When Pentecost day came round, they had all met together, when suddenly there came from heaven a sound as of a violent wind which filled the entire house in which they were sitting; and there appeared to them tongues as of fire; these separated and came to rest on the head of each of them. They were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak different languages as the Spirit gave them power to express themselves.

Now there were devout men living in Jerusalem from every nation under heaven, and at this sound they all assembled, and each one was bewildered to hear these men speaking his own language. They were amazed and astonished. ‘Surely,’ they said, ‘all these men speaking are Galileans. How does it happen that each of us hears them in his own native language? Parthians, Medes and Elamites; people from Mesopotamia, Judaea and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia. Phrygia and Pamphylia, Egypt and the parts of Libya around Cyrene; residents of Rome—Jews and proselytes alike—Cretans and Arabs; we hear them preaching in our own language about the marvels of God. Everyone was amazed and perplexed; they asked one another what it all meant. Some, however, laughed it off. ‘They have been drinking too much new wine,’ they said.

Yahweh God shaped man from the soil of the ground and blew the breath of life into his nostrils, and man became a living being.