

## Thomas

My name is Thomas, not Doubting Thomas, just Thomas. Yes, I know. I was the one who needed to see the nail prints in His hands and His pierced side before I'd believe He was truly alive.

All the others were convinced. They believed He was alive, and some had even seen him. But I hadn't been there. And, I'm sorry, but after all we'd been through over the past week, I was a little disillusioned. I wasn't sure about much of anything anymore.

It was not easy being a Jesus follower. We were constantly harassed by the Sanhedrin and the Pharisees. These were our leaders and brothers all my life, and now they mocked us and threatened us.

Yes, we had many who followed, but I sometimes wonder if they only followed so that Jesus would heal them and feed them. They didn't seem to want to really be a follower.

I had followed Jesus and left everything. I had believed the kingdom was about to be restored. I believed He was the Messiah. But then, hello...He died! And with Him, every hope in me died too.

So, yes, I doubted. I needed some confirmation and encouragement. Was what I'd given my life to real? Or was I just a fool?

Jesus knew my heart and my doubt. He knew my need. And you know what? He met me where I was. He showed me his hands and side. He offered for me to actually put my finger into the nail holes.

I wish I'd had the faith to believe without seeing, but the most important thing to me is, He knew my weakness and met me in it.

My disillusionment was replaced with hope and a stronger faith than I'd ever known. I couldn't wait to share what I KNEW to be true. He lives! He's alive! And His salvation is very, very real!