





**Don't Forget the Mana** is a seven-day devotional based on the message preached Sunday evening June 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2025 at Savannah Holy Church of God at 707 Little Neck Rd, Savannah Ga.

***“The works of the LORD are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.”***

***Psalm 111:2***

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by Scott A Asselin

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## Introduction

### Don't Forget the Manna

There are moments in our lives when God's provision is so obvious, so unmistakably divine, that we can almost hear heaven opening. A bill paid at the last minute. Strength when we had none left. Peace that made no earthly sense. These moments are our "manna", daily mercies sent from the hand of God to sustain us in the wilderness.

But what happens when the manna stops?

In *Joshua 5:10–12*, the children of Israel step into a new chapter. After forty years of wandering, the manna ceases. The wilderness is behind them, the Promised Land before them. God is still providing, but now through the fruit of the land, not the bread of heaven. It's a subtle shift, yet a significant one. In that transition lies a quiet danger: forgetting.

In this devotional, *Don't Forget the Manna*, you are invited you to pause and remember. Each day explores a fresh angle of God's provision, how He feeds us in hard seasons, how He leads us through change, and how He invites us to trust Him not just in scarcity, but in abundance.

Whether you're still gathering manna in the wilderness or settling into the blessings of a new season, these devotionals are meant to draw your heart back to the One who never failed you. Because the real miracle is not just that the manna came, it's that the God who gave it is still with you.

So slow down. Look back. Give thanks.

And whatever you do, don't forget the manna.



## **Don't Forget the Manna**

**Day 1: The Faithfulness of God in the Wilderness**

**Day 2: The Ceasing of Manna – A Shift in Season**

**Day 3: Preparing for the Promise**

**Day 4: Don't Romanticize the Wilderness**

**Day 5: Remember What He Did**

**Day 6: Trusting God in the Land of Plenty**

**Day 7: Jesus, the True Manna**

## Day 1

### **The Faithfulness of God in the Wilderness**

They must have stood there quietly that morning, the dew still clinging to the edges of their tents, hearts a little uncertain, eyes scanning the horizon. For forty years, manna had fallen from heaven like clockwork, heavenly provision gathered each morning with the rising sun. And then, just like that, it stopped. No warning. No slow taper. No farewell feast for the food of the wilderness. The manna simply ceased.

***“And the children of Israel encamped in Gilgal, and kept the passover on the fourteenth day of the month at even in the plains of Jericho.” , Joshua 5:10***

At first glance, it might have felt like abandonment. But it wasn't. The ceasing of manna wasn't a sign of God's absence; it was evidence of His guidance. He had brought them to a new place, a land of promise, of planted fields, of harvest waiting to be gathered. The method of provision changed, but the faithfulness of the Provider remained the same.

There's a tender lesson tucked into that quiet morning: God never stops providing, but He often changes how. The same hand that sent manna in the wilderness now offered them the old corn of the land. New ground. New sustenance. Same God.

In a small farming town one late autumn, the harvest had just come in. Trucks rolled steadily down the road, their beds brimming with golden corn, the grain spilling over the sides as they made their way toward the elevators. The air was thick with the scent of dust, earth, and sun-warmed kernels, a fragrance that only comes after a fruitful season.



Nearby, an older gentleman stood quietly, his eyes distant as he watched the activity with a knowing gaze. “It’s a good harvest,” he said to no one in particular, his voice carrying the weight of memory. Then, after a pause, he added, “But I still remember the year the rain didn’t come. That’s when we learned to pray over dry dirt and trust in clouds.”

He smiled faintly, as if recalling something sacred. “But we never went hungry,” he said. “God found ways.”

That’s the testimony of every child of God who’s walked through a wilderness, *He found ways*. Bread from heaven. Water from rocks. Strength in weakness. Comfort in loneliness. And now, perhaps, corn from the land.

The danger is in forgetting. When life becomes stable and the table is full, it’s easy to forget the mornings when the only thing between you and starvation was the faithfulness of God. But don’t forget the manna. Don’t forget the way He fed you when no one else could. That’s not just your past, it’s your foundation.

## Day 2

### The Ceasing of Manna – A Shift in Season

There's something sobering about absence where there was once abundance. Imagine stepping out of your tent, morning after morning for forty years, to find heaven's provision gently resting on the ground like dew, manna, fresh and sufficient. Then one day, you rise with the same habit, the same expectation, and it's gone. No manna. No sign. No farewell. Just the quiet breeze of change blowing through the camp.

***“And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land...” , Joshua 5:12a***

It didn't stop because God had grown tired. It stopped because God had brought them to a new place. The season of wandering was over. The wilderness classroom had closed its doors, and the students had graduated into the promise. The manna ceased, not as a punishment, but as a promotion. And that's a hard truth for us to swallow sometimes, when something familiar ends, even something miraculous, it doesn't mean God has failed us. It may simply mean He's shifted.

I remember talking to a single mother who had lived paycheck to paycheck for years. She told me stories of anonymous envelopes, surprise refunds, and neighbors showing up with groceries. “It was hard,” she said, “but I saw God every day.” Then she paused, thoughtful. “Now I have a stable job, bills paid on time, and savings. But honestly? Sometimes I miss the closeness I felt when I needed Him for every slice of bread.”

She didn't say it lightly. There was gratitude in her voice. But she understood what Israel was learning in Joshua 5,

God's method of provision might change, but His presence does not. Whether bread from heaven or grain from the field, the source is still Him.

Transitions are hard. We like the comfort of familiar miracles. But if God never moved us forward, we'd never taste the fruit of the land. The same God who met you in the tent will meet you in the harvest. The wilderness taught you to trust. The Promised Land invites you to keep trusting, even when the manna is gone.

Don't mourn the miracle, celebrate the maturity.

## Day 3

### Preparing for the Promise

There's a quiet beauty in preparation, a sacredness to obedience before the breakthrough. Israel didn't stumble into the Promised Land by accident, they stepped into it with reverence. Before the manna ceased and before they tasted the old corn of the land, something deeply important happened: they kept the Passover. It was not just a ceremony; it was a reminder, a recommitment, a pause to remember who they were and who God had been.

***“And they did eat of the old corn of the land on the morrow after the passover, unleavened cakes, and parched corn in the selfsame day.” , Joshua 5:11***

The Passover had been established in Egypt on the night God delivered His people with a mighty hand. Each year, it was to be kept as a memorial of that great redemption. But this time, in the plains of Jericho, it was more than a memorial, it was a moment of transition. They were no longer wanderers. The wilderness was behind them, and the battles ahead would be fought in the place God had promised. Before they ate of the land, they had to remember the Lamb.

There's something significant about pausing before provision. Many want the blessing without the preparation, the harvest without the holiness. But God is not in a hurry. He is more concerned with the condition of your heart than the speed of your arrival. Before the manna stopped, before the new food began, He called His people to remember and obey.

I remember speaking with a couple who had waited years to adopt a child. Just before the process was finalized, they

felt compelled to revisit their wedding vows. “It was like the Lord was saying, ‘Don’t forget what brought you here,’” she told me. In the quiet of their living room, they recommitted themselves to each other and to God. “We wanted our hearts in the right place before the promise came,” the husband said. “It just felt right.”

That’s what Israel did. They didn’t rush past God in excitement. They stopped and worshiped. They renewed their commitment. They honored the God who had brought them through.

Before you step into a new season, take time to prepare. Don’t be so eager for the promise that you forget the One who made it. Obedience opens the way for abundance, and reverence precedes reward.

## Day 4

### **Don't Romanticize the Wilderness**

Memory can be a tricky thing. It tends to polish the past with a softer light than it deserves. The Israelites, no strangers to complaint, often looked back on Egypt with an odd fondness, as though slavery came with comfort and onions. Time has a way of distorting discomfort, especially when the present feels uncertain.

**“We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlick.” , Numbers 11:5**

It almost sounds like a picnic. But they were describing life in bondage. Bricks without straw. Whips on their backs. Tears and groans rising up to heaven. Yet somehow, in the wilderness, with manna falling daily and their clothes miraculously preserved, they longed for garlic in exchange for freedom.

We do that too, don't we? We glamorize old seasons that were actually hard, simply because they were familiar. We crave what we used to have, even if what we have now is better. The unknowns of the Promised Land can make Egypt look oddly appealing, at least we knew what to expect back there.

A man once shared his story of being delivered from addiction. He had been sober for years, his family restored, and his relationship with God renewed. On the outside, he looked like a picture of grace and recovery. But in a quiet moment of honesty, he admitted, “Sometimes, when I'm stressed, I remember the high. Not the hangover, not the guilt, just the escape.” He shook his head slowly, a mixture

of clarity and sorrow in his expression. “It’s crazy what the mind chooses to remember,” he said.

That’s why God so often calls His people to remember the *right* things. Not the onions of Egypt, but the oppression. Not just the manna, but the miracle of it. Not just the wandering, but the One who led them by fire and cloud.

Romanticizing the wilderness robs us of gratitude for where God has brought us. When we idolize the past, we risk missing His hand in the present. The Israelites weren’t meant to stay in the wilderness. It was a season of shaping, not settling.

You’re not meant to go backward. The grace that got you through yesterday is the same grace calling you forward today. Egypt may offer garlic, but it doesn’t offer freedom. Don’t trade the promise ahead for a distorted memory behind.

## Day 5

### Remember What He Did

It's easy to move on and forget. Not out of rebellion, but out of rhythm. Life has a way of pulling us into the next task, the next season, the next miracle, even the next crisis, before we've truly stopped to remember what God has already done. But memory is sacred. In God's economy, remembering is not just mental; it's worship.

***“And thou shalt remember all the way which the LORD thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness...” ,  
Deuteronomy 8:2a***

Israel's story wasn't just about where they were going, it was about where they had been, and Who had sustained them. The wilderness was never meant to be forgotten. Every grain of manna, every drop of water from a rock, every day their sandals didn't wear out, these were monuments of mercy.

Moses, standing with aged wisdom and a shepherd's heart, urged them: *Remember*. Because forgetting leads to pride, and pride leads to destruction. If they forgot the wilderness, they might begin to believe the fruit of the land came by their own hand.

There was a retired missionary couple who had served in Africa for decades. Their home was simple, lined with worn books and stories told through pictures. But one shelf stood out from the rest. On it sat an old glass jar filled with faded dried beans, sealed and untouched for years. It wasn't decoration, it was a testimony. During a difficult dry season on the field, they had survived on almost nothing but beans. Day after day, meal after meal, God had multiplied what seemed insufficient. The jar was a symbol, a memorial of



provision. “That’s our manna,” they would tell visitors. “God made it stretch when we had nothing else.” They didn’t keep it out of sentimentality, but as an altar of remembrance.

We need jars like that. Maybe not in glass, but in our hearts. Sacred reminders of God’s faithfulness in lean times. The goal isn’t to live in the past, but to draw strength from it, to be humbled by it and filled with gratitude because of it.

We mark calendars with birthdays and holidays. But what about the day He healed? The season He carried? The time He made a way?

## Day 6

### Trusting God in the Land of Plenty

There is a particular kind of faith that flourishes in hardship, the desperate, daily trust that clings to God because there's no other choice. But when the famine lifts, when the bills are paid, when the table is full and the barns are stocked, something subtle happens. We begin to exhale. And in that exhale, if we're not careful, we forget.

***“And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land... neither had the children of Israel manna any more; but they did eat of the fruit of the land of Canaan that year.” ,  
Joshua 5:12***

The shift from manna to corn was a shift from scarcity to plenty. But that shift required just as much trust, maybe more. Because prosperity can blur our sense of dependence. God didn't stop providing; He simply changed the source. Yet the same Provider was behind both the miracle and the harvest.

There was a woman who had lived much of her early adult life relying on God for every small need. Single, working part-time, and caring for her aging parents, she knew what it was to live by faith. Groceries arrived at her door unexpectedly, envelopes appeared in her mailbox with just enough to cover rent. Later in life, she married, found financial stability, and lived with ease. But she often confessed that, strangely, it was in the years of plenty that her prayers became quieter. “I didn't mean to drift,” she said. “I just stopped leaning so hard.” She wasn't bitter about the blessings, she was grateful, but she realized that ease had a way of softening her urgency for God.

Israel needed to learn the same. In the wilderness, they relied on daily bread. In Canaan, they would need to rely on daily obedience. Harvests still depended on rain. Crops still needed tending. And hearts still needed humbling.

Blessings are not the enemy of faith, but they can become a distraction if we don't keep our eyes on the Giver. The land of plenty isn't an invitation to independence, it's a new classroom for trust. God doesn't just want to be your Provider in hardship; He wants to be your Companion in abundance.

## Day 7

### Jesus, the True Manna

All week, we've remembered the manna, God's miraculous provision in the wilderness, given daily, perfectly measured, and deeply symbolic. It was a picture of His faithfulness, but also a shadow of something far greater. The wilderness bread filled their stomachs for a day, but Jesus came to fill the soul forever.

***“Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven.”***

***John 6:32***

The Israelites looked back fondly on the manna as the pinnacle of provision. But Jesus gently corrected them, Moses didn't give the bread; God did. And now, the same God had sent something even better. Not something to be gathered each morning, but Someone who would satisfy eternally.

Jesus called Himself the Bread of Life. Not because He would replace their meals, but because He would replace their emptiness. What manna did for the body, Christ came to do for the soul.

There was a young man who had chased fulfillment in all the usual places, career, travel, even ministry. But no matter what he accomplished, he felt the same hunger gnawing at him. It wasn't until he sat quietly under the weight of John 6, “*He that cometh to me shall never hunger*”, that something finally broke through. “I realized,” he later said, “I wasn't just tired. I was spiritually starved. I needed more than help. I needed Him.”

That's the heart of it. Manna was a miracle, yes, but it was temporary. Those who ate it still grew hungry. Still died. But Jesus? He offers Himself as the eternal answer to our deepest need. We don't just remember the manna, we rejoice in the One it pointed to.

If the wilderness taught Israel that God could meet daily needs, Jesus shows us that He can meet eternal ones. And in Christ, we are invited to a life not of striving and scraping, but abiding and believing. No more fear of lack. No more spiritual malnutrition. He is enough.

Always has been. Always will be.

## Epilogue

### Don't Forget the Manna

The manna fell every morning for forty years, long enough for a generation to grow up never knowing anything else. It became routine, predictable, even ordinary. But it was never just food. It was mercy falling with the dew. It was grace they didn't earn, provision they couldn't control, and faithfulness they couldn't deny.

And then one morning, it stopped.

Not because God had forsaken them, but because He had fulfilled His promise. He had brought them into a land that flowed with milk and honey, a land with fields already planted and storehouses already built. But even then, even when the manna ceased, God hadn't changed. He was still their Provider. Still their Shepherd. Still the God who rained bread from heaven and spoke water from rocks.

***“Beware that thou forget not the LORD thy God... Who fed thee in the wilderness with manna...”***

***Deuteronomy 8:11,16a***

We are quick to thank God in the miracle and slow to remember Him in the ordinary. But He is Lord of both. The manna was miraculous, yes, but so is a field of wheat. So is a paycheck. So is a quiet moment of peace when we once knew only chaos. God is just as present in our daily routines as He is in our desperate cries.

If you've walked through a wilderness and God fed you there, don't forget the manna. If He brought you into a better place, into healing, into provision, into peace, don't forget the manna. If you're still waiting, still gathering

daily strength just to make it, keep watching for it. His mercies are new every morning.

The story of manna isn't just about bread. It's about trust. It's about remembering Who sustained you when you had nothing and Who still sustains you now that you have much. The wilderness taught Israel to trust God for today. The Promised Land would teach them to remember Him tomorrow.

And us? We live in the tension between both.

So pause. Reflect. Write it down. Tell the story. Keep a jar of beans on a shelf if you must. But don't forget the manna.

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