

Stories that change everything.

STORIES THAT CHANGE EVERYTHING, PART 4: BLIND BART

People are all around us crying out for help. But do we even hear them? Do we even notice their needs? Or do we mistake their gestures for something else?

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS

** Remember the goal is to use the questions to generate discussion, not to complete every one.*

1. How do you respond when a homeless person or beggar approaches you on the street? Why?
2. With your Bible or Bible App, [read Mark 10:46-52](#).

⁴⁶ Then they reached Jericho, and as Jesus and his disciples left town, a large crowd followed him. A blind beggar named Bartimaeus (son of Timaeus) was sitting beside the road. ⁴⁷ When Bartimaeus heard that Jesus of Nazareth was nearby, he began to shout, "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!" ⁴⁸ "Be quiet!" many of the people yelled at him. But he only shouted louder, "Son of David, have mercy on me!" ⁴⁹ When Jesus heard him, he stopped and said, "Tell him to come here." So they called the blind man. "Cheer up," they said. "Come on, he's calling you!" ⁵⁰ Bartimaeus threw aside his coat, jumped up, and came to Jesus. ⁵¹ "What do you want me to do for you?" Jesus asked. "My Rabbi," the blind man said, "I want to see!" ⁵² And Jesus said to him, "Go, for your faith has healed you." Instantly the man could see, and he followed Jesus down the road.

[Mark 10:46-52 \(NLT\)](#)

3. What is significant about the way Bart addresses Jesus? About how the crowd treats Bart?
4. How does Bart evidence faith, while the crowd does not?
5. If Jesus asked you, "What do you want me to do for you?" What would you say? What would be your part and God's part in fulfilling your request?

MOVING FORWARD

Read the poem, Not Waving But Drowning by Stevie Smith:

*Nobody heard him, the dead man, But still he lay moaning:
I was much further out than you thought And not waving but drowning.*

*Poor chap, he always loved larking
And now he's dead It must have been too cold for him
his heart gave way, They said.*

*Oh, no no no, it was too cold always (Still the dead one lay moaning)
I was much too far out all my life And not waving but drowning.*

The poem above describes a drowning man whose frantic arm gestures are mistaken for waving by distant onlookers. How do we mistake our culture's gestures today? Could acting out just be a cry for help?

CHANGING YOUR MIND

"What do you want me to do for you?" Jesus asked. The blind man said, "I want to see!" Mark 10:51