



### **The Blind Man At The Gate**

From the psychic readings of Ray Stanford

*Long ago, I remember a blind beggar sat each day beside the gate on the east side of the wall of the city of Jerusalem. For years he made that place his daily residence.*

*So clever were his ears that he had learned the sounds of those who walked along the way. He could detect the man of wealth by his step, by the sound of his voice, even by the sound made by the texture of his clothes and shoes. By cleverness of the ear he could discern the Roman from the Jew; in fact, he could identify, with little difficulty, a man of almost any nation.*

*By sound alone did he discern what he considered to be the worth of men. Those who dragged their feet or who let their sandals flap too much as they walked; those whose clothes were of insufficient crispness or weight (indicative of lack of wealth), he ignored, and did not even bother to raise his cup and ask for alms.*

*One day footsteps were heard along the hillside and upward to the gate — familiar footsteps, but of little importance to the beggar. By the sound of their feet and the timbre of their voices he recognized the walk of two fishermen from Galilee.*

*Beside the fishermen as they passed by was the voice of a man he recognized as being from Nazareth. If I might know the beggar's thoughts at the time, they were, "Ah, a man from Nazareth. Perhaps he has a family of the class of workers or carpenters, perhaps a maker of roofs. These fisherman, this laborer, would have no coins for me. Better to save my voice than to waste on them a forlorn hope of alms." These were the words within his mind and heart.*

*The fishermen were Simon and Andrew. The Nazarene was a man called Jesus.*

*The beggar remained blind throughout his years; the slyness of his ear had stolen away the very opportunity that his eyes might see. Had his heart been prepared in love, he should at least have spoken. Or had he even asked, unknowing, sight might have been received. Yet, so it is that often men allow the greatest opportunity to walk by them. In blindness they hear its footsteps, but they judge its cadence by the ear of wisdom and fascination in things of the world.*

*Who was the blind man at the gate? I am. It has taken me nigh two millennia to begin to hear anew. And still, my eyes do not see...*