Bread.

Dry grains of wheat

ground into a dust.

Also at the begining there was a dust,

dust we are created from.

Each of us, each living being

in God´s arms rose up from the dust.

I am a bread of life.

Also today, just now,

we are rising up from the dust

face to face with living bread.

He as the wheat ground into the dust

hold out his hand –

Do you want to rise up? Today?

Grain of wheat – how much life it contains!

Do you want to rise up to the life?

Today become a grain

which will die to bear the ears

or powderized to bear the bread.

There is no other way…

And they successively went away,

they went away not to die.