

TRINITY

Forgotten Wisdom

A Brief Excerpt to Give You an Idea What It's About



A Poetic Exploration for the
(Understandably) Skeptical Modern Mind

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ILLUSTRATIONS: TRINITY – FORGOTTEN WISDOM



EXCERPTS FROM TRINITY – FORGOTTEN WISDOM

It's a puzzle I say, and you'll have to agree.
for we say God is One and yet God is Three.
I suppose you could ask how this came to be,
this puzzle of puzzles to which there's no key . . .

For Trinity matters — we hope — in a world
where destruction and war too often unfurls.
We cry, "Where is God?" as creation groans deep,
as fears of collapse break the silence of sleep.

Consider that war and disease make us blue.
Talking heads rant; it's hatred they spew,
People are crying, "What are we to do,
the climate is changing; the world's all askew?"
And that's not to mention the next Spanish flu,
or AI run rampant and fueling a coup,
or fires, wind, and flooding; their damage accrues
as those seeking refuge are reviled in the news.

You think that I'm kidding, brain totally spent?
No, these could be real catastrophic events.
These are fears that portent,
while anger ferments
at impossible rents
letting hatred foment,
as we all lament,
and search for a way that we might circumvent
each torment that's coming even if we repent.

See, we don't need a muddle
we need God in our struggle.
So in times of fast change, disaster, and dread,
I challenge this doctrine. What hope does it spread?

So I went to Doc Ach to find out what it meant—
He spoke of sin, wrath, and divine punishment.
"See, Christ takes the blame, so believers go free,
joined by God's Spirit, God forgives by decree."

"And so we avoid the pit of hell fire.
By believing it thus we escape from God's ire."
I said, "But I'm worried 'bout living this life.
The fire pits of hell aren't part of my strife."

"For if God is love can there be a hell fire?
What can it mean to escape from Love's ire?" . . .

Well, Einstein did say if a conundrum you solve,
it's the problem's assumptions that you must dissolve.
So with Seuss I did puzzle til my puzzler was sore,
then explored way outside Christianity's core.

Thus I traveled again, to a loft small and spare,
to a teacher named Wilber who'd barely a hair.
"Religions evolve," he declared with great might,
"and their truths are like candles—they add to the light."

A new thought, maybe strange, but so new must be
hang out for a bit; you'll see what I see.

He explained it to me in terms perfect and fine
'bout quadrants, states, levels, types and well – lines.
In the journey to game out this truth and pass go,
we'll start with the structure of history; it flows.
Like everything seen and unseen that we know,
religions evolve – (though sadly too slow)." . . .

Thus he leaned closer and whispered to me,
"God's seen in three ways—just wait and you'll see.
First person—God's Being, the I AM quite profound,
is met in the stillness where presence is found."

"Second person? The Son, that's God loving you,
relational, near, and forever true.
It's God who is with you, in joy or in strife,
who walks with you daily, who gifts you your life."

"Third person," he added, "It's vast and it's grand,
the Spirit in action, evolving the land.
It drives creation from chaos to order,
from galaxies swirling to change at the borders."

"The Trinity, friend, is a dance—don't you see?
It's unity, movement, it's pure mystery.
Each person distinct, and yet fully One;
the dance of existence that's never quite done."

I remembered Paul knew of God's deep harmony,
that creation's telos will set us all free.
So I thought let us look at each person a bit
then we can see if it all starts to fit . . .