

Jack and Jill . . .

Many probably remember this children's Jack and Jill poem of long-ago. These two children, maybe brother and sister, took a walk up a hill, carrying a pail of water. They were rather klutzy, and you know what happened. Jack fell down, cracked his skull, and Jill rolled right down the hill after him. I'm confident that I, too, probably would have fallen, and rolled down the hill. As I bruise easily, my body would have resembled a giant, spotted, purple plum.

Watering holes, wells, streams, and even soda fountains seem to be wonderful gathering places for chatting, chug-a-lugging, meeting friends, or just resting. Water is essential to life.

A friend, John by name, recently went climbing in the eastern Himalayas in Tibetan/Bhutan, an area between China and India. I received an email of twenty-five of his favorite photos. The area apparently is referred to as, "Thunder Dragon," because of the many wild thunderstorms. After viewing his pictures, I think the area even looks like a possible wicked dragon's dwelling spot.

This was NOT a climb for the novice or the over-sixty crowd. In fact, John and a friend were trekking through the mountainous area for eight days/seven nights, covering about eighty miles. No wonder I was not invited to join in this adventure.

As I scanned his incredible shots, one caught my attention in a special way. The picture depicted a rushing stream flowing down a rocky mountain side. Beside the stream was a pair of orangish colored containers, hanging under two small wooden frames. A ladder rested by the jugs. I imagined water was stored in each, ready to provide thirsty hikers relief. Switching gears, an incident in John 4 popped into my head. Jesus, a Jew, had a conversation with a Samaritan woman, as He sat by Jacob's well. Thirsty, He asked for a drink. She was reluctant to provide refreshing water, as Jews did not associate with Samaritans, and certainly would not have asked a woman for anything.

Jesus shocks her with His response. *"If you knew the gift of God and who it is that asks you for a drink, you would have asked him and he would have given you living water"* (John 4:10).

Of course she was totally befuddled. She noticed He had no water bucket. Clueless about the meaning of 'living' water, she goes right to the point. "Where in the world is this 'living' water?" The Master responds, "Everyone who drinks this water will be thirsty again, but whoever drinks the water I give them will never thirst". John 4:13-14a.



The conversation continues, and in the end, she drops her water jar, dashes back to town, shares her conversation, and then, what an ending! She encourages all to come meet this person who must be the promised Messiah.

Well, guess what? The orange containers were not giant water buckets. My friend, in answer to my email, informed me they were water-powered Buddhist prayer wheels. He continued to enlighten me by adding, "In the Tibetan/Bhutanese faith, a prayer on a wheel spinning carries about as much impact as one recited." Research added, that often these cylindrical containers were made of wood. Prayers were inscribed inside or written on paper and placed inside. Buddhist prayer flags hung outside the prayer wheel. The concept was that the windier and the higher the location, the more good will was spread.

Well, Jack and Jill needed water, and so do each of us, both regular water and the 'living water' Christ promised.

We also need to have deep conversations, through prayers, with the Giver of all good gifts, including the 'living water'. I charge each of you to now, dash out, like our Samaritan friend, and share the good news with as many friends as possible.

Please, however, in your excitement to share this news, be careful.

Do not do a Jack and Jill spill down a hill.

Walk quickly, with a smile and a twinkle of love in your eyes.

