

The Need for Better Eyes

Lord, help me see people as You see them.

When I'm on I-24, help me see the man in front of me, not as a moron who is driving too slow (or a maniac who is driving too fast) but as someone You love just as uniquely and deeply as You love the person driving my car.



Help me treat the customer service rep with the strong hard-to-understand Indian accent as someone whose home country was created by You to be just as beautiful as the purple mountain majesties of my own country that I falsely think of as superior. Help me not see nationality, but individuality, a person You love as much as You love me.

Help me see the homeless guy on the corner of 12th Avenue and Broadway as someone You value, someone You desire to bless just as much as You've blessed me.



Help me see the crippled woman as someone whose unusual skills and abilities to deal with life do not deem her disabled in Your eyes. Help me see that, in Your eyes, she is no less capable at being a recipient—or conduit—of your love and grace.

Help me see the guy whose political opinions make him look foolish and uninformed as someone who is not defined by his politics. Help me, instead, see him defined by Your image—the image You seek to reveal in him.

Help me see the older generation, not as old geezers out of touch with reality, but as the valued instruments You used to pave the way for the life I live and the faith I possess.

Help me see the younger generation, not as narcissistic, sophomoric individuals who are going to lead us into oblivion, but as the very people You will use—and *are* using—just as You used me and my generation—and the generation before us.

Finally, Lord, help me see myself as You see me—not as the moronic, maniacal, arrogant fool who is disabled by my own ignorance—but as a person uniquely created by You to love these other people—who are also equally loved and uniquely created by You.

I thank You that I matter to You. Help me express that thanks by being Your representative, showing all these others that they, too, matter.