

The Beautiful Teacup

A couple in England passed a china shop that had a lovely teacup displayed in the window. As the couple walked inside to see it more closely the teacup suddenly spoke.

“You don’t understand. I haven’t always been a teacup. There was a time when I was a lump of red clay. My master took me and rolled me and patted me over and over. I screamed for him to stop, to leave me alone. But He continued to mold me answering, ‘Not yet.’”

“Then, I was placed on a wheel and spun around and around. It made me dizzy, spinning on and on like that. But He didn’t stop when I was begging Him to take me off the wheel. He continued shaping and molding me and then put me in the oven.

“I had never felt such intense heat and I wondered if He wanted me to burn up. I screamed and beat on the door to get out. I could see the Master through the opening. I read His lips, as He said, ‘Not yet.’”

Finally the door did open. He put me on a shelf and I began to cool. That felt better. Then suddenly he brushed me and painted me all over. The fumes were terrible! I thought I would surely choke to death. I was gasping for air and hurting inside from the heat and choking fumes. Soon He put me in another oven. It was not the first one and it was twice as hot. I know for sure this time I would surely suffocate. I begged my Master to stop. All the time I could see Him shaking His head and saying, ‘Not yet.’”

I felt there was no help. I know I could never make it. I was ready to give up. Just then, the door opened. He took me out and I could see that He was pleased with His work. He handed me a mirror and told me to look at myself. I did. And I said, “That’s not me! It couldn’t be! I’m so shiny and beautiful!”

“He said to me, ‘I want you to know I had to roll and pat you to shape you. If I had left you then, you would have dried up. I know the wheel made you dizzy and sick but if I had stopped, you would have crumbled. I knew it hurt and was hot and disagreeable in the baking oven but if I hadn’t put you there, you would have cracked. I know the fumes were bad when I brushed you and painted you all over. But you see if I hadn’t done that, you would have never hardened. If I had not put you in the second oven, you would not have survived for very long. You would have been brittle. Now you are a finished product. You are what I had in mind when I first began with you as a lump of clay.’”

Unknown Author