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This is the word that came to Jeremiah from the Lord: ²“Go down to the potter’s house, and there I will give you my message.” ³So I went down to the potter’s house, and I saw him working at the wheel.

Jeremiah 18:1-6 (NIV)

4

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. ⁵Then the word of the Lord came to me. ⁶He 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 did not get his flash of insight while he was praying, but while he was watching a potter engaged in his daily work. God reveals Himself in strange places and at unexpected seasons.”

Charles E. Jefferson

“Pot” in the NIV – “Kelee” in the Hebrew:
A vessel, bowl or cup used to carry and
serve.

I'm Good's

Cup

⁷We now have this light shining in our hearts, but we ourselves are like fragile clay jars containing this great treasure. This makes it clear that our great power is from God, not from ourselves.

2 Corinthians 4:7 (NLT)

Good's

Cups Are

Formed

Marred: destroyed, corrupted, spoiled. To have an impaired appearance or quality.

“The victorious Christian life is a series of new beginnings.”

Alexander Whyte

God's

Cups Are

Cleaned

²⁰In a large house there are articles not only of gold and silver, but also of wood and clay; some are for special purposes and some for common use. ²¹Those who cleanse themselves from the latter will be instruments for special purposes, made holy, useful to the Master and prepared to do any good work.

2 Timothy 2:20-21 (NIV)

“Come now, let us settle the matter,”
says the Lord. “Though your sins are like
scarlet, they shall be as white as snow;
though they are red as crimson, they shall
be like wool.

Isaiah 1:18 (NIV)

Good's

Cups Are

Filled

⁴Even though I walk through the darkest valley, I will fear no evil, for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me. ⁵You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies. You anoint my head with oil; my cup overflows.

Psalms 23:4-5 (NIV)