

The Bread of Life

Jesus is the "Bread of Life."

For most, the bread of life starts at home. First from our mother's milk, and later at the high chair and finally at the family table.

Today, I thank God for the *breath of life* which I used to blow out 89 candles on a cake.

My mother was told after several miscarriages, it was not likely she would ever have children. Yet seven years into their marriage, Kitty and Bill Fitzgerald gave me the gift of life and the next year the same to my sister Mary Rose who sadly died in infancy.

First Communion came later to receive "the bread of life." But the *appetite* for "the bread of life" came from my parents' faith.

I remember when I was three at Saint Bridget's Church in South Omaha, my mother going up to the communion rail and me asking, "Why can't I go?" I am now reading "Napoleon's Kidnapping the Pope" and Napoleon once said:

"The happiest day of my life was my First Communion Day!"

Fascinating!

I can at least say, "Yes! It was my dear parents who first gave me the *appetite* for the Bread "Of Life."

19th, Ordinary, Aug. 8, 2021

Written by Fr. Fitz
Friday, 06 August 2021 15:29

Praise God for such a gift!

+ Monsignor Tom Furlong

Today the Archdiocese of Omaha lost one of its great priests:

"Fuzzy Furlong"

May he rest in peace!

Amen.



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