

# The kind stranger

Here is a man. He is going on a long journey. He packs some sandwiches and a flask of tea, and sets off

Soon he has left the town behind him. The sun is hot and the long climb up into the hills makes him puff. The path winds between high rocks. It is a dark place, full of shadows. 'I don't like it here' says the man. He has a funny feeling that someone is watching him.



The sun rises hot in the sky. The man is hot. His throat is dry. But here come more footsteps! Who is it? It is a stranger from a foreign country. He has no friends here. Why should he stop ?



But the stranger does stop. He speaks kindly to the man in foreign words, and helps him to drink some water. He washes his wounds and puts a bandage around his head. The stranger helps the man up onto his donkey. He puts his arm around him to stop him from falling off, and gently leads him down the path.



Suddenly there is a shout! Robbers! They steal his donkey and all his belongings. And they whack him on the head. Poor man. He is left lying on the path. His head is bleeding and he cannot move his legs. He lies there for a long time, then, finally he falls asleep.



After a while, someone comes along the path. He is wearing fine clothes. A bishop. He stops, then hurries past, pretending not to see. Perhaps he is late for important business. Perhaps he is afraid.

Next comes a judge. But the judge pretends not to see and he hurries past. Just like the bishop.



At the next town, the stranger finds an inn. He puts the man to bed and pays the innkeeper. 'Look after him' he says, 'until I get back' Jesus says 'which one had helping hands? Was it who you expected. Make sure you use your hands to help others.'