

The musician began to look around his room. It was actually his new room – more like a mansion<sup>1</sup>. As he began to absorb his new existence, he realized that there was music playing softly in the main room. Then he realized with a start that it was his music, which he had spent his life creating and attempting to perfect. And it sounded perfect – none of the errors in notes, volume, and dynamics that plagued him in his earthly life. He had never been able to play what his heart really felt. It was so amazing now to hear it as he had imagined it.

What was even more amazing was that, as he continued to listen, there were places in the music where he had really struggled – but now they seemed to flow perfectly smoothly. In other works where he had not found a way to really finish satisfactorily, there was a now a beautiful ending.

As the musician contemplated the wonder of this new life, and the tempo of music in new dimensions that transcended that of his old life, he began to work again on creating the music of his heart which even more now reflected the worship of his Creator. And listening to the Spirit was so much clearer now that he was in his new home. It raised his work to a much higher level.

He realized that when Christ said, “It is finished!<sup>2</sup>”, it did not refer to every task that He was involved in. He meant that the main task of saving mankind had been accomplished. There is plenty of creativity involved in how the Spirit moves onward for Christ and for the citizens of the new heaven and earth. The creative work of God did not end on the day of rest, though He had finished the universe that He meant to make. And He rejoices in the continued creative work of us all, within the expansive bounds of His Love and Grace.

1. John 14:2
2. John 19:30

The old man had loved music all of his life, especially piano music. He had never really taken lessons, and he had never been able to devote much time to practice, but he loved the feel and the sound of the keyboard. He had always been able to pick out a few songs, and he even wrote one now and then. But he was never satisfied with his performance.

It thrilled him to hear the music that he loved, and he could feel it down to the roots of his being. But he could never translate it from his soul to his fingers. His dream was to be able to play from the heart and reach other people to make them feel the same things that he did.

Now that he was retired and had plenty of time to play, he was limited by his aging body. He so loved to play the piano, but he still had music within him that he just couldn't release.

He was playing now at the piano in his home, but as usual he was frustrated because of his fumbling fingers. He had been working awhile on a particular song when he suddenly felt a great pain in his chest. The pain grew so intense that he thought that he could not bear it. He struggled through the agony for a long time, and then it suddenly released him. He gathered himself back together and began to play again.

But he was puzzled as he played now. Somehow the music was exactly what he felt, it came out exactly right; it was very moving and dynamic, so very expressive of his feelings. He began to play music that he had never even heard before, but he knew that it sounded just right.

He finally stopped, not because he was tired, but because he was so astounded. Then he heard an amazing thing! He could hear the roar of a crowd, the applause and cheering of a multitude. And he nearly jumped off of the piano stool when a voice directly behind his ear told him how beautiful his music was. In response the old man, who was sure that he had been alone, said that no one had ever told him that they enjoyed his playing before. The other man just smiled and told him that no one on earth had really been able to hear him.

It gradually began to dawn on the old man that he and his music had undergone a certain type of transcription. He was now free from the many limitations that his body and even his heart had placed on him. He was now in a place where the music of the heart was performed directly and in plain hearing. It was as though he had been blind, but now he saw. And heaven was such a beautiful place.

Thinking about my inability to play on the piano what my heart feels; perhaps in heaven I find that my "mansion" plays my music to perfection; either it completes the unfinished symphony and / or allows me to continue to create music at an even higher level;

Expansion of the set of works