



Section: Reformed Theology
Module: Holy Spirit

Author Joyce Rupp shares a vision of this in her poem “May I Have This Dance.” As you read it, imagine the Holy Spirit’s involvement.

there I am
in Ezekiel’s valley,
one heap among many,
just another stack
of old, dry bones.

some Mondays
feel this way,
and Tuesdays, too,
to say nothing of
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.

lost dreams
and forgotten pleasures,
sold like a soul
to a gluttonous world
feeding on my frenzy
and anxious activity.

but just when
the old heap of bones
seems most dry
and deserted,
a strong Breath of Life
stirs among my dead.

Someone named God
comes to my fragments
and asks, with twinkling eye:
“May I have this dance?”

the Voice stretches into me,
a stirring leaps in my heart,
lifting up the bones of death.

then I offer my waiting self
to the One who's never stopped
believing in me,
and the dance begins

1 Rupp, Joyce. *May I Have This Dance*, Notre Dame: Ave Maria Press, 1994, pg. 11-12.

