

Two Simple Jobs Of Clay

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Two Simple Jobs Of Clay

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Yet you, Lord, are our Father. We are the clay, you are the potter; we are all the work of your hand.

ISAIAH 64:8

I was only forty years old when my life was suddenly thrown into chaos. Each day felt like a relentless roller coaster—steep climbs followed by sharp drops I never saw coming. One unexpected curve after another sent me spinning, desperate to stop the ride and find solid ground again.

An abusive work environment slowly eroded my confidence. Month after month, piece by piece, I was worn down until I barely recognized myself. I was frightened. Broken. And at my lowest point, I struggled with suicidal thoughts.

Scripture tells us that God desires to shape us into “a vessel for honor, sanctified and useful for the Master, prepared for every good work” (2 Timothy 2:21). That truth gives us a biblical lens through which to view our lives—not as random events, but as moments held and shaped by His hands, like clay on a potter’s wheel.

At the time, I was completely unaware that the God who created me could possibly redeem the pain I was enduring. After nine long months, I finally walked away and never looked back. That day marked the beginning of healing.

As I navigated severe depression and searched for myself amid the rubble, I wrestled deeply with a familiar question: Why would God allow bad things to happen to good people?

Our lives rest securely in God's hands. Like a master potter, He knows exactly how much pressure to apply and when to ease His grip. He knows how to score the clay with His fingernail, how to squeeze and gently nudge—each movement increasing our capacity to become a vessel fit for His use.

And sometimes, the Master Potter places us in the kiln, where the fires of life strengthen us into something more resilient than we ever imagined.

Isaiah reminds us, "Does the clay say to the potter, 'What are you making?'" (Isaiah 45:9). And again, "Yet you, Lord, are our Father. We are the clay, you are the potter; we are all the work of your hand" (Isaiah 64:8).

Recently, while reading *Off Script* by Cary Schmidt, a simple truth took root in my heart:

"Clay has two simple jobs—sit still and stay soft."

He continues with a gentle warning: not to give way to anger or bitterness over our circumstances. Bring your questions to God, yes—but never question His nature or His heart. When we question His goodness, we reveal our frailty. But when we bring our questions to Him, we discover refuge, strength, and a loving Father who is very present in times of trouble.

Lucy Grumble's song *Not In Vain* beautifully captures the hope found on the other side of chaos:

"Each one of us is precious And wonderfully made And what we may call weakness He's woven in our frame Lord help me know the truth that This life is not in vain."

The strength and resilience I carry today were shaped during that painful season—a forming and molding I never would have chosen for myself. Like clay, I learned two simple truths that continue to anchor my life: Sit still. Stay soft.

What once felt unbearable became the very foundation that now helps me weather any storm.

Sit still. Stay soft.

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