

Wait!

My birthday (in case you missed it) was on 6th April and I was 39 (so it's OK, you've still got a year to save up for the big one!). It was a cracking day, beautiful weather, great time with my family and lovely evening meal in a local pub in Somerset. It's now fast approaching the end of April and I don't want to make a big deal of this, but I'm still waiting on most of my promised presents!

I suspect that many of the disciples felt a little similarly. The first day of the week, Resurrection Day, was a great day, beginning in immense sadness (not like my birthday at all in that respect!), but very quickly turning to joyous celebration as Jesus began appearing. In Mark's Gospel, that was some time later, but in Luke's, for example, there is the great story of the Emmaus Road, quickly followed by a sprint back to Jerusalem for another appearance.

A great day, the greatest day in fact, but there was more promised to come. "Go and wait. There's more. My Holy Spirit is coming."

I'd have wanted the Resurrection Day to last for ever: long chats on the road, meals together, joy, joy and more joy. What a day! But that day passed, and then the waiting. A really important gap to take a breath, talk about all that's just happened, and prepare in prayer together for all that was to come. A time to unite, to forgive each other for running away, falling asleep and disowning Jesus completely. A time to breathe, perhaps even for a short time, to slow down.

It turns out that I'm actually quite enjoying the wait, the extended birthday, the anticipation! I praise God that He is a God Who waits and knows that we need the waiting.

So can I suggest that, as with Lent when you might make time to prepare for Easter, that during Eastertide you make time to prepare for Pentecost? Do some forgiving, some uniting and some waiting. Sit still for a moment or two and breathe. God is with us.

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