

# A Precious Treasure

*“Unto you therefore which believe he is precious...”*

*1 Peter 2:7 (KJV)*

In the Tower of London, in London England, the Crown Jewels are on public display. This collection of 23,578 precious jewels is as breathless a display of beauty and wealth as one could imagine. I well recall being in London England many years ago and seeing this spectacular exhibition of jewelry. I wanted to linger and gaze and gaze at this priceless collection of jewels. Alas, I had to move on as there was a long lineup of tourists equally anxious for a look at the fabulous jewels, some of which were centuries old.

In life there are treasures we may possess that are far more valuable than jewels. I refer to our loved ones. We would rather live in a shack than a castle as long as we had our loved ones near us. They are precious beyond price and we would never value lifeless stones above them regardless of how many, how rare, or how valued they are by gemologists.

For Christians, the Lord Jesus is their greatest treasure. They have been chosen in Christ before God uttered a creative word (Ephesians 1:4). Believers have been loved with an everlasting love (Jeremiah 31:3). We have the power it took to raise Christ from the dead operating in our lives (Ephesians 1:19-20). We have a blessed hope promised to us who are the Good Shepherd's sheep (Titus 2:13).

Therefore, can you say that Jesus' words are more precious than pure gold and sweeter than honey (Psalm 19:10)? Is He altogether lovely to you (Song of Solomon 5:16)? Do you desire His presence above that of anyone? Is the Master your supreme treasure? If not, why not?

No one, not even a loving spouse or parent, has ever loved you as much, nor done as much for you as the Son of man. Should you not reflect more on this remarkable Man of sorrows? Perhaps you need to visit Golgotha and linger in the shadow of His cross more often. He longs to meet with you, show you the scars that bear witness to the extent of His love for you, and whisper love in your ear. So come to Him and come now.

Jesus, wondrous Savior!  
Christ, of kings the king!  
Angels fall before Thee,  
prostrate worshipping;  
Fairest they confess Thee  
in the Heav'n above.  
We would sing Thee fairest  
here in hymns of love.

Fairer far than sunlight  
unto eyes that wait  
Amid fear and darkness,  
'til the morning break;  
Fairer than the day-dawn,  
hills and dales among,  
When its tide of glory  
wakes the tide of song.

Sweeter far than music  
quivering from keys  
That unbind all feeling  
with strange harmonies.  
Thou art more and dearer  
than all minstrelsy;  
Only in Thy presence  
can joy's fullness be.

All earth's flowing pleasures  
were a wintry sea,  
Heav'n itself without Thee  
dark as night would be.  
Lamb of God! Thy glory  
is the light above.  
Lamb of God! Thy glory  
is the life of love.

Life is death if severed  
from Thy throbbing heart.  
Death with life abundant  
at Thy touch would start.  
Worlds and men and angels  
all consist in Thee:  
Yet Thou camest to us  
in humility.

Jesus! All perfections  
rise and end in Thee;  
Brightness of God's glory  
Thou, eternally,  
Favored beyond measure  
they Thy face who see;  
May we gracious Savior,  
share this ecstasy.

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