

Reflection: June 5, 2022 – Pentecost Sunday
Peter, the Pentecost Balloon

Once upon a time, there was a balloon ...his name was Peter. He lived in a house with many other balloons of various colours and sizes. Some of those balloons, like Peter, had letters painted on them. There was Heidi, the Happy Birthday balloon, Harold, the Happy New Year balloon, Annie, the 50th Anniversary balloon, and George, the Get Well Soon balloon. And Peter, well, he had the strangest writing of them all! On his body there was one word that simply said Pentecost. And nobody really knew what it meant.

One person thought the word meant fiftieth in Greek. But no one could really tell Peter what the fiftieth stood for. And because Peter didn't know what he stood for, his life was pretty dull and boring. Peter's biggest hope was that something exciting would happen to him. Oh, how he longed to discover what his name meant. And oh, how he wished he could discover the word outside of the balloon house where he lived. Lots of people came to buy birthday or anniversary or get well balloons ... but it seemed even the people that bought balloons didn't know what "Pentecost" meant!

Finally, one day, Peter the Pentecost balloon's wishes came true. He got to leave the house where he lived with all the other balloons.

Then, first of all, somebody grabbed him by the neck and held him tightly between their lips. His heart began beating fast; and he could feel his body stretch all over. "Oh my !" he thought, "what's happening to me?" Whoever's got a hold on me is really causing a tremendous change in me. I've never felt this way before! What's happening?"

Suddenly Peter felt the grip on his neck slacken a little bit. And before you knew it, he was flying all over the room. He'd never been so high in his life. He was filled with excitement. But soon, he came down again ... hitting the ground. He didn't feel high anymore.

But no sooner had he landed than a hand picked him up and made him swell again. This time, whoever held him opened his mouth just a little bit, still holding him by the neck. And Peter the Pentecost balloon began to speak and sing, although he had no idea what he was saying and why. All he knew was that it had something to do with the breath that was blown into him.

Soon the talking and singing came to an end as well. Once again, somebody began pumping more air into

him. This time, after causing him to expand, they tied a knot in his neck, and then a string around his neck. Peter thought he would fly. But no, he didn't fly. Peter thought he might sing in a strange language. But no, he didn't open his mouth.

Instead, Peter found himself in the hands of a little child. She touched him, threw him up in the air, and caught him when he came down. Peter was getting dizzy with all this bouncing about. But he heard someone say, "Look how much Tracy is enjoying the balloon. That Pentecost balloon has been the best thing to comfort her ever since she got sick. She hasn't been that happy in a long time."

And Peter began to smile and he felt very happy. So what if he couldn't fly or speak in a strange way. He was feeling useful because he was giving joy and comfort to this little child.

Peter stayed with Tracy for a few days, until one day, he went with her to a strange place. There were lots of people and children there. And what-do-you-know? There were also lots of other balloons. And a funny thing, they all had the word Pentecost written on them.

What would this place be, he thought? What would you call a place that is filled with Pentecost balloons?

And then he heard Tracy whisper to him, "This is the church, Peter. These Pentecost balloons are filled with the Holy Spirit – the breath of God – the Spirit that gives joy and hope and peace, and helps us to love one another."

And people began to sing, "Spirit, come and fill your church, hallelujah ..."

And Peter, the Pentecost balloon, began to dance with all the children and all the other folks, and all the other balloons in the church.

Sing: #156 MV Dance with the Spirit early in the mornin' ...