

Master let me see again

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Blindness comes in many forms. In truth the crowd that surrounded this beggar were as blind to the reality of Jesus as he was. Indeed he could probably see more than they could as a consequence of his desperation.

There is an element of all of us that chooses to be blind. T S Eliot said humanity can only bear so much reality.

So it takes courage to really want to see

To see what you can do. To see how you can challenge yourself. To see what can be sacrificed, and what is actually essential.

To ease the pain we have relaxing television to distract us from the realities. We develop the art of moaning about what they should do, far away from what **we can do**.

In humility there is little we can actually effect. However more can be done. It is possible.

It takes courage to really want to see

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When the confusing clouds of depression come down upon us, it is often difficult to be able to see beyond the anxieties. There are exercises we can do to recognise the evidence. To see beyond what appears hopeless, and is unnecessary. To see the successes in taking on the different challenges. Be that as simple as the preparation of a good meal. Or the stepping out of the front door. To see the core goodness of self in this state of apparent helplessness. To recognise the dangerous comfort of self-pity, and the spiral of despair.

It takes courage to step out of the clouds

It takes courage to really want to see

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At the moment the autumn leaves are going through their transformation into Gold.

The parents are hiding Santa's presents well in advance of their presentation.

Blackburn Rovers are nearer promotion than relegation.

The only explosion you witness is that of a firework. Foolish as this may be.

There is food on the table

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And they love you

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