



*Grandad Can See!*

*By Melvyn Newton*

My grandad told me Jesus was coming to our town. He's been blind all my life and he was really excited. He told me about the miracles Jesus had done in other towns and was determined that he would get to meet Jesus and have his eyes back. My mum and me had gone to see him a few weeks before, but there were thousands there and we couldn't get near the front. We had a great feast though.

My grandad's friends thought that if Jesus just touched grandad he would get his sight back. I watched them lead him to the front of the crowd as Jesus walked into town with his followers. It was so busy, I didn't think grandad would have any chance of meeting him. But my grandad's friends were very determined. They jostled their way to the front and begged Jesus to touch grandad. But he didn't do that. He took grandad by the arm and lead him back up the main street to a quiet spot at the edge of town. No one was watching me, so I sneaked round the back of the houses to where I could see – I really wanted to know what Jesus would do.

I couldn't believe it when I saw Jesus spit in grandad's eyes. That seemed like a horrible thing to do. Grandad looked a bit shocked too. He rubbed his face and looked back at the crowd. He told Jesus he could see the people, but not very well. So Jesus rubbed grandad's eyes and grandad looked around again, this time with a big smile. He could see everything clearly. The first thing he looked at was me, hiding behind the last house in the street, but he spotted me straight away.