

The Best Last Word

I was in one of those groups. You know, where you take turns “introducing” yourself to a bunch of strangers. You search and search for something to say that shows you are intelligent, charismatic, and you have it all together. When I’m in those situations, I usually stutter, my brain goes blank, and what pops out of my mouth gives the opposite impression I’m going for. (If you need an example, jump over to Vernadavis.com and read my blog about having two Leggs per person. Not my finest moment.)

So, in this particular group, we were given the task to answer one simple question: What has been your favorite season of life? Since there was a variety of ages and experiences amongst us, so the answers would prove to be interesting. The leader said, “I’ll start and we’ll go around clockwise.” I was sitting on her right, of course. Visions of my “two Leggs per person” comment wouldn’t go away.

When it was my turn, I confided in the group that my favorite season is the one I’m in right now. I have the time to go to Bible studies, read lots of books, speak at various churches and organizations, or go to lunch with my friends. Oh, and write. I absolutely love to write.

One of the ladies was curious about where I came up with so many ideas of things to write about. Nine times out of ten I sit in front of the blank screen of my computer having no idea what to write. Then I pray, and the Lord pops an idea in my head. Soon, I’ll have written about 800 words and have to figure out which words to delete to fit into a 500 word space. It sounds like torture to some, but it’s glorious to me.

One of the bad things about being a writer is that you become a critical reader. I can’t read anything without noticing mistakes. A misplaced or missing comma, an improper use of a verbs, adverbs, and adjectives. I don’t have enough column space to explain how I cringe at some of the posts I read on social media! Honestly, how many people slept through their English classes, anyway?

This is not a blessing folks. The weight of that mental red pen is an absolute curse.

I guess I’m doomed to this annoying part of the writing craft. I envy those of you who aren’t bothered by this constant need to edit. Having the last word never intimidates you. I am terrified of the last word, for as a writer, I know that even at the last word, I’m going to want to do some kind of rewrite. I want to shout, “Red pen, go away!”

However, there are last words I’m longing to hear. As I leave this life, I’ll see Jesus smiling at me, holding out his arms, welcoming me into His presence. He’ll be saying words that will never need a rewrite, “Well done, my good and faithful servant.”

The best last words ever.