



# The Best is yet to Come



I want to tell you a story. It will be the greatest story you will ever hear. In fact, heard or not, it is the greatest story of all time. Worlds will be made, heroes born, villains plotting with wicked schemes, miracles unfolding, kingdoms rising and being undone, love and hate on display, slaves being set free, enemy armies falling at the hand of a single warrior, the dead coming back to life, helpless and hapless nations rescued from impending doom, and even a dragon being slain.

I want to tell you a story, and I promise it will change your life.

Once, very long ago, so long ago we have no way of knowing when, there was a time before time. There was no measure of hours, days, months, or years. There were no stars, moons, or planets roaming through the expanse of endless galaxies for us to set a calendar by, for there were no galaxies or even skies yet. For that matter, there was no “us” yet. There was just “nothing.”

It’s difficult for us to imagine “nothing,” to create in our imagination that which it is impossible for us to hold, or taste, or touch, or see, or smell. But here we are in our story, hovering in empty space, lost without ground to rest our feet on, flying through the inky void like Peter Pan on his way to Neverland.

Try it. Think about nothing.

Desperate, we look for something, anything that will give purpose to this story. After all, a story about nothing isn’t very exciting. But there are no mountains to look behind, no clouds for us to fly through to see the other side. There is no cave for us to explore, no ocean depths to be searched out. We cannot hunt through nooks and crannies, for there are none, and we can’t throw open the cupboard doors (or even wardrobe doors) to find something on the other side akin to snowy forests, trees, lamp posts, and lions. There is no present to unwrap, no treasure chest to pry open with a creak that we might set our eyes on rubies and diamonds and piles of gold. We have no microscope to search for a tiny something, nor a telescope to discover a distant something. We are left, here at the opening of our story, with “nothing.”

Well, *almost* nothing.

Did I really say there was nothing?

That isn’t quite right.

There has always been something. Rather, there has always been **someone**. He is the one at the start of our story, and we will find him throughout to the very end. And he isn’t quite alone.

Don’t worry.

The best is yet to come.