

When I walked to Wrigley Field yesterday afternoon, it was for more than a Cubs game.

It was for a celebration of a special anniversary.

May 29 is the day I fell in love.

On May 29, 1977, I accepted baseball into my heart as my personal sport and pastime.

Yesterday marked the thirty-third anniversary of my very first baseball game.

I walked into Dodger Stadium like Lucy walking into Narnia, with no idea how captivated I was about to be.

Soon I was wonderstruck by a strange and beautiful and incomprehensible world beyond my wildest imagination.

The grass smelled like heaven must.

The stadium was a panorama of color and pageantry.

Athletes stretched and jumped and ran around like beautiful, muscular horses in a pristine paddock, which had a bizarre kind of order to it that I could not wait to try to solve.

A handful of men and fifty thousand people surrounding them were all together focused on the fate of one tiny white sphere.

The new world vibrated with sound, buzzed with life like flamboyant springtime, music and chatter and the magical collisions of horsehide into leather, of bat upon ball.

It felt like I think church is supposed to feel, a joyful spectacle of sight and smell and sound and fury, all held together by some weird and ancient order, some shared liturgy of rules and conventions and strategies that fascinated me as much as they eluded me.

I'm still learning baseball, and it still makes my eyes sparkle.

Today is a celebration like that for God's church, a call to return to the exquisite gift and joy of wonder.

The day and its readings point us to a God we know as Trinity, three persons in one God, a marvel much harder to figure out than three outs in one inning.

It is honest and natural for us to approach the Trinity that way, of course, as a math problem, as a conventional rule to learn, a concept to master, a puzzle to solve.

But this approach leaves us frustrated, not just as Sunday School teachers and over-educated preachers tasked with explaining the inexplicable correctly, but also as pew-sitters on a holiday weekend who don't buy baseball tickets hoping to hear an umpire read a rulebook.

Critically important and foundational as it is, the discipline of theology is just a servant of the bigger spectacle that is God.

It does not inspire wonder, but follows it, fueled by it, lit on fire by it until it blazes a passion so fierce that one cannot help but dive in and learn as much as one can.

We speak of God as Holy Trinity not because it makes sense or everyone should care but because the church in its childhood encountered Jesus and then the Holy Spirit with such a starry-eyed, life-changing wonder that it simply had to know.

Thousands of years and books and arguments and prayers later, we are still learning, and if you look at our finest mystics and theologians, you will see that their eyes are still sparkling.

Indeed, the mystery of God works just like so many things created in God's image, created good: like the horizon, like the ocean floor, like the inner life of humanity, like outer space: the more we know, the more we realize there is that we don't know.

The deeper we explore, the wider the wonder; the more we learn, the more we enjoy learning and the more there is for us to learn.

As the promised Spirit of truth guides us into all truth, the more we see that truth is a universe bigger than we ever dreamed and expanding still.

Truth is not a treasure we can lock away in our small boxes but an expansive, eternal world that makes us feel small.

That is why the Psalmist, staring up at the outstretched canopy of heaven like a mesmerized six-year-old at Dodger Stadium, feels so small and asks,

*what are mere mortals that you should be mindful of them,
human beings that you should care for them?*

Who are we that you have entrusted us with the power to spew poison across the gulf of Mexico or otherwise shape the fortunes of a creation beyond our capacity to fathom?

Who are we that you have paused the cosmic action, the deep and delicate liturgy of life, to crown us with such glory and honor, such power and possibility?

Who are we that you should be mindful of us?

How is it, O God, that you pay attention to us?

It is surely the greatest wonder and incomprehensible open mystery of all that God the Holy Trinity is somehow wonderstruck and wildly in love with us.

Wisdom rejoices in our world and delights in the human race.

The Spirit bothers to take the time and the incalculable effort to guide us into all truth.

God puts on our skin and dubious destiny in Jesus Christ and makes peace with us.

God pours love into our hearts through the Holy Spirit.

God pours the very best that God is into our bloodstream as the wine and juice and bread crumbs we share at Holy Communion.

God crowns us with glory and honor.

The inexplicable, incomprehensible, beautiful, mystifying marvel that is that the God so far beyond what our little eyes can hold looks at us with deep attention and care.

God's eyes weep when we fail, when we pollute our home and one another's fragile hearts.

God's eyes widen when we succeed, when we step a little further into truth with an act of compassion or generosity, when our world expands because of justice or joy.

God's eyes smile when our own eyes open in wonder, when we recognize in momentary glimpses both how insignificant and how invaluable we are, how piddly and how precious, and how absurd both our hubris and our hopelessness really are.

God's eyes are fixed on us, riveted, ravished, and still, after all these years, even after so many terrors and tears, God's eyes still sparkle.