



Look as the clay is in the potter's hand so ARE YOU IN MY HAND

Though these first few verses from Jeremiah 18 had been read quite often, only very recently the word, "YOU ARE IN MY HAND," drove home full force.

No matter where we are, we are still in God's hands. Isn't that such an amazing and reassuring fact!

When we have called our God Abba Father and come to the shadow of the Cross to be cleansed by the Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, we become sons and daughters of God Himself.

And He carries us as a seal upon His arm and a seal upon His heart. (Song of Songs 8, 6)

But life is not easy. There are unimaginable losses and pain. Things which we do not understand and things we would never ever know why as long as we live in this world. Through such unbearable pain, to know we are still in God's hands alone would be the sole comfort for a wounded heart.

This world is so full of brokenness and pain though we see plastered smiles all over the place. But at the end of the day when the door is shut, the loneliness, the rejection, the betrayal, the pain of an unforeseen loss engulfs us. At that moment I pray that God reminds that we are in His Hands and life cannot be completely dark forever.

Even if we have very badly messed up our lives, God says He is the potter and He will do what a potter does with the clay. One vessel was marred, so he made something else.

Do not mourn about the lost chances and missed opportunities. It is not the end of the road. The Potter, the Creator can do something new from the mess that is your life now. Place yourself in His hands. He will set things right and new.

In God's Hands

In God's hands we are, the Potter molding you and me

Even as life's sorrows crush us to smithereens

He picks up the broken pieces and makes something new out of this unshapely ma(e)ss.

Do not lose heart as long as we are in God's hands

We will never be lost in despair.