

The Chosen 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, "I'm shiny and bright.
I am 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, narrow 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 carvings so true,
My silver will certainly compliment you."

Unheeding, He came to the vessel of 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."
The Master came next to the vessel of wood,
Polished and carved, it solidly stood.
"You may use me, dear Master," the wooden bowl said,
"But I'd rather you used me for fruit, not for bread."
Then the Master looked down on a vessel of clay,
Empty and broken, it helplessly lay.
No hope had the vessel that the Master might choose
to cleanse and make whole, to fill and to use.

"Oh, 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 with the pride of itself,
Nor 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."
Then gently He lifted the vessel of clay,
Mended and cleansed and filled it that day.
He spoke to it kindly,
"There's work you must do. Just pour out to others what I pour in you."