Columns
Spirituality



(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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