



“When God began to create the heavens and the earth, the earth was complete chaos, and darkness covered the face of the deep, while a spirit from God swept over the face of the waters.” Genesis 1:2

The Holy Spirit of God,
The wily, wild One,
The wise maker and shaker
and breaker of patterns,
The Holy Spirit of God moved
at the beginning of creation.

She hovered like a brooding bird,
soaring high like an eagle
and sweeping low to touch
the face of the water.
She labored with God
to bring order out of utter chaos.
The Holy Spirit of God moved
at the beginning of creation.

That same Spirit moves now
over the chaotic waters
of our Church politics,
over the sometimes surprising
and unexpected movements
of our bishop election process.
That same Spirit broods now
over the chaos
 of our hopes and fears,
 our questions and desires,
 our knowing and our unknowing.

The Spirit moves now
to bring order out of chaos
the way a hand of cards
that seemed hopeless when dealt
sometimes resolves itself into
something that can be played.
The way a series of changes
in the order of letters finally
reveals the daily Wordle.
The way random movements
resolve themselves into the dance
and frantic brush strokes
finally emerge as an image.

The Spirit is moving now.
Do we perceive it?
Do we recognize it?

Will we do the hard and holy work
of distinguishing her voice
from all the other voices
that clamor for our attention?

The Spirit desires above all to bring order
out of the chaos of our hopes and fears
as we elect the next Bishop of Virginia.

I don't believe that
She has already chosen the Bishop
- that is the work of Convention.

I don't believe that
She is leading us by bit and bridle
to a predetermined outcome.

I do believe that
She will bring order to
the cards in our hands,
the letters we write on the page
the movements of the dance
the jottings on the canvas.

I do believe that
She will bring order to
our devices and desires,
our unruly affections
the things we have done
and the things we have left undone

Until, finally, we draw closer and closer
to the beating
breaking
beautiful
healing
hurting
loving
Heart of God.

The Spirit is moving.
As we meet the Nominees
we join the dance.
As we vote
we see a new painting emerge.
In the months ahead
we walk with the Spirit
into God's new thing.

Because the Spirit moves
and broods
and hovers
and soars.

Thanks be to God.

