

**The Blind Man
Who Pictured
Salvation**

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By Jerry W Jones Sr PhD

Introduction

Perhaps one of the most intriguing concepts of the Scriptures is how it may be used to show man's lost condition. Our Savior used many stories, called parables, to draw attention to man's need of salvation. And again, he used what Sunday school teachers would call visuals to point out different things in a person's life. For instance, in His discourse in John 15:1-8, while He and the disciples were on their way to the Garden of Gethsemane prior to Him being betrayed, arrested and ultimately crucified, He told the picture story of the vine and the branches, no doubt as they were passing the many grape vines that were on their way to the garden. Then again, there is the discourse on the *bread of life*, where He showed the multitude that He truly was that *bread of life*.

Here in this story of blind Bartimaeus (Mark 10:46; Luke 18:35), we have what is one of the most beautiful stories of the lost condition of the world. We see his helpless ability, his hunger, being hindered, then heeded and healed. Just so is the need of every man, woman and child on the face of the earth before they come to know the one who can bring deliverance from their spiritual blindness.

In reading this story, it is my prayer that if you do not know Jesus Christ as your personal Lord and Savior, you will come to Him before it is eternally too late. May God open your eyes to the healing you can have in Jesus Christ.

Jerry W Jones PhD

Psalm 68:11

1

Helpless

And they came to Jericho: and as he went out of Jericho with his disciples and a great number of people, blind Bartimaeus, the son of Timaeus, sat by the highway side begging (Mark 10:46).

And it came to pass, that as he was come nigh unto Jericho, a certain blind man sat by the way side begging (Luke 18:35).

Bartimaeus barely remembered what it was like to be able to see. He had scant remembrances of his childhood, when he was out frolicking with his friends, enjoying the cool blue sky of Jericho as it lay north of the Dead Sea and west of the Jordan River. There would be occasions when he would remember the green and brown of the palm trees, along with the silver brilliance that was the efforts of the fishermen hauling in their nightly toil of fish from the river.

But that was all gone now. Here he sat, a beggar because of his eyes going blind. Sitting with his legs crossed and a crude bowl setting in front of him, all he was worth now was the meager pittances that others would toss his way to show their pity for such a man. He had to be led by the hand to his usual sight by the road, which was constantly used by the travelers, sitting there crying, "Alms. Will anyone give alms to a poor old blind man?" Then at times, he would hear the faint rattling of his pottery bowl, knowing someone had thrown in a coin. Far too often, however, there would be someone who would even take advantage of a poor old blind man and would rob him of his coin before he could retrieve it and put it in his packet held securely under his robe.

Day after day he would be led to his usual sight and then have someone come and lead him by the hand in the evening, taking him back to a place of safe harbor, in from the chill and damp of the night, then lead him out the next day to repeat the same process, ever sinking into a deeper despair and hate for his lot in life, wishing there would be something better for him, yet knowing that he was blind and nothing normal in this world could change that.

He had heard rumors of a man who had shown miraculous powers to heal people, even those who had been covered with the dreaded leprosy, a fate far worse than that which Bartimaeus was suffering. What did people say this man's name was? It was Jesus. In the Hebrew such a name had been pronounced the same as Joshua meaning Jehovah is our salvation. Could even this man do anything for this blindness? Every day he heard new tales of how this man had raised a child from the dead. On another occasion this Jesus had even stopped a bier that was carrying away a dead man, being led away for burial, and then raising him up and returning him alive to his widowed mother. Bartimaeus had heard that such a man had been known to walk across the waters of this turbulent Jordan River, then calming the tempestuous storm that almost swallowed up the boats in the water. How could such a man have such powers, except that He had been sent from God?

Yet here sat Bartimaeus, blind and helpless. Oh that he could return to the day he had lost his eyesight. But he knew that was impossible. All he could do was hope that someday he

would be able to hear that this very man was coming his way and to ask if even He could help such helpless blind man.

In the meanwhile, he had to live and to eat. The few denaria that people would throw his way would barely mete out an existence, but it was at least better than starving, and that is what would happen if he did not stop daydreaming and continue his job at hand. “Alms. Alms for a poor old blind man. Have mercy on me.” Often the Pharisees and scribes would come by and make a great show at tossing in a lonely coin, showing themselves to be very “religious” and aware of the need of this helpless sinner. After all, he must have done something terribly wrong to deserve such a fate from the hand of God. So the Pharisee thought to himself, “I am sure glad I’m not a sinner like this poor old blind man. Look everyone at how generous I am.” And then he would make a great show of tossing in a lone coin.

Day after day, Bartimaeus had to suffer this ridicule and shame. Yet there was nothing else he could do. What could a blind man do and what good was a blind man anyhow? “Alms. Would you help out a helpless old blind man?”

2

Hungry

And hearing the multitude pass by, he asked what it meant. And they told him, that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. And he cried, saying, Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me (Luke 18:36-38).

And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me. And many charged him that he would hold his peace: but he cried the more a great deal, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me (Mark 10:46-47).

There seemed to be an unusual amount of noise in this busy highway on this certain day. There had always been a constant bustle of people coming and going from the ancient city of Jericho, but today the din was even noisier than usual. Bartimaeus had heard that recently there was a notable criminal who had been arrested and led down this very highway back to Jerusalem, where he waited to be condemned to the cruel Roman method of execution on a cross, beaten and mangled almost beyond recognition, because the criminal had attempted to overthrow the Roman rulers of this city's administration, and in so doing, he had committed murder. Perhaps more arrests were in the making.

Setting aside his concern at present for his own welfare, Bartimaeus asked those around him what was all the commotion. "Haven't you hear? Jesus of Nazareth, the prophet who has been doing so many miracles, He is coming this way. Just look at all the people who are following him!" Then realizing his blunder, the informant that would have otherwise made Bartimaeus feel at ease, lost his way in the immediate crowd. But Bartimaeus overlooked the error of judgment that would have otherwise made him feel awkward. At least he was able to be close to this man of whom he had heard could perform so many miracles.

His heart raced as he heard the crowd drawing even closer and closer, until he could no longer keep silent. His was a hunger that no man with sight could understand. Oh that once more he would be able to see!

But would such a man, or could such a man as this show any interest in a poor old blind man? So many had claimed that He was the expected Messiah who should redeem the nation of Israel out from under the bondage of the cruel nation of Rome. And being the one who others had hoped was the anointed Son of God, surely He must be from the royal lineage of the house of David. Perhaps if showing proper respect, even this man would show Bartimaeus some courtesy and at least listen to his plight. Perhaps this Christ could even free him from the guilt of his sins. But oh, if only he could receive his sight once again.

Closer and closer came the maddening clamor of the throng of those who followed this Jesus of Nazareth. Now He was coming close enough that even Bartimaeus

could understand some of the talking among the many. Some seemed to be asking questions out of sincerity, and yet there was a tone of agitation and condemnation, as well as doubt, in so many others. Why would anyone want to argue with such a man who had shown His ability to cast out demons, to cure those with leprosy only with a touch, to speak a word and cause a withered old woman to stand up straight for the first time in years?

“If only I could look upon His face,” thought Bartimaeus. But even greater it would be if this man would show compassion and heal him.

So in one great desperate moment for a man who had timidly begged for years, Bartimaeus gathered his courage and began to yell, ***Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.***

Hindered

And many charged him that he should hold his peace: but he cried the more a great deal, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me (Mark 10:48).

And they which went before rebuked him, that he should hold his peace: but he cried so much the more, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me (Luke 18:39).

Surely these religious leaders who had accompanied the throne would understand the need of this beggar. They had everything they needed, while Bartimaeus had nothing but a few meager coins thrown to him each day. No doubt these in the crowd had seen many miracles Jesus had done. Would it not seem logical to at least allow a blind man to see?

But such was not the case. Instead, *they which went before him rebuked him that he should hold his peace*. “Keep quiet, you blind old fool. The Master doesn’t have time to be worried about such people as you. He has more important things on his mind. Why, we the religious leaders have so much that we must ask of Him, that we can’t understand why He should show any interest in such sinners as you.”

One of these Pharisees came up behind Bartimaeus and gave him a swift kick to try and quiet him down. The pain of the kick was not as bad as the pain in his heart for being unable to understand why this man, supposedly a religious leader of the nation of Israel, should show such contempt towards anyone so helpless.

But the hunger in Bartimaeus’ heart was greater than the hindrance of those about him, so he cried out again, *Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me*. This time, he yelled it even louder than before. Nothing was going to stop him from gaining the attention of Jesus. It seemed as if there must have been hundreds who passed by, while he kept on yelling, *Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me*. Could this man who had brought so much attention have already passed by without noticing this helpless blind man, yelling in every direction for the mercy of such a man who was able to perform so many miracles? Was this man so calloused as to not care?

But again and again, he cried out in desperation. And again he was met with rebuke from the throng that passed by. “Shut up! We don’t have time to deal with people like you.” And again he was met with shoving, hitting, sometimes others spitting in his direction, to try and squelch the cries of this blind man.

By now Bartimaeus was becoming desperate. He felt as if this might be the last opportunity for him to be seen by this Christ, and he so wanted to at least present his plight directly to Jesus. He picked himself up from his kneeling position, stood with his hands cupped to his mouth and yelled in every direction, even louder, *Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me*. What was going on? Surely such a man would have compassion on a man so desperately in need. But as soon as he was able to yell out

again, he felt another shove behind him and he fell to the ground. Frantically trying to upright himself, the mass of people passing by kept him from being able to regain his composure, and he would again fall over to the ground. It hurt him to think that all of these religious leaders could be so cowardly and selfish, as to not give him the opportunity to at least be seen by Jesus.

By now he was again in a kneeling position, wishing above all things that he was able to cry and shed tears, to show how much he was serious. No longer was there any embarrassment over being blind and helpless. He was now distressed beyond caring what others might think of him. He would yell until all the people had passed by. It was his only hope and he was going to do everything possible to make sure this Jesus of Nazareth knew he was serious. He could sense that the crowd was growing smaller and he became frenzied with fear that he was clearly beyond any hope and that Jesus had already passed by. With one more last gasping effort, and with trembling in his voice, he yelled as loudly as he possibly could, ***Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.***

Heeded

And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called. And they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee. And he, casting away his garment, rose, and came to Jesus. And Jesus answered and said unto him, What wilt thou that I should do unto thee? The blind man said unto him, Lord, that I might receive my sight (Mark 10:49-51).

The crowd kept moving forward, talking among themselves, yet seemingly to no one in particular. The more Bartimaeus tried to understand what was being said, the more confused seemed to be the conversations. Questions were being given concerning the various laws, and through the noise, Bartimaeus could hear a man answering with wisdom that seemed far beyond that of what the scribes and Pharisees had demonstrated.

Desiring to be heard by Jesus, Bartimaeus once more began to cry for help, *Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.* Others still urged him to remain silent, while the majority seemed to just ignore him, while some would shove him out of their way so they could get closer to the Master. Bartimaeus could not understand why these religious leaders could be so unkind. Perhaps this miracle man was not available for a common person, without being as these leaders and demanding compensation for his time. No, Bartimaeus could not believe that this man with such powers would use them for his own self-advantage. So once again, he cried, *Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.*

Then suddenly, it seemed as if the crowd had completely left him. The sounds of feet around him abruptly stopped. He stayed there, still kneeling from the position from which he had been when kicked over. His keen ears could hear the approach of one set of footsteps toward him. Now he could feel the hand of a man under his shoulders, trying to lift him to a standing position. All he said was, *Be of good comfort, rise; for he calleth for thee.*

He? It could only mean that the Master which such divine powers had indeed heard his cry for help and was heeding his call. The kind hand of this man was now guiding him, ever so slowly, forward. Bartimaeus stumbled as he moved, not having his cane in his hand to protect him from falling over a stone in the road or a crevice that might cause him to fall. All he could do was to be dependent upon this man who kept urging him forward.

It seemed to Bartimaeus as if he had walked for at least a mile, when it was probably only a small distance, until the man suddenly stopped, causing Bartimaeus to almost fall, not expecting such an abrupt end to his small trek. Even though blind, he could feel the peering of a thousand eyes upon him as he stood there, head veering in different directions, trying to sense where could be the man in whom he had so desired to present his wish. Everyone was now silent, when at last he heard a kind, soft and understanding voice. *What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?* The voice penetrated

seemingly right into the depths of Bartimaeus' own soul as he stood there. This was more than just a mere man to whom he wished to make known his desire. Now he knew that indeed, Jesus could heal his sight. But Bartimaeus knew He could do even more than that. Here was more than just a Master, able to teach far more wisdom than that of the Pharisees and scribes that surrounded him and argued for him to keep moving on. It seemed as if these religious leaders actually feared that Jesus would indeed heal Bartimaeus and had opposed it with every force that they thought available. After all, were not they far more important than this poor old blind sinner?

Bartimaeus didn't wait for anyone to interfere any longer. As soon as he heard the question, he knew immediately what his answer would be. This man was more than just the Son of David, the rightful heir to the throne of Israel. He knew indeed that this was the very Christ, the Messiah, God's Son, and as such, Bartimaeus knew what was his proper response was to honor Him as such.

Lord, that I might receive my sight. He would be more than a mere teacher to such a blind man. He would be one in whom Bartimaeus was willing to give his all. If only he could look upon the face of such a king, yet compassionate voice.

Healed

And Jesus said unto him, Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole. And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way (Mark 10:52).

And Jesus stood, and commanded him to be brought unto him: and when he was come near, he asked him, Saying, What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee? And he said, Lord, that I may receive my sight. And Jesus said unto him, Receive thy sight: thy faith hath saved thee. And immediately he received his sight, and followed him, glorifying God: and all the people, when they saw it, gave praise unto God (Luke 18:40-43).

Bartimaeus did not hesitate when asked what it was he desired. For so long now he had been sitting, blind and helpless, that he was willing to do anything in order to once more be able to see. It never occurred to him to wonder how the Master, now his Lord, would recover his sight. He only knew that it would be done. There was no sense of doubt on Bartimaeus' part that Jesus was able to do so, and that indeed, He would answer the desire of this blind man.

He had heard that on another occasion, Jesus had taken dirt of the ground and made clay, then padded it onto the eyes of another blind man and then had the man go to the Pool of Siloam to wash his eyes in order to be healed. Whatever it took, Bartimaeus would be willing to do.

When asked what it was he desired, he gave the statement of his faith in the powers of this man who had to do what was seemingly impossible, and that was to give sight to the blind. So Bartimaeus simply stated, ***Lord, that I may receive my sight.*** There was no longer any doubt but now just an anticipation of the moment he would be able to look upon the face of the Christ.

And Jesus said unto him, Receive thy sight; thy faith hath saved thee. In an instant, he realized that Jesus not only knew his need to see, but could also see the need of his heart, by simply stating, ***thy faith hath saved thee.*** Here was not only the power to heal, but to cleanse, not just the eyes, but the heart.

No sooner had the words poured forth from the mouth of the Lord, and Bartimaeus was looking into the face of the man who had spoken such kind words. It was not someone who was out of the ordinary, but a simply dressed Jew with piercing eyes that looked back into those of the man blind, ye now seeing.

And immediately he received his sight, and followed him, glorifying God. No sooner had the man looked into the face of Bartimaeus, that he had turned and was again heading away, down the road towards Jericho. It seemed as if He was being compelled

by another force greater than anything else. Bartimaeus stood for a moment, then began to praise God with an open rejoicing heart, so that others joined in along with him. No longer were there any scars and scales of dimness that had taken his sight years before. No longer was there the humility of needing someone to be his guide, day after day. His eyes began to take in the beauty of everything that seemed to be so common place to others.

He saw as the Master moved forward, and along with the crowd. Now Bartimaeus forgot all about the begging bowl he had left behind. He forgot all about the garments that he had cast aside when called to go to the Lord. Like his filthy sins, it was no longer to be a burden to this one who was lifted out of the darkness of sin into the light of salvation. No longer would he need the crooked rod that he had used for years to guide him down the roads and steps towards safety to where he had lived. All that now mattered was the fact that he could see. And being able to see, he looked towards the direction where the Master had gone and headed towards him as fast as his legs could carry him, enjoying the splendor of all the colors of the trees, the hues of the sky with its clouds, the various colors of the robes of those who were now following him, also praising God for the wonders that they had just seen. Bartimaeus had but one wish now, and that was to continue to follow Jesus. And seeing him in the near distance, Bartimaeus *followed Jesus in the way.*

One sat alone, beside the highway begging.
His eyes were blind, the light he could not see.
He clutched his rags and shivered in the shadows.
Then Jesus came, and bade the darkness flee.

When Jesus comes, the tempter's power is broken.
When Jesus comes, the tears are wiped away.
He takes the gloom and fills the life with glory.
For all is changed, when Jesus comes to stay.

Conclusion

This is not just some story to stir our hearts and our imaginations, to make us feel good about someone once more being able to see after so long a time being blind. No, my friend, this is also a portrayal of someone who is outside the saving mercies of God's grace. It pictures the reality of how much we have been lost because of the world of sin and darkness around us.

But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them (II Corinthians 4:3-4).

You see, my friend, because you and I were born in sin, there is no light in us, to show us the way of salvation. And because of being born in sin, as was blind Bartimaeus, we were also:

1. Helpless:

There is nothing you can do to help yourself out of your blindness of sin. As there was no effort on the part of the blind man, so there is also nothing that you can do to earn your salvation. Salvation is not in **do** but in **done**. Ephesians 2:8-9 tells us, *For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast.*

God can only look upon our works in disdain and condemn that as we ourselves have already been condemned, and that is unclean. There is nothing righteous in us whatsoever. Isaiah 64:6 tells us, *But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away.*

Such a vivid description of all that we may attempt to do, to gain the favor of God, and it is met with the designation of *filthy rags*. Such was that which was used by a woman and discarded each month while she was set aside for her uncleanness. Such was that which was used to wrap the body that had been laid in a tomb. It was fit for nothing but to be destroyed and considered putrid and rotten. When we stand before God, all that we have ever done in the power of the flesh will pale to the glory of what Christ has accomplished on the cross of Calvary.

What a plight for the lost! Helpless, hopeless, knowing he is blind and headed for an eternal Hell, yet he has no knowledge of what must be done to take away his blindness. He gropes from religion to religion, from one so-called good work to another, without having any satisfaction in his soul.

2. Hungry:

The person who is lost knows there is something missing in their heart and soul. No matter if they try to shrug off God and say He doesn't exist, they know within them that there is an eternal future they must face. Perhaps they have been as this blind man who had heard there is someone who could take away the darkness of their sin. So they stumble upon a religious figure who is wearing a backward collar and hope this man will give him the satisfaction concerning his eternal destiny. But his religion is like all the rest, teaching a system of works, when he already knows that no matter how hard he tries, works just does not seem to meet the quality and standard required by the laws of God. So this blind man heads on towards another religion, hearing of one who had been attested by an angel named Moron or something of that nature. And the name of their religion sounded familiarly close to that of a moron, and what he taught could only be believed by a moron. How often they quoted from the book of James, chapter two, to show that they and they alone were the deciding factor in their eternal fate.

So the blind and lost soul sought further help. He felt something, or someone, tugging at his very heart and soul, yet did not know where to turn. So he decided to go to some of the major denominations that he had heard of.

3. Hindered:

But they did not have time to sacrifice to one who was so unworthy of their attention. All they seemed to be interested in was getting hold of all the money he could give them, to help them build greater and more beautiful cathedrals with their stained glass windows. He approached one of their clergy and asked, "How can I know that I am going to go to Heaven when I die?" And the man looked at him and said, "Well, you just have to do the best you know how, and in the end, God will weigh the good with the bad, and all will turn out all right. After all, He is a God of love and wouldn't harm anyone." But the blind soul knew he was not good enough and replied, "But that all seems so far fetched, to think I can work my way to Heaven. Are you sure there isn't something else I must do?" The clergy looked at him disdainfully and said, "Look, mister, I don't have time to sit and argue with you. I have to get busy on my Sunday sermon and this afternoon I have an appointment at the golf course with the ecumenical counsel. Make an appointment with my secretary for sometime next month and when I get the opportunity, I'll talk with you again."

Still searching, the blind soul turned to another of the major denominations, and all they can tell him is to give them his tithes, be baptized and take their wafer, and God will come into him for salvation.

Seeing this as futile, he decided to try one of the many radio and television evangelists he had heard of. Surely with their intellect they will know what he must do to be saved from the burden of sin in his heart. So he writes them a letter to explain his need, and a couple months later he receives a return letter from Pastor Fullbelly. But it doesn't say anything except to plead with the man to send money for their new airplane, or for their air conditioned college dormitory, or to install new gold plated faucets in their bathrooms, or for a new limousine for their chauffer to cart them off to another of their plush studios. It seemed in the letter that the only interest the pastor had was in

furthering his reputation as an outstanding speaker, in need of more money or he would have to kill himself.

Surely there must be someone somewhere, who was interested in his need. Perhaps he is looking in the wrong place. What about that little church on the corner that everyone was picking fun at? What were they called? Oh yes, “funny mentalists,” or something like that. Perhaps they might have the answer he desires, if one of the others were able to show him what he must do.

4. Heeded:

No sooner had he walked into the door of the small building than he sensed there was a difference in their attitude. So many smiling faces that came up to shake his hand and to welcome him there. They were nothing like those of the major religions. They actually seemed – human, and also interested in his need. As he sat in the pew, listening to this simple man preach, he listened to the words concerning the plight of the sinner.

- a. ***For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.***
(Romans 3:23).

It was as if this man was looking into his very soul. That was what he already knew was wrong all along, yet no one else had ever cared or dared to explain it so simply. He was a sinner, not just by birth, but by choice. And being a sinner, he did not meet God’s expectations nor God’s goal to attain unto the righteousness so demanded to be forever in His presence in Heaven.

- b. ***For the wages of sin is death...***
(Romans 6:23a).

Death! He knew this meant more than just the end of his physical life, but an eternal separation, forever, from the presence of Almighty God, and in the place that was supposed to only be provided for the eternal abode of Satan and his demonic forces. Why would anyone want to go to such a place with the rewards of eternal life, in the very presence of God, were at his disposal? But how do you get to Heaven? Oh that this man would be able to simply explain as he had all the previous.

- c. ***...but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.***
(Romans 6:23b).

So that was the answer! There is someone who is able to wash away the guilt, the stain and penalty of sin. And it is free! Oh, but will He save such a wretched and blind sinner as I? Are there any that are not included in this free gift that God is so willing to give to a lost sinner?

- d. ***But God commendeth {demonstrated} his love toward us,***

In that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.
(Romans 5:8).

Us? Was this preacher only speaking of those who had shown such friendliness to this lost man? Or could it mean anyone, and beyond all his hopes, that this also meant he too could receive this love gift that God was so willing to provide, through this man, Christ? But how was one to receive this gift, so spoken of with such boldness? And how could it be free? The blindness was deep in his soul, but he knew he must have the answer, somehow.

- e. ***That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.***
(Romans 10:9-10).

Was it so simple that all one must do is *confess*? To have all this guilt removed, was it simply to *believe*? Oh that he was sure that it was not just for the followers of this simple man. Could it mean that anyone could receive this free gift?

- f. ***For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.***
(Romans 10:13).
- g. ***Behold, I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me.***
(Revelation 3:20).

It was almost as if this preacher could sense the hunger in his heart. *Whosoever* meant anyone. That even meant he could also call upon the name of the Lord and be saved.

5. Healed:

Now the man behind the pulpit was calling for anyone who wanted to be saved to come and give his or her heart to Jesus Christ, and to invite Him to be Lord and Savior. It was as if God Himself had said, “Young man, what would you like for me to do for you?” And in this simple instant, the man blinded by sin stepped out in faith, went forward and received Jesus Christ into his heart. And in that moment of faith, the weight and guilt of his sin and the blindness of his heart was lifted and cast away, leaving him there rejoicing for the joy of his salvation. So simple it was. No fancy magical incantation or hocus-pocus. No large sums of money to buy his “penance.” It was simply by believing what God said, He would do.

Conclusion

My friend, if you are a picture of that blind man, you too can have the darkness of your heart forever removed by the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ. All you simply must do is believe that Jesus died for your sins, confess and forsake them and ask Him to come into your heart and forgive you of your sins. He has given His promise in His Word of God that He will forgive you, and that He would never leave you nor forsake you (Hebrews 13:5). All you need to do is pray a simple prayer like this, and mean it from your heart:

Dear God, I know that I am a sinner, and that I deserved to be punished for my sins. I also realize that someone has already taken my punishment for me, by dying on the cross of Calvary for my sins. Dear Lord Jesus, please forgive me of my sins, come into my heart and be my Lord and Savior. I give my heart and my life to you. I pray this in the name of Jesus, Amen.

If you have done this, I would love to hear from you. Please write me and let me rejoice with you in your decision. I will not give your name or address to any other organization and also will not solicit you for donations.

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