

# IN HIS HANDS

By Heather Kyle

*Clay,  
limp,  
shapeless,  
yet with potential.*

*The Master's  
kind heart,  
loving eyes  
see what I can become.*

*Slowly He works,  
sculpting,  
molding  
patiently, so painfully.*

*At first  
I resist—  
I cannot see  
why or how.*

*He persists.  
He shapes and molds  
firmly,  
yet somehow gently.*

*A shapeless lump of  
clay  
becomes  
a masterpiece.*

