

# How He Broke the Bread

## A Reading for Youth and Others

by Katie Cook

FIRST READER: Who was this man from Galilee? Was he the one? Several times people asked him that. “How do we know you’re really the one?”

SECOND READER: Yes; how do we recognize him?

THIRD READER: I don’t know; there was just something different about him. You knew somehow that he was set apart, and you wanted to be around him as much as you could.

FOURTH READER: There were lots of people who followed him around, listening to him and watching him, and trying to get close to him.

FIRST READER: Somebody said it was the way the dust motes danced around his feet when he walked.<sup>1</sup>

THIRD READER: Somebody said it was the way he talked, the way he touched people.

FOURTH READER: But I think it was the fact that he was so...real. He was so real that he seemed, well, it’s hard to describe what I mean. So real he was, I don’t know, holy or something.

SECOND READER: I think I know what you mean. Like when he went to people’s houses and ate with them, and laughed and told stories. And yet they came away changed forever.

THIRD READER: Even Zacchaeus; do you remember that? That little weasel. I couldn’t believe it! Jesus went to his house and had supper with him.

FOURTH READER: And then Zacchaeus gave everything away. All of that money he had hoarded all those years.

SECOND READER: A lot of people did that when they got to know Jesus.

THIRD READER: The time I remember, though, is when Jesus is sitting beside the lake late one night, making breakfast for the gang.

FIRST READER: The Light of the World getting a fire going for breakfast by sheltering a spark with a pair of cupped hands and blowing on it. <sup>2</sup>

FOURTH READER: We knew him in the everyday, ordinary—and yet somehow extraordinary, and maybe even cosmological—act of sharing food.

THIRD READER: Yes! Do you remember when Cleopas and his friend were walking to Emmaus? It was after Jesus was executed, and then there were stories about people seeing him alive. They were walking along, and this stranger showed up out of nowhere and walked with them.

SECOND READER: Yeah; can you imagine? It was their leader, and they didn’t even recognize him!

FOURTH READER: Not until they talked him into staying for supper. There was something about that, the way he broke the bread.

FIRST READER: That’s what they said; it was the way he broke the bread.

SECOND READER: Maybe they were onto something. Maybe that’s how we recognize him.

THIRD READER: Maybe that’s how we know each other. In the breaking of the bread.

FIRST READER: The sacred in the ordinary. The sharing of food.

ALL READERS: (pensively, thoughtfully)  
The sharing of food...

—Katie Cook is the *Seeds of Hope* editor. From *Sacred Seasons, Hunger Emphasis* 2002, “In the Breaking of the Bread”

Notes:

1. This is from Canadian musician/poet Bruce Cockburn's "Creation Dream," a song on the album *Dancing in the Dragon's Jaw*.
2. This is from the monograph on *Darkness in Whistling in the Dark* by Frederick Buechner.