

Pentecost

Come Holy Spirit fill the hearts of thy faithful and kindle within them the fire of thy love.

The Spirit of God is the Spirit of creation
“Through him all things came into being
Not one thing came into being except through him”

Come Holy Spirit fill the hearts of thy faithful and kindle within them the fire of thy love.

If you walk up onto the Moors, around the many lakes and quarry's above Darwen the creative love
of God is to be seen.

Different expressions with different creatures.
Infinite variety, in colour, structure, function and habit.
The same Spirit breathes life into the Kestrel Hawk
As it hangs on the wind
As it seems majestic, athletic, independent, aloof.
This same Spirit breathes life into the wild duck
As it waddles or splashes in untidy necessity into the water
The same Spirit of God's love giving life to both
Different, Wonderful.

The Spirit of God is the Spirit of creation
“Through him all things came into being
Not one thing came into being except through him”

Come Holy Spirit fill the hearts of thy faithful and kindle within them the fire of thy love.

If you travel the world, or the many corners of this nation the creative love of God is to be seen.

Different expressions with different peoples
Infinite variety, in colour, structure, function and habit.

This same Spirit, breathes life into the Spanish Fiesta
The celebration of a Spanish city or village done for whatever reason
As the colour, the traditions, the pure silly excess are given expression

This same Spirit breathes life into the football crowd
As it tunelessly chants borrowed slogans
And prays as a congregation that has never been to church.

The same Spirit of God's love giving life to both
Different, Wonderful.

The Spirit of God is the Spirit of creation
"Through him all things came into being
Not one thing came into being except through him"

Come Holy Spirit fill the hearts of thy faithful and kindle within them the fire of thy love.

Different expressions in the days and years of your life
Infinite variety, in colour, structure, function and habit
This same spirit breathes life into that person that was you during the nervous breakdown
Then the emotion, logic, relationship and self-loathing nearly destroyed you.
Then in that struggle to battle, believe, begin and work the Spirit called you
This same spirit breathes life into the mundane and ordinary days
As the goodness is invisible, the blessings taken quite for granted
The same spirit of Gods creative goodness giving life to both
Different, Wonderful.

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Not one thing came into being except through him”

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Is variety an accident?
Is difference an arbitrary adjustment to Gods Plan?
Is the fact that uniformity is boring purely a fault in our perception?
Or the recognition of the endless diversity of God’s love.

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So vast
I cannot comprehend it
But with Gods humility
I am allowed to live in it
And of it
And I am afraid.