

[Victoria Mundell](#)

[August 17](#)

I will never again take running water for granted. Water is a struggle here and I don't even have it the worst. Now, I've learned my lesson. I've swallowed my pride and hired someone to get my water for me because peace-of-mind is worth the cost, a concept I was too stubborn to give into back before Christmas. The search for water consumed my life. One day, I set out with an empty jerry can strapped to my bike seat, my face beaming with pride as I bragged to the construction workers about the great plan I had in mind. I knew that I would be unable to carry water from the next closest pump, but with a bike, it would be no problem. First, I filled up ten 1.5 liter water bottles and loaded them into my backpack. Next, I filled the 20 liter jerry can. My heart sank as far as my feet. The weight of the full can was too much for the bike to bear, causing it to angle sideways into the mud, but not before taking me down with it. With a snap, the bungee cord let loose, slapping me across the face. Inevitably the crowd continued to grow, as did my frequency of cuss words. In a matter of minutes, my pride had turned to shame as I walked my bike home, a man carrying my water close behind.

My final attempt to find a solution had failed quite miserably, so I finally did what I should have done all along...I prayed about it. That list of prayers still hangs on my wall today. About halfway down reads, "close access to constantly clear water," a specific yet vague request. In no time, my prayer was answered, but not in the way I expected, as they usually never are. As I stood dressed in a raincoat, holding my umbrella upside down, funneling the pounding rain into every bucket I owned, a smile washed over my face. One, because I looked like a ridiculous idiot; two, because I saw how God had followed through in answering my prayer. My access to water couldn't have gotten much closer than my front door, nor could it have been much clearer than rain water. That month, a cyclone had rolled through, leaving me without electricity, but lots and lots of water. I've gotta say, I do appreciate God's sense of humor.

— in [Madagascar](#).