

God's Sovereignty

How do you like being referred to as clay? The Bible uses that metaphor, along with God as the potter. Clearly, God has the upper hand in that scenario. But he is a master potter, and looking out over this room, there are hundreds of stories that testify to the fine craftsmanship on display. You are some beautiful looking pots! Let's honor God this morning as our potter, and celebrate his artistry among us.

Doxology Let Your Glory Fall (You Are Good)

LEADER:

Your wisdom is profound, your power is vast.
Who has ever been able to resist you and come out unscathed?

CONGREGATION:

You move mountains without their knowing it
and overturn them in your anger.

LEADER:

You shake the earth from its place and makes its pillars tremble.

CONGREGATION:

You speak to the sun and it does not shine;
you seal off the light of the stars.

LEADER:

You alone are able to stretch out the heavens
and tread on the waves of the sea.

CONGREGATION:

You are the Maker of the Bear and Orion,
the Pleiades and the constellations of the south.

LEADER:

You perform wonders that cannot be fathomed,
miracles that cannot be counted.

Job 9:4-10

Indescribable

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: "O house of Israel, can I not do with you as this potter does?" declares the LORD. "Like clay in the hand of the potter, so are you in my hand, O house of Israel.

Jeremiah 18:1-6

Wonderful Maker

Oh, that you would rend the heavens and come down, that the mountains would tremble before you! As when fire sets twigs ablaze and causes water to boil, come down to make your name known to your enemies and cause the nations to quake before you! For when you did awesome things that we did not expect, you came down, and the mountains trembled before you. Since ancient times no one has heard, no ear has perceived, no eye has seen any God besides you, who acts on behalf of those who wait for him. You come to the help of those who gladly do right, who remember your ways. But when we continued to sin against them, you were angry. How then can we be saved? All of us have become like one who is unclean, and all our righteous acts are like filthy rags; we all shrivel up like a leaf, and like the wind our sins sweep us away. No one calls on your name or strives to lay hold of you; for you have hidden your face from us and made us waste away because of our sins.

Yet, O LORD, you are our Father. We are the clay, you are the potter; we are all the work of your hand. Do not be angry beyond measure, O LORD; do not remember our sins forever. Oh, look upon us, we pray, for we are all your people.

Isaiah 64:1-9

Shake This Place

OFFERING

Moses said to the LORD, "O Lord, I have never been eloquent, neither in the past nor since you have spoken to your servant. I am slow of speech and tongue." The LORD said to him, "Who gave man his mouth? Who makes him deaf or mute? Who gives him sight or makes him blind? Is it not I, the LORD? Now go; I will help you speak and will teach you what to say."

Exodus 4:10-13

But we have this treasure in jars of clay to show that this all-surpassing power is from God and not from us.

2 Corinthians 4:7

Wholly Yours

SERMON

Dave Talley

Keep Silence, All Created Things

Isaac Watts

Keep silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod!
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on His firm decree;
He sits upon his sovereign throne,
For all eternity

Fixed to His throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th'eternal pen.

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes His counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke
Fulfills some deep design.

In Thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!