

Fifty Days After Passover

by Meghan Adrian - Permission to use for any Sunday school, online or in-person

Fifty days after Passover...all through the house,
A wild wind was stirring...to the north and the south
To the east and the west...the wind blew with great force.
It ruffled the curtains and rattled the doors.

It roared through the room...with a thunderous crash.
Just as Jesus had promised...the Helper at last.
Swifter than eagles, the Spirit, He came
And the next thing they saw...was a bright burning flame.

Fiery tongues...filled the room with a whoosh
And landed upon them...their own burning bush.
They were filled with the Spirit...their hearts all ablaze,
And they let loose a concert of glorious praise.

Pilgrims had come...from far and from near,
From Rome and from Asia...Cyrene and Judea.
When up from the house...there arose such a clatter,
They ran to the room to see what was the matter.

A chorus of voices...inside could be heard
In their own mother-tongues...they made out every word.
"What's this?" They all cried...as they heard the men preach.
"How is it we're all understanding your speech?"

They're heads were all spinning...they talked back and forth.
"Aren't these guys all from Galilee...up in the north?"
Some people joked..."They are drunk on cheap wine."
"Oh no", Peter answered "It's only just 9."

"What's happening here"...Peter went on to say
"Is just what God promised...oh glorious day.
The Spirit poured out...for you all to receive.
So what you must do is repent and believe."

He calls each of you...wherever you are.
No matter how broken...no matter how far.
He's bringing you freedom...He's calling you blessed.
Won't you answer His call...won't you give Him your "Yes