



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

— John 6:35

Bread figures prominently in my life. At home it is a staple. There is always bread of some kind in the house, and the rare occasion when I run out of flour can precipitate a small crisis.

Bread is also at the center of my work. When I served as a campus minister, the aim was always to have real bread for communion—even better if it was homemade. After worship, bread was a part of the meal we shared. And as we ate, we struggled with the notion that so many people do not have bread to eat or loved ones and friends with whom to gather. Bread as sustenance, breaking bread, staff of life—all those metaphors and images—we really got it.

But no matter the circumstances, the act of eating bread is elevated to the sacred when it has been prepared by hands you know. Even better is that first taste of bread warm from the oven, the faint scent of yeast still hanging in the air. Each and every time I bake bread I wonder why I don't do it more often—it is worth it just for those first bites. Alas, I have fallen out of the baking habit, but I still remember what it's like. Craving fresh, hand-shaped bread is like my hunger for Jesus—endless.

Perhaps this is the spiritual discipline to which I'm called this Lenten season—baking, breaking and sharing bread to better remember who truly satisfies.

— **Jennifer Baskerville-Burrows**