

A poem for Pentecost, from June Webber (Broadstone)

### **Wind and Fire**

Afraid, confused and grieving,  
Lost without a guide,  
Sheep without a shepherd,  
Their leader crucified.

Suddenly a mighty wind  
Swirled around the room  
Tongues of fire were on their heads  
Consuming all their gloom.

They stepped forth emboldened  
To face the gathered throng  
Speaking out their message  
To each in his own tongue.

Peter spoke with courage  
No longer fearing scorn.  
The power of God's spirit  
Burned brightly on that morn.