

Thought for Sunday 26th July 2020

The Hidden Treasure



Source: <http://diglib.library.vanderbilt.edu/act-imagelink.pl?RC=48286>

Artist: Jesus MAFA project

The Gospel reading this week comes from Matthew, chapter 13, within these ten verses, we find 5 parables. Now that is a lot of teaching in one go!

So which one to choose? Well, I have gone for the Parable of the Hidden Treasure:

*The kingdom of heaven is like treasure hidden in a field,
which someone found and hid;
then in his joy he goes and sells all that he has and buys that field.*

I wonder what the size of the treasure is, when compared to the size of the field purchased? I'm guessing small in comparison. The kingdom (the treasure) is small and at first hidden. But it does not stay hidden. No, once the treasure is found, the field is bought. The person buying, sells everything he has to own this treasure. We know, that we cannot buy the kingdom.

In this parable, Jesus is the main character. He is the one who sees the hidden treasure.

And you might be asking at this point: What is the hidden treasure?

Well, just imagine if you or I was the treasure?

Jesus gives everything he has to purchase this treasure.

Our value may not be known at this precise moment in time, but it is there.

What we have to do is find it and use it for the greater good.

So I wonder, what is your hidden treasure?

Below is a poem by Alizon Sharum, which speaks of the Kingdom of Heaven, maybe in this poem you might:

find your hidden treasure?

You might capture in this poem where you have seen the kingdom?

Or it might just give you a moment to reflect of Gods Kingdom being here on earth...

The Kingdom of Heaven

The Kingdom of heaven slips between the cracks in the meaning of words.
The languages of this world cannot contain it.

In the depths of the ocean of our desperation it lies, a pearl of enormous wealth.
It fills the cavern of our need.

It soothes the pain that fills the corners of a prison cell.
It pours into the cup of suffering passed around in an upstairs room,

It is the immensity of small acts of compassion.
It is the sea of living water contained in a single tear of our contrition.

It is the split second between the welling up of joy and the eruption of laughter.
It is dancing to our own beat.

It is the wide eyes of a child.
It is the filling of our lamps with expectation for the bridegroom at the end of time.

It is the seed for our hope of life.
It is here.
It is now.

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