

Sacrifice

How many wasteful times I have made a god of fear and worshipped my own uncertainty rather than glorifying You through obeying, through trusting. I refuse to be controlled by the hypothetical responses of an ambiguous "they."

What will they think? Who cares!

Or better yet, what if they think _____? What if they do?

(Even though they probably won't).

The sacrifice of the soul it takes to offer one's life on the altar of pleasing others is never worth the painful, purposeless death it inevitably brings.

But to offer oneself as a living sacrifice,

Holy and Pleasing to God, is really a gift as much as sacrifice.

We give of what we have, of who we are, but are resurrected as who God says we are with the things He desires us to have. And, while painful initially, we will never experience true love, peace, or joy until we have allowed Him to define us, even if that means the often painful destruction of the things we have clung to so tightly that we believe they are a part of who we are, but are really nothing, but well-integrated and firmly attached parasites sucking away at the life God has placed inside of us. We ask ourselves why these things must die so that we may live – they must die so that, when they are gone, we will recognize that they were never a part of us --- the real us God has made --- to begin with, and we can finally walk in freedom of being wholly who He designed us to be.