



Enjoy Your Work, by Margaret Stevens

There was a man who died and found himself in a beautiful place, surrounded by every conceivable comfort. A white-jacketed man came to him and said, "You may have anything you choose -- any food, any pleasure -- any kind of entertainment." The man was delighted, and for days he sampled all the delicacies and experiences of which he had dreamed on earth. But one day he grew bored with all of it, and calling the attendant to him, he said, "I'm tired of all this. I need something to do. What kind of work can you give me?" The attendant sadly shook his head and replied, "I'm sorry, sir. That's the one thing we can't do for you. There is no work here for you." To which the man answered, "That's a fine thing. I might as well be in hell." The attendant said softly, "Where do you thihnk you are?" -- Margaret Stevens

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