

Chapter 5

The Good Samaritan

July 2000

“If you can help just one person in your lifetime, you have qualified your time spent here on Earth” – Robert Morton

Within the next several months I went through major changes in my life. “Letting go” of old beliefs about myself wasn’t so easy. In the first place, I had to overcome low self-esteem, and I felt bad about my physical appearance, too.

So that year, I lost over 50 pounds and worked on building up my self-esteem. I also worked on making eye contact with people, especially strangers. To overcome this, I would practice while walking to and from the bus stop on work days. I would wear a CD player headset and pretend I was listening to the CD player. Then, when I passed a stranger, I would make eye contact and give him/her a little smile (an acknowledgment) and greet them. It worked! Day by day, I became more and more confident, eventually not needing to wear my “crutch” (the CD headset), anymore.

As the months passed by, I began feeling better and better about myself, but I soon faced another crisis. When I thought about my past and my future—who I had been and what I was to do—I became so nervous that fear and anxiety would set in. The more I thought about it, the more anxious I became. Finally, I reached the point where I couldn’t handle it any longer. Over and over again in my mind, I kept thinking about what my angels had told me. They were right when they said I wouldn’t be able to handle it if I knew what was going to happen. They knew me better than I knew myself. “Heck!” I told myself, “I can’t even handle the situation now.”

Then to make matters worse, I felt alone. With no one to talk to who would understand what I was going through, I realized that if I didn’t get “outside” help soon, I was headed for a nervous breakdown. With no other choice, I then decided I would just shut down. So one Friday night after work, as I was getting off the bus to walk home, I gave God an ultimatum. I declared, “I’m not going to take any more steps forward until you send me someone!” At last, I was “off the

hook.” It was now up to God to send me someone, and the ball was in His court.

The next day, I found myself glancing through the *Spirit Seeker*, a spiritual magazine published in St. Louis. Coincidentally, I just happened to come across an ad for a little spiritual church, located just two miles from my house. Suddenly, an idea came to me, “This would be a great opportunity to meet people of ‘like’ mind.” At that moment, I decided to attend the church service the next day.

The next day, I arrived at the location, but the church was nowhere to be found. Finally, I found it. It was tucked away in a small strip mall and was hidden in the back room of a store. After entering the back room, I immediately began to feel claustrophobic. The room was VERY small, just big enough for two rows of chairs and a lectern in front for the minister. Packed with people, I could tell at once that they all knew each other. And not wanting to attract unnecessary attention to myself, I quickly sat down in the closest empty seat nearest the door, just in case I had to make a fast getaway.

When the service began, the minister asked, “Is there anyone here for the first time?” Feeling everyone’s eyes on me, I didn’t look up nor did I say a word as I sat perfectly still staring down at my hands in my lap. Then, breaking the silence, the woman sitting on my left raised her hand and said, “I’m visiting today, but I’ve been here before. I haven’t been here in two years.”

When the service was over, everyone stood up and began socializing again. At that moment, the woman who had been sitting on my left introduced herself to me. At once, I could tell she was friendly and seemed interested in talking to me, but it was impossible to carry on a conversation. The room was overcrowded and too noisy. Sensing my eagerness to talk, she suggested, “It’s a little noisy in here. Let’s go outside and talk where it’s more quiet.”

Continuing our conversation outside on the sidewalk, I asked her how long she had been “spiritual,” and she said, “Oh, a little over 20 years.” Feeling relieved that I finally had found someone who might understand what I was going through, I told her that my new-found spirituality was hard to adjust to. She then exclaimed, “I can tell you are frazzled. I can feel your energy. It’s going every which way!”

Filling her in about my recent reading with Jacquelyne and how I was overwhelmed by what I had been told, I admitted to her that I was frightened of my future. Embarrassed, I confessed that I was also

scared that I would fail and not be able to live up to my soul contract and God's expectations.

She then confided to me that after 20 years, she felt pretty comfortable with her situation and felt "in touch" with her spirit guides. Being the kind and understanding person she was, she added, "You know, I had the feeling I was supposed to be here today—that I was to meet someone, and I think that someone is you!" Pausing momentarily as if trying to remember something, she then said, "About 20 years ago when I first got into all of this, I wrote a poem. I don't have it with me, but I think I still have it somewhere at home. I really do think it would help you."

She then asked for my phone number and asked if it would be okay to call me when she got home. "Sure," I said, "I can use all the help I can get." At that time, I gave her my phone number and we parted.

When I got home, sure enough just as she had promised, she called. She had great news. She had found the poem and then began reading it to me. I don't remember the exact words of her poem, but it went something like this: "Don't think about the past. Don't think about the future. Be in the present moment." My fears soon melted away as she explained to me the meaning of "The Present Moment."

We didn't really talk much about anything else, except before hanging up the phone, I had one more burning question on my mind, "When did you get the feeling that you were supposed to meet someone today?" Without even pausing to think about it, she simply answered, "Friday night."

I don't know why, but she never asked me why I asked her this question, nor did I volunteer to tell her about my cry for help on Friday night. But after thanking her and hanging up the phone, I whispered a little prayer of gratitude, "Thank you Father for sending me someone." And from that moment on, I began living in the present moment.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I never saw or heard from "The Good Samaritan" again nor do I remember her name or what she even looks like. All I remember is she lives in Ellisville, which is right next door to Ballwin where I live.