

So this morning I woke up with no voice. And a, from my pastor from Puerto Rico that read. Spanish and I'm translating to you can't stop. Without going backwards. So I took that as an integral piece into learning how this morning would unfold. And both stop and move forward. So if you see me struggling and want to come and continue the sermon is written here line by line. As the spirit moves you. This is our sermon. I have said before that preaching. Does not come easily to me. So this, this was the first time I actually asked someone. For their preaching date. It is also the first time that my instrument, which I think is indispensable to preach, fails. So my recurrent nightmare is to show up on a Sunday and learn 5 min before the service starts, that it was my turn to preach. And that locally happened already. So I guess I got to spice it up a bit today. And it was substituted. I becoming a phonic the day the sermon is about Glossalia speaking in tongues. So I hold hardly believe that the Holy Spirit weaves the intentions of those who are willing to be led by her. So God's Spirit. In my words, even if read by someone else's instrument of their voice. Might help us this morning to learn a new depth of who we are and who we continue to imagine being as a community. Part of my fear that comes from preaching. Is that I believe that the only author to a sermon ought to be the Holy Spirit. And yes, there is a craft to good sermon. There are some that are very talented preachers, but the best sermon is the one the spirit leads and is peeled. Because it's more transformation, forgiveness, and conversion happens. So the focus is not the messenger, but the message. I know this might be an odd thing to say in the congregation where embodiment is so important. But that is the point. The communal body that delivers to, delivers and enables the message unto the world. Does not reside on one person. As we stride to carry joys and burdens together.

Pentecost is the harvest celebration that happens 50 days after Passover. So when I began feeling the words for today, it was never about the euphoria of the spirit's presence in speech. But about the fruits we have been sewing for over a decade as a community. So in her offering testimony last week. Do you spark the connections I began to make for today? Which is why I asked to reach. Jill reminded us that in the preparation for Laura's departure, the body remains. So I asked this morning of Pentecost. What is our harvest for the season? Much of to the sermon in my sermon writing. Is the work of interpreting the scriptures and piecing them altogether. The Bible as many of you know means books. And the Gospels are biographies of antiquities that sometimes Tell the same or similar or a different story. And it's hard to keep up and we assume that each of them say exactly the same thing. Until you start reading them. Altogether. It doesn't make a lot of sense. But it does tell us a whole tries to tell us as much as possible a whole story of Jesus ministry and the Christian community after he left.

So this morning I am piecing together probably more things that I can make sense of in one setting. In John 13, which we read. Jesus announced his departure. With the promise of the Holy Spirit. The advocate and in other translations. It's translated as the consoler. And leu of his physical presence. He says, but the advocate, the Holy Spirit, whom God will send in my name, will teach you everything and remind you of all that I have said to you. Peace I leave with you my piece I give to you I do not give to you as the world kiss. Do not let your hearts be troubled and do not let them be afraid. You heard me say to you, I am going away and I am coming to you. If you love me, you would rejoice. And later on in John verse 20 after. Jesus is crucified. He appears to his disciples while they were hiding in fear. And he said to them. Please be with you twice in one appearance. He says peace be with you as the Father has sent me. I am sending you. And with that, he, he breathed on them and said, receive the Holy Spirit. You test them in Professor Angela Parker. Interprets the Juanian community living in fear because of the ways that they had lost connection with the Jewish community after Jesus's crucifixion. She claims the need for breath of God. Was to bring community back to their life in society. So she plays with this notion of having a stifle breath. So I think the embodiment piece is very great today. As

she thinks about this stifled breath. As the social death that the disciples were experiencing. She says since both concepts just stifled breath and a social death. Point out the inability to give full-throated voice to one's identity in the midst of living in fear through lost connection. Jesus's breath transforms fear into bold living. . That leads out of social death into community that can uphold and support our varying identities. So though a challenge. I don't see my lack of a full, voice as a coincidence. And an embodiment of the ways that we as a community carry on. Depend on each other's grace. Trust one another and even trust one another within our imperfections. So this breath of life. Yes, was and continues to move us towards clarity in our faith. Our claims and our actions towards peace, love and justice. Lately, more intently since Laura's announcement of her retirement. I have been thinking about time and timing. Also thinking that. I have been for the past 3 years. Part of the congregation through Zoom and I have not been here physically. But I don't feel that I left. I love seeing you in person and knocking you. But I haven't really been gone. So how we measure set boundaries and values around time. More than we do place. Because time is passing or time is money. Or time is a gift we share. Or time is the thing, the thing we think. We can control. Or is the thing we both dispose of? And lack well administration skills for. So today's passage more than inspiring me to reflect about the Holy Spirit in his charisma. It inspires me to think about this time of harvest. *Chronos* and *kytos* both in time and Greek. And in the book of Ecclesiastes, the author. Uses both these words, but they're translated in English as time, so they lose the new ones. Between both of them. *Chronos* refers to how we measure time in our minutes calendar dates. May 27 2023 at 8 40 am when our beloved Barbara Walnut passed away *Chiros* means the season or occasion. Meaning the season of morning and celebrating Barbara's life. *Cronus* marks a specific specific beginnings and endings. It helps us measure and quantify and it can even appear reliable. At the beginning of their pandemic. We kept setting and receiving set timelines as to when masking pandemic and crisis would end. It kept pushing that timeline. As if it was this magic call. Because we struggled to live in the *kytos* in the season. And you test them in *kytos* refers to the appointed time and the purpose of God. So in either our desire or need for being settled, it is difficult to hold the space of the not yet. Of the unknown and we live more into the extreme binaries or dual oppositions. Because staying in the grace long enough. To come into that third space is sometimes too painful. We sometimes are locked in the room like the disciples. Because we don't know and sometimes do not cultivate a spirit that teaches us how to establish lost connections or find the full voice of our community's identity. September 24 2023 is La Roost last day as our pastor. Guido is the season of holding space in preparation. Morning. And celebration while at the same time a season of continuing. To reckon and grow the Khatian congregational life. It all happens at the same time. Promising the spirit. In the Gospels. Jesus was preparing his disciples for his departure. Promising that the Spirit would remain. And Luke who is believed also to be the author of Acts. There are parallels with John and the Holy Spirit's descendants and the disciples right this whole both end of telling the same story differently. Then ask. We see the harvesting of the spirit and how it will manifest in the community. And says when the day of Pentecost had come. They were together in one place. Not necessarily saying together at one time. And suddenly for the heaven came a sound like a crush and a rush of a violent wind. The wind that maybe barely comes out of my mouth right now. But it filled the entire house where they were sitting. This wind, this breath of God. Gave the disciples the ability to speak out. Even when onlookers did not understand what was happening. Sometimes, the central might be. As we declare in our confession clumsy. And I am sure would do not make sense to many. As we reckon with capitalism, white supremacy and racism. Asking the breath of God. For the bones who endure these forms of oppression and communal. Disconnection to live. So this is the place. The body that remains and we are this from that which has been sowed in love. The script says. In the last days. It will be God declares that I will pour my spirit upon all flesh. And your sons and daughters shall prophesy and your young people shall see visions. So every week we pray here for my cousin's Audiana, cancer

treatment. And what many of you do not know is that my cousins on colleges was a founding member of this church. And I wanna say that that's by divine design, cause I didn't know that. And she was also her last patient before she retired. So this timing and time of God is perfect. Because this period weaves. Us together beyond time and creates a space of harvest in God's kitos. This is fertile. Ground and the spirit, the advocate, the consoler continues to breathe. And trust and thrust is wind. So we remember God's teachings and confess who we are. Who we are and who we need to be in full throtted voice. We have learned community. Unity and compassion. Those who have been with us never truly leave. The breath of life. Remains in this body.