

THE TEACUP

There was a couple who used to go to England to shop in the beautiful stores. They both liked antiques, pottery and especially teacups. This was their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. They decided to take several days shopping in the stores with the purpose of finding something special for their anniversary.

One day, as they were looking at items in the various shops, they saw a beautiful teacup. They were fascinated. They had never seen one quite so beautiful. They asked the salesclerk if they could see it; to examine it closer, and as the lady handed it to them, suddenly the teacup spoke.

"You don't understand," it said, "I haven't always been a teacup. There was a time when I was red and just a piece of clay. My master rolled me and patted me over and over until I yelled out, 'Let me alone!' But he only smiled, 'Not yet.'

"Then I was placed on a spinning wheel." the teacup said, "And suddenly I was spun around and around and around. 'Stop it! I'm getting dizzy!' I screamed. "It was an awful experience, but the master only nodded and said, 'Not yet!'

"Then the master put me in the oven. I'd never felt such heat. I wondered why he wanted to burn me, and I yelled, knocked and kicked at the door so he would take me out. I could see him through the window and I could read his lips as he shook his head, 'Not yet.' Finally the oven door opened, he took me out and placed me on the shelf, and I began to cool. 'Ah,' I sighed, 'There, that's better,' I said. But all too soon he came back. He picked me up, brushed me off and then painted me all over. The fumes were horrible. I thought I would gag.

"Stop it! Stop it!" I cried. He only nodded, 'Not yet.' Then suddenly he put me back into the oven. It was not like the first one; this oven was twice as hot and I knew I was a goner. I would suffocate; It was my end.

"I begged. I pleaded, I screamed, I cried, and all the time I could see him through the window opening nodding his head saying, 'Not yet.'

"Then I knew there wasn't any hope. My fate was in his hands; my fate was sealed. It didn't matter what I did, what I thought, how I tried to change my situation, I couldn't do a thing, but yield to the Master's wishes and go where he put me. It was a scary time for me and I thought I'd never make it. I was ready to give up. But then the oven door opened, he took me out and placed me again on the shelf.

"One hour later he handed me a mirror and said. 'Look at yourself.' And I did. Awed at the image I saw in the mirror, I whispered, 'That's not me; that couldn't be me. Why, I'm beautiful! I'm beautiful!'

"Then the Master said, 'I want you to remember what you went through. I know it hurts to be rolled and patted, but if I had left you alone, like you were pleading with me to do, you would have dried up.'

"I know it made you dizzy to spin around and around on the wheel, but if I had stopped, you would have crumbled.

"I knew it hurt and was hot and disagreeable in the oven, but if I hadn't put you in there, you would have cracked.

"I know the fumes were bad when I brushed and painted you all over, but if I hadn't done that, you never would have hardened; you would not have had any color in your life. and if I hadn't put you back in that second oven, you wouldn't survive for very long because the hardness would not have held.

"But now, you are a finished product. You are what I had in mind when I first began working with you."

(Internet resource - Author unknown - Lightly edited by Katie)

MORAL:

God knows what He's doing (for all of us).

He is the Potter, and we are His clay.

He will mold us and make us, so that we may be made into a flawless piece of work to fulfill His good, pleasing, and perfect will.

See Isaiah 45:9b; 64:8 (NJKV)

Clay, and potter: this metaphor points to the sovereignty of God who molds the individual, the nations, and the history of mankind.

No temptation has overtaken you except such as is common to man; God is faithful, who will not allow you to be tempted beyond what you are able, but with the temptation will also make the way of escape, that you may be able to bear (endure) it.

1 Corinthians 10:13 (NKJV)