

### BLIND, ME?

My mother was a wise woman. Reading this Sunday's Gospel, I was reminded of a saying she used to tell us: **“There is none so blind as those who will not see.”** For me, this saying sums up what is happening in this Sunday's Gospel. It enlightens us to discover who is truly blind.



Today's Gospel recounts how Jesus healed a man born blind by taking some of his saliva and a little dirt to make mud, which he applied to the blind man's eyes. He then asked him to go and wash at the pool. Without hesitation, the blind man did as Jesus asked, and he was healed.

But his healing sparked controversy among the Pharisees. Unlike the man born blind, they refused to open their hearts to Jesus. They became engrossed in accusatory questioning of Jesus, who had healed him on the Sabbath. They even questioned the blind man's parents to find out who was to blame for his blindness, because when there is an infirmity, someone must be found guilty...

Throughout the Gospel, we see how the Pharisees believe themselves to be better than others because they proclaim themselves to be the true observers of the Law. They present themselves as having all the knowledge and truth to interpret the Law. All the individuals around them are judged through their sectarian lens and considered impure and sinful.

Unlike the man born blind, who allows himself to be “touched” by Jesus, opens the eyes of his heart, and joyfully becomes his disciple, they shut themselves up in their rational blindness and harden their hearts.

And me, what beliefs, what perceptions, what prejudices blind me? Like the Pharisees, what lens do I use to look at people who are different from me: people of different cultures, different beliefs, different genders, different professional and economic levels, etc.?

I return to my mother's saying, enriched by a judicious addition by C. S. Lewis: "There is none so blind as those who will not see, **especially when what is to be seen can only be seen with the eyes of the heart.**"

**Is this not the invitation that Jesus extends to us at this stage of our pilgrimage towards our Passover? To recognize that we are sinners, that I too need to be healed.**



*Yes, Lord, I am that blind man on the road, come and heal me. Help me to recognize those veiled areas that cloud my view of myself, of others, and of the world. Yes, come and adjust my vision; give me your glasses tinted with your love and compassion. Give me the ability to see with the eyes of my heart. Only then will I fully see, as you do, the true light that liberates and gives life!*

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