



## *Thoughts on the Journey...*

*Suanne Gettings—Pastoral Assistant*

**mys·ter·y**  
'mist(ə)rē/

*noun* 1. something that is difficult or impossible to understand or explain.

In our human experience, we encounter many mysteries throughout our lifetime. Personally, I've always accepted some mysteries as simply a mystery. I've never tried to unravel them or seek answers. I just accepted that they didn't concern me or, more to the point, I knew it was futile to grapple with certain mysteries that were far beyond my ability. Those mysteries are in a category all their own, still there floating about, and I accept them right where they are.

On the other hand, there are some mysteries that I have wrestled with that have plagued me and pulled at my resolve:

Why do I live in a country that is free and abounding in resources while others live in abject poverty and oppression?

How are children supposed to grow up believing in a loving God when all they know is abuse and neglect? Our prisons are filled with them.

Why do good loving people, who want so badly to have children, find themselves unable to conceive a child?

Are people who ignite terror and hate throughout the world loved by God as much as people who do good?

Why do some people suffer an enormously disproportionate amount of suffering compared to others?

This Sunday, we celebrate the Feast of the Holy Trinity. I grew up and went through twelve years of Catholic education. What I heard repeatedly about the Triune God was, "The Trinity is three persons in one God: the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. It's a mystery. Just accept it as a matter of faith."

Rather than try to understand, "three in one", it was much easier for me to relate to one person in the Trinity at a time. Sometimes I could relate more to Creator Father, most times Redeemer Son, and then much later in life, the Spirit.

Then, I heard a story that shed some light on some of the tough human mysteries that haunted me.

There was a missionary from in a tropical country who, in his travels, came across a beautiful sundial. He thought to himself, "That sundial would be ideal for my villagers in the mission. I could use it to teach them to tell the time of the day." The missionary bought the sundial, crated it, and brought it back when he returned to his mission village. The villagers were thrilled with the beautiful sundial and wanted to position it in the center of the town square. The missionary was delighted by everyone's response to his sundial, but was totally unprepared for what happened a few days later. The people of the village got together and built a roof over the sundial to protect it from the rain and the sun, completely missing the point of how the sundial worked. Rather than telling time, the dial became a large ornament in the town square with little purpose.

Sometimes, we Christians are a lot like the villagers in the story. We accept that there is actually a Holy Trinity, but we think of this God as an obscure idea "out there" and miss the purpose of the amazing power of the Triune God dwelling within us. Instead, we simply accept it as a *mystery* and put a cover over it. We fail to unleash the power of God in the world: God's love, compassion, mercy, healing... We are so stumped by the notion of "mystery" that we miss our calling to be in deepest communion with the Trinity. The Triune God wants us to realize that we share in their divinity and all the power that comes with it as long as we believe. That is how God continues the mission of salvation. Through us, God works to transform the lives of those we touch when we bring the good news of the gospel in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. It is our union with the Trinity that brings hope and new life to the suffering and downtrodden in this world. This beautiful communal embrace with the Trinity only requires that we cooperate with the grace that God is so willing and ready to give us,

Somewhere along the journey, I stopped treating the Trinity as an ornament of my faith and began to embrace the mystery of the Triune God dwelling within me and working through me. The more I trust, the more God reveals himself. The more he reveals himself the more I believe. The more I believe the more I can feel God calling me to pour more of him in the world. I still pause in awe of God's profound love for us and how much he wants us to be part of the union between Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. I also know when we seek him in faith, and imitate his love, the darkness of the mystery gradually fades and God reveals himself more clearly.