



## Bo's Blog

The Good Samaritan died in New York the other day.

Perhaps you heard about it. A 31-year-old Guatemalan immigrant was walking down the street early one Sunday morning. Ahead of him were a man and a woman. The couple started arguing. When the argument turned physical, the Good Samaritan rushed forward to intervene. He was stabbed for his trouble. The man and woman ran off in separate directions. The Good Samaritan tried to follow the man, but soon succumbed to his

injury, and fell to the pavement.

Once, the Good Samaritan had been well-off enough to pay for the medical care, lodging, and food of a beaten Israelite he didn't know. Now, he was poor and bleeding on the streets of New York. Who would help him?

The priests and the Levites came by. . .and went on by. During the course of the next hour seven people walked past the injured man. Some just glanced at him and hurried on. Some stopped and stared for a while before moving on. One actually went over and tried to lift him up, exposing the pool of blood collecting underneath him, before giving up and going on. (This was all recorded on a video surveillance system.) After more than an hour, someone called 911. When the paramedics arrived, the Good Samaritan was dead.

Why didn't they stop and help the man? Or at least call 911? Demographic statistics would say that the majority of those seven people would call themselves Christians, and that six of them would say they believed in God. Yet they didn't help the Good Samaritan.

We can probably understand why. In a large city; a poor-looking man, lying on the sidewalk. Probably a homeless drunk. Better to not disturb him — let him sleep it off. Or maybe there's the "I don't want to get involved" factor. But I think if we're honest, at the root of it all is fear. Fear of getting hurt ourselves. Fear of getting drawn into something long and involved that might take up our day, ruin our plans, or cost us money. Fear that we might have to change something about ourselves.

I originally wrote a blog for this month's newsletter about how we are still in the Easter season, celebrating God's resurrection of Jesus. But I didn't think we should be so busy celebrating God's redeeming love for us that we forget about our neighbors. God's redeeming love is for all. Jesus called his disciples to "love one another." Jesus said that the most important thing was to love God and to love neighbor. And Jesus said we may have to lose our life (or our agenda, or our security) to be his disciple. One man just did.

We recently sang a song in worship with these words: "Nothing can trouble, nothing can frighten. God alone fills us." Easter is not only about celebrating God's redeeming love for all. Resurrection also means an end to fear. If "God alone fills us," then we have nothing to fear.

There is an opening for the position of Good Samaritan.

Shalom,  
Bo