

**“I didn’t know I couldn’t see ... until I could”.**

I have always been a keen TV watcher. So long as the programmes are good, I enjoy watching the telly. Right from when we first got married, we saved up and brought a nice one, figuring that we spent such a lot of time watching it, it was worth it.

So about 6-7 years ago while I was TV watching, I was surprised to notice that it didn’t seem to be very clear. At first, I thought there was something in my eye. But after a few efforts at pulling on my eyelid, rolling my eyeballs from side to side, running my finger along the edge of my eye to catch anything amiss, I realised there wasn’t anything in it, so I gave up.

I didn’t think about it again until I sat down to watch TV once more, and the same thing happened. I didn’t notice it at all other times, only when I sat down to watch television. This went on for a few weeks so I went to see the optician.

He told me I had a cataract on each eye. Thankfully our medical insurance covered it so I got booked into the eye clinic and had the first of them removed.

I was under instructions not to take the bandage off until the morning. So, when I did, with the trepidation of a portrait painter unveiling before a cantankerous Queen, I thought it looked ok, and decided to go for a walk.

I was absolutely astounded. I could see, and for miles ... but the very best thing was how bright the colour of everything was. I hadn’t realised it but the cataract had covered my eye with a dirty haze ... which was now all gone.

It was almost as if my eyesight had died and gone to heaven, it was so beautiful.

For all the time I’d had that cataract ... **“I didn’t know I couldn’t see ... until I could”.**

**“For darkness shall cover the earth, and thick darkness the peoples; but the Lord will arise upon you, and his glory will appear over you.”**

Janet and I spent our teenage and early adulthood in Ruakaka up North. If you have ever been there, you will know it is a beach and sea place. These were constants in our lives, when we moved around the local area, they were always there. The sea and the beach were ever present in the background.

The thing was, although this was where I lived, I never really noticed what it was like. Sure, I knew it was there but didn’t pay that much attention. It seemed to me, like wallpaper. I would have known if you’d stripped it away, but couldn’t really tell you much about the patterns that made it so lovely. It was simply background stuff.

Then one day after we became Christians, I was getting a ride to work and looking out the window at the harbour as we drove along. And it hit me. The sea and the hills, the trees, sky and clouds, the colour of the sand and the houses across the bay. The absolute beauty and splendour of it all.

It hit me, that what I was seeing was gift. The gift of colour and light, of shape and shade. The gift of creation.

But it was more than that ... it was the gift of God, and it came via the wonder of salvation ...

it was an ability to see.

For all the years I'd walked, ran, ridden my motorbike and driven along this patch of paradise ... it had been a blur.

Until now.

**"I didn't know I couldn't see ... until I could".**

Epiphany.

**"For darkness shall cover the earth, and thick darkness the peoples; but the Lord will arise upon you, and his glory will appear over you."**

Thanks be to God.

Amen.