



Psalm 8

Trinity, May 31, 2026
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O LORD, our Lord, how majestic is your name in all the earth! You have set your glory above the heavens. ² Out of the mouth of babies and infants, you have established strength because of your foes, to still the enemy and the avenger. ³ When I look at your heavens, the work of your fingers, the moon and the stars, which you have set in place, ⁴ what is man that you are mindful of him, and the son of man that you care for him? ⁵ Yet you have made him a little lower than the heavenly beings and crowned him with glory and honor. ⁶ You have given him dominion over the works of your hands; you have put all things under his feet, ⁷ all sheep and oxen, and also the beasts of the field, ⁸ the birds of the heavens, and the fish of the sea, whatever passes along the paths of the seas. ⁹ O LORD, our Lord, how majestic is your name in all the earth!

For most people, even most Christians, the doctrine of the Trinity is not only baffling, it's mostly irrelevant. There is only one God, but there are three persons in that Godhead. "Ok. So what?" There's nothing logical or practical about it. It's all just incomprehensible. "Who cares? What does that have to do with me?" That's what *most* people think about this doctrine, anyway.

But it is *true*, the Trinity is incomprehensible to us. We're not going to *understand* God. And that's just fine. Because faith is not predicated on understanding. The ancient theologian Augustine of Hippo made this same point some 15 centuries ago, when he wrote, "*If you have been able to comprehend it, you have comprehended something else instead of God. This then is not God if you have comprehended it, but if it is God, you have not comprehended it.*" (Augustine, *Sermon 117*)

And we confess the same thing in the Athanasian Creed. In the *full* creed, we confess to believe in "*the Father incomprehensible, the Son incomprehensible, and the Holy Ghost incomprehensible. . . And yet they are not . . . three incomprehensibles, but . . . one incomprehensible.*" And so it is, that at the very core of our Christian faith—the foundation and bedrock of our lives—is a mystery we cannot ever comprehend. You cannot wrap your mind around God. It simply cannot be done.

And as he writes this Psalm, King David is considering the same truth. He considers the LORD to be incomprehensible, not just because of His triune nature, and not just because of His divine majesty which is far above the heavens, but also because of what He does for us. And so, our theme today is:

Our Majestic Lord is Incomprehensible

(And Our Majestic Lord *Does* the Incomprehensible)

Our Psalm begins and ends the same: "**O LORD, our Lord, how majestic is your name in all the earth!**" That is not a question—"**how majestic**"—which is why there's an exclamation point at the end of that sentence. But we *could* ask that as a question, "**How majestic is your name?**" "How majestic are You, O Lord?" Do you have an answer for that? How majestic is our Triune God?

Here's a number I want you to consider: one septillion. Can you picture that? That's a one followed by twenty-four zeros—eight three-zero-sets. Count to a million, and then repeat that a billion times over, and that gets you to a quadrillion. Now repeat that entire process a billion more times, and that's a septillion. That's a number that's far beyond our understanding, *impossible* for us to visualize or even begin to wrap our minds around.

That's also the number that some astronomers utilize when estimating the number of stars in our universe. They figure that our own galaxy is an average-sized galaxy of about 400 billion stars perhaps, and they multiply that number by the number of galaxies estimated to exist in the universe, and the number that comes out is right around one septillion. One *septillion* stars. That's a *big* number.

And David writes in our Psalm that the LORD set each of those stars in their place. Elsewhere in the Psalms, we're told, "**He determines the number of the stars; he gives to all of them their names.**" (Psalm 147:4) So, how majestic is our Triune God? Too majestic for *us* to understand! After all, a septillion stars, and He's created them all. He's *named* them all, He's *numbered* them all, a number *far* beyond our comprehension. Which shows us that their Creator *also* is beyond our comprehension.

And that consideration leads David to ask the question here in our text: "**What is man that you are mindful of him?**" He didn't have telescopes like we do, but he was able to look up at the stars and see *pretty clearly* that he was so little compared to the rest of the creation. "Who am I? Why would you even notice me, God?" Who are *you*? Who are we that God would even notice us? The universe is immense. We are no more than a speck. Take all the billions of people that have ever lived, and you still just have a microscopic dot on a small planet in an average-sized galaxy tucked away in the corner of the universe. Who are *we*, O LORD, that you would pay attention to us, or even *notice* us at all?

But He does! He does. In this Psalm, David refers to the creation as the "**work of [God's] fingers.**" That makes me think of Psalm 139. David says there that he has been formed in his inward parts, that God knit him together in his mother's womb—God's fingers knitting David together. (cf. Psalm 139:13) "**I am fearfully and wonderfully made,**" (Psalm 139:14) David says. And so are we. *We* are knit together by God's fingers. Even when we were at our littlest in our mothers' wombs, fearfully and wonderfully made—He *noticed* us. He *knit us together!*

And that's not all. He listens to our praise. In our Psalm, David talks about "**out of the mouth of babies and infants.**" Jesus quoted this once. He'd just cleaned out the temple. The Pharisees were all upset because the children on Palm Sunday had followed Him into the temple and were singing Hosanna to Him. And Jesus quotes this Psalm: "**Have you never read, 'Out of the mouth of infants and nursing babies you have prepared praise?'**" (Matthew 21:16) Not only does He notice us, He listens to the praise of even the *littlest* among us.

Five months ago, some of the littlest among us stood up front here. They were given a cue, and they started to sing, "*Away in a manger, no crib for a bed, the little Lord Jesus lay down His sweet head.*" And then what came next? "*The stars in the sky (all septillion of them) look down where He lay, the little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.*" From the septillion stars in the sky to the littlest child in a clip-on tie, God *listens* to the praise of His creation.

And that's still not all. When He fearfully and wonderfully made us, He made us "**a little lower than the heavenly beings and crowned [us] with glory and honor.**" And He even gave us a special task: David says that we have dominion over the sheep and the oxen and the fish and the birds. Now, that doesn't mean we do anything we *want* to do with them. It means that we take care of them. In this wonderful creation, God gave *us* a special task, to take care of *His* precious work. He has entrusted His work to *us*.

Put it all together. David asks, “Why would you notice us at all, Lord?” And we see that He does. Oh, He *does*! He knits us together. He notices us even at our littlest. He listens to our praise. He creates us to be in a special relationship with Him, and He gives us a task to care for the works of His hands. How majestic is our Lord? He’s just incomprehensible!

The *trouble* is, we have not done very well with all that. Adam and Eve had all of that too, but there *was* one thing they were *not* given. They were made a little lower than the heavenly beings, but they were not to try to get on *level with* heavenly beings, not to try to become *like* God. And the *one thing* they were forbidden to do, that’s what they did. And the world has been a mess and cruel and anything *but* filled with praise ever since. Now animals kill people. Now people kill people. Now whole species, entire peoples, have been wiped out, never to be seen or heard from again.

And God gave us incredible minds, and we use them. Boy, do we use them. We use our minds to create some of the most amazing things. We can split the atom—a wonderful source of energy that God designed—and we use it to make bombs that kill people and destroy God’s creation. We’ve come up with something called the internet! That’s where I found out how many stars there are, I Googled it! And yet what is that internet used for so pervasively? To ruin lives! With scams and identity theft and cyber-bullying and so much terrible, disgusting evil.

And what about the children? **“Out of the mouth of infants and nursing babies you have prepared praise.”** And so many of those mouths are silenced. Children forced to serve as militia, children abducted and sold as slaves, children abused, children bullied. And the *littlest* of the children, those still being formed and knit together in their mothers’ wombs, *those* are seemingly the most unprotected and vulnerable of all. So many murdered daily by those who were supposed to *protect* them. What a mess! What a mess we’ve made. *Why* would God pay attention to or care for us *at all*?

But He does. He does. And one star out those septillion declared it. *One star* was given a special task, and it did its work well. The magi needed guidance, and one star shone brightly because a Child had been born. One star out of the septillion shone brightly upon Jesus. Because God paid attention. Because God was mindful of *us*. And God did the opposite of Adam and Eve: they wanted to become like God, God became like us, became one of us. Jesus was born, and He was made **“for a little while lower than the angels.”** (Hebrews 2:7) He who was higher than the angels, superior to the angels, was made *lower* than the angels. God became flesh, because God cared for human flesh, for you and me.

There’s a certain popular Christmas song that talks about this. And I know it’s not popular with *all* of our big, strong farmer types, but I’m not any of those things so I kind of like it. And it goes like this: *“Mary, did you know that your baby boy will give sight to a blind man? Mary, did you know that your baby boy will calm the storm with his hand? Did you know that your baby boy has walked where angels trod? When you kiss your little baby, you kiss the face of God.”*

Picture that. There’s Mary, she’s looking at her Child, the baby Jesus. She caresses His cheek with her hand; perhaps she puts her index finger by His hand and He curls His little fingers around it. The fingers of God that created all the stars, that knit all people together in the wombs of their mothers—those very same fingers now curl helplessly around Mary’s finger. He lowers Himself, a little lower than the angels. He takes on the name of “Jesus,” which means, “Jehovah saves.” “Our LORD saves.”

And that's what He does. Because, then He grows up, and look at what He does with those fingers. There's a man with leprosy, an outcast, and Jesus reaches out and touches the man, and he is made whole. Not just in his body, but in his soul as well, his whole being made whole.

A woman is brought to Him; she's been caught in adultery. Her accusers want to *kill* her. Jesus stoops down, draws in the dirt with His finger. **"Let him who is without sin among you be the first to throw a stone at her."** (John 8:7) He keeps drawing. One by one, the stones drop to the ground, all while Jesus continues in the dirt. And then Jesus forgives that woman her sins and frees her from that life.

A man is born blind, he's never seen anything at all. Jesus spits on the ground, makes a little mud, takes it in His fingers and anoints the man's eyes with the mud. He tells the man to go and wash. And the man sees. He finally sees. He sees all the oxen and the sheep and the birds and the fish and the stars that fill the sky. But *most* of all, He sees Jesus. He sees that "Jehovah saves."

And after all that, Jesus is, as David writes, **"Crowned with glory and honor."** Where is Jesus crowned? He's crowned on a cross, with thorns pressed into His head. Blood runs down, but this is His honoring of what the Father has given Him to do. He honors the Father until His hands go limp and His fingers droop down. And through this, He brings forgiveness for all our failures, life for all our death, hope for our despair, joy for our grief, and peace for our violent world.

Three days later, He is crowned again. Crowned in a glorious resurrection. Those hands are stiff in death inside that tomb, and suddenly those fingers begin to move back and forth. And He is alive. And His body, once buried, is now alive and appears to Thomas, and Jesus invites Thomas to use *His* fingers, to place them into His wounds, to touch the places of our salvation. And Thomas marvels. Thomas marvels just as David does. **"My Lord and my God!"** (John 20:28) And we do the same. **"O LORD, our Lord, how majestic is your name in all the earth!"** How majestic is our Lord? Beyond our comprehension, for both in who He is and in what He does, **our majestic Lord is incomprehensible.**

And that frustrates us at times. We *want* to be able to comprehend Him. We want to understand *why* He does what He does. We want to see *how* He will turn things out for our good. We want a God who does the things that we *know* He should be doing, the things that make sense to us. But you don't need a God that you can understand. You need the only God who creates you *and* cares for you; because when you make a mess of being His creature—and you will—you need the God who alone is able to make you right again. In other words, you need the God that you *cannot* understand.

You need the God who did even more than stoop down to form you out of the mud. You need the God who actually *joined* Himself to His creation by becoming just as human as you are. Talk about inconceivable; more incomprehensible than one God who is three persons is that the only true God, who is Creator and Lord of all, would enter fully into His creation, would become part of His creation, and would even suffer and die at the hands of His creation, *for* His creation. And that's our Triune God.

You do not need to understand or figure out the Trinity. You just need to receive the truth He gives to you. Even though it doesn't make sense—because who are *we* that God would be mindful of us—yet God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit created you, redeemed you, sanctified you, and will raise and glorify you. He is the *only* God you need. Amen.