**DISABILITY IS NOT LACK OF ABILITY**

**By**

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A few years ago, I observed something which has refused to leave my mind. My son and I had turned the largest bedroom in our house into a studio. We recorded singing groups and shot videos. And due to our quality productions, our clientele grew very quickly.

On this day, we were going to shoot a video of a children’s group from one of the schools in town. They were going to mime their song. When they arrived, they stood in the seating room before proceeding to the studio. My son shook the teacher’s hand and began to explain the logistics of the videotaping. There were 15 of them and their ages ranged between 8 and 12 years old. There was excitement written all over their faces. “Is this the studio?” one of the kids interrupted. “No,” my son answered.

After he was done explaining, he asked them to follow him into the studio. I watched the kids almost tripping over each other as they hurriedly followed him. Then it happened. I saw one boy who momentarily appeared to hesitate not knowing where to go. While I wondered as to what was going on because he looked very normal, I noticed another boy reach for the hand of the hesitant boy and they both followed the others into the studio. The boy was blind. I followed them.

When they arrived in the studio, my son said as he pointed at his colleague, “My friend and I will do the videotaping.” The kids exchanged excited glances. I stood next to their teacher. My son pointed at two walls in the room. One was painted green and the other blue. He told them that they would film their song in front of the green wall. The kids gave each other puzzled looks. My son smiled and asked if they were wondering about the green and blue colors. All the kids nodded their heads in agreement. As my son explained to the group, I noticed the boy who had led his friend in the studio, continuously whispered into his friend’s ear, probably filling him trying to paint a picture in his friend’s mind as to what was being discussed. The boy who was leading the blind boy interrupted my son and asked, “Can my friend touch the green wall?” My son agreed. 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 caught small box when he was about a year old and it left him blind.

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

There were smiles of satisfaction on the kids’ faces. One kid even said, “We’re going to be famous!” They all had a hearty laugh. My son looked at the teacher and said, “Your song has someone singing solo; I want the soloist to stand on that black dot on the floor and the rest of the group will stand over there,” he said as he pointed where he wanted them to stand. I saw the boy leading his blind friend, tap his shoulder and led him to the spot of the soloist. I looked at the teacher in amazement, and she nodded her head and whispered, “He has a very beautiful voice.”

The teacher left me and walked to his choir to help organize them. My son explained that the lights would come on and he would count, ‘5, 4, 3, 2, 1,’ and then he would say, ‘Take one.’ He cleared his throat concluded, “When they hear their soundtrack, they should start singing as directed by their teacher.” The children nodded their heads in agreement.

My son and his colleague stood behind their cameras and the lights came on. My son raised his hand and before he began counting, the blind boy raised his hand and said, “Can I say something?” When my son nodded his head in approval but quickly remembered that the boy could not see him, he quickly said, “Yes, go ahead.” All eyes turned on the blind boy. Timidly he said, “All this talk about colors just reminded him of the red color - the blood of Jesus. I am told blood is red in color,” He said as he shrugged his shoulders. “My parents told me the other day 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 restored his sight was Bartimaeus.” He paused for a moment then said, “ It’s His dying on the cross that gives me hope that one day my eyesight will 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 quickly.” He rolled his head aimlessly around and said, “I am sorry for taking your time.”

My son took a deep breath, smiled and said, “We definitely want Jesus to come quickly.” He clapped his hands, raised his right hand and counted: “5, 4, 3, 2, 1, take one!” and beautiful music filled the studio.

As the blind boy sung his solo, tears welled in my eyes as I said to myself, “disability is not lack of ability. Lord come quickly.”