

The Potter's Vessels

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[The Potter's Vessels](#) [1]

by: [Elizabeth Rust](#) [2]

God the Potter is molding me,
What kind of vessel will I be?

To carry, to store or for a drink?
A lamp, or a plate, or a kitchen sink?

I'm a little bit shallow, I admit,
For I'm focusing on me quite a bit.

But here's a thought,
I am not the only pot.

About my life are many others,
A husband, a daughter and some brothers.

The Potter's hand is on them, too,
Making each of us something new.

Another pot gives me a bump,
And now I have a little lump

Into another pot I smack,
It seems that they now have a crack.

Back to the Potter's wheel we go,
Until His likeness again does show.

If what I do and what I say,
Changes the course of others clay,

Then with great care I must behave,
Lest others' pots become concave.

Useful pots are God's desire,
One's that can withstand the fire.

It's not just me and it's not just you,
God's working with other vessels too.

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