

For Trinity

Ruach looked at what was before her.

‘You say that this is your creation? It doesn’t look like much.’

Abba looked back at Ruach.

‘It is the beginning. I think we are on a journey, and this is just the first step of eternity.’

‘I still say that it doesn’t look like much.’

responded Ruach

‘No it doesn’t does it. Lets get dirty and see what we can create.’

‘Where shall we start? I think we need to create something that will help us sort the chaos.’

So Abba thought, and light came into being.

Ruach smiled.

‘Let me help’, she said,

and she turned her attention to chaos, which ordered itself into dark and the new creation of light. Abba and Ruach were so pleased, that they sat and just watched the beauty of light and dark.

When they had had their fill, they stood again and contemplated.

‘I think we need to do a bit more separation.’ said Abba.

‘What had you in mind?’ asked Ruach.

‘Well, I think we need something up there, to balance what is down here.

Ruach thought and the water changed.

Abba looked.

‘No that is not quite right. Try something else.’

Ruach thought again, and between the water above and the water below, Ruach created, and Abba liked it, and called it ‘sky’. They sat down again to contemplate ‘sky’.

‘Right’ said Ruach. ‘All this water is rather boring. Why don’t we have something to contrast with it. How about this?’
and the waters gathered themselves together and between them something solid appeared.

Abba laughed.

‘That is really good. Let us play with this ‘land’.

So between them they created plants and seeds from the smallest seed to the largest tree. They had so much fun that they were utterly exhausted when they finally sat down to admire their handiwork.

Ruach lay back and looked up.

‘I think we need something to brighten up ‘sky’.’

Abba lay back as well and as his hands rested on the new land, he took some and shaped it and threw it into space. At once there were two big discs and lots of small lights.

‘How beautiful’ said Ruach. ‘Let me just move them around a bit. There. Now we can have one disc controlling the light and the other the dark. We will call them night and day, and the discs the moon and sun. All the little lights we will call stars. All this we have created out of your chaos.’

Ruach and Abba settled back and watched day change to night and then night back to day. This was the fourth day of their great work.

On the fifth day Ruach insisted that the water needed to have something in it. Abba said the heavens needed a bit more decoration, so the fish of the seas and the birds of the air were created out of the vast imagination of the Creator.

On the sixth day, they turned their attention to the land, and lavished upon it millions and millions of different kinds of creatures large and small. They watched them for a long time, changed a few, made some smaller and others bigger. It was just so much fun.

Then Abba sat down suddenly.

‘I have made all this, and it is the best thing I have ever done, but who or what is ever going to admire the effort, the creativity. Who is going to admire us?’

Ruach sat and contemplated.

‘We need something that we can communicate with, something that is part of us. This is made by us, but it is not us.’

Abba picked up another handful of creation and shaped and moulded it. Then handed it to Ruach, who gently held it and breathed her life giving

breath into it. So A'dam and Eve became, and contained the life force of the creator.

Abba and Ruach lay back, and amidst their creation they slept and rested, and while they slept a day and a night, which they had set into motion, passed by. It was the seventh day.

For Abba and Ruach time as we know it does not exist. A'dam and Eve lived in the Garden created for them and the rest of creation thrived. Abba and Ruach watched and held and stroked and worried, for creation was so precious to them. It was their child, of their selves. It was their great journey, taken at great cost to them. And they knew that nothing would ever be so precious to them.

But then there was A'dam and Eve, created to talk with Abba and Ruach to interact with and to love and admire the creation. And it was good. Abba, Ruach A'dam and Eve would talk together for hours at a time. That changed the day that they gained the knowledge of good and evil, which had been the one thing forbidden to them. Now they knew who they were, that they are of the clay of the earth filled with the breath of Ruach. With that knowledge they no longer felt at ease with themselves and the Abba and Ruach, so with bowed heads and tears Yahweh opened the gates and sent A'dam and Eve into creation to live as they could. With a heart filled with sadness he watched them walk away, knowing they would no longer walk in the garden with them. Yahweh bent down and caressed the creation that he was handing to them, knowing he had to let them change the creation so perfectly created; fearful of what the changes would mean.

Time passed. No, not time, for time has no meaning for Yahweh. Yahweh watched over Adam and Eve and their children and their children's children, as they created and lived and loved and lost, in the Creation Yahweh had made. Sometimes Adam and Eve could see just little glimpses of how Yahweh feels about creation and their generations made Yahweh proud as voices raised in hymns and songs of praise;

“Shout for joy to the LORD, all the earth. Worship the LORD with gladness; come before him with joyful songs. Know that the LORD is God. It is he who made us, and we are his; we are his people, the sheep of his pasture. Enter his gates with thanksgiving and his courts with praise; give thanks to him and praise his name. For the LORD is good and his love endures forever; his faithfulness continues through all generations.”

But as human time passed, the descendents of Adam forgot or didn't want to remember that Yahweh was the Creator of all they saw around them. In their arrogance they felt that they were now in control. They ignored Yahweh watching over them and worrying about them, as they lived their lives in the freedom they had been given. So Yahweh decided to create once more. He shared his creativity this time with one human woman, who said 'Yes', when Ruach in the guise of an angel asked for help. From her was born a son, the son of Abba and Ruach, a perfect human, so in tune with Yahweh that he could live the life that had originally been intended for the descendents of Adam and Eve. Yahweh rejoiced at Jesus birth, setting angels and stars and shepherds and Kings to proclaim that he had arrived. But the sons of Adam and daughters of Eve do not like to be reminded that the songs of praise that they were singing with their mouths should be felt in their hearts, and they took the son and hung him on a tree. And Creation turned black and the heart of the Creators were split in two as they watched their son end his human life. This time they did not stand by and let death take him, Ruach breathed life back into him and sent him back for just 40 days to show they how great the love of Abba and Ruach is for us the descendents of Adam and Eve.

It would be good to have been able to say that all went well after that, that we remembered the Creator and loved the creation as they do, but despite the example of what a perfect human life looks like, we constantly forget, and quarrel and argue and kill and destroy creation and ourselves, holding life in all its forms far too cheap. But we can make the Creator smile. A lone voice lifted up in the generations wrote;

Most High, all-powerful, good Lord, Yours are the praises, the glory, and the honour, and all blessing, To You alone, Most High, do they belong, and no human is worthy to mention Your name. Praised be You, my Lord, with all Your creatures, especially Brother Sun, who is the day and through whom You give us light. He is beautiful and radiant with great splendour; and bears a likeness of You, Most High One. Praised be You, my Lord, through Sister Moon and the stars, in heaven You formed them clear and precious and beautiful. Praised be You, my Lord, through Brother Wind, and through the air, cloudy and serene, and every kind of weather, through whom You give sustenance to Your creatures. Praised be You, my Lord, through Sister Water, who is very useful and humble and precious and chaste. Praised be You, my Lord, through Brother Fire, through whom You light the night, and he is beautiful and playful and robust and strong. Praised be You, my Lord, through our Sister Mother Earth, who sustains and governs us, and who produces various fruit with coloured flowers and herbs. Praised be You, my Lord, through those who give pardon for Your love, and bear infirmity and tribulation. Blessed are those who endure in peace for by You, Most High, shall they be crowned. Praised be You, my Lord, through our Sister Bodily Death, from whom no one living can escape. Woe to those who die in mortal sin. Blessed are those whom death will find in Your most holy will, for the second death shall do them no harm. Praise and bless my Lord, and give Him thanks and serve Him with great Humility.

These songs have echoed down the ages. Voices raise up and sing of the beauty of creation, acknowledging the power and authority of God, of Yahweh, of Abba the Father, of Ruach the Spirit and Jesus the Son. Let not our hearts be hard when we look around us at the beauty of creation. Let us rejoice with our whole being, which is only right and proper. Let us live in harmony with Creation as God the Trinity intended and willed for us.