

My Experience at Manna of Life Ministries

I first heard about Manna of Life Ministries through my good friend Suzanne, who would always make mention of her most amazing experiences on Saturday mornings; going to feed the poor and homeless of the Bronx and bringing each person the gospel of the hope of Jesus Christ. Having the opportunity to put my hand to the plow alongside this wonderful team of ministers on January 6, 2007, I have never before been so close to God's heartbeat. Proverbs 19:17 says "He who is kind to the poor lends to the Lord." I have seen Manna of Life ministry reach out as God's hand extended to the broken, hurting, and hopeless.

I walked in to the Saratoga shelter unaware of what was to come, but ready to pull up my sleeves. Little did I know that God was preparing to move long before the event ever began. I came with two other friends, one who helped in the distribution of toys while my other friend and I were put to greet people as they walked in.

The doors of the event opened at 12:30pm. Slowly 60-70 people walked in - single-moms, children, orphans, teens and babies. Some came with their hearts as hard as rock. Some didn't want to be bothered. They were numb because of their life on the streets. Some had been to the rock bottom of their lives, unable to get back up. I met one girl, who came in and saw what we were intending to do and asked for prayer. She was a little over twenty years old, just had a baby boy, was diagnosed with bipolar disorder, and had no family. My friend and I prayed that she would find Jesus through her situation. A testimony later on during the event brought her to tears. She left with a smile on her face, beaming.

Another woman I saw walked in with the widest smile I have ever seen. All day long she was walking around with that big smile of hers. One of the fellow workers from Manna asked her flippantly why she was smiling so much. She replied, "Whenever I'm in church, I feel so free. This is the closest I've been to church in a really long time and I feel free. Thank you."

After the distribution of food there was a presentation that consisted of a drama, song, testimonies, and a rap about Jesus Christ by 2 boys less than 8 years of age. I was taken aback by how God could use anyone despite their age. The altar call was filled with people moved by the music, challenged by the call to follow Christ, and ultimately transformed. IT WAS UNBELIEVABLE. I cried at the thought that God would show up for his daughters and sons. Jesus was definitely in this place. Like when meeting the woman at the well Jesus showed up. He surprised some who will never be the same again. They have tasted the living waters of the well of life and will never thirst again.

My heart began to thump after the event. One of the coordinators mentioned to my friend and I, "This is not entertainment, this is ministry. It's amazing what God can do with a surrendered life." I realized God's heart is for the people, it always has been, and it always will be.

God came for the rich. But He also came for the poor. I've seen Manna give hope to those who don't know what hope is and to those who have forgotten what hope is. I've also seen that as Manna gives, they receive more to give and it goes on and on week after week. As they ended the event with the distribution of toys, I realized that they were not distributing toys as much as they were distributing life.

Bringing Hope to the Homeless