

OUR DAILY BREAD

Jeff got off the subway at 42nd Street, as usual, but he wasn't paying attention to anything. He was exhausted from working twelve hours nonstop. All he wanted was to get home and collapse on the sofa.

As he was passing by a bakery, he smelled the aroma of freshly-made bread. Almost unconsciously, he went inside. The bakery was full of many smells, but it was bread that he wanted. The bread smell made his mouth water. He picked the kind he wanted, paid for it and hurried home. He wasn't feeling so tired now.

Like Jeff, everyone knows how delicious bread is when it is hot from the oven. It's a wonderful food. And for hundreds (maybe thousands) of years, it's been an important food. It is part of our history — remember Marie Antoinette. It is a part of a great number of religious rituals. It is a part of every culture, each one with its own kind of bread. Some of these breads have found new homes in new parts of the world.

Just go to any large city in the U.S. to see how many bread choices there are today — the French *baguette*, the Italian *panini* (which, at least in the U.S. is not specifically a bread, but a light, small sandwich), the Arab *pita*, the Armenian *lavash*, and the Jewish *matzo*, to name but a few.

They're all what many of us have long been praying for: our daily bread.

