

Trinity Sunday (A)

May 31, 2026

“God is no passive spectator”

Two friends were sitting on a park bench. One of them was sobbing, and asked, “Why, after all my years of prayerful obedience to God, why hasn’t God touched me? Why is he so far away?” She buried her head in her hands and wept on. Suddenly, she raised her head and shouted, “He touched me! He touched me! I felt his hand.” Then she looked at her friend and saw her companion’s hand on hers. “Oh, Mary, it’s only your hand, and I thought it was God’s.” Mary answered, “What did you think God would be doing? He just took the hand nearest to you and used that hand to touch you.”

That is the message of Trinity Sunday: God understood our need to have a God who touches us, so he sent His only-begotten Son.

*God is no passive spectator*, observing the struggles of humanity. God chose to become one of us so we might know how much we count.

In John 3:16, one of the most popular New Testament verses, the Lord puts it succinctly: “*God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, so that everyone who believes in him . . . might have eternal life.*”

Everyone counts in God’s eyes, and he would have done no less than die for each of us if any one of us was the only person he created.

*God is no passive spectator*. He uses both priests and people to come down from the grandstand and get onto the playing field.

God is calling each of us by name: I have a mission for you. Remind the world of my vision of a world where every person counts: black and white, Italian and Mexican, Catholic and Protestant, agnostic and atheist.

God so loved the world . . . God so loves each of us. God so loves the child in the womb . . . God loves the newly married couple . . . God so loves the invalid in the rest home . . . God so loves the sick in the hospital . . . God so loves each of us with a sacrificial, undying love.

That is the message reverberating around the world on this Trinity Sunday.

The forces of darkness, on the other hand, reject that message. They are arrayed against us. The powers of darkness, desperation, despair seem to be prevailing in the battle of life and death.

The solemnity of the Holy Trinity is that God has already won the victory in Christ Jesus, but the Good News has not yet reached all the hearts of needy people.

Someone once said: "The Church needs missionaries today more than ever." Someone else noted: "The Church has many organizers, but few agonizers; many who pray, but few who pay, many resters, but few wrestlers, many who are enterprising, but few who are interceding."

During World War II, a company of soldiers, including two close friends, Mike and Jim, from the same home town, were crawling through enemy territory during a night patrol. Suddenly the enemy opened fire, and the patrol was being cut to pieces. In the battle, Mike and Jim became separated. The two rolled into separate foxholes several yards apart. Mike watched as Jim's foxhole up ahead was being blasted by heavy machine gun and mortar fire.

He could not contain himself, so he crawled out of his foxhole from shell hole to shell hole, clawing his way, inch by inch while the enemy's guns blazed.

Finally, he rolled into his buddy Jim's foxhole. Minutes later he returned to his own foxhole, bleeding heavily and nearly unconscious. "Well?" asked the officer. "Did you find your buddy?" The soldier replied, "Yes, sir, but he only lived a few minutes."

"I should not have let you go!" barked the officer. "What earthly good did it do for you to go?" "Oh sir, it was worth it," replied the young soldier. "Just before my friend died, he whispered, "Good old Mike, I knew you would come."

*"The Lord is a merciful and gracious God, slow to anger and rich in kindness and fidelity,"* we hear God saying in the Exodus reading (34:6).

In the midst of a dark and dreary world, our mission is to share the light of Christ, to bring mercy and graciousness to people who need to feel the hand of God. You may never know the impact you have for good in the world, but if you love with Christ's love, you may one day hear the message of a comrade in need, "Good old Mike. I knew you would come." God bless you.