



Growing up on our family farm, not too far down the road from us, there was this crossroad, where the possibilities seemed to be absolutely endless. Go to the right from intersection, and you would get to my best friend's house, where his family had this massive satellite dish and plenty of cool toys to play with for us young adolescents. If you went straight, you would get into town, and eventually to the thoroughly delicious McDonald's and Wendy's: just perfect for the good 'ole days when my naïve stomach could take on anything greasy whatsoever. Finally, if you went to the left at that crossroad, you would get to the closest city nearby for an actual movie theater and bigger and better shopping: again, perfect for the good 'ole days when I didn't have to worry about using my own money for such luxuries. The possibilities seemed absolutely endless from that very crossroad, only several hundred feet from our home, where all was usually calm and quiet.

Except, before getting to that crossroad, there was another house on the right, one that could be easily overlooked amidst the fascination of all the endless possibilities ahead. It was the house of my grandparents for many years, but for the majority of my life, it is where my grandfather stayed by himself after my grandmother, his wife, died when I was still in elementary school. My grandfather was the one who ran the family farm for decades before my father took over. He was the one who oversaw the utmost tranquil landscape of the calm and quiet scenery.

Soon enough, he had to hand over the reins to his son, and as much as he tried to tinker with lawnmowing and a few other random things, most of his time was spent alone in that house, not far from that crossroad with possibilities galore. My grandfather did not seem overly interested in what lied beyond that intersection that he could easily see from his front corner window. Sure, my grandparents made trips to Florida during the winter and elsewhere to see family, and yes, my grandfather was more than willing to get on a nearby highway and drive a half-hour out of his way to save a nickel on gas; but more often than not, my grandfather was perfectly satisfied with all the beauty and love and serenity on our side of that crossroad.

Soon enough, my best friend was not the only one with a satellite dish. My grandfather caved in (although not quite as large in size), and it's quite possible that the only reason he went beyond the so-called "farmer vision" with the towering antenna was to keep a more consistent eye on his beloved baseball team from Jacobs Field. But then, he started making a phone call to our house, and he would ask me if I wanted to come down and watch *my* favorite Cincinnati Reds play on his suddenly cool television set, even if that meant he wouldn't be watching his cherished team from Cleveland take the field. He would always have extra popcorn and 7-Up on hand for those occasions. It's as if it wasn't really about the baseball. It was about the beauty of family, the love that could be exchanged in simple conversations and checking in on one another in between pitches, all amidst the serenity of the peace and calm outside the living room window.

Now, I do not remember much of what he said to me during those precious evenings; even though grandparents are often associated with “wisdom” in the sense of passing down life lessons that could shape us for the better. Although I don’t remember *that* kind of wisdom from him, I do remember the ultimate wisdom of not needing all the endless possibilities from beyond that nearby crossroad to know that I was cared for, to know that I was worth his time, to know that I was loved.

This all came back to mind, because I couldn’t help but be strongly reeled in by the imagery from our first reading this morning, where Proverbs has a way of bringing wisdom to life: wisdom in all her endless possibilities in experiencing beauty, love, and serenity. And on this Holy Trinity Sunday, it’s rather easy to get caught up in that supposed “wisdom” of needing to figure this Holy Trinity out at a crossroad of academic research and Biblical commentaries and insider teachings of grandparent-like figures in clergy and professors. There isn’t anything wrong with any of that, but sometimes the ultimate wisdom is the simplicity of realizing that this Holy Trinity is the encapsulation of God surrounding us in love with the warmest embrace of a most majestic surrounding of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit in the very living room of our heart.

And it all starts from our very beginning, even before we reach our first crossroad with possibilities galore. And the wisdom lies not in trying to figure out how this Holy Trinity works, but recognizing the Promise that God is going to surround us in that tightest-knit bond regardless of where we go from any crossroad of life, and even the times when we would just rather stay on our side of the intersection as well.

As for the precious side of that aforementioned crossroad, what I remember most about my grandfather was his smile that could light up the entire countryside, and his laugh that could fill the entire countryside as well. I don’t remember any kind of life-altering wisdom in the sense of a catchy take on the world, but there just happens to be more than enough wisdom in recognizing that God smiles over us and laughs with us over the joys of life, and we didn’t have to go a certain perfect direction from whatever intersection in our journey, or figure out some hidden secret nature of the Trinity to deserve such grace in our life.

The wisdom lies in recognizing that we cannot do a thing to convince God to bless us with the beauty of an empty tomb, the never-ending love that defies any logic, and the most beautiful serenity of the Trinity’s steadfast embrace. The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit have already decided to unleash that grace and hope and new life on us from the beginning, and the promise is that it will never ever be taken away from us and the whole world. For that Greatest News, we most certainly give thanks to God, indeed! Amen!