

31st May 2020

Spirit

“Ah! Sweet mystery of life at last I've found thee.

Ah! I know at last the secret of it all ...”

Rida Johnson Young and Victor Herbert, Sweet Mystery of Life

These lines, from a song by Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, came to back to mind as today approached. For this is Pentecost, Whit Sunday, when the Christian Church celebrates the descent of the Spirit of God on the first disciples – a day of one of life’s sweet mysteries.

The Book of Acts suggests something *new* being given to the disciples – a rushing wind; tongues of fire; languages people can understand; a word of hope for all – to enable them to do special things. But didn’t the disciples already have what they needed? Hadn’t Jesus seen something in them *they* didn’t know they had? But they needed to open themselves to a new energy and purpose. Think of a silent radio ... silent, yes, but it still has the parts needed to make it work. All that’s missing is a source of power – a battery or mains connection – so it can sound as it was designed to. This was what the disciples found on Pentecost, the ability to believe in themselves, a confidence-inspiring gift, a new power from an unfathomable source that gave them a voice.

Did they know where that Spirit came from? I suspect not, just as I can’t really grasp how mains electricity or battery-power *actually* works. But do I worry about that? Not at all, when all I’m concerned about is whether it makes things do what as they were made to do. The Spirit of God made the disciples burst into life – big time! It made them work as they were designed to. They had all the right parts. They just needed to believe they could be the disciples they were called to be.

Where your spirit comes from may be a “sweet mystery of life”. But, on Pentecost Sunday, might I suggest you stop trying to figure it out, and be pleased that we can see its effect on your life?

A prayer for today

*“Spirit of God, unseen as the wind, gentle as is the dove;
Teach us the truth and help us believe; show us the Saviour’s love.”*

Margaret V Old

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