

Wellspring

3rd Week of Lent –March 19, 2017- John: 4:5-42

The summers of my youth were marked by Sunday dinners at the home of my Irish Catholic maternal grandmother, Mary. How's that for an adjective dense sentence? It was my heritage and my experience. Afternoon play at grandma's included lots (and I mean lots) of cousins. Our activities usually ended at the pump outside the back door of grandma's house.

Hot from our running and our adventures, we would work the hand pump until the water flowed forth onto our hands and feet. Cold, refreshing water quenched our thirst. It usually took an adult to come forth out of the house to demand we stop our fascination with the well and our waste of the water. There was just something about the ability to draw the water up and out of the ground that could not be satisfied. It filled me with a sense of mystery and intrigue.

Everyday activities were drawn up from that well. Water was needed for laundry, cooking, cleaning, bathing and life. Potatoes were cooked and grandchildren were cleaned. Food was canned and preserved with that water. Interestingly, my grandmother suffered a severe stroke at that well. It took her life three days later.

Her life did not end there as her other "well" was St. Michael's Catholic Church across the street from her house. If grandma wasn't at home, she was at church. Life centered around the Eucharist which gave her a sustaining presence in which she endured loss, challenge, heartache and joy. Her first love was Christ. She met Him each day at both wellsprings of life. It took me years to learn that lesson.

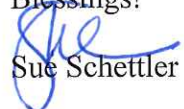
The Samaritan woman's sense of mystery and intrigue with Jesus this week seems to be everyone's story. At times in my life, I have been isolated, alone, confused. I have been bitter over decisions (sins) I made in my life that fractured, or worse, destroyed relationships that I didn't cherish, including my relationship with God. No longer the child at play, I am the woman at the well seeking the living God.

"If you knew the gift of God and who is saying to you, 'Give me a drink,' you would have asked him and he would have given you living water." How many times has that opportunity passed me by? How many times have I ignored God's presence in the regular daily measure of time and activities?

God has a funny sense of humor. Here I am, fifty plus years past those days of play. God has called me to work in the Church. Me? How can I be worthy to work for God? This work is a joy, a challenge, sometimes heartache. My work is a wellspring of life that energizes me and calls me to a deeper relationship with Christ and His people.

I celebrate my relationship with Christ at the Eucharistic banquet each week. It is from this wellspring that I draw upon the grace received in baptism with a renewed sense of the mystery and intrigue that captured my heart as a child. I'm still learning what my Irish Catholic maternal grandmother knew... **"this is truly the savior of the world."**

Blessings!


Sue Schettler