

The Good Samaritan - A Tenderloin Take

The Good Samaritan is hurrying on his way down Polk St. in the early hours one morning when he comes across a man lying just inside Hemlock Alley. He had fallen victim to robbers who had stripped him, beat him, stole his backpack and left him for dead. Lots of other people had stepped over him and said nasty things. The Good Samaritan stopped, looked at the dirty, naked, emaciated man lying there barely breathing and sighed. Not only was the victim dirty and badly in need of a good bath, he was of "that" race. Samaritans weren't supposed to hang with "that" race, in fact, the two races had been gang-warring for generations. But the Samaritan looked down and "was moved with compassion at the sight." He was just beginning a very busy day yet he stopped everything. He didn't just offer to call 911. He didn't toss his loose change at the man. No, he covered the man with his own coat, roused him from his stuporous state and managed to walk him down to the closest SRO. After paying upfront for 4 days room and board, he got the man into the room, cleaned him up, dressed his wounds, and put him in bed. And if that wasn't enough, on his way out, the Good Samaritan asked the man behind the window to look after his friend and he would stop by later to pay the tab. Jesus relates the parable of the Good Samaritan in response to the question "Lord, who is my neighbor?" We might ask ourselves - Lord, who is my neighbor right here at St. Boniface? If the Good Samaritan gladly lavished selfless care and compassion on a helpless stranger in dire straits, how much easier it is for us to open ourselves to each other just a little. To pay attention to those around us. To perform small acts of quiet kindness. To honor Jesus' example. To live as His disciples.