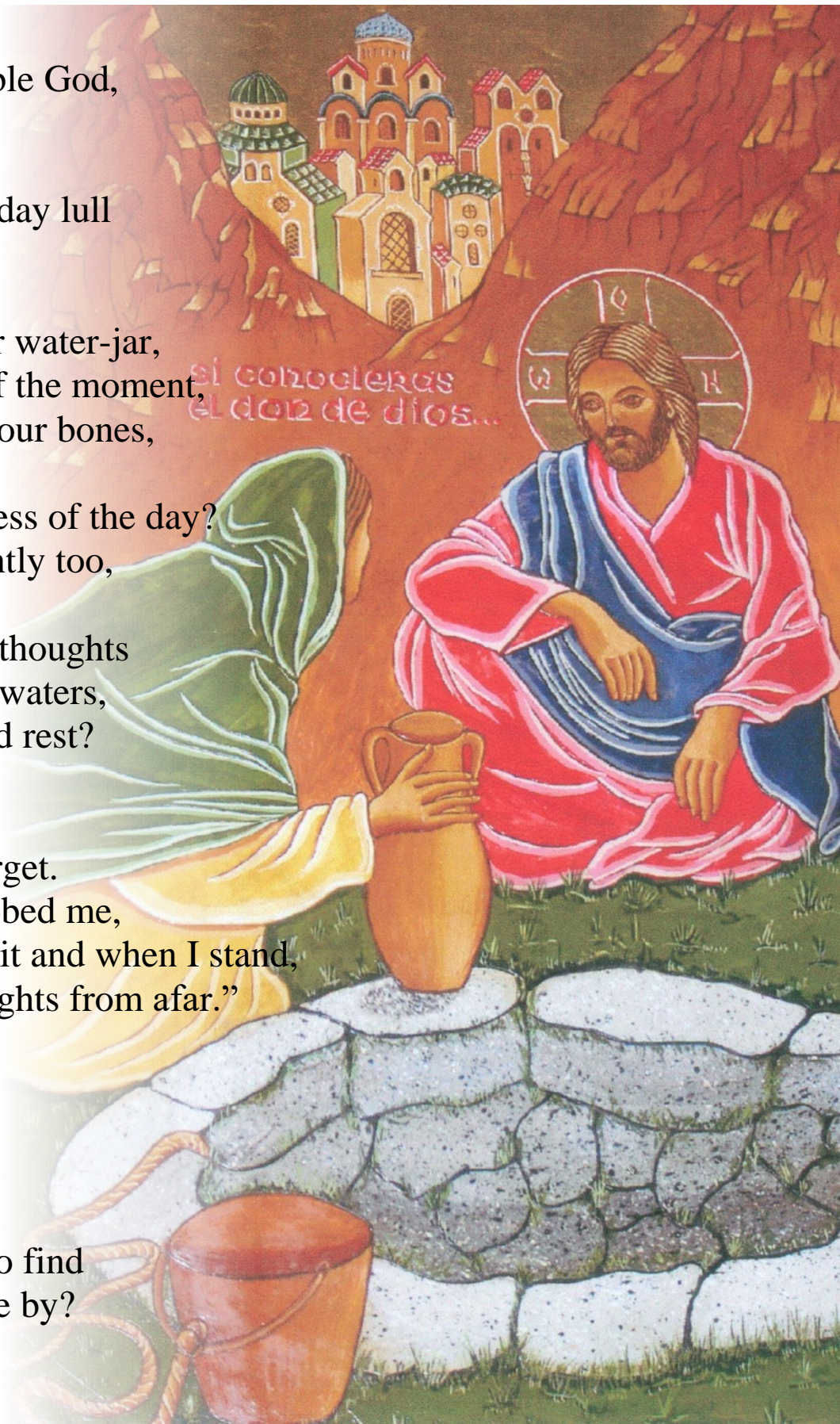


O Jesus,
Image of the invisible God,
Word made flesh,
tired stranger,
waiting in the noonday lull
at Jacob's well.
Are we all
the woman with her water-jar,
bent on the chore of the moment,
angry memories in our bones,
our thirst for God
hidden in the business of the day?
Do you meet us gently too,
hardly recognized,
quietly leading our thoughts
towards the deeper waters,
where our souls find rest?
Probing too,
uncovering secrets
we would rather forget.
"Lord, you have probed me,
You know when I sit and when I stand,
You know my thoughts from afar."
Is the woman,
sure and strong,
our reflection:
sure but unsure,
strong but so weak,
seeking but afraid to find
our Saviour so close by?



Amen
Author unknown