

**Power Play**  
A Sermon for Every Sunday  
The Fifth Sunday after Pentecost, Year C  
*Luke 10: 25-37*

Lawyers! It's always the lawyers, isn't it? Today we read a passage the gospel of Luke and we find that it's a lawyer who's stirring up trouble for Jesus. Again.

Try to imagine the scene. Jesus, at this point in the story a popular, dynamic young rabbi, is teaching the Torah, religious law, to the rapt attention of increasingly large crowds of people. A lawyer in the crowd asked Jesus to offer a rabbinical opinion about Torah, to help him distill religious law in the detailed and intricate way that lawyers like to do.

In point of fact, an interplay like this one was a common occurrence in the society of Jesus' day: this is how the powerful, elite, professional, educated folks interacted with each other, a sort of unwritten societal standard not unlike any big city cocktail hour when, upon meeting someone for the first time you immediately know to ask: "What do you do?"

The lawyer was certainly interested in Jesus; Jesus had been generating a lot of buzz all over the countryside. Some of the things he was saying and doing were edgy, strange, different. The lawyer wanted to engage him a sort of intellectual swordplay, where they'd spar with each other over questions of merit and importance. It was an exercise in finding your place in the grand order of things; trying to figure out who this Jesus guy was and whether he was really rising in the ranks of Jerusalem power brokers like many suspected and, if so, to make sure they knew each other.

So this is how the scene unfolds, two educated Jewish men, playing the professional games we all play....

I tweeted two weeks ago after I arrived at the convention center in Greensboro, North Carolina for the Cooperative Baptist Fellowship General Assembly meeting: “I’d know I was at a Baptist meeting even if I didn’t know I was at a Baptist meeting.”

For one thing, all the men were wearing pleated khaki pants and polo shirts, the unofficial Baptist male uniform. The lobby of the hotel was full of fresh-faced, earnest looking people wearing nametags and clutching tote bags—sure signs that something Baptist is going on.

As I sat in the lobby waiting for a friend, I watched. People would greet each other by name (after glancing quickly at nametags to spark memory). They’d ask each other questions like, “How are things going at First Baptist?,” to which there would be cheery answers about new programming and increased worship attendance. People traded business cards and made connections and caught up on all the news. You know, it’s what we DO at church meetings, and we all know how to do it.

The lawyer testing Jesus was just doing what educated men of that day did, you know, professional posturing. But he had a surprise in store for him, because Jesus was not your average young rabbi. Jesus regularly and consistently took generally accepted assumptions about power and influence and turned them upside down leaving all the folks who thought they understood puzzled, scratching their heads in confusion.

What’s notable today is that our gospel lesson comes from Luke chapter 10, perhaps the most familiar and popular chapter in Luke’s gospel, where Jesus tells the most famous parable of all, the Parable of the Good Samaritan. You know the story; I know you do.

A lawyer challenges Jesus, asking for exact instructions about how he might attain eternal life. True to form, Jesus answers the lawyer's question with a question of his own. The lawyer, of course, already knows the answer. So he shows Jesus he knows the answer: the way to attain eternal life—to win in the end—is to follow the two most important commandments, love God and love your neighbor.

Okay then.

But, you know lawyers. This one follows up with another question. He wants to spar some more with Jesus, to test him and see if he's really got the chops to make it in upwardly mobile Jerusalem society: "And who is my neighbor?"

And so, as he typically did, Jesus tells a story. You know this story as well as I do; here's the way we often hear it told:

There was a man traveling from Jerusalem to Jericho. This was a particularly treacherous stretch of land, a road you should never travel along because of bands of robbers who regularly attacked travelers. Such had happened to this man, who was beaten severely, robbed of everything he owned, and left by the side of the road to die.

Along the road came a priest, who was traveling the same way. The priest was really important in society; part of the very elite class of temple staff. The lawyer listening to Jesus would have known that this guy was a power broker; really important; elaborate-motorcade-making-me-late-to-an-appointment important. The priest saw the hurt man, crossed the road to the other side, and passed by without stopping to help.

Next came a Levite. Levites were also part of temple leadership. Levites assisted the priests in the work of the temple, and were born into their calling. Maybe the Levite wouldn't have had a whole motorcade, but he fell

into the power hierarchy somewhere near the top; you'd notice him in a restaurant, in other words. And so, Jesus tells us, the Levite also sees the hurt man, crosses over to the other side of the road, and passes on by. He wasn't quite as important as the priest, but I think I always learned he was in a hurry—he had things to attend to at the temple and so he didn't stop. Too preoccupied and self involved.

Then comes a Samaritan man along the road. Well, the lawyer listening to Jesus could immediately understand the contrast here. While a priest was as high as you could go in Jewish society, a Samaritan was on the opposite end of that spectrum.

Just a little bit of Jewish history: by time Jesus and the lawyer were doing their little intellectual sparring, Jews and Samaritans had hated each other for over a thousand years. When King Solomon died the monarchy broke into two factions: the ten tribes of the North rebelled and founded a capital in the city of Samaria. The two southern tribes made their capital in Jerusalem. There was long-held ethnic hostility and political and religious rivalry between Jews and Samaritans. So when Jesus said "Samaritan" the lawyer immediately knew where that man fell in the ranks of power.

Well, you know what happened. The Samaritan stopped and helped the wounded man; bandaged him and took him to safety; provided for him until he was fully healed. The Samaritan was the good guy.

And the way we've always heard this story interpreted is this: the lawyer asked "who is my neighbor?"—let me get exactly clear what I have to do, who I have to help.

And the answer we've always heard from this story is that the hurt man on the side of the road is our neighbor, of course. We should always go

out of our way to help anybody who needs help, no matter who they are. The Samaritan demonstrates this.

And this of course is a very nice way to interpret this parable, one that I am sure Jesus would have taught had he been the kind of teacher whose main objective was to leave us with a nice morality tale that makes us feel guilty when the guy at the stop light knocks on the car door window asking for money and we pretend like we don't see him while willing the light to change.

But let's look again. It's always tricky to hear a beloved and oft-told passage of scripture; we assume we know what it means. But we should always be sure to listen again, carefully, because we don't want to mistake familiarity for understanding.

There was a man going down from Jerusalem to Jericho. Bad idea to travel all alone and you know what happened. Cut to: lying broken and bleeding on the side of the road.

Along comes a priest, who sees the man and crosses the road to the other side, then hurries along.

Well, of COURSE he does. He's a priest; he has people waiting for him at the temple. His presence and service are indispensable there, and to touch someone hurt and bleeding would mean he was unclean and unable to perform his work. He couldn't stop; his obligations to God meant he had to pass on by and hope the man got some help soon. Same with the Levite. Holy, powerful, pulled by the obligations of his position and power. He couldn't stop either.

I don't think it's fair to label the priest and the Levite shady, power hungry and selfish people. They passed on by, but they may very well

have passed on by regretful that their obligations at the temple prevented them from stopping.

Regardless, it was the Samaritan, the one of the three who was decidedly Unholy, with no power in society to speak of. For whatever reason he had the time and the impetus to stop and help. And he did.

Jesus asks the lawyer: three men, two powerful and holy; one an outsider. Who's the neighbor?

The lawyer has to admit: it's the Samaritan.

But that wasn't the question. The lawyer had asked: who is my neighbor? Jesus' story in answer challenged: who is being a neighbor? And this is exactly how Jesus turns this parable on its head, showing us a different expression of power.

In answer to the lawyer's question Jesus didn't take out a paper and pencil and list: the homeless guy on the street corner, the person with the flat tire, the checker at WalMart, the college student with nowhere to stay for Thanksgiving, so the lawyer could check them off one by one and meet the legal requirements for heaven.

Jesus doesn't answer the lawyer's question at all. Instead, Jesus asks a different question: are you ready to BE a neighbor?

As usual, Jesus completely reframes the conversation. For the lawyer standing there that day having a scholarly conversation with a young, up and coming rabbi, the theoretical questions he posed were about religion and rules.

But Jesus' story about powerful and holy people doing what they thought was right alongside a societal outcast who actually *did* what was right sends an upside down message to the powerful lawyer in search of his

next step up the social ladder: Do you think you're powerful because you follow the rules? If you do, you're headed down the wrong path.

True power comes from a faith that animates our lives and transforms our hearts; it's not about who you are on the power grid of human life. It's about the power of sacrificial love that knows that outward trappings of power mean very little; it's inner transformation that results in radical actions of love that seem to all the respectable people...well...a little strange.

True power doesn't come from your professional label, your societal position, your "power" in the world. He thought he, a powerful lawyer, was having a theoretical discussion with a powerful rabbi, where they could come to some understanding about the rules. But Jesus changed the question, switched the paradigm, and described a world in which the people who looked powerful on the outside were distracted by outward expectations and human constructs...while the pitiful societal outcast was the real powerhouse.

Who is my neighbor? Could I have a list? Yeah, not so important.  
How do I be a neighbor? Now that's a better question.

I tried to imagine how this scene might play out in our big and powerful city. It would certainly have to happen at a cocktail party, don't you think?

Maybe you'd notice Jesus, over near the bar, surrounded by people drawn into the charismatic manner in which he's speaking. So you sidle up to the bar and order a drink, then kind of push your way through the crowd. You see a few friends and associates, pass out a couple business cards, until you get into his line of sight.

Wow, he really is compelling.

And then he starts talking to you! The conversation begins with the typical question, of course, “What do YOU do?” and it progresses from there. You can tell: this guy is really smart; he seems to have a unique take on the pressing political and social issues of our day.

Wanting to be sure you make a good impression—just in case you need him as a contact in the future—you toss out a question like: “Hey Jesus, what kind of legislation do you think we need to pass to address the racial and social injustices in society today?”

You’re listening intently; you stick your hand in your pocket and press the voice recorder on your iphone so you’re sure to remember what he says.

And Jesus pauses for a minute, swirls his drink, and replies: “On the night of February 26, 2012, in Sanford, Florida, a young high school student wearing a black hoodie to ward off the falling rain, walked down the street to a convenience store to buy some Skittles...”.

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