

WHEN JESUS STOLE MY BREAD



PAUL DURBIN

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www.stealmybread.com

*To my favorite bread maker, Patty, and our
children: Noah, Sophia, Chloe, and Samuel.
May you always and only partake of the
Unleavened Bread of Life—empowered by His
Grace and transformed by His Truth.*

Get rid of the old yeast, so that you may be a new unleavened batch—as you really are. For Christ, our Passover lamb, has been sacrificed.

1 Corinthians 5:7

1. Tell Me the Story

*Then you will shine among them like stars in the sky as you hold firmly to the word of life.
Philippians 2:15–16a*

Sunlight streamed through the window coverings of the small bakery, illuminating bits of flour dancing in the air of the shop. As the rays stretched toward the well-worn wooden baker's bench, they warmed the surface and made the scattered salt crystals—remnants of yesterday's baking creations—sparkle like stars in the sky.

Standing in the light, and grateful for its warmth after the chilly morning walk to the bakery, Hanan kneaded a ball of dough—his breath illuminated by a combination of sunshine and lamplight. He wondered what story he could get Grandpa Emet to tell that day. Seventeen-year-old Hanan loved apprenticing in his family's bakery for two reasons: sampling Grandpa Emet's latest baking experiments (as he liked to call them), and even better, hearing one of his stories.

A playful smile spread across Hanan's face as he called out, "Hey, Grandpa Emet, tell me the story again about when Jesus stole your bread."

As Emet walked the short distance from the front of the shop to the workbench, he said in a serious tone, "Hanan, I think you're old enough to

remember that Jesus didn't *steal* my bread. He just *borrowed* it." A smile spread across his silver-bearded face as he added, "And what Jesus gave back to me was far more than what I gave Him!"

"Twelve full baskets, right, Grandpa?"

Emet nodded as he folded his arms made strong from years of kneading dough. "Well, I could only handle one basket myself." With a light chuckle he added, "Can you imagine your grandad as a ten-year-old boy lugging that huge basket of fresh bread back home?"

Hanan grinned at the thought of his grandpa being the same age as his younger siblings. "Yeah, one full basket *is* a lot of bread." He rested his hands on the dough and asked, "But that bread couldn't have been better than the bread you're teaching me to bake, right, Grandpa?"

Rather than answer, Emet took over kneading the dough. Sighing deeply, he said, "Young man, I've never tasted its equal." After he finished forming a perfect unleavened loaf, he carried it to the oven and slipped it next to the warm coals to bake.

Hanan had a familiar feeling of being on sacred ground. Every time Emet recounted the story of his transformed bread feeding a crowd of thousands, something in the air changed. Even the rays of sun shifted as if they, too, were leaning in to hear Emet's story.