

From our Churches

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Another Woman at the Well

Monologue

John 4:1-42

The picture was all wrong. This couldn't be what I was seeing, could it? First there was 'that woman.' It figures. She always marched to her own drummer and standards. Unconventional, awkward, embarrassing. No one else would go to Jacob's well at noon, in the middle of the day. But I guess the rest of us women have not always been so friendly or hospitable to her.

The town well, lifeblood of the community, given by our great ancestor Jacob - his very flocks and people drank water from there. Water! The source of all life. Without water we perish. This well is as sacred to me as any shrine or temple, that's for sure. There are rules to this well too. Don't draw water in mid-day. Don't be caught there with men, certainly not talking with them. And don't even think of being there with an outsider, as a Samaritan, especially not with a Jew - given our shared, yet antagonist histories - they think they are so much better! This is our well! They can keep by-passing our whole territory and our well and our much needed water for all I care.

But there I was, at noon, and watching her draw water. And this man, coming right up to her. I moved closer to watch. He didn't look like anyone we knew. He had the look of a Galilean. It looked like he was asking her for a drink. Unbelievable! I moved closer, I caught some words. Something about water and living water. She looked confused. He kept right on going. 'Everyone who drinks of this water will never be thirsty again. The water I give will become in them a spring of water gushing up to eternal life.' And they just kept talking. It was as if they were close relatives in the privacy of a family home. Family, husbands, worship, prophecy, theology for goodness sake - nothing was out of bounds. It's as if he knew her whole story - but could talk about it without all the judgment - she mattered, she was important.

You should have seen the look on the faces of the other men when they returned. They must be some sort of followers, disciples of this... prophet? The women left her jug, and ran back to the city. It was as if she was a new woman. She had changed. For the first time ever, people listened to her. She spoke the words 'Messiah.' Suddenly people were flocking there because of her! She was so compelling! Whatever it is, I want some of that water!