

## The Widow's Mite

*[Jesus] sat down opposite the treasury, and began observing how the people were putting money into the treasury; and many rich people were putting in large sums. A poor widow came and put in two small copper coins, which amount to a cent. Calling His disciples to Him, He said to them, "Truly I say to you, this poor widow put in more than all the contributors to the treasury; for they all put in out of their surplus, but she, out of her poverty, put in all she owned, [all she had to live on]." (Mark 12:41-44, NASB)*

Lord God, You are the Source of all being,  
the Source of **my** being,  
my Breath,  
my Father,  
my Creator, and  
my Redeemer.

I cannot put myself in right relationship with You  
by throwing You my spare change.

My only path to peace,  
wholeness, and  
rightness  
is to bow to You,  
trust You, and  
embrace You for  
all You are and  
all You long to be in me.

My only reasonable response is to love You with  
all I have,  
all I touch, and  
all I am.

You are so great, and  
I am so very meager.  
But, Almighty God  
(clink, clink),  
I am Yours.

Hymns: [Give God What Is God's  
Love of God, Possess Me](#)