



James Tissot, *Samaritan Woman by the Well*

Those who will not slip beneath
the still surface on the well of grief
turning downward through its black water
to the place we cannot breathe
will never know the source from which we drink,
the secret water, cold and clear,
nor find in the darkness glimmering
the small round coins
thrown away by those who wished for something else.¹

David Whyte, Welsh Poet

The woman said to him, “Sir, you have no bucket, and the well is deep. Where do you get that living water? Are you greater than our ancestor Jacob, who gave us the well, and with his sons and his flocks drank from it?” Jesus said to her, “Everyone who drinks of this water will be thirsty again, but those who drink of the water that I will give them will never be thirsty. **The water that I will give will become in them a spring of water gushing up to eternal life.**” The woman said to him, “Sir, give me this water, so that I may never be thirsty or have to keep coming here to draw water.” [from John 4:5-42]

¹ David Whyte, “The well of grief.” From his website, <http://www.davidwhyte.com/#home>, accessed 17March2017.