

(read poem again) Think just for a moment that this poem is not just talking about children, but about every person you ever knew. Because the honest truth is that we are all Made of 100, but unfortunately we do find ourselves being pressured into just being 1. When we venture through our daily lives, at work, in church, with our family it is so easy to become someone who steals 99 instead of SEEING Hundreds. When I first started planning this service I had big plans! I was going to rearrange the pews and play loud music. I was going to throw my arms in the air with my face lifted to the sky and celebrate my connection to our Great and Awesome Creator. I wanted to make an impression on people with Hundreds I am made of. And I know I can speak for a few others, too, when I say some of our souls crave such a celebration in church! I am aching for someone to dust off those drums and give us a good beat on Sunday mornings. Not to mention, it's Roundup Sunday – we needed to kick things off with a big Yeehaw! Unfortunately, my dream was a little larger than I was capable of putting together. And I am fully aware that this does not mesh with how some of you would feel fed on Sunday mornings. This difference of preference in worship is only one example of how we can so easily steal 99 of the things we are made of from one another. So how do we navigate this life and honor that everyone is made of hundreds of things and also continue to be who we are? How do we see through the eyes of a child and realize that we are all different and will make different choices, but that's what makes us so special? It's not just about what we want, but it's about what we need and what we bring to the table, because we are all made of 100—100 languages, 100 thoughts, 100 ways of speaking, loving, marveling and understanding.

This is a big question and a huge dilemma we face every day. And for the sake of keeping this service on track, I am going to try and tie this all together with one example—art. Artistic expression comes out in so many different ways. Paint, music, theater, or like our scripture, pottery. As we read through our Scripture, the part that speaks to me the most is “And the vessel he was making of clay was spoiled in the potter's hand, and he reworked it into another vessel, as it seemed good to the potter to do.” This was how this potter chose to handle his medium. And Jeremiah didn't try to tell him he should approach it differently, he just listened for the word of God and, if you ask me, I think there was probably a whole lot of appreciation for the potter's experience. God had given him this beautiful

example of creation and how we can be made and remade again. “Behold, like the clay in the potter’s hand, so are you in my hand.” I also like to look at the Scripture a little bit easier. I imagine myself in Jeremiah’s shoes, seeing a blank canvas and watching the painter create something so vibrant and beautiful I can’t look away. “The painter chose these colors because it seemed good to the painter to do.” And God is our painter, our creator. While we think our canvas may already be painted, it is possible that our God is still looking at the 100 things we are made of and planning something new, because that’s what seems good to God to do.

Did you notice that when the children were finished with their art work I didn’t ask them “what is it?” I asked the “Tell me about it.” Because if we constantly need to know “What it is,” we are giving it a label and it is my firm belief that when we give labels we steal 99 of what it’s made of and only leave 1 story left to be told. So what if you looked at yourself and everyone around you as being made of hundreds of things and having a blank canvas, unformed clay, blank sheet music, or a play yet to be written? What if you accepted that the person next to you was made of 100 different things than your own 100 and told yourself that it was OK? This also means realizing that they will handle life differently than you will, and different doesn’t equal wrong. We cannot decide that our work of art is complete and still honor the 100 things that everyone around you is made of. Because the truth is, when we support one another and accept our differences and the way we approach life, change will happen. Then your own work of art will be altered because of what the people around you bring to the studio.

So I encourage you all to go forth on the I Roundup Sunday, dedicated to celebrating starting again, viewing yourself as a blank canvas just waiting for your creator to take the hundreds of things you are made of and turn it into something new, vibrant and beautiful. Listening for the word of God as you appreciate the other people around you and honor the way they live and the choices they make. Because in order to keep progressing, we have to be prepared to be remade over and over again. “And thus they tell the people, that the hundred is not there. The people say: No way, The hundred is there.”