

One Bucket at a Time

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Jane was having trouble sleeping. She had taken a shower, brushed her teeth, said a prayer, and even gotten a glass of water, but she still couldn't sleep. She was too excited.

The next day she would be flying far across the ocean, to a place she had dreamed of visiting for as long as she could remember: Tanzania, Africa. Tanzania was her Pawpaw's favorite place. He went every year to visit the churches there. Jane had been waiting until she was old enough to go, and this was her year.



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The next day on the plane, Jane imagined what Tanzania would be like. She imagined seeing Mount Kilimanjaro, searching for animals, and meeting the people. She slept on the flight and dreamed of running with other shildren in the tall grass.



It took two days for them to arrive in Tanzania. On their first morning, Pawpaw and Jane went to worship with the church at a village. Jane listened to the lesson and sang loudly, trying to sing in the Swahili language with everyone else. She loved how the church felt like home, even on the other side of the world. After the service, the entire church formed a circle to greet one another and shake hands. Jane shook hands with a girl who looked just her own age. The girl, Esther, invited her to play. Finally, some new friends! The children ran together in the tall grass.



As she ran with the others, Jane began to feel thirsty. "May I have some water?" she asked Esther as she stopped to catch her breath. Esther smiled, then dragged Jane through the tall grass, past the church building, between houses made of mud and straw. Finally, they stopped. "Here is water!" Esther said, smiling. Jane looked around, expecting to see a pitcher of ice water, or at least a fountain. Instead, she observed a small ditch with muddy water. She hesitated. Pawpaw had warned her about water like this. He had told her it could make her rick.