

# Thirst Quenching

by Beverley Joy Hermann © 2017

She signed as she picked up her water jar  
And left her bustling town behind  
The midday sun beat down on her  
Sweat fell as droplets on her hand.

A group of men passed her by  
She did not expect a nod or a 'Hi'  
She overheard their conversation  
They talked of God. Oh, religious men.

She looked up toward her destination  
And saw a man sitting at the well  
Weary, no doubt, from his long journey  
A foreigner resting as he passed by.

In silence, she approached to draw water  
In a sideways glance, she noticed his clothing  
Not just a stranger but an enemy  
Of racial tension and cultural law.

"Give me a drink" gently came the words  
She looked at his friendly eyes  
Puzzled and confused she questioned him  
"Why ask me? Our races don't speak."

"You don't know of the gift  
God has come to give."  
He said in a caring voice.

"If you knew who I am  
You would ask me for a drink.  
The water I give will quench forever  
Your endless craving and thirst."

"Sir, where will you get this special 'water'?  
The well is deep so how will you draw?"  
She paused in thought, then said proudly  
"Are you greater than our ancestor?"

"He built this well many years ago  
He drank from it, and generations more  
Have quenched their thirst  
From this sacred well."

He did not defend or disrespect  
But kept talking about his 'water'  
He had a gift he wanted to give  
He feed her curiosity.

"Everyone who drinks water from this well  
Must always come back for more  
But anyone who drinks my water  
Forever, their thirst will be quenched.

"The water I give will flow through you  
Not just a trickle or light spring rain  
No, a roaring river full and strong.

"Does he know of a river nearby" She thought  
"In a secret location, unknown to me?"  
"Give me this water that I may drink  
To save me walking in the midday heat?"

"Go home" He said "return with your husband."  
She paused before she spoke  
"But, I don't have a husband, Sir."  
"You're right" he said "You've had five."

Suddenly, her life is laid out and exposed  
Married since 14. Divorced by the men  
A common practice and easy to get  
Two was accepted but five was shunned.

Her best years lived with rejection  
A social outcast on all levels  
Her ethnicity, divorce and loose morals  
Her craving for faithful love never met.

Her community knew of her troubled life  
The women would gather at the well  
In the cooling breeze of early evening  
But she came alone in the midday sun.

"Who is this man? This stranger? She thought  
Had someone told him about me?  
Or is he a messenger of God  
Like those of the Old Testament?"

She proudly said "This place is holy."  
"Our fore fathers worshipped God right here.  
Your people believe that *your* city is  
The *only* place to worship and pray."

"You don't understand", he replied  
"For your knowledge of God is limited.  
My people understand for they have been taught  
But, they have kept it all to themselves."

The time is coming and is now here  
When it won't be about the location  
For God, the Creator of all mankind  
Must be worshipped in spirit and truth."

She continued to chat to the teacher  
Forgetting about protocol  
"I believe one day Christ, the Messiah,  
Will come to explain it all."

"That day has come." He gently spoke  
I am the one that you've been waiting for.  
Stop looking my dear. Stop waiting for him.  
God's gift is me, Jesus Christ."

She starred in silence, stunned by his words  
She stood in reverence before Him  
The Christ, the Messiah, God's Chosen One  
The Saviour of the world?

What did it matter how thirsty she felt  
What did it matter how shameful her past?  
All that mattered was this very moment  
That had changed her life forever.

Here He sat in dusty clothes  
Drinking from her earthen cup  
He deserved a goblet made of gold  
Royal robes and a throne.

Her craving for love and faithfulness  
The longing deep in her heart  
Human love could not satisfy  
But God's love had quenched her thirst.

Jesus had waited to meet *her*  
Under the tree by the well.

Excitement filled her mind  
She left her water jar  
And ran back to her town  
To tell others to come meet Him.

She ran past the same group of men  
As she did on her way to the well  
They mumbled "What's going on out here?  
Why has Jesus been speaking with 'her'?"

They dare not ask Jesus that question  
For He often talked to people like her  
People that society abused and rejected  
Criminals, prostitutes, the poor and unwell.

Breathless she announces in the city square  
"I've met a man who told me my past  
He told me he's the Christ, the anointed one  
Could this be the Saviour of the world?"

Well, some people believed her  
Many went to see him  
They begged him to stay  
With them a few days.

Most people wanted Jesus to heal them  
But they wanted Him to teach them  
To explain God's Salvation plan  
For the broken world they lived in.

He stayed and taught them patiently  
They accepted the gift that he gave  
His love to quench their thirsty souls  
And open their eyes to the Truth.

Jesus waits to meet with you  
Come, rest in the shade of his love  
Drink deeply of His gift of Truth  
You'll find it in His Word.

Read His stories in your Bible  
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John  
Listen to Him, get to know Him  
Because, in Jesus, you can trust.

Bible story found in John Chapter 4