



A WIND IN THE DOOR

ACTS 2

Shavuot is also called Pentecost. Petros is also called Peter.

Yeshua is also called Jesus.



IT IS SO DIFFICULT TO WAIT. IT IS EVEN MORE difficult when you're waiting on a mystery visitor. But that's what Yeshua's (Jesus's) friends were doing up there in the cramped and crowded room: waiting. Jesus had told them not to leave the city because God would send them a helper called the Holy Spirit. *How exactly? No clue. When exactly? No idea.*

So as the city swelled with visitors, in town for the thanksgiving festival of Shavuot (Pentecost), they waited. Watching the gate. Scanning the streets. Through the feast and the frivolity of the Pentecost celebrations. Chewing nails. Drumming fingers. They came; they went; they waited.

And then, without warning, a wind came through the door. It was thunderous and refreshing, blustering like seaside swells. It filled the room; it filled their ears; it filled their hearts. As their hair stood on end, they looked around the room and watched one another's eyes and mouths grow round with wonder.

And then, like fireflies dancing across the meadow, like stars that twinkle, steadfast, like lamplight that welcomes you home, a Light shimmered into the room, separating to rest on each of them, setting them aglow. It was the Holy Spirit—their promised visitor. It made them feel warm and glad and energized.

True and beautiful words began to tumble out of their mouths as they all began to talk at once. They grew louder and gladder, spilling into the street, where a crowd had gathered to investigate the commotion. The crowd was made up of people who had traveled to Jerusalem from places as far as Europe, Asia, and Africa, yet they were each astonished to hear Jesus's friends speaking in their own languages as they whooped and whirled and shared about God's wonders. *But these people are not from our lands! They don't speak our language! This is not possible!*

There were cheers and jeers. Marveling and mocking. But Petros (Peter), wild and windswept, couldn't keep quiet. He knew what was happening. He recognized the shimmer of belonging that marked so many of their sacred stories. The same fire had greeted God's people at Sinai. The same glow had settled on the tabernacle, gleaming at the center of their wilderness camp. It had filled the temple, lighting the way for the kings and queens of Israel. It had spilled over from heaven as Jesus was

baptized. God's good names settling on him like a dove.





And now God's Spirit was with them in a new way. God's dream was coming true! God's kingdom was spilling in! So Peter took a

deep breath and began to tell the story of

Jesus in the way that only Peter could. He had seen it all. *I am who he says I am. Jesus is who he says he is.* He wove together the wonderful story of how Jesus lived and loved and died and rose. "Don't you see?" Peter cried out. "Jesus is the Rescuer, the Messiah! The one to make all things new!" This was good news indeed. Then, just as Jesus had dunked under the water, rose, and received God's Spirit, many people rushed forward to be baptized as well. Three thousand people trusted in God's dream for them.

And just like Jesus had promised, the Holy Spirit became their helper, so they could live and love as Jesus had. Throughout the city, they feasted with the forgotten and shared with anyone in need, even selling their possessions to give money to the poor. They healed, studied, and welcomed others into belonging.

At some point, the mysterious Light faded. But like a silhouette that's visible even when you close your eyes, God's people never forgot. Like fireflies dancing across the meadow, like stars that twinkle, steadfast, like lamplight that welcomes you home, the Spirit shone in their eyes and words and deeds, declaring, "There is life and flourishing here. This is a place of belonging."

The Pentecost festival came to an end, and the celebrators trekked home, some to nearby villages and some farther on to Africa, Asia, and Europe. Some carried the Spirit within, a steady glow. God's kingdom had spilled in, and now it spread out to light up the whole world, just as God dreamed, just as Jesus had promised.