



One year ago today, I was a patient in what is known to many as Duke Hospital. Duke is a well known medical center, but to me it's the Potter's house. On September 24, 2014 I had Open Heart Surgery for Heart Valve Replacement. A gifted surgeon performed the surgery. I was in good hands. The surgery was a success and I healed well physically.

I was in the surgeon's hands that day but even more important, I was in the Potter's hands...

This is the word that came to Jeremiah from the LORD: "Go down to the potter's house, and there I will give you my message. So I went down to the potter's house, and I saw him working at the wheel. But the pot he was shaping from the clay was marred in his hands; so the potter formed it into another pot, shaping it as seemed best to him. Then the word of the LORD came to me. He said, "Can I not do with you, Israel, as this potter does?" declares the LORD. Like clay in the hand of the potter, so are you in my hand, Israel."

Jeremiah 18:1-6

My heart needed repair not only physically but spiritually too. And the Potter went to work. He took this marred vessel, put me on the wheel and with surgery, began to shape me. I resisted surgery and I resisted the Potter's wheel. But the Potter reminded me...

Shall what is formed say to the one who formed it, "You did not make me"? Can the pot say to the potter, "You know nothing"?

Isaiah 29:16b

The Potter had begun his work. Who was I to question it?

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