

# The Woman At The Well

I come to the village well  
right in the middle of the day  
So as not to cause too much commotion,  
and overdo my stay.

I do walk this path alone,  
this path down to the well,  
For the women of my village shun me  
and my story they continue to tell.

My lifestyle is not acceptable.

I can see it in their eyes!  
For my husbands number many,  
yes, I know...to my demise.

It is not the life that I had planned  
growing up as a little girl,  
But it is the life I know right now,  
as my life continues to swirl.

But one day, I met a Man –  
a Man down at the well.  
He asked me for a drink  
and my story He did tell.

This Man was really quite different.  
He had kindness in His eyes,  
And as He told me about my story –  
He did not criticize.

He knew I was there for the water,  
coming daily so I could live.  
He told me about Living Water  
and the Eternal Life it gives.

Living Water, He said, was Himself  
to quench my thirsty soul.  
All I had to do was accept and believe Him  
and my life would be made whole.

I ran back to my village to tell them  
what it was that I had heard.  
They came back with me and listened  
to His each and every word.

Words of life and hope!  
He taught us, every one.  
This was truly the Messiah!  
God's one and only Son.

Generations have come and gone  
with voices strong and bold.

But God has used my story  
for my story is forever told.

Dawn Bon-Bernard

