



I am carefully and wonderfully made” (Ps. 139:14): Lessons at the Potter’s House

O God, you search me and you know me.
All my ways lie open to your gaze.
When I walk or lie down, you are before me:
Ever the maker and keeper of my days.



You know my resting and my rising.
You discern my purpose from afar,
and with love everlasting you besiege me:
In ev'ry moment of life or death, you are.

Before a word is on my tongue, Lord,
you have known its meaning through and through.
You are with me beyond my understanding:
God of my present, my past and future too.

Although your Spirit is upon me,
still I search for shelter from your light.
There is nowhere on earth I can escape you:
Even the darkness is radiant in your sight.

For you created me and shaped me,
gave me life within my mother's womb.
For the wonder of who I am, I praise you:
Safe in your hands, all creation is made new.

Paraphrase of Psalm 139

Composer: [Bernadette Farrell](#) (b. 1957)

Psalm 138(139): 13-15

For it was you who created my being,
knit me together in my mother's womb.
I thank you for the wonder of my being,
for the wonders of all your creation.

Already you knew my soul,
my body held no secret from you
when I was being fashioned in secret
and moulded in the depths of the earth.
(Grail)

Oh yes, you shaped me first inside, then out;
you formed me in my mother's womb.
I thank you, High God – you're breathtaking!
Body and soul, I am marvellously made!
I worship in adoration – what a creation!
You know me inside and out,
you know every bone in my body;
you know exactly how I was made, bit by bit,
how I was sculpted from nothing into something.
(The Message Bible)

My God, help me believe the truth about myself no matter how beautiful it is
Macrina Wiederkehr

I don't find anything comparable to the magnificent beauty of a soul
and its marvellous capacity
St Teresa of Avila – Interior Castle 1:1:1

Blessed be you my God for having created me
St Clare of Assisi

Yet, Lord, you are our Father;
we the clay, you the potter,
we are all the work of your hand.

(Isaiah 64:8)

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)

A Prayer to the Potter

(inspired by Jeremiah 18:1-11, Isaiah 64:8)

Dear Potter,
The lump of clay that I am
keeps crying for some form
day by day
I yearn for you to mould me

This is a trust-song, Lord
I am in your hands like clay
I am ready to be transformed:

I expect
to be moulded
I expect
to be beautiful
I expect
to be loved.

And if by chance
someone should drop me
as your apprentices sometimes do,

I expect
to be hurt.

I'm just trying to say
I have surrendered
to your dream for me
I am in your hands
like clay.

~ from *Seasons of Your Heart* by Macrina Wiederkehr.