

This is an excerpt from the book "Adoration" by Martha Kilpatrick.  
It reads like a poetic devotion.

Nothing that can be named or touched is enduring. And nothing is "mine."  
There is nothing—no position, no place, no item, no fame—that is stable, secure,  
reliable. No person is "mine"...Not those who come from my body, not those  
who vow covenant with me, not even those who choose to be mine. They can  
be taken from me by powers beyond me—before which my helplessness is  
total. I can cement no relationship. I can protect nothing. I have no power to  
own. I have no capacity to keep. What I clutch, I kill. What I want, I cannot  
capture. What I seek to possess, betrays me by the capture of me.  
All good things of people and treasure may enter my life, but nothing has my  
title on it, nor my security in it. Nothing is "mine."

The true truth is that I have Nothing and No One. All is loaned, seasonal, passing...  
We live on borrowed time, in temporary places, with fleeting activities. All of life is a fragile  
thread, a flickering wick, passing through with nothing remaining. We know this in the  
depths of our frightened souls, and all of history proves it.

Jesus calls for me to leave all for His sake—lands, houses, family, loves—but His  
call is to leave only an illusion of security, the fantasy of being chief by the  
presumption of an earth-given right, on the basis of some burnable piece of  
paper: deed, birth certificate, marriage record, citizenship, family tree. Jesus' call  
is total—even to the abandonment of my ownership of me. I cannot keep my  
health, my sanity, my perceptions. And it is simply a call to true reality, the blank  
truth that none of these are mine, a call to leave the presumptuous ownership of  
that which I have never really owned.

In this terrifying humanity that is bound to a corrupted world, we need  
permanence—something not subject to human tyranny and ruin, something  
untouchable by nature's heavings. By desperation we will create this security by  
Proprietorship. "Mine! Do not touch!" We paste together our little domain of  
pebbles and call it Home, a safeguard immovable and imperishable. We rest  
in the shadow of its false cover and lie to ourselves about its safety.

We need a Rock, not subject to injustice nor susceptible to destitution. This is  
pure human need by virtue of utter weakness. For all our false bravado, we are  
squalling infants, helpless and naked. The Rock is God. Irreducible. Indivisible.  
He is the Only Solid amidst all things fluid... The Solitary Refuge that is able to  
protect because He is the Only One who controls, owns and manages ALL. "The  
earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof... and they who dwell therein."

Nothing and No One exists for me. All is God's and all exists to serve His Idea... of which I am simply one. All ownership, ALL rights of ownership are God's. He has purchased all by the price of costly Sacred Blood. He has every legal right to His property. We, the cruel usurpers of His domain. I can have All and Only... God. He is All I have—truly the only possession possible. But He is ALL I need and the Only One I require... And that is permanence—unchanging, immovable.

God is mine. "I will be your God." His own statement of permission for my clinging grip to possess Him, a pledge to my absolute "right" to His presence in my days. I cannot overstep my need of Him. I cannot demand too much of Him. His rule is absolute but under that rule, He has committed His entire realm to my hungry disposal. If I am His, then He is mine... and all that is His, is mine. God has withheld nothing. "If He gave His Only Son will He not also freely give us all things?"

In owning nothing but God, I own all that He owns. And that is... All.

#### Questions to Ponder:

- Can you feel the weight of the phrase "He is the Only Solid amidst all things fluid...?" Are there things that come to mind when you think of those fluid things?
- Are there things that you sense the Lord asking you to release at this time? Things that you are tempted to clutch or own?
- What might it look like to take some time to sit with this piece together with the Lord and invite Him to speak to your heart as you contemplate?