Matthew 14: 13-21
When Jesus heard of the death of John the Baptist, he withdrew in a boat to a deserted place by himself. The crowds heard of this and followed him on foot from their towns. When he disembarked and saw the vast crowd, his heart was moved with pity for them, and he cured their sick. When it was evening, the disciples approached him and said, "This is a deserted place and it is already late; dismiss the crowds so that they can go to the villages and buy food for themselves." He said to them, "There is no need for them to go away; give them some food yourselves." But they said to him, "Five loaves and two fish are all we have here." Then he said, "Bring them here to me," and he ordered the crowds to sit down on the grass. Taking the five loaves and the two fish, and looking up to heaven, he said the blessing, broke the loaves, and gave them to the disciples, who in turn gave them to the crowds. They all ate and were satisfied, and they picked up the fragments left over—twelve wicker baskets full. Those who ate were about five thousand men, not counting women and children.

Our Scripture Reflection
The compassion of Our Lord is inspirational and must be motivational for us as well. After a long day of healing and teaching, Jesus will not stop until He meets the needs of the hungry crowds. What a listen for us. As long as there are needs we will have work to do. May the Lord give us the compassion to be attentive and responsive.

Food for your Journey

I'm not a huge fast-food fan and neither is my friend. Indeed, our original destination that evening was a swanky restaurant. But we were hungry, not famished, and the vote on the Carl's Jr. sign up the way was unanimous. It didn't occur to us to eat inside the joint, but fast food must be eaten fast, while it is hot. The neighborhood was decent enough, so we simply decided to pull over.

I was a couple of bites into my Superstar with cheese, when in the distance I noticed a homeless man coming down the street. I routinely made sure the doors were locked and went back to my burger and our conversation.

Not surprising, the sight of two people eating food in a parked car stopped a starving man dead in his tracks.

"I don't mean no disrespect," he began. As the man, maybe in his early thirties, walked around the front of my car, his scraggily beard, knotted Afro and deteriorating garb suggested he'd been on the streets for some time. I cracked the window and went into my pocket, but he requested something that, at this moment, must have seemed better than money.

"Man, if you could just ... break me off a piece of whatever you're eating ... just a piece. Please." Taken aback, I told him come to think of it, I really wasn't that hungry. I let down the window and handed him my half-eaten burger. He thanked me profusely, but it wasn't until he walked away and began to eat that he seemed to fully grasp what he must have considered incredible good fortune. I mean, as fast food goes, the Superstar with cheese is no joke. We could hear him down the block, uttering the words, "Thank you ... thank you ... Thank you," as if every bite were a revelation.

- Steven Ivory, "The food was fast, the feeling endures."

A Prayer from the Heart

Dear God, I am blessed in ways too numerous to count. Help me to be aware of those who are in need. May I use what I have to show Your love for them. Amen