

### **Feeding of Five Thousand**

What have you got?

Five loaves and two fish

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It is first thing in the morning that is the most difficult. Lying there as the snooze button give out its ten minute warning. Rolling out of my bed and grunting. Head down and into the shower.

Then preparing the porridge I do not really like, and gasping for the coffee I do.

Into the chapel and a grumbling prayer.

The cloud of anxiety never very far away

The work very close to my day

What have I got?

What have I got?

Five loaves and two fish

Christ hands me all I need

Then apparent miracles happen

I work through the day and things are done

Never perfectly

Never without room for improvement

But with what I have

I have acted and there is even something left over from the effort

I suffer from mild dyslexia. School days could prove to be quite a torture. No one then considered the mental block that inhibits simple expression, and I was thought of as just a bad speller. College again, were I read everything and worked quite hard was a consistent struggle, not with the subject but with its presentation.

But I wrote the essays

I prepared the projects

I kept my eye on the prize

What had I got?

What had I got?

Five loaves and two fish  
Christ handed me all I need  
Then apparent miracles happened  
I worked through those years and got things done  
Never perfectly  
Never without room for improvement  
But with what I was given  
I have worked through 41 years and there is even some time left over

This body of mine was meant to play centre forward for Manchester United, but lacked speed balance and natural ability. It came from a family of athletes but never won a race itself. The one thing it had. That is incredible good lucks were wasted on a life of celibacy. As the years pass we grow annoyed with each other. My will wanting more , my frame wanting rest

But I still run upon the Moors  
I still cook the four basic meals  
I keep my eyes on the prize  
What have I got?  
What have I got?  
Five loaves and two fish  
Christ hands me all I need  
Apparent miracles have happened  
Blessings in ministry and adventure  
Never perfect  
Never without room for improvement  
But with what I have  
I have been blessed  
and there is generally something left over from the effort

**The Apostles turned to Jesus with what they had**  
**You must do the same**  
**Turn to Christ with what you have. If only five loaves and two fish.**  
**And miracles can happen.**