

Divine Mercy Sunday

Homily: Fr. Shijo George

Pastor – Sacred Heart Catholic Church, Victoria, BC, Canada

On this Sacred Feast of Divine Mercy Sunday, we stand before the greatest mystery of God's heart: not His power, not His justice, but His mercy. Mercy is the love that does not give up. Mercy is the compassion that seeks us when we are lost. Mercy is the embrace that welcomes us even when we feel unworthy.

The Risen Jesus comes to His disciples not as a judge, but as Mercy itself. He enters a room filled with fear, failure, and guilt, and His first words are not an accusation, but peace: "Peace be with you." Then He shows them His wounds. These wounds are not reminders of pain; they are signs of mercy. They speak silently: "I know your weakness. I have carried it. Do not be afraid." As Saint Faustina Kowalska heard from the Lord: "My mercy is greater than your sins and those of the entire world."

Into this mystery steps St. Thomas. He is often remembered as "doubting Thomas". Perhaps we should call him "seeking Thomas", "honest Thomas", and "wounded Thomas". He refuses to believe not because he lacks faith, but because his heart longs for Truth: "Unless I see... unless I touch... I will not believe." What does Jesus do? He does not reject him. He does not rebuke him harshly. Jesus comes back just for him eight days later, behind the same closed doors and within the same fearful room. Jesus appears again and offers Thomas a personal encounter: "Put your finger here... see my hands... bring your hand and put it into my side." What tenderness, what mercy! As Pope Benedict XVI beautifully affirms; Thomas' cry: "My Lord and my God!" is the most splendid profession of faith in the New Testament. In that moment, doubt is not crushed but transformed. Wounds meet wounds, and faith is born.



On this Divine Mercy Sunday, we are invited to look at the wounds of Christ not with fear, but with trust. The Risen Jesus still carries His wounds. Why? Because mercy does not erase suffering; it redeems it. As Saint Augustine says: “The wounds of Christ are the remedies of our wounds.” Thomas touched those wounds and found healing. We may not have touched Christ’s wounds physically, but we encounter those same wounds in the Eucharist; in prayer; and in the quiet moments of grace in our lives.

In response to the greatest profession of faith ever uttered, Jesus gently says to Thomas: “Have you believed because you have seen me? Blessed are those who have not seen and yet believe.” That is us. We are the blessed ones. We have not seen, yet we are called to believe; not with a blind faith, but with a living faith, tested and purified, as St. Peter says, “more precious than gold refined by fire.”

Dear brothers and sisters, each of us carries a little of St. Thomas within us: in our moments of doubt, weakness, struggle, and even sin. But today, Jesus does not stand far away. He comes close. He calls to us: “My child.” He invites us in: “Come, see... touch... believe.”

Let us not be afraid of our wounds. Let us bring them to His wounds. And from the depths of our hearts, let us echo that beautiful profession of faith: “My Lord and my God!” not merely with our lips, but with a living faith; renewed, strengthened, and resting in His infinite mercy.