

The Story of The Good Samaritan



Shakur was a Black musician who performed in the streets of LA. Late one night a White Supremacist gang found him in the Skid Row area, beat him up, took whatever money he had, and left him for dead.

The following morning Sister Catherine, a young Catholic nun, on her way to the Seminary, saw the bleeding Shakur slumped by the roadside. If she stopped to help, she would miss her bus and be late

for class. She just turned her face, pretended she did not see, increased her pace, and walked to her bus stop.



Next on that road came the Right Rev. Jim Johnson hurrying to officiate at a wedding ceremony that morning. He was dressed in Sunday best suite. He saw Shakur and he mumbled to himself: "These drunkards... When will they learn? I am sure he stayed out late drinking and now, just look at him... It is brothers like him that give brothers like me a bad name. What a shame!" He crossed to the other side of the road and continued with a brisk walk to make sure he would not be late for the wedding.

Finally, here comes a street vendor, Jose, pushing his candy and ice-cream cart. When he saw Shakur slumped by the roadside and bleeding, he took pity on him. He stopped his cart and took out a First-aid box he kept for such emergencies. He poured some rubbing alcohol on his wounds and bandaged them.

It was clear Shakur was going to need far more care than Jose could give. So, he picked him up and loaded him on his ice-cream vending tricycle and took him to a nearby clinic. He asked if they could take care of a man he found on the street. But they asked if he has any insurance. He did not know but offered to pay them what little money he had collected from vending candies and ice cream. He promised he would come back every week and pay them some more.



The Sequel: Jose did not speak good English and didn't even know the name of the man he was trying to help. They called the police on him and implicated him in the beating. They found out that Jose was undocumented and his ice-cream vending tricycle had no license. Jose was arrested, thrown in jail, and charged with various crimes from being undocumented, to beating a homeless man, to vending ice cream without a permit. To make a long story short, he was found guilty; they confiscated his ice-cream vending tricycle and sentenced him to three months in prison. He was deported to Mexico after serving his sentence.

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