

## Living Water | Aug 2012



“If you knew the gift of God, and who it is that is saying to you, ‘Give me a drink,’ you would have asked Him, and He would have given you living water.”  
John 4:10 (ESV)

Water is pretty scarce around here. We’re amazed at the beautiful plants and flowers that survive and even thrive in this climate. Even still, we have to water some of the gardens daily to keep everything looking great for the enjoyment of the guests.

A few weeks ago the spring finally dried up. There are a few water reservoirs connected to the rain gutters but it very rarely rains during the summer and I didn’t like the idea of using them up quite yet. Some of the neighbors have automatic sprinklers to water their yards and gardens but municipal water is very expensive. There is a rushing stream that we get to fall asleep listening to . . . but it’s about 1/2 mile downhill along the road.

Right before we left, my brother was telling me about how the people where they are come up with all sorts of ways to irrigate the fields. If people in other parts of the world go to great lengths to get water, why shouldn’t I? With the MacGyver theme song playing in my head, I made a yoke out of the following: a discarded metal vacuum tube, a pool noodle, broken swing rope complete with hooks, (2) 5 gallon buckets, some hose clamps and “the handyman’s secret weapon” . . . duct tape! (Well, the French version of duct tape which is NOT the same.) To the bewilderment of every local who drove by, twice a day I would

take a walk down to the stream, load up the buckets and bring them up the hill so we could keep watering the gardens.

After a few days of this, my back began to get upset at me. I prayed that God would provide a way to ease my pain . . . either by having the chiropractor who is on the board here show up unannounced, or maybe a miraculous healing / spinal adjustment, or just a change of mentality about pain and maybe I need to view this as an opportunity to learn something.

A few days went by and my back was still complaining. Then, after 40+ days of no rain here . . . it finally rained! For about 2 hours in the middle of the day I was running around taking buckets full of rain water from the downspouts to the reservoirs and spring basin. After the skies cleared and returned to their unbelievable shade of blue, the basin was half full and the reservoirs were sufficiently topped off. Later we noticed a good amount of water flowing from a random tube sticking out of the neighbor's vacation house. They're not here right now, so until we find out where it's coming from and what we should do about it, we have diverted it into the spring basin with the collected rain water.

I didn't think about it until tonight, but I haven't taken a trip down to the stream with the yoke for more than two days. . . and my back is feeling much better. God has creative ways of answering prayers . . . not only did He answer everyone's prayers about the need for rain . . . but He also used it to answer my prayers about my back.

