

# **“THE THOMAS IN ME”**

## **SUNDAY EASTER 2 A**

**FOR APRIL 16, 2023 – ST. PATRICK CATHOLIC CHURCH**

Here it is just a week after Easter Sunday,  
a day when this church, decorated so beautifully,  
was filled – not an empty seat!

It was a day of great rejoicing and celebration.  
The choir—along with instruments—  
seemed to raise the roof.  
And we couldn't keep ourselves from singing.  
It was Easter Sunday and for Christians  
that's as good as it gets!

We had made our way through another Lent;  
that long marathon of prayer and self-denial;  
all of that was behind us.  
And we were finally able to indulge in whatever it was  
that we had given up for 44 days.

Families and friends came together for Easter dinner  
and egg hunts and other cherished traditions.

And now we're on the other side of Easter.

Oh, the church may still be decorated,  
and maybe we still have some of those  
same feelings of Easter joy,  
And for a few wonderful hours,  
whatever doubts we may have had about  
the resurrection were eased and pushed aside.

But I continue to wonder if the Thomas in **me** was completely satisfied.

Because no one saw it happen.  
We don't know the exact hour it occurred.  
We have no record of the actual event.

I'm talking about the Resurrection.  
The Resurrection of Christ.

No one saw a single ray of light  
slice through the gap between  
the wall of rock and door of stone.

Did boulders really split in half?  
Did lightning really crack the sky?

We don't know.  
And Sacred Scripture doesn't tell us. . .

Go home and look it up in your Bibles.  
You won't find one single description of the Resurrection  
but you'll find story after story  
about the **impact** of the Risen Christ  
on those who encountered him.

So what does that mean?

Here's the point:  
The *meaning* of the Resurrection  
is as important  
as the event itself.

Go home and look up the Resurrection accounts.  
Here's what you'll find:

Mary Magdalene, sobbing in a pool of grief,  
hears her name...as only her Lord, would say it.  
She hears him say one word, *only one word*.  
He speaks her name and suddenly - she knows it's Him.

Peter finds the cloth that covered the Savior's battered and bloody  
face...  
it's folded—soft and serene—like a linen pillow case  
on that bed of stone.

Women tremble at the entrance of the tomb.  
They see a young man who tells them,  
“Go! Get yourselves to Galilee!”  
Why he says?  
“Cause you won't find the Lord of Life  
hanging out in some cemetery!”

And Thomas—who can forget dear Thomas?—  
that impertinent apostle  
whom the Risen Christ challenged to “check out his scars”  
—like some non-believer—  
and daring him to put his hand  
where the lance cut open his side.

“Go ahead, Thomas! Dare you! *Double* dare you!”

Give me stories like that!

I don't care about some rock  
smashing to the ground,  
I want to hear about how someone's life  
was affected!

And that's exactly what we get,  
come the celebration of Easter!

Yes, sir!  
People coming across the Risen Christ.  
That's what Easter's all about –  
then . . . and even today.

Ask any one of those folks,  
Or even ask Jon Korneliussen  
received into the Catholic Church on Easter Sunday.  
Or ask Kristin, his wife.  
They'll tell you what it's like to come across the Risen Christ.

Go on! Ask them!

Then ask your grandmother  
who taught you to make the Sign of the Cross. (*show*)  
Ask your religion teacher who showed you how to pray the rosary.  
Ask the priest who baptized your daughter or son.

Then ask the Marine who lost his arm

defending our freedom.

Then ask the mother who won't give up on that child  
who walked out of the house and never came back.

Ask our pastor, who shared his story with us last Sunday.  
Oh, what a story!

Ask anyone who's ever shoved aside the rock of life  
and uncovered the light of Christ ...

They'll tell you a story...

About the power of hope,  
the power of faith,  
the power of love.

A story about transformation...

a story about what it's like  
to die of boredom,  
or any form of addiction  
or emotional illness...

only to be born again,  
to be new again,  
to live life again.

A *resurrected* life,  
an eternal, never-ending life.

All because of Christ.

Hear their stories . . .  
and think of your own.

The events that changed you.  
The influence that formed you.  
The sacraments that save you.

Because, somehow, someway,  
you too have brushed up against the Risen Christ  
and, somehow, learned the truth about God.

Sisters and Brothers – think about it:  
Somehow, some way,  
Christ has called **your** name.  
You've seen his face.  
You've heard his voice.  
You've *touch*ed his scars.

References:

Deacon Dave Shea, *Athenaeum of Ohio*  
Fr. Jim Schmittmeyer, *Pastor, St. Hyacinth Church, Amarillo, TX*