

Grace and peace to you from God our Father and from our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Amen.

Friends, I want to begin this morning with a simple question.

Have you ever had something happen that you did not understand at first... but later you could see God was at work in it?

Maybe...it was an illness.

Maybe...a loss.

Maybe...a change you didn't want.

At first it looked like darkness.

But later you realized something deeper had happened.

You saw something you could not see before.

That is exactly what this Gospel story is about today. It is about seeing—and about who is truly blind.

John tells us that as Jesus and the disciples were walking along in Jerusalem, they passed a man who had been blind since birth.

This man had never seen **a sunrise**.

He had never seen **the face of his mother**.

He had never seen **the Temple shining in the sunlight**.

He had lived his entire life in darkness.

In the first-century world, blindness was often viewed as punishment for sin. That assumption explains why the disciples ask Jesus: *“Rabbi, who sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?”*

But Jesus rejects that idea completely.

“Neither this man nor his parents sinned,” Jesus says.

Not everything painful in life is someone's fault.

Instead, Jesus says that God's works will be revealed. Even in broken places, God can bring grace and healing.

Then Jesus does something surprising. He spits on the ground, makes mud, places it on the man's eyes, and tells him to wash in the Pool of Siloam.

The man obeys. He washes.

And suddenly—for the first time in his life—he can see.

Imagine that moment: light, color, movement, faces. The world appearing all at once.

But instead of celebration, confusion begins.

Neighbors argue about whether this is really the same man. The religious leaders question him repeatedly because the healing happened on the Sabbath.

Finally the man speaks the simple truth that has echoed through centuries of Christian faith:

“One thing I do know. I was blind, but now I see.”

He does not claim to understand everything about Jesus yet. But he knows what Jesus has done in his life.

Faith often begins exactly there—not with perfect explanations but with lived experience.

As the story unfolds, the man's understanding of Jesus grows.

At first Jesus is “the **man** called Jesus.”

Then he is “a **prophet**.”

Finally, when Jesus finds him again, the man says, “**Lord**, I believe,” and he worships him.

Meanwhile the religious leaders—who believe they see clearly—refuse to recognize what God has done.

Jesus concludes the story with these words:

"I came into this world so that those who do not see may see, and those who think they see may become blind."

The Gospel turns expectations upside down.

The beggar sees the truth.

The powerful miss it.

And that leaves us with a question...

Where do we see ourselves in the story?

Sometimes we are like the disciples trying to explain suffering.

Sometimes we are like the neighbors confused about what God is doing.

Sometimes we are like the parents afraid to speak openly.

But often we are like the man who was healed—people whose lives have been touched by Jesus.

Perhaps not in dramatic ways. Perhaps slowly and quietly.

Yet over time Christ opens our eyes.

We begin to see hope where we once saw only darkness.

And like the man in today's Gospel, we too can say with gratitude:

"I once was blind... but now I see."

Let us pray.

Father in heaven, continue to remind us to be humble and open to Jesus. Let us recognize his work here on earth and increase our faith. We thank you for all you have done for us, and let us go forward into the community not with blindness, but with the light and the sight that you have offered to us.

In the name of the Father, his only Son Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit. **AMEN**