

Case Notes
B
Judge Not

Nautilus?

My husband, Corey, and I frequent a local Taco Bell—it's convenient, easy, and fairly inexpensive, the three most important qualities for food in our family. Most of our excursions are uneventful, a means to an end. However, on one occasion, I learned a lesson I'll never forget.

We were tired from the day's events and too lazy to make something to eat at home. We did what we typically do in that situation—rely on someone else to feed us. As we entered the Taco Bell, the '80s-style pink and turquoise décor and corn aroma greeted us like an old friend. I ordered my typical meal: a bean burrito minus the onions and a Chicken Gordita Supreme. As Corey waited for our food, I surveyed the near-empty dining area and chose a table in a remote corner far from the counter and drink dispensers.

What did Corey order?

When our food was ready, Corey brought it to the table and began divvying up the goods. To our surprise, we had been given something neither of us ordered, something neither of us would ever order. Our surprise quickly turned into dismay when Corey looked at the receipt and realized we had been charged for the stowaway. He promptly notified the cashier of the mistake and requested a refund. However, because the item was on our receipt, he wouldn't take it back.

Name of item?

Corey brought it back to our table and laid it on the tray. This wasn't the first time this particular location had messed up our order. Normally, my burrito would contain onions or it would be missing altogether, but never had we been charged for something we didn't order. As we were discussing—for the umpteenth time—whether we should keep patronizing this Taco Bell, the high-pitched squeak of the door caught my attention. I saw a tall, shabby man standing in the entryway wearing ragged, dirty clothes with his hair matted to his head and his beard

Thought about returning it?

Clay
But takes too long.
Focus on how important of a receipt paper.
Years Reaction of change!

unshaven. I'm sure if I had been near him, he would've smelled worse than the stench created

That
Bell?

by a skunk being run over by a car. My immediate reaction was one of disgust and fear. I harbored notions like, *He's no good*, *Don't go near him*, and, *Be careful*. My insides lurched and began tying themselves into knots. I hoped he would sit as far away from us as possible.

I observed him as he ordered his food. When he walked near us with only a cup of water in his hand, Corey noticed him for the first time. I could tell Corey noticed the state of this man's clothing and person, but the expected criticism never came. Instead, Corey thoughtfully regarded this man while he waited for his food. When it became apparent that the man hadn't ordered anything else, Corey remarked, "I think that man is homeless. He probably came inside to get warm." This remark had no effect on me. I still saw an unkempt man sitting in the restaurant. Corey, on other hand, saw a human being in need.

He rose from the table with our stowaway in hand, walked over, and offered it to the man. As I watched the surprise and sincere gratitude wash over this man's face, I noticed for the first time that he wasn't wearing a coat, even though it was the dead of winter. My feelings of fear and disgust were replaced with shame and guilt. I hung my head in humiliation. Just because

Why?
How?
Explain

this man was disheveled, I had harshly judged him to be a lowlife, a vagrant . . . a nobody.

your
Babe
grand
Regarding
Poor
people,
The
Homeless

Instead, as Corey saw, he was simply a man in need of some kindness.

only
That?

After Corey and I left Taco Bell, I thanked him for teaching me such a valuable lesson. I had realized for the first time what the Savior meant when He said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."¹

¹ Matthew 7:1-2