

BREAD

I decided to bake a few loaves of bread, You know just good ole homemade bread, homemade baked bread with very healthy ingredients.

I drove to the store to shop for the things I needed then I drove back home to prepare for baking. I got out all of the necessary bowls and utensils, spoons, knives, flour, eggs, pans, rolling pin, mixer, you get the idea. I thought I would bake 10 loaves of bread.

Well there I was doing all of this work by myself just so I could bring some joy to a few people in need by sharing my homemade baked bread with them.

Then I heard a knock on the door, it was my neighbor Charley, I invited him in and after seeing what I was doing he offered no help but proceeded to give a litany of advice on how and what I should bake,

"Paul you really should set the temp at 250 and you should bake rye or wheat bread instead of plane bread."

After an hour of this he decided to go back home, thank God. I had no sooner taken a breath when the phone rang and it was Charley's wife telling me how and what I should bake. She never offered to help she just thought it was best that she call to tell me what to do and how to do it.

Some of their advice was good I will admit but still all advice and criticism without offering any help, I don't know it just doesn't sit right with me.

You see I was baking this bread to share with the staff patients and family members down at the Long-Term Care Facility where I serve. O no not another one?

It was my friend Carl, "HEY PAUL YOU HOME?"

"O jezzzz not again, 14 years with this guy, all right Yea come on in."

"Boy it sure smells good in here, Hey what are you baking this time?"

"Homemade baked bread, Carl."

"Hey you should bake pumpernickel or marble rye boy those are my favorite. Hey you're doing it all wrong, you need to set the temp lower and be using olive oil and where is your hair net?"

"Hey Carl, do me a big favor and GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!!!!"

5 hours later and after answering 7 phone calls from people who suddenly became expert bread bakers O and by the way no one offered to help bake the bread I finally finished with my baking.

Then about 20 min later I heard a knock on the door, OMG its all of the people who were bothering me in telling me my business. Well what happened next was incredible the Holy Spirit came upon me like a flood and touched my heart and I was filled with forgiveness, compassion, kindness, and love, and shared my baked bread with all who were there.

Fiction? or Non-Fiction? You decide John 14:27



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