

A few weeks ago, David showed in class an image of a potter making a pot at his wheel. As I looked at the clay covering the potter's hands I 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. We are here at this table to celebrate the fact that He has dealt with that 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."

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