

# Miraculous Bread

## Psalm 37:5

*I was young and now I am old, yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken or their children begging bread.*

The most remarkable miracle of my life was the day God provided bread from an empty cupboard. My dad must have been on strike or laid off again because food was in short supply around our house. In the same time period Mom would give us dry milk and pretend that it was the real stuff. We always knew the difference and to this day I hate 1% or 2% milk. It reminds me of that dry milk. I remember Mom not having milk one morning so we had to have our oatmeal with water! Yuk!!! On another ominous day we didn't have any bread in the house. There was nothing to eat. Mom sat us down at breakfast and told us we were out of food.

She told us the story of George Mueller and how he prayed for food for his orphanage and God always provided. One day they had no food to feed the orphanage children. Here is his story.

*Early one morning Mueller arrived in the dining hall for breakfast. The plates and cups or bowls were on the table. There was nothing on the table but empty dishes. There was no food in the larder, and no money to supply the need. The children were standing waiting for breakfast. 'Children, you know we must be in time for school,' said Mueller. Then lifting his hand he prayed, 'Dear Father, we thank Thee for what Thou art going to give us to eat.' According to the account, a knock was then heard at the door. The baker stood there. 'Mr Mueller, I couldn't sleep last night. Somehow I felt you didn't have bread for breakfast, and the Lord wanted me to send you some. So I got up at two o'clock and baked some fresh bread, and have brought it.' Mueller thanked the baker and praised God for His care. 'Children,' he said, 'we not only have bread, but the rare treat of fresh bread.' Almost immediately there came a second knock at the door. This time it was the milkman who announced that his milk cart had broken down outside the orphanage, and that he would like to give the children his cans of fresh milk, so that he could empty his wagon and repair it.*

My mom believed God loved us and would provide for us too. That morning as we sat at the kitchen table she prayed. She asked the Lord for a miracle for her children just as He had for George Mueller's children. Then we waited. Mom fully expected a knock at the door with a supply of food for the day. No one came.

She prayed again and we waited. Nothing happened, no one called and no supplies came to our house. We had already watched Mom look through all the cupboards. We all searched the kitchen with her for something to eat. There was nothing. Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard, but this time it wasn't the dog without a bone, it was the kids who were going to go hungry.

Again we prayed and waited. Three times we prayed and waited, then searched again. Finally Mom got up one more time and searched again for something to feed her children. This time to all of our amazement there was a loaf of bread tucked in a corner that had not been there before. We had all searched the cupboards. We knew there was no food there. Then there was – just one loaf of bread. That morning we had toast for breakfast. We had no margarine or butter so we used Crisco lard on our bread. But we were thankful.

I wish I could go back for a video replay of that scene. We were all astounded. Someone had heard me tell this story and asked if it was a package of "Wonder Bread." It certainly was manna from heaven.