

JARS OF CLAY

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"But we have this treasure in jars of clay, to show that the surpassing power belongs to God and not to us." — 2 Corinthians 4:7

It was just recently that this verse came alive for me. It was on a day that someone challenged me to regard some things as gifts that I'd never before seen as gifts. They pointed out that though God is God and I am me, he still chooses to infuse with gifts that can only point to him. Because he delights in being known. There are beautiful, powerful glories we all carry, and while our bodies are common flesh and bone and our limitations are palpable, there is something eternally relevant that whispers and stirs, something that when we silence a bit of us falls asleep -- or even dies a little. Something that moves in ways that we are hardwired to offer. Things that not everyone can offer, because they are stewarding other magnificent gifts from the God who gave them their own treasures. And the reason this spark ignited, the reason my breathing quickened just a bit, was because the very thing that I had always seen as a burden to so many, became a gift.

You carry something eternal too.

You were created, designed, prepared and positioned to uniquely point to the God who thought you up. Not because you're intended for glory, but because He is. Jars of clay are fragile and prone to shatter. As humans, we get tired, we screw up, we age... and yet we were chosen vessels of treasure. Chosen to receive unconditional, forever love. Access to a generous and holy God. Eyes to see beauty. Brains to foster knowledge and apply wisdom. Treasure that offer a clue to our creator. A glimpse of the heart of God. How is this possible? We are not that strong, but God is just that good.

If you thought you were precious to him before considering this... imagine now. **You, as a child of the God most high, carry treasure.** And not treasure you worked hard to create... but treasure he dripped into your person. It's something he gave you on purpose. Something he delights in giving us though our bodies waste away, inwardly he renews day by day. **So that when we are many in years, and cannot move with liquid grace, there is something under all the sore bones and wrinkled flesh, that far outweighs any semblance of strength we ever had at our best.**

Let's not ignore this.

And woe to the one who rips away the life of the treasure bearer. Woe to the one who, even as he is breathing, whispers lies that covers the truth from hearts and keeps the treasure hidden. Woe to the Father of lies, who knows his fate, who tempts it, who heaps upon himself the wrath of the One who sits enthroned. It is against you that we will fight.