

Words of Wisdom: The Potter's Wheel

Running my life, with so many angles,
Instead of succeeding, it was in tangles.

When "I" had control, life was too hard,
So I gave my life, to the Lord.

"You are the potter, I am the clay,
Use me Dear Lord, in your special way."

With his gentle hands, and a loving hold,
I was the clay, he began to mold.

Learning my lessons, at times with pain,
His continuous molding, never in vain.

He never stops teaching, prepares us for life,
To use what he's given, to help those in strife.

With his cheerful heart, and smiling face,
From a lump of clay, into a beautiful vase.

[Author unknown]