

The Vessel

The Master was searching for a vessel to use. Before him were many, which one would he choose? “Take me, “ cried the gold one shiny and bright, “I’m of great value and I do things just right! My beauty and luster will outshine the rest, and for someone like you, Master, gold would be best.”

The Master passed on with no word at all. And looked at a silver urn grand and tall. “I’ll serve you, dear Master, I’ll pour out your wine, I’ll be on your table whenever you dine. My lines are so graceful, my carving so true, and silver will always compliment you.”

Unheeding, the Master passed on to the brass. Wide mouthed and shallow and polished like glass. “here, here,” cried the vessel, “I know I will do. Place me on your table for all men to view.”

Look at me”, cried the gauntlet of crystal so clear. “My transparency shows my content so dear. Though fragile am I, I will serve you with pride. And I’m sure I’ll be happy in your house to abide.”

Then the Master came next to a vessel of wood. Polished and carved it solidly stood. “You may use me Master”, the wooden bowl said. “But I’d rather you use me for fruit and not bread.”

Then the Master looked down and saw a vessel of clay. Empty and broken it helplessly lay. No hope had the vessel that the Master might choose, to cleanse, to make whole to fill and to use.

“Ah, now this is the vessel I’ve been hoping to find. I’ll mend it, and use it, and make it all mine. I need not the vessel of pride in itself. Nor the one that is narrow to sit on the shelf. Nor one that is big mouthed and shallow and loud. Nor one that displays its contents so proud. Nor the one who thinks he can do things just right. But this plain earthly vessel filled with power and might!”

Then gently he lifted the vessel of clay. Mended it, and cleansed it, and filled it that day. Spoke to it kindly, “there’s work you must do. Just pour out to others, what I’ve poured into you!”