

# The Potter

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Today as I watched the potter  
He molded a beautiful vase.  
As he picked up the clay to shape it,  
Each particle fell into place.  
It seemed as he crushed it and pressed it  
Every flaw had dissolved in his hands;  
And soon he had fashioned a vessel,  
Exactly as first he had planned.

Then I saw him open an oven  
And the vessel was placed in the heat.  
The surface began to harden;  
To glisten and shine as a sheet.  
So often we're placed in the furnace,  
We're tried and crushed to pure gold.  
As a potter turns out his vessel,  
So our lives are shaped I am told.

Now I thought as I saw him in action,  
How God molds our lives every day,  
How He irons out all our defects  
And works every blemish away.  
Then I prayed, "Oh, may I be patient,  
That I may be easily bent,  
That I may fit into the pattern,  
Of the mission for which I am sent."