

*Trinity Sunday, Year B*  
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### "Born Again?"

I don't know if I've been born again. Or born from above, as Jesus says. I think maybe I have. But then I think, if had been, wouldn't I know it for sure? Could there be any doubt about such a momentous thing?

I would like to have a story—I love stories—that I could wear like a badge: "Officially Born Again." A number of years ago, a good friend had a conversion as dramatic as Saul on the road to Damascus. I envy it. He seems so certain. I often feel like Nicodemus, a religious professional yet quite familiar with doubt, going to Jesus by night with all kinds of confusions.

And yet the wind blow where it chooses. I have heard the sound of it. I have felt the breath of the Spirit whisper over my skin and stand my hairs on end. I think I've been born from above, but when and how did it happen?

I want to know where the wind comes from, and where it goes. But this, Jesus says, is not mine to know.

I think about the birth of my son, Emmett. It was perhaps the most important day of my life so far. I will never forget it. And yet what can Emmett say of it? Only what we will one day tell him. We will give the story to him in fragments, perhaps, as we are reminded of it. How the nurses had never seen such a flood as the bursting of that water. How I missed it because I had gone out to meet the sandwich delivery guy. How I whispered in Emmett's ear the first time I held him and felt like he knew just what I was saying.

Emmett will not remember any of these things about his birth, but we will tell him. So it seems to be with my birth from above. I don't know exactly when or how it happened. I don't know if it's something that happened only once, or if it's something that is happening in God's time, impossible to limit to one place, one moment.

What I do know is that other people can tell me about my birth from above, can often see how the wind of the spirit is moving through me better than I can. And perhaps, by God's grace, I can do the same for you. This I believe is the church. This special family in which we are constantly retelling that story none of us can remember--the story of our birth. That we are each of us, born from above, children of God.