



# Peel Valley Congregation

Gowrie, Hallsville & West Tamworth

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## The Cracked Pot

There once lived a water carrier. Every morning, as soon as the sun rose, she walked from her home to collect water in two earthen pots that hung from a long pole that she carried across her shoulders. One pot was perfectly formed, the other, although the same shape and size as its counterpart, had a crack in its side. So, whenever they returned to the water carrier's house it was only ever half full.

For years, the water carrier repeated her journey to and from her house collecting water from the river. As the years passed by, the cracked pot created a story in its head about its level of worthiness and inability to properly perform the job for which it had been created. Eventually, the pain and shame that it felt about its own perceived imperfections, became too much for it to bear. So, one day as the water carrier knelt beside the river and began her usual task of filling the pots with water, the cracked pot found its voice and said;

"I am so sorry. For years and years, I have watched you fill me with water and I can only imagine what a fruitless task it must be for you. As whenever we return to home, I am only ever half full. While in comparison, the other pot is perfect, rarely does it lose a drop of water on our long walk back to our home, but me, I am far from perfect. This crack in my side, not only does it cause me so much hurt and shame, but it must also cause you to want to get rid of me. Surely, I am only making this long, arduous job that you do each day, that much more difficult? I can understand if you are thinking of getting rid of me and replacing me with another perfectly formed pot."

The water carrier listened to these words with both care and compassion. The cracked pot's story of unworthiness and shame was not one that she recognised.

For this was not what she thought of the pot. She knew about the crack, but did not see it as an imperfection, or as something that made it less worthy than the other pot that hung from her shoulder.

Gently she turned to the pot and said, "On our return walk home, I want you to look up and to the side of you. For too long, it would seem you have been looking down, comparing yourself to others and not noticing how you and the crack that you have in your side has brought untold beauty into my life"

Puzzled, the Cracked pot wondered what on-earth her words meant. She seemed to be suggesting that its story of lack, unworthiness and shame, was in some way faulty. As to how this could be, it could not comprehend.

However, the Cracked Pot trusted the water carrier. It occurred to it that in all the time that it had journeyed with her, she had never said a harsh word, never scorned or ridiculed it, but had always shown a sense of gratefulness and care when filling it with water.

So, on the return journey it heeded the water carrier's words. It looked up and it looked out. In its former depressed state, it had not noticed that along the path that they travelled there was a dazzling array of beauty, colour and life.

The water carrier in her wisdom, knowing of the crack in the pot's side, had sprinkled seeds along the path. These seeds were duly watered every day as a result of the crack in the pot's side and the path that had once been barren and devoid of life was now resplendent with an array of beautiful wild flowers.

Now, the cracked pot understood. Now the cracked pot began to see itself in a new light.

Now it understood that indeed it had been telling itself a faulty story. If its experience of being a 'cracked pot' was going to change then it would have to change the story that it was telling itself.



### IN OUR PRAYERS

- We continue to pray for Jan Taylor, who had a knee replacement last Monday.
- We also pray for Tarni, Alan Littlejohn's grand-daughter, who had spinal surgery on Wednesday.
- We pray for all people living in nations where there is conflict.
- We pray for safe travel for people returning home from holidays.
- We give thanks that we live in Australia; a nation of freedom and peace.



### Meg's Musings

It's the season of the year when the minds of the birds have turned to building, or restoring, their nests. They are keeping a keen eye out, ready for any little twigs or stems which may "come in handy". Last week I saw a magpie with a forked twig almost two feet long, wondering how it could manage to get it back to the nest. The magpie obviously saw the twig as a wonderful resource, and didn't want to let it go. I didn't stay around long enough to see how it panned out. But I think that the twig was just too big for it to fly with. Other birds make a nuisance of themselves by trying to grab straws of mulch - particularly the mulch used in pots on patios. They tend to make a real mess, and are not easily discouraged. The birds see the space as "their" territory, and have no concept of our ownership of the same space. Similarly, we often lose awareness that the whole earth belongs to God. We are privileged to call earth "Home", but it is just that - a privilege, and not a right.

Blessings from Meg



### Other Lectionary Reading for this week:

Genesis 25:19-34 Psalm 119:105-112 Romans 8:1-11

**Kintsugi** is the Japanese art of putting broken pottery pieces back together with gold — built on the idea that in embracing flaws and imperfections, you can create an even stronger, more beautiful piece of art.

### Fabulous Finds Op Shop @ Hallsville



**Open 9:30 to 1:00pm**  
**Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays.**

### PEEL VALLEY CONGREGATION

Our goal: **"To be transformed communities, experiencing, enjoying & sharing the gift of the friendship of Jesus."**

Mission: **"Called to be Free, Gifted to Serve."**



Pastoral Care: **Meg Mangan 0476 375 989**

Elders: Margaret Crowell Daryl Lush



### Mathew 13:1-9, 18-23 (NLT)

#### Parable of the Farmer Scattering Seed

**13** Later that same day Jesus left the house and sat beside the lake.

<sup>2</sup> A large crowd soon gathered around him, so he got into a boat. Then he sat there and taught as the people stood on the shore.

<sup>3</sup> He told many stories in the form of parables, such as this one:

"Listen! A farmer went out to plant some seeds.

<sup>4</sup> As he scattered them across his field, some seeds fell on a footpath, and the birds came and ate them.

<sup>5</sup> Other seeds fell on shallow soil with underlying rock. The seeds sprouted quickly because the soil was shallow.

<sup>6</sup> But the plants soon wilted under the hot sun, and since they didn't have deep roots, they died.

<sup>7</sup> Other seeds fell among thorns that grew up and choked out the tender plants.

<sup>8</sup> Still other seeds fell on fertile soil, and they produced a crop that was thirty, sixty, and even a hundred times as much as had been planted!

<sup>9</sup> Anyone with ears to hear should listen and understand."

<sup>18</sup> "Now listen to the explanation of the parable about the farmer planting seeds:

<sup>19</sup> The seed that fell on the footpath represents those who hear the message about the Kingdom and don't understand it. Then the evil one comes and snatches away the seed that was planted in their hearts.

<sup>20</sup> The seed on the rocky soil represents those who hear the message and immediately receive it with joy.

<sup>21</sup> But since they don't have deep roots, they don't last long. They fall away as soon as they have problems or are persecuted for believing God's word.

<sup>22</sup> The seed that fell among the thorns represents those who hear God's word, but all too quickly the message is crowded out by the worries of this life and the lure of wealth, so no fruit is produced.

<sup>23</sup> The seed that fell on good soil represents those who truly hear and understand God's word and produce a harvest of thirty, sixty, or even a hundred times as much as had been planted!"

### CHURCH SERVICES

23 July 11am **West** ~ Meg Mangan



**4<sup>th</sup> Sunday of the month ~ Markets @ Hallsville**



.... enjoy & share the gift of the friendship of Jesus