

Breadcrumbs ©

(A Eucharistic Reflection)

*He said to me before I was; “Lo, I will never leave you.” It took me a lifetime to realize **He** was always there...marking a trail for me to find my way home.*

*I found **The Path** marked with breadcrumbs that were my memories. As I traveled backward through time, healing my present and making a way for my future, I relied upon the breadcrumbs **He** left for me to help me find my way and to physically sustain me. Moment by moment, little by little, I gained strength and renewed confidence... The more breadcrumbs I ate, the more strength I gained and the closer I moved to the **Light**.*

*Finally, one day I found myself immersed in and flooded with **Light**. My meal was complete and my lostness a thing of my past. Standing before me now was the great **Trailmaker**. On **Him** He wore a sash that had written upon it **Bread of Life**.*

*Suddenly the words of **The Book** made sense to me. In it He had said that **He** was the Bread of Life... **He** had said unless you eat my flesh and drink my blood, you will never know life. It was at that moment I knew—the breadcrumbs I had found in the memories of my life had been **Him**.*

*Indeed, **He** had never left me: **He** had been with me always. I had found the way to life by following the path—the trail of breadcrumbs , consuming the life of **Himself He** had left for me. Out of the dark of lostness I found the Light of Truth that brought me life—**Breadcrumbs** of saving grace.*

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