

GOD'S VESSELS OF LOVE

You made all the delicate, inner parts of my body and knit me together in my mother's womb. Thank you for making me so wonderfully complex! Your workmanship is marvelous—and how well I know it. You watched me as I was being formed in utter seclusion, as I was woven together in the dark of the womb. You saw me before I was born. Every day of my life was recorded in your book. Every moment was laid out before a single day had passed. Psalm 139:13-16(NLT)

I read these Scriptures and my heart began to rejoice as I look at the men and women in the Body of Christ. I see the purpose, the destiny for which they were created and lovingly designed by the Master's Hand. First they are born as a baby into the world, coming from that secret place. Next, they are born as a baby into the Kingdom of God and the process of maturity begins. Their maturity in God will bear good fruit. Throughout their lives they will seek to bring honor and glory to the One and only true God.

Precious are the sons and daughters of the Most High King, for they are the *earthen vessels* of the Lord and they carry a precious treasure. Yes, in themselves they are weak and fragile, but they carry the power of Christ within. Each vessel is *uniquely designed*. *No two are alike! They are vessels of love*; molded and shaped into various sizes to be used of the Master according to His purpose. Each vessel is made of different materials: crystal, gold copper, pewter, brass, clay and wood. Each vessel has a *destiny to fulfill* as God imparts different gifts and talents to be used within the Body of Christ. And always their prayers ring out loud and clear for the world to hear—may we be honorable vessels, fit for the Master's use!

Their hearts seek God's fellowship; desiring to please Him Their heart's plea—to yield to the influence of their heavenly Father, to be like Him—to be His hope in a struggling, chaotic world—to be free to move into the destiny God has laid out for them; moving into and experiencing the mysteries and wonders of the heavenly realm. And as they were formed in the secret place, may they find their secret place of prayer where daily they meet with God in fellowship to receive strength and guidance for the day. In their secret place of prayer, may they recognize the awesomeness of Almighty God and know with spiritual certainty that He is able to use them; these one of a kind *earthen vessels*, as they humble themselves before Him. Oh God of grace, mercy, love and compassion, pour Yourself out from these *vessels of love*, that they may fulfill the purpose for which they were made. Amen.

Finished with the story, I thought I would relax a little and surf the web. Lo and behold, this poem came across my path, which brought a smile, as I thought, "How like God, to send this my way; His timing is always so right on, for it fits right in with what I felt His heart was saying.

THE CHOSEN VESSEL

The Master was searching for a vessel to use; on the shelf there were many, which one would He choose? Take me, cried the **gold one**, I'm shiny and bright, I'm of great value and I do things just right. My beauty and luster will outshine the rest and for someone like You, Master, gold would be the best!

The Master passed on with no word at all. He looked at a **silver urn**, narrow and tall; I'll serve You, dear Master, I'll pour out Your wine And I'll be at Your table whenever You dine, My lines are so graceful, my carvings so true, And my silver will always compliment You.

Unheeding the Master passed on to **the brass**, it was wide mouthed and shallow, and polished like glass. Here! Here! Cried the vessel, I know I will do, Place me on Your table for all men to view.

Look at me, called the **goblet of crystal** so clear, My transparency shows my contents so dear, Though fragile am I, I will serve You with pride, And I'm sure I'll be happy in Your house to abide.

The Master came next to a **vessel of wood**, Polished and carved, it solidly stood. You may use me, dear Master, the wooden bowl said, but I'd rather You used me for fruit, not for bread!

Then the Master looked down and saw a **vessel of clay**. Empty and broken it helplessly lay. No hope had the vessel that the Master might choose; to cleanse and make whole, to fill and to use.

Ah! This is the vessel I've been hoping to find, I will mend and use it and make it all Mine. I need not the vessel with pride of its self. Nor the one who is narrow to sit on the shelf. Nor the one who is big mouthed and shallow and loud.

Nor the one who displays his contents so proud. Not the one who thinks he can do all things just right. But this plain earthy vessel filled with My power and might. Is just right

Then gently He lifted the **vessel of clay**; mended and cleansed it and filled it that day. Then spoke to it kindly the Saviour did say:

There's work you must do, Just pour out to others as I pour into you.

(Author unknown)