

The Christmas Teacup

“Grandma, why’s that teacup sitting under the Christmas tree?”

The child asked her grandmother, eyes wide as they could be.
“Because my child,” Grandma replied, “It’s a reminder of
the many ways God demonstrates his never ending love.

You see that pretty teacup was once just a lump of clay.

It yelped and cried as God began to mold it one fine day.

Then God placed it on a wheel that wildly spun around,
As the teacup cried with fear, “O Lord, please put me down!”

But the Lord said, "Not quiet yet! Please trust me, if you will."

As He gently placed the teacup deep inside a fiery kiln,

There the cup felt true despair, as flames around it burned,
She feared the Lord had left for good, never to return.

All at once cool air rushed in as the door opened wide.

God’s loving hands reached in to bring his precious cup outside.

Then came strokes from a fine brush dipped in God’s choice of paint,
Weak from the heat, engulfed in fumes,
the teacup thought she’d faint.

Quietly, the teacup cried, “O Lord, what have I done?”

“My child, I’m only finishing the work that I’ve begun,”

God said, and locked the cup again behind the oven door –

Yet from those flames she reemerged, a lump of clay no more.

Stronger and more beautiful, her purpose now defined,

The teacup sat in wonder as the Master’s name was signed ...

“Honey,” Grandma whispered, “that teacup’s like me and you,
God has a special purpose for each struggle we go through.”

“So let’s sit down and share a special cup of tea

And thank the Lord for all He does to fashion you and me

into the folks he had in mind since long before our birth –

The loved ones Jesus came to save – when He came down to earth.”

(My note: This can be changed to fit for every day)