



Perspective

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

Good Samaritan

Hazel Crews first told me about the water jugs. Only I didn't believe her. In a day when "looking out for number one" is all most people think about, it was just a little incredible to believe that good Samaritans still roam the roads of this world.

It happened almost three years ago. Hazel and Mike Gray, a friend of Hazel and Standish Crews' daughter, Michele, were on their way to DeLand for Michele's recital at Stetson. About five minutes north of the State Road 60 junction on Interstate-95, the red light in the car flashed on. Overheating. They coasted to a stop along the road and discovered the radiator cap was missing — and so was all the water.

Seeing a canal ahead which ran under the interstate, Hazel sent Mike forward with a bucket. Moments later he was back, carrying two plastic gallon milk jugs full of water. He had found them, he said, sitting on the guard rails over the canal. On one of them was marked, "Water for radiator."

Like I said, the story was too

good to believe. Hazel seemed to think God was looking out for them in particular. And I don't doubt that. But since most miracles are "once only" occasions I forgot about it.

Then last week we were driving north on I-95, and about 4½ miles north of the SR 60 intersection I saw some plastic milk jugs sitting on the guard rail over a canal. I shouted at my daughter, who was driving, to turn around and go back. Maybe miracles were still happening.

They are. Halfway between SR 60 and SR 512, on the guard rails over a free flowing canal, are the water jugs. I guess a stranded motorist might be able to clamber down the bank to the stream if he had to, but it's mighty steep and there is a fence with barbed wire on top which he'd have to cross. And then there is the matter of containers.

But someone — and I guess they have been doing it for at least three years — places the containers along the highway in case someone needs water. We spent almost 15 minutes along the road. Farther

down the highway was another canal — and I saw it had plastic gallon milk jugs also. None of these were marked — like the one Hazel discovered — but they are there for one obvious reason. To help people in trouble.

It's a peaceful sort of place, despite the traffic roaring by. I could close my eyes and almost see that man lying by the side of the road, broken and bleeding. I could hear the priest and levite passing by on the other side. And then someone stops — and leaves a water jug.

I don't know who you are. And obviously you don't want anyone to know. But I suspect that of all the people blessed by your good deed, none has been blessed more than you.

That's always the case when people choose to give.

(Editor's Note: Jamie Buckingham lives in Melbourne. Hope all our readers realized that the junior high school and its officials referred to in last week's column were Melbourne products, not Vero.)