
The Thumbprint on the Clay (The Mark of the Maker)

Luci Shaw

The Thumbprint

So, what's all this about a Thumbprint? Another title for this talk might be, "The Mark of the Maker," which has a nice alliterative ring to it. But the thumbprint, like the fingerprint, is for me an even more singular clue to divine activity and human identity.¹ I'm curious about the way each of us is imprinted by our Creator (as is the entire Creation), and in turn, how we as groups and individuals can make a mark on our world and its cultures.

If each human thumbprint is unique, God's is even more so—the original thumbprint on the universe, seen in the whorls of celestial formations, the suns and planets in space, in the nebulae and closer to home, in the fractal patterns of branching trees and growing crystals, of wind-blown deserts and river systems, as seen from the air, and in the wild profusion of colour and texture and design displayed in plants and animals, in seasons and hemispheres, and in the creation of each unique human individual.

"When I consider the heavens," says the psalmist (8:3), "the moon and the stars that you have established, what are human beings that you are mindful of them, mortals that you care for them. Yet you have made them a little lower than God, crowning them with glory and honour, giving them dominion over the works of your hands..." (In this context the word "consider" is especially felicitous. It actually means "look attentively at the constellations." You may recognize the term *sidereal*, "of, or pertaining to, the

stars.") God has uniquely marked us as his stewards, who consider his heavens, who bear his image, doing his work in the universe, being his fingers and his feet, allowing his messages to move out of our minds and mouths to all who will listen.

This intricacy of digital whorls and ridges on our human fingers and thumbs is only one instance of the complexity and infinite variety of creation. As the discoveries and applications of science and physics expand exponentially, as the boundaries of knowledge are pushed further and further back and deeper and deeper in; with the surprises and discoveries in the last century of phenomena such as the double helix, subatomic particles, molecules and quasars and quarks, string theory, burgeoning astrophysics, the patterns of genes and chromosomes, and the completion of the Genome project, physics and metaphysics seem to merge to give us clues to the way the world is, and who we are.

We are persuaded that these phenomena demonstrate more than just *physical* evidence of complexity. They have begun to imply meaning and purpose. They have significance beyond themselves. It's intriguing to me that sometimes physicists apply the word *elegant* to theories and equations that seem particularly satisfying, that fit their guesses and suppositions neatly, supplying foundations for further inquiry. Beauty even seems to apply to the exponentially expanding understanding of the laws of the universe. Why are we not surprised?



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God the Potter

I'm a collector of hand-thrown clay pottery. Around my house I have what I consider a fabulous collection of bowls and jugs and

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individual mugs, all in subtle earth and glazed jewel tones of blue and green. I don't go for pretty or flowery. I like earthy, functional, distinctive, gorgeous, the muted satin glazes, even the very human flaws and original designs that tell me they are not mass-produced. They are the result of both controlled purpose and the surprises that come when the process takes over and the potter loses some of her control. They speak to me of earth and art and human hands and daily use. Some even have the thumbprint signatures of the potters themselves on the mug handle or the bowl base. The *why* of my choices is nearly always implicit; an aesthetic appeal or shape or function that corresponds to my need, my impulse, my desire. Each of these pieces, bearing as it does the evidence of intentionality and human art, mirrors my own sense of being uniquely designed and planned by God.

You and I do not arrive via an assembly line. We are each a work of art from the hand of the Original Artist. I am not only a poet; I am a *poema*, "something made." So are you. And God is the poet whose craft is seen wherever we turn our eyes, even in the mirror! Perhaps we've become so familiar with Isaiah's image (64:8), of

God as the Potter and we the clay that he crafts into human vessels, that the metaphor

has become a bit dusty, a cliché. The image reappears in Romans 9:21, in an even more relational way, where St. Paul asks, and by implication answers his own question: "Will what is molded say to the one who molds it, 'Why have you made me like this?' Has the potter no right over the clay to make out of the same lump one object for special use and another for ordinary use?"

Remember Adam, whose body God molded from red dirt, whose spirit was a whiff of God's own breath, one of whose ribs was destined to be further molded into a woman? How perfectly formed and adapted to their environment were those new likenesses to God! How utterly beautiful! The tragedy of that image being distorted by rebellion (*bent*, in C. S. Lewis's phrase) continues today. It is when the inherent beauty is realized that its loss is felt most keenly.

The Existence and Purpose of Beauty

I have come to believe, through observation and study, that beauty is a work of God, an integral part of God's character, a shining forth of grace in creation; further, that beauty isn't resident simply in *what we see*, but *in the way we perceive what we see*, and in the way human nature is constituted so that it is possible to recognize and rejoice in beauty. Just as the gift of imagination, it seems that this sense of the aesthetic has been programmed into us by divine intent—that it is in juxtaposition, in relationship, in design, in pattern, in contrast and comparison, in the seemingly profligate flinging of atoms in space and time, that we discover beauty and meaning that leads us, as we investigate it, to our Creator. Further, that we, as responders to what we see and gain from the seeing, are called upon to create in the image of that Creator.

Beauty seems to be inherent in creation. (And by creation I mean the limitless, God-created universe in which we live, including those tiny clumps of tissue—sentient human beings—that are beginning to seem both more-and-more and less-and-less significant in the large scheme of things; when I read

about the number of bacteria it would take to make a speck on a period at the end of this sentence, I feel like one of them.) Believe me, when I use the term *beauty* I'm not referring to the kind of easy sentimentality found in a greeting card or a popular song, but rather in the experience of what we might aptly call *glory*—the appearance of something of supreme worth that seems to make sense of all the breakage, the heartache and distress of our world. It may be momentary—a glimpse of something wondrous, that is, capable of evoking wonder.

The blue eyeball²

The grove, and this huge eucalyptus tree leaning over me. In the clasp of two saber-shaped leaves heaven looked like the gaze of God peering through the eye of a needle.

The sky's air—intense as a rare bead of clear cobalt sea-glass—God through me, as though my transparency were something he craved.

And then, rising from stillness, the air began breathing, began rearranging the leaves. Oh, they closed—God's eyelids. Clouds arrived in their dark boats over the waves of hills. My view of heaven was shut. But then, in a thin wire of lightning, he spoke into me the promise—his view of me will not be held back by clouds, two leaves, a forest.

The holiness, the sense of immense power gathered and dispensed throughout the universe, even entering *us* if we are attending—paying attention—is what God seems to invest in us, his wonder-ers. There is glory in this. The quality of glory is seen in its brilliance and depth. The Hebrew meaning of the word implies weight, substance. I like the term “heavy glory”; it is nothing transient or ephemeral, though it may be experienced in a moment and then vanish. We are transported for an instant into transcendence.

To pragmatists, it might have seemed enough to live in a *functional* universe, with self-sustaining life-forms set in motion by

God that replicate themselves and keep the world going. To add beauty to the mix and to supply men and women with an aesthetic sense so that we can respond to what is beautiful, seems to me an act of pure grace. In the truest sense and most positive sense of the word, it is *gratuitous*.

The Benedictines hold that beauty is “truth shining into being,” a principle echoed by John Keats in his famous line: “Beauty is truth, truth beauty.” In this sense beauty is redemptive. It can motivate us to turn a corner, to pursue a new objective. It awakens in us a fresh awareness because it is often surprising enough to startle, showing up in unexpected forms and places. C. S. Lewis found that beauty could summon in him a surprising joy, a hint of what we might expect in heaven. Lewis referred to such moments as “patches of God-light,” like glimmers of sunlight in a dark wood. Os Guinness calls them “gleams of transcendence.”

Beauty was one of the three Platonic ideals—companion of Truth and Goodness. For Plato, being human meant having to deal with these ideals. Beauty is no abstraction; it is always tied to the real, the observable. It is there to be seen, felt, heard, experienced. I

find it in the morning moments I spend as I drink dark, pungent coffee from a favourite hand-thrown clay mug whose contours and textures I feel with the sensitive nerves in my hand. I find it when I frame a patch of Irish moss or ferns in the view-finder of my digital macro-lens. I feel it when I hear a Bach fugue. Or feel in awe at the magnificence of Mt. Baker. Your idea of beauty may differ. You may relish the music of John Coltrane, or the clean line a ski-er makes as he cuts across a slope of new powder.

Beauty is part of that eternal nature of God in Jesus, “in whom all things consist,” manifested to us as Grace, a gift wholly undeserved, a gift that offers a reservoir of joy and meaning to our lives.

Beauty itself, and its whys and wherefores, has always enthralled me. I did a word search in Scripture, where I found that the idea of beauty is translated in a number of different ways—as comely, pleasing, bringing gladness and joy, splendid, glorious. In Isaiah the Lord of Hosts himself is described as “a garland of glory,” and “a diadem of beauty” (28:5). “Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty” (Is 33:17) is a promise whose fulfillment will finally open up to us what we have been aching for all our lives.

In Exodus 28:31 there is a detailed description of Aaron’s priestly gown whose design was specifically described by Yahweh, with its bells and pomegranates of blue, purple and crimson circling the hem “for glory and for beauty” (v. 2). Such adornments probably have symbolic meanings. But the core of the symbol, which is what we always need to look for, is that these adornments call us to look, to listen, to pay attention. The lyrical sound of bells, the flash of primary colours, each bespeaks the holiness and beauty of Yahweh, in whose presence the high priest ministered. There was nothing abstract about such worship. It was all sacramental—that is, the symbols surrounding it were all designed to point to things of even greater significance, for which language and description were inadequate. The psalmist’s admonition, “Let the beauty of the Lord be upon us” (Ps 90:17), is perhaps the clearest indication that God’s thumbprint of grace is meant to imprint and be evident in us.

The church has given considerable attention to Truth and Goodness, to theology and ethics. But too often Beauty, or an appreciation of the aesthetic, has escaped us, or we have attempted to evade or devalue it. This is partly because beauty as expressed in the arts demonstrates its innovative, experimental aspect, its way of reaching for originality or an untried way of expressing a value or truth. In some Christian circles this exploratory element in art has been felt to be dangerous; the pursuit of beauty is seen merely as an option, and a seductive one at

that, because beauty can neither be controlled nor programmed. As Eugene Peterson has said, “[Beauty] works out of the unconscious, is not practical, cannot be quantified, is not efficient, and cannot be ‘used’ for very long without corrupting either the art or the artist” (personal letter, 1999).

Yet Beauty matters. It’s not just some ornamental facade laid over what is lasting, substantial and profound. The beautiful is deeply ingrained in the patterns of existence, in nature and humankind. Beauty is part of that eternal nature of God in Jesus, “in whom all things consist,” manifested to us as Grace, a gift wholly undeserved, a gift that offers a reservoir of joy and meaning to our lives. And this is the divine initiative—not something humanly dreamed up to help us sweeten the bitter aspects of mortal life, but something central to the nature and being of God, and to us, created as we are in his image.

The messages of beauty through the senses, when combined with the responses of our reasoning intelligence, achieve meaning or significance for us. These messages lodge in our minds and memories. They print themselves like pictures on the film of our imaginations and do their transforming work in us, reminding us, if we are aware, of the One behind the messages, who draws us into a search for him so that we can be transformed by him.

The Mystery of God, and His Imprint On Us

Many of us, raised perhaps in an environment where faith was codified and ironclad, have had to move away from a fundamentalism that is ruled by the fear of infringement and its penalties. Some of us have known nothing of deep worship but a form of glossy entertainment. At institutions such as Regent College we have the opportunity to question and explore. We have learned that it is possible to *doubt faithfully*. Such questions and experiments have needed an open avenue for expression, and often the arts have given us the opportunity to show that we have been created in the image of an imaginative Creator, and that imagination and imagery are ways of entering the mind

of God, of approaching the mystery of the transcendent.

Are we truth-seekers? We must come to appreciate that Truth is a lot larger than fact. *Truth* underlies *fact* the way the planet underlies the grain of sand on the beach. When Scripture encourages us “to seek and find” Truth, or a truth, we need to trust the search. To seek, and, in incremental and perhaps gradual and subtle ways, to find. “If with all your heart you truly seek me, you shall surely find me, says the Lord, your God” (Jer 29:13). Yet what difficulties we have as imperfect, distorted, “bent” vessels of clay in living the image of our Creator, Almighty God! How interesting it is that St. Paul uses the metaphor of hand-thrown pottery for human beings—“We have this treasure [the light of the knowledge of God’s glory] in clay jars so that it is clear that this extraordinary power belongs to God and does not come from us” (2 Cor 4:7). Perhaps what Paul had in mind were the little earthen oil lamps commonly used in the Middle East. They were crudely formed, unglazed, susceptible to cracks.

That the Glory may be of God^b

Each day he seems to shine
from the more primitive pots
the battered bowls

Use may polish silver
and gold up to honour
and I could cry to glitter
like porcelain
or lead crystal

But light is a clearer
contrast through my cracks
& flame is cleaner seen
if its container
does not compete.

The essential thing was the oil and the radiance it shed when lit, quite eclipsing the primitive lamp itself. A powerful evidence of God’s imprint in us is that his Spirit not only reveals himself to us, but lives in us and transforms us from the inside out. How does divine imprinting and impression happen in daily life? What marks us indelibly?

As iron on iron⁴

Walking this morning, I began to think
how everything marks its other. How
this sidewalk smoothes my rubber soles.
How stomachs slick their food, waves
burnish shattered bottles to sea glass,
how a prevailing wind twists trees
and bends them to its gusting will.
How calm weather soothes an impatient sea.

A panther, crated for the zoo, will pace
her pattern in her cage.

Today my open window
carves the sunlight to a
square that warms
the rug. God tools me like
a strip of buckskin....
My silence wears your
racket like a suit;
your charity unravels my
reproach. You
shape me and I shape you
and all our kindred
work to shape us into who
they wish we were.

Yes, everything “marks
its other,” and this supremely
includes God’s marking of
us, creatures made in his
image, with an appreciation
of beauty and truth. When
a firm or permanent enough
impression is made it leaves its
mark. The word *imprimatur* is

used primarily to indicate the authorization of books or documents, to grant official endorsement. That’s the whole idea behind sealing wax, in which the imprint of an author or letter-writer was pressed to “seal it,” preserve it and to show its attribution. The noun “stamp” is a contemporary example—a bit of coloured, printed-paper image glued to a letter to show that we have paid for the privilege of sending it through the Postal Service. Ancient coins were stamped with the outline of an emperor or ruler to authenticate their value. The verb *stamp* implies force and conviction. If I stamp my foot on the floor, your attention is drawn to the sound and movement and

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you begin to understand that I am making a firm point, communicating some strong emotion or conviction. *Impact*, the noun, and the more recent use of *impact* as a verb, which as an English stylist I have long resisted, both refer to what happens when

we fix an impression forcefully by pressure, enough to make a change in its surface.

Our Imprint on the World

Each of these words may be applied to the way we, as people of faith, are imprinted by God, but also to the way we connect with society, marking it in some way. Even minor actions show attitudes and convictions. When I pick up a gum wrapper or a crumpled paper cup from the sidewalk, or throw a plastic bottle into the recycling bin, I think to myself, "I am reversing entropy, allowing chaos to disintegrate back into order." When I think of the concentrated power of this group of people here at Regent College this weekend, and the difference we can make by our writing, our thinking, our teaching, our activity in our communities, our relationships and our personal influence and conviction, I am electrified, energized.

Each of us is a catalyst, whether we acknowledge it or not. Perhaps you are here because you wonder what you, one individual, are called to do with your gift, and the sense of what kind of life is opening up for you if you are available to it. If so, consider this:

the Old Testament example presented in the message of the prophet Haggai, in which God pronounces that he will make Zerubbabel his "signet ring." Zerubbabel himself, though not a king or priest, was the governor or civil leader of

the fragmented nation of Israel during the time when the city of Jerusalem was being rebuilt following the Babylonian Captivity. This was the proclamation: "The word of the LORD came...to Haggai on the twenty-fourth day of the month. Speak to Zerubbabel, governor of Judah, saying, I am about to shake the heavens and the earth. On that day, says the LORD of hosts, I will take you, O Zerubbabel my servant, says the LORD, and make you *like a signet ring*, for I have chosen you, says the LORD of hosts" (Hg 2:2, 21-23).

Zerubbabel's name means "son of Babylon," because pagan Babylon was his birthplace. Yet as part of Israel's faithful remnant he was the one who returned from exile to ruined Jerusalem and laid the foundations of the second Temple to Yahweh. I find this significant. It seems to prefigure the role we as individual Christian thinkers may claim in society of rebuilding an authentic relationship with God for ourselves at worship, at work, as communicators and as change-makers in society. God makes the seal. And we *are* the seal. Such a seal, impressed in wax or on a clay tablet, in ink on parchment (or as today's copyright symbol applied next to the title of our books and poems and essays), was the proof of authenticity. It is as if that ancient seal of authority continues to be ours to rebuild what, like Solomon's temple, has been eroded or dismantled in Christendom and in the secularization of culture.

The Enlightenment, the cynicism and skepticism that has since infected the Church, the schisms and conflicts, the "death of God" movement, the deconstructionism of Foucault and Derrida, the related postmodernism, consumerism, materialism, the commercialization of the sacred, the pluralism of belief or unbelief, the erosion of anything that can be called "absolute"—have all effected shifts in human understandings of meaning and of the sacred until it sometimes seems like a ravaged parchment, or a garbled, coded memorandum without a key.

I believe that Yahweh was saying, through

his prophet Haggai, “I am extending my authority through you, Zerubbabel, so that you may make my mark on your people.” How was this “marking” to begin and continue? Not only was Zerubbabel one of the ancestors of Jesus the Messiah, so that God’s authority was manifested through him to proclaim a new covenant, to change the world—the whole human race as well as the Jewish nation—but also that authority, that seal of divine authority, has been passed on to us by Christ himself to make a mark on our own culture, many centuries later. *The Message* puts it like this: “Go out and train everyone you meet, far and near, in this way of life, marking them by baptism in the threefold name: Father, Son and Holy Spirit” (Mt 28:19–20). *Marking them*. I love the words that follow baptism in my church, “You are marked as Christ’s own, forever.”

How are we, ourselves, imprinted by God, beyond being “made in his image” with intellect, emotions and will? I believe that we human beings, with our self-consciousness, our capability for abstract thought, our use of language and story to describe reality, our almost universal moral sense of right and wrong, our sense of the transcendent, have a unique place in creation as communicators of God’s gospel message. No other creature has this capability.

God does not simply wave his hand in our direction. His touch is firmly and continually present, and felt. It is our souls and spirits that feel the impact—they *were created to feel the impact*, and respond to it. Then our physical functions of mental understanding, verbal speech and social activity proclaim the message.

We have been told by St. Paul that as believers we are Christ’s body—a startling thought. The immediacy of it is electrifying. Mary bore the body of Christ. We *are* the body. The physicality of this metaphor is disturbing but also enlightening. I may be a fingernail, but you may be an eye or an ear or an eyelash. A dorsal muscle. A vertebra. A neuron in a cerebral cortex, an ovary, an artery, an ankle bone, a toenail. It compels us to ask, “Is it possible for us to be

the hands and fingers and thumbs of God that mold our friends and neighbours and, beyond them, the culture at large, in a way that reflects the truth about our Maker?”

The holy Presence becomes part of our quotidian living as we shape the culture by service, by compassion, by ideas, by words, by stories, by the authentic thumbprints we leave on whatever we touch which changes who and what we are connected with. By being who we are called by God to be.

I have to ask myself about my ability to receive the image and imprint of the Creator, “Am I sand, or sawdust, or stone, or malleable, fire-able wax or clay? Have I asserted my own self-hood to such a degree that I am impenetrable, unwilling to acknowledge God’s redemptive ownership of me and any gift I have? Does the thumbprint of my life and writing show any evidence of its origin? Its etymology?”

In Psalm 31:12 the psalmist says he is “discarded like a broken dish in the trash.” From time to time, as political pressures and social shifts occur, we may feel tempted to see our own small imprint as too trivial or insignificant to make a difference, leaving no trace. We may fall back into a sense of failure and passivity. We may dismiss personal initiatives as ineffective. But this is where the Holy Spirit will energize and inform us, if we are open to his promptings and imprintings.

A Personal Imprint

Here’s how a memorable imprint was made on me. Two summers ago I went to Romania with fellow poet Jeanne Murray Walker. The two of us were invited by a group of Romanian poets to come and lead a workshop with them in the university city of

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Cluj. Feeling isolated from Western culture and literature, these poets hoped that we could help them bridge a bit of that gap.

Since the downfall of Ceaucescu in 1989, the national churches in Romania have become so politicized and corrupt that it is hard for heart-felt Christian belief to flourish in them. But small independent communities of faith are springing up, and the work of these poets is beginning to make a difference, as part of this new wave of Christian conviction, in their lives and in the anthologies of poetry that they are publishing.

For five days we met with them to lecture, exchange poems, offer workshops, discuss the poetic process and the role of the artist in society, critique individual work and do what we could to encourage them. A gifted Romanian colleague, Andreea Luncan, who has a degree in English literature and speaks flawless idiomatic English, translated for us so that we could fully participate in the proceedings. It has been said that “every Romanian is a poet.” These were passionate, gifted, generous, fearless, opinionated writers, molded by suffering and severe economic deprivation.

We were also there to attend the launch of the second volume of their poetry. The event was held in a major bookstore on the campus of Cluj University. The Romanian Minister of Culture was part of the celebration and in his speech remarked how encouraging it was to read “a poetry of hope rather than a poetry of despair.”

On a corner of a central intersection in Cluj stand six bronze pillars, erected as memorials to the six Romanian citizens who died during the *coup* against Ceaucescu in 1989. These tall, sculpted figures are shaped and twisted and bear marks like abrasions and deep bullet holes. We reached up and were able, like Thomas, to put our fingers in the wounds. I felt as if I *were* Thomas, and that my own faith was being reinvigorated. Those deep wounds marked them as martyrs, obedient disciples of Christ. They were marked by their wounds and by their unwillingness to give in to oppression.

We must ask ourselves, what of God’s seal on us is visible to others? Is it our wounds, our gifts, our passion, our love, our obedience, our humility? On a metal plate embedded in the pavement next to the bronzes these words of Christ were placed: “Greater love has no one than this, that one lay down his life for his friends.” In the bustling, utterly secular city of Cluj, this stamp, this public seal of faith, impressed us indelibly.

At Creation God made his mark on us. At the intersection of faith and culture you and I may be simply called to make *our* mark—an X on the signature line, or to send a first class letter with its postage stamp. Never has it been so important as now for our own living, as it happens—teaching us, marking us as we go—to inform us and enrich us so that we ourselves, in our relationships and connections, with our words and our personal influence, may become seals, living texts of God’s thumb on our clay, indelible imprints visible to the world.

Words alone just don’t do it. Words like faith and beauty and holiness are shorthand, coded signals (and inadequate ones at that), for the verities—actualities, realities, true entities and essences—that are too huge and pervasive to be reduced to a single descriptive word or phrase. When we hear words like “salvation” or “atonement” or “transcendence” or “omnipotence,” most of us may have a vague idea of what is being referred to, but we are not able to *see* it and grasp it because it is an abstract, a label that theologians have plucked out of Scripture story and labeled in an attempt to summarize and clarify and systematize biblical theology.

But human understanding has very little to do with abstractions because human minds need something to hold onto that is more concrete, palpable, visible, almost tangibly real. Perhaps that was one reason why Jesus came in the flesh, a real man, so that we could understand that this God, who was otherwise a Spirit, was as human as we are. In the Incarnation Jesus, as God’s Word to us, assumed a real body that could

perspire and feel fatigue and which bore wounds that could be fingered, a body that "...we have heard, we have seen with our eyes, we have looked at and touched with our hands..." (1 Jn 1:1). The Logos, the Word, has never been simply a collection of black marks on parchment or onionskin paper. The Logos whom we worship, with whom we can identify in his humanness, whose face has been mirrored and interpreted in a thousand works of art, a thousand poems, and millions of lives, showed us what God looks like, "full of grace and truth" (Jn 1:14). We, in turn, are called to show others this God of grace and truth, through our lives, through using his imprint on us to imprint those around us.

The authenticity of the work of God, in speaking us into being, is what gives our lives their ultimate meaning. Have we fulfilled the promise implicit in our creation? Are we unmistakably marked with God's thumbprint? Are we malleable as unfired clay, or solid, resistant as granite? Am I open

enough to ask, "If God could shape an Adam out of mud, or mold an Eve out of a thin bone, what might he do with me?"

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and prosper for us the work of our hands. Oh, prosper the work of our hands" (Ps 90:17).

I like the idea of a thumbprint; it leaves an even more powerful impression than a fingerprint because there is a greater weight of hand and arm and muscle behind it. An additional benefit: the opposable thumb allows for a much firmer grasp of objects than the fingers. Thumbs are useful appendages, and like other digital impressions, theirs are unique to their owners. **X**

Endnotes

1 and 2 Luci Shaw, "The blue eyeball," in *What the Light Was Like* (LaPorte, IN: WordFarm, 2006).

3 Shaw, "That the glory may be of God," in *Polishing the Petoskey Stone* (Vancouver, BC: Regent College Publishing, 2003).

4 Shaw, "As iron on iron," in *What the Light Was Like*.