

I had visited the potter many times in my travels over the country. Each time I was fascinated by his creative work, and how finely crafted his products were. Once they were submitted to the fire of the furnace, they became solid and their smoothness was set. Many of the items were used as containers for food or utensils for eating that food. After chosen pieces were glazed, they became shiny and beautiful. It was amazing to consider how something so wonderful and useful came from what was essentially “mud”.

As I watched the pot-making process, I happened to look at the clay covering the potter’s hands. I suddenly realized how dirty those hands got in the creative process. Isaiah wrote¹ that we are the clay, God is the potter, and we are the work of His hands. In my mind I have an image of Christ shaping us as a potter into what God wants, but He is left with the dirt of our imperfections on His hands. When we participate in communion with Him, we celebrate the fact that He has dealt with all of our sin for us on the cross.

1. Isaiah 64:8, “Yet you, Lord, are our Father. We are the clay, you are the potter; we are all the work of your hand.”