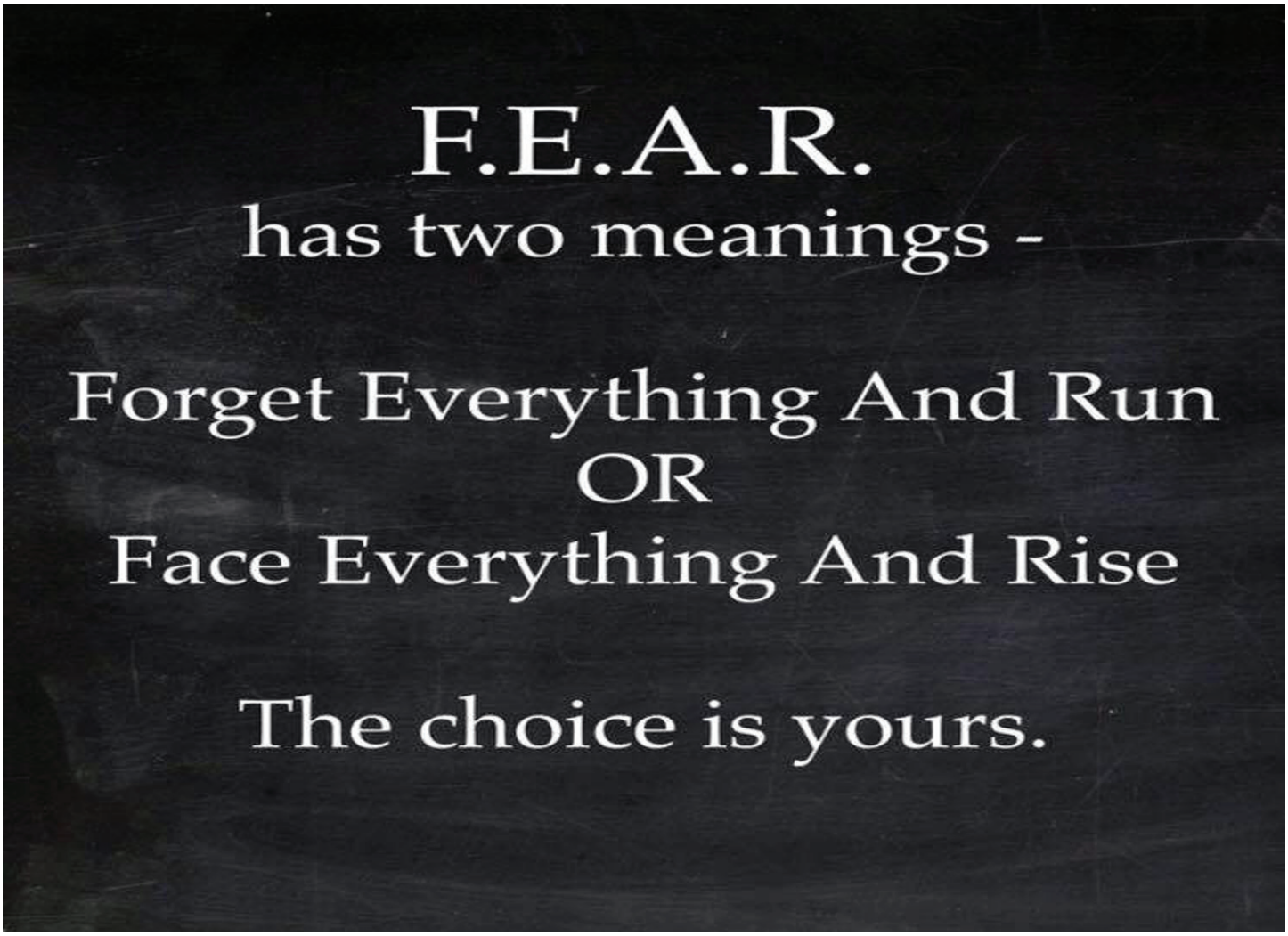


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Who Is My Neighbor?

by Sis. Sarah D. Ledger
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I had a late afternoon appointment with a doctor in the city where our daughter lives. She was to meet us at his office. We decided that we would leave early and run by Wal-Mart to pick up a few things. We left the store and, just as we got in a busy intersection, our usually trusty car died completely at the stop sign. Nothing my husband did helped. I was apprehensive about his being outside the car. We called our daughter, and learned it was going to take a few minutes for her and our son-in-law to get there. It seemed to be a long time before a policeman came to direct the traffic around our stalled vehicle.

Several cars went around and then a small car pulled up and stopped. An attractive young woman got out and wanted to know what she could do to help. My husband explained that he didn't know what the problem was, but our son-in-law and daughter were on their way. She got out her cell phone and started calling friends that she thought might help. She seemed to want to be of service so badly. By the time I got situated in our daughter's car, enough men had gathered to push the car across the street and into a vacant lot. She volunteered to guide the car. When the vehicle was safely parked, she came back across the street to tell us goodbye. Then she was gone.

In John's gospel (Chapter 10, v. 29) when the lawyer asked Jesus who his neighbor was, Jesus gave us the beautiful lesson of the "good Samaritan." It has always been one of my favorite Scripture readings. A traveler was left to die by the side of the road. A Priest and a Levite passed by him, but the Samaritan had pity on him. He not only took care of his immediate needs but also made provisions for him until he was well. And then Jesus asked which one was the neighbor. I think we all know that answer.

The young woman who helped us that afternoon did not know us. She only saw an older man needing help. We did not know her, although my husband had the foresight to get her name and address so that we could properly thank her. It is very likely that our paths will not cross again. I probably would not recognize her if I saw her. But for one afternoon when we needed someone, she was a good neighbor! And for that, we will always be grateful. I hope that somewhere along the way, I have been a good neighbor also.

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