

Dreams

Today is Trinity Sunday!

But I'm NOT going to tell you that the Trinity is like a mango; with a peel on the outside, the fruit in the middle and a pit on the inside, three parts, one fruit!

Nor am I going to tell you that the Trinity is like Neapolitan ice cream: chocolate, vanilla and strawberry, three flavors, one ice cream cone!

No, I'm not going to tell you those things because frankly, that way of thinking about mysteries like the Trinity, is what gets us into so much trouble these days.

And not only these days!

This way of thinking has got us in trouble for the last several hundred years.

Back when the Enlightenment was born.

When we, in our infinite wisdom, separated ourselves from one another, from nature, from God.

We used to understand the deep connections between all things.

Now we see everything "objectively."

Meaning, we see everything around us as just that: a thing.

And things need no respect.

Things can be used and abused.

Several hundred years ago is when we forgot that we are to love people and use things; because now, we use people and love things.

Our efforts to rationalize and analyze, to define and decipher what we claim as real has had one singular effect.

It has led to enormous impoverishment.

Impoverishment of imagination.

Of wonder.

With the Holy.

With the Mysterious.

With God.

And here we are this morning.

A pandemic robs the breath of hundreds of thousands of people.

Social upheaval, sparked by white police officers, who rob the breath of George Floyd, and of so many people of color, for far too long.

A President who, wielding a Bible, trespasses on Church land, having moments before cleared the path of non-violent protesters – with tear gas and flash grenades.

Today, in the midst of all this, I want to invite you to think about mystery.

The holy.

I invite you to ponder the utter vastness of what it is to be human.

Because, unless we can find a way back to that sense of vastness, to that sense of the mystery and holiness of each and every human person, we will continue our long slide toward the oblivion set in motion when "I" became more important than "we."

We have reduced our sense of that vastness by systematically lifting up our conscious selves, and pretending that the "unconscious" doesn't exist, or if it does, it's a barren wasteland of idle dreams and illusions.

Our conscious lives are made up of what we're doing right now.

Being awake.

Deciding who is good and what is evil.

Finding my comfort zone with those who look, and act and see the world just like me.

The conscious world is the rational world.

The world of laws and logic.

But then, every single night, every single one of us, goes to sleep.

And in our sleep, we enter a different world.

We enter the world of the unconscious.

What the psychologists tell us today, what the mystics have told us for centuries, is that our conscious mind is only the tip of the iceberg.

Our vastness lives in the unconscious mind.

Just like the vastness of the iceberg that lies beneath the water line.

In our dreams, as we enter the unconscious world, the rules and regulations, the lines and borders that we think are the rhyme and reason of life, suddenly disappear.

In the world of the unconscious, we can be anybody.

Gender and ethnicity, social status and even our status as human beings, becomes slippery, fleeting, and elusive.

Perhaps you've found yourself in dreams wandering about in an old house, or in a strange town, or wandering about stark naked, and wondering why?

Indeed, the beauty of the unconscious, is that while all day long we ask "how does it work?", in the unconscious world we ask: "what does it mean?"

It's in the unconscious world that we come to glimpse the Trinity.

We can't analyze it, reduce it, or grasp it with our logical minds.

We can only experience it.

This sense of unity in diversity, as diversity blossoms into new unity.

The Trinity, this source of all that is, this sense of that which we call God, teaching us, willing us, reminding us, that relationship is the beating heart of all that exists.

We can't analyze it or tear it apart.

We can only experience it.

And when we do, suddenly, perhaps only for the briefest flicker, we experience the vastness of humanity.

It is that vastness we left behind when the so-called Enlightenment came to the fore.

When so much of reality was reduced to the five senses, leaving behind the mystical, the magical, the enchanted.

We are living in days now when we need to recapture the vastness of who we are as human beings, black and white, Asian and Arab, and everyone else as well.

No matter the race, religion, gender, sexual orientation.

And the place to find our sense of the vast — begins with our dreams.

When Martin Luther King, Jr gave his revolutionary speech at the Washington Mall, he shared his dreams for our nation, for our children, for his children.

Today, those dreams may look something like this.

We need to seriously undertake reparations to the people of African American heritage who have for hundreds of years been systematically excluded from the bounty of this land.

Those deprivations can only be remedied with meaningful financial restitution given not out of pity, but out of justice.

We need to reform our tax system so that the people at the top begin to pay significant taxes after 40 years of contributing far too little to the commonweal.

We need to vastly reduce the size and scope of our military and spend those funds on healthcare, infrastructure, and education for our people.

Finally, we need to oppose the growing authoritarian tendencies in Washington DC and reject the hatred, the anger, and the lies.

These are not statements from a particular political point of view.

They are statements, nay, demands, made by the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

As followers of Jesus, we are commanded to lift up the poor, to care for the needy, to seek justice and peace in every circumstance, in every age.

These are our dreams.

They are not unattainable!

Dreams are the wellspring of every good thing that has ever or will ever come to pass.

Dreams are the rootstock of our reality, because the Trinity is most fully revealed in our dreams – if only we can learn to remember.

It was the poet who said:

“That which seems the most feeble and bewildered in you – is the strongest and most determined.

Is it not your breath that has erected and hardened the structure of your bones?

And is it not a dream, that none of you remember having dreamt, that builded your cities, and fashioned all that is therein?” K. Gibran

In these modern times, we so often do our best to forget our dreams.

The alarm clock goes off, the coffee pot begins to drip, and there we are, back in the dog eat dog world.

We so often dismiss our dreams.

Treating them as mere indigestion, the result of too many pieces of pepperoni pizza.

But our dreams, our unconscious longings, take us back to who we truly are.

To that reality where there is no division.

Where all are one.

All people, all nature, all creation.

All one with the Source who creates all things.

I hope in these difficult days we can rediscover the Trinity.

Not by calculation.

But by feeling.

By experience.

And yes, by our dreams.

There is no reason that we human beings can not live in a world in which justice and dignity and love are the true powers of this world.

We simply need to want it.

We simply need to believe it.

We simply need to live it.

+amen

