

Luke 24: 13 -35 – He was made known to them in the breaking of the bread.



What was it about the breaking of the bread that enabled the two disciples to recognise their risen Lord? Was it the words He used? Or some familiar action as He spoke? Or His tone of voice? Something about the breaking of the bread opened their eyes to the fact that the stranger they had been talking to as they walked the road to Emmaus was Jesus Himself. It is hard to imagine what ecstatic joy, mingled with astonishment, they must have felt at that moment.

Recently some of us have found ourselves wondering where our next loaf of bread was coming from – something we never dreamed would happen in this country. Hopefully by now things have settled down in the shops and bread, and bread flour too, are readily available again. For a short time however, we experienced what is still a daily concern for many people in our world; will we have enough bread? It brings home to me just how precious bread really is. We tend to regard it as commonplace, but it is of great worth, and we soon miss it if it is not readily available.

No wonder Jesus taught His followers to pray, “Give us this day our daily bread.” He called Himself “the bread of life” (John 6:35) that would feed His people for all eternity. At the Last Supper He took bread and made it a symbol

of His self-sacrifice on the cross. And it was in His breaking of the bread that Cleopas and his companion came to realise that their crucified Lord had been raised to life once more.

We shall miss Easter Communion in our local churches, where we would have broken bread together in remembrance of our Lord's death and as a foretaste of the "heavenly banquet prepared for all people." As we eat our daily bread in our own homes, however, let us pause to give thanks for this staple food, both commonplace and precious, which sustains our bodies. We give thanks too for Christ, the Living Bread, whoever eats of which will live forever.

A prayer: Alleluia! Bread of angels, Thou on earth our food, our stay.

Alleluia! Here the sinful flee to Thee from day to day.

Intercessor, friend of sinners, earth's Redeemer, plead for me,

Where the songs of all the sinless sweep across the crystal sea. (StF 568)