

Traduzione inglese

Let's imagine we are inside of the parable: we are walking on a rather busy street, since it unites two important cities: Jerusalem and Jericho. Everyone is in a hurry, either for work or on their way home. Suddenly, you see a red spot on one side of the street. What might that be? The first two passersby realise that it is the body of a man covered in blood. Perhaps one of them also imagines that the man is dead. They find the idea of touching that blood (or even just the naked and disfigured body) repulsing, and they both quickly pass over. But when the third one arrives and sees that mass of violated humanity, instead of repulsion, he feels compassion and tenderness rise to his heart, that move him deeply and grasp his soul, forcing him to stop, approach that person and touch them. None of the three passersby knew if they were actually dead: the text says that the thieves had left the man half dead after stripping and beating him. His survival would therefore depend on the decisions of the passers-by: those who ignored him were letting him to die, he who stopped and cured him was reviving him.

We too are walking along the roads of the world where many lie powerless, unable to save themselves. The life or death of our weakest and most wounded brothers depends on our solidarity.

The Good Samaritan is the reflection of God himself. The reaction he shows in front of that person wounded by violence and wickedness reflects the reaction of God: *“when he saw him, he was moved with pity for him, and came to him and put him clean round his wounds, with oil and wine; and he put him on his beast and took him to house and took care of him”* (vv. 33-34)

He saw he was moved by the wounded bands approached him, he gifted that man his time and also his money. God helps us in the same way, us fragile creatures in need of care, in need of the oil of tenderness and of the wine of joy. The Samaritan demonstrates that he knows God's style, the way he acts, his faithfulness; that he knows His heart, the heart of a mother, of a father, of a brother, of a friend towards us all, creatures thirsting for love.