

[Columns](#)  
[Spirituality](#)



(Unsplash/Towfiq barbhuiya)



by Joan Sauro

[View Author Profile](#)

## [\*\*Join the Conversation\*\*](#)

July 4, 2024

[Share on Bluesky](#)[Share on Facebook](#)[Share on Twitter](#)[Email to a friend](#)[Print](#)

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.

Advertisement