

CLAY JARS

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REFLECTION ON 2 CORINTHIANS 4:7

When God went looking far and wide
Among the sons of men
For a vessel to hold his light,
He found not one was whole.
Of dust and clay they all were made,

None silver, bronze, or gold.
All were cracked, few stood at all,
Sideways laid, some incomplete,
Some shards alone compiled.
Yet looking about at all the clay,
“Fit for my purpose!”
God reconciled.

Dear to his heart were the pots he made,
Though resigned to decay—
Filled with all the muck of earth
Fit for no good use.

So gently he removed the soil
From one then two then three,
And planted in their void space
A candle, like a seed.

So they set his world aflame!
Darkness ran from pots of clay.

Through their cracks
Put on a brilliant show,
Not theirs, but theirs to own.
So now and then a wandering soul
Is guided to the Makers home
By their scattered golden glow.