



'SUSTENANCE' 9 - 15 Mar

Week 3 – Supplementary Resources

Additional reading:

John 4.5–42 Living Water	1
Jacob's Well: Françoise's visit to Samaria in 2009	2-3
Friends of Kianjai – Sustaining Life in 2019	4-5
Wilderness Meditation III: Coming Home – J Rowbotham	5-6

John 4:5-42

⁵ So he came to a town in Samaria called Sychar, near the plot of ground Jacob had given to his son Joseph. ⁶ Jacob's well was there, and Jesus, tired as he was from the journey, sat down by the well. It was about noon.

⁷ When a Samaritan woman came to draw water, **Jesus said to her, "Will you give me a drink?"** ⁸ (His disciples had gone into the town to buy food.)

⁹ The Samaritan woman said to him, "You are a Jew and I am a Samaritan woman. How can you ask me for a drink?" (For Jews do not associate with Samaritans.)

¹⁰ Jesus answered her, "If you knew the gift of God and who it is that asks you for a drink, you would have asked him and he would have given you living water."

¹¹ "Sir," the woman said, "you have nothing to draw with and the well is deep. Where can you get this living water? ¹² Are you greater than our father Jacob, who gave us the well and drank from it himself, as did also his sons and his livestock?"

¹³ Jesus answered, "**Everyone who drinks this water will be thirsty again, ¹⁴ but whoever drinks the water I give them will never thirst. Indeed, the water I give them**

will become in them a spring of water welling up to eternal life."

¹⁵ The woman said to him, "Sir, give me this water so that I won't get thirsty and have to keep coming here to draw water."

¹⁶ He told her, "Go, call your husband and come back."

¹⁷ "I have no husband," she replied.

Jesus said to her, "You are right when you say you have no husband. ¹⁸ The fact is, you have had five husbands, and the man you now have is not your husband. What you have just said is quite true."

¹⁹ "Sir," the woman said, "I can see that you are a prophet. ²⁰ Our ancestors worshiped on this mountain, but you Jews claim that the place where we must worship is in Jerusalem."

²¹ "Woman," Jesus replied, "believe me, a time is coming when you will worship the Father neither on this mountain nor in Jerusalem. ²² You Samaritans worship what you do not know; we worship what we do know, for salvation is from the Jews. ²³ Yet a time is coming and has now come when the **true worshipers will worship the Father in the Spirit and in truth, for they are the kind of worshipers the Father seeks.** ²⁴ God is spirit, and his worshipers must worship in the Spirit and in truth."



'SUSTENANCE' 9 - 15 Mar

Week 3 – Supplementary Resources

²⁵ The woman said, "I know that Messiah" (called Christ) "is coming. When he comes, he will explain everything to us."
²⁶ Then Jesus declared, "I, the one speaking to you—I am he."

The Disciples Rejoin Jesus

²⁷ Just then his disciples returned and were surprised to find him talking with a woman. But no one asked, "What do you want?" or "Why are you talking with her?"
²⁸ Then, leaving her water jar, the woman went back to the town and said to the people, ²⁹ "Come, see a man who told me everything I ever did. Could this be the Messiah?" ³⁰ They came out of the town and made their way toward him.
³¹ Meanwhile his disciples urged him, "Rabbi, eat something."
³² But he said to them, "I have food to eat that you know nothing about."
³³ Then his disciples said to each other, "Could someone have brought him food?"
³⁴ "My food," said Jesus, "is to do the will of him who sent me and to finish his work. ³⁵ Don't you have a saying, 'It's still four

months until harvest'? I tell you, open your eyes and look at the fields! They are ripe for harvest. ³⁶ Even now the one who reaps draws a wage and harvests a crop for eternal life, so that the sower and the reaper may be glad together. ³⁷ Thus the saying 'One sows and another reaps' is true. ³⁸ I sent you to reap what you have not worked for. Others have done the hard work, and you have reaped the benefits of their labour."

Many Samaritans Believe

³⁹ Many of the Samaritans from that town believed in him because of the woman's testimony, "He told me everything I ever did." ⁴⁰ So when the Samaritans came to him, they urged him to stay with them, and he stayed two days. ⁴¹ And because of his words many more became believers.
⁴² They said to the woman, "We no longer believe just because of what you said; now we have heard for ourselves, and we know that this man really is the Saviour of the world."

Footnotes:

[John 4:9](#) Or do not use dishes Samaritans have used

'The water that I will give will become in them a spring of water gushing up to eternal life' (John 4)

"So he came to a Samaritan city called Sychar, near the plot of ground that Jacob had given to his son Joseph. Jacob's well was there, and Jesus, tired out by his journey, was sitting by the well. (John 4)"

In 2009, Francoise served three months as an 'international observer' on the Israeli-Palestinian checkpoints for the World Council of Churches' EAPPI (Ecumenical

Accompaniment Program in Palestine and Israel) initiative.

She says, "the chasm between England's 'green and pleasant land' and Middle-Eastern bleached desiccated and dusty landscapes



'SUSTENANCE' 9 - 15 Mar

Week 3 – Supplementary Resources

was nothing to the bewilderment I experienced when confronted with the country's realities: the heady mix of past and modernity, Western privilege and local neglect, the rugged beauty of "Samaria" and the overwhelming military presence.

"My work in Palestine took me to the area around Nablus, the modern-day Moslem town in Samaria on the site of ancient Sychar, or Sychem."

▲ In the photograph above, the hill in the background of the street scene is Mount Gerizim - still inhabited by Samaritans.

It is not hard today, in the white heat of Ramadan when no drink can be taken from sunrise to sundown, to visualise the encounter with the Samaritan woman:

"Give me some water."

I saw the two figures face to face, absorbed in an exchange where bare need on both sides had cancelled traditional codes, and let truth in.

"Give us what (you know) we need": The woman at the well needed to be acknowledged as a giver, before she could be receptive to "the gift of God".

Praying these words may be both statement and request - "you give me daily according to my need", at the same time asking to be held in that

knowledge and thus able to make the kingdom come.



▲ **Jacob's well**, where Jesus asked water of the Samaritan woman, now opens below ground level in the crypt of an Orthodox church.

In that church, the abundance of water Jesus promises is reflected in the wealth of imagery: icons are everywhere you look.



'SUSTENANCE' 9 - 15 Mar

Week 3 – Supplementary Resources

Friends of Kianjai: Sustaining Life - sustainable farming, education and respite, support and care for families of disabled children

Kunene Special School harvesting water melons for market.

The latest news from 'Friends of Kianjai' - a wonderful charity which exists in part due to the work of some of our own Contemplative Fire Companions, appeared in 'CF Post #39', just before Christmas 2019, and is reproduced here. The project continues... sustenance of so many different and sustainable kinds.

During 2019, Kianjai's Phase one Special Units completed work on their sustainable farming plots and harvested food. Work to complete phase 2 is ongoing and the waterpans collected the October rains. The farms are nearing completion and all the teachers have received permaculture training, guidance and support. There has been a positive response from students and teachers alike.

The vision to provide respite, support and care for families and their disabled children is also moving forward, with the development of the Rehema respite centre.

Fundraising has taken place over the years to build this centre and following a generous gift from the UK and some fundraising in Nairobi, a dormitory, washing facilities and the kitchen are all now complete.

FKK Chairperson Caroline Newton (aka CF Trustee), CF Companion and accountancy book-keeper Sally Livsey and their fellow-trustees Jonathan & Elizabeth Gichaara, Sally Livsey and Gladys Gesage take up the story:

"To celebrate this milestone we hosted our annual disability day here which was very moving and a huge load of fun with food for our 700 visitors including local chiefs, education officers, families and children.

Mum and daughter at our annual funday - this year at the Rehema Centre !



Banners were displayed for each of the 14 special units celebrating the day

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'SUSTENANCE' 9 - 15 Mar

Week 3 – Supplementary Resources

Friends of Kianjai: ctd/...

"In 2020 we hope to start using the centre to make good use of the facilities that are now ready, **with the provision of day care**. At our meeting in December the trustees decided to give the go-ahead for 3 carers with a group of 10 children for 5 days a week for a three month term. We will ask the parent to give one day a week as a volunteer and there will be no fee for the child. In this 3 month period we hope to train the parents, assess the child, provide physiotherapy and measure for aids from our APT workshop. To be able to provide such individualised attention and support for parent and child is rare to find in our area and we are very excited to be at the beginning of this new adventure and we have confidence in the wonderful volunteers and professionals involved."

For further information on the project or to donate, please email FKK Chairperson **Caroline Newton** caroline@mulhouse.co.uk

Wilderness Meditation III: Coming Home

He came back after sundown, just as the moon was rising. It is said that he went to other places first, but he didn't. He came home.

He was so thin it was pitiful. A month and a half's worth of beard and hair, all filthy and matted. Shoulders and legs so deeply burnt from sun and wind, you'd think the brown went all the way to the bone. Only there was still pale skin lower down where his waistcloth had covered him. What's left of it, I should say – it's just a sorry rag now, it'll have to be thrown away. What became of his other garment I'll never know, hanging from a thorn bush somewhere probably.

He sobbed when I passed him a clean one of his father's to put on, he said it was so soft – so soft. He buried his face in it and wept, then wiped his eyes with it, I saw him do it. He was so weak, I had to take it from him and pull it over his head, like a little boy. I don't know what he's been through out there, or why he thought he had to.

He limped in and stood in the doorway, at that hour when the light is uncertain. You're not sure you're not seeing things. It gave me a turn. His eyes had sunk in, you see – his face was so gaunt and fleshless, all you could see was his brow and his beak of a nose, that's how I knew it was him.

I didn't know what to do first, bathe him or feed him. Well it turned out he couldn't manage much in the way of food, not when he first came home.

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'SUSTENANCE' 9 - 15 Mar

Week 3 – Supplementary Resources

*Wilderness Meditation III:
Coming Home – continued/...*

I hadn't anything in the house, not expecting him, but I boiled up the carcass of a bird for its scraps, while I was heating water to wash him, and made a quick broth. Added some vegetables boiled soft, and a handful of grains. He took a few spoonfuls, but then he gagged on it and brought it up again, so there wasn't much point in making more.

It was good he came then, in the half-dark. We wouldn't have wanted too many people knowing he was here, the state he was in. Word gets round soon enough, we're a tight little community and anyway, his brothers were round as soon as they heard.

As it was, his sister and I took care of him that night. She cried when she saw him. It was a bit of a shock, to be honest. He didn't say much about it, then or after. A little bit to me, privately – angels and such. He knows I don't mind, we have that side of things in common, he knows I'll understand.

You may say a lad of his age has no business going back to his mother's house but where else would he go? Later of course there are all sorts of stories about how he disowned us all. But that night, at least, he knew his way home.

After I'd cleaned him up a bit I called his sister back in and we washed his hair. We took it in turns to pour the clean water, it took most of the pitcher to rinse. Bits of twig and everything, we washed out. We had to cut the tangles out, we couldn't get a comb through them.

I set her to rubbing balm into the cracks and cuts on his poor hands and feet, but she had to stop because he kept flinching away from her, she tried to be gentle but he couldn't help it, and then she started off crying again.

He took her two hands in his, and kissed them. Then he stroked her hair and she stayed kneeling beside him with her arms round his waist and they just held onto each other tight, while I laid out a sleeping mat for him. His hip-bones were sticking out so much, I put an extra thickness underneath, to try and protect him from the ground. Heaven knows why, it's where he's been sleeping all these weeks. It hurt to see him like that, though. You want to keep your children safe, but the Lord God has His own plans for them.

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