

Monologues



Clean Water

I live in Asia, where I often walk ten miles or more every day to fetch water. In the dry season it is not uncommon for me to walk twice this distance. When I finally get to the source of the water it is often dirty and polluted. This filthy water causes illnesses such as diarrhea and dysentery, which was responsible for the deaths of 2 of my 5 children.

The wells in my country are often little more than waterholes dug out deeper and deeper as the dry season progresses. They are very difficult to reach, with steep, slippery sides. Though I tried desperately to help, last year I watched as my good friend fell to her death trying to get to the water's edge. The paths to these wells are also narrow and dangerous and many accidents happen. Imagine our frustration! We walk three miles towards home with a heavy water pot and then slip and fall - losing all the water we so carefully collected, and often breaking the pot too.

Often I have to wait my turn to collect water which can add five hours onto my journey. Some sources almost dry completely out for several months each year, and it can take up to an hour for me to fill my bucket as I wait for the water to slowly filter through the ground. To avoid such long waits, when I can find the extra energy needed, I get up in the middle of the night to arrive at the water source when there is no line.

My water containers are very heavy, yet in spite of the severe back-ache and joint pains, I still have to carry the water. There is no rest from carrying water. I even carried water on the day just before I gave birth to my last child. There was no one else to carry it.

My youngest daughter wants to go to school. She begs me to let her go. But, I need her help collecting the water. And, there is no point for her to begin in school when she will soon have to quit just as her sister did. The schools in this area do not have toilets, and when the girls begin menstruating, the challenges and the embarrassment win out, and they usually give up the notion. As a result, very few women in my country have an education, and very few are decision-makers in the community.

I've heard stories of lands where clean water runs freely, where there is plenty of water to cook with, drink, bathe in and even play in. This place must be heaven.

Oh, to find Living Water at this well that runs clean and clear and plentiful.