

Commentary on the Gospel for Sun, Oct 28th 2012

There is a story told of a rich young man in his own words. My mom had only one eye. I hated her... She was such an embarrassment. She cooked for students and teachers to support the family. There was this one day during elementary school where my mom came to say hello to me. I was so embarrassed. How could she do this to me? I ignored her, threw her a hateful look and ran out. The next day at school one of my classmates said, 'EEEE, your mom only has one eye!' I wanted to bury myself. I also wanted my mom to just disappear. I confronted her that day and said, 'If you're only going to make me a laughing stock, why don't you just die?' My mom did not respond... I didn't even stop to think for a second about what I had said, because I was full of anger. I was oblivious to her feelings.

I wanted out of that house, and have nothing to do with her. So I studied really hard, got a chance to go abroad to study. Then, I got married. I bought a house of my own. I had kids of my own. I was happy with my life, my kids and the comforts. Then one day, my Mother came to visit me. She hadn't seen me in years and she didn't even meet her grandchildren. When she stood by the door, my children laughed at her, and I yelled at her for coming over uninvited. I screamed at her, 'How dare you come to my house and scare my children!' GET OUT OF HERE! NOW!!!'

And to this, my mother quietly answered, 'Oh, I'm so sorry. I may have gotten the wrong address,' and she disappeared out of sight. One day, a letter regarding a school reunion came to my house. So I lied to my wife that I was going on a business trip. After the reunion, I went to the old shack just out of curiosity. My neighbours said that she died. I did not shed a single tear. They handed me a letter that she had wanted me to have.

'My dearest son, I think of you all the time. I'm sorry that I came to your house and scared your children. I was so glad when I heard you were coming for the reunion. But I may not be able to even get out of bed to see you. I'm sorry that I was a constant embarrassment to you when you were growing up.

You see.....when you were very little, you got into an accident, and lost your eye. As a mother, I couldn't stand watching you having to grow up with one eye. So I gave you mine. I was so proud of my son who was seeing a whole new world for me, in my place, with that eye. With all my love to you, Your mother.'

This story tells us the nature of the people who were trying to silence the blind man. He wanted by all means to see again. But the people who had the sight did not know the value of the sight. The loving mother of the story knew exactly how her son would feel as he grows. So she offered her own eye and the son failed to love in return.

The Gospel tells us that the blind man after getting cured followed Jesus along the way. The man who was sitting on the 'roadside' followed Jesus 'along the road'. What does it tell us? We are not to forget the goodness of the Lord but we are to follow him with whole our life. We have the gift of all the senses. Do we recognize this gift of God? Do we follow the Lord along the road (way of Justice

and truth)? After experiencing the gift of the Lord are we still on the road side still crying of our weaknesses and / or of our disabilities? Or are we like the son who failed to love the mother just because she was physically not beautiful but much more spiritually and internally beautiful.

All of us have good eyes which make us more beautiful and handsome. In the Gospel of Mathew (6: 22-23) we read that “the lamp of the body is eye; if your eyes are sound, your whole body will be in the light... If your light has become darkness, how dark will be the darkest part of you”. Again as Jesus said, are we blind yet after having good eyes? We live in a society where there are many injustices, at times even in our own life or life situations. Are we agents or supporters of injustice? Jesus is ready to open our eyes, those of us who follow him along the road and those of us sit on the roadside. Let us call on him and sincerely follow him by saying ‘Lord I want to see’.

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