

The Day of Pentecost  
Year A, 061211

*In the name of God, Creator, Redeemer and Sustainer.*

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, all the people on the Earth spoke the same language. And they decided to build a great tower that would reach all the way to Heaven, so they could be famous. **(Place first block)** Everyone who worked on building that tower spoke the same language, and they all worked together.

**(Place next block)** But as the tower grew taller and taller, the people began to talk in different ways.

**(Slowly build up blocks)** The tower came close to God, but the people forgot why they were building it. They grew so proud of themselves that they began to think they were greater builders than God. Each group thought it was better than any of the others.

A huge noise replaced their talking. It made no sense. Everyone was babbling.

**(The blocks now need to fall)** Soon the tower fell down, so it was called the Tower of Babel. The language of the people of the earth was shattered and broken into splinters. Each language was beautiful, but it was broken.

Thousands of years passed.

Jesus died on the cross, but somehow he was still with the people around him as he is with us. They kept seeing him, and they couldn't let him go. Then one day something amazing happened.

The disciples were in Jerusalem.

*[Here they are: Peter, James, John, Andrew, Philip, Bartholomew, Matthew, Thomas, James the Less, Simon and Jude.]*

There were only eleven of them because Judas had already killed himself.

Jesus took them out of Jerusalem to a mountain. Then he went up to be with God, and said soon the Holy Spirit would come down.

The disciples went back to Jerusalem. They were full of joy and went to the Temple to pray. Then they went to the upper room and, with God's help, decided that Matthias would take Judas' place.

On Sunday, the Twelve were together again. All of a sudden a 'fierce wind came along and blew their socks off.' (Lane Denson, OoN) It was the Holy Spirit. They became so full of the Spirit's power that they seemed to be on fire. Their tongues burned in their mouths. They were so excited that people wondered what was going on.

When the disciples went out on the street, there were people there from many different countries. They spoke many different languages.

But when the disciples began to speak, the people were able to understand them. It was as if the disciples were speaking all those other languages at once.

Everyone could see that the Twelve had come close to God - and God had come close to them - in a new way. It no longer mattered that they spoke different languages.

The disciples had become apostles! They went out into all the world to tell this story.

Ever since, Pentecost has been celebrated every year to remind us of who and why we really are. God doesn't leave us in the tragedy of Good Friday. Instead it is the irony of Easter and Pentecost where we belong, and it is the power and glory of the Spirit that sends us out together to 'do' the Good News. (Denson)

Today is our birthday. Every Sunday we come together to celebrate it, to celebrate grace. We call it the Eucharist. It is a time for rejoicing, a time for remembering, a time for reconciling. Let's get ready to jump out of the cake and go forth for God, setting the world on fire with peace, love, strength and joy!

(The story is *The Mystery of Pentecost* from Godly Play)