



Naisula

A STORY FROM A GIRL IN TURKANA

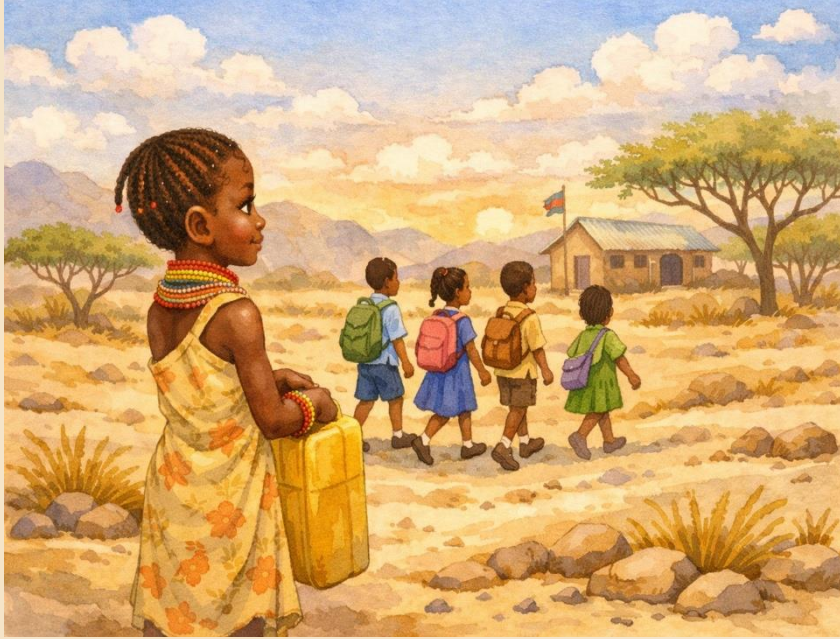
In the wide, sunlit land of Turkana lived a little Quaker girl named Naisula, who woke each morning before the sky turned bright. The goats were still quiet, the wind still soft, and the world still sleepy as she lifted her yellow jerry can and stepped onto the sandy path.





She walked past *thorny bushes that whispered in the breeze*, past goats resting in the early shade, past the dry riverbed that waited patiently for rain.

Fetching water was her chore, the way she helped her family, and she did it with a *brave and loving heart*.



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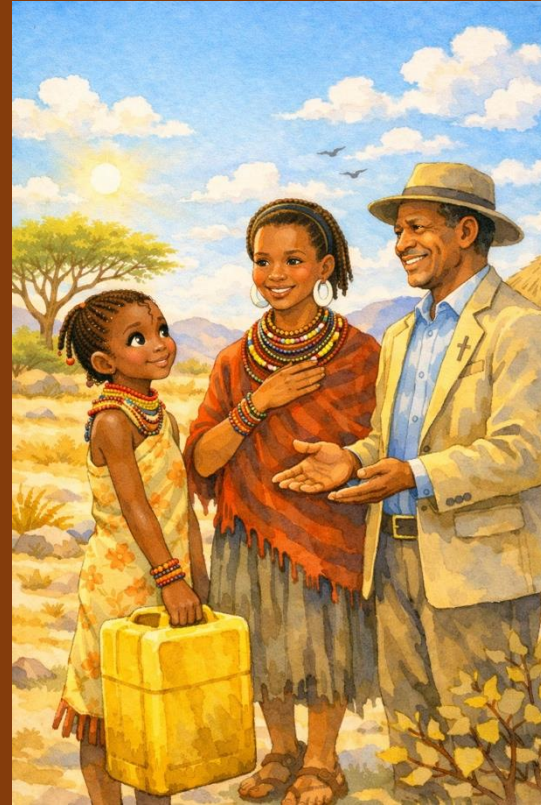
Yet sometimes, when she saw other children hurrying to school with their books, she felt a small ache inside. She wished she could go, too. She kept her old school uniform folded neatly under her sleeping mat, just in case a miracle ever found her. Every morning as she walked, she whispered a quiet prayer:

God, show me the way.

One warm afternoon, as she returned home with her heavy jerry can, she noticed her mother standing with the Friends Church pastor. *His smile was gentle, like someone carrying good news.*

Her mother called her closer, and the pastor told her she had been chosen for a scholarship Friends United Meeting. For a moment, the world felt still. The jerry can slipped from her hands, her eyes widened, and her breath caught like a tiny bird in her chest.

“Me?” she whispered.



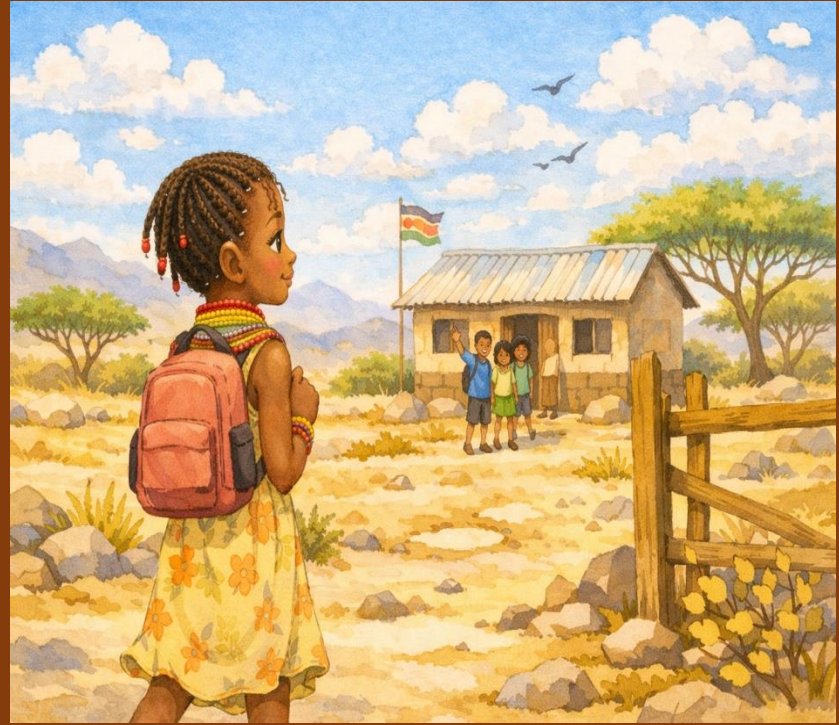


The pastor nodded kindly and said, *“God has opened a door for you, Naisula. Walk through it with courage.”*

Her mother’s eyes shone with pride, and Naisula felt hope bloom inside her like a flower waking after rain.

The next morning, she rose before dawn as always, but this time she did not reach for the jerry can. She reached for her school bag. Her neighbors helped with the water so she could learn, and her mother tied her braids neatly before she stepped onto the same sandy path, *only now it led her to school.*

She reached for her school bag.





Naisula discovered she loved reading stories, counting numbers, and learning about water and the earth.

She dreamed of helping her village find clean water so girls would not have to miss school the way she once did. She told her teacher, “I want to bring water closer to my community, so every girl can learn.

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Naisula grew up still fetching water, but now she walked with a lighter step. She laughed with her friends, she studied hard, and she carried her jerry can in one hand and her hope in the other.

And hope, she learned, could shine even brighter than the Turkana sun.

