

Trinity Sunday, yr. a, 6-7-2020

Genesis 1: 1-2:4; 2 Corinthians 13: 11-13; Matthew 28: 16-20

Can God Be God Alone? – Rev. Dr. Deborah M. Jenks

Pondering our scripture readings on this Trinity Sunday in the midst of the corona virus pandemic; protests of grief and outrage over the murder of George Floyd, a black man, by white police officers; in the midst of cries for justice, for a recognition and commitment to becoming a new and reconciled humanity; I find my self asking: Can there be any grace, any love, can anything be called good without relationship? Can we know grace, love, goodness by ourselves – alone – without one another? And as we contemplate on this Trinity Sunday God as One in three persons as the hymn says, can God be gracious, loving and good, alone?

These are the questions I invite us all to engage as we worship together this week. I have included below a meditation from Richard Rohr that was shared on his Center For Action and Contemplation Daily Devotional this past Thursday which speaks profoundly I think to what we as church are called to be in this time.

## Alternative Community

### Being One with the Other

Thursday, June 4, 2020

*It would seem that, quite possibly, the ultimate measure of health in any community might well reside in our ability to stand in awe at what folks have to carry rather than in judgment at how they carry it. —Gregory Boyle*

*Homeboy Industries may be one of the most visibly transformative communities in the United States today. It was founded in 1998 by Jesuit priest Gregory Boyle, or “G” (as his community likes to call him). Moved by the heartache of the people he served while pastor of Dolores Mission Church in Los Angeles, Fr. Greg started Homeboy Industries to assist individuals and families affected by the cycle of poverty, drugs, gangs, and incarceration. Along with many Homeboys and Homegirls, he believes the healing process can only happen when we are in relationship with one another. The success of this organization offers evidence to support his belief.*

Mother Teresa diagnosed the world’s ills in this way: we’ve just “forgotten that we belong to each other.” Kinship is what happens to us when we refuse to let that happen. With kinship as the goal, other essential things fall into place; without it, no justice, no peace. I suspect that were kinship our goal, we would no longer be promoting justice—we would be celebrating it. Often we strike the high moral distance that separates “us” from “them,” and yet it is God’s dream come true when we recognize that there exists no daylight between us. Serving others is good. It’s a start. But it’s just the hallway that leads to the Grand Ballroom.

Kinship—not serving the other, but being one with the other. Jesus was not “a man for others”; he was one with them. There is a world of difference in that. . . .

No daylight to separate us.

Only kinship. Inching ourselves closer to creating a community of kinship such that God might recognize it. Soon we imagine, with God, this circle of compassion. Then we imagine no one standing outside of that circle, moving ourselves closer to the margins so that the margins themselves will be erased. We stand there with those whose dignity has been denied. We locate ourselves with the poor and the powerless and the voiceless. At the edges, we join the easily despised and the readily left out. We stand with the demonized so that the demonizing will stop. We situate ourselves right next to the disposable so that the day will come when we stop throwing people away. The prophet Habakkuk writes, “The vision still has its time, presses onto fulfillment and it will not disappoint . . . and if it delays, wait for it [2:3].”

Kinship is what God presses us on to, always hopeful that its time has come.

At Homeboy Industries, we seek to tell each person this truth: they are exactly what God had in mind when God made them—and then we watch, from this privileged place, as people inhabit this truth. Nothing is the same again. No bullet can pierce this, no prison walls can keep this out. And death can't touch it—it is just that huge.

**References:**

Gregory Boyle, *Tattoos on the Heart: The Power of Boundless Compassion* (Free Press: 2010), 187, 188, 190, 192–193.

Epigraph: *Barking to the Choir: The Power of Radical Kinship* (Simon and Schuster: 2017), 51.