

A Special Meal in Nazareth



It was a warm evening in Nazareth, and Mary was busy in the small kitchen of their home. She hummed softly as she prepared bread, roasted vegetables, and a bit of fish Joseph had brought back from the market. Nearby, little Jesus played with a piece of wood Joseph had shaped into a toy.

Joseph entered the room, wiping his hands after a long day working in his carpenter's shop. "Mary, the table looks lovely," he said, setting down a stool. "Jesus, it's time to wash up for dinner."

Jesus set his toy down and ran to Mary, who kissed his forehead. Together, they washed their hands, and soon the family was seated around the table. Mary looked at the food and smiled. "Before we eat, let's thank God for this meal and for being together."

Joseph nodded and reached for Jesus's small hand. Jesus took his mother's hand, and together they bowed their heads. "Dear God," Joseph began, "Thank You for this food and for the love we share. Help us to always find time to be together, even when life is busy. Amen."

"Amen," Mary and Jesus echoed, and then they began to eat.

As they ate, they talked about their day. Joseph told stories about his workshop, how a little bird had flown in and perched on his tools. Mary laughed as she shared how Jesus had helped her carry water from the well, only to spill half of it on the way back. Jesus giggled and said, "But I tried!"

"That you did, my little helper," Mary said, ruffling his hair.

The simple meal brought them closer, and the room was filled with laughter and love. The worries of the day melted away as they shared stories and enjoyed each other's company.

Mary smiled. She knew that no matter how hectic the day may be, their family meals would always be an anchor—a time to pause, reconnect, and give thanks for the blessings they shared.

The End