



(Unsplash/Towfiqu barbhuiya)



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Our car stopped dead in the middle  
of a steep hill with cars charging by  
up the hill and down. Seven cars  
stopped, at considerable risk to the  
occupants, so don't say there are no  
good Samaritans left. They come  
in all ages, genders, colors, beliefs.  
An MIA flag flew from one car, booming  
music blasted from another.

One car passed ours, thought better of it  
and slowly backed up to where  
we sat blocking traffic, waiting for a tow.  
I got out of the car and walked up  
to find two African American women  
who rolled down their window.

I told them to be careful —  
their tires were scraping the curb.  
They said *God bless you and could they  
help their sisters*, exactly what they said.

I said *thank you for stopping, a tow is  
coming. Again, God bless you*, and I  
wish I knew where they worshipped  
so I could join them because the news  
from South Carolina that night reported  
nine people of color were murdered  
by a young white man they welcomed  
into their church like good Samaritans.

For two who stopped: Please lay this poem  
for a floral wreath at your welcome door.

Many moons later you inspire me still. When I  
pass by a need, you taught me to back up

and offer to help.

Maybe the need happened yesterday,  
maybe years ago.

Still the example you gave—

Stop. Go back. Offer to help.

Each time, I lay a thank-you wreath  
at your welcome door.

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