

Dear Sr. Tracey,

Thank you for writing us at Christian Questions Radio. You wondered if, after we have been resurrected to the divine nature, we would be able to have contact with our earthly family members, and, if so, what kind of contact would it be? You asked if it would be the same type of communion our Heavenly Father had with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden before they sinned.

We do feel that the Church class will be able to have some kind of contact with their former earthly families. How that will come about, of course, we do not know. However, your question made us think of a booklet that was written in the early 1950s by a group of Bible Students in England (Bible Fellowship Union) entitled, "In the Land of Beginning Again" (Short Stories of the Millennium). We have copied excerpts from the first chapter of this booklet below and hope that it will comfort you and perhaps give you one perspective on your question.

May the Lord continue to bless you on your Christian walk. Be sure to sign up for CQ Rewind at www.christianquestions.net. The service is free without obligation and will provide you with scriptural perspective on many questions and topics.

Sincerely,

Christian Questions Radio

Thy Dead Shall Live

"I have finished Sheila's awakening robe!" . . .

"How shall we explain her mother's absence to her?"

His companion had risen and was draping the beautifully embroidered blue robe over her deck chair. It lay there, shimmering in the afternoon sun as though waiting for its destined wearer to slip straight into it.

"I do not know, John. This is a new experience for us, to await the awakening of one whose mother has gone to be with the Lord in the heavens. We ourselves have not been back long enough to know just how her mother will commune with her. But I am sure of one thing." . . .

“It is written ‘He openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing.’ Sheila’s happiness will not be complete if she fails to be re-united with her mother. Others whose loved ones have been translated to reign with the Lord Jesus tell us they have talked with them although we have not been able to understand their explanations. Perhaps when Sheila awakens we shall see for ourselves and understand what we now see only as through a glass, darkly. . . .

A soft whisper in the tree-tops...a gentle breeze sweeping down, stirring the quiet air, billowing through that blue robe lying in the deck chair, giving it almost the appearance of reality, a graceful reality that moved slightly, rhythmically, as though breathing... the sun shone out warmly and birds and insects burst out together in triumphant chorus...

The girl in the deck chair lay, dreamy eyes half open, puzzled wonderment slowly dawning as she sought to take in the details of the scene before her. She turned her head slightly and followed the course of a butterfly over the flower tops. Her gaze fell upon one slender hand and she raised it hesitatingly, almost as though she expected the movement to be accompanied by pain. The blue sleeve slid back, revealing a delicately moulded arm without flaw or blemish. A little frown of perplexity puckered her forehead and she closed her eyes as memory began to return. . . .

Realization came, swift and sudden. “Oh mother, you were right, after all. This is the Kingdom you used to tell me about, and I have been dead and have come back. Mother, where are you?” Her arms were outstretched, beseeching.

A soft voice spoke behind her. “I am here, Sheila.”

There was something in the timbre of that voiced which checked the girl’s first impulse to turn round toward the speaker. “It is true then? I have come back, fit and well, and never to suffer again?”

“Never again, my child. The tears are all over now.”

“And you? Did you attain....your hope, mother?”

“Yes, dear. It was hard to let you go, but I knew my Lord had you in his safe keeping. And in his own due time He took me also, and brought me into the glorious assembly of the Church of the First-born in Heaven.”

“It sounds like old times to hear you talk like that.” The girl’s eyes were shining. “I want to turn round and see if you are really there, and yet I feel quite content to lay here and listen to your voice. I don’t understand it at all; it is all wonderful to me.”

“You will come to understand, Sheila. We shall be able to meet and talk with each other often, although the old relationship has passed away. We have each entered into a greater family, I in heaven and you on earth, and in those families we shall find new companionships and friendships, and spheres of service for the Heavenly Father and our Lord Jesus. And you will learn in time to talk with me even when we are not together, for distance will no longer be a barrier to our communion with each other.” . . .

Sheila stood up and looked around, quivering with eagerness. A puzzled look came into her eyes, and then a dawning understanding. For a long minute she stood, and the, “Come soon, my dear,” she breathed softly. Thoughtfully she turned again and went into the house.