

I spent Saturday morning working on another chapter in my book: Dumb Things I Have Done. I was trying to help my son Zach with his truck and I sliced a one-inch cut in my hand. Blood welled up immediately, and as soon as I looked at how it gapped open I knew that I needed to go to the emergency room and get some stitches.

Of course, Zach wanted to take a look at it. And then, of course, I had to show my wife Soozie, who took me to the hospital. When I was in the receiving office, Soozie heard someone outside that we knew, Barbara Knox (with Ondine Stockton), whose husband was having breathing difficulties. She wanted to see it, and then graciously offered to stitch it up for me (without anesthetic, I presumed). I refused, and was eventually seen by a nursing student, who took more information, and finally the doctor. She looked at it, naturally, and began to work to stitch it up. She put it over my chest for this purpose, and interestingly asked me if it would bother me to look at it. I had been looking at it for pretty much an hour, so that wasn't a problem for me. The doctor put three stitches in my hand (with anesthetic), and it was bandaged up. Then the nursing student came in and asked to see it. We undid the bandage for her, and I was beginning to think that I should begin charging admission.

As I tried to sleep that night, I suddenly thought of Thomas, who asked to see the nailprints in the hand of Jesus. No real parallel here, but I realized that his desire was more than morbid curiosity: he wanted proof that Jesus had risen. We know that we are blessed when we believe without this direct evidence, and though I cannot see the hand of Christ, I can see the hand of God in the world. I cannot see the wounded Christ, but I can see God's Spirit, and I know that the God I believe in showed us in the most powerful way possible that he Loves us with all of His Heart. And that is what we commemorate in this communion.