A gestation

A germination

A wind

A wildness

A wonder

A beginning

A birthday

A brightening

A spirit

A spontaneity

A sending

A passion

A power

Pentecost

Hello, I’m Roddy Hamilton the minister of new Kilpatrick Parish and thanks again for the invitation to be part of your pentecost and jubilee weekend. We celebrate the diversity of the spirit which is in many ways what a platinum jubilee does too: a nation of diversity, which can be united, or come together over a moment where we celebrate a tenacious monarch who has moved through many changes and kept her integrity. So let us celebrate and continue to grow in community once more.

**Prayer**

Spirit

Holy kindler

Energy of heaven

And imagination of God

May we pray in pictures

Using all the creativity you have given us

Wind across creation

Stirrer of the cosmos

Knitting together constellations of stars

We praise you

Poet of the poets

Painting creeds across creation

Every atom alive with holiness

We praise you

The one light dances with

And words fall in and out of place

Creating new imaginings and understandings

We praise you

For the experience of life

And the colours of living

That evolve and renew daily

We praise you

Inventor of laughter

Holder of silence

Tear in the sadness and the joy

We praise you

Great spirit

Wonder of God

Midwife and artist

May we make room for you

In our doctrine and creeds

Stretching and reimagining what is old and moribund

Room in our church

That invites us to go with the life

Room in our communities

To pull us together in all our diversity in which you have created us

Room in our prayers

To lengthen our compassion

Room in our faith

To energise and kindle anew

Spirit

We pray with pictures

And dream in colour

For your kingdom

Among us

**Reflection**

Remember: they were still in the upper room

That place where they shared the last supper

That place filled with memories of Jesus

(Now gone)

That place that echoed with Peter’s story

On the beach and feeding lambs

That place of Thomas’ witness

To the unbelievable truth of resurrection

That place coloured by the Emmaus travellers

Who met a stranger no longer strange

It was this upper room

It seemed to be gateway of heaven

Where the miracle of God was met

Where Jesus presence was known

In the retelling of so many stories

Yet a place filled with questions of “what now?”

He left us no instructions

How can we set foot in the world again without him

“Go and make disciples” he said

But how?

They were living in the suburbs of the stories now

Those outer reaches no longer in the centre

They were disconnected

The upper room that was once the centre of everything

Seemed distant

It was their safe place, and they had never felt safe before

But the locked doors and the shuttered windows

Left them apart from the world

And so it was

A great east wind blew

And rattled the shutters

And knocked on the door

Inviting them back into the world

Intoning the invitation from God

The world was waiting for the disciples

And the spirit flowed

And the rumours began

Messages in a million languages

Babel reversed

In a plethora of diversity

Difference and contrast and variation now set free

And they couldn’t help themselves

But move into the crowd

Like tongues of flame

Alive with the energy

Of renewing

Rekindling

Reawakening

The hope they once had back at the beginning

When they first heard the invitation to follow

It was awakening again

A spirit newly alive in them

Ready to shift this chaos

Into a new cosmos

No longer behind closed doors of an upper room

This midwife to change

This new movement

Of colour

Of community

Of resurrection

Was inviting them back into life

**News**

**Prayers for others**

Spirit, be our energy

For reimagining the world

And being the change the world needs

From conflict to peace

And the patience to move it there

With all those who need that peace

In Ukraine and Syria and Afghanistan

From hunger to banqueting

And the choice to change how we live towards each other

That we share and celebrate together

With the least and the powerful

From fear to loving

Moving out of prejudice

And into the celebration of our diversity

Alongside all those marginalised and minimised

From power to generosity

Reawakening our compassion for our neighbour

Living in their shoes

And traveling roads to justice together

From loneliness to community

Listening to the silences of those who have no voice

And creating a space not for ourselves

But for the words we have not heard from those we have forgotten

From wealth to equality

A sharing of the resources we have

And a world who generously provides them

For the sake of all those yet to be born

From pandemic to jubilee

A celebration of tenacity and integrity

And a binding into community

For a nation and a monarch

Spirit, be our energy

For reimagining the world

And being the change the world needs

So be it

Amen

**Benediction**