

HANGING OUT WITH THE TRINITY

March 2010

Brenda Cobb Murphy - brenda@brendacobbmurphy.com

I am struggling in my time with Jesus today. I just can't get into it. Then I remember that this year I want to focus on exploring my spiritual house and filling it with treasures. Just as we have a physical house we each have a spiritual house. Every conversation, each time we personally interact with God, each miracle He performs in our daily life, all become treasures we add to the rooms in our spiritual house.

This morning, after wondering blankly around my spiritual house a few minutes, I head for Holy Spirit's room, the Learning Room, because I want to get to know Him better (and it sounds like fun).

Entering the Learning Room I sink into an overstuffed chair and put my feet up on the padded stool in front of me. The stool is long and covered in red cloth like a coffee table, in order to accommodate several pairs of feet at once. Holy Spirit sits down in another overstuffed chair to my left, but I think how it'd be better to have him on my right so I try to imagine him over there but can't, showing me that I've already left my imagination behind.

The two of us relax in a comfortable silence for a few minutes, during which I'm wondering what to do to get to know Holy Spirit. The next thing I know Jesus joins us, plopping down on the love seat to my right.

"Wow," I say, "both of you together."

"It's easy, we're one," Holy Spirit says, grinning.

I no longer feel any pressure to initiate something since this has already gone a direction I wasn't expecting, and the three of us just sit quietly, each immersed in our own thoughts. To my surprise, Daddy-God walks in and sits down on a couch across from me. At this point I become a little intimidated, because I spend more time in the Throne Room worshipping than in the den with "Abba," (the Greek version of "Daddy"). Even knowing how much He loves me and that He's my Daddy I sometimes find it hard to get past the "awesome, glorious, almighty GOD" aspect of who He is.

While my hands cradle my warm mug, my mind is working to grasp several things at once. The fact that I'm sitting here with all three of the Trinity represented individually is something I've never experienced. **While God is one God, He manifests Himself in three different personages that we have termed the "Trinity."** Each "person" of the Trinity relates to us in their own function and

personality. There is the Father—Abba, or Daddy (Romans 8:15), the Son—Jesus, our Bridegroom (Ephesians 5:31,32), and Holy Spirit—our Helper, Comforter, Teacher, Ability, and Guide (John 14:16; John 15:26; John 14:26; Acts 1:8; John 16:13).

My heart thrills, because not only am I sitting here with each one of them but it's like being invited to join them after a long day's work to just hang out and recoup from the day, that private time a family has when we can take our social masks off and be ourselves.

"Tea?" Jesus asks, looking at my mug.

"Yeah, green tea. If you work at it you'll like it, it's healthy ... Okay," I laugh, "so *you* don't actually have to do stuff because it's healthy." I think about the pleasure of hot tea and the special palmiers (cookies) I shared earlier with Jesus. Can Daddy-God and Holy Spirit *really* understand the delight it brings? Somehow, in my mind, God never has anything negative to *need* the positive to counteract. He's God after all, and I assume that being God is one big joyful existence. But the Bible shows us how, because of us, there are many emotions He experiences that aren't joyful ones—anger, frustration, sadness, jealousy, heartbrokenness, and disappointment.

Our existence has the God of Joy experiencing emotions that are beyond any pain we could ever imagine, and yet allows Him to empathize with our hurts, disappointments, and heartbreak. Oh yes, God understands the importance of pleasure in our lives.

Suddenly, as the four of us sit quietly relaxing and talking, **I realize something that will forever change my perspective of walking out the Christian adventure, and that is that all three of the Trinity are here for me.** Not only to give me love, support, help, and to work together to make me into who they created me to be (bride, child, friend, and student), but because they enjoy my company. I look around me in wonder. I know that God loves me; however, sitting here gives me a different perspective. There is a completeness in their love, protection, and support. Each of the Trinity fulfills a different role in being here for me. It's every human relationship that God created for us rolled up into these Three.

Daddy-God loves and takes care of me as a parent, nurturing me tenderly and training me. Jesus is my Bridegroom, giving me His name, romancing me, and providing the intimate relationship and unity that God created between spouses. Holy Spirit is here as Best Friend, Provider, and Teacher; how can I NOT be who I was created to be? How can I NOT live the adventure God has set before me? I have, while one God, three different aspects of God represented in different

forms and functions to walk with me every minute, coaching, laughing, loving, fellowshiping, playing, and teaching me. What excuse could I possibly have not to walk confidently, joyfully, and successfully through life? I've always known this in my head, but I've never realized how *completely* He's working with me.

My heart sings in amazement as we continue sitting in the cozy casualness that only comes with old friends or family, where no one feels obligated to talk or fill the silences. Feet up, Jesus and Holy Spirit have their heads resting against the back of their chairs. While Jesus has his eyes closed, Holy Spirit is looking off into the distance, and Daddy-God looks thoughtful. It's so peaceful I could sit here forever. Through my headphones the music snags my attention and I listen a few minutes before I realize that everyone is listening to it with me.

"I can turn it up," I say.

"Naa, we can hear it," Jesus says.

I continue down my train of thought. Daddy-God and Jesus are in our lives as the perfect parents and spouse, coloring in all the places our human parents and spouse miss.

"And you Holy Spirit," I speak up, "are here to put it all together and make it work!" I think about using this time to ask questions and do things, but I no longer want to. The camaraderie among us is so comfortable that I am happily content just to sit here.

"You know, Daddy-God, I know you the least," I speak up. "I'll meet you in the den later and we'll spend time together." Then, looking at Jesus, "How did you like your green tea?"

"Umm, I've had better."

"I *know* you've had better. Ah, just wait, we'll drink your tea—or whatever you have in mind—together one day" As we laugh and talk about inane things I'm again struck by something that would only be noticed by experiencing the Trinity as separate manifestations. I belong in this group. We're a family.

Thirty-three years ago I married into the Murphy family and have been a Murphy long enough to know the routines, issues, dynamics, and the inside jokes. In the same way, I belong in this group, not as a broken, fallen, needy, sinful person before the judgment of almighty God, but on an equal standing as friend and family member. **No, I'm not equal with God, but as both His bride and child I am accepted as family, and I belong.**

After mulling this over a bit my mind moves on to what's left of my day, and I say, "Hey! I'm learning to juggle. And play the recorder."

"You want help?" Holy Spirit asks.

"YES I want help."

"Okay, look for it."

"I will, thanks. I've not got the natural talent for this."

"Sure you do," Holy Spirit says, "we created you with natural talent for whatever your heart desires, but that doesn't take away the need to train for it. I'm not a magic wand—remember? Well, I can be," he laughs, "but the practice does you good."

"Ah, a great help you are."

"Hey, I'm always here."

"Well maybe I need more than a spectator."

"Yeah, sometimes you do."

"Where's my magic wand when I need it?"

"Ah yes, you guys all want it easy."

"Well yeah!" I said laughing. "WE can't just make things happen."

"And why not?" Holy Spirit asked.

"Well ... so teach me how."

"Okay, when do you want to start?"

"It's supper time now and my evening is full, how about tomorrow?"

You're a part of the Family. You belong. By choosing Jesus you are righteous because of His blood (Romans 3:22), continually cleansed from all sin (I John 1:7), and seated in the heavenlies with Him (Ephesians 2:6). When God looks at you He sees a righteous son or daughter whom He loves tremendously. He sees His bride, whom He wants to know intimately. He sees a friend and pupil. You belong. He doesn't look down on you or see how small and unworthy you are, He just sees a family member who is accepted and loved and a part of Him.

Moreover, He's here for you, personally and in a way that completes you. How can you feel inadequate? **He is Three, and He is your ability to walk wholly.** I dare you to wrap your head around that! You'll never be the same.