

We are clay



“We are clay.
You are the potter
Who shapes us at Your will.”
Mold us into worthy vessels
Even though we’re only clay.
Do not smash us if we prove imperfect,
Remember we are only clay.

“We are glass.
You are the artisan
Who can form us into many shapes.”
Form us into finest crystal—
Even if You have to twist and turn us.
But do not smash us if we are not pure,
Remember we are only glass.

“We are silver.
You are the smith
Who molds us as You wish.”
Hammer us as You design
Even though we are not gold.
Do not smash us if we tarnish,
Remember we are only silver.

“We are the rudder.
You are the helmsman
Who steers us to the left or to the right.”
Direct us to the shore You choose.
Do not let us idly spin
Even if we consistently resist Your grasp,
Remember that the waves are very strong.

“We are threads.
You are the weaver
Who creates the patterns that You like.”
Weave us. God, into Your plan.
Make us supple, straight, and true.
And do not discard us
If we should be imperfect.
Remember we are only threads.