



But they said to him, "Five loaves and two fish are all we have here."

Like the five thousand people you fed,
we run to your holy mountain,
relishing your lush gifts,
filling up our
starving
souls.

You, the infinitely-more-than-enough,
with the left-over baskets,
say to us:
accept your five loaf-selves the way you are,
fix the climate crisis, stop injustice,
and feed the hungry
people.

O, with your food
we can.
Feed
us
your
grace,
Lord.