

I am the bread of life

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Quite recently the oven in St Joseph's house broke down beyond redemption.

As an emergency measure I went out and bought an Air Fryer. Yes I took another step into the twenty-first Century.

Chips have never before now been a part of my diet. Partly because I did not know how to cook them, secondly because they were so unhealthy. But now I am becoming a specialist in low fat crisp and nutritious French fries. My body is being fed food that lasts not as an extra inch upon my waist, or an addition to my cholesterol level. But as energy and nourishment. What goes into my stomach is not always to my benefit. We all have a responsibility to care for our personal health. The bread of life is not simply that which I eat, but is that which feeds me goodness.

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I love the Olympics. Which is the reason that my television has been used so much these last few weeks. These wonderful sights of athletes at the very top of their careers, using the results of dedication, in expressions of real dignity. But once the TV is on there is the temptation to switch channels and watch absolute poison. Stuff were I do not think, but just sit and become a few minutes older. What nourishment is to be found in a panel game with questions about things that do not matter, put to people I do not know. We all need to eat. We all need to rest. But if I only feed my body unhealthy meals I shall reflect physically what is on my plate. If I only feed my mind, my brain unwholesome television I shall reflect mentally the dignity of celebrity, the plot of a soap opera. The bread of life is not simply that which I eat, but that which feeds me goodness

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I love my brothers and sisters. I love my nephews and nieces. I love my great nephews and great nieces. I love my uncles and aunts, my cousins. The friends made at college. Those I have served with in the different places I have lived. I have loved the companionship of fellow shoppers in the town centre. I love the chats I may have with working people fixing the electric or serving on a counter. I love the buzz of a crowd at a football match, or the quiet respect at a gallery.

My physical health, my mental health feeds of these social contacts. I draw nourishment from the wit and good will of those I share with. Your being here in church watching the children bring up the offertory. Recognising and greeting the couple who always sit in those seats. Being a part of community. This is real food. The bread of life is not simply that which I eat, but that which feeds me goodness.

What you put on your plate affects your life

What you feed your mind affects your life

The investment you make in relationship feeds your health

Feed your life with goodness

Feed your life with goodness

Jesus is the bread of life

Food which is a real part of every aspect of our existence.