I am Clay

My life is on the wheel…Earthbound clay

Spinning. Wondering. Why are His hands changing me?

With purpose

What is He creating in me?

What does He see?

Is there a purpose in the pain?

Stretching, sensing, swirling, struggling

I’m smaller than I used to be, it seems

The Mosaic of broken dreams

I’m dizzy with change

The wheel slows as his eyes scan my shell

And he sees it.

I was hoping that he’d over look it.

Halfway hoping he would cast me aside and move on to a more fitting lump of clay.

He pauses-

Divine rejection is what I feel. Rejection that He sees who I really am-

A catastrophic mess

Deeply wounded- Brokeness

He picks me up again and throws me back on the wheel.

This is not the way it’s supposed to be.

Still working- it hurts because I’m still me

Can I ever be what He wants me to be?

He’s creating in my catastrophe.

I’m spinning again- Oh God what do you see?

The heat of the oven- birthplace of sanctity.

Above and beyond all treachery

That separated my soul from Thee

Burning, glazing, waiting, straining

I stand before the Master of the clay

I didn’t know it then but I know it now.

He recognizes me.

And- He SMILES. He smiles at me.

My creator

Who walked me through the fire of earth

And now I see him

The all-things-new Messiah

King of Castaways

The Potter

Victor

Creator

Jesus

In awestruck wonder we will stand

His masterpiece of grace. `