

Father, this is All I Have

Heavenly Father, this is all I have. It is not much. To me, it feels like less than not much, it feels like nothing at all. I see around me sacrifices others give in Your name. I see they have the things of this world, not necessarily materialism, but abundance that seems like they are blessed. I have no fatted calves, beautiful garments, perfume, or riches to lay at the altar. But I have my own abundance Lord; an abundance of pain, sorrow, heartache, loneliness and despair. What kind of sacrifice can these be? They are not worthy of You. They feel like filthy rags and blemishes with which I am marked. I do not feel worthy to give anything because I cannot imagine I have anything You want.

I need You to reveal to me that how I feel is not how You value me. The bible says that you made me unique and sent Jesus to die for me, but my depression robs me of perspective on His sacrifice. You do not want fatted calves, beautiful garments, perfume, or riches on an altar as a sacrifice. My emotions often lead me to think you do, but I there is nothing I can ever do to garner redemptive favor. The blood of Jesus did that. I do not need to sacrifice worldly things. I need simply to give You what I am. It is not pretty; it is pain, sorrow, heartache, agony, loneliness and despair. I do not want these things, but You do. You want me to trust You with them. You want me to understand that the struggles of this world are not struggles for eternity. You want me to see that You're working in me to turn those struggles into strengths. Perhaps not strengths for myself, but strengths to serve the Kingdom. They will be strengths that defy conventional wisdom. They will be strengths for others to realize they are not alone. They will be strengths to honor and glorify Your name.

Father, this is all I have, but You can take them and make so much more. All I have I give to You.