Jerusalem To Jericho

A man set off from Jerusalem to Jericho.

If you haven't got a donkey, it's a long long way to walk.

He had strong shoes and a coat to keep him warm and dry.

He really was a happy chap as he set out that day.

But round the corner hid a gang of thieves.

They kicked him and punched him, leaving him half dead.
His clothes were taken and his money too.

Everything he owned was gone.

Then in the distance the sound of donkey's trotting hooves and riding on the donkey's back a priest in grand attire.

He saw our poor man, but without hesitation, he steered his beast across the road and carried on his way.

He left the traveller lying by the road. Bleeding and helpless, very close to death.

Then once again came the sound of donkey's trotting hooves and riding on the donkey's back there sat a Pharisee.

He saw our traveller, but without hesitation, he steered his beast across the road and carried on his way.

He left our traveller lying by the road. Bleeding and helpless, very close to death.

Then along came a stranger who saw our poor man's plight. He reigned in his donkey and ran across to help.

He bound his wounds and laid him on his beast, then walked to an inn, where he paid the keeper for his care.

So, who do you think was neighbour to our traveller?

The answer is plain as plain as plain can be.

Just go and do likewise. Just help where you can.

Jerusalem to Jericho

And who is my neighbour?

Judy Lane

Walking pace $\sqrt{=76}$









