

*Thoughts and Smiles....Sept. 5, 2022*

And from Sunday's Intergenerational time...

### THE POTTER AND THE CLAY

(Author - Unknown)

There was a couple who used to go to England to shop in the renowned stores. They both liked antiques and pottery and especially teacups. This was their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

One day in a shop they saw an incredible teacup. They said, "May we see that? We've never seen one quite so beautiful."

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 I was clay. My master took me and rolled me and patted me over and over and 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. But the master only nodded and said, 'Not yet.'"

"Then he put me in the oven. I never felt such heat. I wondered why he wanted to burn me, and I yelled and knocked at the door. I could see him through the opening and I could read his lips as He shook his head, 'Not yet.'"

"Finally the door opened, he put me on the shelf, and I began to cool. 'There, that's better,' I said. And he brushed and 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, not like the first one."

"This was twice as hot and I knew I would suffocate. I begged. I pleaded. I screamed. I cried. All the time I could see him through the opening nodding his head saying, 'Not yet.'"

"Then I knew there wasn't any hope. I would never make it. I was ready to give up. But the door opened and he took me out and placed me on the shelf. One hour later he handed me a mirror and said, 'Look at yourself.' And I did. I said, 'That's not me; that couldn't be me. It's beautiful. I'm beautiful.'"

"I want you to remember, then," he said, "I know it hurts to be rolled and patted, but



if I had left you alone, you'd have dried up.'"

"I know it made you dizzy to spin 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 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. Now you are a finished product. You are what I had in mind when I first began with you."

God knows what God is doing (for all of us). God is the Potter, and we are God's clay. God will mold us and make us, so that we may be made into a flawless piece of work to fulfill God's good, pleasing, and perfect will.



## Beneath The Sweater And The Skin



How many years of beauty do I  
have left?  
she asks me.  
How many more do you want?  
Here. Here is 34. Here is 50.

When you are 80 years old  
and your beauty rises in ways  
your cells cannot even imagine now  
and your wild bones grow luminous  
and ripe, having carried the weight  
of a passionate life.

When your hair is aflame with winter  
and you have decades of  
learning and leaving and loving  
sewn into the corners of your eyes  
and your children come home  
to find their own history  
in your face.

When you know what it feels like to fail  
ferociously and have gained the capacity  
to rise and rise and rise again.

When you can make your tea  
on a quiet and ridiculously lonely afternoon  
and still have a song in your heart  
Queen owl wings beating  
beneath the cotton of your sweater.

Because your beauty began there  
beneath the sweater and the skin,  
remember?

This is when I will take you  
into my arms and coo  
YOU BRAVE AND GLORIOUS THING  
you've come so far.

I see you.  
Your beauty is breathtaking.'



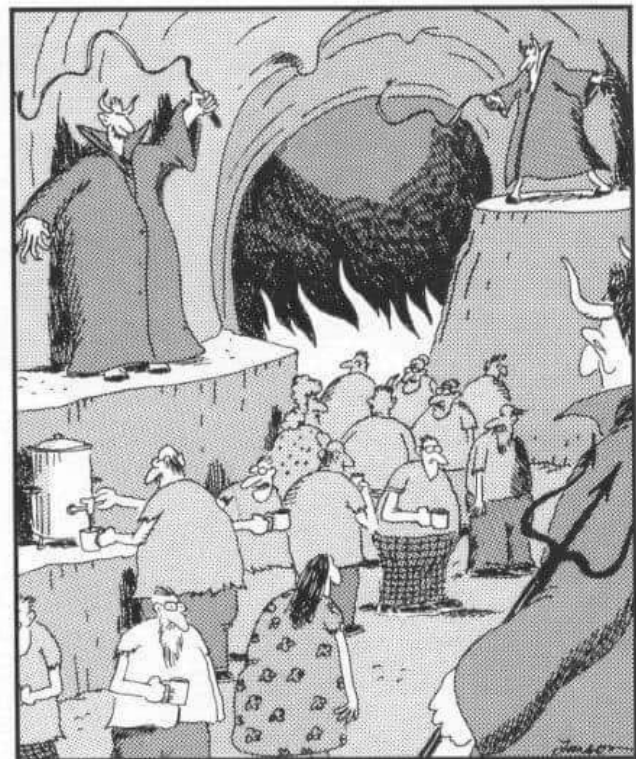
~ Jeannette Encinias



And now, a little silliness....



Late one night Jack takes a shortcut through the cemetery. Hearing a tapping sound he becomes scared and quickens his pace. The tapping gets louder and Jack is now scared out of his wits. Then he notices a man chiselling a tombstone. "Thank goodness!" Jack says to the man. "You gave me a fright of my life. Why are you working so late?" "They spelt my name wrong."\*



"Oh, man! The coffee's cold! They thought of everything!"

***Have a terrific week!***

***Blessings to you all!***

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If someone comes into your life  
and has a positive impact on you,  
be thankful that your paths crossed.

And even if they can't stay  
*Attitude to Inspiration*  
for some reason, be thankful that  
somehow they brought joy  
into your life, even if it was just  
for a short while. Life is change.  
People come and go, some stay,  
some don't and that's okay.  
Remember the good times and  
smile that it happened.

*Attitude to Inspiration*

*Check out "David's Blog" on the Sauble Beach United Church website.*

<https://saubleunitedchurch.ca/category/davids-blog/>

And if you want the online experience of the church worship services, follow the link here below...

[www.saubleunitedchurch.ca](http://www.saubleunitedchurch.ca) and click: "Watch"

or the Hepworth page <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCmhSeYEr8EvsqUwu-os9XGw>