

**Advent 3**  
**Read Isaiah 64**

**Tuesday, December 4**

*“You, O Lord, are our father. We are the clay. You are the Potter. We are all the work of your hand...”*                      Isaiah 64:8

### **IN THE HANDS OF THE POTTER**

On vacation in Arkansas Sherry insisted that we stop at yet another roadside factory. We had already done walnut bowls, candles and American Indian crafts. My suggestion for the fireworks factory had been dismissed out of hand. This one was a place with pottery for sale. Ignoring the groaning of the siblings in the car, I pulled off the highway.

It wasn't a large place. It also had the added attraction of having a potter who was actually at work on premises. We watched him, and even the children became fascinated at what he was doing.

His foot worked the treadle which turned the wheel upon which a nondescript lump of clay waited for his practiced hands. As the wheel turned, his hands began to remold the lump and reshape it into a beautiful vessel.

Then, right in the middle of it, he stopped the wheel and pounded the clay into a lump again. He had detected a flaw and had decided that he needed to begin again.

The image in Isaiah is that we are the ones who are in the hands of a creating God. God shapes us and molds us and forms us into something beautiful and useful.

Our lives are constantly being reshaped by circumstances. Things happen that cause our lives to go in a different direction. It seems that we are always under construction.

But we are not just lumps of clay. We are sentient beings who have been given by God a marvelous gift of free will. Our Potter is not one who erases all the flaws. Our Potter is one who loves us, even with those things in us that may not be perfect. Our Potter is one who shapes us lovingly and urges us toward the beautiful thing that we can become.

We have to be willing to be shaped, however. We have to be willing to listen for what God has dreamed us to be. We have to allow the Potter's hands to hold us and mold us and make us. Our Potter has infinite patience. We will never be tossed aside. We will never be discarded as useless.

We are created to be more than adornment. We are created to be useful. We are created to serve a higher purpose.

In this season of discovery, open your hearts and minds. Listen for the leading of God. Listen for the purpose that God may have envisioned for you. Open your hearts and minds and give yourself the opportunity to serve in some new way, some unexpected way. Let your life be shaped into the love of the Potter.

*Have thine own way, Lord, have thine own way;  
Thou art the potter, I am the clay.  
Mold me and make me after thy will,  
While I am waiting, yielded and still...*

*(Have Thine Own Way, Lord, by Adelaide Pollard, 1902)*