

*Holy Holy Holy, Lord God Almighty, Early in the Morning the Sun shall Rise To Thee...  
Holy Holy Holy, Blessed Trinity... Hymn 362*

Dearly Beloveds:

It is a beautiful morning in Sharon following a crystalizing celebration of Pentecost as we anticipate the explanation of the Trinity, once again.

Next Sunday I will be away but I will be thinking of you and yet again of one of my favorite topics: The Trinity. Many preachers shy away from it; I always dive right in. Something in me has always felt that the Trinity was a triple Yes to God. And a holy and right way of describing what cannot be described: God in three persons blessed trinity.

It is energy and love and grace dancing together in a dervish way bumping up against our lives, drilling into our lives, magnetically pulling us in our lives. In short, it is Mystery!

As the poet says, old maps simply don't work when we give ourselves to the Trinity. We are reminded at this time of the year that we are pilgrims on a journey assured of divine accompaniment yet uncertain of the road. Jesus is the Way and the Holy Spirit will illuminate the path.

We are also reminded at Pentecost that God comes into our lives often confusing us with Babel like experiences and the lesson may be to remain in that confusion and discomfort before exiting, fear or flight! God heals us with a balm which is poured on our Babels, on our desolations and chaos.

And so I will be holding you in prayer this week as I journey geographically and metaphorically. I will be hoping that the Trinity sparks something new in you and reveals more of your inner strength and courage, more of your gifts! As I do so this poem is my offering...

Bless us on our way,  
Martha

How to Love the Trinity  
by [Anya Silver](#)  
July 14, 2016

How to love the Trinity, its vagueness,  
non-sense, God talking to God on the cross?  
Theological geometry, stumper of metaphor,  
God humbled to a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.  
Only when I heard that voice singing Our songs  
shall rise to thee did I feel a welling of love  
that, at best, visits me occasionally in prayer,  
indwelling and expanding within me.  
Yes, God, the darkness hideth thee.

Too often as I sit in the pews, nothing  
happens. Or worse, Nothing happens,  
doubt a scrim over every word I pray,  
a tepid mutter of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.  
But that hymn's falsetto, surrender, the not-  
knowingness of it—Lord, though I can not see,  
I did hear a shimmer, some wick in me caught  
fire, and fear, that liar, left me, momentarily,  
free in the Holy, music, the blessed Trinity.  
For S. S.