

Meeting Mom in Heaven

I've rather hoped to avoid meeting mom in heaven. I was twenty-eight when she died and our difficult interactions finally ceased. It's been a relief. But heaven is forever – eventually you're bound to meet everybody living there. Including my mom.

So, if my mom is in heaven, what happens when we meet? Will our issues remain unresolved forever? Will unwelcome memories lurk behind phony smiles? That can't be. God (as Jesus amply demonstrated) hates phoniness. There's no way heaven will mimic my childhood home. And that's wonderful ... but what do I do with all the issues the two of us never addressed?

Perhaps I've anticipated the wrong scenario. I've been assuming we'll have to instantly switch to sugar and spice and everything nice and pretend that there never were any problems between us. I just can't wrap my mind or emotions around that scenario; it seems so false ... and heaven is an honest place.

But, if not phoniness, what *will* happen? I have no idea how our face-to-face will play out. Will we say we're sorry? Will we even remember the bad choices we both made? I rather doubt it. Perhaps heaven contains no need (or urge) to remember the pain we caused each other, no need to avoid each other. Perhaps (I hope) our dark memories will not be exposed but erased.

But if we don't see our past sins, then what *will* fill our eyes? Glory? Yes, glory. I'm serious. My mom and I will finally – *finally* – see the person hidden behind the ugly masks through which we spoke to each other on earth. The unrighteousness that made us so wary of each other will be gone; the hidden glory will surface; we'll see beauty that escaped our earthly awareness. My mom and I won't have to fake niceness for eternity.

Somehow, way beyond my present vision, meeting mom in heaven will be good and pure. And honest. And safe. I'm still nervous about it, but I'm also suspecting (with still lingering caution) that seeing each other unmasked will move us to love what we see. What does her beauty look like? I have no idea. But it will be there. Unveiled beauty. I can't yet picture it, and I don't really comprehend it. But then, I haven't yet met my mom in heaven.

The old things passed away, behold, new things have come. (2 Corinthians 5:17)

Two Questions

- Are there people you would prefer not to meet in heaven? (Think of people you'd rather avoid on earth.)
- Have you ever wondered what they're like behind their earthly shell?