

# MASTERPIECE

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It's in the breaking we find blessing  
When pieces are all we see  
The potter's wheel keeps faithfully turning  
While His hands move perfectly.

With His gifts and purposes atop His mind  
He refashions a masterpiece  
Taking a brittle, cracked and faded hull  
He restores every piece.

Seeking a purpose for this earthen vessel  
We misused its intended form  
Foolishly squandering its precious contents  
Leaving no substance for life's storms.

Emptied and discarded, in the heap he finds us  
His dream has never changed  
Desperately broken He beautifully restores  
Back into purpose, but not the same.

For shattered vessels that need His mending  
May sometimes show their scars  
Their purpose is now more meaningful  
Helping others to see who they are.