

## FIRST SUNDAY OF ADVENT

First reading: <u>Isaiah 63:16b–17</u>, 19b; 64:2–7

We are the clay and you our potter: we are all the work of your hands. (Isaiah 64:7)

My friend throws pots on a wheel. She starts with soft clay, and a vision of what she wants. Like our God, the potter is "bigger" than the clay, but intimately connected, sitting up, bending over the messy clay as it flies onto her apron. The clay resists being centered. Sudden movements alter the desired shape.

- How am I clay in the potters' hands, open to being shaped and transformed this Advent?
- Where am I resisting the work of the potter/God?
- What sudden movements distract me from becoming the work of God's hand?

## Widening my reflection:

- How do I experience the Congregation as clay in God's hands?
- Where does hope lie in the clay of our CSJ lives?

Mantra from the Acts of Chapter 2013:

Breathing in and breathing out unifying love—our charism, our mission—we participate in the Mystery of Transformation.

