



CHAPTER 5

# THE RAPTURE

LESSON 109 → 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18; 5:1-10

*Seth woke up to an empty house. What had happened in the night?*



## I WILL MEET JESUS IN THE AIR!

*If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. — John 14:3*

A few weeks later, the sun was shining on the tree outside his window when Seth woke up. He sat up slowly, rubbing his eyes. A glance at the clock told him that it was past time for Sunday school. Good, he thought to himself. I can't believe Mom or Dad didn't wake me up. I really let them know last night that I didn't want Logan preaching at me anymore. He frowned as he thought of how Logan had been talking to him again about needing to be ready for the Lord's coming. Seth had yelled, "For Pete's sake, leave me alone, will you? Dad, get Logan off my back. I've heard enough!" He had stormed out of the room, calling back over his shoulder, "And don't try to get me to go to Sunday school tomorrow either!"

*Now, in the quiet of the morning, he thought,* Maybe I did lose my cool. Logan only did what he thought was for my good. After all, I do want to be a Christian someday. I'm just not ready yet.

*Seth crawled out of his bed in the room he shared with Logan.* I'll sure be glad when I can leave home and have a room of my own, he thought, reaching for his jeans. Glancing over, he noticed Logan's unmade bed. Funny, he thought to himself, Logan always makes his bed.

*Deliberately not making his own bed, Seth* walked down the hall toward the kitchen. As he passed the bathroom he noticed his mother's robe in a heap on the floor. Her hairbrush and mirror were beside it.

*Wow, thought Seth. They must have really left in a hurry.* Funny, I didn't hear anything.

*Seth continued through the house. As he entered* the living room, he paused, puzzled. There at Dad's desk, was his open Bible. His shirt and suit pants were draped oddly on the chair, partly hidden by the robe Dad always wore until he was through with breakfast. His slippers were on the floor, looking as though his feet had been suddenly lifted out of them.

*With a growing uneasiness, Seth stared at the spot,* trying not to comprehend what he was finally realizing. Then a paralyzing terror gripped him. Could it be possible? Dad had said the Lord could come at any time. But people had been talking about it for hundreds of years. It couldn't really have happened now—or could it? A wave of nausea swept over him.

*Seth shook as he pulled his phone out of his pocket* and dialed the church number. Surely there'd be someone there! Anxiously he waited as the phone rang but it went to voicemail. He called again—voicemail! He dropped his phone. With a wail he couldn't control, Seth ran to turn on the television, only to hear, ". . . the mysterious, instantaneous disappearance of thousands of people this morning . . ." Seth heard no more.

*It was really so. At some moment, probably while* Mom was fixing her hair before starting breakfast, and Dad had sat down as usual to review his Sunday school lesson, it had happened. Logan was probably still asleep—no need to call him yet—and had they intended to call Seth? He would never know, because at that certain moment a heavenly trumpet had sounded. Only those who were listening for it had heard and answered the call. He, Seth, had been too stubborn, and had refused once too often. His family had gone to be with Jesus. Dressed in robes of righteousness they would right now be taking part in the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. Now he knew why Logan had kept saying, "Seth, you've got to be ready at any time." Now it was too late.

