

# OPEN YOUR EYES

## “Looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith”

*Having eyes, see ye not? — Mark 8:18*

*Therefore speak I to them in parables: because they seeing see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand. — Matthew 13:13*

What/how should we see – or what shall we focus upon?

ILL – don't know how Pastor's vision is – some with what he had on website have blank spots in their vision fields

ILL – kids can't find what's right in front of them and I have to find it “it takes a mom”

1. See HIM – where is God in this? SONG as teen – turn your eyes upon Jesus, look full in His wonderful face, and the things of earth will grow strangely dim in the light of His glory and grace.  
Job 42:5 I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee.  
I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.....

2. See Others Luke 19:41 And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it,  
Phil 2:4-8 Look not every man on his own things – followed by Jesus great example of selflessness

a. Husband – don't wait until you wish that you could...do it while you can (Joe and me watching fireworks together, walking and looking at flowers and flags and dogs that run at us) while in wheel chair. I am glad we walked before, too We did it.)

b. Children – Flying kites a couple weeks ago, Dan on bed, Nano 6 good night kisses, courtship – I don't want to miss it! I don't want to have regrets. Life is going on in spite of our troubles.....

*i. Song – cherish the moment*

*ii. Poem*

### ***A Stranger Passed By***

I ran into a stranger as he passed by, "Oh, excuse me Please" was my reply.  
He said, "Please excuse me too; Wasn't even watching for you."

We were very polite, this stranger and I.  
We went on our way and we said good-bye.  
But at home a different story is told,  
How we treat our loved ones, young and old.  
Later that day, cooking the evening meal,  
My daughter stood beside me very still.  
When I turned, I nearly knocked her down.  
"Move out of the way," I said with a frown.  
She walked away, her little heart was broken. I didn't realize how harshly I'd spoken.

While I lay awake in bed,  
God's still small voice came to me and said,  
"While dealing with a stranger, common courtesy you use,

But the children you love, you seem to abuse.

Look on the kitchen floor,  
You'll find some flowers there by the door.  
Those are the flowers she brought for you.  
She picked them herself: pink, yellow and blue.  
She stood quietly not to spoil the surprise, and you never saw the tears in her eyes."

By this time, I felt very small, and now my tears began to fall.  
I quietly went and knelt by her bed;  
"Wake up, little girl, wake up," I said.  
"Are these the flowers you picked for me?"  
She smiled, "I found 'em, out by the tree.  
I picked 'em because they're pretty like you.  
I knew you'd like 'em, especially the blue."  
I said, "Daughter, I'm sorry for the way I acted today;  
I shouldn't have yelled at you that way."  
She said, "Oh, Mom, that's okay. I love you anyway."  
I said, "Daughter, I love you too, and I do like the flowers, especially the blue."

Are you aware that: If we die tomorrow, the company that we are working for could easily replace us in a matter of days. But the family we left behind will feel the loss for the rest of their lives. And come to think of it, we pour ourselves more into work than to our family --an unwise investment indeed.

OPEN YOUR EYES!

c. See Hurting people – Ill of my pastor to look for those hurting when you are hurting.  
ILL - Praying to be a blessing Sunday mornings, though it's very hard every week to walk over to church without Joe

Folks I have gotten to talk to at Joe's place:

*i. Jewish lady*

*ii. Muslim lady*

*iii. Egyptian lady*

*iv. Hispanic lady – son, praying for you Pastor*

*v. Young Physical therapist witnessed to*

vi. Even the two men who couldn't speak, see, etc. and witnessed to them

vii. Black lady from Long Beach weight loss surgery – shared teas, puzzle books, video of man w/o arms and car accident guy playing basketball

*viii. Black man, Christian*

*ix. Gay man*

Trying to take a lady out weekly

Text or e-mail hurting people

SONG: Let me see this world Dear LORD as though I were looking through your eyes

3. See beyond today to Eternity "there is coming a day" "No more night, no more pain, no more tears never crying again" "Well done my child"

4. See as through God's eyes

a. Time – a thousand years (Bro Gray jr.s recent sermon such a blessing)

b. How can I keep it a secret song

5. See Through eyes of faith. Hebrews 11:1 Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Romans 8:24 but hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for (Sometimes we can only really see by faith)
6. Often it's the trouble that helps us to see! Song He washed my eyes with tears, that I might see, the broken heart – was good for me..... (In Bro. Trieber's gold song book)
7. Look beyond the trial or problem
  - a. Don't be "like a wagon without springs. It's jolted by every pebble on the road." - Henry Ward Beecher
  - b. I refuse to be blinded to the blessings (or needs of others) by focusing on the trial (or myself) (me)
  - c. *"The only thing worse than being blind is having sight but no vision."* —Helen Keller

## **The Flower**

—anonymous

The park bench was deserted as I sat down to read  
 Beneath the long, straggly branches of an old willow tree.  
 Disillusioned by life with good reason to frown,  
 For the world was intent on dragging me down.  
 And if that weren't enough to ruin my day,  
 A young boy out of breath approached me, all tired from play.  
 He stood right before me with his head tilted down  
 And said with great excitement, "Look what I found!"  
 In his hand was a flower, and what a pitiful sight,  
 With its petals all worn - not enough rain, or too little light.  
 Wanting him to take his dead flower and go off to play,  
 I faked a smile and then shifted away.  
 But instead of retreating he sat by my side  
 And placed the flower to his nose and declared with surprise,  
 "It sure smells pretty and it's beautiful too.  
 That's why I picked it; here, it's for you."  
 The weed before me was dying or dead.  
 Not vibrant of colors: orange, yellow or red.  
 But I knew I must take it, or he might never leave.  
 So I reached for the flower, and replied, "Just what I need."  
 But instead of him placing the flower in my hand,  
 He held it mid-air without reason or plan.  
 It was then that I noticed for the first time  
 That weed-toting boy could not see: he was blind.  
 I heard my voice quiver; tears shone in the sun  
 As I thanked him for picking the very best one.  
 "You're welcome," he smiled, and then ran off to play,  
 Unaware of the impact he'd had on my day.  
 I sat there and wondered how he managed to see  
 A self-pitying woman beneath an old willow tree.  
 How did he know of my self-indulged plight?  
 Perhaps from his heart, he'd been blessed with true sight.  
 Through the eyes of a blind child, at last I could see  
 The problem was not with the world; the problem was me.  
 And for all of those times I myself had been blind,  
 I vowed to appreciate every second that's mine.  
 And then I held that wilted flower up to my nose  
 And breathed in the fragrance of a beautiful rose  
 And smiled as I watched that young boy, another weed in hand,  
 About to change the life of an unsuspecting old man.

*The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind: —Psalm 146:8*

*Hear, ye deaf; and look, ye blind, that ye may see. —Isaiah 42:18*

Don't miss it! OPEN YOUR EYES.