The Parables of Jesus

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

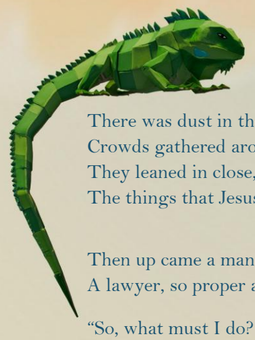
Luke 10:25-37

"To be kind to those around me, that's not hard to do?
I don't get why it's such a big deal, do you?"
Of course it's easy to be kind to those who think and act like you.
They're your type, they fit right in, and they pass your 'friend-test' too!



But what about the guy you've never understood?
Or the girl you'd rather walk right past if you could?
You wonder, "Why should I really care?"
"To be merciful to the others, doesn't really get me anywhere?"

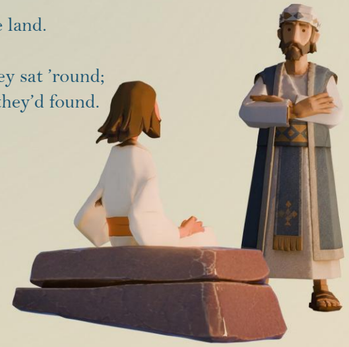
Maybe it's easy to think of things that way -
But, the truth lies in a story that Jesus told one day.



There was dust in the air as the sun set over the land.
Crowds gathered around this one special man.
They leaned in close, and listened; in a circle they sat 'round;
The things that Jesus had to saywere exciting, they'd found.

Then up came a man, with a fake sort of smile,
A lawyer, so proper and smart, dressed in style.

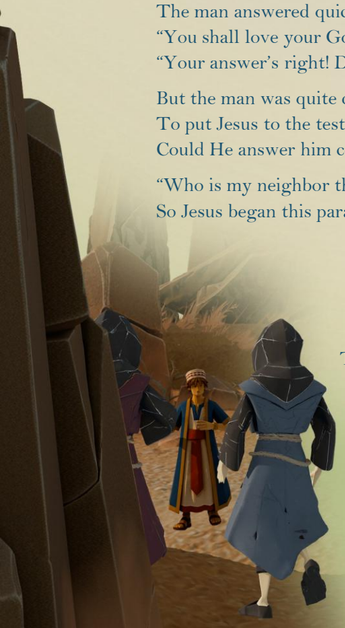
"So, what must I do? What rules must I keep,
To inherit the life of which You now speak?"



Jesus replied, "Tell Me, how does the law read?"
The man answered quickly, without missing a beat:
"You shall love your God, and your neighbor as yourself," the man declared.
"Your answer's right! Do that and you will live," said Jesus, to all who sat there.

But the man was quite determined
To put Jesus to the test:
Could He answer him correctly? Was he better than the best?

"Who is my neighbor then?", he asked so proud and smug.
So Jesus began this parable, for this really mattered so much.



An Israelite walked all alone, down from the town,
On the country road to Jericho, with danger all around.
Just the place for robbers to hide behind bush and stone.
The Israelite got scared when shadows came and he was all alone.

He hoped for the best, though, and hurried on his way,
Until suddenly he heard rustling, and a creepy voice said, "Hey!"

Then out jumped some robbers, so fierce and mean
They beat him and knocked him down, right off his feet!
His clothes, his money - they took all that he owned.
They left him lying there half dead, quite helpless and alone.

There lay the poor Israelite, in pain and so weak
He couldn't move at all that day, nor get back on his feet
All hope seemed in vain, but wait, maybe…was that someone he saw?





What luck! It was a priest, all dressed in pomp and style!
With a serious frown, he paused for a while,
Glanced at the wounded man, raised his eyebrows, went on his way,
"No, I'd best get a move on, can't get involved in this today."

Did he really just keep walking?
Without helping him at all? just looked at him, did nothing?
The Israelite's heart sank then,
Would he die here in plain sight, in pain, without a friend?

But then came a Levite, from the same tribe and land.
"Now, help is coming!" thought the poor, wounded man.
But the Levite looked closely at every cranny and nook
What if the robbers were laying in ambush?
"What if they're still hanging 'round? What if they attack me next?"
So he let fear guide his thoughts, like a coward, he fled.



The Israelite lost all hope now, if neither priest nor Levite would care
Surely no one else would help he thought - no one else would dare.

After a while, though, another man drew near -
"A Samaritan!" thought the Israelite. "No help to be found here!"
For Israelites and Samaritans were very rarely friends -
They fought, they didn't get along - they each kept to themselves
The Israelite thought: "I doubt he'll be kind and good"
But the Samaritan saw no enemy from the place where he stood
He saw a man suffering - wounded and sore
And was filled with compassion he couldn't ignore



The Samaritan cleaned all the wounds with oil and with wine
The Israelite wondered: "Why is he helping and taking the time?"
The Samaritan lifted him up, though so heavy he lay,
And carried him to safety - as they hurried on their way





He found an inn and said: "You can rest here, my friend"
The Israelite was so relieved, he was safe in the end!
He wondered: How could this be?
We who are enemies, but he chose to help me?
The Samaritan then paid the bill, said:
"If there are any more costs,
Next time I pass,
I'll pay the balance - just get well and rest!"

Jesus asked the man: "Who was the neighbor here?"
"Umm.. he who was kind, the Samaritan, he was different from the others."
Then Jesus said, loud and clear:
"Now go and do the same - and you'll be preserved"

Jesus wanted people to know the joy in being kind.
Goodness and mercy brings true joy we find.
So don't be like the priest who hurried right past
Or the Levite who thought: "I don't dare to because..."
But be like that stranger, both merciful and kind,
He did the good although the man he helped was not his type.
It costs something for sure to put this into practice
It takes effort for us to show love and kindness.
But then we are doing what Jesus has taught us -
To show others love just as Jesus has loved us.



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