

"Pentecost In Us " by Carole Gregory

Easter is a hunt for colorful red & blue eggs

Aunt Luz stayed up all night

to dye for church children.

Grandma Mary picked Aunt Liz,

a dark-skinned virgin,

to marry her young preacher son,

Uncle Buddy, who left baseball dreams

to work in the steel mill,

cleaning the overheated furnaces - a

task no white men would do.

Hot skin burns do not leave,

the heart laments low status.

Aunt Liz washed steel mill dirt

from his skin & clothes & special shoes

that prevent foot injury inside the furnace

that takes four days to cool.

Writing boldly clear like the Founders of the

Constitution,

Aunt Liz takes the dictation of

Uncle Buddy 's sermons,

types 70 words a minute,

copies them on blue copying paper,

prints out the church programs,

plays the piano & sings

when the choir director is sick,
she serves our Head Mother of
the Church, Grandma Mary.
For Easter we are in Uncle Buddy &
Aunt Liz's backyard,
small ant hills & twigs
cracking as we search for eggs.

I cry.

I cannot find an egg
when other children
scream out their finds.

My blindness is
like the men in the Bible
who never heard of the Holy Spirit,
the sound of a wind,
tongues of fire touching people
who speak in different languages.
50 days after Easter life births Pentecost.

I cry.

I cannot understand a Bible verse.

Momma says, " Pray to the Holy Spirit."

Then, this verse shows God's wonders in Heaven.

Unbelievers say

"They have had too much wine."

Aunt Liz & Uncle Buddy & Momma & friends build a church
by the power of the Holy Spirit

Peter spoke of.

"Your sons and your daughters

shall prophesy,

your young men shall see visions,

your old men shall

dream dreams. "

Songs & music & singing in the sanctuary

flow & shout touched by the Holy Spirit.

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