

# Iona, Treasure

Consider the flowers of the field  
In their beauty  
More lovely than even the clothes of a king  
Consider the birds of the air  
Flying high, flying free  
You are precious to me

Where your treasure is  
There is your heart

If a son asks his father on earth  
For fish or for bread  
Who among you would give him  
A snake or a stone  
How much more does the Father above  
Have a heart full of love  
For the children that He calls His own