

**Pentecost**  
**Acts 2:1-8**  
**Sunday, May 24, 2026**

Have you ever been at a gathering with a bunch of good friends, just chilling out and enjoying one another's company, when "that person" shows up? You know the one I'm talking about. The person who everyone wonders, "who invited him"? The person who just won't shut up, or who makes all those just slightly over-the-line jokes? The one who turns a nice, comfortable, enjoyable party into anything but?

Well, I think that's kind of what's going on in this story. I think the disciples were having a nice, comfortable, uneventful Pentecost. And then the Holy Spirit showed up and ruined everything.

In fact, you could say the same thing about Jesus himself. I mean, before the disciples met Jesus, their lives hadn't been easy. But at least they'd been predictable. Peter and Andrew were fishermen. They were so poor, they apparently couldn't even afford a boat to fish from. They may not have had much, but at least they knew what they had. They would get up the same time every day, go fishing, come back, eat, spend a little time with the family, and go to sleep. And the next day they would start all over again. It wasn't glamorous, but it was comfortable, it was familiar.

But then they met Jesus. No more going home at the same time every day. In fact, quite often there was no going home at all. Instead, they all wandered around the Galilean countryside. Some days would be spent walking, others preaching, others healing. They could never tell from one day to the next what he was going to do. One day he sat down at a well to

talk to a Samaritan woman—a SAMARITAN ... WOMAN. Another he was healing a blind man. Another he was walking up a mountain and talking with Moses and Elijah.

But eventually, even the times with Jesus became a little more predictable, a little more comfortable. They got used to all the walking, they got used to all the preaching and the healing. And although they went from town to town, always meeting new people, the disciples also had one another. They had turned into a family. If you believe The Chosen, it may have been a somewhat dysfunctional family, but a family nonetheless; they were familiar and more or less comfortable with one another.

Then came the crucifixion. And although they had been shocked and dismayed, it wasn't as if Jesus hadn't warned them. He warned them about it over and over again on the road to Jerusalem. And even if he hadn't warned them, they should have seen it coming. Jesus entering Jerusalem on the back of a donkey, laying claim to the title of king, Messiah. If they were honest with themselves, the disciples would have to admit that what happened was completely predictable.

Then Jesus had appeared to them after the crucifixion; according to the Biblical book, the Acts of the Apostles, he hung out with them more or less for 40 days. Now, for sure, you didn't see that sort of thing every day. But it was, more or less, the same old Jesus they had known. Once they got used to it, it must have almost been like old times.

And then Jesus left. He ascended to be with God and they were once again alone. And as much as they missed Jesus, some small part of each one of them must have been a little relieved. Now things could *really* get back to normal. Now they could resume their normal, predictable, comfortable lives.

So there they were, sitting in that upper room. It had been a little over a week since Jesus ascended. Their lives were returning to normal. They were celebrating the Jewish festival of Pentecost and they were praying. The room was quiet and calm. The scene was orderly and comfortable and entirely predictable. Maybe not all that different from this room right now.

And then, all heaven broke loose.

Imagine. It's totally quiet ..... You can hear a pin drop. And suddenly, out of nowhere, [CLIP] ... a huge, deafening wind, like a jet engine. Something that looks like fire breaking out all over the place. The quiet, dimly-lit room is suddenly filled with deafening noise and overpowering light.

And as you watch, transfixed and horrified, the fire starts to separate into a bunch of different pieces. One of those pieces heads straight for you and lights on top of your head, and the same thing happens to everyone else in the room.

To say that this would have been unexpected, uncomfortable, and disruptive is a massive understatement.

But it wasn't over. In what had to be one of the most unpredictable and uncomfortable events in history, the power behind that wind, the power behind that fire, actually entered into the people in that room. They received the Holy Spirit.

And then they started talking funny. Well, not exactly funny. They started talking in different languages. Although they were all from Galilee and had grown up speaking only Aramaic and Greek, now they were talking in all sorts of different languages, so anyone and everyone could understand what they were saying. The room that just a few moments before

had been nice and quiet and comfortable was suddenly filled with all of the tongues of the known world.

But that wasn't all. It wasn't enough that they talk to one another. They all felt compelled to leave the room. To walk out on the balcony, to walk out into the streets, to tell others of the wonder and hope and joy and love that seemed to be welling up from deep within them; to tell others about their Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

What had started out as a perfectly predictable, completely comfortable day was suddenly out of control.

And not just for the disciples. The disciples' behavior drew a crowd. The festival of Pentecost was a time when many Jews from all over the known world would make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. And that's who was in the crowd: Jewish pilgrims going about their Jewish pilgrim business. Pretty standard stuff. Fairly predictable, fairly comfortable.

But then they hear the Galileans. It's hard to adequately translate the Greek. Our translation says the crowd was bewildered, amazed, perplexed. That's putting it pretty mildly. It's more like they were dumbfounded, blown away, freaked out. These were people from all over the world, some of the largest, most important cities in the entire world, and none of them had ever seen or heard anything like this. A bunch of backwards Galileans speaking perfect Egyptian and Mesopotamian.

And it didn't end there. None of those people from Phrygia and Pamphilia and Cappadocea woke up that day thinking they would become followers of a small and obscure Jewish sect. But that's what happened. That very day, 3000 from the crowd were converted to become Jesus followers.

But even that wasn't the end. Several months later, the apostle Peter was in a town called Joppa, sleeping on top of a house. And as he slept, the Holy Spirit gave him a dream and told him to go to the house of a Gentile, a Gentile! He was a good Jew. That was certainly not on his to-do list. It was not something he felt comfortable doing. But if the Holy Spirit says go, then you go. So he went. And when he got there and started telling the Gentiles about Jesus, the most unexpected thing happened. The Holy Spirit filled those heathen Gentiles just as it had filled Jesus' followers on Pentecost. And in doing so, it turned the growing Christian movement upside down. What had been a movement just for the Jews was suddenly opened up to everyone.

And it didn't end there. Around the same time, a man named Saul was walking to Damascus. He'd been authorized by the Jewish authorities to arrest any Jesus followers he found there and he was ready to do it. The bible says he was "breathing threats and murder" against Jesus' disciples. But then, something uncomfortable and unexpected happened. The Holy Spirit showed up. Saul saw a light, and then the Spirit knocked him down in the middle of the road and told him to quit persecuting Jesus' followers; in fact, told him that he was to be an Jesus' ambassador to the entire world.

Shortly after that Saul changed his name to Paul and launched his mission to spread Christianity beyond the Jews and to the 4 corners of the earth. A mission that was so unexpected and caused so much discomfort within the established Jewish church that it almost led the church to split before it had even gotten started. And it's a mission that continues to the present day; a mission that has resulted in over 2 billion people following Christ.

When we think of the Holy Spirit at all, we tend to think of the Spirit as a gentle dove. A source of peace and comfort and hope and joy. And that's right. But that's not all. Because the Holy Spirit also has no qualms about ruining a perfectly good, perfectly predictable, completely comfortable day.

The Holy Spirit isn't just about bringing us comfort. It's also about pushing us outside our comfort zones; about causing us to not only hear the word of God's love and mercy in the relative comfort and security of this room, but also taking that love outside these walls, to people we may not know and with whom we may have very little in common. It's about spreading God's love and mercy to everyone, whether they're Christian or not, whether they look like us or not, whether they talk like us or not.

Look around. This is a pretty comfortable place. Most of us have pretty comfortable lives, pretty predictable lives. And just as the Holy Spirit called those disciples out of that room to preach to the crowds, just as the Holy Spirit called Peter and Paul, the Holy Spirit is calling us to step out of our comfort zones. So how about you? How is the Holy Spirit calling you?