

Give us this day our daily bread.

How many times have you prayed those words, hundreds of times, thousands of times? As many times as days you have lived on this earth?
More?

Give us this day our daily bread.

Today's bread, today.

Like manna covering the ground every morning, enough for one day, no more no less.

Not a winning of the lottery, ^{not} enough bread to take care of every tomorrow I can imagine but enough today for today.

Give us this day our daily bread.

Can you imagine living like that, from day to day? We call it poverty to live day to day and not to be able to have a cushion for a week, or a month or a year.

Yet together we pray, Give us this day our daily bread.

When Israel was hungry they did not pray but complained. The Lord had taken them out of slavery, freed them from the life draining labor of slavery, but soon they were complaining, if only we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the fleshpots and ate our fill of bread; for you have brought us out into this wilderness to kill this whole assembly.

But the Lord answered their complaint: I am going to rain bread from heaven for you, and each day the people shall go out and gather enough for that day.

Daily bread from the Lord.

If tomorrow you had to trust in God for your bread, would it be a terror? Is it a terror to walk through the wilderness depending on the Lord for what you need?

I am the bread of life, said Jesus. Whoever comes to me will never be hungry and whoever believes in me will never be thirsty.

Now we are talking of a different hunger altogether. Jesus is not simply a bread that will feed your stomach, but bread for all your deeper hungers. You hunger for love, and for peace, and for hope. You hunger for a place to belong, and for a sense that your life has meaning a purpose. You hunger to make a difference. You hunger for a life beyond the life you have here on earth.

I am the bread of life, said Jesus.

Sometimes my life is all anxiety. Anxiety over what I will have to eat tomorrow, anxiety over whether I am loved, whether I will get sick and die, anxiety over what will happen to those I love. Sometimes I wonder whether anything I do matters, really matters in any ultimate sense. Everything seems like it is only for a day, even faith, here today but maybe gone tomorrow.

Give us this day our daily bread.

Faith prays this prayer. Where there is no faith we pray for the lottery, or for some great success, or for an end to all anxiety. But faith prays for daily bread.

And God provides food for this day, ~~and~~ and Jesus, the bread that satisfies all our hungers.

Even in suffering and pain, in hunger and thirst, in abandonment and poverty God provides food for this day and Jesus, the bread of life.

For Jesus is the bread of God which comes down from heaven and gives life to the world.

Here, this morning Jesus comes down to feed you. His body, his blood. Believe in him trust in him, hope in him and anxiety will no longer own you, making you its slave. No, anxiety will not be defeated in you for all time and eternity but today, this moment Jesus will be bread for your life.

Continually feed on him, taste of him, and you will never be hungry, never be thirsty.

Give us this day, Lord, our daily bread.

Amen.