

Chaplains' Corner

Who Is My Neighbor?

It's been 20 years now since Natz drove in the K.I.S.S. racing series back in 1986. Some of you old timers may remember race promoter Bob Harman who once experimented with *Keep It Simple, Stupid* rules—a unique concept that handicapped cars with weight additions allowing cars from different classes to compete. After running several successful races at tracks in the South East they headed for the 5/8-mile track in Nashville, Tenn. Well, they'd barely begun when Natz smacked the back stretch wall full out. The damage to the car was extensive. Our team prepared to work around the clock to repair the car in time to complete the series.

Here's the unforgettable part—just about every racer there offered to help with the repairs! Even Bob Harman generously guaranteed a starting spot for us if we got the car running!

As neighborly as they all were to us out-of-towners, I realized that I was the problem, not the car. I had lost my father a few days before and my concentration was just not sharp enough to race. Taking that into consideration, we decided to load the car. But, everyone had been so nice, we felt like family. So we hung around watching our new friends race. –Natz.

Jesus answered the question, “Who is my neighbor?” with a story about a man who was robbed and beaten by bandits then left to die by the roadside. Some religious folks who should have known better saw the man in his distress but hurried past without stopping to help. But then, an ordinary person, in fact sort of an outcast of the day, felt pity for the man, cared for him and even paid his bills! Jesus explained that the man who made time to help a stranger acted like a neighbor to the man lying naked in the road. [Luke 10:30-37]

There were many good neighbors at the Nashville track that day 20 years back. And, we'll never forget their kindness in our time of need.

We heard a true story recently about a man who pulled over in a blinding snowstorm behind a stretch limo stranded in the cold. The chauffeur said they had a flat but lacked a jack. The man quickly unloaded his jack and changed the tire. The limo driver asked the man what he'd take for his help. He wanted flowers sent to his wife because it was their anniversary and he was late getting home. At least that way, she would believe his story that he'd stopped to help a limo in distress!

A huge bouquet of flowers soon arrived with a note attached that read: *We did some research on you and have paid your mortgage. Thanks for the help. Donald Trump.* Mr. Trump sure felt neighborly!

We've all said at one time or another, *what goes around, comes around.* We don't all get to change Donald Trump's tire, but the Lord sees in secret the kindness we show others and he has his ways of letting us know. Maybe you'll find yourself stranded on the road needing help. Wouldn't it be nice to know you've laid up some kindness in **Comes Around Bank?**

God Bless You All
Chaplains Natz & Elana Peters