

Have you ever had that moment where you realize you missed something? You walk into a room, people are laughing, and someone says, "Oh, it was amazing," And you smile and nod, but you're just trying to figure out what happened. You're clearly a step behind on the news of the moment.

We call that feeling FOMO, or Fear of Missing Out. At first, it might sound silly, like missing a party or a good meal, or whatever people are still talking about days later. But I think it goes deeper. Sometimes it is not just missing something fun but feeling like we missed something important. Like everyone else received something, and we did not.

And I've never felt comfortable with the whole doubter label. Which is why I've started to think of Thomas not as "Doubting Thomas," but as the Patron Saint of FOMO. Because if anyone ever missed out, it's Thomas.

The disciples are gathered in a locked room, afraid and confused. While they're there, Jesus appears. He says, "Peace be with you," and shows them his hands and side. Everything changes for those present; fear lessens, shock fades, and their hope cracks open.

But Thomas is missing.

We do not know why Thomas was not with the others. Scripture does not tell us. But we can imagine. Maybe he needed some air. Maybe he could not sit in that heavy, grief-filled room any longer. Maybe he just missed the message to wait.

But I wonder if Thomas wasn't avoiding anything at all. What if he was out looking for Jesus? If you wanted to find Jesus, where would you go? Probably not behind a locked door. That was not where Jesus usually spent his time. You would go out into the streets, to the places where people were hurting, into the messy, complicated lives of real people. You would look for those on the edges, the ones who did not quite fit in, the ones Jesus always seemed to care about.

Maybe Thomas was searching in all the places where Jesus had always been. But while he was doing something faithful, he missed the big moment.

Thomas returns. The others say, "We have seen the Lord. You should have been there." Thomas gets an unsatisfying summary. He doesn't fake it. He says honestly, "*Unless I see, unless I touch, I'm not there yet.*"

And for that, he has been labeled for centuries. Doubting Thomas, as if he were the problem in the story. But the early church saw it differently. In fact, St. Gregory the Great once said, "*The disbelief of Thomas has done more for our faith than the faith of the other disciples.*" Which is kind of amazing when you think about it, because it means Thomas is not an obstacle to faith; he is an amazing, albeit unlikely, gift to it.

And maybe that is because Thomas understands something we forget. This resurrection is not about ideas. This is not about getting the theology exactly right. Thomas does not want an

explanation. He wants Jesus. He wants the one he followed, the one he trusted, the one he lost. He needs to touch the One he loves.

And notice, (this is important!), Jesus does not correct him. Jesus does not say, "You should have believed without all that." Jesus says, "*Come closer. Put your finger here. See my hands.*" Because apparently that kind of longing, that kind of honest, embodied, I need to know it is really you longing, that is not a failure of faith. That is the doorway into it.

And here is another thing this story holds for us. Thomas keeps showing up. He is still part of the circle, even though he does not share their experience. And this matters, and the community of followers and friends makes room for that – makes room for all of the experiences of faith and belief that are unfolding. No one says, "Come back when your faith is stronger." No one says, "You are bringing down the resurrection energy, Thomas." No one tries to say their experience is the only one that counts. They just let him be there.

And Thomas lives a whole week like that. A whole week where everyone else seems to have Easter, and he does not. A week of being "the one who missed it." Our church calendar skips right over that week, but Thomas had to live it. And then one week later, Jesus comes back for him.

Same room, same people, same locked doors, same words, "*Peace be with you.*" It is almost like Jesus says, "*Oh, you missed it? That is okay. I will say it again.*"

Which means something important. Missing the moment does not mean missing Jesus. Even if you missed the moment, you did not miss Jesus. Not if you were out looking for him, not if you were not ready yet, not if everyone else seems a step ahead. Not if you are coming to your own understanding of faith. Because apparently Jesus is willing to show up again, to walk through the door again, to speak peace again, just so no one gets left out.

And that might be what resurrection looks like. Not everyone arriving at joy at the same time, not everyone shouting Alleluia with the same confidence, but a room, a community, where some people are ready to sing, and some people are still trying to believe it is even true, and both belong.

And what this means for us is this. It means that when other people talk about feeling God's presence, and you do not, when someone says, "I just knew God was with me," and you are not so sure, when Easter joy feels a little out of reach, you are not doing it wrong. You are just in the week between, which honestly is where a lot of us live most of the time. And that is a place Jesus knows how to find us.

And maybe this is where resurrection really starts to matter for how we live. Believing in the resurrection does not mean everything suddenly gets easier, clearer, or less chaotic. We know that is not true. But it does mean we no longer have to be ruled by fear. It means we do not have to have everything figured out before we show up. It means we can keep showing up for

one another the way Jesus keeps showing up for us. It means we can go out into a world that still feels uncertain, still feels divided, still feels overwhelming sometimes, and look for signs of life anyway.

It means we can trust that God is not finished:

not finished with us,

not finished with the people we love.

And, we must believe this,....**Jesus is not finished with this world yet.**

Because belief in the resurrection means becoming people in whom others can glimpse that new life is still possible.

And that changes things. Maybe not all at once, but enough to help us take the next step with a little more courage, a little more compassion, and a little less fear.

So, if you have ever felt like you were a little late, a little behind, like everyone else got something you did not, you are in very good company. Thomas, the patron saint of FOMO, knows exactly how that feels. And so does Jesus, which is why he keeps showing up again, and again, and again.

Amen.