

One man come  
 in the name of love  
 One man come and go.  
 One man come  
 he to justify  
 One man to overthrow.

In the name of love  
 What more in the name of love.

In the name of love.  
 What more in the name of love.

Well, a lot, actually. Much, much more  
 in the name of love.

The disciples are gathered.  
 Locked in a meeting space.  
 Locked away in their fear.

They've seen one death, already.  
 Or at least most of them have.  
 The ones who were brave enough  
 to stay and watch.

They've seen one death,  
 that tore their hearts out,  
 that wrenched away  
 their hopes and dreams.  
 One death, of that one man,  
 who had seemed to bring them  
 life and hope.

One man who had promised to justify,  
 to overthrow,  
 or so they thought.

But now it was dark. And cold. Like stone.

The end of the terrible day  
 where reports told them  
 that even his grave,  
 like their hearts,  
 was stone cold dark and empty.

(They'd also heard  
 that he was risen,

but that part didn't seem true.  
 It didn't seem credible or possible.  
 Was unlike any reference point they knew.  
 It didn't make sense.  
 So they did what we all do  
 when it doesn't make sense.  
 They partitioned it off  
 in a different part  
 of their hearts,  
 a different part of their heads,  
 a part they dared not believe.

"It doesn't make sense,  
 so there IT is  
 and here I am –

and where I am  
 is in a closed room,  
 with a bunch of friends  
 and we all think that we're going to die, too.  
 Just like he did.  
 Because we followed a guy  
 who was crazy enough  
 to do public demonstrations  
 in the national worship space,  
 with an army garrison looking on.  
 Crazy enough to heal people  
 when he shouldn't,  
 to hang out with people  
 whose illness was a scourge,  
 to party with prostitutes and  
 con men  
 and every seeming  
 outcast he could find.

We see what it got him.  
 So, what, in God's dear name,  
 will it get us?"

They thought they knew,  
 and so they locked themselves away,  
 closed themselves off in their fear.



But what about Thomas?

Where is he?

And why do we look

more often,

to the room full of fear?

It's familiar, that anxious room.

Where we gather together

and huddle in waiting.

But what if Thomas is wiser than we are?

What if Thomas knows,

already, that the risen Christ

is out there in the world,

and not in here?

And what if he's busy looking, already,

searching instead of standing.

What if he knows already,

with life-giving wisdom,

that the REAL Christ, the risen Christ,

is absolutely and only, the wounded Christ?

Because he gets it, brother Thomas.

He understands, immediately,

that to find the risen Christ,

the healing Christ,

the living and breathing Christ,

you have to touch the wounds.

That it's the wounds

that prove he's the real thing.

The one they've all been looking for

and thought they'd lost.

The same and only one

they knew before,

before the death and terror.

The one whose touch they need,

in whom touching

is to *be* touched.



I will come to you. You will see me.  
I will be with you.

You just have to find the wounds.

So we're here today,  
on a bright, Saturday afternoon,  
singing with our brother Bono  
but also hunting,  
with our brother Thomas.

Because Jesus is alive and well.  
His Pentecost power comes with Easter,  
with resurrection breath,  
with an arm outstretched in faith,  
to touch a wound.

We're here to say  
we know just where  
some of those wounds can be found.

In the one in five  
who live on less than a dollar a day.  
In the young minds  
not yet set free  
by the power  
of a basic education.

In the trap of gender-based oppression  
or economic structures  
that tip the scales  
unfairly toward the rich

In the AIDS orphans  
of our friends in TZ  
or the mother who dies in childbirth  
because no one trained  
was there to help her.

We gather to proclaim  
that wearing a white wristband  
is a way to witness to our love for God,  
that holding ourselves accountable  
to do what we can

and our government accountable  
to do what it promised  
is an act of discipleship.  
That calling our senator  
and signing a ONE-Episcopalian  
commitment card  
is a way of touching a wound.  
That giving 0.7% of our income  
is a way of remembering  
that everything we have  
is a good gift from God.

On a day when we gather  
to celebrate one hundred years  
of God's love in our midst,  
we understand that in our day,  
our moment, our generation,  
a \$4 bed net  
that protects from malaria  
or a \$2 AIDS drug  
to keep mothers and farmers  
and teachers alive,  
can be sacraments of the living God.

That our sacrament  
of bread and wine  
will not be complete  
until every mouth has daily bread  
and no more stomachs are hungry.

That the fountain living water  
we have been given in Jesus  
compels us to make sure  
that clean *drinking* water,  
not just *living* water,  
is available to every child of God.

We come because we care.

Because we know that our life  
is inextricably bound together  
in the Body of Christ,  
bound up in the mysterious web

of Christ's unbounded Body

that includes each other,  
saints past,

and children and  
parents we will never meet,  
but who are family,  
none the less.

We come to find the Risen Jesus,

revealed here to us  
in one another,

here to us in bread and wine,

here to us in the wounds  
we touch,  
just as Thomas teaches.

As you reach out,

as your hand searches

to find the place,

and thus to be found,

you will know, as Thomas did,

that you have finally found  
what you're looking for.

Like Thomas',

*your* heart will be able to shout:

"My Lord and my God!

The One come,

in the name of love.

The One here,

in the name of love.

What more, indeed,

what more,

and all in the name of love.