



This is the Village  
of the  
Galilee Jews  
They have  
their own ways  
They like  
wearing blue





They eat,  
they tell stories,  
they pray  
sing  
and dance  
And they  
love everyone  
except Samaritans



This is my Village  
of the Samaritan Jews  
We have our own ways  
We prefer the green hues  
We pray sing and dance  
And we love a good joke  
But we don't get along  
with those Gallilee folk





The Gals and the Sams  
We don't like each other  
But way back in time  
our tribes came from  
brothers





We have lots in common  
We live in one land  
We speak the one language  
That all understand  
We tell the same stories  
Though we like different parts  
And we worship the One God  
With whole minds and hearts







But you know how  
with humans  
It doesn't take much  
To set off a fight  
Over some such and such  
The reason we split?  
Well no one remembers  
But we keep the fight going  
And keep stirring the embers





In Samaritan towns  
Some people are sick  
With spots on their skin  
That are spreading so quick

And where the spots are  
They lose all their feeling  
Which leads to more hurting  
And not towards healing.





But also up north  
around Galilee  
They have this  
same sickness  
It's called leprosy.

And as there's no cure  
The people afflicted  
Are sent out of town  
They all are evicted





I have the spots  
So I'm living  
out here  
With people in blue  
who I hate, loathe  
and fear  
They don't like me  
either  
But we now  
we all agree  
That colour  
is something  
Sickness doesn't see





So although  
the two tribes  
aren't usually seen  
Mixing together  
The blue with the green  
we camp out together  
in the in-between zone  
Because someone  
who's sick  
Can't live all alone





Now we don't worry  
about our tradition  
We see how we share  
the one human condition





Hey! Look!  
someone's coming  
There's a bunch  
wandering near  
We'd better call out  
and warn them to fear

We're all infectious  
and they won't be pleased  
if they find  
that we've given them  
our bad disease.





“We are unclean  
Go away go away  
We’ll bring you disaster  
We’ll ruin your day!”





But look - they're still coming  
Can't they hear us call danger?  
They're still coming closer  
Being led by that stranger.

The stranger is Jesus  
We've heard he can heal  
So we change up our shouting  
And we make our appeal.





“Jesus,  
have mercy!  
Have mercy!  
Be kind  
And Jesus said  
“ Yes –  
Leave your  
sickness behind.”





Go home  
to your family  
Show yourselves  
to the priest.”  
We hoped  
that he’s give us  
some money  
at least





What could he mean?  
Thought those  
in the green





Could it be true?  
Thought those  
in the blue





We headed off home  
to our towns  
green and blue  
And as we were going  
our skin was made new





We headed off home  
To our towns  
blue and green  
we could barely believe  
that our spots  
were made clean





The Galilee Jews  
Ran to share  
the good news





Samaritans rushed  
And they couldn't be hushed





But me – a Samaritan -  
I was gobsmacked,  
amazed!

And I thought,  
“Well, this Jesus  
Deserved to be praised”

I wanted to find him,  
To tell him my thanks,  
But the others kept going  
So I left their ranks





I ran back to Jesus  
Praising God at full pelt  
And I fell at his feet  
and I expressed all I felt  
I called out my thanks  
and my joy and relief  
And he said 'You're a man  
of steady belief.





But where are the others  
the women and men?  
I thought there were more  
at least nine or ten.  
Some Jews wearing blue  
Were among your number  
I see only you  
green as a cucumber?





You're not from my tribe  
I'm from Blue Galilee  
You're a green guy from off  
The Samaritan tree.

And yet you came back  
To the inbetween ground  
And you give praise to God  
Where mercy was found





Here in this place  
The middle between  
Our fights and divisions  
Our blue and our green

Here is where worship  
and healing and grace  
belong – in the  
“Everyone needs  
mercy” space.





I wonder what happened when others returned To their homes and they shared of the thing we had learned





That Green ways  
and Blue ways  
Are lovely tradition  
But deeper  
we share  
the one  
human condition  
Our frailty and need  
And God's great love  
that calls us  
to the middle together  
Beyond our own walls.