

# God Molding Us

Children's Lesson by:

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Praise God! Before I left the house this morning, my daughter Arianna looked at the concoctions I had in the basket and said, "Mommy, you're going to blow up the church!" I said, "No, I am not. But by the Spirit of God I hope there's going to be an explosion." "No," she responded, "you are going to explode!" I said, "Don't worry, by the grace of God, the Spirit of God will do that. He'll create an explosion in the church, not me."

**Father, I want to praise You and thank You that I'm able to be here today. Father, I want to thank You, Lord, for waking me up this morning, for giving me a good night's rest. Father, those are things that I used to take for granted, but I thank You for them this day, Lord God. Father, I praise**



**You and I pray You bring the Word for the children. Oh Father, I praise You and I thank You. Amen.**

For those of you children that are curious, I have here in my hand clay. The Word of God compares us to clay, remember? Last night, when I prepared my items in the basket, I placed them in the car. Of course, it got cold last night. So during praise and worship I thought, "Maybe I need to start working the clay." I realized that when clay is cold, or lukewarm, it's hard to work with. It's hard to get it into the form that you'd like to get it into.

The Word of God says that we are clay. God refers to us as clay, clay that He works. Now, when the clay is cold, oh boy, you have a hard time. You really have to put a lot of energy into it in

order to mold it and shape it. I didn't come prepared to speak that. It's somewhat of an observation that I picked up while working with this cold clay. I realized that when the clay is cold, it is very hard to shape, even though there's moisture in it.



However, the clay needs to have warmth, it needs to be - can I be extreme and say "on fire" in order to be molded and shaped.

Can we turn to Jeremiah 18, please? I'm just going to read from there a little bit to show you, children. I said that God referred to us as clay. I'm going to read verses 1 through 4, ***The word which came to Jeremiah from the LORD, saying, <sup>2</sup>Arise, and go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to hear my words. <sup>3</sup>Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. <sup>4</sup>And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it.***

The potter is the Lord and He made a vessel at first, right? And He said, "No, I'm not pleased with that. I'm not pleased with the form of that vessel." So He went and He crushed it, He squeezed it, He worked with it so that He would get it right, get it to warm again and He was going to create a vessel that was pleasing to Him. I have told you that sometimes in the working and the squeezing and the poking, it's hard for me to do it, yet I'm doing it,

because it is to create another type of a vessel, a vessel that is pleasing. That is what God does - the squeezing and the working. If this clay had feelings, it would say, "Ouch, that hurt! You're squeezing me! You're molding me! You're shaping me! Ouch! Ouch!" Amen.

He says in verses 5 and 6, ***Then the word of the LORD came to me, saying, <sup>6</sup>O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the LORD. Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel.***

So that's where I get the thought that, yes, we are like clay. We are like clay that God is going to mold. He is going to mold us and work us into an image, into a form, into a vessel that is pleasing to Him. Sometimes we don't know what that's supposed to look like, we don't know what form, but we just have to trust God that He is going to mold us into a form that's pleasing to Him. As painful as it gets, as uncomfortable as it is (it can get kind of tight with the squeezing), but yes, the Lord is working and He is going to shape me into a vessel that is usable and pleasing to Him. Amen.

Why did I come up with this? I had an experience in the last two weeks. I've been experiencing some shaping, some very uncomfortable situations, situations I don't like. God has been poking at me and squeezing me and shaping me and forming me, and I was saying, "Oh, Lord, help me! That's too much!

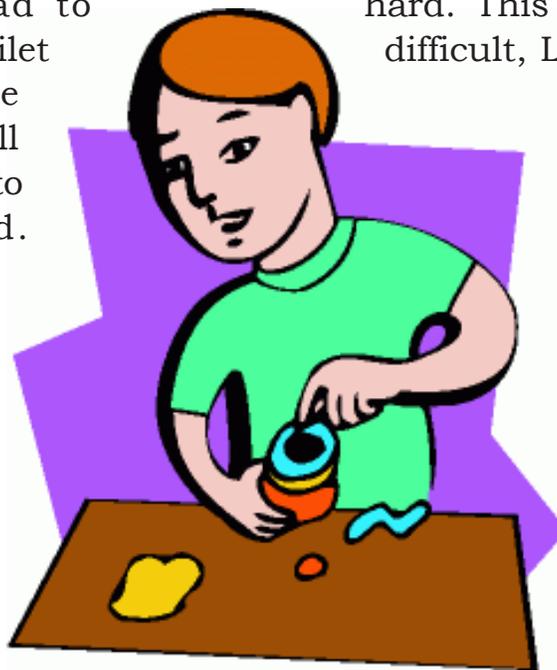
You said You wouldn't give me more than I can handle!" But He said, "No," and kept poking and shaping and squeezing me. He kept giving me those experiences. Both of my children got sick on me. The last money I had went to Carle Clinic. The children kept getting sick, I had to stay up all night, then I had to go to work, classes weren't going right, and my house went chaotic, too. As a matter of fact, Brother Femi, the night you prayed for me, the toilet overflowed, and I had to thank the Lord. The toilet overflowed and came through the ceiling. All kinds of things began to happen. Praise God. He's good.

But then... You know, you can overcome the material things. However, then a real little soft spot was touched there, a really sensitive spot. I have one particular child and I've been praying and asking the Lord to heal her. As I kept praying, she kept getting worse. She developed pneumonia. I kept praying, "Lord, help!" One night, when she was struggling to breathe, together with the pneumonia there came an asthma attack. She was struggling to breathe, throwing up and gagging. "Lord," I cried, "Why? I've asked You to heal her! Are You not hearing me?"

I called Uncle Herman. The Word of God says to call the elders, so I called Uncle Herman. He prayed and, boom,

as soon as he prayed, she received relief. The thought came to me, ***The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much*** (James 5:16).

"OK, Lord, what am I doing wrong?" I was asking. "Why are You not hearing me?" I became discouraged. I forgot that God was still working with me, still squeezing me. He loves me, He's rebuking me, He's correcting me, because He still loves me. He's still working on me, right? I said, "This is too hard. This is too difficult, much too difficult, Lord." Then I called and



spoke to Uncle Herman and he said, "I understand. Ask the Lord." I went on my knees, "Lord, why aren't You here? Am I not right? I know I'm not righteous, but is there some area in my life that I'm not doing right? Why did You not hear my prayer? Lord, have I stepped away from You? Have

I done wrong that You are not able to hear me?" The Lord answered and said, "I heard your prayer, but you weren't willing to wait." You see, He still needed to do a little bit more of this squeezing, because it's not only me He is working on. There are other people in my life He is also trying to mold and I wasn't willing to wait.

When I went to the Lord, He brought a scripture to my attention. Let's go to Exodus 1:21. God heard my prayer, but I wasn't willing to wait; I wasn't willing to endure. Yet, in the working out, in

the squeezing, He was bringing me to a point where I would get something that I have been asking for for a long time. I was asking God for something, but the way in which it came was not how I wanted it to come. I wanted it to be easy; I didn't want all the tribulation, all the expenses.

Exodus 14:21, **And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the LORD caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night.** The Lord was showing me that with the opening of the sea there was a process. He was showing me that the wind was blowing and pushing the sea back. It also had to level out the land. If we knew about seas, we would know that seas have very deep cliffs. There were millions of the children of Israel traveling. Some were old, some were babies, mothers, pregnant mothers... That land had to be flat, it had to be dry, it had to be ready so that His children could walk through. Pharaoh and his horses were behind, maybe it would open up quickly and they could walk through? But no, who is in a rush? Couldn't God destroy Pharaoh as He did? Was God in a rush? No, it took time. The Word said that it opened up overnight. When the Lord said to me, "I heard your prayer but you

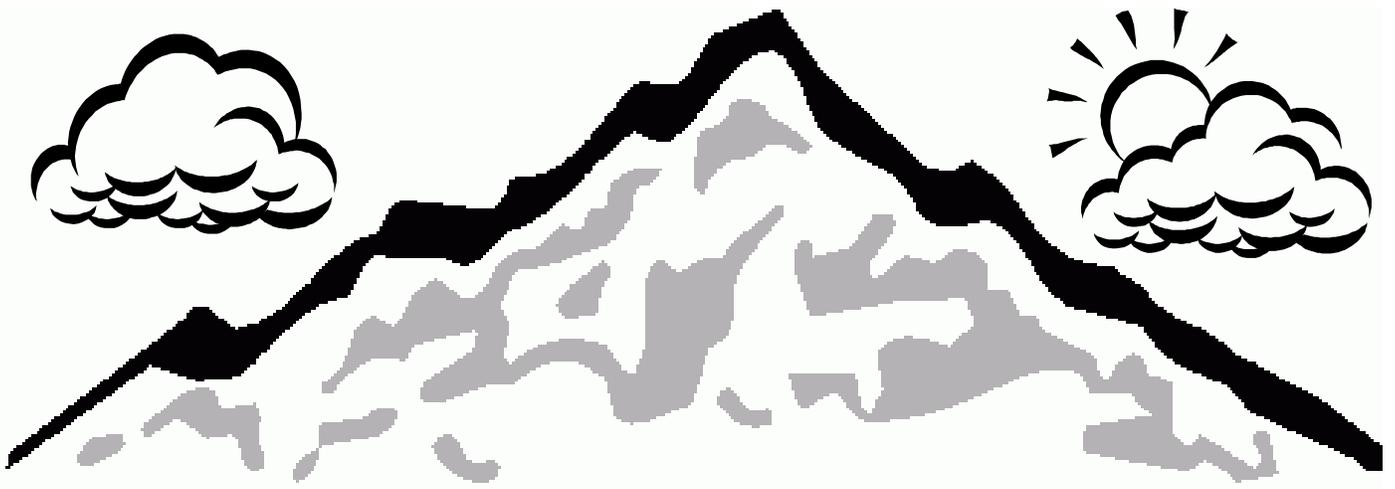
weren't willing to wait," this was the scripture that He brought to me. How the sea was



opening, but it just didn't \*woosh\* open like that. The wind blew and the water receded. Then a process began almost like God's construction crew working through drying out the land and leveling it off so the children could walk through.

There is also another scripture verse further on about time and waiting and how painful it is. Let us look at Exodus 17:8-12, **Then came Amalek, and fought with Israel in Rephidim. <sup>9</sup>And Moses said unto Joshua, Choose us out men, and go out, fight with Amalek: to morrow I will stand on the top of the hill with the rod of God in mine hand. <sup>10</sup>So Joshua did as Moses had said to him, and fought with Amalek: and Moses, Aaron, and Hur went up to the top of the hill. <sup>11</sup>And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. <sup>12</sup>But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun.**

There was time. There was time. The battle called for support, yes. I'm sure some of you got calls from me, "Pray for me!" I needed the support. But there was a time that I had to wait, a time of testing my faith, that though I saw that child going through the asthma attacks and coughs, I knew she was healed. "Satan, get off her! Satan, you're a liar; she is healed!" I had to say that, I liter-



ally had to understand. I couldn't just talk about faith. It was quite an awakening. When we say that something is hope, it wouldn't be hope if you could see it. It wouldn't be faith if you could see it. This is where I had to see her go through the motions and know that my God had healed her. I didn't see it with my eyes; I had to see it with faith that was my molding. After two or three doctors told us one thing, my husband had to see me say, "I'm going to God. I'm going to God. He's the One that is going to help me." He had to see that. There were so many things that he had to see. Praise God. Praise God!

So, God spoke to me and said, "I heard you, but you weren't willing to wait." So, I was learning to wait. I couldn't have it my way. There is a timing with God, a timing - not my time, but His time. Praise God.

What I'm going to do now is the following: I have a little, dirty bottle here. Does anybody want a drink out of this? I have some water right here. No, nobody wants a drink. You see, this bottle is like you and me. I have to take a step of repentance; I have to clean the dirt off this bottle. All the dirt has to be cleaned off. I can be saved, but there

are times every day that I have to get cleaned off. I get washed, washed in the Word. Then, I get dried off. From the work there is a substance that enters into me - the Spirit of God fills me with a substance so I am able to endure. Now, I am pouring baking soda into the bottle, which for us here will represent that substance of God entering into me. Remember, He is working on me, He is molding me.

Do you know what I'm about to make now? You don't know, but I'm working with this clay and you don't know what I'm doing. All right, God puts me in a certain place, which I will show by placing the bottle into this bowl. He sets me in that place and He's molding, He's building. I am now molding the clay and shaping it around the bottle, aren't I? God is building something. I don't see it, because the end result still doesn't exist. What is this? Do you know? No, you don't, but something is happening, isn't it? I am building something with this clay. I am still shaping it around the bottle. Can you tell yet? I'm building, praise God! I'm building, I'm molding, I'm shaping, and I'm getting this foundation in really well. Do you see how I'm working with it?



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y o u ?  
Well, I  
am going  
to act  
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clay for a  
minute,  
"Ouch,  
eh! No!  
E n o u g h ,

enough! Am I done?"

"No, I have to keep working. I don't care if it hurts, it's good for you. Take that medicine."

"OUCH!" I'm getting that foundation in really well. I'm molding it, because I love this piece of clay, even though it hurts momentarily. As a parent, I hate to hurt anyone, but if it is going to give the results that I can say, "Good and faithful servant," so be it. Now, I am going to pour some vinegar in the bottle. Do you get an idea now? What am I doing? Can you see the explosion? What does it look like?

**Children:** A volcano!

Yes! Except I don't want to call it a volcano, I want to call it my mountain, a high place within me. God is creating a place that is strong. When God built the city of Jerusalem, where did He build it? Where's Jerusalem? Geographically, where is it? It is on a hill. The name of the Lord is a strong tower. Praise God! Praise His name! That's what He is building within me. Then from the victory, and the victory is God, it is going to pour out in me. There's an

overflowing, an explosion that men can see. Other men can see it. There is an outpouring, a trophy that only I can have. When someone calls and says, "I am discouraged," there is an outpouring that you can share with them. You can say, "I understand, and this is what you must do: seek your Father." He didn't build that without any reason. There is a purpose.

So, I am learning to wait. Isaiah 40:31 says, ***They that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.*** Praise God.

God is so good! The perfect parent you could ever find, the perfect God, there is no other God beside Him. Let us turn to Psalm 33:20, ***Our soul waiteth for the LORD: he is our help and our shield.*** It says, "our," but I say, "my" help. For when I am going through the shaping, the devil is in parts of it. He's allowed to play a part of it. But while God is shaping me and molding me and the experiences are hard, He is my help and my shield. He is someone I can cry out to. He is my help and my shield so I will not fear.

