

Trinity Sunday

Trinity Sunday
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The Holy Trinity is a mystery. Now a mystery can affect us in two opposite ways. It can intimidate us by leaving us baffled and bewildered. Like a crossword puzzle that is too hard to figure out, it defeats us, and we end up tossing it aside. Or a mystery can draw us in, by intriguing us, capturing our imagination, causing us to ponder and reflect. Like a good murder mystery, it can transport us to another world while also teaching us something about human nature as we seek not just to identify the murderer, but to some extent identify with the murderer, coming to understand his or her motivation. Or like a miracle, taken from the Latin word for wonder, *miraculo*. A miracle is a mystery that reconnects us to what we hold sacred. Or like a labyrinth, in which the further we enter into it, the more it opens itself to us, drawing us to reflect on another mystery, the mystery of ourselves, whom we can also endlessly probe and never fully understand. The Trinity is this latter kind of a mystery, that can draw us into the very heart of reality, the sacred source and end, ground and horizon of all things, within which we live and move and have our being both individually and collectively, transforming our world into an icon a revelation of the divine. We know that we are not the ground of our own existence. We know that our coming to exist was not a necessity, nor was it earned; to the scientist it is a coincidence, to the religious it is a gift. As Einstein is said to have said, a coincidence is God's way of remaining anonymous. In a miraculous coincidence, a serendipitous moment, God tips his hand.

Today's first reading recounts how on Mount Sinai the divine mystery at the heart of reality envelops Moses in a misty cloud and reveals to him something incomprehensible that we matter to its creator. As vast as the universe is, we matter to its source and ground. It is hard enough to love ourselves. To learn that the creator of all things loves us, cares for us, watches over us as a father cares for his children, as a mother nurses the babe at her breast, now there is a mystery that can draw us in, that can not only intrigue, but transform how we think of ourselves, how we act in our world.

But the mystery of the trinity reveals even more to us. It reveals that God is not only to be found in miracles or on mountaintops, but that as we draw near to God, God draws near to us. God walks with

us, in the flesh, in the person of Jesus. Thus God is not only our creator but also our companion, our brother, our beloved who loves us more than we can love him, who understands us better than we can understand ourselves, who shows us the way to our common Father.

And then there is the Holy Spirit. The sacred mystery at the heart of reality also inspires us, enables us to become who we are meant to be, who God calls us to be and who like last week at Pentecost, sends us forth into the world to join God in completing his work of creation.

As we recite of Jesus at the close of the Eucharistic prayer, we live through God, with God and in God. We gather now in his name. We pitch our tent on this sacred ground. It may be virtual but its still holy, part of God's creation even if we joined in its construction. God is a mystery less because he does not fit into our categories than because he surpasses them. No category can contain him because too many apply to him. Justice but also mercy, power expressed by empowering others, transcendent yet immanent, distinct from everything else precisely in being indistinct from each.

We can never know God theoretically or scientifically but he does invite us to know him personally. And We gather here at this sacred time, in this sacred place to awaken to his ongoing presence once more, to recover our balance, to find renewed strength and to hear once more God=s call to reach within ourselves, and beyond ourselves to our dear neighbor who needs us as we need him or her. We gather at this sacred time and space to give ourselves over once more to this sacred, saving rhythm. We gather at this sacred time and space now because we have found our own life in the mystery that is God=s life. We gather at this sacred time and space to express our wonder and gratitude to God for being our God. For ultimately all dogma is doxaB that is, praise, honor and glory to the wonder of the mystery that is our God.