

A BROKEN BALL OF CLAY

**My life was just a ball of clay,
Tightly packed with diverse sin.
One day I turned things all around
When I asked the Saviour in.**

**Once saved, I was told to yield to Him
And through my life He'd shine,
This ball of clay was so tightly packed,
His "light" was trapped inside.**

**I prayed and said, "What ere it takes,
Any trial, struggle or scrape,
Make me Lord, break me Lord,
And let your light escape.**

**The trials came in a steady flow,
I wrestled with Divine,
Then God, He finally broke my heart,
Now through the cracks, He shines.**

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