

REFLECTIONS

March 13, 2005

**Like clay in the hand of the potter, so are
you in my hand,**

Jeremiah 18:6

Molding our lives...

After a week filled with anticipation, our emotions are beginning to drift back toward normality. Proudly wearing our T-shirts with the names of the team's players imprinted on the back, we cheered loudly as our grandson's team proved to themselves and to those that observed that they could play at a level that thousands will never achieve. Even though they did not win at the state tournament, our #23 played very well, as did the entire team. Only the tension of the moment served to stiffen the elbows and restrict the flex of the knees so that the shots did not fall with the usual frequency or grace. If they had, they could have won.

In the end though, it was not about winning a game. The week will be most remembered as one of celebration for a goal achieved nestled warmly in commemoration of a dream that might have been. It was a once in a lifetime experience for the boys including some lessons learned that accompanied it. We always hope for our offspring to learn life's lessons without the experiencing disappointment, but without disappointment and pain the shape of the Potter's molding just doesn't take.

It's difficult to see what the Potter is up to as He places our clay sheathed souls in his hand. The only thing sure is that we *are* in His hand and that He *is* molding us every day. Some days His molding feels painless, but with certainty we feel the imprints deeply when He is shaping us for something significant.

Such has been the case over the past week in the life of our grandson. He celebrated the rewards of hard work even as he suffered the stings of lessons that have molded him for the challenges that lie ahead. Perhaps next time the elbows will be more relaxed and the knees will flex more freely, but most likely the Potter has something much, much greater in mind.

Through this episode in our grandson's journey, God was molding his life; and as we celebrated in his joy and shared the stings of his disappointment, God was molding our lives too.

You are the light of the world,
Richard +