

Saint Porphyrios: he just needed a taxi



The delicacy and the knowledge of the saints is above anything we can concieve.

In fact, without God's grace, we are just barbarians—without God's grace, we humans are wolves among other humans.

If someone is under the influence of the Holy Spirit, even if he knows something bad about the others, he doesn't want to kill him, to behave like a wolf, but rather to make him alive.

To kill a man is easy. To make him alive is the real thing.

. . . Saint Porphyrios started to walk with some disciples in order to go to a monastery, hoping to reach there in time for Vespers. But, because the saint was very old and tired, his disciples thought to find a taxi to reach there.

At that time, a taxi appeared from afar. Then the Elder was told by his companions—all three lay people, not clergy—to flag the taxi down, asking the driver if he could take them to the monastery.

“Don’t be afraid,” Saint Porphyrios told them, “the taxi driver will stop by himself. But, when we get in the taxi, no one will talk to the driver; only I will talk to him.”

So, it happened. The taxi driver stopped, without them waving. Everyone got in and Father Porphyrios told the driver their destination.

As soon as they started, the taxi driver started attacking the passengers, accusing them of a thousand things. And every time he said something, he addressed the three laymen, who were sitting in the back of the taxi and asking them, “Isn’t that right, guys? What do you say?” But they didn’t say anything at the elder’s command.

Seeing that the others were not responding, the driver turned to Saint Porphyrios and said, “Isn’t that right, Grandpa? What about you? Isn’t it true, what the newspapers write?”

Saint Porphyrios then told him, “My child, I’ll tell you a little story, I’ll tell you once; I won’t need to tell you a second time.” And he began to tell him:

“There was a man from a certain place (the Elder mentioned where the place was) who had an elderly neighbor with a large estate. This man started to take care of the elderly man. However, the demon of the love of wealth entered in the heart of that man—until, one night, he killed and buried that old man. Then, with various counterfeit papers, he took his neighbor’s estate and sold it. And you know what he bought with the money he got by selling this property? He bought a taxi.”

As soon as the taxi driver heard this narrative, he was so shocked that he stopped the car on the side of the road and shouted, “Don’t say anything, grandfather; only you and me know this.”

“God knows it too,” replied Saint Porphyrios. “He told me to tell you. And take care to change your life, from here on out.”

A candid shot from the feast of Saint Porphyrios

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