

## THE ISLES ARE SINGING

### Chapter 2

#### PREPARING A VESSEL

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.  
Jeremiah 18:4

Long before my heart was yielded, the Potter began to mold a vessel for His glory, a vessel to one day serve Him on the island of New Guinea. Although the vessel that He made was marred in His hands, the lowly lump of clay slowly began to yield itself to the Potter's hands, and the Potter lovingly made the vessel again as seemed good to Him, preparing it for His use.

There are three things I remember the Potter using to begin preparing the life of a little girl for future service. The first was a home where hospitality was graciously extended to missionaries. A woman who served the Lord in Peru came several times to our home. I have no recollection of her name, but it was my first close contact with a foreign missionary. The fact that she was a medical missionary and showed pictures of her medical work had a particular impact on my life, but not a positive impact. I would gladly pray for missionaries, but I was convinced that was not the work for me.

The second was a book that had been given to me, the story of Mary Slessor of the Calabar. I recall how Mary Slessor promised the Lord that she would serve Him on the mission field but did not want to go to Africa. As the Lord worked in Mary's heart, she surrendered her own will and submitted to God's. I would learn a lesson from Mary, but not in the way that I imagined. I declared that I would never be like Mary, and that I would go wherever God wanted me to go. However, I was certain, and I told the Lord so, that God would never send me to a place where disease, sickness, and injuries were abundant and where I would have to face the possibility of being involved in medical work.

The third was the time of my baptism. As a shy ten-year-old, I was frightened about being baptized. I asked my sister Priscilla about her baptismal counseling, and she informed me that one thing our uncle/pastor asked her about was what she wanted to be when she grew up. Since I had never given one thought to that question and wondered what I would answer, I asked her how she had replied. "I told him I want to be a missionary," she said. That sounded like a good answer to me; and it became the answer I gave, and was an answer the Lord would never let me forget.