

# THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

## Food for Thought

Have you ever tried to make banana bread without some of the ingredients? The first time I retrieved it from the oven, I remembered that I had forgotten the baking soda...no leavening, no rising. The second time I stood musing in front of the oven (wondering why I had this vacant-stare-type feeling), I remembered I'd forgotten (can you believe it?) the flour. No wonder it looked soupy.

"Things not going so well this morning, Mom?" asked a voice from the "sidelines."

"Don't you have to go to school or something?" I grumbled, as I dumped the whole mess back into the mixing bowl. A more sane person would have decided against banana bread for the day; but, then, I must have a stubborn streak in me because, when the voice asked what I was already contemplating...

"Why don't ya give it up?"

I replied in my most philosophical and superior tones, "Because, sometimes, you have to keep plugging away at things before anything good comes of it."

What I didn't say was, "But, sometimes, how I wish someone else was making this bread"...like way back in Moses' time...

*"For then the Lord said to Moses, 'Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you;...'"*

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[Ex. 16:4]

Though, come to think of it, even they had to work for it...

*“...and the people shall go out and gather a day’s portion every day.”*

[Ex. 16:4]

and even that bread had its problems:

*“Your fathers ate the manna in the wilderness and they died”, [John 6:49]*

said Jesus.

So, like a gourmet cook yearning for the perfect recipe, I went in search of “something more”...and found that even the most perfect food takes work.

*“Do not labor for the food which perishes, but for the food which endures to eternal life.” [John 6:27]*

And, with that, the pitter-patter of more tiny feet found their way to my side. Momma, are we gonna get any ‘manna’ bread?” asked a wee voice.

“Sure, honey,” I replied as I poured the dough back into the pan, “but for any bread worth having, you have to work at it...and have a little faith...”; and as it went into the oven, again, I couldn’t help but think, “and thank the good Lord we’re given so many chances at ‘getting it right’.”

*(Written, August 25, 1979. Edited, November 30, 2012.)*