There Is Enough

Matthew 14:13–21

When I was growing up, my grandmother had a habit that puzzled me. Whenever we sat down to eat, she always seemed to believe that one more person might show up. She would set an extra place at the table or make just a little more food than we needed. As a child, I thought she was simply overestimating our appetites. As an adult, I realized she wasn't planning for leftovers. She was making room for grace.

Some people in our world live as though there will never be enough. Others, over the years, have learned that God has a way of making room for one more. That is where today's Gospel begins.

Jesus has just received the heartbreaking news that John the Baptist has been killed. He withdraws to a quiet place to grieve, but the crowds follow Him. Imagine that moment for just a second. Jesus is tired. His heart is heavy. If anyone ever had a reason to say, "Not today," it was Jesus. Instead of aggravation, Matthew tells us something remarkable: "He had compassion for them."

Compassion came before the miracle. Love came before the bread. Grace came before anyone asked.

As evening approaches, the disciples begin to do the math. There are thousands of people. It's getting late. There isn't enough food. We should send everyone away.
It's a reasonable conclusion. They're doing what we often do. They look at the problem before they look at Jesus.

Don't we all?

We look at our calendars and wonder if there's enough time. We look at our bank accounts and wonder if there's enough money. We look at our strength and wonder if there's enough energy. We look at ourselves and quietly wonder if we are enough.

Scarcity has a loud voice. It tells us there isn't enough love, not enough hope, not enough time, not enough future. The disciples heard that voice. Jesus did not.

Instead, He asks one simple question: "What do you have?" Not, "What do you wish you had?" Not, "What are you missing?" But, "What do you have?"

Five loaves. Two fish. Hardly enough. At least, that's what everyone thought.

Then something beautiful happens. They place their small offering into the hands of Jesus. He blesses it. He breaks it. He gives it away.

And somehow, there is enough.
In fact, there is more than enough. Twelve baskets are left over.

But I want you to notice where the miracle begins. Not with abundance, but with trust.

The bread did not become enough while it remained in the disciples' hands. It became enough when it was placed into Christ's hands.

I wonder if that is still how miracles happen today. Not because what we have suddenly becomes larger, but because what we have is finally entrusted to the One who can use it.

That is true for bread. It is true for our gifts, our talents, our resources. It is true for our lives. And it is true for this Table.

In just a few moments, we will come together with empty hands. We will not bring accomplishments. We will not bring perfection. We simply bring ourselves. Ordinary people with ordinary bread and an ordinary cup.

And Jesus meets us there.

He blesses. He breaks. He gives.

And once again, there is enough.

Friends, I have begun to believe something. I think the greatest miracle in this story is not simply that thousands were fed. It is that Jesus refused to let fear have the final word.

The disciples saw scarcity. Jesus saw possibility. The disciples counted loaves. Jesus counted on God's abundance.

Perhaps that is the invitation for us today. Not to pretend our needs aren't real. Not to ignore life's hardships. But to trust that the grace of God is always greater than our fear.

Because the Kingdom of God has never depended on how much we possess. It has always depended on the One who holds us.

So today, whatever you have, bring it.

Whatever burden you carry, bring it.

Whatever hope feels too small, bring it.

Because in our hands, it may not seem like enough.

But in the hands of our Lord Jesus Christ, there will always be enough.
Amen.