

What I tell you three times is true



Holy, holy, holy God, you are much greater than our feeble minds can comprehend. Unworthy as we are, touch our lips and our lives with the cleansing fire of your love and send us to tell of your glory. Amen.

Finding God on the smallholding

by Jeni Parsons

This is my favourite month of the year – the month of “greens”, that time when there are so many shades of green in the trees that it seems impossible to count. Next time you’re outside look at the trees and see if you can see it too. The leaves are fresh and new, in contrast with what they’re like by

July, when the gloss on the leaf has gone, they’re all a bit dusty and dull and the same unremarkable green.

I think the month of May must be a bit like what it was “in the beginning”, when everything was full of newness and possibility and nothing was messed up or spoiled. But then, after the beginning, God didn’t give up on it all, but kept drawing creation close and “making all things new”, so the new green is lovely, but makes way for flower, fruit, and leaf fall. 🌿

“Lead me in your truth, and teach me, for you are the God of my salvation.”

Psalms 25:5

Heather Cooke *reflects on* Isaiah 6:1-8

As the Bellman announces near the beginning of Lewis Carroll’s nonsense poem, “Just the place for a Snark! I have said it thrice: What I tell you three times is true.” The seraphim in Isaiah’s vision also know the value of the threefold repetition. They worship the Lord of hosts as “Holy, holy, holy” – as we still do in the Eucharist, in the Sanctus. Arguably, the triple repetition is simply for emphasis – the Lord God of hosts is really, really, really holy. But God says “us” – is that why the reading is set for Trinity Sunday?

Trinity! The very concept seems nonsense. How on earth to explain something that’s both three and one? Now there’s a problem the mathematician behind the pen name of Lewis Carroll might have relished. How can God be Father, Son and Holy Spirit all at once?

Perhaps the most important message of today’s reading is the ending: “Here am I; send me!” Because God isn’t a mathematical problem. God isn’t there to be analysed or explained, but to be adored and served. In worship, we stand in awe of God’s creation, we celebrate God’s love for us in Jesus, and we feel God’s power, sending us out to tell others.

Nobody fully understands “The Hunting of the Snark”, so how can we comprehend the Trinity? The Bellman in the poem was right. The Snark did indeed live there. It wasn’t nonsense, after all. 🍷

An Egyptian pilgrimage

by Sr Janet Fearn

Sr Janet concludes her tour of Egypt.

It’s beautiful and broken. The Unfinished Obelisk is an important piece of architecture that offers a glimpse into ancient Egyptian stone-working techniques, with marks from workers’ tools still clearly visible. Had the work been completed, it would have measured nearly forty-two metres high. It isn’t what it was intended to be, yet the hot, back-breaking work of our anonymous ancient

ancestors now enriches modern lives in ways they could never have imagined.

How did the workmen feel? Did they think they had wasted their time in Aswan. or was it all just in a day’s work? Did they simply shrug their shoulders and move to the next project, unaware that, 3,500 years later, visitors from across the world would marvel at their achievements?

Often, we have no idea of the real impact of our actions – that is for God to know. Our task is to act in faith and let God do the rest. 🍷