First week of Advent

Monday 30th November 2020

Reflection 2

Day 2

You are our potter

There is a beautiful verse in our reading from Isaiah: *“Yet, O Lord, you are our Father; we are the clay, and you are our potter; we are all the work of your hand” (Isaiah 64.8).*

This wonderfully poetic statement holds such deep truth within it and also comes at an interesting stage in the passage. We see prior to this verse how desolate the author is, only one verse before writing: *“you [God] have hidden your face from us, and have delivered us into the hand of our iniquity”* (v.7), The Message puts it: *“[…] you’ve turned away from us, left us to stew in our sins.”* Do you feel abandoned at the moment or desolate?

You may read the above verse and be transported back to primary school art sessions, where the teacher bravely brings out for each student a slab of clay and challenges them all to make a cup. The ensuing creations are often roughly resembling some form of kitchen crockery but beyond that… well, many a parent would not risk putting in boiling water, however proud they may be of their child and their questionable future career with Denby.

However, when thinking of our Heavenly Father as a potter, another image entirely comes to mind. One of a highly skilled artist, sitting behind a pottery wheel that is spinning so fast that it looks like the clay will fall off. Yet with tiny, incremental movements of their fingers, the potter can form beautiful works of art. Such as it is with this image of God.

What a wonderful challenge it is to us to remember who it is who formed us, who it is who crafted who we are: our nature; our talents; our likes and dislikes. It is no accident that you are who you are. It is no accident that you have the skills that you do have and the skills that you don’t have (a tough lesson I had to learn when, through tears, the realisation came flooding that a career in professional football would not be mine).

As we read yesterday, we are in a challenging time, which can feel desolate, isolating and sad, but remember that you are who you are for a reason. You bring something to this world that no one else does. We are all the work of God’s hand.

 Father God,

Thank you that you made me who I am. You have made me and you care about me. How wonderful and reassuring that is.

Help me to see others with the same caring and loving eyes that you see me.

Amen.