

When the Bread of Life is Broken

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I have some ineffable feelings every time I gaze at the broken bread in my hand.

Looking Back · Remembrance

When the bread is broken, we usually think: God's great love on the Cross.

Nonetheless, I always try to look further than that. The Cross was not a spontaneous idea from God: behind the Cross is a God who never gives up. This story does not begin with the Cross, but with Adam, with Abraham. It is a joyful story about God who yearned so much for His creatures being able to enjoy His presence. No matter how His creatures treat their Creator, God was determined to redeem us by all means necessary.

Through a man (Abraham),
 through a tribe that came from that man (Israel),
 through a man from that tribe (Jesus),
 and through the body of that man (Church),

God carried out His plan of salvation.

All these came from a God who loves us; a God who is willing to do what He promised at all costs.

And we are the body on earth of this loving and faithful God.

Every time I look at the broken bread in my hand, I do remind myself: I am forever joined to my Lord Jesus and be His arm, His leg, His eye, His ear, His mouth ...

Let His love be experienced, His unfailing promise to all people make known;

As His hand, His leg, His eye, His ear, His mouth or whatever --- I have a certain role to play.

And you have a certain role to play as well.

Looking Up · The New Exodus

The night when Jesus broke the bread was Passover's Eve.

In the first Exodus, Moses instructed Israelites to eat the lamb together with unleavened bread and bitter herbs. On that night, however, when Jesus gathered together with the disciples, bread and cup were ready for the observation of the festival. The Gospels unanimously did not have a single word about the lamb to be eaten.

Where was the lamb of Passover?

Upon seeing Jesus, John the Baptist once said, "Behold, the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world!"

Jesus was the lamb of that Passover.

A new Exodus has begun.

We are liberated from our old lifestyle;
we are liberated from the rules of the game of dogfight in this world;
we are liberated from previous failures and uncontrolled sins.

There is no name in heaven or on earth we need to obey, except the name that forever represents salvation.

That name belongs to "the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world."

I always remind myself in the Holy Communion: my head may point down to express humility, but my eyes forever need to look up.

That is because I need to be faithful to only one Lord and no others – I wait on Him, obey Him.

Looking Inside · Dependence

With the broken bread in my hand, I examine.

One of the most tragic things in life is our ignorance to our wrongdoings or our possibility of being wrong. Those believers who have stopped repenting to God are as dishonest as those who claim they will never sin again. The bread and the cup in my hands always

remind me that I need God's provision every day. I believe, when being asked, any Christian will tell you the importance of our dependence on God. We all need help from God.

But God's help is quite different from a servant's help: the latter only solves the immediate problems for you, and he is at your disposal; the former requires you to know Him and continually depend on Him.

This bread and this cup are gifts from Him.

Our frequent breaking of bread represents our dependence on Him, which must be frequent as well.

Without it, will I feel empty? Will I feel hungry?

Lord, I need you. If I forget to depend on you, it will be the most tragic thing in my life.

Jesus said, "I am the bread of life; he who comes to me will not hunger, and he who believes in me will never thirst."

I believe and need to believe continually.

Looking Sideways · One Body

It is a *BROKEN* bread that I am holding in my hand.

The church of Corinth was a divided church with a lot of conflicts and disputes. Paul reminded them, "Since there is one bread, we who are many are one body; for we all partake of the one bread."

Every time I received these words, the pain was like my heart being pierced by a nail: hatred and detestation broke this body up once again.

Jesus's body was broken so that we can be united.

Yet another "Miraculous Exchange".

Jesus's body has already been broken in order to unite us who used to be divided.

One body.

With this broken bread in my hand, I examine my relationship with others.

I make a resolution once again to be an ambassador of *Peacemaking*.

Looking Forward · Till He Comes Again

The Cross is not a period but an open quotation mark. It is the beginning, not the end. I, together with brothers and sisters who take this same bread and this same cup, am called to continue proclaiming with our words and our lives our Lord's sacrifice till the day He comes again.

But the faith coming from this hope will not bring us rest, but unrest; will not make us suffer quietly, but uncompromised. It does not calm down an agitated heart. On the contrary, it is man's agitated heart itself. This is because a person with hope in Christ will not accept this as the reality per se, but starts to put up hardship and fight with the so-called 'reality' of this world.

If that is the case, I am definitely not 'waiting' for His second coming. Life after accepting Christ should never be just sitting there, awaiting being brought up to heaven. "The Church is the only society that exists for the benefit of those who are not its members". Forgetting this most fundamental identity of ours, we believers will be distracted by other things naturally. We would use up all our energy, love and bearing on the most insignificant things, while His story of salvation is never spread out.

Every time I look at the bread and the cup in my hands, I always insist that, with a smiling face and a joyful (not guilty) heart, I speak in unison with all the saints who followed His footsteps through the ages:

"Come, Lord Jesus!"