

We hear again from our Lord's Word:

"Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust destroy and where thieves break in and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust destroys and where thieves do not break in and steal. For where your treasure is, there your heart will be also." – Matthew 6:19-21

In the name of the Father and of the ☩ Son and of the Holy Spirit

What do you treasure?

What is it that you just can't live without?

What's meaningful to you?

What will you pass on to your children, and your children's children, and their children after?

What is your treasure?

You know, it's not always money.

For me, the hardest confession of faith comes from Luther's *A Mighty Fortress*:

*"And take they our life,
Goods, fame, child, and wife,
Though these all be gone,
Our vict'ry has been won;
The Kingdom ours remaineth."*

Whatever your treasure is, are you afraid to lose it?

Your heart obviously love these treasures—that's what makes them treasures!

They mean something to you.

Even if they aren't valuable to our world's eyes, they have sentimental value.

For some it's a family portrait.

For others it's those old booties that you just can't get rid of.

And then for others it's the ability to travel, the financial security, and the ability to see the world.

For me it's my wife and kids on a good day; my fame and books on a selfish day.

Your heart loves these treasures.

It trusts them for delight and wholeness and joy.

And it fears to lose them.

But our Lord forbids our heart to fear, love, and trust in anything but God alone:

"Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth" (Mt 6:19).

Your treasure reveals your heart. The two are intimately connected.

And any treasure beside Jesus Christ is an idol, a false God—

even if the thing itself is good, like grandkids or booties, or precious moments dolls.

And whatever your heart delights in, *the treasures of your heart*, are what your eyes fix upon.

Our Lord says, **"The eye is the lamp of the body."** (Mt 6:22)

So what does your eye behold?
Is it fixed on Christ alone?
Or does it wander?

Does your eye light upon the good?
St. Paul says,

**“Whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure,
whatever is lovely, whatever is commendable, if there is any excellence, if there is
anything worthy of praise, *think about these things.*”** (Php 4:8)

Is that where your eyes are?
Is that where your heart finds its delight, its treasure?
If your eye and heart aren't on Christ then they aren't healthy.
And if your eye and heart aren't healthy—
well, you know it's not long until the rest of you starts shutting down, too.

You can't serve two masters.
It can't be Jesus + anything else.
Not Jesus + a fulfilling life.
Not Jesus + a plethora of grandkids.
Not Jesus + family photos, or a vacation home, or a comfortable retirement.
Jesus + anything is not possible—
**“for either you will hate the one and love the other, or you will be
devoted to the one and despise the other.”** (Mt 6:24)

So if you look over your life and the desires of your heart and the things your eyes behold,
you'll find that it's not Jesus only—
repent.

Just admit it.
Don't make some sort of resolution to change your heart's desires. You can't control your heart.
Don't make a point of changing your focus or making sure your eyes are set elsewhere—
don't do any of that, at least not yet.

Just repent.
Confess that you've had Jesus + something else, anything else—
because we all have.

It's not up to you to change your focus or your heart—so we pray,
“Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a steadfast Spirit within me.”
(Ps 51:12).

And once you've that's all off your chest, the Lord comes in to do His work of recreation.
And He does it by His Word.
So take a moment and hear again who this Jesus-only is.
Listen to what sort of treasure He is.

You see this Jesus isn't the sort of treasure you need to go out and find—
He's not lost.

He's not the sort of treasure that you lock up in your piggy bank or wallet or bank account—
He can't be boxed in or locked up; death couldn't even keep Him down.

This Jesus is the sort of treasure that seeks you out.
He doesn't sit back waiting for you to come to Him—
no He begs His father to come down to you.

He empties Himself of all that would identify Him as God and shows up as any man—
just like you and me.

He's the sort of treasure that thinks His worth is best seen in self-giving.
Rather than getting better and better;
rather than amassing wealth and honor and power,
He gets on His hands and knees and washes sinful feet.

His greatest delight is weakness, not strength.
He identifies with the broken and the poor, not those who have it all together.
His heart goes out to both the prodigal son as well as the older brother.
He is the Good Samaritan and the inn-keeper and the donkey who carries us along.
He's the old woman who sweeps the house, moves the furniture, just to find one lost coin—you!

This Jesus is the sort of treasure you wouldn't expect—no one did.
No one would ever fix their eyes on Him;
there was nothing in Him that would attract us to Him, no majesty, no beauty, no power.

But this treasure, this lowly, poor, meek, treasure,
is the inheritor of the entire world.

He's the only Son of the Heavenly Father, creator of the World, King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

But looking up at that cross of Calvary—you'd never know it.
All that was there was weakness, shame, and blood.

So Why?
What sort of treasure would hide Himself in such humility?
What treasure covers Himself with the sin of the world?

Well it's because this Treasure loves you to the extent that He'd rather you be the treasure,
and Him the worm, despised by man.

He'd rather lift you up into the heavenly places, give you a seat on His throne,
while He takes your place in the grave.
He'd rather die so that you might live.

He's the treasure that doesn't hold back.
 He doesn't count your worth or works or how many grandkids you've got.
 He sees all your false treasures and He invites you to trade.

He'll take your idols, all your false loves and hopes and aspirations,
 and He'll give you more than you could ever expect.
 He'll give you Himself.

And with this treasure, with this Jesus, you'll have more joy, more delight, more freedom—
 you'll have more treasure than you've ever known or know what to do with.

He's the sort of treasure that won't run out.
 He can't be destroyed by moth or rust, or even death.
 No thief can break in and destroy this treasure, not even Satan, who steals, kills, and destroys.

Jesus Christ is our treasure.
 And He lays Himself up for you.
 He does it first on the cross, where He wraps Himself up in your sin.
 And then on the third day, rising from the grave,
 defeating moth, rust, death, Satan, and even sin, He laid Himself up in heaven for you.

He laid Himself into your ears with the word of the Gospel, the forgiveness of your sins.
 He laid Himself upon your head, washing you with His Holy Spirit.
 And He laid His own body and blood upon your tongue, delivering to you the treasure of heaven,
 the salvation of your soul.

Your treasure has been laid up for you in heaven—
 He is Jesus Christ your Lord.

He fixes Himself before your eyes within your hearts.
 He is the light of your body and the health of your soul.
 He is our treasure.

So let us rejoice in Him alone.

With our eyes fixated, and our hearts trusting in Him alone,
 all the other treasures fall into place.

No longer as idols—no longer as mammon or money or false loves—but as gifts.

Gifts from our heavenly treasure, the eternal Son, and our dear friend—Jesus Christ.

In the name of the Father and of the ✠ Son and of the Holy Spirit