

## Sermon 12/06/22

### Trinity Sunday

Now I know that some of you may be feeling a bit over-Jubileed, so apologies for mentioning it again. But I am hoping that at least some of you may have seen the programme about the Crown Jewels that Clive Myrie presented. And some of you may be wondering what on earth it has to do with Trinity Sunday.

I had feared that the programme might concentrate a bit too much on numbers of sparklers and values of the priceless, but my fears were not grounded. It was an interesting and informative account of jewellery making, and British history, and the photography was breath-taking. One to watch on catch up if you can.

During the programme Clive introduced us to three different faces of gemstones. There are the uncut stones, just as they emerge from the mine shiny, but not getting the full benefit of light refracted from within. There are the expertly cut stones that we associate with the crown jewels, shaped by experts so that in the light they show a myriad of colours - they truly are sparklers. We also saw some stones on a replica of a Henry VIII crown that were not shaped but polished so that the light shone through them.

All gemstones. All shining. All the same but different.

God the father, God the Son and God the Holy Spirit. All the same but different.

People often say that the concept of the Trinity is overwhelming, but for some it is the whole vastness of the concept of God that is

too much. In the reading from Proverbs that Myra read we heard that when the skies and the foundations of the earth were made Jesus was already with God. This is echoed at the start of John's gospel, 'In the beginning was the Word'. God, Father Son and Spirit already existed before the diamonds were formed. Is this harder to grasp now that we know so much about how long ago the earth was formed? I'm not sure that it is.

One of the facts that grabbed me from the crown jewels programme was about the massive Cullinan diamond – the largest ever found. Not the statistics about the number of carats or the projected value – they didn't mean anything to me – but that it now forms 9 large stones and 96 others. 96 smaller stones, probably still of such value that we would not feel comfortable wearing them in the street, but too small to be regarded as important in the gemstone world. I am sure that they are important to the people who wear them. So what is too small to be regarded as important?

I know that there are knitters among us this morning. Some of those knitters may have successfully tackled Fair Isle, or Arran, or complicated lace patterns. I have never tried to count the number of stitches in an adult garment but know that the garment is only as good as the weakest stitch. One stitch dropped or snagged can lead to a massive unravelling.

Most of us will have had moments when we felt like a tiny stitch in the large garment of the world. Overwhelmed by what is going on around us, by how much busier, better and brighter everyone else seems to be. Perhaps how much more spiritual everyone else

seems to be. And this can leave us feeling very small indeed. But just as every stitch is vital to the structure of a knitted garment so every one of us is vital to the structure of our community. It is so often the little things that really matter not the great flamboyant gestures; we are more likely to remember with affection a Gran who always had cherry Bakewell's in the cupboard than one who took us out for expensive meals. Or the person who senses when you really need a cup of tea.

A few weeks ago, we had that gospel reading about the picnic on the beach, and it happened that I took home communion to a number of different people that week. The reading is long so I offered to only read part of it. One of the ladies was disappointed, 'But it's my favourite story', she said. So, I read the whole thing and afterwards we were talking about it. About the seven men who were in the boat, only five of whom are named. It was the other two that we were interested in. Although learned Bible commentary may sometimes suggest that they were others of the twelve also Galilean fishermen, there is nothing to say that they weren't two random people who had joined the boat the night before. Or as my lady put it, 'Just like two people who happened to turn up for church that day'. And as a consequence, happened to be among the first to see the risen Christ. They were not regarded as too small or unimportant for that privilege.

I was reminded recently that the spiritual life is not built on success but on faithfulness, and it is not always easy. Little wonder then that we sometimes feel overwhelmed by what is happening around us, after all life is life and it is not always easy. And we will all have

moments when we want to shout to God, that we feel so tiny in the space of it all. Tiny in space and short-lived in time. Possibly a bit like one of the 96 smaller stones from that diamond.

Sometimes we have to accept that we need to be the focus, not from a sense of importance or lack of humility but from a need for self-esteem. It may seem altruistic to think that we don't matter in the big picture but sometimes we need to be reminded that to God we all matter. Creator of the universe – yes. A trinity – yes. Having the warmth of a parent – yes. And will respond when we cry, 'Help'. God never forgets the importance of each stitch in the garment of the world.