

John 20: 24 - 29



also
an
Easter
merry

SUGGEST: Known By His
Scars

9/89

04/72
G.P.

John 2:6; 19:29

124-29
KNOWN BY HIS SCARS

I Thomas the Shapler: Viewpoint of an unbending monk
1. "Dignus" - "Tired" certainly having an additional life now
2. Doubly sad: He seemingly so committed to
 Jes. 11:16 "let us go, we will live"
 Jn 14:5 "how know we any?"
 (asked for double proof: right, hands)

3. The despair of those who believe death the end of all
The body fallen out of the soul; massing itself down to boy
The soul taken out of the world & Appear gall apart
The breath taken from the body; spirit, incorpore, soul
of abstraction, small, like out of sight
4. Wed. 12/16 silver and coral, golden bowl like
pitcher *(asked at a visit)*

(a) Marguerite's letter
(b) Horatio, clever Danvers, Hand Thinner, Claude not

4. Ask Mr Thomas' widow, Virgin, whom staying at
 "Alone - return to another - Charles, Angeles - staying at
 Refused Testy to wear yellow - his - Rob. had bought a
 (asked for double proof: right, hands)

*"Well by you, brother John, to get
 into this religion, out?
 not believe. Now it
 is, though body scared."
These frogs, double, mix
 body of the earth, full, sin*

II The Eggaray: mattock, items, etc
the wonder-jig, glaz & the grecian, Jesus

Then turns to Thomas:

surprise of Turn to show his umbrella never looks good
Jesus said notice his umbrella "now it looks
good" - Head has a stubborn attachment
to a cane, need, undiscarded to be
now rejected by the legs? Apr.

Then turned him his hands side

(a) [bridge to mind the poem "the come to last ones"]

The Confusion of Faith

Like as in a flood, the soul of Thomas was deluged
no argument, reason, logic: now, convinced by his heart

(as John B. Adams, Georgia)

Never reached out, never forced. Doubt, neither way nor
these steps, doubts, tell you our strength is in our ^{weakness}, then, allow it to
(as Robert D. Ingalls, Rev. Tom Wallace)

3. So the 4th faith: hard to learn, mock, argue, others
laugh it over. The scoffers, scoff at it, / you
all God we --

(as Truth, Christ, Jesus rebeller, all behaved, this last little
bit.)

for 30:29 on beatitude (on us)

(a) Beautiful is thy gift, outside, inside. A golden locket - as
in allude to look inside. Will say, a jewel to open up
sacred moment - when for it sees ! Cor 4:5 P.118
pro secret) as beautiful cloister, sweet life

Peoria, Ill.
Sept. 24, 1858

Dear Friend:

To me life is rather a dreamy affair, more so than ever now since my father died. It seems that there is left now only for me to follow. The distance from youth to age is very short, and from age to death only a step - a short step. A few days and you and I will be either aged or dead. Our little part in the drama of life will soon be acted, and as for us the curtain will soon fall - ~~the~~ other actors will take our places and the play will go on as merrily as though we still walked the stage. Other pulsers will beat when ours are still; the Geants will live

when ours are cold. Other
voices will talk of love and
happiness when ours are buried
forever. The sun will shine
as brightly as the eternal stars
will gaze as silently upon
our tombs as upon our cradles.

Robert G. Ingersoll

I'll take my neg cross, I will
walk in his way,

In the path I duty see.

I will follow my Lord at
abide in his heart,
the heart that was broken
for me.

~~part of~~ the late Mrs. Houdini. Before her husband, Harry Houdini—the world renowned magician—passed away in 1926, he made a death-bed pact with her that he would try somehow to reach her from the other world.

For ten years she kept a lighted shrine at his picture in her Hollywood home; and every year, on the anniversary of his death, she held seances trying to communicate with his spirit.

Turned Out Light

None succeeded and in 1936 she turned out the light she had kept burning for him. She scoffed at her magician friends who claimed they had communicated with Houdini.

"Why should Harry be having tea with anyone else, when he could have tea with me?" she asked.

"Why should he call me Agnes when he always called me Bess?"

"No one has ever had any communication with Harry since he died."

Before her recent death, she said: "When I die, even if I should have the supernatural power to come back to the world, I shall never, never come back."

"So if spiritualistic mediums claim they have heard from me, I say, brand them liars."

The second incident is in connection with Clarence Darrow, the nationally famous criminal lawyer.

Nothing Happened

In 1932, Darrow and Howard Thurston, the late magician, agreed with Claude D. Noble, a magician still living, that the first to die would try to communicate with the others.

The communicant was to stand at the deceased's grave, on the anniversary of the death and hold an object familiar to all three.

The spirit was to knock the object out of the holder's hand.

A few days ago, Claude Noble knelt at 12:30 P. M. on a Jackson Park bridge, in Chicago, ~~near~~ where Darrow's ashes had been sprinkled.

Noble held a bronze plaque of Thurston in his hand. He repeated the Lord's prayer, called on Darrow, held out his hand, and bade the lawyer's spirit to knock the plaque from his hand.

As on the previous occasions, nothing happened. Why?

March, 1943

John 20: 17-21

KNOWN BY HIS SCARS

I. Thomas, the skeptic. Viewpoint of an unbelieving world.

Death, the end of all. Keystone falls out of the arch - marble tumbles down.

He falls from the instant - spots fall apart.

Breath taken from the body - runs convulsively, death.

This - the silver coil loosened, golden hand broken

the golden broken at the fountain, the water at its source.

(a) Ingraham's letters.

(b) Mrs. Budding 1926-1936.

Clarissa Dawson, Howard Thurston, Claude Noble. 1932.

The final verdict of mortal reasoning - the empiricist, the
experimentalist, physicist, materialist. Believing human senses
impossible, never see. No truth, knowledge, beyond the physical jet.
So the Sadducee. the Ecclesiastes & Stoics (Paul)

And so Thomas' verdict.

Alone - refused to assemble - cheerless, hopeless. Staring into the dark,

Refused the testimony of his too-familiar eyes.

The hard, harsh, bare, nude, materialist. "Put my finger." -

A tone of doggedness. So deeply, visibly stamped upon his
mind the death of it, refuses to recognize
the familiar face, features, voice, until the
will act to identify.

Pearce, Ill. Sept 24, 1858

Miss Mary Setby
Smithland, Ky.

Dear Mary:

... To me life is rather - dreary affairs, more so than even
now since my mother died. It seems that there is left now only for me
to follow. The distance from youth to age is very short, and from age to
death only a step - a short step. A few days and you and I will be
at the aged or dead. Our little part in the drama of life will soon be
acted and as to us the curtain will soon fall - yet other actors will
take our places and the play will go on as merrily as though we still
walked the stage. Other parts will beat when ours are still, other
hearts will love when ours are cold. Other voices will talk of loss and
happiness when ours are buried from. The sun will shine as brightly
and the eternal stars will gaze as silently upon our tombs as upon
our cheeks. . . .

R. D. Ingraham.

2882 - IN THE MORN

V2-11:82, mof

II. The Epiphany. Breath-taking, intense, electric, ✓ The wonder, glory, joy, of the presence of Jesus.

But — Jesus had heard!

Surprised displaced by shame; rage, rage cast down. His God had made his Sabbath violation, had been a witness of his sellers unbelief. Jesus respects his hand, rude, material test. Thomas acknowledged when he had thus repented by the lips of Jesus.

Then he showed them

1. His hands. The hands of Jesus.

(a) Baton Ave. Chrd, Tulsa. Motif of Christ, hands in prayer.
Thomas had seen them

(1) Hands of blessing. Mt. 10:13-16 "put his hands together & blessed them"

(2) Healing hands! Jn. 8:40 "he laid his hands on me as I lay & slept & I was healed."

(3) Saving hands Mt. 14:28-31 "Jesus stretched forth his hand & caught him
and now scarred.

2. His side. Jn. 19:34. The broken heart, for blood and water could not have flowed, had the heart not been pierced.

He came to His own — to the ones that He loved,
To the sheep that had wandered astray.

But they heard not His voice, for the friend of mankind,
Was hated and driven away.

They crowned him with thorns, he was beaten with stripes,
He was smitten and nailed to the tree,
But the pain in his heart ached the deepest to bear —
The heart that was broken for all.

I cannot right such a savior as He,

Distance and around Him AGAIN,

I'll go to His feet and repeat of my sin,

Be willing to suffer the pain.

I'll take my my cross, I will walk by His side,

For the pathway of duty I see.

I will follow my God and abide in His heart —

The heart that was broken for all.

III. The Confession of faith.

Like as in a flood, the soul of Thomas overwhelmed. "My Lord & my God."

No argument, no reason, no logic. Authenticated by the scars.
Never reached, never touched. Doubt, unbelief, swept away.

So the ~~the~~ faith. Hard to reason, mock, argue, sneer, laugh, it
away. The selfless, self-sacrificing love of Jesus, and the true disciples.

(a) Trust in Christ. Every man has died for Christ. But nobody in Bryan will tell.
"Just stay on the path. Lord is always." "Lord Jesus, you
die for me; now I shall die for you."

(b) A warning (Phelps). Like, punniness.

The people, like the Master, known by their scars.

Oh, blessed, find Jesus.

Next, somebody to go
old, broken, with a certain
countenance, with the scars
imperceptible, forgetful of faces.

IV. We Shall Know Him, Someday, By His Scars.

In glory. John 14:1, 2, 3, 4, 5

When my life-work is ended
And I cross the swelling tide,
When the bright and glorious morning I shall see,
I shall know my Redeemer
When I reach the other side,
And His smile will be the first to welcome me.

I shall know him, I shall know him
And redeemed by his side I shall stand;
I shall know him, I shall know him,
By the print of the nail in his hand.

- Gary Crosby.

(a) Leader Aug 1 read as a by
Our legislator elected Dr. W. Denton. In Aug
the legislator read to open John B. Gordon.
In session Gen Gordon was, for a long time
proposed by the civil war. Voted for him.
Wrote & read the Rome resolution: when I
saw the name - member of the violent
party gave - could not vote against him."

Musgrave Easter
April 25, 1943

He came to His own -- to the ones that He loved,
To the sheep that had wandered astray.
But they heard not his voice, for the friend of
mankind
Was hated and driven away.

They crowned Him with thorns, He was beaten with
stripes,
He was smitten and nailed to the tree,
But the pain in His heart was the hardest to bear--
The heart that was broken for me.

I cannot reject such a Saviour as He,
Dishonor and wound Him AGAIN,
I'll go to His feet and repent of my sin,
Be willing to suffer the pain.

I'll take up my cross, I will walk by His side,
For the pathway of duty I see.
I will follow my Lord and abide in His heart --
The heart that was broken for me.

When my life-work is ended and I cross the
swelling tide,
When the bright and glorious morning I shall see,
I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the other side
And His smile will be the first to welcome me.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him,
And redeem'd by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him, I shall know Him,
By the print of the nails in His hand.
--- Fanny Crosby

John 20:19-29.

KNOWN BY HIS SCARS

Thomas, the skeptic, the doubter, the unbeliever. Represents the viewpoint of an unbelieving world.
Death, universal. of Ignorance & little. One of first things acquainted with. Flowers, leaves, tree, fields, birds, animals, people. May 2-3rd grade.

The apparent end. ^{Body fallen with the earth many times like this.} His tailor goes about - spider fell out.

(a) Hardini. Clarence Darrow.

Believe human sense infallible; moreover. No truth, knowledge beyond physical fact.

The fool needn't? human reason, intelligence, research, science.

ignorant The Sadducees. Epicureans. Stoics.

Philistines

Paul's narrative.

And so Thomas' verdict. The empiricist. The physical criterion. Hand-side. So deeply, indelibly stamped upon his mind by death, ^{repeatedly recognizing the} ^{same thing} ^{from life} ^{in his past} ^{experience} ^{and} ^{memories} ^{of} ^{death} ^{and} ^{resurrection}. "What is this?" ^{for one} ^{this will} ^{suffice to identify}

(not present-naturally. Why should he be? Doubt, ambiguity, leads to unbelief, skepticism, doubtless, faithlessness.)

No one word. All doubts might say so, but not convince him! See Tales.

"Put my fingers" —
"one of doggishness."

The interview. Breath-taking. Tense, intense. Electric.

Surprise displayed by Thomas; longer gaze cast down, when he Jesus had heard!

found that his God had heard his statement with certainty, had been a witness of his sudden unbelief. Jesus repeats his had, ^{regarded by the Lord's own lips.}

His hands.

(a) Lazarus, clung to Jesus. Moltz / check hands in prayer.

1. Blessed hands. Mt. 10:13-14 "put his hands upon them and blessed them."

2. Healing hands. Mk 4:30 "he laid his hands on every one of them and healed them."

3. Saving hands. Matt. 18:28-31 "you stretches forth his hand and caught him."

(a) That hand has now lost a man.

4. Scarred hands. Jn 20:19ff

"Have you failed in your plan? you stern toward us"

"Please you have in the nail-scarred hands"

"Are you weary and worn with its toil and strife?"

"He will keep to the end, till you don't give."

His side.

a broken heart. Jan. 17. '74 Blood & water could not flow, more and more

He came to his own - to the one that he loved,
The sheep that had wandered astray
But they heard not his voice, but the friend of mankind -
Was hated and driven away.

They crowned him with thorns, he was beaten with stripes,
Flames smitten and nailed to the tree
But the pain in his heart was the hardest to bear -
The heart that was broken for me.

I cannot reject such a Savior as he.
Distress and trouble him again
I'll go to his feet and repeat of my sin,
Be willing to suffer thy pains.

I'll take not my cross, I will walk by his side
For the pathway of duty I see
I will follow my God and abide in his heart -
The heart that was broken for me.

The Confession of Faith.

Like a flood, the soul of Thomas overwhelmed. "My God, and my God."

Not argument, reason, logic. But the living, actual presence of the Lord.

The same Jesus. an ex-doubtful, "not yet," in the Transfiguration, Jesus said, "Jesus, come again." Same Jesus,
as he. The same God.

Authenticated by the power.
Is the real faith. How do you laugh
and sneer and mock? I shake off
any way? (At Christ's Cross, every
member glorified,
Sacrament of the Body - mouth - going)

Explain? I am lost in question, doubt, fears.
That body. My body. The resurrection. The spirit.
Christ today. This moment. Our relation. His to us.

Only answer: The inscrutable fact. Why - my life? now?
Euclid's axioms cannot be demonstrated,
Fundamental truths of any science cannot be proved.

The living presence of Jesus. His word, life, truth.

"After his resurrection he ate physical food, a seems to do so; as possessed flesh and bone, but we are not to suppose that with this he passed into heaven?" Why not? It was promised that his body should not see corruption, and glorification is not desecration. The disciple saw him ascend into heaven. Certainly the fourth of Charles Wesley was in the Christ who took a body from the tomb to heaven, and he ate that faith to make:

Aris my soul, aris;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Saviour stands,
My name is written on his hands
Five bleeding wounds he bears
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers
They strongly plead for me;
 joyful him, & fight, thy cry,
No let the renowned sinner die!

Fanny Crosby, who lived close to Christ, and after many years of communion, entertained the hope of seeing the way Larivore that walked the Jordan hills and ascended from the mount, for she wrote:

When my life-work is ended
And I cross the swelling tide,
When the bright and glorious morning I shall see,
I shall know my Redeemer
When I reach the other side,
And this smile will be the first to welcome me.
I shall know them, I shall know them,
And redeemed by his side I shall stand.
I shall know him, I shall know him,
By the print of the nail in his hand.

Carrying our song to heaven,
Trophine. Friend, The sacrifice made for them - His kingdom.

Miss Han Selby,
Smithland, Kentucky.

Peoria, Ills. Sept. 24th, 1859.

Dear Han:-

I was away at Court upon the circuit when your letter arrived and consequently did not receive it until yesterday. I was made very happy by its receipt and shall preserve it forever so that from time to time I may experience new pleasure in its perusal. I am very glad that I wrote and blame myself very much for not having done so before but you have forgiven me and I will endeavor to forgive myself. I have nothing new to write you - nothing to tell about myself that would interest you. All I have to write is old - of old memories - hopes - and thoughts that linger in my mind and heart. There is nothing from which I gather more real pleasure than from a contemplation of the shadowy past. Memory is like moonlight - it conceals all defects without hiding any of the beauties and by calling to mind the happy and pleasant scenes of the past we forget the sorrowful ones even as we forget the storm when gazing upon the rainbow. We live so short a time and experience so little, that we have to lengthen life and multiply its events by living them over and over in memory - and I might almost add in anticipation. After all we find most of our happiness and our misery in ourselves and those who rely most upon others are oftenest deceived and yet we are so constituted that we want some one to whom we can tell our most secret thoughts - to whom we can unfold our plans, our hopes and even our wildest fancies.

Love is but friendship rendered sacred by intensity. Most every one at sometime of life experiences the passion while but few have and feel the principle.

I love to write you - to speak to you almost as though you were my other self - having hopes, thoughts and feelings in common with myself. I love to think of you as one whose image lingers in my heart - as one (although removed by distance) who still sends her thoughts like carrier doves after me laden with love and good wishes - and from you I know that the dove comes often and even now I can almost hear the rustle of his pinions and feel him nestling to my heart. How desolate would be life if there were no friends - no loves - no sweet interchanges of thoughts - if there were no pictures in the heart - no sweet memories crowding around and enveloping us in the sweet twilight of peace - and yet in the absence of them all God has given us hope - hope the eternal sunrise of the soul, that knows only morning and noon, the sun that always rises and knows no setting.

To me life is rather a dreary affair, more so than ever now since my father died. It seems that there is left now only for me to follow. The distance from youth to age is very short and from age to death only a step - a short step. A few days and you and I will be either aged or dead. Our little parts in the drama of life will soon be acted and as to us the curtain will soon fall - yet other actors will take our places and the play will go on as merrily as though we still walked the stage. Other pulses will beat when ours are still, other hearts will love when ours are cold. Other voices will talk of love and happiness when ours are hushed forever. The sun will shine as brightly and the eternal stars will gaze as silently upon our tombs as upon our cradles. But I am writing rather seriously, yet it is as I feel. I will endeavor in future not to be quite as religious in my letters. When I can arrange my matters so that I can see you, I will.

I know you are lonely and to make you happy would make me the same. Give my best regards to your father and mother and my love to yourself. A