

John 20: 24-29

Also
an
Easte
message

SUBJECT: Known By His
Scars

9/89

04/72

GA

II The Epiphany: Matt. 2: 1-12, Luke 2: 1-20

The words of the prophets, Jesus

Then turned to Thomas:

My faith is based on the signs of the cross,
Jesus has raised his cross: now in the light
of the cross, the darkness is all removed
and the light, the truth, is revealed to
now revealed by the light of the cross

Then showed him his hands, side

(10) [bring to mind the poem "The Cross is the Cross"]

III The Confession of Faith

Like as in a flood, the soul of Thomas was washed
no argument, reason, logic: none, convinced by his sense
(as John B. Anderson, Georgia)

never reached will, never touched. Doubt, making myself
these pilgrims, doubt, tell for our benefit of us come out, then, allow it
(1) Robert D. Ingersoll, Ben. Linn Waller

3. So the 4th part: hard to reason, mock, argue, show
laugh it down. The selfish, selfish of it, done
all for us --

(as Truett), China, paper rebellion, all behind, this last little
long.

Jan 20:29 on sea-trade (on us)
(a) Beautiful young girl, outside, inside. a golden lock - no
me attend to look inside. like day, a friend to open the
paved moment - when her at new 1 case + SP. 118
the party for beautiful clouds, wood of
Jan 20:29

Peoria, Ill.
Sept. 24, 1859

Dear Friend:

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 for 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 further
gone.

The sun will shine
as brightly as the eternal stars
will gaze as silently upon
our tombs as upon our cradles.

Robert A. Ingersoll

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

In the path of duty I see.

I will follow my Lord as
abide in his love,

The heart that was broken
for me.

... 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 Barrow, 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 20:11-27

KNOWN BY HIS SCARS

I: Thomas, the skeptic. Viewpoint of an unbelieving world.
Death, the end of all.

Keystone fallen out of the arch - masonry tumbles down.
Arch tumbles from the ground - spillover fall apart.
Breath taken from the body - runs, convulsions, death.
This - the silver and bones, golden and broken
the golden broken in the furnace, the wheel at its center.

(a) Iniquollia letters.

(b) Mrs. Buckner's 1926-1928.

Clarence Darrow, Harvard Thurston, Claude Noble, 1932.

The final verdict of mortal reasoning - the empiricist, the
experimentalist, the physicist, materialist. Believing human senses
infallible, never err. No truth, knowledge, beyond the physical fact.
So the Sadducees - the Epicureans & Stoics (Paul)

And so Thomas' verdict.

Alone - refused to assemble - hearless, hopeless. Staring into the dark,
Refused the testimony of his two fellow-disciples.

The hand, hand, bare, naked, material fact. "Put my finger."
A tone of doggedness.

So deeply, indelibly stamped upon his
mind the death of X, refused to recognize
the familiar face, features, voice, but only this
will suffice to identify.

Peoria, Ill. Sept 24, 1859

Miss Mary Selby
Smithland, Ky.

Dear Mary:

... To me life is rather a dreary affair, more so than even
more since my ^{father's} death. 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
as the aged or dead. Our little party in the arena of life will soon be
a dead end 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 jewels will brist when ours are still, other
beaute will love when ours are cold. Other voices will talk of love and
happiness when ours are hushed from. The sun will shine as brightly
and the eternal stars will gaze as silently upon our tombs as upon
our cradles.

Rob. B. Ingersoll.

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

But - Jesus had heard!

Surprise displaced by shame; rage gave way to despair. His God
had heard his pathetic ultimatum, had been a witness of his suffer-
ing. Jesus repented his hard, unfeeling, materialist. Thomas understood
when he had them reported by the lips of Jesus.
Then he showed them

1. His hands. The hands of Jesus.

(a) Boston Ave. Church, Tulsa. Motif of church, hands in prayer.
Thomas had seen them

- (1) Hands of blessing. Mt. 10:13-16 "put his hands upon them & blessed them"
 - (2) Healing hands. Mt. 9:18 "he laid his hands on every one whom he desired to heal"
 - (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 staves,
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 sacrifice as His,
Distance and around 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 path of duty I see.

I will follow my Lord and abide in His heart -
The heart that was broken for me.

III. The Confession of Faith.

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

No arguments, no reason, no logic. Authentified by the scars.
Never reached, never touched. Doubt, no belief, swept away.

So the \forall faith. Hard to reason, mood, anger, sarcas, laugh, it
away. The selfish, selfish life of Jesus, and his true disciples.

(a) Truth in China. Every man be dead for \forall . Behead in Bayes as before.
Just, a little boy. "Just stay on this path. Just \forall believe." "Just you, you
live for me; now I shall die for you."

(b) A mission (Philipo). And, permissio.

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

Oh, blessed, and yours.

Next, somebody to go
Cold, because of the winter
Can't get out of the snow
Ingenious for the \forall of the.

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

In glory. You - I look, a Lamb, with the scars, also Rev. 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 nails in His hand.

- Fanny Crosby.

"After his resurrection he ate physical food, & seemed to do so; and possessed flesh and bones, but we are not to suppose that with these he passed into heaven?" Why not? It was proved that his body should not be corruptible, and glorification is not displacement. The disciples saw his ascent into heaven. Certainly the faith of Charles Wesley was in the Christ who took a body from the tomb to heaven, and he set that faith to music:

Aris, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety 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;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
We hit the ransom paid in die!

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

When my life-work is done
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 nails in his hand.

Carrying our cross to heaven.
Troopin' round, the sacrifice made for them - the King of glory.

Miss Han Selby,
Smithland, Kentucky.
Dear Han:-

Peoria, Ills. Sept. 24th, 1859.

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