



My Beloved Ones,

In this season of promise, we read in the prophecy of Isaiah of the coming of the Messiah, *“Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened...”* (Isaiah 35:5). Today’s Gospel is itself an illustration of this miracle, as our Lord heals a blind man near the city of Jericho, demonstrating the importance of faith, even without sight.

It is now late in Christ’s ministry, and for this reason, He has attracted a great crowd who are excited to see Him. The blind man, probably in the same spot where he begs for alms, can hear the great noise surrounding him. And so, he asks another what is taking place. When the blind man learns that Jesus of Nazareth is passing by, he cries out, *“Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!”* (Luke 18:38) With only his voice to testify his belief, his neighbors shout at him to be silent. However, the Evangelist tells us that he ignores them,

shouting even more, *“Son of David, have mercy on me!”* (Luke 18:39) Jesus hears his cries and asks that the blind man be brought before Him.

As He so often does, Christ asks the blind man, what he wishes to be done for him. This is not to make a public show, but to demonstrate to all that God does not force relationships with His creation. We must use our own free will, as the Blind Man does, when he asks to be healed. Having demonstrated a faith that is deep, Christ tells him, *“Receive your sight; your faith has made you well”* (Luke 18:42) And, having demonstrated the connection between God and Man, the amazed townspeople give glory to God for this miracle.

Though we ourselves might not be blind, we each have hardships in our lives. These hardships can either make us bitter and sad, or they can help us seek God and cling to him more. Surely, the blind man of all men—a poor beggar, who did not seem to be respected or loved by his neighbors—had every reason to be angry; to turn away from God. Instead he shouted, loudly. He shouted in a way that irritated others, and made them uncomfortable. He alone, was willing to risk further ridicule and scorn to testify to the Truth.

And this he did, not because he was self-centered, and knew that the Man passing him was likely to heal Him. He shouted because, in his blindness, the person he was closest to was God. In the absence of friends and possibly family, instead of turning towards his own thoughts and concerns, he turned out—toward God, who does not need to be seen to speak.

May we begin every day like the blind man, relying not on our senses, our egos, or even others for comfort and healing; for all these things, which are created, will eventually pass away. Instead, may our strongest, most lasting relationship be with Him who in his mercy and love for mankind, opened the eyes of the blind.

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