

Sermon – Trinity Sunday – May 31, 2026

Trinity Sunday often arrives with a warning attached to it. Clergy joke that it is the Sunday best handed off to the curate or the associate priest because no one really wants to preach on the Trinity. And trust me, last week after the Pentecost service it hit me that I had asked Charles to speak a Sunday too soon. Nuts! Should have kept his blessed words and presence for this Sunday!

I digress.

How do you explain one God in three persons without sounding either confusing or abstract? How do you preach a doctrine that has inspired centuries of theology and, at the same time, centuries of bewilderment?

And perhaps that is exactly the point.

Because the Trinity was never meant to be solved like a mathematical equation. It was never intended to reduce God to a neat formula. The doctrine of the Trinity emerged because the Church discovered that every time it encountered God, it encountered relationship. God as Creator. God as Christ. God as Spirit. Distinct, yet inseparable. Different, yet one.

The early Church did not sit around inventing a puzzle. They were trying to describe an experience. They were trying to find language for the God they had met in Jesus, the God they continued to encounter in the Spirit, the God who had called Israel into being from the beginning. Their words stretched toward mystery because mystery was exactly where they found themselves.

And perhaps that is why today's gospel from Matthew feels so honest. The risen Christ appears to the disciples on the mountain in Galilee, and Matthew tells us something deeply human:

“They worshipped him; but some doubted.”

Or perhaps more accurately, “they doubted.”

All of them.

Not just Thomas. Not merely the cautious or skeptical among them. All of them worshipped, and all of them doubted. Worship and doubt stood side by side.

That is not failure. That is faith.

Because faith is not certainty. Faith is not possessing all the answers. Faith is standing in the presence of something larger than ourselves and daring to remain open to it.

The disciples knew Jesus was real. They knew the power of his love, the authority of his compassion, the depth of his mercy. And now here he stood before them, alive beyond death itself. Their hearts recognized him long before their minds could explain him.

Who among us has not known that experience?

There are moments in life that exceed explanation.

Try to explain why you love someone. You can make a list: kindness, humour, beauty, loyalty, companionship. But eventually the list feels inadequate. None of it fully captures what it means to give your heart to another person, or what it means to belong to one another in love.

Love always becomes larger than the language we use to describe it.

Or think about those moments when beauty catches us unaware. A sunrise over the water. Light breaking through storm clouds. The stillness of snow falling at night. Science can explain wavelengths and atmospheric conditions, but none of that captures what happens inside us when beauty suddenly opens our hearts.

And then there is the mystery of new life. To hold a newborn child is to stand before something holy. We know the biology involved, of course. Yet no parent or grandparent looks into the face of a

newborn and says, “Ah yes, merely a successful biological process.”
No. We speak of miracle. Wonder. Gift.

Some things are too large for simple explanation.

And if that is true about love, beauty, and life itself, why would we expect God to fit comfortably inside our definitions?

The Trinity reminds us that God is always more than we can fully grasp. But it also tells us something profoundly important about the nature of God: God is relationship.

And if we are made in the image of God, then relationship is also who we are.

That insight matters deeply in a world that increasingly teaches us to think of ourselves as isolated individuals. We are told to become self-sufficient, self-made, self-protected. Yet loneliness grows everywhere around us. Division deepens. Fear hardens hearts. We begin imagining that strength means independence.

But the Trinity tells another story.

We are created for connection.

We come fully alive not in isolation but in communion — with God, with one another, with creation itself.

The Trinity tells us that love is woven into the deepest fabric of reality.

And that matters because so much of our world runs on the opposite assumption. Our culture often treats relationships as transactional. What can this person do for me? How can this interaction benefit me? Even institutions, politics, and economies can begin operating as though competition is more fundamental than compassion.

But the Triune God reveals that self-giving love stands at the centre of existence.

This is why Jesus' final words in Matthew's gospel matter so much. Before ascending, he gives the disciples a commission: go into all the world, baptizing in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.

Notice that baptism happens not into an idea, not into an institution, but into a relationship. Into the very life of God.

And then Jesus says, "Remember, I am with you always, to the end of the age."

And, boy, do I love that sentence. That promise may be one of the most important things we hear today.

Because many people carry quiet fears that they are alone.

Alone in grief. Alone in illness. Alone in uncertainty. Alone in failure.

Alone in aging. Alone in doubt.

But the mystery of the Trinity tells us otherwise. The God who's very being is relationship continually draws near to us. God before us and behind us. God above us and beneath us. God around us and within us.

The Christian life is not about earning our way toward God. It is about awakening to the presence already holding us.

And perhaps that is why Trinity Sunday ultimately matters.

Not because we finally explain God correctly. But because we remember that at the heart of all things is relationship, communion, and love.

The Trinity invites us not into perfect understanding but into participation.

Into lives shaped by compassion.

Into communities marked by mercy.

Into relationships rooted in mutual care.

Into the holy mystery that surrounds us even now.

The disciples worshipped, and they doubted. And still Christ entrusted them with the work of love.

Which should give hope to every one of us.

Because perhaps faith is not about resolving every question.

Perhaps faith is learning to live within the mystery — to trust that even when we cannot fully understand God, we are still fully held by God.

And in the end, maybe that is enough.

Not certainty. Not complete comprehension. Only this enduring promise: “I am with you always.” Amen.