

# Monologue – Who Will Be My Neighbor?

## A Retelling of the Parable of the Good Samaritan

My mother always said,  
“Don’t walk it at night. You know that road is dangerous.”

But I had done it before. Many times.

That day I got blind-sided. Jumped by 3 or 4 guys.

One from behind, got me in the back.  
Someone held my throat. Pulled a knife.  
Another lifted his foot and, well,  
broke my jaw with one blow.

That’s all I remember.  
I didn’t wake up until morning, disoriented.

My face was turned down against the loose, wet gravel in the ditch.  
I lay beside my own vomit.  
I tried to lift my bloody leg  
but it was motionless.  
There was so much blood, I didn’t even know the source.

I tried to speak, to yell,  
but I could only muster a soft whisper  
because of my jaw.

As I “came-to” I began to panic. Was I close to death?

And then I got angry.  
Who the heck did this to me?  
Some bully or tyrant  
or Samaritan?

When I finally managed to turn myself over onto my back,  
I was so dizzy  
the clouds above circled like a carousel.

When I finally focused my eyes

I saw a familiar face look down at me.

I say familiar, but I really didn't know him.

I simply recognized him as a member of the clergy.

Clerical collar. Neatly shaven.

A neighbor.

I tried to smile,

but my painful grimace must have shocked him

because he left as quickly as he came.

Maybe 2 hours later – I'm not exactly sure of the timeline –

a Levite spotted me.

Another man of the cloth.

Another one of my own.

Again I tried to call out:

"Have mercy on me, a Hebrew,

a contributor to the tithe.

I pay your salary!"

They were only thoughts – I couldn't force the words.

But we both knew that we had seen each other.

And he had made a choice.

Averting his eyes and walking away, I heard him spit out a few words:

"God be with you."

With me? Who will be my neighbor?

My head began to swim and I moved into unconsciousness again.

I was probably out for 19 or 20 hours.

Again, my chronological details might be skewed.

In any case, it was the next day before I awoke.

I was lying in a clean bed.

My jaw was wired shut.

My arm and leg were bandaged.

A nurse came with another painkiller.

“You’re a lucky man,” she said, “to have a neighbor like that.”

“How did I get here? Did the priest or Levite pick me up?”

“No. Someone by the name of...

I don’t think we got his name.

Said he was from Samaria.”

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