Holy Spirit would you take these words and give to each of us according to our need. Amen.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
and lighten with celestial fire.  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.  
  
Thy blessed unction from above  
is comfort, life, and fire of love.  
Enable with perpetual light  
the dullness of our blinded sight.  
  
Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
with the abundance of thy grace.  
Keep far from foes, give peace at home:  
where thou art guide, no ill can come.  
  
Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
and thee, of both, to be but One,  
that through the ages all along,  
this may be our endless song:  
  
Praise to thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

These are the words to "**Veni Creator Spiritus**" or, Come, Creator Spirit, a traditional [Christian](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Christianity) [hymn](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hymn) believed to have been written by [Rabanus Maurus](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rabanus_Maurus" \o "Rabanus Maurus), a 9th-century German monk, teacher, and archbishop. It has been translated into several languages, often as a hymn for Pentecost, ordinations of deacons and priests, and coronations of monarchs since 1625. It has been set to a huge variety of music, though the one I hear in my head, and maybe you do too, is the plainchant version, and is one of my favourite pieces of music to sing or to listen to.

Last year though, when I was ordained deacon, we weren’t allowed to sing in church, nor were we allowed to have a soloist or small choir. There was so much different about the service, of course, but not being able to sing or even hear the Veni Creator Spiritus being sung was the thing that made me most sad about the covid restrictions. However, the organ started playing, Bishop Olivia knelt down and spoke the words over the tune, waiting and pausing to let the music catch up with her words, timing it so that the music and words weren’t in harmony but instead wove their way through and round each other. It was beautiful, and the words…well, the words came alive in a different way than they do when they’re sung. It was as if I was hearing it for the first time all over again.

And this, I think, is the essence of Pentecost. That, just like the disciples and all the people around them on that day, amidst the business and whirling and cacophony of sound, they heard the voice of God, the good news of Christ, in their own language. They heard the spirit teach them about God, three in one, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, reaching out, or more, spilling out, into communities and people because God’s gift of grace and love can be contained no longer. The spirit that was there at creation, that hovered over the waters, that was present at Jesus’ baptism, who Jesus promised the disciples he would send them, the advocate, to be with them forever…this Holy Spirit is now here, for everyone, present in the church as God’s gift to us all. A gift that allows and enables us to tell of the good news of Christ to those that we meet, and a gift that enables us to hear afresh who God is calling us to be, for ourselves and for our community. A gift that is the promise of God being with us, inspiring us, comforting us, lighting our faces and souls, teaching us, agitating us, encouraging us… that in turn, we may be so filled with the Holy Spirit that God’s love and grace tumbles out of us as we share what we have found with all those we meet.

This Pentecost I pray that we may each be inspired by the Holy Spirit,

that our souls may be set alight with celestial fire

as we are anointed with comfort, life and light of love.

That our faces may be cheered with the grace of God,

as we come to know God more deeply,

God who is Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

Amen.