

The Blind Man of Jericho

Read Luke 18:35-43

What if you were the blind man, doomed to spend every day begging as life went on around you? Then suddenly you learn that your only hope for healing is passing nearby, right now, at this very moment. A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. *“Jesus . . . have mercy on me!”* (Luke 18:38, NIV)

It was a cry of weakness and need, of complete helplessness. “Jesus, I’m desperate! Please notice me! Help me! Lord, care about me!”

Have you ever noticed what happens when someone speaks too loudly or has an emotional outburst that seems inappropriate? It disrupts decorum, and the whole atmosphere becomes tense. Everyone is suddenly uncomfortable . . . and annoyed. *Those who led the way rebuked him and told him to be quiet.* (V. 39, NIV)

But he was desperate, so he yelled even louder and more insistently: *“Son of David, have mercy on me!”* (v. 39, NIV)

This cry arose from the depths of his heart, all the way up through his being. Propriety, reputation, and embarrassment didn’t matter. Nothing else mattered. He was in the presence of One who could give him his sight. “Jesus, HELP ME!”

We can approach God like that man. All of us have felt some measure of what the blind man felt before God: crushing need, helplessness, desperation. When you feel that way, cry out to God. He is not offended by honesty, no matter how brutal. Read the Gospels. Read the Psalms. He honors faith.

Jesus said to him, “Receive your sight; your faith has healed you.” (V. 42, NIV)

No poverty should make us too ashamed to come to God. Whether the need is moral or emotional, large or small, you are welcome in His presence. You are an invited guest. And He will look you straight in the eye, straight in the heart, and work in your life. He may not act according to your plan or on your timetable, but trust Him through your pain. His wisdom and love will prove themselves perfect. *He received his sight and followed Jesus, praising God. When all the people saw it, they also praised God.* (V. 43, NIV)

Hymn: [From These Depths, O Lord](#)