**“Disability” is about *possibility*, not a lack of ability**

A story for sharing on special needs Possibilities Ministry emphasis day, prepared by Saustin Sampson Mfune.

A few years ago, I observed something which has refused to leave my mind, having taught me an unforgettable lesson. It happened this way.

My son and I had turned the largest bedroom in our house into a recording studio. We recorded singing groups and shot videos. And due to our quality productions, our clientele grew.

On that memorable day, we were to shoot a children’s group from one of the schools in town. They were going to mime their song on camera, with the original sound track superimposed. On arrival, they stood in our “Blue Room” before proceeding to the studio. My son greeted the teacher and began to explain the logistics of the taping. There were 15 of them, ranging in age from eight to about 12 years old. Excitement written all over their faces.

“Is this the studio?” one of the kids interrupted.

“No,” my son answered, then went on to explain how things would happen before leading the children into the studio. I watched them almost tripping over each other as they followed him.

Then it happened. One boy momentarily appeared to hesitate, not knowing where to go. I wondered what was wrong, as he looked very normal. Then I noticed another boy reach for the hand of the hesitant boy and together they followed the others into the studio.

The boy was blind.

I followed them.

When all were inside the studio, my son got down to details. He pointed at his assistant, saying, “My friend and I will do the videotaping.” Then pointing at two walls in the room, one painted green, the other blue, explained that they would film their song in front of the green wall. The kids gave puzzled looks. Smiling, my son asked if they were wondering about the green and blue colours, to which they all nodded their heads in agreement.

Just as he began to explain the concept of the “green screen” to the group, I noticed the boy who had led his friend into the studio continuously whispering into his friend’s ear, probably filling him trying to paint a picture in his friend’s mind as to what was being explained. Then the boy who was leading his blind friend interrupted, “Can my friend touch the green wall?”

Surprised, my son agreed and the blind boy was led by his friend to the wall. As his hand moved on the wall, a smile curved his lips and he nodded his head in approval. The teacher whispered into my ear and told me that the boy had caught smallpox when he was about a year old, which had left him blind.

My son explained that as we humans don’t have blue and green colors in our bodies, when films are shot in front of green or blue backgrounds, a producer can superimpose any picture they want on the background. And since their song mentioned different children of the world, once they were done with the shooting, while doing the editing, the producers would be able to put pictures of the children mentioned in the song into the background and it would appear as if the singing group were actually in those countries.

“We’re going to be famous!” said one, smiles spreading across the children’s faces. They all had a hearty laugh then settled.

“Your song has someone singing a solo,” said my son looking at the teacher. Pointing to where he wanted them to stand, said, “I want the soloist to stand on that black dot on the floor and the rest of the group will stand over there.”

The boy led his blind friend to the spot. I looked at the teacher. She nodded her head and whispered, “He has a very beautiful voice.”

My son explained that the lights would come on and he would then count down, “Five, four, three, two, one . . .” then would say, “Take one,” and filming would begin. “When you hear the soundtrack, start singing as directed by your teacher.”

The children nodded their heads.

My son and his colleague stood behind their cameras and the lights came on. My son raised his hand and just as he was about to begin counting, the blind boy raised his hand and asked, “Can I say something?”

My son nodded his head in approval, but remembering that the boy could not see him, quickly said, “Yes, go ahead.”

All eyes turned to the blind boy.

“All this talk about colors just reminded him of the red colour—the blood of Jesus,” he timidly said. “I am told blood is red in color.” Then, shrugging added, “My parents told me that when Jesus was on earth, He healed the crippled, raised the dead and even restored sight to the blind. One of the blind people He healed was Bartimaeus.” He paused for a moment then went on, “Jesus dying on the cross gives me hope that one day my eyesight will also be restored. I will be able to see my parents, my siblings, my teacher and my classmates. I will see my friends who help me at school. I really want Jesus to come soon. “I’m sorry, I’ve taken your time.”

My son swallowed, took a deep breath, smiled and said, “yes, we definitely want Jesus to come quickly.”

He clapped his hands, raised his hand and with his fingers made the countdown, finishing with a lively “Take one!”

Beautiful music filled the studio and the blind boy began to sing. It was so beautiful. And as tears as welled in my eyes, to myself, I whispered, *Disability isn’t a lack of ability. Lord, come quickly.*