



# REFLECTIONS

October 25, Refreshed from the Archives of April 1, 2012

**In reply Jesus said: "A man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, when he fell into the hands of robbers... [a Samaritan] went to him and bandaged his wounds, pouring on oil and wine. Then he put the man on his own donkey, took him to an inn and took care of him.**

*Luke 10:30, 34*

## Microcosm of Life

A schedule break one cool morning led me into a nearby Starbucks. Inside, a microcosm of life came alive with life stories playing out all around me. Yet no one else seemed to pay the slightest attention to any but their own.

To my right sat a trio of college recruiters making their pitch to a hopeful candidate. The questions posed to each other appeared to draw intense answers until smiles and laughter told the responses were favorably received. After a time, the interview ended with handshakes and cordial goodbyes, the recruiters and candidate alike seeming convinced they made their sales.

Standing in the order line across the room, a frumpy looking woman signed to a deaf man seeking directions. I wondered how she learned to talk to the deaf with her hands. I wondered where he needed to go; and I wondered if he would find his way there.

Then a mother with her preteen daughter entered the premises, curiously unnoticed. I wondered why the well-behaved dog alongside the girl drew no attention. It wore a collar that read, "Service Dog." I pondered how the girl might behave without the dog at her side; and I wondered about the many stressful days the mother suffered in search of solutions to calm her daughter's anxieties.

I watched in fascination as this microcosm of life unfolded before me, and I could not help but notice that what made the microcosm complete is that no one gave much notice to anyone else. Were they all so absorbed in their own lives that they took no interest in others? 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 only stop to hear them.

*You are the light of the world,*

*Richard +*

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