

The Good Samaritan

I was anxious. This was my first time in the City to do missionary work. I had been raised in the country all my life and could not wait to see the City. I could imagine all the people that must walk about on its streets. Reverend says that they are not as friendly as the people in the country. But that is because of the lack of good work done there by people like Reverend. He is a miracle worker. That is what they call him back home. And he has taught me, like a son, to do the same. The world has become overpopulated, and people are starving in the cities. Reverend says that these are the world's last days unless missionaries like us do something. Reverend goes to the City every weekend or any old day of the week if the Spirit sends for him. It was evening when we got to the City. The buildings were so tall that their heights made me dizzy. We drove down the streets, and it was everything and nothing I had imagined. It was like a concrete forest. There were not even trees until we reached the park where we would do our missionary work. We parked the congregation bus and began to walk around and talk to the beggars. They had heard of Reverend in the park, and when they saw the bus, there must have been a hundred of them. They flocked around us like sheep as we stepped out. I oversaw the handing out of the rations. Each beggar got a piece of fruit. After they ate, Reverend instructed them to be seated on the grass. He preached that the problem with life was that they needed work but that there was none. Reverend gave his sermon on how they could better themselves as people by coming and working at the Temple, a place for each one of the beggars where they would be well taken care of for the rest of their lives. And they would spend the rest of their lives with beggars just like themselves without having to feel like they were different, without the judgment of others. We selected the beggars we would return to the Good Samaritan Temple. We loaded the bus and headed for the secluded sanctuary in the hills, far away from the smog and concrete forest of the City. The beggars smelled bad and were unkempt. It was okay because we would be at the Temple in just a couple of hours, and they would all be saved and rid of the filth they had once lived. When we arrived, it was dawn. I could not believe I had stayed up all night and was not tired. I was too excited to sleep. I woke the beggars and instructed them that before salvation comes, work. Each beggar took a shovel and dug a hole in a predetermined spot throughout the forest to plant Reverend's beloved flowering dogwoods. After all the beggars had finished their holes, they could go into the Temple and pray until their baptism. And then, one by one, we took each beggar into the woods for their baptism. I was to perform the first miracle of the day and of my life, for that matter.

I instructed the beggar to lower himself before the Spirit to his knees and pray. I took out the ceremonial knife to join the blood of the beggar with the blood of the Spirit and slit his throat from behind just as the Reverend had taught me. And the beggar fell in his hole where a beautiful flowering dogwood was to be planted. I covered him or her with dirt, and Reverend and I continued performing miracles until dusk. And the world was a better place. The beggars were not full of sloth anymore, and moderation was once again in the world.