

Theme: 'Pentecost - Tell it How it is'

'When the day of Pentecost arrived, they were all together in one place. And suddenly there came from heaven a sound like a mighty rushing wind, and it filled the entire house where they were sitting. And divided tongues as of fire appeared to them and rested on each one of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance.

Now there were dwelling in Jerusalem Jews, devout men from every nation under heaven. And at this sound the multitude came together, and they were bewildered, because each one was hearing them speak in his own language. (Acts 2:1-6)

'Gormola ha gordhyans dhe'n Arluth, Dew Ollgallosek! O bobel! Yma'n dra my a vyn ow leverel dheugh-why; mar Jesus Christ a-wrüg marowhe ragough-why.'

Or, « Que toute louange et toute gloire te reviennent, ô Seigneur. Ô peuple ! Je veux vous dire une chose : Jésus-Christ est mort pour vous. »

If you speak Cornish or French, you will understand what I have said. The translation of both is: 'All praise and glory be to you, O Lord. O people! I want to tell you something, Jesus Christ died for you.'

Now put yourself in Jerusalem a month and a half after Jesus had died. You are coming to the city for the Feast of Shavuot or the Feast of Harvest or Latter Firstfruits, their Harvest Festival if you like. This occurs fifty days after the great Feast of the Passover, and Jews would come from far and wide for it, many from other lands.

All of a sudden, you would hear, not just in Hebrew, but in the language you speak at home, praises to God for his great and mighty works that he has done, not least of which is the work and ministry of Jesus Christ, God's Son.

So, if you were a Cornishman in Jerusalem, doing a little bit of trading in the market for Cornish pasties, or for the exchange of tin, you would have heard someone shouting out at the top of their voice:

'Yma'n dra my a vyn ow leverel dheugh-why; mar Jesus Christ a-wrüg marowhe ragough-why.'

Or, if you were a Frenchman with a barrow-load of camembert, and some fine wine, looking to set up a deal with some local fine-dining establishment, you would have heard someone shout out:

‘Je veux vous dire quelque-chose ; que Jésus Christ est mort pour vous.’

Or you might be someone from England doing a nice line in tea and Saville Row suits and someone exclaims:

‘I want to tell you something, Jesus Christ died for you.’

(Other languages?)

And if that isn't enough, this same Jesus died on a cross for the forgiveness of the sins, not just for the people then, but those since; and was raised to new life, eternal life with God in heaven. What, ladies and gentlemen would be your reaction?

This very mighty work of God, brothers and sisters was done for you, that you should not be trapped in the sin of your daily lives and die because of them, but that you should be freed from those shackles and live; both now, and when your time here on earth comes to an end. Brothers and sisters, I implore you to hold this message dear to your hearts, I plead with you not to let it go.

Perhaps you are new to this message. Maybe you have never heard before, that the things you have done wrong can be forgiven you, that you can be freed from the burden of your sin; that your sins, the things you regret, the things that stop you knowing true joy, these things can be lifted from you if you will only stop and listen to the words of our Lord Jesus Christ:

“Come to me, all who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me, for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.” (Matthew 11:28-30)

If this is you, I pray that you listen now, and ask me about it later: It is a matter of life and death.

My friends, this is so, because Jesus died for you, carrying your sin upon the cross with him and taking it where it belongs, in Hell, and leaving it there while he rises from the death we deserve, to the throne of grace, to

God in heaven, which we neither merit, deserve nor earn, but is ours by the gift of God himself.

Friends, will you refuse this? Then come to the Lord Jesus Christ, pray to him today and ask of him to save your very soul. Your life depends on it! Tell your friends.

'But what must I do?' I hear you ask. Repent of your sins by telling God you are indeed sorry for them, and he will bless you most powerfully with his grace and take that burden from your shoulders. Trust in him and he will not let you fall!

Gormola ha gordhyans dhe'n Arluth, Dew Ollgallosek !  
« Que toute louange et toute gloire te reviennent, ô Seigneur. »  
All praise and glory be to you, O Lord, God almighty, this Day of Pentecost. Amen.