

**Homily — Second Sunday of Easter (B, 2019)
by Rev. Bob Schramm, OSFS**

**Today's Gospel reflects one of the great concerns
in the life of the early Christian community
— and all the rest of us ever since.**

**The concern is, how can a person believe in the risen Christ
without seeing him?**

**I spend time in prayer every day.
I guess I'd better, I'm a priest.
Many times I ask myself, "Why am I doing this?"
Most of the time when I pray, God feels downright absent.
I look at how tortured and nuts the world is right now
and I wonder where God is in all this.**

**And you know what, I'll bet some of you have
those same thoughts, too — sometimes anyway.**

**How can a person believe in the risen Christ
without seeing him?**

**Jesus' response to Thomas in the face of his unbelieving —
and all of ours too —
is actually quite a challenge . . . and also a promise.
He says, "Blessed are those who have not seen and have believed."**

That term BLESSED can be translated lots of ways:

**Holy
Powerful
Brilliant
Special**

**People believing (trusting) they are BLESSED
despite all the evidence to the contrary.**

We've seen evidence of that

- At Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris**
- Historic black churches burned in Louisiana recently, raise \$2 million**
- Sri Lanka**
- Joe Biden**

**Cling to that belief that we are seeing the risen Christ
in our most everyday experiences as well as in our lofty ones.
Faith is clinging to the conviction that we are seeing the risen Christ
even when it seems so dark.**

Heartbreak seems inevitably to be part of coming to believe and see.
A heart broken open so it can be embraced
by God's unconditional, all merciful love.

You Raise Me Up
by Brendan Graham, Irish poet and lyricist

When I am down and, oh, my soul, so weary;
When troubles come and my heart burdened be;
Then I am still and wait here in the silence,
Until you come and sit awhile with me.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up to walk on stormy seas;
I am strong when I am on your shoulders;
You raise me up to more than I can be.

There is no life without its hunger;
Each restless heart beats so imperfectly;
But when you come and I am filled with wonder,
Sometimes, I think I glimpse eternity.

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains;
You raise me up to walk on stormy seas;
I am strong when I am on your shoulders;
You raise me up to more than I can be.
You raise me up to more than I can be.