

Blessing comes only in sharing

I'd like to share my thoughts on a story with you. A story of daily bread, of power and money. A story of trust. A story of a miracle. A story of hunger of many. A story of poverty and the fullness of life. A story of relationships and communication, of hunger for life and the blessing of sharing.

I am sure you all remember the story of the feeding of the 5000. You can read it in the Gospels of Mark, Matthew, Luke and John. (Mark6:30f; Matthew 14:13f; Luke 9:10f; John 6:1f). Try to see the scene of the story in front of your inner eye:

These people were the poor fishing population of the Sea of Galilee; and they had developed their significant hopes for a Messiah to come and change what no other ruler over the decades had been able or wanting to change. Simple people – full of expectation and hope. 5000 the story tells us – and we all know that in those times women and children were not counted. They followed Jesus, because they had seen him taking notice of their sick and other poor folk. They were surprised and curious. And they had nothing to lose. They were hungry folk.

Hungry in a very real physical way as well as hungry for independence, power and dignity. They were hungry for the smallest rights of human existence. And they experienced what happened in our story with a growling stomach and a weakened, will-less and worn-out body.

Believe it or not: bread and the experience of God lie very close at hand!

Hunger for bread in our story has got to do with the miracle of community. In one of **Ernesto Cardenal's publications** on the poor population in Nicaragua and their theology of liberation one can read: **"The feeding of the 5000 is a miracle because Jesus does not turn up as the great magician who lets bread rain from heaven, but asks the people around him what they think they can contribute against the hunger and towards the community..."**

In other words: the miracle is that the disciples start to think of possibilities, ask questions and state their opinion. The miracle is that in a situation of helplessness somebody begins to share what is his. A miracle is that an order comes onto a huge crowd of people, that a new quality of relationships can grow – among human beings, and also with God.

What we have, may it be ever so little, is a gift, which we may thank for. And it will become more, when we dare to share. Just invest a moment: What could that mean to you? What could it mean for me? The little I have especially in these unreal times of Corona? It doesn't matter what: money, talents, gifts, dreams and ideas, food, hope, beauty, etc. The little I have will become more, when I share.

What can I offer, if I dare to open my basket of time and talent and resources in life? Bread? Financial resources? The wisdom of life experience? Social involvement? Political commitment? Solidarity with the underprivileged? Confidence? Hope? Dreams and visions?

May our sharing always be blessed.