

I'll be all right. I got to the place at ~~the~~ 11 o'clock (noon); it was blazing hot; I waited for an hour, and it was the worst hour of the whole
 448 time. At twelve o'clock

I stepped out and told him of my trouble; he said "I don't have any water." Then I heard the Indians coming up with their horses. I stepped up to them and told them about the situation. They didn't have any canteen, but

454 behind them there were two girls who had made a visit to the Havasu *Penis village* and each of them had a little canteen. They let me take it. One of them was full of rusty water; I couldn't drink it. But the other one had good water in it, and I started trying to drink it. It took an hour and a half ~~to~~ to get it through; I was so dehydrated and dried out. And then when I
 462 got it through I went back down there to the Havasu village.

221 I spent three or four days there getting rehydrated. And when again I was in good shape I borrowed a 5-gallon honey can. It contained 40 pounds of water, put it on my back, and up again dropped(?) (brought (?)

over the side - to complete the trip that I had made. I took another week or so, completing the trip. And then I came ~~up~~ out on a Tuesday, the day when the Indian would be there again. And I planned it so that I used up the water I had just ~~about~~ a mile before I came to the road where he would come. And I came out to the road, and there I met him going back to the village. And as soon as he saw me he ~~stopping~~ stopped; he said, "You want a drink of water?" Here he had a big can in his car now full of water.

And I thought, "As we go through life, when we meet those who are thirsty along the way, do we have our cans filled with the Water of Life? Do we have the Map to give them? Do we know how to direct their way to the Word of God to show them how through the Lord Jesus Christ they can find safety; they can find deliverance? There is no other way." Oh, Satan is attacking