

CREATIVITY

IMAGINING WHAT YOU
COULD DO BECAUSE YOU'RE
MADE IN GOD'S IMAGE

WE ARE GOD'S CREATION

EPHESIANS 2:10

MEMORY VERSE | Psalm 145:3

When the apostle Paul wrote his letter to the believers in Ephesus, he told them:

We are God's creation. He created us to belong to Christ Jesus. Now we can do good works. Long ago God prepared these works for us to do.

Let's see how that might play out in someone's life today . . .

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Nora Gray followed her older cousin Sadie around the pottery studio. Clay dust danced in the sunbeams from high up windows.

"So I just . . . stay at the desk?" wondered Nora.

Working at the Earth & Fire Studio was Nora's first real job, and she wanted to get it right. Sadie grinned and pushed back her hair with a clay-flecked hand.

"Mostly," she agreed. "A bunch of artists have memberships here, so they can use all the equipment and materials. You'll answer questions, take calls, make orders when supplies run out, things like that."

Nora pointed to an open door near the back of the studio. "What's in there?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. The Closet," Sadie sighed as she led the way over.

Sadie peered inside. The narrow room was lined on both sides with high shelves. Every shelf and every inch of floor space was crammed with a jumble of tools, containers of clay, cans of glazes, cleaning supplies, and pieces of pottery—finished and unfinished.

"How do you find anything?" Nora exclaimed.

"So many people use The Closet. Everyone just kind of has their own system," Sadie explained.

Nora didn't think the disaster in The Closet qualified as a system. But before she could say anything, Sadie's phone rang, and Sadie answered, scrambling to find a pen in one of her pockets.

"Where did I put . . . ?"

Nora quickly pulled a pen and notepad out of her neatly organized backpack. "Would this work?" she asked.

Sadie snatched the pen and paper, mouthing, "Thank you!" and headed for the desk.

Nora surveyed the room. There were at least a dozen artists at work.

"Are you a potter, too?" asked a voice behind her. Nora turned to see an older gentleman with a streak of clay in his curly white hair. His long frame bent nearly double over the nearest pottery wheel.

"Me? No," said Nora, shaking her head.

"Oh, I think everyone's an artist of some kind," mused the man.

"I can't even draw a stick figure. Sadie's just letting me work here 'til I go to college in the fall," Nora explained.

***"Oh, I think
everyone's an artist
of some kind."***

The man centered a lump of clay on his wheel. "You'll see me here most every morning," he said. "I'm Nelson."

"Nora."

"Real nice to have you here," Nelson continued. "I'm working on a coffee mug if you'd like to watch."

Nora watched, mesmerized, as the spinning clay morphed from a stodgy lump to a smooth cylinder under Nelson's practiced hands.

"I wish I could make beautiful things like that," she said.

"You want to take a turn?" Nelson asked.

"Sadie tried to teach me. It was a disaster."

Nelson smiled, hands still working the clay. "I happen to believe God made each of us to create beautiful things that matter. You'll find your spot."

Nora nodded. But she didn't think she'd ever create a piece of art that could make someone smile.

Sadie reappeared then, and Nora spent the rest of the day learning the ropes of her new job. By early evening, the studio had cleared out.

"You go home," Nora suggested to Sadie. "I can lock up at six like you showed me. And I can order more blue glaze like you said."

"If you think you got this . . . that would be great!" Sadie exclaimed. "I can get home early for dinner with the kids."

"I'm good," said Nora. "Go! Shoo!"

With a wave, Sadie hurried out. Nora opened the supplier's web page and started an order for glaze. But then she paused, frowning. "I bet there's still blue glaze in The Closet," she said. "Somewhere."

Nora opened the door and clicked on the light. The mess looked even worse than it had that morning. "Is this glaze?" she wondered, checking out a small container. Then her eyes moved along the shelf. "Oh, it's those cans. And there's some over here. And up there . . ."

Nora edged her way around, collecting cans. "There's no way to know what's really here unless I can get it all together. I should clear a space," she decided. "And I could stack those crates to group the colors . . ."

Every time Nora moved one can or tool, she discovered six more that needed a place to go. "All the cleaning supplies can go down here," she murmured. "Modeling tools and loops over there by the door . . . That's definitely trash . . . Oh, and there should be a spot for each artist to put their pieces that still need to be glazed . . ."

One thing led to another, and another, and another. Nora finally realized she was hungry and checked the time on her phone. "9:30?!" she exclaimed.

Nora had been so focused on organizing The Closet, she'd completely lost track of time. She glanced with satisfaction at the crate containing five cans of blue glaze.

"At least I don't need to order more glaze!" she announced.

The next morning, Nora arrived a few minutes late. She rushed in, apologetic. "I'm so sorry, Sadie!" she began, but broke off as she saw Sadie, Nelson, and several of the other artists grouped around The Closet door.

Sadie turned to stare at her. "Nora, did you do this?" she asked.

Nora swallowed. "Um, yeah. I should have checked . . ."

"Nora!" Sadie beamed. "This is amazing!"

Nora took a step forward to take a good look at what she'd done. Glazes, clay, tools, and supplies—everything had its own spot in an orderly rhythm. With the morning light streaming in, it did look pretty cool.

Nelson grinned. "It's beautiful, Nora," he said. "A real work of art."

A younger woman with hair knotted on top of her head chimed in. "Plus, we can find stuff now. I thought I'd lost this set of mugs!"

"You've made our work a lot easier," Nelson agreed.

"I guess . . . I thought anyone could do this," said Nora.

"No way!" declared Sadie. "You have a real gift."

"Can I organize the front desk?" asked Nora with a grin.

"Please!" begged Sadie. "I'm raising your pay!"

Nora happily tackled her next project—a well-organized desk. She was grateful to discover the truth of Ephesians 2:10 in her own life:

We are God's creation. He created us to belong to Christ Jesus. Now we can do good works. Long ago God prepared these works for us to do.



Let's
Talk!

***Do you think of yourself as creative?
In what ways?***

Share with each other. We often think of creativity as art or music or performing on stage. But the truth is, God made each one of us to reflect a little bit of who He is—including His creativity! So maybe you can draw or sing or dance. But maybe your creative gift is making people laugh. Or solving difficult problems. Or cooking really tasty food. Or helping your friends get along with each other. Tell each other what you think is the other person's most creative gift. Then pray for each other, that God will show you ways to use your creativity every day.