Jesus wishes us peace. What he went through – the Passion, Death and Resurrection, was real. Just ask Thomas. He doubted that Jesus could come back from all he went through. Jesus says to him, “Touch me. Touch my hands. There is where they slammed nails through them. Touch my wounded heart. There is where they slipped the spear. Touch me and believe.” Thomas saw and believed. Thomas accepted the peace that the Lord could give.

We are here today in a supersymmetric way. We ask Jesus to see our wounds, whether it is in our heads, or hearts, or body. Touch them, we pray. And we will be at peace.

Jesus came to us in water and blood. He came to us not only as a spiritual leader washed in the water of the Jordan and washed in the Spirit of God but also as a person who could feel the pain of being wounded. He not only preaches but he also bleeds. He knows pain. He knows anxiety. He knows the danger of being left alone in his misery.

So he comes to us. We are his people, his brothers and sister washed in the waters of baptism and now awash in bloody pain. He wants us to know he believes us that we are wounded. He wants to touch us. He wants to heal us in mind, body and spirit so we do not lose faith or hope. He comes to us in the touch of the Sacrament of the Sick. Jesus sets aside his priest to be his hands that touch us with his holy healing oils.

So offer your heads, so that your faith may be made whole again. So offer your hands, so that, if possible, your body may be healed. So offer yourselves in faith so that you may never feel alone, believing that the Lord, once himself wounded, can understand what you are going through; feel your pain; and acknowledge your faithfulness in his presence with you in your trials.

As we have heard in Psalm 118:

I was hard pressed and was falling, but the Lord helped me.

My strength and my courage is the Lord, and he has been my savior.

The joyful shout of victory in the tents of the just.

Give thanks to the Lord for he is good, his love is everlasting.