**A Poem by a Parishioner**

**Jesus and the Samaritan Woman – A Reflection**

**THE ENCOUNTER - ‘GIFT OF GOD’**

“Some water, please,” the stranger asks.

Resentful at his being, there,

I pay no heed. Just continue`

With my routine task.

The light shimmers like a liquid pool.

No shade. I look deep into the well

There meet, his gaze, reflected.

Eyes, ebony dark as midnight skies,

Serene.

“You are a Jew,” I venture.

He inclines his head.

“If only you knew

The gift of God,” he says.

“It is a living spring.”

My heart, parched as burnt clay

Stirs. He perceives my longing.

“Sir, this water I desire,

Where may it be found?

His response, a new dimension.

“there is no where,” he says,

“No special place, neither temple

Nor Mountain. Only a sacred

Space of living communion

With the Stranger – well met.”