

A Testimony of a Disciple at Pentecost
By Michelle Collins
Based on Acts 2

Ways to Use this Story:

1. Read it out loud to a child or group when preparing to discuss Pentecost. Ask “what do you think it was like to be there that day?” and invite children to write their own version of the story.
2. Put on a simple costume and present yourself as the disciple giving this testimony

Have you ever experienced something you know was real but sounded crazy? That’s what happened to me. I had been part of Jesus’ disciples since the beginning. I’d seen him perform miracles and challenge the church leaders. I’d seen him play with children and visit with sick people. I’d seen him turn water into wine, calm storms and feed over 5,000 people. I knew that he was different and special.

But when he got arrested, I started to have questions. What would happen if he got killed? How would we keep what he started going? Who would do the things Jesus did—like help the sick people, teach people about God and challenge the religious leaders?

Then I was there when they crucified Jesus, and I’ll tell you what, I have never been so sad, angry and confused all at the same time.

But then one night there he was again; standing among us and eating our food. Jesus wasn’t dead, he was alive!

I realized that as long as Jesus was alive, things would be okay—he’d be able to take care of everything. But then he started talking about leaving again, and all my questions came stumbling back. Why would he rise from the dead just to leave us again?

Then one day we were listening to Jesus talk, and again he said he was going to leave. But he said he’d send us a Comforter, his spirit, to live in us. He said when the Holy Spirit came to us we’d receive power and we’d be his witnesses to our community and to the world. And then, right before our eyes, he went up into heaven. I tell you what, I wouldn’t believe it either if I hadn’t seen it with my own eyes. But the story doesn’t end there. A few days later when all of us were together again there was this huge sound like a great wind. People heard the sound and came running. And do you know what they saw? They said that each of us had these weird flames of fire on our heads, and that they heard the story of Jesus in their own language—languages we didn’t even know how to speak. It wasn’t until Peter stood up and told us that this was what Jesus had talked about that I began to understand. This was the Holy Spirit of Jesus coming to us...ALL OF US. It didn’t just come to one person, it came to EVERYBODY! And we now had the power to keep doing what Jesus had started—teach

people about God, take care of those who need help, and stand up to those who think it's okay to put people down. The Holy Spirit in me gives me courage to do things that might scare me—like be nice to people who are different from me or do something to help someone I don't know. Jesus isn't on earth anymore, but his spirit inside of me helps me do what he wants me to do. I know, it sounds crazy, but it's true.