

PENTECOST FIRE  
[written in oral form]

A story was told, a few years ago by,...I'll call her, Susan.  
She was an only child.

Susan said that when she was 14, her father was killed in an accident. She loved him very much.

Just before her 18th birthday, her mother died of cancer.  
One of the last things her mother told her was, "Make your world a better place."

In addition to her intense grief, she felt alone. She felt overwhelmed and abandoned. Yes, she inherited the financial ability to carry on, but the injustice of being left alone / of having no parents...made her angry and bitter.

Moreover, her mother's parting words felt like a burden..., a curse.

She thought, over and over again, "Why do I have to make the world a better place. What about me?"

She stumbled. She made some unhealthy choices, including getting into destructive relationships with men who took much more than they gave.

For reasons beyond her awareness, Susan knew she was not tracking well. Deep down, she knew she was not how she was behaving. She felt the pull to get away/to get out. So, she left her home town and travelled around. After a year of travelling, she decided to enroll in university.

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Life was getting better. Some things were coming into focus, including a fine young man,....who....she realized later, was very much like her father.

This guy respected her and loved her unselfishly.

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They married not long after she graduated from university.

Still, she was haunted by her mother's mandate, "Make the world a better place.",... and she still carried the weight of abandonment. It was a heavy, a sad weight.

She also recalled her mother's passion for learning, and sensed she had that fascination, too.  
Susan continued her education, earning a postgraduate degree.

Her life was becoming orderly; there was calm and stability, yet she still felt very deprived by losing her parents while a teenager.

That bitter loss was manifested in a deep anger towards God.

She would not pray or talk about God.

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Before long, she and her husband had a son, and four years later, a daughter. They were a family, and things were falling into a pattern.

One day, while talking with her eight year old son, he turned to her with a calming smile, and replied, "Well, it's your life."

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A gesture, a simple phrase was a touch from God.  
It was a holy moment.

She saw her father's face in his calming smile, and his words penetrated her soul.....and brought clarity to her memory.

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The words from her son, "Your life", prompted her to remember her mother's **exact words**, "Make YOUR world a better place.... Your world.  
She had been doing that. She Was living that encouragement,.... and then a higher level of awareness came to her: making her world better, not in a selfish way, but better overall, is ....also making the world better.

Suddenly the flood gates of misunderstandings, anger and resentment disappeared, and she was filled with keen awareness.

It was as if her past confusion was like having thoughts of different languages that could not be understood, but now all was clear/ all was in one uplifting language. She understood.

Her father was still with her, and always has been. His legacy and spirit guided her life and radiated through her son.  
And likewise with her mother. Her passion brought Susan strength, inspiration and a vision and hope. She'd always been with her.

Susan's past burdens, old torments and baggage instantly burned away as if by fire.

This was her Pentecost. She knew without a doubt, God was present,....and so were her parents.

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Let us be open. Expect God's touch / God's keenly felt presence.  
Look for it. You are Not alone. We are more than loved.  
God is bringing each of us to Pentecost. ~~~~~  
And so, May God set your hearts on fire.  
And, may we leap from that experience, as if from ashes to hope.