



REFLECTIONS

April 1, 2012

“A man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, when he fell into the hands of robbers... But a Samaritan, as he traveled, came where the man was; and when he saw him, he took pity on him.”

Luke 10:30, 34

Microcosm of Life

The morning seemed normal. People were moving about to and fro each living out their day just as I was; only for me a brief break in the schedule led me to a table in a local Starbucks. I was soon captivated by the life stories at play in the room that became a microcosm of life unfolding before my eyes. And no one seemed to pay the slightest attention to any of them.

To my right sat a trio of college recruiters making their pitch to a hopeful candidate. There were smiles and laughter in between serious questions and intense answers. The questions they posed to each other were answered with measured explanations, and from outward appearances, all were favorably received. Then the interview reached its end and they said their cordial goodbyes, the recruiters and the candidate both seemingly convinced they had made their sales.

Across from me standing in the order line a frumpy looking woman was giving hand signs to a deaf man seeking directions. I wondered how she had learned to talk with the deaf. I wondered where he needed to go, and I wondered if he would get there.

Then a mother and her preteen daughter went unnoticed as they entered the premises. It was curious that their entry drew no attention because alongside the little girl was a dutiful dog wearing a collar that read, “Service Dog.” The need was not apparent.

I watched in fascination as these interactions unfolded, and I could not help but wonder why no one else gave notice to any of them. Were they so absorbed in their own lives that they took no interest in anyone else? Did they not understand that the people around them are living out stories easily as important as their own? Those stories have joys to share, pains to heal, troubles to solve, and cries for help that go unheeded.

We live busy lives and face many challenges. But sometimes I wonder if we should slow our pace enough to pay more attention to those around us. At a table nearby there may be a hopeful student in need of encouragement, or a lost stranger looking for directions, or a mother in need of someone to simply listen as she nurtures an emotionally troubled child. The stories are there if we will but stop to read them.

You are the light of the world,

Richard +

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