

THE TREASURE TROVE WITHIN

By Robert Fitt

A treasure trove abounds within the soul of man; with plenteous ore that one cannot unearth alone—blue-grey clay that harbors precious silver; quartzite stone that mothers strands of gleaming gold; uncut diamonds yet to be polished into glory—all these are there, as yet hidden in the deepest depths of soul—unseen and undiscovered.

No man, unaided by God, has the power to mine these treasures. For they lie beneath an overburden of darkness that man alone cannot dispel. No ordinary darkness this; but a tenacious darkness of mortal make—hopelessness, addiction, fear and grief—that overwhelm the senses and thrust one into the blackest depths of hell, terrorizing the very soul, and weighing down the heart until one feels too weak to dig—too weak, almost, to breathe. It is only when the master-miner takes the hand of man that the treasure of comfort brings hope into his life. For these treasures will not yield to one's will alone; they will lie there, undiscovered, until the master-miner guides one's hand, and heart, and gives him power to lift himself from darkness once again.

Until one finds the strength to give away the very tool that he has trusted for so long—his own free will—and place it in the master-miner's hand, allowing Him to guide the shovel's thrust—the treasure will remain untouched. But when, with faith and trust, he gives away his willful ways and trusts them to the master-miner's loving care; then will the shovel bite deep into the rich and precious ore that inhabits his soul, and will open his treasures to the refining fire, and from deepest darkness into the glory of eternal splendor.

The loving master-miner eagerly awaits . . .