

# Man Does Not Live by Bagels Alone

Nor by bialys, croissants, cholly, pumpernickel, rye, kaiser rolls, or pita—no, not even if your bagel is topped with lox, rare roast beef, New York hot pastrami, and purple onions! If food is drenched in fatso sauces or zingy condiments like dusseldorf mustard, beet horseradish, or salsa, the palette might be satisfied, but the tummy gets all *fahrtootst* (“confused” or “discombobulated”). In other words, too good is bad for you.

## **Eat! Eat! Eat! You only live once!**

“What I’m out for is a good time—all the rest is propaganda”; “Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die.” What a sorry philosophy of life, about as substantial as a bagel hole.

What we do with our bodies says a lot about who we are. Did you ever try to go on a diet? It’s almost as difficult as trying to be good. In fact, the human condition could be compared to the “Ginsberg Theorem”: (1) You can’t win; (2) You can’t even break even; and (3) you can’t even quit the game. In other words, too bad is bad for you.

Don’t get all depressed now and reach for a box of glazed doughnuts. Why not reach for something from the fifth food group—soul food.

## **Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that comes from the mouth of the Lord.**

Forget the stomach. It’s our heart that kills. Deep down in the kishkes, you know it’s true that “the heart is deceitful above all things and beyond cure. Who can understand it?” (Jeremiah 17:9)

This unhealthy mess called sin is worse than toxins, pollution, espresso jolts, preservatives, or hollandaise sauce-smothered eggs: “All have turned aside and are altogether corrupt. There is no one who does good, not even one” (Psalm 14:3). We are toxic. What can we do but eat ourselves sick?

“Turn to me and be saved, all you from the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is no other” (Isaiah 45:22). In other words, we need more than food to live. Desperately.

The one who saves fed multitudes of people with bread and fish; the one who saves was born in Bethlehem (literally, “the house of bread”), and in fact referred to himself in this way: “I am the bread of life that came down from heaven...my body is the bread which I will give for the life of the world.” Now who do you think made that astonishing claim?

Hint: He’s better than bagels, superior to manna, preferable to matzo, and is divinely fresh—in other words, Messiah Yeshua, the Jewish way to say Jesus.

## **Jeet yet?**

Try the Windy City Diet: Power walk to a hot dog stand and order two with the works. A more sustaining and filling suggestion is to believe in the Bread from heaven. In other words, if he could multiply loaves and fishes and do lunch with the multitudes, heal, and most important of all, forgive sin, then surely he can satisfy your soul. Hint: No one else can!

