

Recipes for Fresh Manna?  
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I usually enjoy cooking, and my husband has been a culinary guinea pig throughout our whole marriage. I know how he feels by his comments about the results of the recipe.

If he says, "This is interesting," it means he is only eating the dish because he doesn't want to wretch at the table. If he says, "I like this. It's okay," it means I shouldn't even keep the recipe because he's eating it only because he doesn't want to hurt my feelings. If he says, "This is really good. I'd order this in a restaurant," it means it's a great recipe and he'd really like for me to use the recipe again. If he doesn't talk but merely rolls his eyes heavenward and can't say anything because he knows I think it's gross when he talks with his mouth full, it means he wants me to add this particular recipe to the "Doug's Favorite Foods" list.

He would like me to bake more, but I can barely make a cake, and I've resorted to refrigerated pie crusts. I didn't inherit the baking gene from my mother or grandmothers. I know he would enjoy more bread, but aside from the homemade yeast roll recipe my grandmother got from her grandmother, I shy away from using anything that needs time to raise and ferment. I did try to make some bread not long ago using a recipe I downloaded. I must have done something terribly wrong because the bread ended up looking like leftover civil war hardtack. I ended up throwing the "bread" AND the recipe in the trash.

I wonder if the Israelite women had any recipes for using all that manna. I mean it was the same thing every morning: gather it up, grind it up, mix it up, and cook it up. It looked as white as coriander seeds and tasted like wafers made with honey. Every morning they gathered the manna they would need for the day, and when the sun rose up in the sky, the excess manna melted away. If they had gathered too much, trying to prepare for the next day, the manna they saved would soon be full of maggots and begin to stink up their tents.

That manna was a miracle, for it provided all the nutrients they needed in order to walk around the desert all day every day. God's manna surely put the USDA guidelines to shame.

God provides miraculous manna for us, too. Oh, it's not some white flaky stuff covering the ground. God wants us to depend on Him: "Give us today our daily needs," (Matthew 6:11). He also wants us to stop obsessing about the future: "Therefore don't worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own," (Matthew 6:34).

Maybe we should learn to be more grateful for the "spiritual manna" God provides. Maybe we should understand that if all we have is all that God provides, then we have all we need.

Anyone have a good recipe using fresh manna?