**New Kilpatrick**

**Pentecost 2023**

**Acts 2:1-13**

**YouTube**

**Gathering**

Silence, fire, wind, noise.

Anger, peace, conspiracy, subterfuge

Song on the streets

Voice of the oppressed

Comfort for the least

Rage in the machine

How might we speak of the spirit?

That energy of heaven

And dreamer of creation

How might we speak of the spirit?

In poetry and story

In abstract and street art

How might we speak of the spirit?

In song and noise

In protest and silence

This is her day

Her Pentecost

Our renewing

Let us gather

**Introduction**

Hello… I’m Roddy Hamilton the minister of New Kilpatrick parish … thank you for the invitation to be with you… together we celebrate today the enigma that is the spirit of God… Too much is written… but the spirit isn’t something held by words… but is found in an experience… an encounter… a surprise…

So, we gather… in the story of Pentecost… the moment of recognition of that which has been with us since before creation… It has taken a while for us to notice…

**Prayer**

Holy Spirit

Word fulfilled in breath

Alive with life

Restless with energy

We praise

You

With our lives

Our song

Our story

Our community being community

Spirit

May your home be among us again

A place not to rest

But to play

A place not to put your feet up

But to put them first on the ground

A place not to keep tidy

But to mess up with paint and ideas and scribbles

Mistakes and second attempts

Spirit

We praise you

For the creativity that is your DNA

The generosity bound into creation

An abundance of gift and possibility

May we share it all

With equal generosity

And with similar abundance

For in every sharing

We share the very essence of God

Spirit

May we make community between us

A tapestry of stories and lives

Coupled with questions and doubts

Connected by laughter and tears

The full richness that is life

And life to the full

Spirit

Energy of heaven

We pray with our lives

As we share the prayer

Of which you shape every word

And fill with hope

**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.’

**Reflection**

Silence, fire, wind, noise.

Anger, peace, conspiracy, subterfuge

Song on the streets

Voice of the oppressed

Comfort for the least

Rage in the machine

We speak in tangles of riddles and conflicting phrases

When we speak of the spirit

We have to

It is hopeless to try and pin her down

Push her into some box we call belief

And she will explode

She is known as the restless part of God

The most restless

Don’t dare attempt to tie her down

The church has tried that

She just left

She’s the Houdini to every binding

The scout to every clove hitch

The granny to every knot

This is the spirit

And this is her day

Whatever your imagination allows

She will bring into being

Exhilarating, magnificent, remarkable, formidable

There is no bookshelf big enough to contain all the words of the spirit

If it’s written down

If it is fixed in ink

If it is bound up in a book

That sits closed

That’s not her

The spirit is freedom and passion

She is the dance of midges

And the song of the capercaillie

The colour of Luskentyre

And taste of Islay

She’s quiet

She’s chaotic

She’s beautiful

A beauty born in the eye of the beholder

And this beholder is looking at us

But she is anger too

Charging through injustice like a whirling dervish

Frenzied at a politics that isn’t impatient

Or a church that isn’t restless

A community that loves red lines

Red is her colour

She owns it like nothing else can

The passion and the anger

The danger and the fire

Of God

Of gospel

Of kingdom

This is her day

But she invites us all

Not just the Christians

But the Jews and the Muslims and the Hindus

The Parthians the Medes and the Edomites

The women and the children and the men

The leaders of the church

And those refused leadership

Because of colour, gender, culture, sexuality

This is her day

And her story

It began in chaos at the beginning of time

And begins again in chaos on the streets of Jerusalem

And Glasgow

And Kyve

And Bearsden

Just let her play

This is her day

Just let her enjoy herself

We might find we do too

Let her tangle up our theology

Join bits to other bits never joined before

Lay different colours of life on top of each other

And watch the colours mingle and merge as they bleed

Write poetry that doesn’t make sense

Yet

And let her move us

Reinterpret us

Wrestle with us

Dance in us

Write our story with us

And sign her name on us

This is her day

The first of creation

Now there is a day in which to be alive

**News**

**Prayers for Others**

Spirit

Change us

And change the world

Change the way we talk of peace

And the words we use about conflict

May we hear your cry of wisdom

That it will shape our relationships anew

We bring here Ukraine and Sudan

In conflict

Afghanistan and Yemen

In hunger

And the utter poverty of our world

We bring here the homeless on too many streets

And the powerless in too many houses

That are unfit in which to live

We bring here our world

Creation and its beauty

It worth and its value

And the catastrophe of our un-creating

We bring here our communities

The diversity we know we are

The worth of everyone

Yet the hesitation and the fear that fills our prejudice

And we bring our families

Our neighbours

Those we love and need and care for

And those who are ill and seek peace

Those who grieve and know pain

Those who feel lost and wait to be found

These

All

We bring

And gather them all here

May we not fail each other

So be it

Amen

**Hymn**

**Benediction**