

The Secret of the Perfect Pot

Jeremiah 18:1-6

CWZepp, BWCOB, September 8, 2013

Like Jeremiah long ago,
we're invited to "Come and See"
What a potter at her wheel can show
about what we all can be

A lump of clay, upon a wheel,
reminds us from whence we came
Like Adam we're all made from the soil¹
the stuff of earth, the same.

And though we all start out the same –
just water mixed with dust,
God has in mind a purpose
for every single one of us.

We might be designed to be a vase,
a bowl, or plate, or pot
And no matter how we wish or try
we can't be what we are not

But oftentimes we ask ourselves
"Why are we made like this?"²
We lament our flaws, our shape or mind
our strengths quick to dismiss.

And when trouble comes and things go wrong
we wonder if we're due
We think God must be judging us
for the bad things that we do

That was the message, after all
the Lord gave to the prophet:
Israel had done evil
and soon God would judge them for it.³

¹ Genesis 2:7

² Romans 9:20

³ Jeremiah 18:11

But if we watch the potter's hands
and watch them work the clay
We'll see different message
for our lives of faith today.

For instead of judgment, I think we'll see
a bit of grace appear
In the potter's house, both then and now,
For both Israel and those here.

It starts by remembering what we are
all simple lumps of mud
That God took from the earth and breathed in breath
mixed with water and with blood

That may sound simple, basic even,
but it's truth often forgotten,
To remember who created us,
that we are of God begotten.

We must start there, because in truth,
the mistake we often make
Is forgetting who and whose we are,
our roots too easily break.

And without that base, we lose our way,
we think we're on our own
We make and follow our own designs
from God's plan we get thrown.

But when we find our center
both in life or on the wheel
We'll discover God has a plan for us
the clay at first conceals

With a solid base, that's centered true
we must then begin to yield
To the Potter's hands, our lives to shape,
our true selves to be revealed

And sometimes that's where things go wrong
as our lives begin to turn
We lose our shape, begin to slip
much to the Potter's concern

But that's where grace comes in my friends,
for we are not cast aside
God knows what we are meant to be –
the good that's still inside.

So like a pot that flopped upon the wheel
is made again
We once more feel the Potter's hands
that fold away our sin

And then once more God's hands begin
to give shape to our lives
And again the Spirit enters us,
our purpose to revive.

This may not be enough for those
for whom perfection is the goal
Who wish to be made only once
and then their own lives to control

Alas, the perfect pot is one
that remains between God's hands,
That rests in the center of the wheel
and yields to the Master's plans

And the secret of the perfect pot
is that's never really done
The Potter's always making it
the clay continues to be spun.

And so my friends it is with us
this message don't forget:
Trust the hands that are making us –
God's not finished with us yet