

There is something exhilarating about a windy day. With lockdown locks whipping round your face, the wind boxing your ears, filling them with sounds of tempests, you somehow seem more alive. The birds ride the wind with a daredevil insouciance, slipping sideways across the river towards the far shore, before lazily flipping out of the glide into a steady beat home. Children run and out-shout the noise of leaf rustle, rigging ringing, and the wind hollering around corners and through gaps.

Then suddenly there is a moment of stillness. A strange, ethereal calm. An unearthly silence.

Before...

... the battering beings again...

...or stops completely

Then there are those breeze driven moments when a bush of lavender, drowsing in the sun, sweet-scenting the air with its soporific perfume, liquifies, its flowers flowing, streaming, eddying in circles, uplifted, a pool of darkling depth.

And then the breeze brushing the bearded barley with a gentle swaying caress, teasing the flax into waving seas of blue, scenting the air with strawberry and hay struck grass.

Or teasing the hot harvest, sun-bleached stubble fields into reluctant life as a hot-headed dust devil, swirls from nowhere to nowhere, a whim of the wind. Here the wind plays such a part of our lives in our coastal haven. It something we feel and hear and see as it moves across our land and riverscape – its own master.

And when we first hear of the Spirit of God she is moving over the waters, making waves, holding back tides, lifting the rain from the sea, an immeasurable energy, changing, moving adjusting, ever transforming sea and landscape.

But this same Spirit that powered creation, breathes into the world a caress of peace, whispers inspiration, stirs a sleeping mind to consider, a reluctant body into action, agitates, disturbs yet soothes, brings laughter and tears in its joy of God's presence.

Just as we can choose to avoid the windy day, can shut our eyes to the beauty of the flowing flowers, the air borne scents of summer, so we can shut our hearts to the Spirits breath of inspiration.

But why should we do that – why close our lives – shutting out the shouting, tumultuous, buffeting dust-dancing, scent-swilling of the wind.

Or our hearts from the inspiring, soothing, exciting, transforming, peaceful breath of the Spirit of God? Is it fear of the change that might be wrought by such a force?

## Prayer

Father, your Spirit has travelled through time and place, and always has found an open heart to accept the whispered offer of your gift of love and inspiration. We thank you for the people who have accepted this precious gift and have lavishly shared it from generation to generation; those who in the darkest times of our world's history have been a beacon of light and hope. We pray that we too may be so inspired by your love that, by the example of our listening, we may leave this world a more peaceful and beautiful place, passing on your gift of love to the generations who follow us. Amen