

By Patricia Warnock

(Based on a true story)

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also"
(*Matthew 6:21*).

Tasha, Patrick, and Zach sat on the couch, staring at the big wooden box. They had found it when they were cleaning out the closet. Mom said it was Dad's special treasure box. But they weren't allowed to open it until Dad got home.

"I wonder what kind of treasures are in there," Patrick said. "Maybe gold."

"Or jewels," said Tasha. "Maybe Dad will share his treasures with us!"

"It's old," said Zach, rubbing a finger on the wood. "It was made a long time ago." He stared at the box and mumbled something about X-ray vision.

Just then Dad came in the door. "My box!" he said with a big grin.

Zach jumped up. "Can we open it now?" he asked. "Hmm. Let's save it for family home evening," Dad said. "We'll have a special treasure box night."

They tried not to look at the box while they were playing, but they couldn't stop thinking about it. "Couldn't we just peek a little?" Patrick whispered after dinner was over. He slid over to the box but jumped back when Mom and Dad came into the room. Finally it was time.

Mom said the prayer, and then Dad started family home evening.



“My father made this box for me one Christmas,” he told them. “I started keeping all my treasures in it.”

“Are the treasures worth a lot?” Zach asked.

“They are to me,” said Dad.

“Let’s see them!” said Tasha.

Dad opened the box wide so everyone could see.

The treasures weren’t what they were expecting, but they still had fun exploring. Instead of pirate gold and rubies, they found old school papers, a yo-yo, a microscope, letters, certificates, and lots of photos from when Dad was a kid. His baby pictures made them laugh. As they looked through the box, Zach held up an old airplane ticket.

“Why is this in your treasure box?” he asked.

Dad took the ticket. “During my first year of college, my family sent me this ticket so I could fly home for Thanksgiving. I got a ride from some friends, but they couldn’t take me all the way to the airport.”

“Where did they take you?” Zach asked.

“They dropped me off at a street corner,” said Dad. “I didn’t know how to get to the airport from there. I was worried I would miss the plane.”

“Did you call someone on your cell phone?” Tasha asked.

“Cell phones weren’t invented yet!” Mom said with a laugh.

“So what did you do?” Patrick asked.

“I started praying,” said Dad. “I prayed hard that Heavenly Father would help me. Then I saw a car coming. It was my old bishop! He gave me a ride to the airport. I saved the ticket and put it in my treasure box.”

“Now I get it!” Tasha said. “It’s a treasure because it helps you remember that Heavenly Father heard your prayers.”

“Yep!” said Dad. “It’s the best kind of treasure. And I’m glad I could share it with you.”

“We should write that story down and keep it with the ticket,” Zach said. “It could be a treasure for our whole family!”

“And this could be our family treasure box!” Patrick said, pointing to the box in excitement. “We could all put treasures like that in here.”

“Best idea ever!” said Dad.

Tasha grinned. “I can’t wait to put a treasure in the box!” ♦

The author lives in Utah, USA.

Turn the page for an activity to go with this story!



“Let us always remember the words of the Savior: ‘For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.’”

Elder Michael John U. Teh of the Seventy
“Where Your Treasure Is,” *Ensign*, May 2014, 108.

