

I felt like I was being anointed, as though the hand of God was upon me. Surely this was holy oil, not water, that was coming up into my eyes, blessing and removing the grains of sand. It all felt smooth and warm, and I swear I smelt roses, an overwhelming sweetness going into my eyes.

Later, when they crucified him, I stood and watched. I saw them spitting in his face, and I thought how his spit had helped me to see. I wept to see him, up there. It seemed as though he was looking back at me, accepting me, loving me. When that appalling darkness covered the land, I knew again what he had meant about his being *"the light of the world"*. I realised that I am to be a living-beacon for Yahweh, a watchman, a torch-bearer.

He continually calls us from whatever darkness that ensnares us – all those secret places in which we think we can hide, that we think will always be there – into his special unbinding light. I, like you, have been sent by him – to be saved and to proclaim his kingdom in my life and in the world:

O send out your light and your truth; let them lead me; let them bring me to your holy hill and to your dwelling. (Psalm 43:3).

Amen.

PAUSE AND RESPOND:

- **Jesus' miracle would have transformed the life of the blind man. Can you think of a way Jesus has transformed your life, or the life of someone you know?**
- **What situations in the world today need the transformative light of Christ?**
- **Can you think of practical things you could do to help change other people's lives for the better?**

