

JESUS AND THE MAN BORN BLIND



On that street in Jerusalem, in the heat of the day, amidst the dust kicked up by a rushing crowd, lay a man.

Faceless voices. Sounds coming from every direction. Echoes ringing and ringing and ringing into utter darkness. Aches from the accidental kicks of another day's shuffling crowd. Textures of dust and clay caked into the creases of his palms.

Lost. Ashamed. Left out. Alone.

That was the only story the man born blind had ever known.

From the day he entered the world, his entire life was experienced in complete darkness. Attempting to piece together everything he heard and touched, he tried to imagine what the world looked like. What the sky looked like. What his mother looked like. What his own face looked like.

On that street in Jerusalem, in the heat of the day, amidst the kicked-up dust of a rushing crowd, lay this man.

Lost. Ashamed. Left out. Alone.

Day after day, people passed by, rarely ever paying attention, rarely ever noticing. To them, he was a condition. An inconvenience to be overlooked. A pit of shame.

Most religious communities wholeheartedly believed that someone like him had been justifiably cursed with blindness because of the sins of his family. He was labeled “unclean” and unfit to enter God’s temple. On top of this, society practically pretended he didn’t exist—or if he did, that he should be left out on the street like a stray dog.

But the part that must have broken him the most was how his own family had distanced themselves, abandoning him out of fear of being rejected by the religious leaders.

This was his story. His entire existence was pressed down by four layers of hardship: chronic blindness, rejection from the church, isolation from society, and abandonment by his family. Four distinct markings of trauma.

Lost. Ashamed. Left out. Alone. Yet seen by One

On that same street, Jesus walked slowly. As Jesus passed by, he didn’t trip over an inconvenience, walk around an interruption, or ignore a shameful story. He noticed the man. He truly saw him—not as an “unclean” blind beggar, but as a person with a soul.

And it was right there on that street in Jerusalem, in the heat of the day, amidst the kicked-up dust of a rushing crowd, that Jesus spat on the ground, knelt down in front of the man, and anointed those blind eyes with mud.

The eyes most of us choose to live with are blurred by a determination to get to the next thing. To hurry off to work. To get home to start dinner. To get through the checkout line as quickly as possible. But in all our rushing, how often do we miss the opportunities? How often do we miss the people living around us?

The truth is, all of us are blind in some way. In our fast-paced world, we easily lose sight of the people and the stories right in front of us. We don't notice the lonely eyes of the cashier. We don't notice the tired tone in our boss's voice as we walk out the door. We don't notice the trembling hand of the single mother just trying to get by.

To love like Jesus is to have eyes that have been opened. Eyes that opened to see people. To truly see them. Not as background props to our own stories, but as dignified souls in God's beautiful, messy story of redemption.



So ask yourself. In the busyness of your day, where and how is the Holy Spirit inviting you to slow down? Who is it the Spirit is inviting you to notice? It could be that in those ordinary, passing moments, the Holy Spirit wants to bring sight to the blind through your humble intentionality to simply notice someone.