

I had been dead for several years, and was waiting in the holding area for the Last Day. I was able to look down on the earth, not just in normal spatial dimensions, but in terms of relationships, family, and time. I could look down and see the impact of my life, such as it was.

I had cherished big dreams and goals; and I had produced what I thought was a fair body of work. With my great ego, I thought that perhaps it would be remembered and discussed throughout the coming ages of earth.

I knew, though, that in God's Eyes that it didn't really amount to much. Rather than suffer any significant loss when I died, I also knew that God could and regularly did raise up handfuls of servants much better than me.

But I still hoped that some of what I had written, and never been able to publish, might be "discovered"; somehow it would be used to help other people better understand the nature of God and His Goodness.

The angel who had been assigned to my section came up to me about that time and we began to talk.

"You look glum. Don't you know that this is supposed to be a happy place?"

"I know that there are no tears in heaven. But I just feel like my efforts on earth may be wasted."

"Is that a problem that you think God can't handle?"

"Oh no! Definitely not! I just wish that somehow the things that I thought through and wrote about could be a part of His work. I see it all down there just doing nothing and about to be lost forever."

At that very moment, what looked to be a flock of birds rose up as though startled and filled the air. They flew off in all directions, traveling eventually out of sight.

"Whoops!" the angel said. "I guess there they go!"

He was referring to my worst fear. Now what I had worked so hard for was scattered to the winds.

"God's truth is out there," the angel said. "Your little pieces of paper don't affect that very much. Indeed, all that you thought of is out there to be discovered by someone else. And that is really the point of it all, isn't it?"

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Think for a minute about all of the thoughts of worship that people have had throughout the centuries. Does it hurt God that there are so many that are not "recorded" as you think of it? Or does He not thrill at each moment that He senses someone having such an original thought? The ether is filled with such meditations; yours do not count for much in the overall picture."

"But I wanted to provide inspiration for other people's thinking, to broaden their view of God."

"Times change and cultures evolve – your work would have had only a temporary impact anyway. Compare your 'inspiration' to the handiwork and love of God!"

"I guess so..."

"I think that you are failing to see the real point of all of this, and indeed, your very life. It is not so much that the ideas that you had are worth anything, but the pursuit of trying to know God better and better.

You loved it as your boy did those building toys. He ended up with many pieces because though particular sets were given to him, and he made those according to the directions, eventually he created his own by putting the pieces together in his own way. These creations helped to build his character much more than the original assemblies.

You had a similar thirst for putting ideas about God together, and being creative in other ways. You pursued the dream, working out the puzzle the best way that you could each day of your life."

It began to finally dawn on me what he was saying. He seemed to sense that and turned to leave.

"If it makes you feel any better, you might take a close look down there and remember that you may have left something valuable that wasn't put to paper."

I didn't get it, but I looked down anyway. Where I had once watched so intently, something new was revealed. My written work was gone, but there was a certain richness to the area that I had failed to notice before. In my view of this special "space" I could see the impact that my words and life had on the people around me, and I could watch them as they worked out, in their own way, thoughts of the majesty of God.