

A Struggle in the Dark

Do you believe in miracles? I do. A miracle is defined as an event attributed to divine intervention. Others reject that idea, claiming unexplainable situations or circumstances to be “extraordinary coincidences from everyday life.” Personally, I prefer the former interpretation.

Consider the following story, which was shared by David Kafora, vice president of the Saguaro Region, at a recent meeting of his executive directors. It is an account told by Greg O’Leary and compiled by Yitta Halbertstam and Judith Leventhal:

I was walking down a dimly lit street late one evening when I heard muffled screams coming from behind a clump of bushes. Alarmed, I slowed down to listen, and panicked when I realized that what I was hearing were the unmistakable sounds of a struggle: heavy grunting, frantic scuffling, the tearing of fabric. Only yards from where I stood, a woman was being attacked.

Should I get involved? I was frightened for my own safety, and cursed myself for having suddenly decided to take a new route home that night. What if I became another statistic? Shouldn’t I just run to the nearest phone and call the police?

Although it seemed like an eternity, the deliberations in my head had taken only seconds, but already the girl’s cries grew weaker. I knew I had to act fast. How could I walk away from this? No, I finally resolved, I could not turn my back on the fate of this unknown woman, even if it meant risking my own life.

I am not a brave man, nor am I athletic. I don’t know where I found the moral courage and physical strength – but once I had finally resolved to help the girl, I became strangely transformed. I ran behind the bushes and pulled the assailant off the woman. Grappling, we fell to the ground, where we wrestled for a few minutes until the attacker jumped up and escaped. Panting hard, I scrambled upright and approached the girl, who was crouched behind a tree, sobbing. In the darkness, I could barely see her outline, but I could certainly sense her trembling shock.



Not wanting to frighten her further, I at first spoke to her from a distance. “It’s OK,” I said soothingly. “The man ran away. You’re safe now.”

(more)

There was a long pause and then I heard her words, uttered in wonder and amazement. "Dad, is that you?" And then, from behind the tree, stepped my youngest daughter, Katherine.

What a powerful account of an individual's opportunity – and responsibility – to help someone in a desperate situation. In the work we are involved in for Life Care, Century Park or Life Care at Home, when we supply a need for another, we are helping someone's mother, grandmother, father, grandfather, daughter, son or – in general – one who is loved and respected and important to others.

But, most of all, the person being served is important to God.

– Beecher Hunter