

## Pentecost

Today we feel the wind beneath our wings  
Today the hidden fountain flows and plays  
Today the church draws breath at last and sings  
As every flame becomes a Tongue of praise.  
This is the feast of fire, air, and water  
Poured out and breathed and kindled into earth.  
The earth herself awakens to her maker  
And is translated out of death to birth.  
The right words come today in their right order  
And every word spells freedom and release  
Today the gospel crosses every border  
All tongues are loosened by the Prince of Peace  
Today the lost are found in His translation.

Whose mother tongue is Love in every nation.

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