

MINISTER'S MESSAGE

SUNDAY, MAY 31, 2020

KNOX PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

"A Little Bit of Mess"

Based on Acts 2:1-12

Amazed and perplexed, they asked one another, "What does this mean?" (v12)

The day started like the day before had, and the day before that, and the day before that. The sun came up and the children began to wriggle under their covers, eager to have breakfast and find their friends to play. Women began to shift around the kitchen, plug in the Keurig and wait for their coffee to finish dripping into their cup. Men, from the shore were coming home after a night's fishing, or leaving home for a day in the fields.

In the village, the stalls began to open at the market; a call to prayer could be heard from the hill, and village councilors gathered at the city square to negotiate business and handle disputes. Each person had their place, and knew their place within the rhythm of the day, the routine of the village; the spoken and unspoken roles each of them played in the fabric of their society.

And then something happened. Just what it was, who is to say? 'A little bit of mess', shall we say.

Some were amazed, we are told (v7).

Others perplexed and bewildered (v6).

Still others, I suspect, whose names have long since been lost in the sands of time, were frightened by what they saw and what they suddenly felt. Witchcraft! Sorcery!

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~ACTS 2:12

When things settled down, and the wind had calmed, and the tongues of creative fire within the soul had passed like a lightning storm in the dark, the people looked at one another. The children still played. The women continued to be busy with their cooking pots and their looms. The men were still in the fields gathering grain. But

something was different now. Something was very different.

While everything might appear to be the same on the outside, everyone had 'changed' somehow on the inside. The market was now filled with artisans and gardeners who could pull the finest and deepest coloured fruits from the vine and soil. The temple felt solid, and stable and a source of strength. The old men at the village square, sources of wisdom and mentorship.

- There was expectancy and urgency.
- There was colour and delight.
- There was enthusiasm and interest.

Nothing would go back into the box, quite the same way as before. All from a little bit of mess.

Amazed and perplexed, they asked one another, "What does this mean?" (v12)

We've had a time, of, 'a little bit of mess.' Everything has got mixed up this year.

All your plans.

All my plans.

All the church's plans.

We were all, 'just doing our thing.' Some of you would have taken a trip to someplace warm. Some of you would have travelled to see family when the weather cleared up and it was safe to travel the mountain passes. We would have marked the Strawberry Tea on our calendars, and attended worship on Easter Sunday and said, "It was the nicest one we had had in many years." And so on, and so on.

But things got a little messy instead.

- Those travelling had to return home quickly.
- Those planning to travel cancelled quickly.
- The doors to the church closed.
- And we dug in deep for the long haul.

But that 'little bit of mess' has opened our eyes.

- Technology can be our friend.
- We can learn new things, and do things differently.
- There are new ways to connect, and learn and laugh.
- Friendship and fellowship is like honey for the soul.
- A smile is a lovely gift to receive and a lovely gift to share.
- The flowers really are more beautiful this spring.

As we begin to re-awaken from this time of isolation, we

need to realize, that our lives are not going to go back into the box the way they used to.

We are not quite the same people we were a few months ago.

We do not see the world quite the same way as we did a few months ago.

We have learned some things about ourselves and what is really important to us, in these last few months.

All from a 'little bit of mess.'

But perhaps, that is what we were supposed to notice this Pentecost. Perhaps the Holy Spirit was trying to remind us of...

- The rich colours of nature's bounty.
- The value of small gestures of kindness and thanks.
- The quiet satisfaction of bringing a smile to another's day.
- The deep longing for the Spirit's presence in our lives.

Maybe we had started to get so lost in our routines that we had forgotten some of the important things of ministry and ministering and mission. Perhaps, we are better people, today, because of this 'little bit of mess.'

As the world begins to put itself back together again, who are you going to take back out into the world: the old you, or the new you that

doesn't quite fit into the old you the way it used to?

As we approach our communion today, with the breath of the Holy Spirit upon us, who will you bring to the table: the old you, or the you that has become a little bit new, because of this 'little bit of mess?'

Amazed and perplexed, [we ask] one another, "What does this mean?" (v12)

It means that this is the beginning of something wonderful.

Amen.