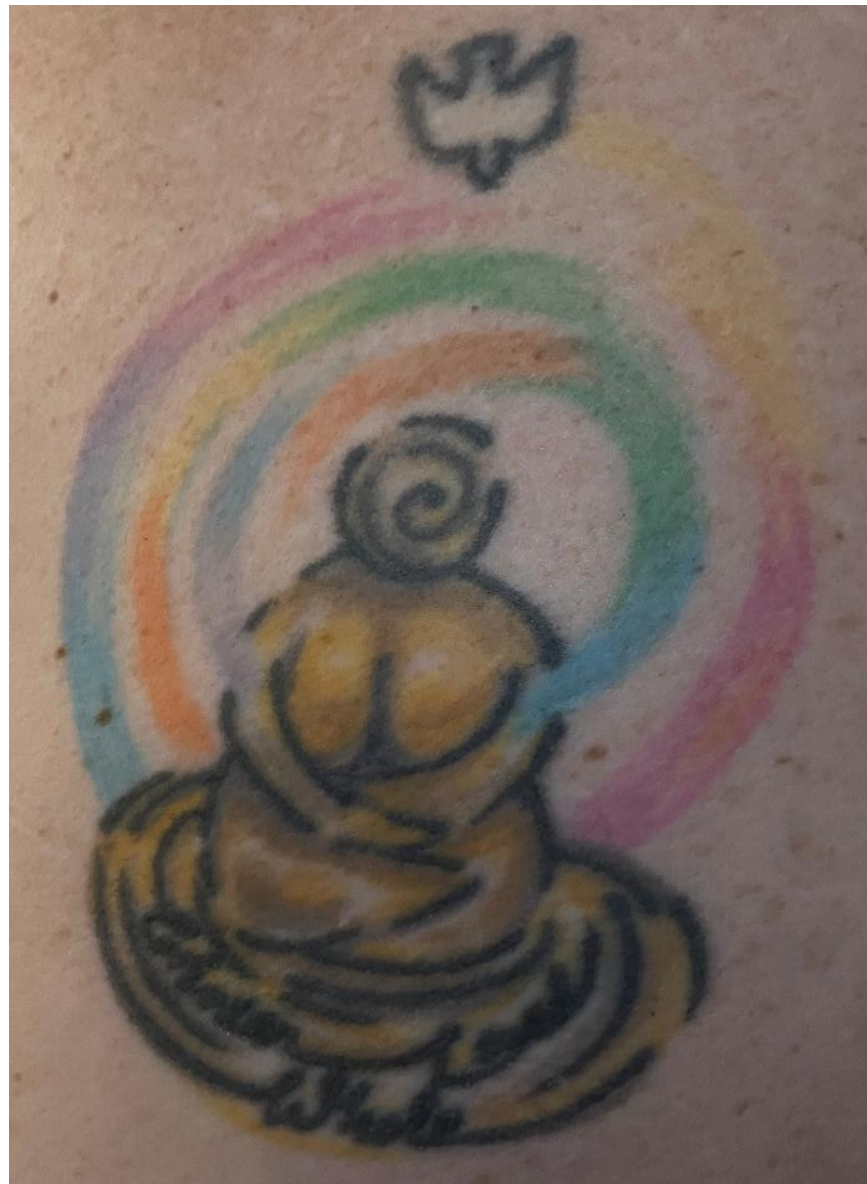


Reflection for Creation 1-The Potter's Wheel

by Jennifer Irving for September 7th, 2025

I feel like I am always saying this, but the scripture readings for this morning are two of my all time favourite passages of scripture. It just seems so amazing to me that these would be the lectionary passages for my first Sunday back—like, if I was questioning if I was ready to come back or if I'd gotten enough rest on my yearly sabbatical this year—this was God's message to me saying "I've got you, girl."

I mean, the first scripture reading from Jeremiah, is even featured in my one and only tattoo (okay, truth be told, it is one tattoo about my call but it was done in two installments—the first was a small black outline of a dove representing the Holy Spirit that I got when I was graduating from Emmanuel College in Toronto... then, it was all I needed to remind me of my call to ministry. The second (and much larger installment) I had done in Melville, Saskatchewan after 15 years in ministry and a three year leave of absence from ministry. It is this clay figure on a potter's wheel with the words "Chosen", "Loved" and "Whole" written underneath...)



It reminds me that I don't have to be perfect every single time I step into this pulpit, or have everything in life all figured out at any specific moment, or know all the right choices the congregation should make in order to thrive. My faith and this scripture from Jeremiah assures me that God the Potter can take even my worst mistakes and reshape them and me. That, not only was I fearfully and wonderfully made (not my reference to my favourite Psalm), but that I continue to be shaped into wholeness and beauty in all the days of my life.

So often, we get it into our heads and even our hearts that we are beyond redemption—beyond fixing—that we have become useless and broken vessels of clay that are good for nothing. But even if we do feel dried up and our hearts feel hardened, the love of God pours out upon us like water, softening us to be remade in God's likeness. Or, like my favourite Leonard Cohen song says, the cracks in our vessels of clay are where the light gets in – warming and softening us into that which is pliable and ready to be worked into a new creation. And that there is nothing that can happen to us or that we can do that can separate us from the grace of God.

This summer, I felt so blessed to be able to baptize my great niece. A perfect example of the way in which each one of us is formed by God, intricately woven in the depths of the earth—the clay of creation—and as I was holding that beloved child in my arms I was overcome with the knowledge—sure and certain—that no matter what might happen in Mollie's life that she too was chosen, loved, and whole. That she too was on that Potter's Wheel and God's hands were holding her in beauty and light. And that when she comes to the end (hopefully not for at least another 90 or 100 years) God will still be there.



As we come back together again, it is my prayer that each one of us can picture ourselves, from the very first moment of our creation until our very last breath, on the Potter's Wheel. That we can see ourselves being shaped and molded by loving hands into all that we were meant to be—worthy and useful vessels capable of pouring love and healing, justice and mercy, grace and peace out into the world just as surely as it is poured into us by God, our Potter. For in this image, we can find the hope we need. In the light of this scripture, may we live with soft hearts, open wide to every moment of our living. Amen.