

Pentecost

Dear Diary,

Today the most abstract and wonderful thing happened to me. At the time of this fortunate event, we the disciples were gathered in the hot, stuffy Upper Room, patiently waiting for the helper Jesus had promised. Suddenly, there was a bang at the door. We all jumped, for we were scared that it might be the Roman army coming to capture us. Peter strayed to the door and a voice yelled, "It's me, Phillip!" The door burst open and in came Phillip. We waited silently, praying. Suddenly, the wind picked up and a strong breeze came among us. We all stayed patient, although the shutters were flinging open. I looked up, I saw golden flames swaying above all the disciples heads. All of a sudden, I felt joyful, happy and I wanted to praise the Lord. The flame brought a warmth inside me and I felt incredibly safe. All the other disciples looked up. Soon, we all realised what was happening. God was sending his helper, the Holy Spirit. Peter silently walked to the door, and one by one we followed. We stepped outside, the crowd bustling past us. All of a sudden, we started to preach in different languages. People from Parthia, Media, Elam, Judea, Pontus, Asia, Egypt... understood us even though we never knew a word of their languages before. Everyone in the crowd understood us! Peter told the crowd to be baptised in the name of God, be sorry for their sins and then ask God to forgive them. The crowd thought we were drunk, but Peter explained to them what was happening. That day we baptised over three thousand people.

An incredible day that changed my life forever.

I will write again soon,
John

Olivia

