

**Sermon: 2019/06/16 (1st Sunday after Pentecost, Year C - "Trinity Sunday") - Proverbs 8:1-4,22-31; Psalm 8; Romans 5:1-5 & John 16:12-15\_BTR**

[Invite the kids to the front.]

I'm fairly certain that most vicars/pastors/preachers must *dread* so-called "Trinity Sunday":

Every sermon has been tried;  
every illustration has fallen short,  
and has critics that accuse it of collapsing into *outright* heresy (if pushed too far).  
St. Patrick's (three-leafed) "shamrock"?

Nope.

Doesn't cut it.

Water as ice, steam and fluid?

Nope.

Not good enough;

not even close - that's modalism.

It was taught by a misguided gentleman called, Sabellius, about the third-century.  
He was condemned by an ecumenical council of bishops, and his writings burned.

So, why bother?

Why go through the trouble?

Why must I expose myself to embarrassment year after year like this?

Does it *even* matter if we understand this notion - this doctrine - adequately?

Yes.

"Yes," because it - the trinitarian view of our Creator - *stretches* our imagination;

it transcends our experience;

it laughs at our ability to explain and speak about the most important fact of reality

- *and I'm glad that it does!*

*For God. Is. Glorious!*

Magnificent.

He is bigger, and better *and more interesting* than we will allow.

We want to rationalise every little thing about Him;

to quantify and measure, explicate and articulate ad nauseam.

In other words: to "bring Him down to our level".

And we can't!

We can't because He belongs in Heaven.

*And that's what makes Him who He is, hallelujah!*

I think the problem is especially acute for adults.  
And do you know what Jesus has to say about that?  
He says - and it is one of His most ambiguous and mysterious sayings - He says  
we must 'become like children': [Mt. 18:3]

So, with that in mind: I want to read you a *children's* book.

[Invite the kids to the front.]

Are you sitting comfortably?  
Then let's begin:  
*3-in-1* by Joanne Marxhausen.  
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