



Near death experiences

Nde stories from the NDERF website

Copyright© (c) 2014 Experience Research Foundation, NDERF, Jody Long and Jeffrey Long, MD. All Rights Reserved world wide. No part of this publication may be replicated, redistributed, or given away in any form without the prior written consent of the author/publisher or the terms relayed to you herein.

Experience Research Foundation, NDERF, Jody Long and Jeffrey Long, MD.

Table of Contents

Table of Contents.....	3
NDE'S COLLECTED BY NDERF.ORG.....	14
This e-Book is the compilation of stories that were submitted to the NDERF.org website by people from all over the world.....	15
" Vortex"	17
NDE's - First part of 2004	18
John B NDE.....	19
Louis B NDE.....	20
Lavette H's NDE.....	21
Dan T's NDE.....	22
Wilfred B's NDE.....	23
Edna C's NDE.....	27
Monica M's NDE.....	28
Philip S's NDE.....	30
Maggie S's NDE.....	32
Joey's Son's NDE.....	33
Judith E's NDE.....	34
Catherine M's NDE.....	35
Ely L's NDE.....	37
Kay M.....	38
Sharlene B.....	39
Hans V.....	40
Nancy H.....	41
Nellie L.....	43
Brian N.....	44
Aubaud V.....	45
Marilyn Y.....	46
Barbara H.....	48
Vadra P.....	50
Ron A.....	51
Paula B.....	53
Connie J.....	54
Frieda.....	55
Jo D.....	56
Randi S.....	57
Joni H.....	61
Glenda H.....	62
Charlene K.....	63
Jerry W.....	64
NDEs - Second Part of 2004.....	65
Penny's NDE-Like.....	66
Marianna's NDE.....	67

Deborah D's NDE.....	68
Carolle's NDE.....	69
Paul G's NDE.....	70
Maria TK's NDE.....	75
Le MONDE's NDE.....	79
Alicia G's NDE.....	82
Cynthia P's NDE.....	83
Bardin 's NDE.....	84
Arthur's NDE.....	85
Niles R's NDE.....	86
Ethel H's NDE.....	87
Elzada O's NDE.....	89
Geraldine O's NDE.....	91
George S's NDE.....	92
David H NDE.....	93
Aissaoui's NDE.....	95
Carlos V's NDE.....	96
Nancy C's NDE.....	98
Sylvia C's NDE.....	103
Gloria G's NDE.....	105
Rebecca I.....	106
Barbara M.....	107
Karen B.....	108
Louis D.....	109
Darlene H.....	110
Robert M.....	112
Karol S.....	113
Tiya R.....	114
JoAnn R.....	116
AZ.....	117
Muriel F.....	118
Clark B.....	119
Ruth.....	121
Joanie J.....	123
Caan S.....	124
Les S.....	125
Renee G.....	127
Randall M.....	128
Michael D.....	129
Michelle M.....	130
Catherine G.....	132
Olivia G.....	133
John N.....	135
Gunter P.....	139

Mary L	140
Quinton T	141
Dan Ta	142
Angela S	143
Malcolm G	146
Ina N	147
"Angel of transformation"	149
NDEs - First Part of 2005	150
Cindy D's NDE	151
Joe D's NDE	152
Leslie M's NDE	153
Heidi D's NDE	154
Lisa S's NDE	155
Muhammad F's NDE	156
Jorge V's NDE	157
James P NDE - Like	158
Maria C's NDE	162
William AM's NDE	163
Chris L's NDE	165
Haya K's NDE	166
No Name NDE	167
Marie Claire's NDE	168
Jim B's NDE	169
Georgeanne M's NDE	170
Curt A's NDE	171
Derric B	172
Barbara S	173
Andy S	174
Julia M	176
Joseph M	177
John F	178
Joyce H	179
Richard G	181
Catherine M	182
Khadija H	183
Theresa G	184
Julie D	185
Richard L	186
Lorice	189
Catalin A	191
Anthony M	192
Gloria M	195
Adrien L	196
Peter H	197

Judi C	198
Sharon S	199
Mark H	201
Gina	213
Talia	214
Lorraine W	216
Marguerite S	217
Joel B	219
Ellen K	221
Corrine K	222
Anthony C	223
Elaine G	224
Debora E	225
Donald M	226
Richard P	227
Brandelyn W	228
Jack C	229
Jule L	232
Beckie H Mother	233
NDEs - Second Part of 2005	234
Monik J's NDE	235
Leo P's NDE	236
Mickey J's NDE	242
Mike W's NDE	243
Cheryl D's NDE	245
Dick B's Fear NDE	246
Jessica B's NDE	247
Jim Co's NDE	248
Lou F's NDE	253
Frances W	264
David S	265
Tina G	266
Patrick R	268
Cheryl	269
Paul S	270
David F	271
John B	272
Jaime G	273
Nevie G	275
Elsa	276
Ramie N	278
Elizabeth W	279
Bruce Y	280
Ruthie A	281

Akemi A	282
Saundra V	283
Reeva	284
Beth L	285
Guy S	286
Nicholas P	287
Polina	288
Kathy F	289
Mikae Y	290
C.D.	291
Andrew P	292
Mary W	295
Brant F	300
Melanie W	301
Pilar L	302
Terence D	303
Katie B	304
Fena D	305
Dove	307
Daniel R	308
Donni H	311
Marinda G	312
Rodney O	314
Fulvia B	315
Yvonne W	316
Cynthia W	317
Guan W	318
Ron K	319
Helga	328
Catherine R	329
Richard H	330
"Path into the light"	331
NDEs - First Part of 2006	332
Robin G's NDE	333
Marion's NDE - Like	334
Martha C's NDE	336
MF's NDE	338
Steve S's NDE	339
Don S's NDE	340
Karoline A's NDE	342
Arthur W NDE	343
Grace C's NDE	344
Margaret B's NDE	345
Pat B	346

Lizzette T	347
Jennifer N	348
Tarik	349
Karen G	350
IA	351
Carolina	353
Bobby H	355
Andreas SH	357
Francisco S	358
Erick M	359
Cecilia H	360
Murray R	361
Leta C	364
Geoffrey	365
Bruce C	366
Sandra C	367
Steve S	368
Katie	369
Brian S	370
Nikki	371
Johnathon	372
Julio M	374
Marco C	376
Jasun E	377
Terry M	378
Kenneth N	379
Christine E	381
Alejandro M	382
Ruby L	385
Freda S	386
Tristan Z	387
Tracy P	388
JoAnn C	389
Chuck B	390
Lori L	391
Donna M	392
Anne C	393
Carol W	394
Gary A	395
Jeanne	396
Sherry W	397
Roger M	398
Dan	400
Thomas R	402

Denny B.....	403
Brian H.....	404
Missy B.....	405
Hilary H.....	407
Esteban Fr.....	408
Louise B.....	410
Jackie H.....	411
Maria S.....	412
Petro B.....	414
NDEs - Second Part of 2006.....	415
Karyn T's NDE.....	416
Dr. Sahar's NDE.....	418
Craig B's NDE.....	419
G M NDE.....	420
Suzanne R's NDE.....	421
Mel's NDE.....	423
Peter D's NDE.....	424
Ricky S.....	425
Jared C.....	426
Oscar S.....	427
Anita M.....	428
Anita E.....	430
Jill.....	431
Florence O.....	432
Lloyd P.....	433
Catherine R.....	434
Lynn R.....	437
Michelle R.....	438
Jesse N.....	439
Dr. Ralph H.....	440
Filiesha L.....	442
Lavona F.....	445
Andrew S.....	446
Brian B.....	447
Roberta.....	448
Barbara J.....	449
Cathy M.....	451
Udon.....	453
"Transformation".....	454
NDEs - First Part of 2007.....	455
Sandi T NDE.....	456
Mathilde M's NDE.....	457
B V NDE.....	465
Jose M's NDE.....	466

Damien M's NDE	467
Dr. M. Ghalabi NDE	468
Danielle B NDE	470
Lala NDE	471
John D	473
Harry B	474
Kathleen D.....	475
Jim L	478
Sally F	479
Andrea C	480
Dauida A	481
Anthony R	483
Anthony K	484
Irene L	485
Darlene K.....	486
RF	487
James E.....	488
Cory P	489
William S	490
Della M.....	494
Janice	495
Larry B	496
Diana R.....	497
Cameron H	499
Connie L	500
Marlene K.....	501
Roy F	502
Dave A	504
Gwen P	505
Mark M	506
Andy B	507
Diane N	509
Norma H.....	510
Russel W.....	511
Jennifer	512
Mary P	513
Christopher R	514
Jean K	515
Francesca DB.....	516
Eugenia	517
Wayne R.....	518
William W.....	519
Caroline S	520
Aurora N.....	521

Sandra R.....	522
Barbara R.....	523
Cynthia R.....	524
Augustin.....	525
Douglas D.....	527
Connie V.....	531
Ruud L.....	532
NDEs - Second Half of 2007 - part 1.....	534
Anthony W FDE.....	535
Donnie H NDE.....	536
Alice S NDE.....	537
Karen B NDE.....	538
Valerie K Other.....	539
Mary L.....	540
Felicity W.....	541
Rebecca E.....	542
Ken D.....	543
James M.....	544
Nancy M.....	545
Barbara H.....	546
Alice S.....	548
Jewel H.....	549
Nanci D.....	550
Kristie T.....	553
Marney M.....	554
Jessica B.....	555
Roland D.....	556
Mitch R.....	558
Nancy S.....	559
Jim D.....	561
Joan D.....	562
Maria S.....	563
Phillip G.....	564
Karen D.....	565
Karie.....	566
Melvin H.....	567
Stephen C.....	568
Patrick L.....	570
Patricia S.....	571
Sherri A.....	572
R.L. S.....	573
Jonathan R.....	574
Vallia Y.....	575
James T.....	576

Flora S	577
Dan W	578
Mark D	579
Jill F.....	580
Melinda R.....	581
Juanita M	582
Rob D.....	583
Christine R.....	584
George R	585
Rusty S.....	586
Rhonda J.....	587
Diane S	588
Pat P	589
"Elevation".....	592
NDEs - Second Half of 2007 - part 2	593
Steven C NDE	595
Orson H NDE	596
Cindy M	597
Cynthi K.....	598
Misty G	600
Bonnie B.....	602
John H	604
Larry S	605
Patricia M.....	606
Theodosia Q.....	607
Sammy O.....	608
Lonna O	609
Peter M	610
James W	611
Terre D	615
Judy P	617
Valerie H.....	619
Raven R	620
Catherine A	621
Karina M.....	622
Pat H.....	623
Michele W.....	624
Ray V	625
Bonnie S	626
Jools G	627
Renee	628
John H	629
CJ L	631
Stephanie R.....	632

Sarah M.....	633
Patrick B.....	634
Sheri G.....	635
Jason C.....	636
Kerryanne M.....	637
Andrew P.....	638
Anika S.....	639
Anthony D.....	640
Erika K.....	641
Tabhita B.....	642
Kathy A.....	643
Padraic R.....	644
Debbie E.....	645
Cindy S.....	646
Charlene P.....	647
Walter G.....	648
"Transition".....	649

NDE'S COLLECTED BY NDERF.ORG

This e-Book is the compilation of stories that were submitted to the NDERF.org website by people from all over the world.

They are stories from every day people who for some reason or other have died or came close to death and have had an experience that they couldn't explain. The people who have written these stories are from all walks of life, from various ages in their life , (from very young) to (very old), from all different religions and even from people who never practiced or believed in any religion at all..... Before the age of the internet they had nowhere to write out their experience where other people could read about it, and if they tried to talk to anybody about their experience, quite often they found that

People didn't believe them

People thought they were crazy

They were told that they imagined it all or were hallucinating

They were told to not talk about their experience for various reasons

Or many other things that made it so they were afraid to share their experience, or just didn't have anywhere to share the experience .

Then came the age of the Internet and web sites like Dr Long's NDERF.org where someone was taking them seriously and they were given a place to express their story in their own words , anonymously, so that nobody could personally ridicule them.

Over 13 years of collecting the stories, there have been about 3600 collected so far but they are all on the internet and for someone to read them, they need to have an internet connection.

The purpose of us creating an e-Book of all the stories is so that they can be read offline in the various e-Book readers when you the reader so desires even if you don't have an internet connection .

We would also like to make them available for people who are dying and worried about what will happen when they die , to give them some hope and comfort that this is not the end of Life , but more so the beginning of a new chapter in their never ending life.

We as the compilers of these stories do not claim that they are true or claim that they are false.....

We only claim that these are the stories written by everyday people like yourself who believe themselves that they experienced what they have written.

We only wish to make these stories available to you, the reader so that you may form your own opinion, whatever that may be, as we are non partial and we are open to everybody's opinions and thoughts, whatever they may be

Good or Bad

Negative or Positive

Believe or Not Believe

We are presenting the stories , the information, with the hopes that it will help others to make their own choice and help to formulate your own beliefs ...

NDERF does not endorse, encourage or advocate for suicide in any way, shape or form.

" Vortex"



©Copyright Marguy Arbogast, Luxembourg, Europe All Rights reserved

NDE's - First part of 2004

John B NDE

It's simple.

I'm 14...it's Saturday and I'm riding my bicycle home from across town. I was going pretty fast down the hill toward a stop sign and busy route 31. Bushes and trees obstructed my view of the road to the left and right, and I was going too fast to stop. I decided to take my chances and dash across the highway. The very second I made that decision, I had a feeling of doom...a few seconds later...BAM!

I was broadsided dead center by a car doing over 40 miles an hour.

I remember the initial impact...my left leg was shattered...at that very instant...everything went slow motion....I felt no pain...but realized I had just begun getting hit by a car , and was it was not over yet. The next thing I remember was hitting the windshield...at which point everything went black for a moment....then....I was looking down at the accident scene. I had been thrown about 50 feet...the windshield was shattered but held together...my body leaving a large depression in the semi-penetrated glass. I saw myself on the ground in a fetal position on my right side. Somebody came up from behind and kneeled ...leaned forward and touched my shoulder. It was the driver of another car that had stopped. At that moment , I realized that it really was me down there... in my blue shirt and jeans, laying in the middle of route 31. My beautiful metallic blue Schwinn 5 speed was mangled. :(A few seconds later... judging by the activity i was seeing).....I wondered how i could be up here and down there at the same time. Then a few seconds later... i was "sucked" for lack of a better word, back into my body. The next image i saw was a close up of route 31 pavement.

I mentioned it in the ER... but they were concentrating on my injuries. I have mentioned to people over the years... but you have to experience it to believe it, and it does change the way one thinks about death. I only fear the deaths people I love... and will miss them. But I know there IS something on the other side... I have been there. :-)

That's about the size of it.

-jb

Louis B NDE

I was in a car accident, where my ribs were broken just before i died. As I slipped from my body I was standing all of a sudden in an area filled with red and green flowers. and off a little ways was a building and a man standing there, he told me to go to the window, I was amazed and confused about where I was and wondering how i got there from just being in a car wreck a min ago. I went to the window and they told me its not my time and to go back, so I went back to where I was standing when i first got there, and next thing I knew I was in the car accident again, back in pain once again.

Lavette H's NDE

I was unable to swim when I was pushed into a pool at the deep end. I sank like a rock when I touched the bottom of the pool my self as I call it came out of my body. I was instantly up and to the right of my body behind the right shoulder. I was very aware of the body I saw drowning was mine. Yet I had no sympathy for it as I watched it drown and struggle for life, I was completely unattached to it. I questioned immediately how can I be there and here at the same time?

I put my hands out in front of me and touched them together and felt the touch and recognized that they were my hands. I could not understand how this could be I took a deep breath and said, "wow I can breathe under water!" I was distracted by the voices of those poolside discussing the fate of my body as it drown. I could clearly here there words and was aware of their emotions concerning my drowning body but I still did not care about it and returned my attention to the fact that it did not hurt at all to die.

I was amazed at how much more real and vibrant the colors and light around me were. This is real and that body there was just a coat I had been wearing. It felt good to be out of it. I felt free from pain, confusion and all the heaviness of the weight of life on ones shoulders. My entire perspective on life was changing as fast as I could think. As I was basking in the wonder of it all the same one who pushed me in jumped in to get me. I watched as she pulled the body to the top of the water. As fast as my self came out of the body, it went back in and I was instantly very angry about it .

I could now feel the experience the body had while I was separate from it. It had been terrified and angry, scared and afraid. I had not experienced any of that yet now I was being forced to feel the state the flesh felt even though I wasn't there with it when it happened. I never saw through the body's eyes I could only feel what it was feeling about what had happened to it. I was also aware that nobody there had seen my self come out of me and I could not say anything to them about it. It seemed that while in the body it had priority and control of all my actions while in it. It had a strong survival instinct and was not aware of the fact that it is really ok to die. I then was aware that it doesn't hurt the self to separate but it hurts the body very badly . The self can experience the body while in it but the body cannot experience the self it is completely unaware of it's existence.

Dan T's NDE

I died for about 3 or 4 minutes 11 years ago and entered this other dimension that I took as being Heaven, certainly an afterlife. It was really beautiful, with gardens and fountains and small, countryside hills. The people appeared in Greek or Roman dress, very comfortable with white robes and sandal type shoes. A pocket of females were conversing near a majestic water fountain that also displayed Greek decor, with Seraphim, ivy and fruit. I didn't know what to do or say, so I just stood there and looked at them. A gorgeous blonde haired one lifted her head my way and the others turned to greet me with very warm smiles. Then a man walking down a brick path to my left suddenly appeared waving his arms to the group of women calling to them, "No! Do not speak to him, it is not his time."

The man was bearded and looked human, unlike the other Romanesque "Angels" of beauty. In fact he was wearing blue jeans and a checkered flannel shirt. He approached me to give me instruction, but when I slammed back into my body and later awakened in intensive care at the hospital, I do not remember at all what this man said to me. I recall entering the afterlife paradise instantly as if surfacing from a pool of water, the images became clearer until I was literally at this garden spot about 15 yards from the group of women talking. I did not recall any feeling of wind, a sun or any other upper atmosphere or planets. It was daylight, pleasant, colorful, but no weather, sunlight or water other than the fountain at which the women gathered. It was a very pretty place. I experienced it all as if looking through my eyes and did not have a body or spiritual form that I could detect.

Dan T., Richmond Virginia. This occurred on October 27th, 1993

Wilfred B's NDE

At approx. 1:30 PM on Sunday, Sept. 16th, 1979, I was traveling South on Arkansas Highway 7. This is generally located South of Russellville and the Arkansas River and more specifically South of the smaller town of Dardanelle. I had just reached the small community of Centerton and was enjoying a ride on my Kawasaki 400cc motorcycle. The destination was to a girl's house just a few more miles away for a Sunday dinner on this perfect weather day; nearly a total blue sky. A darker kind of blue sky that seems to be rarely witnessed in this day & age.

I began to take an easy curve to the left, and was moving at 60 mph while rounding the curve back into a South direction. I then noticed a large car stopped in the road, with the front end angled somewhat to the left as it was starting to turn into a driveway. The right side to back of the car still took up a lot of space on the right side of the road. I assumed it would turn on in, but then realized the driver seemed panicked & nervous. A large lady behind the wheel began waving her hands in a way that let me know she didn't know what to do. I knew then that hitting my brakes would only allow me to hit the back end more slowly, and I typically moved to my left better than my right, so I followed my instinct to try maneuvering the bike around the left side. I was wearing boots, and they helped give me enough stability to press my left foot into the gravel off the side of the road. I gained leverage and worked the bike back to a south direction while avoiding a ditch and going out of control. It might also have been a good thing that I was into power-lifting at that time; the good shape I was in and the added strength had to help.

My goal was to skim along the left shoulder of the road and just get by the left side of the car. But, as the front end was angled in towards the driveway, it cut me off and I bumped the side a couple of times. I noticed my speed at 45 mph, and then my elbow knocked the mirror off of the driver side of the car door. I maintained enough control to think I might make it through and then noticed the inevitable when I looked ahead. A row of 3 mail boxes, and each on very thick mounted posts. I just knew this could be the end for me, and I quickly and sincerely uttered "Dear God please let me stay, I don't want to go now."

And then a moment of duality. Physically, I knew I was going through the mail boxes. But before I heard anything hit, I immediately began to feel "myself" being pulled up. As I then looked up, I noticed my right arm extended up, and wondered to my self why it was so silky white. Forearm and hand, with texture, yet transparent. That deep blue sky all around. I was still marveling at my arm, and when realizing that I was higher in the air, these sparks began to form. Not exactly like a typical spark of electricity, but similar along with a thicker dimension to each spark. As a type of plasma with just enough of a thickness to notice black on one edge or side and silver on another side.

A spark, then three, then they began to "stream" together into a vertical line and travel down, then to my left, then upwards and then back to the right. Clockwise from my perspective at that time and place. Sparks flew as the "window" formed and the black/silver tones were still there. An orderly, crisp popping noise was present the entire time until an almost square rectangle had formed. As I was looking at this and really focusing on it, w/o losing a wince of consciousness, a presence of "others" began to show. There was a larger presence with at least three others around him. Seemed like a "him". I looked at the 3 others, and noticed distinct faces. Very concerned looks, and there may have been more of them, but the larger presence became even

larger and I changed my focus back to him. I only saw him from the waist on up. As if a type of table or device with borders was in front of him, blocking view to any other part. All of this was occurring inside of the borders of the "window" that opened up.

I felt small compared to what I was looking at. Flames of what seemed like fire shot up in his eyes. Moving hot flames rising over what appeared to be like burning embers of hot coal. He seemed to be over 15 ft. tall, though I have no real idea of what size would have been like in the place that I was being drawn into. It's not like I was totally pulled inside, but I was right at the opening and lost all sight of that blue sky. There appeared to be a type of white robe type of clothing covering him from his neck on down. His hair was very wavy and somewhat long. It appeared to be full of a type of static electricity. Silvery hair, very white body and face, with grayish to dark outlines and features. Grand and masterful looking, not scary at all, but with the presence to be reverent of.

For a moment, I looked at the others, and they still had a deep concerned look about them. There may have been more than three, but I didn't take time to totally notice. They were of more normal size and were really fixed on watching me. Their hair was somewhat wavy and long, and they had distinct eyebrows. I began to realize that time seemed different, and there was a "rushing wind" sound that was going on while time was slower. I could also hear what was happening on the motorcycle, but this hearing seemed to be in slow motion. The thought I had at the time seemed like listening to a semi-solid wrap of sausage being beaten against a metal wall.

I then looked back up, and this large lead presence had it all under control. How? My eyes became stuck to viewing his, because I could have never imagined it. They had begun to turn into a whirlpool of plasma like energy. Both eyes were spinning w/ layers that gave it that whirlpool look. Seemed clockwise from my perspective. The deepest look of concentration you could experience. I then began to feel myself to pull back, and the lead presence and others began to shrink away, the window became smaller, blue sky was noticed, the popping sounds came back, that boundary of plasma energy began to move counter-clockwise with sparks of energy sparking away as the line went back to where it had come from, followed by a few sparks and then disappearing.

I felt my self come back down and I was steering the motorcycle through the last mail box, when I knew the bike was about to fall over. I took it on faith that I should just leap forwards off of it, and though I hadn't had time to mull it all over, I knew that because of what I had been experiencing, I would be fine by jumping away from the crash. I sprung up into the air at about a 30 degree angle and sprawled my body with hands spread out in front and legs fully extended away from my waist. While shooting through the air, my instinct was to look up and to my right, and I saw three of the others that I had seen earlier. One face at a time with each in its own "cloud" like enclosure. They seemed to be concentrating on me, and apparently helped finish the process of keeping me alive and not hurt nearly as badly as I could have been.

I landed and skidded on the shoulder of the highway and finished by turning over a few times in the grass. My blue jeans had some black marks on the right leg and grass stains on the left, with some scratches on the knees of the pants. They weren't ripped, and I suffered no bleeding on either leg. Very faint scratches on my knees and a strange mark on the medial side of my left leg just below the knee. I had never had any veins show through my skin on my legs, but since then & to this day, a small section of veins can be seen. It never did feel different. I was wearing a

red jersey style tee shirt with white trim, including a white football in the chest area and "Arkansas Razorbacks" printed on it. After skidding, the right half was black with a few small holes, and the left side was green from the grass. The football was no longer white. To this day, I wish I hadn't washed it so much, or had worn it. I still have it, but most stains have been washed out. I had no scratches anywhere on my upper body, left arm or face. Shoulders, chest, backside were not affected whatsoever.

My right arm was another story. I had a good rip on the elbow from the mirror it knocked off of that car, and I had two large gashes on the medial side just down from the main area of my forearms. Some skin had been eroded away from the top part of the forearm, and scrapes and small gashes on the back and front of my right hand occurred. There was a lot of bleeding and gravel had been swept into the wounds. I could move my arm, and there were no broken bones, no joint injuries. I surprised the group of people who had gathered that I was up walking around, and picked up and accessed the damage to the bike.

They told me I should take a look at myself, and be checked out. At the time they were talking to me, I was fully cognizant of the experience I had just had, and was sorting it out. I knew I didn't need to be worried about anything. My first thought while setting in the grass before getting up? It wasn't that I told myself it was a miracle, but I thought to myself that it was "scientific". I wasn't upset about the motorcycle or about the car that wouldn't move. I found out from the highway patrolman that the lady suffered from high anxiety and heart problems, and she just froze when she saw my motorcycle coming up in her rearview mirror. I knew something grand had happened, and thanked God for the angels he sent to help, though they didn't look like "textbook" angels.

The motorcycle was in bad shape & too damaged to drive or start. It was nearly totaled and I later sold it as junk. I surveyed the mail boxes. All three were knocked off the posts, and it seemed that my right arm knocked the first one off, if not also the second. The first 8" diameter post was broke in half w/ both pieces laying to the side. The middle post was a railroad tie and it was knocked over at a 45 degree angle. The third post was 8" like the first, and was knocked out of the ground on its side. All of these posts were to the left of the path I took. The helmet that I was wearing did not have a single scratch. I was face level w/ the mailboxes before striking them. I think that as my spirit was rising up, that my physical body came up some as well. By keeping my hands on the front handles, the arm took the brunt of the accident while my head missed it. I also noticed, after walking back towards the bike, that my Casio watch was missing. I never felt it pull on my left arm, scrape it or fly off. I was encouraged to go into the house where this happened and wash off in the bath tub. While I was doing this, the patrolman found my watch. It was about 15 feet in front of where I picked myself up at. The band wasn't broken, but we couldn't figure out how it came off. It may have popped open when I jumped off & extended my arms. I did think inside about how time seemed to slow down during the experience, and then speed back up when I came back down. So I kept wondering if that's why the watch was removed. Who knows?

Before leaving the scene, eight bystanders seemed stunned. I just tried to be matter of fact about it all. I was full of energy, and beaming on the inside. I couldn't really tell anyone exactly what had just happened, as I didn't know them well enough. They convinced me to ride with the patrolman into Dardanelle to the hospital, and he also thought I should stay overnight just to make sure there were no internal injuries. The worst part was the large pan of hydrogen

peroxide that my right arm was dipped into. They didn't know where to start on my arm, so they dipped it all at once. I hadn't had any pain from the accident until that happened.

I called my roommate from Arkansas Tech University, and he brought some items up for me. While waiting for him, I was laying in the hospital bed (felt foolish, because I knew nothing else was wrong) and another person in the room was hooked to some machine. It happened to quit working and a nurse came in. She became quite perplexed as it had never quit, shouldn't have quit and should have been on a back up plan to restart. Frustrated, she left to find a doctor. My mind had been going through a lot, as this experience was "burned" into my consciousness. No doubt, all experience. I felt a surge of confidence in my faith, and meditated that the machine would start back up w/in 30 seconds. It did, and when the nurse came back in, she couldn't understand it and felt embarrassed by an upset doctor she brought in.

My friend brought some items in for me, and I finally had to tell someone what had happened with me. He was from a much different background than me spiritually, but we were both becoming more non-denominational at the time, and he listened w/ great interest. And he knew I was honest, that I wouldn't have a reason to fantasize about it. My arm was totally bandaged from the fingers to the shoulder, and I wasn't able to bend it enough to even drink a glass of water. So I wrote left handed the next two weeks, lifted my weights w/ just my left arm and did as much normally as I could. At two weeks, the bandages were taken off and the doc was very impressed with how well it looked. Just minor bandages after that and I could resume any activity that wouldn't knock them off.

Edna C's NDE

I was in the hospital and the nurses and doctors were checking what meds I could- or could not have because of a medic alert bracelet. suddenly I was standing over my body and watching what was going on. Someone called for the crash cart. Everyone was racing around. I thought, well, I must be dead, so what am I supposed to do? Then I looked to the right. I floated in the direction of a tunnel and light. Grandmother was there. Then, grandfather and my dad, all long dead.

Grandmother told me not to go there. The time was not yet. Then I saw a man in flowing white robes with a book. the book was opened and on it was writing in gold. The book was white. He turned the pages and there were blank places on some of the pages. He told me that this was to show me that there were times when things were blanked out and remembered no more because I had done things to overcome wrong doing.

Then a man spoke to me from behind. He asked me three times why I wanted to die. My three youngest children were aged eleven, thirteen and fourteen. So my first response was, my children.

He replied that it was not a good enough reason. Then he showed me what would happen to the children if I did not go back. He said that I had provided wisely for my children in case something should ever happen to me. they would be adopted and raised by a family from the Blood Indian reserve. They would adjust, be well educated and do very well.

Then he said, "Now, why do you want to live?"

I replied, my vow.

It was like the gentle voice that was penetrating my being through mental telepathy had suddenly turned to thunder. He replied, "Finally you have remembered your vow. You have been so busy getting an education, getting a good job and getting ahead in the world, you have put your vow last. If you are allowed to return you must put your vow first above all else. Do this and all that you need and even desire will be added to you. Just one thing. You will be left with a reminder to put your vow first for the remainder of your life. A reminder to go slow and not run."

Then I floated over to my body and entered it through the head and shoulders.

The vow was made ten years previous when I was given 3 to 6 months to live. I promised that if I could live to raise my children, I would serve my people for the rest of my life. Since that experience I have put the vow first and my life has been richer for it.

Monica M's NDE

I am a type 1 diabetic. I lived on my own but when I felt ill I would stay at my parents. Well, on Saturday, November 20, 1999, I had the flu and of course was with my parents. Nothing special. My parents wanted me to go to the ER, but I of course, refused and said the next day I would go if not better. Well, I stayed on the couch that night due in part to the fact I could walk straight and all the pain and trouble breathing. As the night went on I started to do some crazy things. I thought the alarm clock my mom brought down was a glass of water and picked it up to drink a few times. I also started to breath heavily and go in and out of deep sleep. Then, I woke up at 8:10 and started talking to my mom. (she was in a recliner behind me)

I told her it was my time to go and that I loved her and all I ever wanted out of life was to be a happy girl. I kept telling her this over and over. In between though, I kept telling the person who was waiting for me to "shut up, and quit being an asshole." This person I did not know or ever seen before, but he was there to take me with him. All the while this was going on my sister upstairs could hear and kept thinking to herself "shut up already" then she said she heard a voice say "she's dying" over and over. During this time my mom came over to the couch and laid down on the other end and rubbed my extremely cold legs (as she put it) and got me to go back to sleep. By 8:25, I was gone.

My mom woke up to use the restroom around 10 and get me ready for the ER visit. When a voice said to her, "she's dead and you'd better do something." That's when my mom ran to me (mind you I am right beside her watching and listening to her). Then she ran for my dad. My sister came down at the time and told my mom to look at me and said she's dead. (I was the "death grey" as they call it.) My dad came down and shook me and yelled for me to wake up. Then he thought coffee table out of the way and my mom did compressions and my dad did breaths. My sister called 911 and I hung with her on the porch for awhile until I heard a siren in the distance.

Then suddenly I was grabbed up and felt myself go into what was like a waiting room. It was peaceful and I loved it. I wanted to stay. I had an overview of my life, who I should be with and who I shouldn't, what life was and a taste of it I guess is a way to put it. I only remember a feeling of it now but at the time I know it was beautiful. I also remember hearing prayers from my family. I remember some of their thoughts and fears too. I remember them being told that I was down way too long and I was, as I put it now, MUSH. They need to let me go. Then I remember prayers. I wanted to stay and I guess you could say fought to stay and was angry I got pushed back out and told to live. That's when to the amazement of everyone, I opened my eyes and held out my hand to my shocked parents sitting beside me. I couldn't say anything because of the tube down my throat but I do remember looking at the little board across from my bed and it said, Monday, November 22, 1999 and your nurses today are, Terri and Teresa.

And I went back to sleep. Only to find many visitors who couldn't believe I was alive staring at me. I went through, pardon my pun, hell to get where I am today. I remember the peace and goodness I felt but also a slight anger towards being back. I've tried to talk about all this and more to my mom but it's too much for her and she herself has been through hell and back due to this. My sister has been great and my husband (I was dating him at the time) has been wonderful too. It's so hard to put in words the feelings and words that were spoken during my

"out time". It's hard to find the right words to write to you to even have you begin to understand an ounce of what it was like. No meanness meant.

Philip S's NDE

I was lying in bed, as i do right before i go to sleep. I reached over and turned off my light. the next thing i knew, there was a sharp pain in my chest, and then a blanket of darkness fell over me. Suddenly, there was a popping feeling from my body, and the next thing i knew i was floating above my bed. I was floating above my body. i could see myself as another person would. it was not like a mirror, it was as if i was looking through someone else's eyes. I discovered that i could move, and at an expedient speed too. i examined my body, from top to bottom, front to back. I had a feeling of weightlessness, no more feeling. my body was just lying there, its eyes closed, its hand clutching its chest where the incident had occurred.

all of the sudden, i noticed two figures, figures like me. I sensed that i knew them, but not in this life. in fact, not in any life. They greeted me, and asked me how i had taken all of this. I felt peaceful, no feelings of anguish or any sort of pain. we did not speak. there was no need. it was like telepathy, but even more evolved than that. i had remembered by this time that they were angels. my guardians. they were also my best friends before life, when i was not a physical being, but when i was like them. before all of this. one soon left, and the other told me to follow the path that i had chosen for myself. he told me that i could stay, and that often times many do, to comfort the loved ones, or i could leave then, and God could comfort them in my stead. He then left quickly.

The next thing i knew, i was being sucked into a wake of some sort. a tunnel of blackness, or darkness. but it was not frightening. it was peaceful, and very warm. i could feel only good in that. i do not how long that had lasted, or even if there was such a concept as time at that moment. I was then released from the tunnel into pure light. i saw a figure approach. not really a figure as it was just a being made of light, with no form. it is difficult to explain. i knew at the moment i saw him it was Jesus, the Christ. he took me into his arms, and told me that i was not suppose to have entered this existence yet. he asked me if i had any questions about the world, and i did. thousands of them. and i asked, and he answered them just as quickly as i had asked them. i was gaining huge knowledge. about the world, and everything in it. about the existence of man, and its purpose. he then told me that he was to take me to the Father. He did so.

As i exited the room of light, i entered a world, a new universe, filled with an uncountable number of colors. i noticed now i was pure light. i noticed others too. other deceased. all were made of light. I was taken to another place. it was as if it were billions of miles away, but we were there instantly. We entered a huge chamber, another chamber of light. There was a throne, sort of. God was sitting upon it, and Jesus at his right hand. The virgin mother was present as well, and also John the Baptist. God rose from his chair, and then greeted me. All the while, since i had first seen Jesus, there was an irrepressible feeling of love. love for one another, and love for the world and all of its people. a feeling of overwhelming peace. there were no bad feelings in this entire experience.

God asked me: How did you serve your fellow man? I told him that i did not know. Just then my soul filled with my entire past, and almost instantly it was over. my whole life was looked at and through, and my whole life was judged in an instant. God then told me that i had been judged justly and that i was welcomed into his kingdom of heaven, but that it was not my time to leave the human existence. he stated also since i was here already, he would not force me to leave. He told me that if i should leave, after experiencing such a thing, i would only go back to a world

where the pain would now magnify. I was ornery at first to make this decision, but God told me exactly what my purpose should be. He told me my purpose, but then told me that most of the knowledge, including the knowledge of my purpose would be taken from me if i chose to go back. I do not remember the knowledge that was given to me, nor the purpose that God had in mind anymore. But i do still trust him.

Apparently, i made the choice to come back. The world now is more painful than i remember it. But i have complete knowledge of where i am going now, and no fear. There is no need for me to have faith in the Lord now, as i have in my mind factual information. But anyway, i remember that all the way up to the point of choosing, and then i felt a rush, and some sort of breeze, as if i were traveling super speeds, and then a popping sensation. I then woke up on a hospital bed, where there was a sheet over me. i opened my eyes, and there was more darkness, but not pure darkness. just night darkness. i felt heavy. i felt cold and clammy. sweaty. i had a nasty taste in my mouth, and my chest hurt. i tried to lift my arm, but it hurt too much. i lay there, regaining my strength. then i push the sheet off, and walked out of the room. i went out a door, and recognized the hospital as the one i normally attend for my regular appointments and such.

i went to the waiting room where my parents were. my mother was crying and my father looked dazed. i said something and they whipped their heads around. a doctor and nurse came running down the hall, and then more from another hall. my mom screamed and then fainted, and my father bolted up, as if terrified. The doctor just started asking questions, and i answered them as quickly as i could. I was dead for nearly 4 hours. It felt as if i was in heaven for days and days. They made me go back to my room, and my father followed. my mother was put up on her own bed. she woke up shortly after, and came running in, hugging and kissing me. they asked questions too. they told me that they saw me dead. my father had come in the night, shortly after i had expired. he heard a yell from me that i did not remember. he checked my pulse, and everything too and could find nothing. The doctors were 100 % sure i was dead. i had no activity in any part of my body. It is both a mystery why i had died in the way that i did, and then arose. I am living my life now as i had before, but with a new knowledge. a knowledge that strengthens not only me, but all whom i talk to.

Maggie S's NDE

I was at the hospital, but I did not know where, and I was in great pain, so great I felt I could not bear it anymore. I looked around me and it seemed like I was in a space ship of some kind - everything was stainless steel and white. I thought I'd been taken. (by Aliens, perhaps? But I realized this was only wishful on my part.) (I've always wanted to be taken by a Space Ship to visit another planet.) My feelings were about not wanting to die yet - I have so much I want to do yet.

I did not want to die, but I knew I could not bear the pain anymore. Then it seemed I was transported somewhere else - I don't remember any white lights or tunnels, nothing like that. But there was a great meadow of green grass and flowers, flowers in pink and purple and yellow. My mother was to the right near a bench, something like a park bench where one might sit to rest, and she was planting large plants beside the bench at the end of it. I think the flowers were orange tiger lilies. I tried to get her to look at me, but she would not. I called her and called her, and she paid no attention to me whatsoever. It was as if she could not see me or hear me. That made me feel so peaceful for some reason. So I moved on.

Over to my left, on a hill was my best friend Buddy, who killed himself a few years ago. He was looking west, in the opposite direction of my mother. He appeared to be smoking a pipe, but he never smoked, so I know he wasn't smoking. Then I realized it was not my friend Buddy there, but Alfred Hitchcock. He gave me a chiding look and walked away, away from where I was. I was so tired after this experience I fell asleep where I was, in a very soft, plushy bed of pillows. I thought I was still going to die and had to wait. I don't know what I was waiting for, but I had to wait. So I slept as I waited. I felt no pain and I felt a relief from my heart, as if I did not have to worry about everything after all. When I woke up, it felt like I was being pulled from where I was in a whoosh - I was alive still, in enormous pain, and 3 of my friends were there looking at me smiling! They were Guy, Sandy, and Emily.

Joey's Son's NDE

My son went into insulin shock while sleeping and woke up trying to speak but he couldn't. He said afterward, he was invisible and could see himself and me and my wife as we tried to help him. This has happened twice while he was sleeping and he always says the same thing. That he could see himself. Well the first time he said he saw a monster barking at him but that was exactly the sound he was making during his fit. My son is very closed mouth about what happened to him and will not describe it any further than to say he goes invisible. When I asked him if he could see himself he said "yes."

Judith E's NDE

I had this procedure done several times before and what I experienced was totally different than the last time. When I was given the medicine previously I remember feeling a strong jolt and instantly at that time my heart slowed down and was beating normally. I am on medication now that keeps my heart beating with a normal rhythm and it works beautifully. The condition that I have what is called Aortic Valve Regurgitation (means it doesn't close properly). I believe it is the cause of the rapid heartbeat also. My father had his Aortic Valve replaced. My grandmother had what they called a leaky valve. There wasn't much they could do for her at that time. My father said she would say "my heart is just running away with me". I feel so bad that she wasn't able to get any relief from it.

I got off the track, but this last time that I was in ER, it was handled in the exact same way and the results were the same. However, what I felt happening to me was not the same at all. I saw them put the medicine into my IV and immediately after I saw that something very odd happened to me. I have no idea what happened but I will try to explain it the best that I can.

All of a sudden.....I was somewhere else. I didn't know where, but I was alone. The room that I was in was gone or maybe I was gone. But I wasn't in it. The doctor and nurse were gone, but they never left. I guess I left, but I don't know where I was. I can remember " I wonder what I am doing." I was not afraid or especially curious. I just kind of went along with what was happening like it didn't matter. I felt like I had left, or at least I had left the emergency room and everybody else. I believe I left my body too, because I couldn't see any of it. I also could not feel it. I just felt very light and peaceful and curious. I felt as if I was in a recliner heading forward as if the grade was similar to a plane taking off. I wasn't going straight up but I was going up and forward. It was kind of dark, but not totally black. It was more like a gray misty color, rather like a fog. At the same time I felt as if I wasn't in the room anymore and was traveling along to somewhere and alone, a noise was part of the sensation. I couldn't hear the doctor or nurse talk or see them. It was just me. As I was going to say, at the exact same time I left and started to move through what was like space, a very strange noise was there. It was like a ZHOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMM. It seemed to last a long time in a way, but I know it really didn't. I suddenly saw something I recognized.....a circle of white clouds with a circle of blue sky in the middle. Then it was over and I knew I was back. I was in the room I had been a few seconds before and I remembered the faces of the doctor and nurse and they were just talking normally as though nothing had happened. I really wasn't sure but something very un-normal had just happened and I knew that if I lived to be 150 I would never forget it.

Catherine M's NDE

In 1962 I was giving birth for the first time. Nurses had determined I needed pain medication, even though I was having none, only strong contractions. Immediately, I experienced extreme pain. It was as if my mind had separated, and the reasoning part was unable to coach the other part to relax and let the birth process proceed naturally. Soon labor stopped, and a shot was administered to begin the contractions again; then more Demerol, etc., etc. It felt as if someone was stomping on my spine each time I roused with contractions. In the delivery room, I was told to inhale of ether with each contraction, but when there was no relief from the pain I begged the anesthesiologist to please turn on the gas, and "Nothing is coming through." I was crushing the hand of the student nurse, and finally, I could bear no more. I took a deep breath and just let go.

Suddenly, I was overlooking the delivery table, which was surrounded by a staff of deeply worried nurses and doctors. I realized I was in no pain and rejoiced. But feeling sorry because of the anxiety below, I said, "It's okay...I don't hurt anymore." I felt such incredible love for them, and when it was apparent that they hadn't heard me I said, "No really, I'm fine. I don't hurt."

I frowned, feeling slightly frustrated, wanting so much to help them understand that there was no need to be concerned about me. Then a male voice said, "Your baby needs you."

I looked around, noticing for the first time the gray, swirling mist, that I've come to call love. Such incredible love exists, more than we can imagine. I wanted to see the person behind the voice, who said again, with more emphasis now, "Your baby needs you."

I was confused, but looked at the table again, and this time saw my distraught husband handing our daughter to his mother, a stern woman whose penchant for time schedules was often in conflict with my lack of punctuality (even the baby was three weeks over-due). Many women came to comfort my husband, and he married, had more children with her, but our daughter was not allowed to be part of his new family. My beautiful child held out her hands to her father, who found reason after reason why he couldn't love her, and she was sad and sickly. But my mother-in-law absolutely beamed. I didn't want to go back into the pain, but enough was enough. "No way in hell will she have my baby," I yelled at What's-his-name, and fled the mist.

I think I must have scared them, for the mask was held over my nose and the ether turned on full enough to put me out for the forceps delivery. (Naturally, I didn't share this story with anyone for years).

In 1969, after a troubled pregnancy during which I took DES throughout, I elected to try a spinal block for the delivery. Blue lights were pinging about, but until a second dose of "stuff" was added to the drip I was able to shake the lights away. I said, "Something's wrong," but was told I was fine. I said it again, and suddenly three nurses are trying to locate the baby's heart-beat. Numbness is spreading from my feet upward. I'm watching this with interest, thinking, "They say that the brain is the last to die," as the staff is yelling "Breathe, breathe," at me. But I can't respond.

The "Voice" enters here. "I'll help you breathe," he says, and begins to inhale and exhale, compelling me to follow his directive.

Immediately, I'm rushed into delivery, and the baby is literally pushed out of me. I was told that the problem was that I had refused the "relaxation shot" before the spinal was administered. (This is the shot that made me go lose control during labors one and two). A friend told me that the spinal had paralyzed my diaphragm.

Ely L's NDE

I was sailing with my wife and son. It was his first time out and my wife was showing him what to do. I was going to tack but she forgot to release the line. The sailboat capsized. There was a sailboat race going on so the safety boat came over to help right us. I hooked on a line and he pulled the boat upright but the line my wife had forgotten to release was still hooked and it went over again. There was 25 knot winds out that day. I went over to release the line so they could right it again, but I got caught in some lines and the boat kept going over.

I couldn't get loose and I couldn't hold my breath any longer so I just gave up. All of a sudden a peace came over me and I was outside the boat looking towards my son. The safety asked if he could see me and he said no. I was next at the front of the boat looking at the safety boat with my wife in it, and I watched as they pulled the boat upright again. As the boat came upright I was suddenly back in it on top of the lines. I raised my head up and looked at them and unlocked the sail that was locked.

They towed the boat in and told me to go sit down as I looked extremely pale. I was very weak. My wife had terminal cancer so I never told her what had happened. She was very upset that I might have gone first. I was directly in my son's line of vision when he looked at the boat searching for me, and I was in plain sight for all three people in the safety boat when they asked my son. It wasn't until later that I realized that the peace was that I wasn't getting any stimulus from my body and I wasn't breathing until I raised my head when they righted the boat. I saw no tunnel or light or past family members. I have always been sensitive with visions in dreams and awake.

Kay M

My friend told me she could make me pass out. I, being a naive 8 or 9 yr old didn't believe her. She dared me to let her try and I went ahead with it not believing any thing would happen. She had me lean over and breath really fast, she stood behind me and squeezed my stomach really tight. The next thing I remember is being in a void. Then all around me almost as if i were one with them, were colors. More than are here on earth and a feeling of peace. I felt like I was surrounded by love, comfort and peace. I also heard music but not like we hear it here. It seemed as one with the colors. I felt like I understood this all and wanted to stay. Then a sad feeling and I opened my eyes to my friends staring with very worried looks on their faces. They said it had taken a long time for me to wake up. It felt like only a few minutes to me.

After this experience I felt I could understand a lot of adult emotional situations even though I hadn't had the life experience to yet account for this. As an adult, I usually instantly know peoples true personalities even when I don't care to know. This has been ever since I have had this experience as a child. I don't know what to call this but I'll never forget it.

Sharlene B

I RETIRED TO BED WITH MY PARTNER (NOW HUSBAND). I CAN'T RECALL HOW LONG I HAD BEEN ASLEEP. BUT MY HUSBAND READS IN BED, USUALLY FOR ABOUT AN HOUR, AND I REMEMBER VIVIDLY THAT HE WAS STILL READING.

I WAS LYING ON MY BACK WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN I HAD SUCH EXCRUCIATING CHEST PAIN. I REMEMBER THINKING THAT IT WAS SO BAD THAT I THOUGHT THAT I WAS HAVING A HEART ATTACK. I TRIED TO HIT MY HUSBAND WITH MY LEFT ARM TO GET HIS ATTENTION BUT I WAS TOTALLY PARALYZED.

NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS FLOATING ABOVE MY BED LOOKING DOWN AT MYSELF AND MY HUSBAND. I COULD STILL SEE HIM READING AND I APPEARED TO BE ASLEEP.

THE PAIN REMAINED EXCRUCIATING BUT SUDDENLY I DIDN'T FEEL AFRAID. MY SURROUNDINGS WERE PINK AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I HEARD MY MOTHER'S VOICE BEHIND ME (I NEVER SAW HER-SHE PASSED AWAY IN MARCH 1992). SHE TOLD ME THAT IT WASN'T MY TIME YET AND THAT I WAS TO GO BACK FOR MY SONS.

ALL OF A SUDDEN I WAS BACK IN MY BODY AND I COULD STILL FEEL THE LASTING EFFECTS OF THE PAIN THAT I HAD EXPERIENCED IN MY CHEST. MY HEART RATE WAS 230 BPM AND IT WAS POUNDING. I TOLD MY HUSBAND ABOUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED AND HE TOLD ME THAT I NEVER MOVED OR MADE A SOUND THE WHOLE TIME I HAD THIS "EXPERIENCE". I CANT PUT A TIME FRAME ON THE EPISODE BUT ONCE AGAIN MY HUSBAND WAS STILL READING SO TO ME IT MUST HAVE BEEN VERY QUICK.

Hans V

It all begun by driving up Mt Charleston one day with school friends! We decided to pick up two girls from another school nearby ours and play hooky! We left to drive home again at about 3 pm in the afternoon from the top of Mt Charleston to Vegas....we realized that we did not have enough petrol in the tank to make it all the way home to Las Vegas. So we decided to coast down this enormous hilly highway leading up to this mountain. The car we drove was a 1962 Chevrolet corvair monza. It belonged to the fellow who was my very best friend. He was driving the vehicle!! As we got further down the hilly road - we collected a very fast pace of speed and the driver did not realize that the brakes did not work on the car with the engine shut off!! He lost control of the vehicle and we tumbled down the side of the mountain in the car with the car! (One girl was killed, another received slight injuries, and the fellow had hardly any injuries on him as he was thrown out of the car, incredible as it was a convertible!!)

I went for the entire ride till the car finally stopped!! I floated above the vehicle. I noticed a crew from a helicopter carrying a gurney on which they loaded my body!! I saw me..bloody...beaten...they had me as dead. They mentioned it. I heard it said, but I felt wonderful where I was. I floated very very peacefully through the air as I watched happily as I was being removed. It was me that they removed!!!! I saw the helicopter with me in the gurney by the side of the cabin take off into direction Vegas and I lost consciousness immediately afterwards.

During this time, I feel me riding as a little boy on a beautiful merry go round, lovely organ music, beautiful white clothes. I was happy, smiling and laughing with all the other kids. We experienced total bliss. My other little friends were also decked out in white clothing...going around and around. A man got up, walked across to the handles of the machine which powered the merry go round and stopped it. He called out my name and asked me to get off the merry go round. I was so very sad. I cried, but I got off. He told me it was time to leave this.

I woke up. I looked up and saw my face in the mirror on my hospital bed. My face was a mess. I couldn't move. I shouted obscenities. I wanted to die for taking me back to this shitty life and so I started what I called my new horrible life. I was angry because they ordered me back to this.

Nancy H

(I don't have much time right now for detail but will give a brief description)

I was at the dentist having a root canal done. The dentist had a cocaine problem (I knew him somewhat socially) and was high while working on me. He cranked the nitrous (sp?) oxide up really high and was cutting off my air supply with the mask. I am very drug sensitive and felt myself going right out of my body. I struggled back, took off the mask and told him what was going on and he said that I just needed to "relax and go with it". So I did.

I went out of my body and was floating up over us. I had an urge to pass right through the second story wall to the outside and did. I hovered over the Pacific Coast Highway and watched cars passing by below. I felt extremely peaceful. After a little while I had a pleasurable urge to just shoot through space and sort of streamlined my form (although I never looked at my spirit body) and rocketed out into the cool, dark space. Yes, I could feel that it was cool out there and the darkness was calm and peaceful.

I started noticing little points of light whizzing past me (or I past them). I don't know what they were but they looked like stars in the night sky. It seemed that I was traveling at the speed of light, although I can't say what I base that on. Very suddenly I stopped traveling. I had been looking downward the whole time and so I can't say if I was traveling toward a light or not, but when I looked up I was on the beginning fringes of the most beautiful GOLDEN LIGHT. I know others talk of a white light, but the light I experienced was very golden. The light had little sparkles in it like glitter and when the light passed through me it had intelligence and emotion. It filled me with unconditional pure, pure love and intense peacefulness.

I looked ahead and saw an old friend of mine who had killed himself sometime before. We communicated with a sort of telepathy in that we talked by exchanging thoughts. I "said" "Scott!! Are you alright??" and he said "I'm SO alright! Just look at where I am!" We hugged and I could feel his body. (to this day I can feel the place on my arm where his arm wrapped around mine!) At about this point I realized that if I was where Scott was, I must also be dead. I started to feel a panic about whether or not I would go to hell for having had an abortion. The light communicated to me that I was completely loved and that the difficulty of the human condition was totally understood. I was told "EVERYTHING IS COMPLETELY ALRIGHT" I can't communicate the intense and all encompassing nature of that statement, but it completely washed away every single fear I ever had.

I was told by Scott at that time that I had gone too far and that I had to turn around and go back right away. As I turned around to face back toward the direction of earth I could hear the dentist saying "come back, please come back!" I also heard him hit my body as if to attempt to bring me around. I was also told that there was a lot more that I had to do before I was going to come back. This was told to me with sort of a fatherly chuckle as if I had been like a rambunctious kid in going there so soon and had a long and interesting life ahead to take care of before returning.

I felt sorry for the dentist who sounded like he was "freaking out" and immediately shot back into my body. When my spirit re-entered my body I didn't fill it out any more. I was a little ball

behind my chest wall and I had to try to push my chest up in order to take my first breath. It was the hardest thing I have ever done!! The moment that I gasped my first breath my spirit suddenly filled out my whole body from top to bottom. I lay there with my eyes closed trying to think of what to say to the dentist because this had been the most holy experience of my life and I was listening to the dentist talk to the nurses completely frantic and I knew he was afraid of being sued.

I felt that if I were to tell him what happened he might say it was all a dream or something so I decided to protect the experience. I just opened my eyes and said "That was weird!" You could have heard a pin drop in there. They were all terrified looking and never said a word to me about what happened at all. I had listened to them talk before they thought I was awake and knew what happened and felt nothing but grateful for the experience so I decided to just leave it alone.

Nellie L

I had pre-eclampsia before a C-section and 24 hours after delivery I had an eclamptic convulsion that was so severe my heart stopped.

All I remember of the seizure was feeling cold. It was as though a blanket of snow had been unrolled over me beginning at my toes. When it hit my chest, my spirit floated up and out of my body. I could see the ceiling tiles coming closer, and I heard someone shouting out into the hallway of my room. I looked down and saw my body lying on the bed and knew it was dead. I experienced a moment of regret, because it was a good body and I had been fond of it, but it was no more than the regret a person would feel at seeing a beautiful purebred dog lying dead beside the highway. Two nurses and a doctor rushed in and began CPR and I remember thinking why waste all that time and effort? I was done and I was ready to move on.

I turned my attention upward again and I floated through the ceiling and the plenum and into the attic. I saw the roof trusses, air ducts, conduits, insulation, etc. in extreme detail. But when I passed through the roof and should have been outside, I was instead in a darkness so deep and dense it was almost physically palpable. This darkness was pierced by a straight beam of light that originated way above me and slightly to the left (this would have been to the west-southwest and about 80 degrees elevation). It was blue-white and extremely bright but very beautiful and not at all unpleasant to look at. Then I accelerated suddenly and it felt like I was "falling up" toward the light.

In perhaps a count of three I was at the light and I was stopped at a barrier. I looked at the light and I experienced an overwhelming flood of peace, joy, and unconditional love. I knew that God was behind that light, and there with Him was everything we could imagine to be beautiful, good, just, merciful, and righteous, in a far greater measure than the human mind can conceive. Even after so many years I do not have words to describe this adequately. I wanted nothing more than to step over that barrier and go through the light to where God was. I said oh, yes, please.... But it was not to be. A man's voice came from nowhere and said, "Go back. It isn't time." The words were burned into my memory and so was the voice itself, its pace, pitch, timbre, and pronunciation. It is the voice my then day-old son now has as a grown man. But in retrospect this does not surprise me. God has to communicate with us in ways we, with our limited understanding, can comprehend.

Before I had a chance to be disappointed, my consciousness winked out. I woke up that evening back in my body, sick, hurting, and feeling powerless before the mountain of difficulties I faced if I were ever to get my life back in order.

Brian N

My friend, John, and myself decided to go visit a cave a few miles from where we lived. As we were walking, John describe the cave and said there would still be ice in the cave. We walk about a mile into the woods and started our climb up the back of the mountain. The climb up to the entrance of the cave was made difficult because of the rain the night before. The trail was steep and covered with mud and pine needles, we slipped several times on our way up. To make a long story short. . .

My friend suggested we leave the cave and finish climbing to the top of the mountain. He told me the view was great and we could take an easier trail down the mountain once we were on top. I didn't want to go back down the way we came up because of the mud and pine needles. I agreed to go to the top of the mountain, even though the climb was difficult. I thought going up was easier than going down at that point. Besides, my friend told me the other trail was much easier to go down.

We stayed on top of the mountain for a little while looking out over the surrounding landscape. We decided it was getting late and had better get back home. I asked my friend were the trail was and he said there wasn't a trail. The only way down was the way we came up or over the face of the mountain. I didn't want to go the way I came up, we decided to go over the face of the mountain. John started down first and I followed his route as we began our descent without any equipment. When we were about 80 ft. from the ground we could see black clouds moving in from a distance. We knew we had to get down before the rain started or we'd be in big trouble. We hurried as quickly as possible and in doing so I lost the route my friend was taking. I was in trouble, I had no place to put my hand to continue down. My friend was to the right and about 6 ft. below me, he said he would tell me were to place my hand. He told me to extend my arm further to the right, a little further, a little bit more!

I reached and my other hand lost it's grip and I began falling to the ground. I remember sliding down the face of the mountain and thinking this is it. I remember everything as if in slow motion, me pushing away from the cliff and tucking into a ball. My life flashing before my eye's, only the good thing's in my life not the bad. I remember the instant I hit the ground, then a warmth came over me. I was in a light so brilliant and warm, I was surrounded with a sense of well being. I have no words in my vocabulary to describe the feeling encompassing me. I went into the light and then my grandfather was with me holding my hand. My grandfather died a few years earlier and now I was with him holding hands. We talked and our mouth's didn't move, I felt his energy his love. I remember walking with him and going before God. I could not see a face only a light so brilliant you had to look down. I heard him tell me it was not my time and that I had other things to do for humanity. I didn't want to leave, I begged to stay with my grandfather!

I then heard the voice of my friend who said, "He's dead, what am I going to tell his mom!" I told my friend to shut up and get me some help. He ran to the nearest house at the entry of the woods and called for help. He called his brother Dave and he came with his car and picked us up. I had to crawl out of the woods to get to the road. The only injuries I suffered from my accident was a broken knee cap and some cuts and bruises. I didn't stay in the hospital and was sent home the same day.

Aubaud V

It was 3 o'clock in the morning, just before the merchants are starting to install the marketplace. I was in bed beside the young man I was with at the time. Hiccoughs woke me up. I was feeling bad with nausea. I woke up my boyfriend explaining to him that I wasn't feeling good. He looked at me horrified and stood up to shake me up. It is at that moment that I had the conviction that I was going to die and I asked him to leave me alone. I rolled on one side, bent my knees with my arms close to my body; the cold penetrated my body and I waited serenely for the death to come.

I saw some past events of my life, in black and white and red slides flashing rapidly, which central theme was my little sister whom I had taken care of after my parents' divorce, and especially love. I was wrapped in a feeling of completeness, of love. (Later, it changed my perception of man [mankind].)

I felt very cold but it did not bother me. Then everything toppled over the edge, into nothingness. I was a dot or the infinite, I still don't know. There were no time, no markers, I had the feeling that I was incredibly intelligent, that I was going to understand everything, that I was going to catch the secret and the meaning of Life.

Then, there was a light in my right eye: a doctor was performing an auscultation. He said: "She's had an aneurismal rupture and she's in coma." Black hole. For one moment I was aware of the noise coming from the marketplace. People usually start arranging the stalls at around 4 o'clock in the morning. Then, black hole. Two nurses came in, they lifted me up. I felt like vomiting but I could not, I was cold, I had a headache, I was totally dazed. Black hole. I was in the ambulance, I had nausea and the motion of the vehicle was uncomfortable. I asked them to slow down. Black hole. In a white hospital room, two nurses. One nurse was explaining to the other how to do a puncture – it was her first time. Her hands were cold, she put gloves. The needle really hurt and I bit the other nurse's shoulder who was keeping me sit. Black hole. Into a scanner, I was looking for my left leg which had disappeared. I was scrubbing it with my right leg. The right leg was feeling the left one but the latter did not exist anymore. A voice asked me to stop moving. But I was still looking for my leg. Black hole.

In a bed, daylight. People were dressed in white blouses and kept visiting, touching, talking to me, but I didn't understand. I finally understood that I could not walk or move my left arm. Later, I started some limited activity and came out of the hospital in a very bad shape. I did my retraining by myself, I became anorexic, addicted to medical drugs and others in trying to relive the state of wholeness I had experienced during the coma, in vain; I attempted suicide through toxic plant poisoning. Well, I still have after-effects, but life has taken back its course.

Marilyn Y

I think i already said everything. I passed out & EMT's carried me down from the second floor of my house. during that time, i saw a glorious golden light with a group of people standing there of all shapes & heights. I cannot remember faces but I felt happy & content. The EMT's were telling me to not tighten my arms so tight but i was unaware at the time. I can remember none of that. The EMT's put me on the gurney & shook me to wake up. At first i didn't know where i was, but i felt sadness at waking up. Whenever i try to tell anyone, its like disbelief to them, but inside, i know what i saw. That is why I'm trying to tell you. maybe you will believe me. I even drew a picture to remind me. I can't forget what i saw.

Any associated medications or substances with the potential to affect the experience?

just antibiotics

Was the kind of experience difficult to express in words? Yes

i can't explain because it was a golden light so bright, with a group of people all sizes. I couldn't see faces or can't remember them. but i felt welcome

At the time of this experience, was there an associated life threatening event? Yes

anaphylactic shock, i passed out while EMTs carried me down the stairs

What was your level of consciousness and alertness during the experience? unconscious

Was the experience dream like in any way? yes, like floating & looking. hard to explain

Did you hear any unusual sounds or noises? don't think so

Did you pass into or through a tunnel or enclosure? No

Did you see a light? Yes, golden light all around

Did you meet or see any other beings? Yes

they were just a group of people, different sizes & heights, standing in a group. some of the sizes would be my relatives but no faces. nothing communicated

Did you experience a review of past events in your life? No

Did you observe or hear anything regarding people or events during your experience that could be verified later? No

Did you see or visit any beautiful or otherwise distinctive locations, levels or dimensions?
No response

Did you have any sense of altered space or time? Uncertain

i totally didn't know where i was when the EMTs woke me up

Did you have a sense of knowing, special knowledge, universal order and/or purpose? No

Did you reach a boundary or limiting physical structure? No

Did you become aware of future events? No

Were you involved in or aware of a decision regarding your return to the body? No

Did you have any psychic, paranormal or other special gifts following the experience that you did not have prior to the experience? Uncertain

my husband is laid off from his job (construction) waiting to be called back. I don't know if this is anything, but I told him that morning, God has a reason for everything. Had he not been home, i would have suffocated & died from the allergic reaction

Did you have any changes of attitudes or beliefs following the experience? Yes, closer to God

How has the experience affected your relationships? Daily life? Religious practices? Career choices? i am a non-practicing catholic, but still believe in everything. Want to reconnect with more prayer.

Have you shared this experience with others? Yes

i tried to tell everyone close to me. Some just say nothing, & let you talk. Others believe

What emotions did you experience following your experience? i was disturbed that i was taken away from the golden light & people. but i still needed to be rescued from the allergic reaction

What was the best and worst part of your experience? i think I know something is "out there" & don't be scared of it.

Is there anything else you would like to add concerning the experience? think I've said it all. I felt like I was unconscious for a long time, but my husband said I wasn't.

Following the experience, have you had any other events in your life, medications or substances which reproduced any part of the experience? No

Did the questions asked and information you provided accurately and comprehensively describe your experience? Yes

Please offer any suggestions you may have to improve this questionnaire. no

Barbara H

I began the day applying a new lash-curling mascara. At the end of the work day, I had a raging headache and my eyes were bloodshot due to what I believe was an allergic reaction to the mascara. I didn't think to take a headache pill before leaving work, so when I was at the light, I decided to pop into the parking lot across the way and go through the drive-thru to get a small drink to wash it down with. When I entered the parking lot, having been there many times before, I remember being sure to clear a cement light pole before starting my turn into the drive through lane. I clearly recall seeing the light go past my windshield. However the next thing I knew it felt like i had run over a newly installed median strip. I whipped my head back to look and no, there was nothing new there and when i again faced forward i was looking at the pole.

The next thing I remember is lying on a set of beautiful white marble steps that were incredibly comfortable. I know i was lying there in supplication. my hands raised above me on the next few steps and my hands were clasped as in prayer. I also remember clearly thinking that my body was back down there behind me somewhere.

When I looked up I saw grayish ness. I then realized there was a line of beings standing in front of me. Behind them was the famous "White Light". It reflecting from behind them gave me a grayish view and so I could not discern who the beings were. I do know they felt very familiar but I won't go so far as to say they were actually family members.

I remember a lot of whispering. The tallest in the middle has "his" head bent toward a person whispering in his ear who I view on his left. I remember at that point thinking oh, boy this is it. I then proceeded to "recall" all the supposedly bad things I had done in my life. Then all at once, they all looked in my direction as if realizing that I knew they were there and I was now conscious. Then all of a sudden I got a rush of warmth and love. I cannot describe to you, when you fall in love there is this feeling, it's nothing compared to really honestly physically feeling love the way i felt it from them. I was like awed.

Then I remember the one on his left was really bending his ear and I really began to hear them and realized they were talking about me. specifically whether they should allow me to stay or take me with them. I HAVE TO INSIST, THIS WAS NOT A DREAM. I vividly recall having been awake and aware of my body in the car the whole time.

I panicked at this point, and thought with desperation that I could not leave my husband, not now. He needs me. Then that quick it was over.

I was totally awake and aware of where I'd just been and reached up to ask them to let me reconsider. Then I realized that was not an option. Then I looked up into my rear-view mirror and saw a dark thick blood coming down my forehead. My first thought was back to a scalp wound i had as a kid. It was bright red, not a big deal. I knew right away this wasn't good. The next thought was to turn my headlights off as the car had stalled so as not to kill my battery. Next thought I needed to get help. I tried to open my door but it was shoved back & so I had to remove my seatbelt and physically turn in my seat and shove it open a bit. (I had electric windows, but the thought never entered my head to open it until one of the people helping suggested it).

Fortunately there was an ambulance in the parking lot already, picking up a fall victim and they came right over after the people who responded to me got their attention. Unfortunately, the official report reads that I was unbelted, with no headlights and starred the windshield, none of which was true. Anyway, I have since tried to relate this to people. They act like, okay sooth the sick headed woman and agree. Or oh no I believe YOU believe it happened.

I am sure it wasn't that great of an event for anyone, least of all your establishment, but for me whether anyone else in the world believes or not, i am one person who cannot wait until the end, because of my few seconds at the steps of heaven.

I believe from my experience that God loves us. That most of the written bad things we may have done can and are forgiven. I used to believe in a "judgment day". But when i started fretting over my problems in the past and was treated so wonderfully by them, i now believe you are judged when you get there. No waiting. I believe in my heart I am a good person and God and Jesus exist. And I believe that for those reasons, I was immediately about to enter heaven if I didn't panic. I won't panic next time. I have also helped people I know who are dying to let go a little easier too. I believe that having my experience and relating it to others makes them less tense about going home.

Vadra P

I was being choked to death by an acquaintance. I tried to ask him to let go but I was being choked so hard that I couldn't even get words out of my mouth. The last thing that I remembered was looking at him in pain.

I didn't go through any tunnels or anything like that but all of a sudden I was in the most beautiful place that I had ever seen, and I felt like I was really there. The grass was so very green and the trees were more beautiful than I had ever seen. I was happier and more free than I have ever felt (to this day I have never felt like that again) It was wonderful and peaceful. The smell of the air was a freshness that I cannot explain. I could move from one place to another in a blink of an eye, and everywhere I went was different but just as beautiful. I could actually fly, It just took a thought and off I would go. I felt as though I was in a very familiar place and was afraid of nothing. I was around a lot of children even I felt younger than I actually was. It's hard to explain the sensations I felt. I was playing and flying and looking down on the earth from far above. I had no fear, anxiety, confused feelings or anything like that. I felt whole, like that peaceful life that everybody longs for. I'll never forget it because it was absolutely wonderful.

Then all of a sudden my body started to tingle (and throughout the time that I was there I had no feeling of pain or anything) everything went black and I woke up in the same spot that he left me in. My body I could feel again and I felt pain throughout it. I felt like a million knives stabbing me, then I opened my eyes and felt the comfort of the Lord by my side and I felt a peace knowing where I'm going when I do die. It was a wonderful place but I'm not in a hurry to get back there.

GOD be with you All!!

Ron A

The 1st thing I remember is that I was floating above the deep end of the swimming pool (not in the pool) we had at our home. It was morning, about ten or eleven. I was almost 5 years old. I was just floating, thinking how placid and quiet and beautiful the pool area was. I was not aware of what just happened. Moments later two angels came and led me away, one on each arm. I was startled at first, but they felt very safe and secure and I felt no fear.

They led me up into a bright cloud (it was just like driving or flying through a cloud, if you ever done that) and there was no sound or wind. The whole trip seemed like ten seconds. When we emerged from the cloud I could see five people standing in the distance. As we moved closer I could see more clearly who it was, it was my family that lived in heaven, they were all very happy to see me again and there was one man I did not know, so I greeted them from left to right. It was like a family reunion at Christmas time, but much better.

We communicated by thinking what we wanted to say. The love they had for me was tremendous, and then I greeted the man on the right. I did not recognize he was very awe inspiring, with great, great powers, when I stood before him. I thought to myself, wow, what an incredible energy he emits. When I stood before him he just loved me as the others. He asked me if I wanted to stay with them and I said yes, realizing that nothing on earth was worth going back for. It was the greatest feeling to be with them, pure love.

I believed this was God, our creator of the universe, highest power (whatever word you feel comfortable with.) As I took a look around I saw a bright light, it was the moon, the sun was reflecting light off the moon surface, we were in space, equal distance to the moon on the right side (looking from earth). I do not think this was heavens final destination, I think it was a greeting area to receive us when we cross over.

Next he showed me my life review, every second from birth until death you will see and feel and experience your emotions and others that you hurt, and feel their pain and emotions. What this is for is so you can see what kind of person you were and how you treated others from another vantage point, and you will be harder on yourself than any one to judge you. Next he (God) gave me knowledge of "anything" I wanted to know. You just think the question to get the answer, and you can view it as it happened - anything you want! I learned tens of thousands of things, the information came like a flood, yet I could process every second of information in detail.

Then he told me that it was not my time and I must go back. So two angels took me back, and as I'm going I'm loosing the information I learned. I'm desperately trying to remember it / hang on to it. The next thing I know I'm back over the pool. It is still very peaceful and calm, and then I see my father, very frantic, run straight to the pool and dive in the deep end and pull someone out. People started to gather (siblings). I heard my sister Sylvia say: Ron's dead. I was next to her and said: No, I'm not, I'm right here. I reached out to touch her on the back and my hand went right through her.

Just then my father turned me over on my stomach and pressed on my back very hard. The next thing I saw was I opened my eyes and lots of water was coming out of my mouth, and I was in a lot of pain that quickly went away. I knew if God sent me back that I would have no long term

damage. About five minutes later ambulance drivers came and asked me if I was ok, I said yes and they left without doing anything. I always thought that was the funny part, little did they know what I went through.

PS. Yes, I did recall some knowledge, here are some for you to think about. God himself acknowledges that yes, UFO do co-exist with us and are not to be feared - HIS words. Man has space traveled before the 1960'ies, approximately 10.000 years ago. We did not build spaceships like we do today, we were picked up by UFO's willingly - we would go to a pick up point, a large hill overlooking a vast plain, there were images marked on the ground to be read from the sky. There "is" other life, beings, not microbes. They reside outside our solar system and into the next. Being in their spacecraft you are not subject to G forces, gravity or other limitations that ours are subject to. They can travel great distances in seconds, they can make their spaceships invisible at will. 2nd... Time travel is possible. I was shown a blueprint and I asked what it is and he (God) said: It is for time travel. 3rd...In the past man has been wiped out from the earth and forced to learn everything again and repopulate the earth. Man has achieved very high knowledge about space travel, science and mathematics, much more than we know today.

Paula B

Was bleeding tubfulls of water & constantly needing to change the water & I felt dreamy & knew I was going to drown while passing out so I lifted myself out of the tub & crawled to the Linen closet & reached for a blue towel & fainted; when I fainted I felt the initial hit of the floor & my face & then saw 3 - 4 rings of light one inside the other with my father & brother & someone else who was so far away I couldn't see but saw a face; my father smiled at me as if to say " Silly Girl... it's not time for you yet" and I saw my brother in the lower left circle outside my fathers circle & I felt at peace & wanted to go with him ; I believe I slept or remained passed out for a while & when I woke up I realized that I had defecated upon myself & my husband at the time was waking me up.

Connie J

I don't really remember a light, I do remember someone coming towards me, a human but I couldn't or don't remember seeing a face. I do remember hearing children playing close by. it was a lovely feeling of everything being good and right there, there was no animosity, there was no hatred, I had a total understanding of why I was on earth and who I was. I wasn't there long and someone told me I had to go back, It wasn't my time yet. I argued that I didn't want to leave but before I could get my argument out I was already on my way back. When I was there it was so beautiful I didn't want to leave. There was nothing mean or bad there at all. It was wonderful. This was the bad place to me. But when I was back here I couldn't remember what it was that I so understood when I was there. I still wonder. It seems as if it was something so simple , so obvious that I just couldn't believe that I didn't realize it before. I still wonder what it is. I do know that I am not afraid of death any more. death is not the end of the world. I believe that we are hear for a purpose. maybe to learn something we needed to learn before we can go there.

Frieda

My husband and I were on a camping vacation in the woods in Maine. I woke up that morning early and felt great....I walked down to the public showers in the state park campground, took a shower and got dressed. At that point I felt like I was going to pass out. I knew I had to make it back to our tent because if I collapsed anywhere along the trail back, no one would find me and I had no ID on me. When I returned I collapse at the site. My husband dragged me into the car and we drove to the nearest town about 45 miles away. He said when he found the hospital and went in to get help, by the time they came out I was unconscious in the car.

But I remember hearing voices and comprehending what was going on....i heard nurses calling my name but i could not respond physically (in my head I wanted to tell them all the pain I had)...I heard the ER doctors discussing possible causes for my unconsciousness and hearing them ask my husband if there was any chance I could be pregnant -(which I was emphatically trying to answer them and say no but nothing came out). I remember my body convulsing and shaking uncontrollably and i remember being so very cold. I heard the nurses saying how dangerously low my blood pressure was rapidly dropping. I remember them taking me in for an ultrasound and hearing them talking about the large amount of blood filling up my abdominal cavity.

And all of this time they said I was "unconscious" to them but to me, I was very much there with them. Time didn't seem to matter...it could have been one minute or it could have been one hour but it all blended. I was in pain and very cold...then I remember "waking up" just as they were putting on a mask for anesthesia and swatting them away. Just as suddenly I felt no more discomfort. The pain was gone, and I was no longer cold but the perfect temperature - pain free as I had never felt it before. All I heard was a sound that sounded like blood rushing through my ears while I was in a perfectly quiet dark place (womblike). Then I felt as though I was floating (as if on one of those moving walkways in airports) but much quicker and smoother. I was surrounded by darkness but suddenly I was headed towards a bright light...(just like the light at the dentist's office but bigger and brighter and more all-encompassing) I felt no fear - I had no opinions about it one way or another but as I got closer to it I realized that I didn't want to go there yet and I turned away from it and just as swiftly was surrounded by the darkness again. Then it was as if the television was switched off...no more transmissions coming thru. Could not hear voices from the staff.

I remember waking up in ICU and the surgeon & my husband were by my bed.

Jo D

What can be said about a near death experience? It is not death it is life. I experienced one about 6 years ago and am still riding upon the golden soft colors of heaven's love. I saw legions of angels bannered the sky and miles of clouds escorting me to the hospital, When I arrived the door became a golden cave of crystal waters pouring upon it's walls. When I collapsed into the wheel chair, the door no longer opened into the cave, but swung back into earth. I saw the doctor's and nurses and knew to reach and touch the one with the most Light. I took his hand and watched the healing light blazing through his body into mine. I continued to have visions of God, angels and octaves beyond earth for months. I could not verbalize speaking with angels, saints nor seeing all I saw. The auras of all around me was blazing.

Even the store's were crowded with colors, every can, product showing it's true color of content of vibrations. I visited temples of Light within the great mountains of earth. I saw Mother Theresa within a church as a young girl, beautiful with dark long hair in a wedding gown. The church was lit with beautiful golden candles and she was being wed to the Holy Spirit. Becoming more as a great Mother of heaven. I was then taken by her fire and was blinded by the Light for an entire night. There is much more to share in time. But, my greatest joy is for all to understand they are never alone, the great saints, Masters, and angels are present. Rejoice in the day, the sky, the stars, the rivers running to meet the great and vast oceans of the Divine Mother.

To return to this octave has been a challenge. I had to seek angels to close my third eye, the spiritual one that sees so much, for it was very distracting, and I asked for to see only what was necessary for safety. Daily I ask to be an instrument of that great love of heaven., to offer that cold glass of water in Jesus' name. I did also experience the "dark night of the soul" of which St. John of the Cross speaks. All of heaven is withdrawn, and you go to the deepest pits of hell. And you are only held by a strand of Light. It is lonely, despairing, but one must be constant in the hope and faith you will be victorious. It is a most curious initiation. Being stripped of all identity and desire. But, after you begin to pass the initiation you feel great compassion for all of life. Not sympathy, that you can save the world, but you are a divine electron in the atom of God and very loved. And all you say and do is to extend and adore that loving God Presence.

All around you becomes like a movie in which you are only a player and observer. My greatest delight are children and the Light they hold, unconditional in their love. And I am also honored that God trusted me to experience death and hell and gave me the tools, so often forgotten to pass these tests. To anyone who has had a NDA. Petition God within and without for balance, guidance and simplify your life with beauty, quiet walks, majestic music. Fine tune the heart in writing poetry, drawing, creating. And know life is for rejoicing. Find an open friend to trust your thoughts, and be that pillar of love. I too remain a student of the all. Jo

Randi S

I woke up sweating. I know I heard my mom call me, but I couldn't move. It's not that I had stayed up late the night before and I didn't do anything the night before to make me this tired, I just couldn't move. I closed my eyes again hoping that the sleep would go away, I had to get up for school.

I heard my mom call me again, and I opened my eyes. I could see that she had left the light on for me. I wanted to get up and get ready for school, but I couldn't move. I knew that something was very wrong. I wanted to call out for someone to help me move, but my voice wouldn't work either. I thought to myself that I should be afraid, but I also knew that I had to get someone to come to me. I heard a knock on the door and heard my mom let someone in. I wondered if it was someone coming to help me. I closed my eyes again.

When I opened them again I knew that I had to do something fast, because I kept going back to sleep, I had to get my mom's attention. I could hear her talking with a neighbor, I knew that she couldn't help me from there. I used all my strength and all the concentration that I could to move my arms. They fell across my chest and I could feel my eyes close again. I tried to fight it but I couldn't and my eyes closed again.

When I opened my eyes again I knew that I only had a few minutes to get some help. I could hear my mom call me again. I tried to answer, but my sister in the other room down the hallway drowned out my feeble attempt at saying anything. I could feel myself burning up from the inside. I needed help, I tried to lift my arms again, except this time I used every ounce of strength I had and threw them away from me. I fell out of bed and rolled a little distance. I closed my eyes again, then opened them and now could muster enough strength to crawl about a foot dragging the rest of my body behind me. I lost all strength and saw darkness. I was beginning to feel fright, but knew that if I let panic take a hold of me, I knew that I would die right there on the floor of my bedroom. I struggled some more in the darkness, and pulled myself a few more feet, then had to rest. My neck felt like it was on fire and my arms were turning into jelly, I knew that I didn't have much more strength. I knew that I was beginning to die. I let the panic flow through me, and then pulled myself out to the hallway. I tried to call for help, but I didn't have any more strength. I was wondering what I was going to do when, with one last pull of energy that came from nowhere, I hit the wall and yelled one time MOM!

I heard people running through the house and could hear someone; all the people sounded alike now, ask me what was wrong. I closed my eyes.

When I regained consciousness I was in an ambulance, I remember the loud siren and people in there with me, that made me feel a little better. I didn't die after all. I opened my eyes and saw someone holding on to me with a very sad look on their face. I knew that I wasn't doing very well. I could feel my arms now and my legs and wish that I couldn't. My whole body was on fire. I could feel the heat coming off of myself as if in a heat wave. I could feel the heat escaping, but the pain in my arms, legs, and neck and back was excruciating. I wanted to tell the people that were there that I was in deep pain, but the blissful sleep washed over me.

I couldn't open my eyes, but I was awake again, the pain returned, but I knew that I was no longer in the ambulance. I wished the pain would end. A hand opened my eye and shined a light in it, I could feel pain go through my eye into my brain, but I couldn't do anything about it. I fell into sleep again, until I felt several hands on me. I was being moved from the gurney to a bed. I saw a lot of people in with me when I was able to open my eyes. They all looked very intense. I was wondering what was wrong with me, and why I was being placed into a coital position, then closed my eyes again as needle went into my spine.

The next time I woke up, I was being put back into an ambulance. I could see the look on my dad's face. He was there. I felt really bad for him, he looked like he was in pain. I heard someone tell my dad to follow the ambulance; I hoped that he was all right. I also wondered why I was being taken to another place, and then I closed my eyes again.

I was being prodded and pushed when I woke up in another hospital, this time I was in a bed. My head was tilted on its side as if sleeping when I opened my eyes. I saw my mom looking at me. I was able to whisper and I asked her 'am I going to die mommy?' She looked at me and said that I would be all right. I remember being put into that coital position again and could feel the needle going into my spine again, this time there was no pain. I saw the doctor look at the tube of fluid he pulled out of me. It was a brownish color with little specks in it, which turned out to be blood. He said something in a hurry and I passed out again.

I was still unconscious when I was taken to a room with a large bathtub in it and put in the tub, then ice was being put all around me. The ice would just melt into warm water as soon as it touched me. I had a fever of 114 degrees. I don't know how long I was in there, the next thing I remember was the doctor telling my mom and dad that I had to be placed in quarantine. I couldn't move again and my eyes wouldn't open. I could hear everything going on around me but it was as if I was listening to a radio show. Then that ever-peaceful sleep came over me.

The next thing I heard was that I was in a Coma. I could hear people talking, but couldn't make out too many words, they all seemed as if they were talking in a foreign language to me. I thought that that was weird. I could hear my mom telling me about baseball. She was telling me that what was happening to me was like a baseball game. I was one of the players and I had to hit the ball out of the park to win the game. I tried to hear everything that she was telling me but I couldn't hold on very long. I could still hear my mom and dad talking to the doctor sometime later. I had a blood clot, of all things, the size of a baseball forming behind my heart and it had to be drained or I would die. He told my parents that there was a slim chance that I would or could survive the operation, but that it was the only option available.

They were going to use a tube through my leg and somehow get it to the clot behind my heart, I didn't hear the rest of what he was going to have to do, I passed out again, although I was still in the Coma, I could periodically hear what was going on around me, I just couldn't move or say anything. I knew when the operation was happening, I was starting to wake up when the tube was in me, and they were in the middle of the operation. They couldn't give me any kind of anesthesia, as I was already comatose. I heard someone yell he's flat line, then I went into the darkness.

I wasn't in darkness for too long a time. I could feel myself moving, but I knew it wasn't on the table any longer. There were thousands of colors in front of me. It looked like I was watching the Aurora Borealis. Then as if one of the rainbows of colors saw me, it came right at me and lifted

me. I could feel myself moving along the rainbow as if it was solid, kind of like on an escalator, except I was sitting down. I was watching the colors as I rode along the rainbow, and then as if it was a wave one of the colors hit me. I was immediately awash with an emotion, the emotion was the only emotion that I could feel, then it was quickly replaced by another as I kept getting hit by the colors that were pure emotion. I felt pure anger, absolute love, jealousy, fear, happiness, and others that I cannot name. I was totally immersed within that emotion until another one ran into and through me. I was becoming part of the rainbow. I knew that I was dead, but I didn't know what to do. I looked beyond the rainbow that I was on and saw other rainbows. I wondered if other people were on the other ones. I could tell that the colors were starting to fade, as did the feelings that they were throwing into me. Finally I stopped as if at a dock. I stood up and stepped off of the rainbow. I was in what looked like a foggy, gray area. It looked almost as if it was a cave. I saw a figure approach me and started to feel better.

The figure was my deceased uncle. I stood before him and he told me that I was not where I was supposed to be. I looked around and could see a very bright light off in the distance and to my right. He nodded to me and said yes, that its heaven. I looked back at him and he held out his massive hand to me. When I took it, I could see things in my mind, my mind was filling up with knowledge. In that split second that he touched my hand, I knew everything there was to know, or will be known, except one thing. He looked at me and told me that I had a choice. I could go into the light and into heaven, he told me that he would guide me there, or I could go back as it wasn't my time.

In an instant, I was throwing the covers off my head. I was back in the hospital, surrounded by other dead people that were waiting to go to the hospital morgue. I opened my eyes and felt fine. I heard a blood-curdling scream and saw a nurse run out of the room. Minutes later a group of people came back into the room.

I found out later that I had been declared dead and had been in that state for 32 minutes. I also found out that there were 14 of us from my school that had contracted Spinal Meningitis. I was the only one that survived the disease. I was number 14. I was tested for the disease, but it was not to be found in my body. I was asked to stay in the hospital for an additional two weeks for tests to find out what had happened and why I was alive.

During the testing, they took vials of blood and X-rays, tested my range of motion, asked me a lot of questions. No one asked me about the period when I was dead. I didn't tell anyone, as they didn't seem interested in anything other than why I was alive. The doctor told me on the day that I was leaving, that I was going to be placed in the annals of medicine. I left feeling fine. When I returned, I could feel all of the knowledge that my uncle gave me slowly disappear. I knew it would only be a matter of time before all the new knowledge would eventually be gone.

A short time after I got out of the hospital, I started noticing weird things happening, When I would go near a TV or radio it would change stations, if I got too close to a light it would burn out. Not just house lights, but street lights as well. Other electrical devices would 'freak' out whenever I would get near them. Then it too went away.

I was given a gift from the experience. I realized later after taking another IQ test, that I had gained a few points. My IQ tested out at 175. But it was not like I had learned the knowledge, but rather, for a lack of another explanation, been programmed with it. There was none of the

experience associated with having it all your life, so I didn't, and to an extent even today, do not know how to use it to it's fullest potential. I feel as if there is a key piece missing.

I have been told over and over again, that I am a miracle and that I have some purpose or something that I am going to do since I never made the choice that my uncle gave me. I have no doubt that a miracle did occur, but as far as the purpose..... I am still waiting

Joni H

There were no tunnels or sense of being transported...just there, above me was an indescribably WHITE wing. It had no beginning and no end. I could see the feathers in great detail. There were two voices, but were not speaking directly to me, but to each other, it went as follows " We are going to give her, her new name. " The other voice replied " But it hasn't been three days yet " and the first voice said back " But we are going to give her, her new name anyway. "

During all this I could see tiny beings without shape, almost like little spots and they were literally painting, art work of some sort. The colors were so brilliant and the wing described above was more white than we see here, almost luminescent.

I was not afraid, no thoughts except being in awe of the beauty of the many different colors and the whiteness of the huge wing. There was no snapping back into the body or anything like that at all. I was just there, like magic I guess. I have an incredible appreciation of color and flowers much more now, than I did before. I was amazed by the voices, for I could not see anyone, no people, just them speaking to each other about my "new " name. I suppose life has left it up to me to figure out my new name some day, because they did not tell me what it is.

Glenda H

WHEN I WAS 14 OR MAYBE 16 YEARS OLD I LIVE IN OMAHA NE. ON THE WEEK ENDS I WOULD GO TO WORK WITH MY UNCLE. HE WORKED AT A 24 HR. GAS STATION. ON A FRIDAY NIGHT I WENT TO SLEEP ABOUT 3:AM AND IT WAS COLD. IN MY UNCLE CAR. MOST OF THE TIME I COULD STAY UP AND WORK WITH HIM ,BUT THAT NIGHT IT WAS TO COLD. HE ASKED ME IF I WANTED THE CAR ON UNTIL I WENT TO SLEEP I TOLD HIM NO I'LL BE ALL RIGHT. AFTER I WENT TO SLEEP HE CAME AND TURN THE CAR ON JUST FOR THOUGHTFULNESS.

THE THING IS THAT CAR HAD A EXHAUST LEAK SO WHEN WE WAS IN IT THE WINDOWS HAD TO BE HALF WAY DOWN. WELL AS HE WAS STARTING THE CAR A CUSTOMER PULLED UP SO HIS MIND GOT INTERRUPTED AND FORGOT TO CRACK THE FRONT WINDOWS. HE TOLD ME THAT THE CAR WAS RUNNING ABOUT 45 MINS.

I TRAVEL THROUGH LIKE DARKNESS AND SADNESS UNTIL THE LIGHT AND COMFORT WAS THERE. A BEING WAS SITTING ON A THRONE AND ASKED ME TO SIT NEXT HIM. YES, IT WAS A MAN. BEFORE I SAT DOWN, I SAW OTHERS IN THE BACK OF HIM. I ASKED, "WHO ARE THEY, MY ANGELS? OH AM I AN ANGEL TOO?" I WAS TOLD, "NOT A THIS TIME, SOON YOU WILL BE." I COULD HEAR THE VOICES SAYING WE'LL MISS YOU, REMEMBER YOU, AND ALSO WAIT FOR YOU. SOMEHOW I KNEW THAT.

LEAVING WAS NOT WHAT I WANTED TO DO. I LIKED IT THERE WITH THE FEELING OF GREAT COMPASSION AND I CAN'T EXPLAIN THE WONDERFUL FEELING. THE LIGHT TOLD ME THAT I HAD TO GO BACK. I SAID, WHY? THE REPLY, "YOUR LIFE WAS NOT INTENDED TO BE TAKEN BY ANOTHER." SO I SAT DOWN. SITTING THERE. KNOWING THAT I CAN'T STAY. HE SHOWED ME A LITTLE OF MY LIFE IN THE PAST. ALSO TOLD ME THAT I STILL HAD TO LEARN ONE OF LIFE'S LESSONS.

TOLD ME OF THE FUTURE THAT I WILL LOVE THE FATHER OF MY CHILDREN SO DEEPLY THAT I COULD TOUCH THE FACE OF GOD WITH IT. I REMEMBER FELLING THAT I WILL RETURN THERE. ALL OF A SUDDEN THE LIGHT STARTED TO GO AWAY BUT THE VOICE WAS STILL WITH ME TELLING ME THAT NO ONE WAS THERE TO REVIVE ME. MY DEATH WAS STILL UNKNOWN. SO I MUST URINATE. I DON'T WANT GO YOU MUST OR YOUR SOUL WILL LIVE IN MYSTERIES FOR EVER. WAKE UP AND URINATE

MY UNCLE TOLD ME THAT WHEN HE SAW ME CRAWLING OUT OF THE CAR IN WHAT HE CALLED A DEEP SLEEP WALK. HE KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPEN I WAS SAYING MUST URINATE NOW OVER AND OVER. HE HELP ME TO A CHAIR. MY BODY WAS LIKE LIMP AS IF I WAS DEAD HE SAID THAN WITHOUT FORE THOUGHT. I WET MY PANTS. BECAUSE THE VOICE TOLD ME TO URINATE NOW GLENDA. AS MY LIFE AS GONE ON MORE OF THAT EXPERIENCE COME TO ME AS IF A WHOLE LIFE TIME WAS SPENT THERE.

Charlene K

My older sister and I, she was 5 at the time. Were playing in the barn with our pet goat, when we spotted the old fridge, that my uncle had asked my dad if he could store it there. So being kids, we climbed in, and the little goat, kept shutting the door on us, my sister said we can keep opening the door if we kick it hard with our feet, but the last time we tried the door would not come open. So we started to cry, and it seemed so long that we had been there. My sister and I got real quiet. It seemed like I was going to sleep. I couldn't hear my sister any more. Then as I felt like I was going to go to sleep I saw a light, like a light from a candle. Then there was a lady there, she put her finger to her lips and said, "shhh child it will be alright." She had long brown hair and soft eyes. When i started to cry she said "no, you must be still, your mommy is coming." Just about that time the door opened, I knew it was opened because i could feel a cool wind on my face. Then that is all I could remember until the next day, when I woke to my dad setting on the side of the bed, he was crying.

Years later my mom told be she had been at the sink giving my younger sister a bath, when she realized she couldn't hear Joyce and me. So she laid the baby down to go find us, she thought we had went to the old tree house to play, but as she passed the barn she said her heart jumped and she heard a women say, "Hurry," Mom said, "OH GOD No!" She ran back to the barn and jerked open the old fridge door, there we were. then she put both of us in cold water. When she seen that we were breathing ok, she put us to bed, and watched over us till my dad came home. He made sure the fridge was gone that night. She said we were both wet from sweat and that we were hardly breathing, and we were so dark in color.

I still think of that lady.

Jerry W

I was in agony. As I was trying very hard to sleep to get away from the pain, I simply noticed a weird silence. It seemed to take me a while to realize that I could no longer hear my heart beating. It was SO quiet. Then I was suddenly near the roof of my room gazing down on my body with total disregard. There was no fear, pain, or feelings to speak of at all, except a sort of surprise or wonder. Then I recognized me. But I remember not really caring one way or the other. In the next instant I was somewhere entirely different. I seemed to be suspended in space if you can imagine... with my back against a wall... or actually a perfectly parallel plane that went everywhere. (I couldn't discern an ending to it in its own planar dimension in either of the four directions I could easily observe.) I couldn't seem to move. The wall was not exactly "white" but it was more the color of ice. It seemed to be very smooth and impenetrable.

I sensed that there were "things to be seen" if I were to turn and look into this wall. I tried three times. Each time a hand on my right shoulder from my back stopped me firmly but not painfully. In fact it was then and only then, that I realized that for the first time in years, I had zero pain. There was no anxiety, or depression. There was this almost "disconnected" sense of peace. I actually liked being there. Then suddenly I saw my two young daughters, and I remember thinking "they still need me". It was so odd. Then suddenly all that pain came back with vengeance. At first I felt anger to be back. But I couldn't do anything at all about it. So I just had to accept the situation.

After getting a lot of electrolytes back into my system I felt a bit stronger though the pain never let up. It took several weeks to get to a point where I knew I was going to live past that illness. Every since then I seem to write a ton of poetry... about anything I want to etc. I never seem to experience any "blocks" etc. But I used to write a little as a kid... nothing like now though. I did have to tell my pain management doctor to change his question used to evaluate pain. "On a scale of 1 to 10 where 10 is death.... where is your pain?" he used to say. Now he just asks me where I would put the number, and I imagine a horrible pain. Apparently it actually doesn't hurt us when we die. Perhaps the brain blocks immediately.

But I would like to know whose hand was upon my shoulder... of course I could theorize... but as a scientist.... I cannot truly say. My faith tells me it was a loving hand. That's all I seem to need to know at this point. No person could ever convince me that God is not real. Not now. I've seen too many things before and since etc. Still, the experience was very weird... and impossible to prove. I suffered no apparent physical damage of a permanent nature. Since then I have had to put some early experiences with what I always thought were nightmares... into a wider path of speculation... but that's a whole different area of research. I only told a few people.

NDEs - Second Part of 2004

Penny's NDE-Like

I was given a mild anesthetic for minor oral surgery and apparently passed out (this was NOT supposed to happen and the nurse was very worried and alarmed when I finally regained consciousness). While I was unconscious, I had what seemed like a strange dream. I experienced a feeling of traveling quickly down a long tunnel. ... this was somewhat disorienting/dizzying ... the only thing I can think of to describe the feeling of this is the effect of watching a spinning red and white pinwheel and feeling as if I was spiraling along a tunnel (this may sound silly, but it was like the effect employed by old television programs to indicate traveling back in time).

After traveling through the tunnel I arrived in a small white luminescent room. This room evoked a feeling of being in a small reception room . . . a place to receive visitors. I felt joy, happiness and overwhelming love. My grandfather greeted me (he had passed away two years earlier). My grandfather was a wonderful person - very loving, down-to-earth, a fabulous sense of humor -- everything anyone could ever want a grandpa to be (yes, I loved him a lot). There was only one thing that he couldn't do -- during his lifetime he never had an opportunity to learn how to read.

I mention this because after my grandfather met me in the "receiving room", we began walking (and talking of course) and we eventually arrived in a large room that looked like a library. This room was huge -- coliseum scale -- with bookcases and books everywhere - floor to ceiling. I had a sense that this library "room" essentially went on forever, with unending nooks and crannies. As my grandfather talked to me we were able to "float" up to higher levels in the great library. As we "floated" along, my grandfather was pulling volumes off of shelves and skimming text. I was astounded by this because I *knew* my grandpa could not read. I began asking him questions and he told me that all things would be revealed to me in time, but this was not my time. I was not supposed to be there yet. He comforted me and told me not to be afraid (I had been somewhat scared when I traveled down the tunnel).

I then woke up. A nurse was leaning over me with a very worried look on her face. She said, "that was not supposed to happen." I felt very confused and asked the nurse "is it over now?" I did not tell anyone of this experience for many months - it all seemed so strange and also very personal. I did eventually share this with my grandmother and we both cried. We both felt that this was exactly the kind of thing my grandfather would do - he was so kind, loving and caring during his lifetime, and it made perfect sense to us that he would be my "guide" or guardian angel. Even though this experience happened over ten years ago, it is still very profound. It still makes me cry.

Marianna's NDE

I was having an ectopic pregnancy and had to undergo major surgery, I was told that I had 2 minutes to 1/2 an hour to survive. As I was met in the surgery by two doctors I remember at the time thinking this is it, I am not going to recover from this, as the pain was unbearable.

I remember floating towards a bright light, I was calm and I wanted to go towards it, I was aware that I had my grandparents waiting for me on the other side, and I was very very calm. I heard a voice, it was female. She told me that it wasn't my time and that I had to go back. I was disappointed. The next thing I remember was a another female voice that of the nurse telling me it was time to wake up, there was also another nurse that came up to her and asked if I was alright, the nurse informed her colleague that I was.

I found out later that it was more serious than they had thought at the time and that I had to have one tube removed and that I had to be revived as my blood pressure was very low.

Deborah D's NDE

On October 2, 2002 I went to the emergency room because I had sharp pain under my right shoulder blade. When I breathed it was beyond excruciating pain. My x-rays and other tests came back normal. They admitted me anyhow because my blood pressure was 187/127 and they couldn't get it to drop. The next day all I did was sleep. But on the third day fluid filled around my heart and in and around my lungs. I stopped breathing. They moved me to I.C.U. and put me on full life support. On October 7, 2002 I awoke and ripped out all of the wires and tubes and went into cardiac arrest.

That's when it happened. I went to a place that was the most comfortable, peaceful place I had ever been to. I was at the lighted side of a tunnel. I saw dead relatives, all glad to see me. When I looked down the tunnel I saw my body being frantically worked on. At 2:12pm I was pronounced dead. At the same time, out of the blinding white light, a voice I assumed to be God asked me, "Are you ready to come home?" I said "no!"

I was later told there was a blip on the heart monitor. They shocked my heart and I woke up with the paddles inches off my chest. Within two days I was off life support and back in a regular room. I fully recovered without any damage from being dead for ten minutes. My doctors called me their miracle patient. They never had anyone survive Acute Respiratory Distress Syndrome as severe as mine and make a full recovery.

Carolle's NDE

I was with my Aunt in the Pacific Ocean. I was on an inner tube and she was pushing me out until the water came to her neck. When she went to turn around and head back to shore, a wave picked up the tube and dumped me to the bottom. She kept reaching for me but couldn't find me. I just sat on the bottom and my short life started going before my eyes. Birthday parties, Christmas...mostly good memories, I don't remember any bad memories at that time. My Aunt finally found me and when she touched me the memories stopped. She pulled me up by my hair and she was crying.

Paul G's NDE

I was an ordained minister and gave mass for Marines and sailors on Sundays while over seas. I made a point to go to all religions temples churches while I was over seas. I was raised a roman catholic. I disagree with people who say your faith has a bearing on your OBE. I knew nothing about healing before my OBE but after I came back I knew I had to heal myself and refused pain medications. I was overwhelmed with a feeling of mass knowledge that I could not remember, it was right on the tip of my tongue but I could not remember what I had learned. This was very disturbing for me. I could feel energy coming off people and could tell if they were injured and could pin point the pain on their body but was afraid to say anything about it to anyone because I thought they would think I was crazy.

I started having nightmares and began to think I was nuts. I later about twenty years after I was stabbed had a breakdown and was told I had PTSD. I have been on a quest searching for the truth for twenty years but as I look back at my life I feel I have been on that quest my whole life. I have this close feeling with people who have had a NDE or OBE it is this trusting feeling, like I can trust them to have my back. We seem to have this energy that touches. I found this feeling when I met veterans in a PTSD group, we were like clone's. I started to see this in women who had been in wrecks and raped, I could relate to them, see right into them.

It was Halloween night 1981 I was walking down a busy street in Honolulu with a group of people. A fellow Marine was about to be murdered by four Samoan's. I stepped in the middle and tried to stop it. The Marine I was helping left the circle and I was jumped from behind, I fought these four guys in a fight to the death. I was trying to kill them and they were trying to kill me. I remember being exhausted, completely wiped out during this act to survive. I had crushed and caved in one man's face with my forehead. I was covered in his blood. I knocked out another guy with a kick to his throat and temple. I was thinking why won't anyone help me? I am so tired.

So many people were watching me fight that the traffic had been stopped because of the people flooding from the sidewalk to the street, hundreds of people, no one would help? Three months before this fight I was overseas and in an operation were I was faced with death and thought I was going to die because I was going to run out of ammunition or get hit in the head with shrapnel. About a week after this I was kidnapped with five other Marines and we were lined up twice to be executed and dry fired on twice. During the fight, kidnapping and operation I can't ever remember being afraid, real fear. I know I must of had to been afraid but I can't remember it.

I had knocked out two guys and two were left, I went back and forth fighting the two guys and one guy ran off into the crowd, I remember thinking that it was almost over, I just had the one guy left. I was holding him by his hair and hitting him in the face waiting for him to drop when the guy who left came back through the crowd with a knife. A sailor named Brad who I had never met was in a cab that had been stopped by the crowd and seen the guy with the knife coming at me from behind. Brad was born the same day, same year as me, we were the same age and had never met. Brad fought his way through the crowd to try and stop the guy with the knife but was unable to get to him because of the people blocking his way. This guy jumped on my back and plunged the knife into my pulmonary artery and lung. When the knife went in, my body flipped completely over and I landed on the guy who stabbed me. The guy I was beating

on, fell to the ground. I started choking the guy who stabbed me with my forearm, trying to kill him. I had no idea I had been stabbed, I never felt the knife even though it was sticking straight out of my chest now.

The guy who fell to the ground was up and on his feet now and kicking me in the head. I boxed in the Marine corps and had never been knocked out but when this guy was kicking me I thought he was knocking me out, "I was dying from the stab wound". I remember thinking to myself "hey, this is what it feels like to be knocked out". I moved my head and tucked it behind the guy's head I was choking to death and started pushing with my head trying to break his neck. The guy started kicking me in the stomach now and that is when Brad got through the crowd and started helping me, he took the guy who was kicking me and hammered him. The crowd then decided to help and grabbed me and started dragging me off the guy I was killing.

These guys were trying to kill me and now I have a knife sticking out of my chest and people are now getting involved, Brad is the only one there who had courage, honor or integrity. They pulled me off this guy while Brad was taking care of the other would be murderer. They held my arms and head back as I struggled to free myself. I seen the knife sticking out of my chest. I yelled at these people who held me defenseless to be killed, I have been stabbed, LET ME GO, I have been stabbed, let me go. They held me and the guy who stabbed me was on his knees and hands foaming from his mouth looking at me. I was unable to move, I could feel the knife inside me now when I tried to move. The guy who stabbed me was looking straight into my eyes as I was staring at him, he had blood red eyes, they were red, he jumped up and grabbed me by my neck, the people still held me for this guy.

I thought he was going to bite my throat out because I would have bitten his out. He had me, I couldn't move because I was held by cowards. I remember having this complete acceptance of death I relaxed as his hands pulled on my neck but he grabbed the knife out of my chest instead of biting me. The blood shot straight out of my chest and with every heart beat I sprayed blood all over this guy trying to stab me again. The people who were holding me pushed me into this guy with the knife. I don't remember how I got out of the way of the knife that is a complete blank. After he missed me he came up with the knife and stabbed Brad in the stomach and ran into the crowd. I chased him for four steps and I heard an explosion and felt like I had ran straight into a brick wall. I fell onto my back and unknowing to me I was unable to move a muscle, I was paralyzed with my head turned to the left. I was looking at people looking at me, again no one did a thing, just looked at me like cowards.

I remember a man holding this women as she balled. I started yelling to these people that I can't breath but they just stared at me, doing nothing. I did this for a while before I realized they could not hear me because my lips were not moving, I was paralyzed. I started fighting to stay alive, I refused to die. I told myself I was not going to die. I was so tired, I was just wiped out from fighting to breath. I was suffocating to death, it was horrible, the worst way to die. The background was now black, dark. I seen a face in my face I felt someone grab my neck and lift my head. It was Brad. He began CPR and breathed into me I only felt one breath but it was like I had just taken the biggest most beautiful breath of my life. I remember saying to myself "OK buddy its in your hands now" I was just wiped out.

After that breath I went black, everything was dark. I don't know how much time had lapsed when I was out of my body. I didn't feel or remember leaving my body but it was like I was just there, I was standing over my body with my spirit/soul feet and ankles in my dead bodies head, I

was looking down at myself but didn't remember being hurt, I had no idea I was dead or injured. I was now a translucent shadow with hands, feet, a whole body but it was made of energy, power, and strength. I looked at my right arm and made a fist. I looked at my left arm and made a fist. I felt so strong and powerful I was energy.

I looked out at a 45 degree angle and shot off like a rocket into this infinity of darkness I could see into. It was not like being in a dark room or closet it was a darkness I could see into an infinity. I felt like I was in space. I was looking for something but didn't know what I was looking for. I knew I was looking for something but I had no urgency to find it. I was calm, no pain or worry I was just looking for something. I was zooming through this darkness like a rocket but I could not feel wind it was motion going forward at a 45 degree angle. I could not hear voices during this motion through space.

All at once I came to an abrupt stop I was in this void with four entities to my left just above me and a voice of a man to my right and above the four entities say "he's not going to make it" at that moment I remember saying to my self "hey they are talking about me. I came back into myself through my eyes, it felt like a cartoon thing as if you pulled a window shade down and let it roll up and spin around and around that is what it felt like coming back through my eyes. I opened my eyes and my head was turned to the left I seen Brad sitting on the bench seat of the ambulance looking at me covered in blood he said nothing just looked at me he had his hands on his knees just covered in blood.

I seen a paramedic holding an IV bottle in the air he was sitting on my left side at my knees just looking at me saying nothing. I looked at both of them and held both my arms up and flipped them off with both hands and said F--k you I am not going to die, then it went black I can't remember anything until I woke up again. I was being rolled down a long hallway on a gurney doctors and nurses all around me, I asked the nurse that was at my head if I could cry, she said "sure honey you can cry" it went black I don't remember anything until I woke up again.

I was laying on my back and I opened my eyes looking up into the ceiling it was like the ceiling at my barracks so I thought I was in my room in my bed then I heard this breathing machine sound and tried to say what the f--k and started gagging a nurse put her face in mine and told me I had been injured and I was all right. They pulled the breathing tube out of my throat and I remembered my experience but never said anything. I felt like I had mass knowledge but just could not remember what I had learned. I knew I had to heal myself. I would lay in bed and slow my heart beat so the heart and lung could heal.

I spent five days in the hospital and spoke to Brad on the fifth day. I told him of my experience and when I had seen him sitting there looking at me. Brad told me that that never happened. Brad said that they were working on him and he never sat up and I was taken away, he said "you were gone man" you never flipped anyone off. I soon felt like I could heal people because I can feel energy coming off people, I feel pain. I never told anyone until 1999 about this. I learned about Reiki so that makes it normal to me. But I have been on a quest searching my self and belief about people and the world I have been changed and feel I have met who I really am I met my soul/spirit and have many ideas of what we are and that we have existed for all time.

Beth's NDE

I was in bad pain, a 10 on their scales. I asked God to take the pain away. Then, I was suddenly above looking down on my monitor and IV pole and my body. I then saw a white being that floated up. I was asked if I was ready and I said yes. Then the being told me to follow. I followed and went to see my kids. I kept arguing that i could go and it would be ok for them. I went to the waiting room and saw my family. They were talking and I watched them. I saw my son on the playground at school. I then went to the light to see my mother who had passed. I could not go in. I would have to make a decision. I wanted to go, but the being showed me what would happen to my children if I did. It was bad.

So, basically I gave in and said ok, Then I went back to my body and watched myself go back in. Then the nurse grabbed my hand and said i was ok. there were things in between, but too painful to discuss at this time.

Weird part was that I watched this nurse take a coke break at the beginning of the experience and the nurse across the room chewed her out on her return because I had gone into respiratory arrest. The monitor flat lined, but the hospital has little record of this, except that my records show that while the nurse was gone, my rates were exactly the same while she was gone. She made them up. Several nursed later verified this, against the hospital's wishes.

Joshua C's NDE

I was standing in military formation at parade rest for a chain of command of ships; this means one ship was taking command of the area from the other ship. While standing at parade rest, I all of a sudden felt extreme heat at the bottom of me feet gradually increasing upward along my legs. Somehow I knew that I was going to pass out and tried to summon the person next to me by touching him with my elbow but I fainted before I could. Some say that I fell straight down and bounced three times on the canvas of the gym where the ceremony was held.

I did not feel the impact. I all of a sudden was looking down at what at first appeared to be dots on the ground but eventually came into focus as people looking down on the floor at someone; I immediately realize that the person on the floor was myself. I then immediately looked to my left and saw, as though looking out of a window, the medical crew aboard ship, which was 200 yards away, scrambling to get a stretcher off the "bulkhead" (wall) in response to the call.

Just as I saw the corpsmen running down the ship brow, suddenly I saw an extremely bright light flowing over my right shoulder and obstructing my view from everything within my sight. Turning toward this light to investigate its origin, I suddenly see three figures slowly approaching me; the figures began to come clearer and I then recognized them to be of my past uncle (my mother's sister's husband..."Uncle Buddy" (1972), my past aunt...my mother's baby sister (1976), and another uncle (Uncle Dee Dee)...my father's brother who I often visited during a great portion of my training after "Boot camp" on Orlando, Fl in 1979.

Uncle Dee Dee seemed to have stepped forward and approached me as though to shake my hand. While I gestured to shake his hand I heard his voice as to say words to the effect of "Well done." As I reached to grab his hand and to say "thank you" I was awakened by smelling salt from a corpsman's hand and found myself on the floor looking at all those around me.

I was taken aboard ship and given medical attention with bed rest for three days. When I phone my parents the next day to convey my experience, my mother informed me that me uncle Dee Dee had passed the same day of my experience. And from that movement on my life has not been the same.

Through that experience there is not a doubt in my mind that the physical existence is only temporary. There is more to tell, but it will probably be many pages written as a result. Thanks for allowing me to share. Continue to stay blessed...

...I am,

Joshua E

Maria TK's NDE

Hi, My name is Maria

I was on vacation with my ex husband in my native country Bulgaria. Didn't know that I was pregnant (2-3 months approx.) and had to carry the large suitcase the whole day in the summer sun of Bulgaria, 35-40 degrees celsius. Had some alcohol in the evening, since we were visiting a colleague from Bulgaria and spent the night there. At night I started having a horrible diarrhoea and haemorrhage. The whole toilet was full of blood. Eventually I had to lie down on the couch since the blood was spurting like a flood between my legs and I couldn't get up. My colleague's husband drove me to the nearest hospital.

There the doctors decided that I had a miscarriage and that I had to have a cleaning of the uterus done by an expert, as is usual in cases like this. I was committed and didn't have permission either to eat or drink until the operation. The next day I was going to have the operation, but the room was filled with women who got priority because they were acquainted with the doctors, and I was left there for another day and another day... Had to wait for 3 days in all, but still didn't have permission to eat or drink... In any case, it was soon my turn. I wasn't weighed either, and walked into the operating room, where women were operated on conveyor belt style, they had hardly cleaned out the room before me, since there was the smell of blood everywhere.

And still I thought - at last, this is going to be quickly over with, and I didn't have a clue what was awaiting me.

I was put on a bed and the anesthetist gave me a substantial injection with the anaesthetic. I could only watch helplessly that the dosage seemed to be twice the usual amount (what I thought was reasonable). The procedure was quick. Nobody asked me about my weight or anything else. I was given the injection and it was exactly as if I'd had some acid put into me - it was like a fire, that killed everything in its way. My body seemed to get gassed to death... I felt myself starting to choke... "I'm dying... I'm dying... I'm on fire". - I remember I clenched at my throat...

Then I got so angry and disappointed with myself, but I could still think and feel myself thinking, and I could even hear my thoughts all the time, sometimes reverberate very strongly in my head "Why did I come here to give my body to those idiots! I'm absolutely crazy! How could I come to this horrible place and give my body over to them!?" - I was apparently too hard on myself and too disappointed with my irresponsibility. I had given my confidence to the wrong kind of doctors and was very, very angry with myself for being so gullible.

Then it seemed like I was inside a cubist painting/work of art. I became "a triangle" and struggled with the sharp corners of the other triangles. (Later I learned that the doctors hit me at the end of the procedure to make me wake up - I was slapped in the face many times. But this was in the beginning of the experience).

I didn't understand anything, but I was helpless. It was like during pregnancy (later in my life). All I could do was "tag along." You had no choice.

My disappointment over that I'd left my body to the idiots at the hospital passed, and I started to explore my new condition. I realized that I wasn't "dead". I had only changed my state of

consciousness. I still "EXISTED"! And didn't understand anything! How is this possible?!? I have no body, but I'm "alive"... What is it that's left of me, then???

By now I was pretty shocked over how fast all this came over me in the operating room, so I didn't think of looking at myself to examine the remains of my being further. I just started to acquaint myself with my new condition in the sense that I understood that I was "only a voice" - this was obvious to me! And how "HIGH" that voice was! It kind of "ECHOED" - such a "FORCE"...

It sure was strange not to have a body anymore and just have your little voice left. To be transformed into "a voice" in the whole of your being. (The women from my room later told me that I'd scared all the pregnant ladies in the ward because I'd been screaming at the top of my voice straight through the whole procedure. But in the beginning I kind of heard little "glimpses" of this, but later during this stage, I kind of sank into myself and all the memories from the room "faded away".)

It was strange not to be alive, but still existing as a voice... It was shocking, upheaving. I have strong bonds to my dear, self-sacrificing warm Bulgarian mother, who's the best mother in the whole world. But, strangely enough, I didn't have a thought about leaving her behind, or my father, or my husband, or my earthly life. Not a trace of regret. It was just upheaving to change conditions so dramatically and find myself in my new role as a bodiless being, as a pure "voice". And nothing more...

At this half stage, I had surely grieved for my body. But no glimpses, no films, no memories from my earthly life, nothing I missed or even thought about...

Then the light came. I was thrown straight into the middle of the Sun. Straight into the middle of the warmest, most beautiful, most welcoming light, where I instantly felt that "here I feel good"... I was drawn to the ocean of light as a gigantic magnet, and drowned in light. I'm not sure, but I might have heard psalm singing. It was like the light was "singing" in some way... But not really. It wasn't sound. Might have been telepathic. My soul might have come into contact with the soul music of the light. It was light and it was Love at the same time. There was hidden and encoded Heavenly music in the whole thing. It wasn't important... The main thing was that here I felt Welcomed and Loved. I came "Home"... The intensity is so indescribable in words, so I can't convey the experience in any way to anybody who haven't experienced this themselves. Nothing on earth is comparable. Everything on earth fades compared with the strength of this experience.

Then I thought like this, "It's not so bad here. I don't want to go back to earth... No. Never again back there! Never again back to earth! And why should I go back down to Earth (note that I was thinking in terms of "down"). There... on earth... everything is so materialistic... everything has to be dragged back and forth, shoved to the right and left... you have to fight hard for results... A lot of work for nothing. Here I could move as I wanted - WHERE I wanted. It's not so bad here. I absolutely don't want to go back down to earth..." And while I was enjoying my new condition of total Freedom and total Love, I was pulled down, as by a line, an elevator, a force of gravity or "a force" - something that pulled me back to my body.

My physical eyes opened in a strange way. My field of vision started to uncover the room from the upper parts of it and down. So the first thing I saw was the machinery above my roommates beds and then their heads and themselves lying there, and last the legs of the beds.

It was as if somebody put me back with a line in my physical body, without me being able to influence it in the least. I was put back into the "doll" again, without anyone asking me if I wanted it or not. The women gathered around my bed: "Girl, you scared us all with your screaming. The whole hospital is scared. What happened to you?" Everybody looked pale. "Nothing! I was exploring" - I hear myself say. I answered automatically. "What kind of exploring did you do?" - I hear them asking ironically, they thought I was insane. "Explorations about God" - I answer curtly and see them being taken aback. They understand that I'm not insane but still have my intellect left intact.

(In the room, the women used to practice questioning all the women who were still anaesthetized and asked them intimate questions about their boyfriends and sex... and I might have said the word "stupid geese" to them, because I don't like this kind of "jokes"). They couldn't fool me, I was wide awake and not worth the trouble! Then I was left alone.

I couldn't wait for the nurse to come to our room. "Nurse! What did you give me that was so awful?" - I asked about the anaesthetic. Heard her rattle off all the 6 or 7 latin names for the anaesthetic with their complex words. Then she left the room.

It took me 4 months to come back to life. I longed to get back "home". I didn't want to live on. That's how wonderful the experience was. My relatives looked suspiciously at me - maybe she was insane! - But I was more alert than them. I still appreciated the continuance of life and was very shocked and scared by the whole thing. At the first possible moment I went and lighted a candle for God in the temple Hram-pammetnik "Alexandör Nevski" - in the center of Sofia.

It was then that I realized for the first time that the churches are the only institutions on earth that are Right.

The experience changed my outlook on God. From being atheist and non-believer, I pounced hungrily upon spiritual literature, started visiting the Krsna-temple, was vegetarian for 3 years and going to be so again... read so much, that my muscles atrophied... (today I'm sick in fibromyalgia and rheumatism). The will to gain knowledge was and is enormously strong... Today I'm convinced that God exists. I dream prophetic dreams. My grandfather comes to visit me often and radiates light and energy, he turns up in difficult moments and sometimes warns me. We hug in every dream.

Everybody should go through an NDE to grow spiritually and personally. Material and bodily things become unimportant. You see through peoples souls. I got an unlimited outlook on life which sometimes can be scary - you think on a very large scale and globally and see connections more clearly. Money, career, intrigues, sex-appeal - all this is not important at all in my life, as it was before the experience. All I strive for is vegetarianism and the animals liberation from the Concentration camps.

In my case, I'm grateful that I had good karma and was sent to the Light, despite the fact that I wasn't any kind of angel back then. And yet, God was merciful enough to let me explore him.

As for the rest, I'm grateful that I didn't meet any Being at all! Beings would have scared me. I'm grateful that Grandfather turns up in dreams now and then, and that we keep in touch and that God answers some of my prayers before I go to sleep when I doubt. I'm sure that I can expand my relationship to God if I physically have the chance and time to do what I'd like to do.

I'm not at all stupid or naive, but just a person who's eager to learn and who's pretty well read now, after all the seeking and after this staggering experience, that isn't comparable to anything in this life.

Thank you for letting me pour my heart out to you!

Le MONDE's NDE

I was at my boy friend's parent's house, we just had lunch. We wanted to have a sauna session, that's something I had never tested before but I thought that could relax me, because I felt tired.

Half an hour later, the temperature inside the sauna reached more than 60 degrees, almost 70, and I decided to go out of the room because I felt oppressed by the heat. The sauna's room led to a garage without heating, and it was fresh since we were in December.

My friend advised me to go out gradually to avoid any thermal shock but as soon as I set foot outside, I felt myself being invaded by a giddiness, a huge pain in all my body. I held on to my friend, feeling that I was going to faint, then I began to howl, without really being aware of my screams : I was already loosing consciousness. I saw the black wrapping me, I had an awful noise in my ears and in my head, a deafening noise, but may be it was my screams because my friend maintained that I howled and that he was very afraid.

I remember this intense pain and and I remember having, at the same time, a life review with short pieces, experiences that I even didn't recall, coming back in my mind. That's difficult to explain, but all that gave me the feeling to be in a fast deafening carroussel which scene was my own life. I saw my father, my brother and my sister and more particularly my grandfather who was smiling to me, but also one of my uncles deceased a few year before. I felt myself floating and rotating. Then I didn't feel my body anymore, I had the impression to be nothing anymore, to not exist physically anymore.

Then I saw what was really happening, my recumbent body, my friend shaking me, trying to make me awoke, and his father who joined him and who hitted my cheek. I had the impression to observe what was happening from above as if I had an external view on what was occurring. I heard them shouting, speaking. First I didn't understand what they told me, then I found myself back in my own body, as if I had been send in my body, in a sudden come back to life and reality. It has been difficult for me to open eyes and while waking up, I was told that I was very blade, livid, and that during this accident I had eyes with the whites showing, the body arched, tight and finally completely relaxed, as if lifeless.

After this episode, during several days, I felt an intense tiredness, a need to sleep. Back to home, while telling my parents what happened, they told me : "That's unbelievable, your grandfather called a few minuts ago to tell us that he had the feeling you were very bad, that you had a problem, that you were in danger".

Douglas D's NDE

I was swimming at a friends house. I dove in to the pool and immediately felt a sharp pain in the left side of my neck. I became very nauseated and dizzy. I felt myself struggling in the water. I could not breath or swim.

I then saw myself in a long narrow room which had walls made of mahogany with a long mahogany bar on the left side of the room. The end of the room had a swinging door with a light around the edges of the door on the other side of the door. I saw myself walking up to the bartender and asked him for a glass of air. He gave me a martini glass filled with water and I drank that and asked for another glass of air. Again, he gave me another glass of water which I drank. Then I said I really wanted a glass of air and he gave me a glass of air which I drank. At that moment I was pulled up to the surface of the pool by two people I was swimming with.

They said I was under the water for about a minute. I remember struggling to stay afloat and I could not make any sound from my mouth. After pulling me from the pool I was rushed to the hospital where they said I had a total heart block.....no electrical current from the top part of my heart to the bottom. I then had a double bypass and had a pacemaker put in. I remember the bar scene as if it happened 5 minutes ago.

Valerie L's NDE

ON APRIL 25, 2003 I WAS RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL BY AMBULANCE. BECAUSE I WAS NOT ABLE TO BREATHE. I HAD LOST ABOUT 47% OF MY OXYGEN WHICH WAS NOT GOOD. I DON'T REMEMBER THE RIDE TO THE HOSPITAL. BUT FROM THE TIME I LEFT MY BODY DURING THAT TIME I WAS FLOATING TO WHAT I THOUGHT WAS HEAVEN, I SAW A BRIGHT LIGHT LIKE I HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE. AND I FELT A PEACE AND SERENE FEELING, THIS WAS PEACE THAT WAS INDESCRIBABLE, THEN I LOOK UP AND THERE WAS MY GRANDFATHER WITH OPEN ARMS. HE SAID HE WOULD TAKE CARE OFF ME. I LOOKED TO MY LEFT AND I SEEN MY 2 CHILDREN TELLING ME TO COME BACK. AND I CAME BACK.

Alicia G's NDE

I am writing this from two views, 1st from my experience and second from Alicia's view. On the 16th of July 2001, I had been sent out of town with the Army, my roommate, more like a daughter, was ill from intestinal blockage brought on from a C-section. The night of the 16th she went into heart failure and went approximately 9 minutes with no heart beat, she was resuscitated and transported to the ER of the local hospital. I was informed of this via the red cross and was flying home on the morning of the 18th, on the plane ride back, at 8 am i felt something like someone had pulled something out of my head, at that moment I saw what i can best describe as an oblong fuzzy star, come from next to my head, fly up to the seat in front of me and then disappear through the roof of the airplane. Because it was such an intense experience, I took note of the time.

Upon arriving back in town I went to the hospital where my friend was in ICU in a coma, with a prognosis of no chance of surviving. Talking with the doctor that Friday, he encouraged me to sign a do not resuscitate order, stating her heart had stopped again Wednesday, I stated, 8AM, and he looked at me and said yes, he never asked but had this look about him of how did I know.

Some time later Alicia came out of her coma, almost from the very first she told an amazing story of having gone to Heaven. She would look at you and point up to the sky and say "I went to heaven, it was beautiful" she would hold her arms out as wide as she could and say "There were lots of people, lots of people" she would cross her arms over her chest and say "Everybody loved each other, there was no cussing, no fighting, no shooting" with each statement she would use her hands to emphasize what she said, and lastly she would say "I didn't want to come back."

She passed away Easter Sunday 2003. I need it known that she had suffered massive brain damage and was unable to remember virtually anything, yet her memory of having gone to heaven was one that was never forgotten and one that never changed. I did not experience anything the day she passed forever, I believe the first time she was scared and came to me out of fear, but the second time, she had no fear, she knew she was going to a beautiful and peaceful place.

Cynthia P's NDE

Without transition, and without pain, I was suddenly standing in a beautiful green woods. It was like jumping right into the middle of a vivid, colorful dream. There was lots of light and sunshine all around, light breezes rustling the leaves. Profound feelings of joy and well being and happiness and comfort and love. Before me, a sort of glade in the the woods beckoned me towards lighter woods further on. It seemed there was more sunshine down there. The light was not blinding, nor was it white. It was more yellow, like sunshine really is, and the color of the leaves was spring green. There was nobody there, just me. I was curious about going further down the path, but suddenly had a feeling the I had better get out of there. With that feeling, I was back in the Emergency Room. They had coded me, and I had been clinically dead for just a couple minutes.

Bardin 's NDE

On last 21st of July, I gave birth, having a Caesarean under epidural. About two hours later, back in my room, I had a rather significant bleeding.... I called the hospital staff to ask them to change my sheet, spotted. The nurse asked me if I felt well, I answered yes. She let the beep alarm ring and two auxiliary nurses arrived for help... Same question... But this time I answered "I feel myself fainting, my head is spinning". Two others auxiliary nurses arrived, 5 people looking after me ... And in spite of that, I felt myself fainting more and more soundly... Still half conscious, I heard my baby crying, I raised the head to see him, and a nursery nurse entered and took him with her.... I thought, everything is OK, they look well after him... And I let go, I let myself fainting, in spite of the orders coming from the auxiliary nursing staff who gave taps on my cheek "stay with us!!! heo!!! Madam!!!!"

Then I went out of my body, I knew what it was because my spouse had already an out of body experience. I saw myself lying on the bed with 5 busy people around me as if I were stuck on the room's ceiling. All was dark, the silhouettes of the people seemed to be black on dark brown background. I did not distinguish their faces... nor mine... I thought I was dead.

"Don't be frightened", then I heard... I was not frightened... I was dead, at least that's what I thought, I had no painful feeling... And I had already this feeling of being full of an infinite love as I had never felt before ... Why being afraid of Love? Love does not want to do harm...

The memories I have from this are vague: I remember to be advised on my way of living and my health: for example no more smoking and no more drinking. I was also advised on my behaviour with my close relations and particularly on my relations with my Mother, which until there were rather tended.

I have no memory about place and time... I was surrounded by very loving souls... And that's not all: no room, no landscape... just the souls. It's one of the auxiliary nursing telling my son's first name and adding "he needs you" that made me come back to life and its earthly reality. During the next 3 days, 3 out of the 5 auxiliary nursing staff, who were there when all this happened, told me they have been frightened to lose me.

Arthur's NDE

When I had this experience, I knew nothing about NDEs totally ignorant. It was a few years before I learned about such things and read anything about them. I was extremely ill 106 fever for a week,

My experience was vivid, every dead loved one and good friend was there to greet me and guide me I saw angels a field full of them, the music my gracious can't begin to compare it to anything on earth, with all this even showing me future events if I stayed upstairs (in heaven).

I was told to marry a certain woman and that we were to have two children a boy then a girl we did and we have, thinking about this brings tears to my eyes joy chills goose bumps and a sense of reverence beyond explanation, I was given a choice, there was a long discussion, they showed me videos of what was going to happen at home if I stayed with them and just went to the approaching light.

I fought to come back and whooshed backwards thru the tunnel from whence I had arrived and hit the bed with a thud it must have been audible as 3 nurses came running in and yelled thank God his fever is broken he is still with us Thank God!!!

SO it is important that I do something a little better with my life than what it was I had not been accomplishing before this life giving episode in my short and transitory visit in this dimension. Love was all around, the feelings cannot be articulated so that there can be a duplication of the feelings that this event fathered.

After my return, I doubted where I had been because there were two live people friends up there. Mike a client in London was there in a green cashmere sport coat holding a wooden handled putter, and a childhood friend, Betsy who was smiling and hugged me. The rest were dead some great grandparents that I had only seen a picture of and never met where there.

This all happened the first week in October 1988 and I was being treated for Legionnaires Disease. At thanks giving my mother told me, "i have some sad news your friend Betsy died last summer. The first of the chills came down my am.

At Christmas time, I called Mike and was told he couldn't come to the phone because he was dead. I asked, "how, where, when?" They replied, "Last July at the annual LLOYDS GOLF tournament, they had finished the game and had just gotten dressed up for dinner and he had a heart attack." I was speechless and validation of where I had been hit like a tone of bricks.

HOW DID MIKE AND BETSY COME AND MEET ME? HOW DID THIS COMMUNICATION TRANSPIRE? HOW DID THEY KNOW I HAD CROSSED THE LINE IN A HOSPITAL IN MIAMI? How I have asked myself a hundred times.

Regards, Arthur

Niles R's NDE

I was approximately 14-15 years old, in a summer camp and we were playing a game, which I thought innocuous at that time (a monitor even took part) but which, in fact, is really fatal (a variant of the "scarf's game" which takes a tragic turn in playgrounds).

The game consisted in breathing out, in a repetitive and forced way (like a breathless dog) during 1 to 2 minutes, to raise at one go and a "partner" pressed on my carotid. I lost consciousness during 2-3 minutes and made me awake by being given slaps on the face.

It's at that time that I had a life review. I don't remember any more about how I reached this state (out of body experience, tunnel, ...) but I remember me seeing like a summary of my stay in this summer camp with the full possibility of choosing to let the events pass or to dwell on them, with an external point of view, as if I could fly around those last events. The whole, in a feeling of wellbeing. It seemed to me that time was different from reality because I could go again in much of situations in a short time.

Then I awoke, a little bit groggy by this experience, but feeling good about myself.

For sure, I forget some details because it's not new and at that time, this event intrigued me; but up to now, I never took time to ask me more questions. Today, I realize that this experience could have had a tragic turn. Of course, I don't encourage anybody to do it because there is a real danger of death!

Ethel H's NDE

I'd have never experienced all that before. It made me aware of how alive every thing is. God is in every fiber of the universe. He's all over and knows all. He's not a person as some may think. God is an energy. I can't type all this, though I know what I'm talking about, but I'm unsure how to word it so people would understand. I only understand because I experienced it. At first every thing was dark, and I thought this is it. I'm dying. I remember thinking, because it was dark I was going to hell. Then I thought, where's the lake of fire? At the same time I'm picturing all the things I'd ever done in my life. It seemed I saw every thing like in a split second. I opened my eyes and left me body but no one noticed. I was floating over my self watching At the same time the paramedics were frantically working on me. They kept slamming my chest with this shock thing. One was saying, "I can't get a pulse, "then" no vital signs" "she's flat line "" keep trying, we're almost there"" But there's no use, she's not breathing" look at her she's all grey," They kept shocking me. I saw my body jerk up like every time it hit me and it hut real bad.

At the same time I saw my arms flaying trying. It seemed when I tried to push them away, my arms went right through them. I guess we reached the hospital, as they were running through the doors, someone shouted, " get the big gun's out." On a loud speaker some one was saying code blue, code blue in emergency. A couple more hits with the zapper put me in a comma for about a week.

At the same time all this was going on, I'm speeding through what seemed to be a tunnel though I began to realize, it seemed it was a tunnel because it was so dark all around me and I was in this tunnel of light The further I went, the lighter it got. As the light got brighter, I could see it was beautiful there. I could see my self on this table with someone sticking a tube up my nose and down my throat. That's the last time I saw my body until I came out of the coma.

But in the mean time I felt I had reached my destination. I began to focus on what was around me. I saw these beings, they must have been people on either side of me. I didn't hear anyone speaking, they communicated with their thoughts. They were all consoling me telling my not to worry, I was in good hands. There were no buildings, but some how the areas were marked off, like rooms.

One thing I forgot to mention, before I got that far into the light, I passed an area that was very nosy. It seemed people were screaming and moaning as though they were in pain or some sort of mental anguish. It was too dark on the sides of my tunnel of light to see what was going on. I only remember those horrible sounds.

Anyway I was no longer on a bed or any thing but seemed to be gliding up right further to the light. The light while bright didn't glare, but it was sort of a golden glow. People seemed to be floating all around. All happy and smiling. I could feel the love and calmness there. They all seemed to have a glow around them. Some one told me I could have a seat for a few minutes, that some one was coming to talk to me. No pain, nothing, just peace.

Then two men came to me which reminded me of monks, from the way they looked and dressed. They somehow conveyed a message to me that it would be awhile before a decision was made. They would let me know the outcome. Then these women came to sort of show me around. They showed me a huge area that sort of reminded me of a library. They told me that it was one of the learning areas, where people were waiting to see where they would be sent. I

understood they were preparing to come back here to earth. I have no way of knowing how long I was there as I had no perception of time. At some point the monks (i call them) returned. They gave me a message that it wasn't my time to be there but if nothing changed I'd be back there at some future date, and a lot of other things, which I can't remember at this time.

It comes back to me in bits and pieces, then i forget again , but that's about all of it. The next thing I knew was i was slammed back into my body and hit the tunnel again but going the opposite way.

Elzada O's NDE

For a couple of days prior I was so ill and now looking back realize too ill to even comprehend what was happening. Thought I had diarrhea, I had no comprehension I was bleeding to death - it was from an ulcer. I was told later by the doctors probably wouldn't have made it if it had been 2 hours later, anyway the experience was phenomenal. I remember my grandparents and a few others being around me and then it seemed as I was headed for the light which seemed so peaceful and I really wanted to go, but it was at this time that God intervened and told me that it wasn't my time yet, there was still some unfinished business - that is about it.

Any associated medications or substances with the potential to affect the experience? No

Was the kind of experience difficult to express in words? Yes

Can't express in words, will try - it seemed as if I was fighting something until I started toward the light, it appeared to be that some of my relatives were present whom have now passed - remember God telling me something that my mission on earth was not finished. In other words wasn't my time.

At the time of this experience, was there an associated life threatening event? Yes

Yes I bled to death, brought back only by the Grace of God.

What was your level of consciousness and alertness during the experience? Not much, sort of remember vaguely when arriving at the hospital of trying to tell something, no knowledge.

Was the experience dream like in any way? No it wasn't dreamlike, it appeared very very real, especially when I focused on the light and my grandparents and listening to God, I am eternally grateful for this superb experience it definitely changed my life and my attitude.

Did you experience a separation of your consciousness from your body? Yes

Yes for awhile, really can't describe it too much, except that it was a great feeling of peace and love.

Did you hear any unusual sounds or noises? The only noises or words as I described them was God speaking to me.

Did you pass into or through a tunnel or enclosure? Uncertain

Did you see a light? Yes, It was totally euphoric, there seemed to be so much peace and love and understanding, the knowledge that I was truly in the right place.

Did you meet or see any other beings? Yes

My grandparents and others of whom were not too clear, or at least I do not remember, but were some there.

Did you experience a review of past events in your life? Uncertain

Not too many past events, but I thought of my puppy I had just gotten and was wondering what was going to happen to her.

Did you observe or hear anything regarding people or events during your experience that could be verified later? Uncertain, I think it was just that my mission was incomplete.

Did you see or visit any beautiful or otherwise distinctive locations, levels or dimensions?

Yes

Just going into the light was so awe inspiring and restful, peaceful and full of love.

Did you have any sense of altered space or time? Uncertain

Since I was in ICU for a number of days, told after I came around, couldn't believe it had been 10 days.

Did you have a sense of knowing, special knowledge, universal order and/or purpose? Yes

Yes when God told me in no uncertainty that it was not my time, that I had some unfinished business.

Did you reach a boundary or limiting physical structure? Yes

I believe the light was as far as I went, from there I know not.

Did you become aware of future events? Yes

Sort of that everything would be okay, at least that was the feeling that permeated my body after it was all over.

Were you involved in or aware of a decision regarding your return to the body? Yes

God telling me that it wasn't my time yet.

Did you have any psychic, paranormal or other special gifts following the experience that you did not have prior to the experience? Yes

The special gift that I became more serene and willing to let go of a lot of things that had been holding me.

Did you have any changes of attitudes or beliefs following the experience? Yes

As in above. The ability to listen better and hold no resentments or grudges, mainly it was filled with so much peace and love throughout my body.

How has the experience affected your relationships? Daily life? Religious practices? Career choices? Not sure today, but for awhile it was fantastic, was able to listen unconditionally forming no opinions of others, but just letting them go with love.

Has your life changed specifically as a result of your experience? Yes

More calm and peaceful around others, especially my family and willing to allow them their life with no interference.

Have you shared this experience with others? Yes, A few people

What emotions did you experience following your experience? A lot of love, peace, at oneness,

What was the best and worst part of your experience? Upon awakening days later and realizing how ill I really was.

Is there anything else you would like to add concerning the experience? For me it was totally going into the light, experiencing God and hearing his voice, knowing that my mission was incomplete, more lessons of learning - just becoming aware of everything.

Following the experience, have you had any other events in your life, medications or substances which reproduced any part of the experience? No

Did the questions asked and information you provided accurately and comprehensively describe your experience? Yes, it did.

Please offer any suggestions you may have to improve this questionnaire. This questionnaire was pretty complete I thought, thanks.

Geraldine O's NDE

I had had a difficult night and at 6:30 am I was sitting in a chair watching my granddaughter blow soap bubbles at the cat's face. I remember leaning forward to tell her to stop. The next thing I knew I found myself in a thick grey fog. I was struggling to get through it. Suddenly I broke free and I was outside of my body looking down at myself laying on the floor next to my open closet door. I was laying on my left side. I was standing or floating above my body but I still had a body separate from the one on the floor. I remember stretching out my hands in shock and saying "What happened? Did I have a stroke?" I remember feeling very shocked. I remember then turning my spirit body and leaving.

Next I was in a very black place. It was not frightening because I knew that there was nothing out there in the darkness. I was just black velvet. I don't really remember much after that until it was time to leave. I found myself being sucked backward through a tunnel. I could see the light that I was being pulled away from and there was someone who seemed to be standing on a platform on the left side of the tunnel. It was as if they were seeing me off from a train station and I could hear their words "Remember three, remember three" The next thing I knew I was waking up in an ICU unit at the local hospital.

I am still working on remembering three but among the things that I have remembered is that time does not really exist. It is just a measurement used by we so called living people.

George S's NDE

The first time I was in a boarding school in PA. Developed pneumonia and was placed in an unheated room. Had a fever raise to 107. Was moved to a hospital. My mother was a nurse there. I had no pulse, or breathing and felt my body rise out of my body and could see everyone doing what they could to bring me back. I was up near the ceiling and could see a long tunnel of light and approached the end of it but something made me come back to my body. My mother made them pack my body in ice and I was in a metal tub for 3 days when my fever broke and I came back from wherever I was. I have had ...unsure of how to describe it...3 episodes where I saw windows into the past since then.

The 2nd time, I had been beaten by my alcoholic father and knocked into a bathtub of boiling water. I was found at the bottom of the stairs of our house and had lost 80% of the blood in my body. I was taken to Walter Reed Army Hospital and pronounced dead with no respiration or pulse. I again saw the light and felt my body leave my body. I came back but it took a year to recover from my injuries. I have seen the ghosts of relatives since then at the time of their death and had panic attacks for 30 years after this incident.

As an aside, my mother is somewhat intuitive and has known when family members are ill or have died even when they are 1000s of miles away. I have some of that ability, but it is more of a sense of something is wrong and I have to call and ask if anyone is ill...I did not have this before my experiences.

I have also had 1 episode of missing time and cannot account for the half an hour loss..

David H NDE

I was chasing a frog and fell into stock tank. I remember everything turning green and then I felt great peace. I was going down a black tunnel toward a very bright light at the end. When I got there I remember feeling a great peace and then heard a voice saying "David you need to go back. Your mom and dad need you." Since then I have been told that dad found me and pulled me out and Mom did CPR on me.

Any associated medications or substances with the potential to affect the experience? No

Was the kind of experience difficult to express in words? No

At the time of this experience, was there an associated life threatening event? Yes, drowning

What was your level of consciousness and alertness during the experience? I felt fully awake and alert

Was the experience dream like in any way? No

Did you experience a separation of your consciousness from your body? No

Did you pass into or through a tunnel or enclosure? Yes

Describe: Dark tunnel toward a light

Did you see a light? Yes, Bright light at end of tunnel then light so bright I could not see

Did you experience a review of past events in your life? No

I learned that there is an after life and that it was very pleasant

Did you observe or hear anything regarding people or events during your experience that could be verified later? No

Did you have any sense of altered space or time? Yes

Very pleasant place unlike anything I have experienced before or since

Did you have a sense of knowing, special knowledge, universal order and/or purpose? Yes

That I was needed by my parents and had a purpose back with them

Did you reach a boundary or limiting physical structure? No

Did you become aware of future events? No

Were you involved in or aware of a decision regarding your return to the body? Yes

Did you have any psychic, paranormal or other special gifts following the experience that you did not have prior to the experience? No

Did you have any changes of attitudes or beliefs following the experience? No response

How has the experience affected your relationships? Daily life? Religious practices? Career choices? Have always had feeling that there was a better place when I am gone and have had a close relationship to family

What was the best and worst part of your experience? The great peace and knowing that I was needed

Following the experience, have you had any other events in your life, medications or substances which reproduced any part of the experience? No

Did the questions asked and information you provided accurately and comprehensively describe your experience? Yes

Aissaoui's NDE

In August 1985, the day I arrived on vacation at the seaside, in the south of France, I arrived having only one idea in mind, to have a bathe, to have a swim, to enjoy the pleasures of the sea. My 4 years old niece comes into the sea with me and at the time I put the head under water, I lose consciousness. Seeing that I stayed too long floating with the head in water, my niece took my head out of water, pulling on my hair.

At this moment, I see my body as if I was dead; it is like if I was on a kind of pedestal, watching the scene, without any fear; I attend the scene without worrying about anything, I don't understand why my family cries, bothers, go into a panic whereas I feel so well. "Staying at the top of this pedestal, I watch several scenes at the same time, in several different places, I hear every thing and I am even able "to hear " each one's interior dialog, without being astonished. I see the firemen who try to resuscitate me and the ambulance service staff which resuscitate with electric discharges to make my heart beat again (I want them to stop what they are doing, I feel well there "where I am"...) I attend the complete reanimation scene and my transport by helicopter to the hospital of Montpellier).

I feel attracted as if magnetized by a light which attracts me, more I come closer to this light, more I feel well, a feeling of peace, love, wellbeing, fullness. This light attracts me and I lose sight of my terrestrial body, I go towards this light which absorbs me more and more. I never felt such a total wellbeing before in my life.

All at once, the light disappears, I see my terrestrial body lying on a bed, this body is connected with a multitude of machines, that doesn't surprise me. Without moving out of the room, I can see what occurs in the corridor where my sister and her husband are, in a state of shock. I attend their conversation and all seems natural to me.

All at once, black hole, nothing anymore, something keeps me from breathing, I cough, I recover consciousness, I awake disappointed, frustrated, I suffer physically, I realize that I was there without being there, was it a dream? My family tells me what happened, it is exactly as if I had been with them, but I prefer to say nothing, I can't find the right words. I'll keep this event forever much to myself. I won't disclose it to my family members, they would not understand...

Carlos V's NDE

"If the lack of sunshine at night time makes you cry, you won't be able to see the stars. If you sit down on the road, always face what you will walk and give your back to what you already walked" Chinese old saying

In here we will handle a portion of that experience during those nine days, when I was not conscious.

STORY

It happened early in the morning of that 6th of January 1995, right after waking up for my routine tasks; after having my morning bath and having breakfast, I lost consciousness for nine days, when I awoke from my trip to the after-death.

I have been told that I was hospitalized in the nearest clinic to my house at the time, this is San Blas Clinic, not far from the area of Loma del Este, Valencia, Venezuela. It was a public holiday – Day of the Adoration -. I was admitted to emergency clinically dead/ with no vital signs. At this time there were no specialists in neurology on duty; however, they brought a neurosurgeon from Caracas, just arrived to Valencia, Dr. Araujo, who proceeded with the craniotomy, due to bad sinuses that infected my brain of pus. They extracted 250 cl, all due to blocking of my nasal cavity since childhood, that I was not aware of.

I was unaware of what had happened to me until the ninth day, when I woke up and two surgeons, one of them was Dr. Araujo, told me: "Calm down, you've just had brain surgery". One of my daughters living abroad was contacted, to say goodbye, since my life was at stake. Nine out of ten, in these cases, die. My situation was so bad that even doctors got my family ready for my funeral arrangements. This idea spread easily with some visiting professors/teachers, friends/acquaintances of mine, who were told that it would be difficult for me to survive, like Prof. Requena and wife, who arrived from Maracay and bid farewell twice, as they corroborated.

However, what was going on me? What was I experiencing? What happened to me? This is what I can recall: I always had the idea of being in a dream, sleep. I not only remember passing through a dark tunnel, but through a tunnel with lights of a wide range of colors. During the whole way, numerous voices could be heard, telling me: "None that is on earth belongs to you any longer, everything is temporary. These are not your children-just roles to play-everything is temporary-your success is linked to the way you played your role-it depends on how did you behave". And all of a sudden a screen-like thing was opened and they told me: "This is all you have done until now". I remember scenes of my past life since I was two; they were telling me: "You failed this, you were wrong in this, here you can see mistakes made, here they are the good deeds..."

It was incredible, since it reminded bad moments of my life to me, of grieving, moments of impureness...and all due to the simple fact that I was not paying attention to what I was supposed to do, due to being unable to handle my weakness, emotions,...I felt bad when I realized all the suffering I had caused upon others and myself, I learnt how to interpret the karmic law (cause / effect) and its consequences.

It was pointed out again and again to me that everything in this physical/earthy plane is temporary and that we must free ourselves from any dependence, conditioning or attachment whatsoever, since they prevent us from growing and developing ourselves and they generate grief. I was reminded about the importance of not becoming too attached to illusory shapes/features, to roles to be played...I was insisted on the importance of doing it well without generating dependence or demands....it was highlighted to me that the existence in this plane has to be accordingly, that one must take advantage of opportunities given without causing harm to anybody...on the contrary, letting love to manifest itself, respecting everybody's feelings, not lying to anybody, learning how to be authentic...not letting be trapped by the illusory or vane. I was told :” You will carry nothing over, just what you did for your own development....all mundane remains there, do not get attached to it...make use of it, without causing any harm, without creating dependency for yourself”

I clearly remember how I arrived to a place with a beautiful light, shining in splendor, where many people who were entering a reception hall gathered; a vast hall well decorated. I did not know any of them. I was hearing many voices, proper music of the spheres, a beautiful music not well known, very harmonious, vibrating...Many beings dressed on white tunic, some others wearing a yellow one.

Somebody approached initially to me and said: “Your stay in here will be short. Somebody has been waiting for you and wants to say goodbye. This is your last chance. He’ll come out soon. You just have to go into that room, which he will enter”. Right then I heard how somebody was calling and how they said: “There is one who wants to greet you and say goodbye. This is the last time you’ll see him. This is your grandfather Abraham.”

The door opened and my grandfather came up, shining. He gave me a hug and talked to me. I remember him saying: “I came to bid farewell. You won’t see me again. There are some other tasks waiting for me. Take care and follow your path”. He told me some other things, but I do not remember them properly. He gave me another hug. I saw how the door opened and how he left, leaving me very sad.

However, somebody took my hand and told me that I had to go back, that there were too many things to do for me. As in my way here, my way back was through shining colour lights, in particular green, yellow and blue...as if I was having shower of lights...and they gave me great peace. I did not understand why, but when I was back, somebody said that vibrations of colours emanated from those lights are caused by prayers and meditation of groups praying for you, accordingly to their guide.

I admit that I never got scared, on the contrary, this trip and proximity to death caused big changes on me; I experienced a transformation, more exalted/sublime than being in this dimension...I knew how to accomplish my mission, how to be more alert in my relationships, with manners, and how to work harder on de-attachment and dependence. All this on next script.

Nancy C's NDE

About 6 other girls were taking turns breathing and exhaling 10 times and then someone would come from behind you and squeeze very hard around your chest. The next thing I remember is floating in the corner of the ceiling at least 15 - 20 feet high. Below me was the circle of students around my body. I fully realized where I was yet, I felt no anxiety or fear. It was just floating. I can't remember the specific conversation but I do know it was going on. I don't know how long I was up there but it was more than a minute or two. It seemed to last quite a while. I never moved past the ceiling, it seemed that it was holding me at that level. But I was floating.

The next thing I remember is waking up on the floor and then nothing. I suppose no one thought it was fun anymore, and we all went about our business with never a word or conversation about what had happened. I guess as a child, I just was so overwhelmed that I pushed it back, yet never, ever forgetting the experience. This remained my biggest secret until recently. And that is the honest to God truth. When others comment on what happens to us after death, I feel secure in knowing, "It's not over!!"

Pastor Dirk W's NDE

Now to what happened during Easter of this year (2004). This story is really in three parts - the first one is the physical circumstances leading up to the NDE.

I have got to let you know that I am in perfect health with regular checkups, a good exercise program, healthy eating, etc. So when this took place it surprised us. Penne and my children were in the car with me. We came back from seeing the Dentist (for Stephanie, my daughter) and traveled along the motorway to our exit. Coming up the exit and approaching the set-of-lights I was suddenly hit in the middle of the chest with a massive pain (like a lance hitting me). It was 4:00pm and the news had just come on - Maundy Thursday. Because we only had about 2kms to travel, and lots of cars all around me, I proceeded towards home and had another two massive hits along the way. Needless to say, Penne and the Children were very worried. I parked the car in our drive way and was unable to move with only shallow breathing managing the pain in my chest. After a few minutes I moved inside the house and straight away had the fourth hit. Penne tried to ring our doctors (we know quite a number connected to our congregation) but they were all out of the office by now - on vocation. I had settled down and convinced Penne that things will get back to normal, all I needed was rest. We had everything prepared for a special Maundy Thursday service to re-enact the Lord's Supper event at the church - a big event, but I had everything prepared.

Penne went to this function and upon entering the function room met with one of our doctors. Friends looked after the children from that point on. They came back to see me at home. After an examination the doctor rang for the ambulance and admitted me to the cardiac ward at our Sunshine Coast Private Hospital. The specialist doctors proceeded with every possible test at the disposal and kept me monitored throughout. In the morning the heart specialist came to see me. He response was 'well, you're a mystery to us.' They found absolutely nothing wrong with me and were at a loss to explain the pain - no heart attack or anything related to it. It was now Good Friday morning.

He proceeded to sign my release papers at the nurses' station which was only a few feet away from the end of my bed. I had just finished eating my breakfast and watch the number of doctors and nurses increase - shift change. A strange dizzy feeling cam over me, but just briefly enough for me to thing 'this is weird.' It was followed by a tingling sensation from my feet moving up along my legs towards my head, and then ... I flat-lined for two minutes. I was dead and the nursing staff worked for

that entire time to get me back - they were right there! I have all this documented, because I asked for a printout after I recovered.

Phase two then started ... my NDE. At first I found myself in absolute darkness but was totally aware of everything and knew that I was dead. There was no fear or anxiety attached to this awareness. In actual fact I knew that I was 'in death' (the darkness had a presence to it). I remember turning to my left and right and thinking 'now what?' There was no point to move anywhere, no reference point, nothing: nihilism - the ultimate individualism, just myself in a void of emptiness. God had left me there just long enough to become familiar with this reality. I then found myself being lead along, but I wasn't moving by my own ability - more like being carried along. I felt as if there was a hand on my back directing me, or more like being placed in God's

hand and transported along without my effort (I had the awareness of movement, but no reference of moving - because I was in complete darkness).

Then suddenly the darkness gave way and I found myself standing in front of this huge mansion. Golden, honey colored, light was streaming out to the windows and surrounded me - pushing back the darkness. I remember looking to my side and seeing the darkness fade like a fog, but trying to still hold on to me in a vain attempt to keep me. The golden light saturated my every cell, my very being. It also had a presence to it, but different from the darkness. It was filled with so much joy that the feeling was more real and intense than any emotion I have ever had in my best moments on earth.

In the front part of the mansion, the exterior of which extended further than my peripheral vision allowed, I saw a massive oak door and it swung open. At first my eyes were overpowered by the brilliance inside, but after a brief moment I was able to see this large hall filled with people, all dressed in white. The place sparkled, there was a golden staircase at the rear of this hall leading to other sections, and it had a very festive mood.

Everything had an extra dimension to things. Everything looked more real. I remember taking note of how people looked - and the only explanation that I have is that I was able to see round. When we see people normally, we only get to see what they want to reveal. This was like seeing people for who they are - as God sees them: all at once. Also the white gowns were part of people; it wasn't like they had put clothing on as a separate fabric, but that it was an extension of who they were - like the robe of salvation, or the gown of righteousness, from scripture. They all looked young, but were not young in age - just freed from the decay and curse of death; fully alive.

After looking around and seeing all this, I then noticed the man at the door. He welcomed me with such enthusiasm and delight to see me. He had a crystal goblet in his hand, with a golden ring around it, filled with red wine to overflowing. He offered it to me and said that it was my cup. Before I reached out to take hold of it, just at that moment, another man approached him and whispered into his ear as he passed by. The man with the goblet then turned back to me and said: "Oh, it looks like you'll just be a moment, so I'll put this cup of wine to the side here, and it will be waiting for you when you return."

I then started to come back. But even coming back was an interesting experience. It was like being at the bottom of a swimming pool and looking up. If you blow bubbles you can then see everything in a 360 degree view. I could hear them say, 'come back now, open your eyes, stay with us!' I then regained full consciousness.

Marion NDE- like

During the coma, one evening, a "thought" (not a voice) forces itself upon me "you will recite "our father" and you will forgive your mother". Christ appears to me as a stamp posts on the retina.

Two weeks later, the same "apparition", another thought "you will honour your father and your mother, as you have now forgave her" (always in the coma)

Last Tuesday, (got out of coma and went out of the hospital), no "apparition" but an injunction in the street "this evening, you'll go to mass to pray for the dead".

Sylvain C's NDE

In the evening of my 18th birthday (I am born the 05/09/70), I had a motorcycle accident. I was back-seat passenger. The rider and I were drunk and at midnight, we collided with a parked vehicle in front of the hospital. According to the reports, I struck the asphalt twice. The second time, I had no more my crash helmet because the first hit made me loose it.

I probably fainted because when I opened the eyes again, I was on a stretcher, with doctors from the ambulance service around me. They were asking me to count theirs fingers to avoid fainting again without any result. I fell in a light coma. I will go out of it 5 days later.

Meanwhile I have been operated for the many fractures and the beginning of bleeding due to the cranial and facial trauma.

It is at that time that I has this experiment, which I remember every detail since 15 years and which I'll probably remember until my end of life.

I remember me floating (the word is not very suitable, it was like being only a pair of eyes... no more bodily sensations, of no sort).

The surroundings were black, no tunnel, no light, no "ghost", nothing else than the consciousness which got rid of its superfluous thoughts. And in the middle, the operating table and the surgeons and the nurses, very busy.

On waking, some few days later, I answered the policemen questions (always with full of tact... irony) and also to the doctors' questions. I told about what I saw, describing, to the surgeon, the place where the operation took place, the number of people who were present during the operation, men and women, their own place and some another few details. He seemed to be astonished and told to me "if the accident didn't occurred just in front of the hospital, probably, you would not be anymore with us", then he went out of the room. It is at that time that the nurse told to me that I had a NDE. It is much later than I learned what it meant.

Sylvia C's NDE

Everything began when I was at some friends' house and suddenly I felt a severe headache and I felt sick. I put my hands on my head, but pain was unbearable. I started falling to the floor saying "My head", "My head". From there on, darkness. I was in coma and they brought me to Emergency in the hospital and from there to Bergen, in helicopter. Vital signs were very weak and they did not know what to do or they were not sure about performing surgery on me. I don't know. At last, they decided surgery. I stayed there for five days, totally unconscious, according to my husband and surgeons at the hospital. During those five days I did not wake up, said anything or even move. I was almost dead.

I have asked whether during these five days in coma, anybody saw me opening my eyes or moving. Everybody agrees that I did not. The medical prognosis was that I wouldn't survive. There were more chances for me to die than to survive, to such an extent that my husband – advised by the doctor / surgeon- called my daughter in Spain so that she could see me before dying, my situation was critical.

My experience says that I did wake up and I did it four times; the first three right in the middle of a shining/blinding light. I did not see anybody, just the light. My body did not exist any longer. The light, my eyes and my mind...Nothing else. The light was hardly bearable, too intense. At the same time, I did not feel any pain nor worries at all. I felt happy of being there, but light was damaging my eyes, it was too intense. I thought I was having a nightmare, but I was not really sleeping; this is, I was in coma, but I was thinking. So, I was telling to myself: " You are having a nightmare, Silvia, close your eyes and you will go back to sleep. When you wake up, you'll be home". So I closed my eyes – eyes of the mind, since the real ones were fully closed- and slept.

This happened three –consecutive- times.

During the fourth time, the same happened. I woke up in the light and there I notice like I was floating on the air, but I was only eyes and mind...My body did not longer exist or I was not able to see it. This time there was people at the back of the light, lots of people, coming and going, as if they were having a walk....A deep feeling of peace came upon me, happiness, comfort....you feel in a full stadium of grace, it is a marvelous feeling. I don't know how long did I spend in there, watching people. All of a sudden, somebody I knew, it was my husband, walking along with people, such a coincidence. He turns around and notices me, raises his hand, greets and walks towards me....and then I fall again in complete darkness (as if I just had winkled) and AT LAST I OPEN MY EYES TO LIFE.....

When I woke up, I was not aware of where I was or what happened to me. There were machines everywhere and lots of tubes/pipes connected to my body. A nurse began talking to me, but it was difficult to me to understand. And she was calling somebody to translate. She was requesting my husband, sleeping in the adjacent room of Intensive Care.

I asked everybody and, according to them, I never woke up, I was in coma the whole time, I do not know to what extent.. My husband scarcely saw me, he was in the adjacent room to Therapy / Intensive Care and he says that when I came back to consciousness, he was immediately called. During my coma, I was always accompanied by nurses and doctors

And according to the Neurosurgeon, the fact that I am still alive IS A MIRACLE; they though that according to the tests, I would not survive; and if I did, I would suffer terribly.

After being in coma, I had weird experiences; I could see shadows passing (I cannot say they were ghosts, I only could see shadows moving), moving. Initially, I was scared of them, but after a while I realized that I had to be faster then them and reach them with my seeing and confront them. That way they would disappear.

They disappeared in fact after a while.

When I explained this to my husband, he said that I had a vivid imagination. This is quite possible; quite likely when we are in coma we can dream...But I think that there is more then coincidental that most people can see the light or are in the light; I do not think that all of us have the same dream programmed in our brain. I know that there is no logical explanation to this. Now I can say this with no fear to be considered mad; he who thinks so is nothing but an ignorant of the secrets of the world and the humankind.

Gloria G's NDE

I went through a tunnel and arrived in a garden. I walked with a very beautiful man who gave me counsel. I looked at him in his essence and did not understand how such a beautiful, good, intelligent person could be interested in me. He spoke to me, but I do not remember what he said. Perhaps his words are engraved in my soul. The curious thing is that he didn't make me feel guilty. I had attempted suicide and he spoke to me as if I had made an unimportant mistake and he counseled me to do better. As I spoke to him we walked along and soon he told me go and join with a group of people. Even though I didn't want to leave him I obeyed. I then went with these people. They were a group of young people dressed in white. I only remember that they were women, I don't remember if there were any men.

Everything was in a park. There was a gentle breeze and the grass moved with the breeze. The sun was shining brightly and lit up the plants and birds that were flying around. I was seated on the grass with the women but beside me was a hole, a well, a hollow place...I don't know how to describe it. I felt very happy being with the women. We communicated without words through our spirits. It was like being joined in great peace and happiness. But my words are inadequate to describe all this because in this earth life I never experienced such a feeling.

After being together in this way a force pushed me toward the hole or well. I grabbed onto the rim of the well with all my strength because something was pulling me downward. As I ran out of strength to hold myself back, I held out my hands so the women could catch me and bring me back up and not let me fall down or go into the hole. But they just waved goodbye to me. I yelled to them not to let me go ("If you are good why don't you give me your hands? I want to be with you.") But something kept pulling me down and I kept going down the tunnel until I opened my eyes and found myself in this world. I felt cold. I did not like this reality and began screaming that I wanted to return to where I had been.

NDERF does not endorse, encourage or advocate for suicide in any way, shape or form.

Rebecca I

I don't remember the accident, it was on the afternoon of a rainy day. I just a very clear memory of being unconscious. There was wide blackness above me and I was going away from it, below it, as if I was falling. I wasn't sure where I was or what was happening. I remember the physical sensation of shrinking, and talking to myself. I thought it was like being in a funnel and I was going down, by the time I was in the very tip of the funnel I was quite small. I even said, " I am the size of a pea now. Wow, I must be dying. This is really easy, it's so easy to die. You die in the blink of an eye, you can die with out even knowing it..."

Then I realized that I couldn't die but why was I dying? Then sounds and words from above the void came to me, such as "internal injuries." When I heard that I remembered my daughter (5 years old) and niece (6 years old) were in the car with me and I couldn't die without knowing if they were ok. As I thought to force myself back up a blinding white light was below me. I had to struggle to get away from it and fight to get through the blackness. Then I got to the top, my eyes flew open and a man's face was above me. I demanded to know, "What is happening?" He said, "You have been in an auto accident and have internal injuries, we are taking you to the trauma center". Then I started giving out cell phone numbers of my husband, brother, sister-in-law to him. I reached over and held my daughters hand, then I passed out several more times but I never went back to the void.

I got over all my injuries just fine and have only an enormous scar to show for it.

Barbara M

At around 1:30 or 2:00 AM I left my body and floated up to the hospital ceiling. I looked back down at myself and saw how pale I looked. I hadn't realized how ill I was. Then I remember seeing a very bright light. I did not exactly walk toward the light but I was moving toward it somehow. Then I could see the nurse rush into the room and scream for the doctor's yet this was all in French and even though I didn't speak French I knew what she was saying.

I began to hysterically cry begging not to be sent "back" but to go to the light. Crying and crying then all of a sudden a calmness as a voice spoke gently to me like warm honey being poured over me very warm and comforting like I had never felt since then came over me. This seemingly familiar voice held a long list of reasons of why I had to return, yet I don't remember specifically any of these reasons (they all seemed trivial to me at the time thought). I could see a male figure with a very bright light behind him so I couldn't make out exactly what he looked like. He spoke to me very lovingly and gently as if not to scare me but to reassure me that all would be alright. Yet I only wanted to stay with him.

Then I remember seeing the hospital staff: several nurses and the Doctor (I remember seeing them as if from above because I remember seeing that the Doctor had a bald spot on the top back of his head :)). The Doctor said to me Barbara it isn't your time to go you have to come back to us. He kept calling my name and I remember turning away from the "shadowed man" in the light and looked toward the Doctor. Then, as if all in a sudden, I was again in my body and felt the pain of being "bagged" (there was pain in my chest from the resuscitation). I only wanted to go back "there" where it was so peaceful and was quite angry at being brought "back".

Karen B

My throat closed up totally due to Bacterial infection of my larynx. I wish I could say I had angels and lights going on around me, but that didn't happen to me. I couldn't speak or breathe and I was thinking - God, I am ready if it is my time, but I didn't get to say goodbye to anyone or tell my husband and boys how much I love them. I was in total darkness, but it was not a scary darkness. It was comforting and like a soft glove holding me. A voice I had never heard before spoke. The voice was reassuring and sounded like velvet- no rasp in it at all- it was male. He said slowly- "they already know" - I then felt totally calm and at peace.

Louis D

We were on a four day vacation in cabins in a forest area in central Mexico, we went on several motorcycles to ride around a lake. I got separated from the main group and tried to catch them going around the lake in the opposite direction. I remember to be enjoying the moment at its fullest when a couple of small bumps in the grass took me by surprise and obviously I must have done something very wrong.

Next thing I remember was an incredible feeling of peace that I have never felt before or since that day. And being in such complete peace it felt like it could go on forever when somehow I was questioned by an incredibly authoritative, yet gentle voice that said:

If you are willing to accept pain, you will save your son a lot of trouble.

I replied:

How are these two facts connected?

And the voice repeated very calmly but firmly the same question.

If you are willing to accept pain, you will save your son a lot of trouble.

I repeated:

I do not see the connection.

He asked once more and I said:

OK, let's have the pain.

In that very instant, violently I felt so much pain that I could not say what was hurting, it took me a few moments to realize where I was, I saw the broken bike a few meters away, I saw some blood on the mask of my helmet and tried to stand up. The pain began to decrease and I was able to ask for help and a peasant came by and called the rest of my group. He told me he saw me fall from the distance and that I laid for 20 minutes. I saved my story to myself and a few days later I told my wife about my "dream". She did not give it any importance and life went on. But the fact that it stays so clear in my mind, that it was at a moment when nobody can tell me if I actually was in the boundary or not, and the similarity of feelings with other NDE'rs, and the lack of attention that I get from my close ones is a little distressing.

Darlene H

Writing this down is both exhilarating and difficult. Only my dearest friends know of the incident because it was months before I could even speak of it. It was my doctor who actually categorized what I experienced as a near-death experience. I corrected him by saying it was a "death experience". I know I was dead. I know that I'm only here because "my children were not yet prepared" and I was to assist them in "raising their children".

You must understand that I now "KNOW" my disabled, wheelchair bound son will have a girlfriend after he moves out of my home and the two of them will have children. The tears fall easily as I write this. It was never in my wildest dreams that my son would even have a girlfriend let alone have children. My son is disabled. He has been in a chair since the age of 8. He was born with a congenital defect on the top of his head. Actually, he was born without his "soft spot" enclosed with skin. His brain was exposed. It sounds severe and it was... But he has grown into a wonderful young man. So you can understand why I never, ever, ever thought he would become a father..... I always assumed it would be my daughter who would give me grandchildren.

I went to the doctor initially because I could no longer tolerate the pain in my left arm... It was searing...My arm was numb...It was useless and I put it into a sling for months. I knew it had been hurt during the "attack" but I could not tell anyone what happened. I just told people, family/friends/coworkers etc that I must have wrenched it lifting my son. They knew that I was "no longer engaged" and that it "didn't work out". So my moping around, my inability to focus, my constant crying was easily explained. In reality, he.....tried to kill me....

I never saw it coming...It had been a difficult year for us in that he was so distant, emotionally. He had confessed to having "had" my best friend and then two weeks later, she was pregnant. I was angry, hurt, humiliated (publicly). But I managed to wait and watch him act like an idiot as he tried to keep the peace. I decided to break it off. The baby came. It was her husband's. He decided "we" needed to focus on "us". I did not want him anymore. My father died. Thanksgiving came and went. I spent Christmas with me and my children... He came over on the 26th.. Just came, unannounced. I didn't want to go out with him. I had made plans to go to my friends' (Marion's and Chuck's) home to play poker. He said he'd go with me. He stayed an hour or so and then left, telling me he would be back to pick me up.

He called several times that evening asking when I'd be ready to leave. I didn't call him back. I didn't feel like it.. I stayed with my friends. It was nearly 1 in the morning....The phone rang again... This time he was outside, waiting for me, waiting to take me home....I picked up my purse and my quilting and went outside....

It was so weird.....He was sitting in the passenger side of his car. The driver's side door was open...He said for me to drive...that he'd had too much to drink...I had never, ever driven his new cherry red, Chrysler, Concorde. No one was allowed to drive it.

I didn't know where anything was... The lights, the turn signals, the defroster, nothing...but I drove it...I was almost home when he reached across me and grabbing my left hand pulling at my diamond ring... I pulled my arm back. Told him "STOP IT". He completely twisted around and

came across me...It took everything I had to bring the car onto my street and stop it. As I put it in park he lounged completely on top of me. He right arm around my bound my body, twisting my left arm backwards behind me. He right forearm on my neck cutting of my air. I couldn't breath.....I couldn't move...His whole body was on top of me. My right shoulder was bent between the front seat and the back seat. My right elbow jammed into the space between the console and the seat. My right wrist twisted and my fingers jammed between the console and steering column. I was trying the untwist out of my position.. But my left shoulder was caught and stuck against the left door jam. I was sunken into the seat. The weight of his body was completely over me as my head was dangling past the console and tilted to the back floor. He continued to push his forearm onto my neck...My body started to shake...and shake...and shake.... I could not stop it...then I could not move...Not anything...No part of my body....I was aware that I had urinated and that I had a bowel movement. I was drenched in my own fluids...I wasn't breathing anymore....

I didn't need to breath...I didn't need to see. I watched him....I was no longer in my body.....I (my "self") was watching him...He climbed off of me....He was poking at me...He kicked me...He was trying to make my body move.. But it wouldn't.. He got out of the car. He reached back in and started to pull at my body.. He pushed it this way and then another way.. He was ordering me to "Get out of my car", "Look what you did"....I was watching him...I was completely engulfed...in warmth...in light...in love...in knowledge...I knew I was...I knew about things and subjects that were universal..I "saw" my children...As infants, as adults, as parents, as grandparents...I knew I was not staying where I was...I knew I was only there to be "protected" against further injury. Separated from this evil that was being waged...I knew I was going to be back in "this" life....

I gasped for air..My lungs filled up fast...It hurt..My chest had been thrown into the steering wheel...He untwisted my body...Grabbed at my head..Pulled my hair towards the driver's side door. It was open and he was reaching into the car to carry me out. My right hand was caught by the gear shift on the console. My legs were crossed and hung up under the seat...He grabbed at them..Pulled at them.. He pushed me back against the seat..He pulled my left arm from behind my back/turning my shoulder and pulling at my elbow. My body was freed from the constraints of the seat. He folded my in half..And pulled me head first out of the car, like a rag doll, but so very heavy....He couldn't figure out why my body was soooooo heavy....He pulled me forward but as I came out the door I started to slump down...He pushed against me...Righting me and balancing me against the back door of the car..He let me go. I tumbled to the ground...He bent over..I was filled with ANGER...I welled up and screamed "YOU TREAT ME LIKE SHIT AND THEN YOU EXPECT ME TO LOVE YOU???"

He bolted upright and then kicked me...He turned...fumbled into the car..searching for something...He found the ring...Tucked in the crevis of the seat..He pulled it out..Wiped down the seat with a rag or something...He climbed into the car and drove off....I pulled myself up/crawled up my steps onto my back deck and then into my house...I knew he wouldn't be back....

Robert M

Admitted to the ER with chest pain. Treated with clot busting medicine for blockage in vessel feeding the bottom of my heart determined by EKG. After 90 minutes I said to MD "boy, do I feel dizzy!" I immediately blacked out, and I felt like I sank through the bottom of the stretcher into water. I had the feeling I was flailing my arms to swim back to the surface. I was panicking, fighting for my life(while arguing with myself to let go).

Suddenly I am standing 20 feet away from the stretcher watching the MD perform CPR on my body. During his time I was very calm, and noticed I was only a consciousness, no body, no pain, no problems, no worries. It was great! As I watched the MD perform compressions on my chest I thought I don't feel anything, this guy can't control whether I live or die. I thought only I can control whether live or die. As soon as I had this thought I was back in my body, and awake. I am a large man. The doctor was kneeling on the edge of the stretcher in order to perform chest compressions. When I related my experience to my wife she said I couldn't know that as I was unconscious the whole time. She was present the whole time in the ER. I mentioned the MD looked very scared, and was staring at something above my head while giving me CPR. My wife (a nurse RN) said he watching the monitor.

Karol S

When I first left my body, the first time is vivid, I see myself leaving and did not care. There was a void for just a little bit then I could see myself going toward heaven. It surprised that I could see myself going there. I was as if walking but my legs were not moving, I was floating. I was wearing a white gown but when reached where I was going, I come upon at least 8 people sitting in chairs in half horseshoe shape. The person in the middle had a chair that was taller than the others. They told me it was not my time and had to go back. I did not want to go back.

Mother stated that they sent me back to help others who were unsure if they wanted to be a Christian or not. I was a miracle child. I remember coming back, not the journey, but hovering over the bed, saw mother crying, went and laid down on my body. Those present started screaming, "She's alive." It all happened in what seemed minutes. I told momma, "You owe me a nickel, I closed the door." Before I got back in my body I was trying to speak to them, "Why are you crying, can't you hear me, I'm not gone.

The second time was when the family was called and told I had passed. When they were taking me to the morgue and the sheet was pulled over me, I could see the nurse on one side and father on the other side. When I reached my hand up dad said "She's still alive" and the nurse, Ms. Brooms, got help. The family had already been called that I had died then were called back that I was alive. There was prayer going on by all the church family. They said it happened 3 times that I died, however, I have vivid memory of going to heaven only one time. There's more I'd like to say, but right now I feel brain tired. If anyone feels they identify what I've been through, let me know. I have the need to share with others who have been there also.

Tiya R

IT WAS ABOUT 8:30 PM I HAD JUST PUT ALL MY CHILDREN TO SLEEP AND GOT OF THE INTERNET WITH MY HUSBAND WHO WAS IN IRAQ AT THE TIME, HE WAS GETTING READY TO COME HOME ON EMERGENCY LEAVE DUE TO MY ILLNESS.

I HAD SAID MY GOOD BYES AND TOLD HIM THAT I WASN'T FEELING GOOD. HE THEN TOLD ME TO GET SOME REST. ABOUT FIVE MINUTES AFTER I LEFT MY COMPUTER, I FELT DIZZY AND STARTED GETTING LIGHT HEADED SO I WENT TO THE RESTROOM AND STARTED A HOT BATH. THAT IS WHAT I USUALLY DID WHEN I FELT THAT WAY, I HAD HAD SEVERAL SURGERIES THAT YEAR AND HAD MANY INFECTIONS. SO THE FEELING WASN'T NEW TO ME.

I GOT INTO THE BATH TUB AND STARTED SPLASHING MY FACE WITH WATER. WHEN I TOOK MY HAND AWAY FROM MY FACE, ALL I SAW WERE PEOPLE I PUSHED MY WAY THROUGH THE PEOPLE AND GRABBED THE PHONE, THAT WAS IN MY ROOM, I MUST HAVE ONLY PUSHED (REDIAL) I COULDN'T SEE THE FLOOR OR MY ROOM ONLY MANY PEOPLE, I REMEMBER THINKING THAT I DIDN'T WANT TO DIE YET. I KEPT ON SAYING NO NO I CANT GO NOW. I HAVEN'T SEEN MY MOM YET.

WHEN MY MOM AND STEP DAD SHOWED UP I DON'T REMEMBER GOING DOWN THE STAIRS OR HOW MY MOM SEEN ME WHEN SHE GOT HERE. I CAME TO, I GUESS, WHEN I SAW MY STEP DAD AND I REMEMBER THEM BOTH CARRYING ME TO THE CAR. ON THE WAY TO THE HOSPITAL I REMEMBER GOING IN AND OUT AND MY MOM SAYING, "TIYA TIYA." I ALSO REMEMBER THE TWO LADIES THAT WERE IN MY HOUSE, WHOM I DIDN'T KNOW. BUT, WHEN THE PEOPLE SHOWED UP (IN MY HOUSE), I FELT LIKE I KNEW SOME OF THEM BUT, MOST OF THEM I DIDN'T KNOW. TWO OF THE LADIES WERE IN MY MOMS CAR, THEY DIDN'T SAY A WORD JUST LOOKED AT ME WHEN I LOOKED AT THEM, I WAS SCARED WHEN I SAW THEM IN THE HOUSE BUT, I REMEMBER THAT IN THE CAR I WASN'T SCARED I FELT COMFORT.

WHEN WE GOT TO THE ER, AND THE NURSE TOOK MY BLOOD PRESSURE, SHE RUSHED ME BACK TO THE ER ROOM AND CALLED THE DR, THERE WERE NURSES AND DOCTORS EVERYWHERE. THEY STARTED TO ASK ME QUESTIONS, I REMEMBER ANSWERING BUT, NOT BEING HEARD NO ONE COULD HEAR ME AND I WAS SCREAMING THE ANSWERS!! I REMEMBER GETTING EVERY MAD BECAUSE NO ONE COULD HEAR ME. I REMEMBER HEARING THE DOCTOR SAYING I DON'T THINK SHE IS HERE AND I REMEMBER SAYING IM HERE IM HERE!!

AS THEY CUT MY CLOTHS OF AND I REALLY REMEMBER ONE NURSE, SAYING, "DOCTOR SHE'S GOING INTO CARDIAC ARREST!" RIGHT WHEN SHE SAID THAT I SEEN MY LIFELESS BODY LAYING ON THE ER BED AND MY MOM IN A CHAIR CRYING IN SHOCK.

BEHIND ME BECAME BRIGHT AND I SAW A HAND. I TURNED AROUND AND LOOKED AT MY SELF AND DIDN'T TURN BACK AROUND, THAT HAND TOUCHED MY SHOULDER, WHEN I SAW, WHAT WAS GOING ON IN THE ER AND SAW MYSELF, I PANICKED AND STARTED PLEADING TO GOD, TO WHOM EVER THAT TOUCHED ME, TO LET ME GO BACK PLEASE LET ME COME BACK, I HAVE CHILDREN AND A HUSBAND THAT NEED ME! NO, NOT NOW GOD PLEASE NOT NOW, MY HUSBAND IS ON HIS WAY HOME, HE KNOWS IM SICK AND HE'S COMING HOME FROM IRAQ, PLEASE NOT NOW. EVEN THOUGH I FELT PEACE, COMFORT, AND COMPLETE LOVE BEHIND ME

AND AROUND ME, I DIDN'T WANT TO GO, AND THEN, THE NEXT THING I SAW WAS THE ROOM BECOME BRIGHT AND THE LIGHT BEHIND ME WAS EVEN BRIGHTER, I REMEMBER TURNING AROUND CRYING AND I ASKED, ONE MORE TIME, PLEASE, LORD NOT NOW, AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW,

I WAS INSIDE MY BODY AGAIN, AND I LOOKED UP AND SAW THE DEFIBRILLATOR ABOVE, I OPENED MY MOUTH AND SAID ARE YOU THE PLUMMER, THAT'S GOING TO FIX THE PIPES IN MY BASEMENT?? IM GLAD YOU SHOWED UP LET ME SHOW YOU THE PROBLEM!! THE DOCTORS AND NURSES LOOKED AT ME, LIKE I WAS CRAZY, LIKE WHEN YOU LOOK AT SOMEONE IN DISBELIEF? THE DOCTOR PUT DOWN THE DEFIBRILLATORS AND SHINED THE LIGHT INTO MY EYES AND CHECKED ME OUT FOR ABOUT FIVE MIN. I TURNED TO MY MOM AND SAID I LOVE YOU. AND STARTED TO CRY.

THE DOCTOR WALKED OUT AND AFTER ABOUT 15-20 MINS OF SITTING THERE, THE NURSE CAME BACK IN AND SAID THAT THE DOCTOR WOULD NOT BE RETURNING BECAUSE HE WAS SHAKEN UP ABOUT WHAT JUST HAPPENED AND SHE HANDED ME MY DISCHARGE PAPERS AND SAID THE LORD MUST HAVE BEEN WITH YOU BECAUSE WE ALL THOUGHT YOU WERE A GONNER!

I LOOKED AT THE DISCHARGE PAPER AND THE DOCTOR HAD PUT DOWN SEVERE UNEXPLAINED WEAKNESS. LEAVING THE ER ROOM I WAS STILL DIZZY AND UNBALANCED MY MOTHER AND I DROVE HOME, I REMEMBER MY MOM ASKING ME WHY WAS I LOOKING TOWARDS THE BACK SEAT SO MUCH AND I SAID NOTHING BUT, I WAS LOOKING FOR THOSE TWO LADIES. I GOT BACK HOME AND LOOKED IN, ON EACH OF MY CHILDREN AND KISSED EACH ONE. MY HUSBAND GOT BACK FROM IRAQ THREE DAYS LATER AND I HAD ANOTHER SURGERY TWO DAYS AFTER THAT TO TAKE OUT THE DAMAGED INFECTED TISSUE IN MY STOMACH AND SPINE.

ANOTHER TWO WEEKS AFTER MY SURGERY MY HUSBAND HAD TO RETURN TO IRAQ. MY CHILDREN AND I WAITED ANOTHER FIVE MONTHS FOR MY HUSBAND TO COME HOME. SINCE MY NDE, MY LIFE HAS CHANGED SO MUCH I TAKE NOTHING FOR GRANTED. IT TOOK ME RIGHT UNTIL MY HUSBAND WAS GOING TO LEAVE FOR IRAQ, TO FINALLY TELL HIM ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO ME. I DON'T SPEAK ABOUT THIS TO MANY ONLY THE ONES IM CLOSE TO BECAUSE, OF THE FEAR OF THEM LOOKING AT ME AS A CRAZY PERSON. BUT, THE PEOPLE THAT I HAVE TOLD NEVER HAVE LOOKED AT ME IN THAT MANNER AND ALWAYS WANT TO KNOW MORE, LIKE MY STORY WILL GET LONGER?? OR CHANGE?? EVERY TIME I USE TO HEAR STORIES LIKE THIS, I USE TO SAY OKAY?? YAH, RIGHT?? BUT, NOW I CONSIDER MYSELF LUCKY, TO KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE, AND I KNOW WHEN IT IS FINALLY MY TIME TO GO, I WONT BE SCARED.

JoAnn R

I had been coughing a lot and been sick... my mother took me to the doctor who sent me to the hospital. My doctor was Hans Lehman and I was in Ballard Hospital. I had pneumonia and trouble breathing. After I had been in the hospital for at least a week and was not getting better, I had surgery to have mucus removed... my mother says it was a blockage between my bronchial tubes and my lungs.

I was taken into surgery and a mask was put over my face and ether was dropped on the mask. I was told to breathe it in. The next thing I knew, the nurse was saying frantically "Breathe out, Honey" over and over. I could see the doctors and nurses because I was looking down on them and myself. At this point things started to happen very fast and I was drawn through a tunnel toward a bright light. There were other lights along the tunnel that were people. I was very excited because when I got to the end of the tunnel I would know everything!! I was moving very fast!! I never did make it to the end of the tunnel. I think I saw some things about my family's move to Anacortes that would take place in a year and I also saw a woman who might be me grown up.

I woke up in the hospital bed the doctor had pulled one of my teeth because it had been loose and I had money from the tooth fairy. I started to get better and eventually went home. No one ever mentioned that I had stopped breathing during the surgery.

AZ

I had a routine outpatient surgery on my kidney which accidentally ruptured my spleen. Fifteen hours later I was taken to the emergency room by my husband. An inept staff left me waiting in the lobby for more than half an hour during which time I lost consciousness. I have no memory of being taken from the lobby to the ER, of being undressed, or of being placed on a gurney.

I do remember looking down at myself on the gurney, wearing a hospital gown, surrounded by a doctor in green scrubs, a dark-haired nurse in blue on my left and two other people, one partially bald, on my right side. My husband was not present. Everyone was busily working to hook me to oxygen and fluids. My vantage point seems to have been the ceiling as I was looking at the tops of everyone's heads.

Suddenly, I was in my body again, talking to the doctor. I was not frightened at all, but I do remember thinking that God was watching over me, sending this wonderful team of doctors and nurses to save my life. I received four pints of blood and was in critical condition for four days. Today, three weeks afterward, I am at home, recovering slowly. I am sure I was near death that day and have been intensely aware of God's presence ever since.

Muriel F

Saw a light and experienced a warm blanketing feeling around me. Felt really at peace but was looking behind me for my husband and baby. I was really concerned for them. There were the presence of people saying to me that my time wasn't up. The presence of God was there reassuring me. He/she/it had commanded for my attention and it was like they had pulled my attention towards them.

Once I had become focused on this higher being a voice had said to me:- "Muriel don't worry, Buck and Roy will be fine, I just need you to listen to me and understand what I am saying to you." I replied Okay.

The being (God) said to me "don't worry, no matter what happens you will be alright." I thought that this was a strange thing to say to me but intuitively knew that everything was okay and became focused back onto Buck and my baby. Before I knew it I was coming out of the anesthetic.

Clark B

I did not have the "tunnel experience" many others have had. I was hovering over my family. I knew I was dead and felt guilty that my wife and children were crying over me while I was feeling so good. I wanted them to be dead with me and tried to let them know I was fine. As far as my body was concerned, it was like an old shoe to be discarded.

I did see a light in the distance. I was like in the movie Pat Boone was in "Journey to the center of the Earth" where at the end they got into a huge stone dish and the lava shot them out of the volcano. When I started to come back to consciousness it was as if I were way back in my eyeball and I was being drawn up to the light which as it got bigger was the ceiling of the emergency room. After a few questions by whoever was working on me I started to sink back into the "hole" in my eyeball. The next thing you know I am back out of my body watching them work on me. Then I do not remember anything until I come to in the Intensive Care Unit. I am like a new born baby on my stomach and can hardly hold my head up. A good looking black nurse is spreading something that looks like Vaseline all over my burns. When she sees me, she says "Well, Hello Ben Franklin!" Since my birthday is January 1940, I can determine my age by subtracting 40 from the year. She thought I was putting her on when I asked her what year it was. When she told me 1966 I knew I had told the people in the Emergency room the wrong age since I said I was 24. I also had to ask her for the date because I had no idea what season it was.

I was also given up for dead at birth. My aunt was in the delivery room. Because my mother have so much trouble having my brother, she was not supposed to have anymore children. So by accident, I came alone 4 years later. The doctors tried there best to talk my mother into having an abortion. Her faith said it was God's will and that she would have me. She had a condition where her skin did not stretch properly. She had to lay on her back in a motel by the hospital the last six weeks of her pregnancy. Knowing there may be delivery problems three doctors and an Intern were there for the delivery. They did not know it was impossible for my mother to give birth naturally since her pelvic bones were solid like a mans. When the doctors finally decided to go caesarian, while making the first incision, my mothers stomach completely ripped open. She was hemorrhaging blood and my aunt said I was like a greased pig. The doctors had trouble getting me out. When I was finally out, I would not respond. I was laid aside. The doctors decided to concentrate on saving my mother. Fortunately for me six hands was all that could work on my mother, So the Intern came around the table and picked me up and started to give me mouth to mouth. I owe my life to Dr. Hershfeld.

Seven days after my electrical accident, another man in Tyler, Texas was electrocuted and killed by the same high voltage power lines. His wife's feet had to be amputated due to the burns she received trying to pull him loose of the wires

In 1958 while 18 I had a serious farm accident to this day I do not know how I came out of it with only a slight cut on my knee and some bruises. I fell off a tractor and was pinned by the tractor's tire while pulling a one-way. Seven days later a neighbor was killed the same way.

I believe God has missions for people. I also believe we who have had near death experiences are messengers from God to let people know not to fear death and to conduct their life as if they were to die the next day. i.e. live a good life so that you know you will go the right way.

Ruth

My first one was in 1965, diagnosed with terminal cervical cancer. I was in a coma for 10 days, and I was out of body seeing how all the nurses and doctors were saying "we have lost her now."

I did not recognize the body, as I only weighed 65 pounds at the time, and it was ugly to me.

Next, I was wandering the hospital and next thing I knew, I was in a long tunnel and all my relations who had passed before were standing, smiling as I passed them. I could only discern one motivation and that was to reach the awesome LIGHT at the end of the tunnel, meantime I was shown all my life experiences, and I WAS the person whom I had hurt or helped so that I felt what they felt when I had erroneously against or helped them. A voice told me 'you have been judged in that being the other person I judged myself... Hard to explain, seems easiest for me to call it karma.

When I reached the LIGHT, it was so bright, like nothing on Earth, pure white LIGHT, and such a feeling of unconditional love and warmth.

Any questions I had ever had were answered by the LIGHT. It seems like I was there for a long time, just absorbing all the answers.

Next thing I knew a voice came from the LIGHT and told me it was not my time to stay there. I BEGGED as hard as I could, but I was slammed back into my body in reverse, and I cursed all the doctors and nurses. Did not speak of this to anyone as my family was/is fundie Pentecostal.

I had a heart attack in 1993, and the situation was the same but for ONE big difference. I was married at this time and I was shown my husband crying for me not to die, thus I was offered a decision to stay or to return to him. I chose life this time.

In 2000, I lived alone and became very ill with what I know now was e-coli and was not taken to the hospital. I was so ill, I was vomiting, could not stand. I screamed to the Universe to let me die or make me well.

I was taken out of body through the tunnel, but this time, I was able to visit other planes of existence.

There were 7 I was allowed to view, including one very strange plane where I could look inside a giant morass where souls were being tortured sexually, etc in all types of vile forms. They "thought" they were trapped when all they had to do was to look up and there was a path to the LIGHT. Not seeking seemed to be their doom? I screamed at them, but it seems they could not hear.

I was taken to special entities who looked like the usual grays, but they had lots of wrinkles on their faces. They called themselves the Counsel, and said they were part of a group called "soul recyclers" helping souls to re-incarnate.

This was by far my most profound NDE, as I could see the silver cord that attached me to my body. This experience lasted for over 20 minutes as best I could remember. I was dead, this was NOT an obe, as I know how those feel.

There is such a profound structure to the Universe that cannot be described. I look upon it as Cayce did the Akashic records, but in my view, it is a giant gigabyte mainframe that can do trillions of bytes per second. It is like a well run machine that is totally fair and well ordered. The Universe is the opposite of Chaos.

There is much more I saw on the different planes, but some of it I will not speak of just yet.

Joanie J

At that time, I had never heard of a near-death experience and had no idea what it was that had happened to me. During the experience itself, I felt as if I was being propelled feet first down a long tunnel at warp speed. There was a distinct sensation of the extreme speed of it all. I was hurtling toward the light, but simultaneously feeling as if a strong evil force was also pulling me back the other way, pulling, pulling, pulling me back. I was conflicted. I wanted to go forward, but I also felt the strong pull to come back. As you see, I did come back.

During the experience, there was also an intense whooshing and vibrating sensation. The best analogy I can use to describe it is this: If you've ever ridden on a ferry boat, when sitting in your vehicle, while the ferry boat is idling or traveling across the water, there is a vibration from the engines and a whooshing sort of sound, a pulsating that emanates from the engines and reverberates in the structure of the ferry boat, and the experience I had included an intense vibrating/whooshing/pulsating sound simultaneously somewhat similar to that.

However, following that experience I never felt the same again. I had a strong sense that I was a totally different person on the inside, that only my outside appearance was the same, but it was as if I was a different person inhabiting the same body. No one on the outside knew. Only me.

Subsequent to the experience, I became a dare-devil. I would do anything -- virtually anything -- fearlessly. I certainly had no fear of death after that experience. Now that I am much older, I am no longer engaging in all of those risk-taking activities, but I still feel that I was forever changed on the inside by having had that experience.

Even though I had not discussed it with anyone, never mentioned so much as a word about it to anyone, about three years after it had happened, my sister happened to mention the topic of "near-death experiences" to me, as she had just read a book about it. That was the first I knew that anyone else had ever had a similar experience, much less a name for it. It was only after that, that I then read about it myself and came to the point where I was eventually able to tell others -- only certain people -- about the experience I had gone through.

Caan S

During the afternoon of 5-17-01 while working from atop of a 8ft. ladder I lost my balance when the ladder I was working on moved. Unfortunately I fell backward thru a t-bar ceiling head first landing on concrete. As I tried to embrace for the impact that I had surmised was sure to come in that short space of time I could hear the bones in my neck popping upon impact. At almost the same time my mind and body seemed to separate momentarily. The "journey" though short lived can only be describes as beautiful. There is a show called Sliders on the Sci_Fi channel where the characters step into a tunnel of light and travel from world to world. The visual effects used too create that tunnel closely resemble what I experienced except in my case the tunnel was black and white and seemed to travel at high speed with me and around me all at once. I got the impression that we are all part of a much bigger picture that God (Allah) has in store for us all. One of the opening verses in the Qu'ran first chapter states that God (Allah) is Lord of all the worlds. During my journey I did not feel as though I was alone nor was I scared and believe it or not I did not care about my body or how it was doing. I was conscious during this ride and remember looking both left to right and foreword, up and down all while moving thru this conduit back to the source of my life. I did not feel as though I had come to the end of my journey but had been given a chance to see what else is in store from God (Allah) the ALL IN ALL.

A co-worker had apparently grabbed me after I had fallen and hit my head a few times. Others describe my body hitting the concrete as a bouncing basketball. I can vividly remember this co-worker shaking me on my return because the first senses to reconnect after my conscious was my sight and hearing in that order. I was really upset with the guy who grabbed me. And

I'm sure it was because I had been disconnected only to be reconnected to this body, space, and time. I knew my accident was bad because my co-worker was pulling on me as I regained consciousness in this reality I could see what he was doing and how my body was twisted like a pretzel. Then my hearing returned in increments.

Les S

I listened to the show Dr. Long had recently on Near Death Experiences on Art Bells show.

I never thought about it much but after listening to your show I wanted to share something with you that just seemed to suddenly click and make sense now that it might have been an NDE. I was a mercenary in my youth and had been shot in the lower left Jaw during a "Situation."

I was not immobilized as it was a small caliber and after about three days when the swelling in my face went down enough my asked my fellow soldier to try to take the bullet out, as I was worried about lead poisoning as well as other infection. You have to understand that we were not in the situation where medical help was close or even an option.

Well, in order to take this thing out I had him choke me out from behind with his bicep and forearm. He wanted to put me out long enough to get the task done so he held me down until I passed out and then held on for about another half a minute. This cut the supply to and from my brain off as he used his arm to constrict the flow via the corroded arteries. We had practiced this in training and we used it as a last resort for such field surgeries and amputations. I guess technically my brain had stopped as your guess mentioned after 10 seconds of no blood to the brain it stopped making waves.

Well when I was out I had a real strange experience. I had for the lack of a better term a slide show. maybe it was a movie but slide show seems to better describe it as it was just one image after another in a very very rapid succession.

I can not remember exactly what the images were but it both interesting and in viewing these flashes I knew I had seen these before. I would say my life was flashing before me but it seemed almost to much to take in at the time. I felt comfortable though... well, until the blood began to flow back in my brain. I woke to the echo of a scraping sound which was my partner Rusty scraping the cartilage or what ever it was that had formed around the bullet. I woke up and he had still not even gotten the bullet out. He said I was out for nearly a minute.

I asked him to stop as the pain was rather acute and then took some deep breaths and asked him to put me out again and this time get the dammed bullet out. The same thing happened to me again. This time when I awoke he had some forceps on the round and was tugging at it. It had cracked my jaw a little but had become lodged just forward of the part of the jaw that is rearmost and begins to curve upward toward the ear.

Rusty asked if I wanted to be put out again and I said no I think I was getting brain damaged from the lack of Oxygen. He continued to tug and cut a little and then finally yanked out the round. Afterward I found that he could not go through the entrance of the round but had to make a new incision under the jaw.

Well afterward I rested a bit and the next day we were back at it hot and heavy as we had not completed the mission. Once I got back I got checked and the wound had not gotten infected and there was little to do but I never mentioned the "Slide Show" I saw. It was not until I heard the show that I thought of what it might be.

Now realize I was not physically dead but I was brain dead for the most part as no oxygen was going to the brain for a bit. I wonder if that would be an NDE under a somewhat controlled condition as the brain was oxygen deprived.

Well when it was all said and done I never thought of it much as an kind of religious experience as I continued to wage war on my fellowman for another five years or so before I figured out I might want to step back and try something else in life.

Just a twist on the NDE experience. But I do know that after this. Whenever I encountered any thing dying I would make a point of getting right down next to the body, man or beast and wait for the last breath and then stare hard to see if I could see the soul leaving the body.

I never did but I often wondered if that had something to do with that one time or if maybe I was just having PTSD over all the situations I had been in.

Renee G

I saw my self lying on the bed face down but yet I was viewing it from above as if I were floating above my body then I was taken through the roof and up into a dark space where there were many tiny colored lights and I was traveling past them. I had the feeling that these lights were very familiar to me but there was a single very bright light in the far distance that I was being pulled toward at great speed. I wanted to go toward that very intense light and then as if there was a rope tied around my waist I was reeled backwards again passing all the same little familiar lights and found myself in the body bag experiencing great pain as I was stiff from being dead for such a long time and it was extremely difficult to move any part of my body as the pain was extreme. I did however regain my life and functions and managed to roll myself off of some kind of table and when I hit the floor many came to see what had happened and then they opened the bag and I was very much alive and well after being there for 29 minutes! My life had not been the same since!

Randall M

There is a blank spot, after I hit my chin on the marble counter. Everything was black, but I could hear every word of the 3-5 people in the area. I wondered why I couldn't see, then realized my eyes were shut. I opened my eyes and looked down from the ceiling at a scene of mayhem. Someone was lying on the floor-I couldn't see whom-and 3 people, 2 females, 1 male, were on their knees around the person. A nurse ran up with a push cart. Some one was calling out blood pressure numbers; the last set I heard was "35 over 15". I got bored; it looked like a TV show. I turned around (on a horizontal axis, and that was when I realized I was "floating", because I wanted to go forward and turn left down a hallway, where they had told me my room was. I tried "swimming". That didn't work, but just thinking I wanted be someplace got me there. Not instantaneously. I just moved through the air without effort. The hallway was short. There were only 3 doorways; 2 on the right side, 1 on the left.

Straight ahead was lead paned, partial stain glass window that looked down on a courtyard with a fountain and pond. After looking in my room, I looked out the window on the fountain and pond in the bright sun light, thinking my daughter would like to sit by it with me and talk; I didn't have a daughter at that time. I had no children. I also thought it should be better taken care of and cleaned up, and that I would donate some money to do that. That was when it went black again, and I felt like someone jerking me backward. I got angry. I was very angry when I opened my eyes and discovered I was on the floor. It felt very cold and hard. The attendant who took me to my room, asked me where I went. This was out of the blue, because I hadn't said anything. I was too angry. I told him, and told him about the window and courtyard. He said, "So, you've been in this hospital before." I said "No. I haven't been in a hospital since I was born." He said, "They bricked over that window in the 40's, during the war; it let too much light out at night."

Michael D

I didn't know if my experience qualified, but I read a testimony on this site that had similar parameters, so here goes!

I was 7 years old and had contracted Scarlet Fever. It was late at night and I was in bed. I do not remember waking. I just remember lying in bed looking through my open bedroom door into the hallway. I was not aware of my body and as I look back on the experience, it felt as if I was lying right on top of my body sort of hovering there right above it.

Standing in the doorway at the foot of my bed was someone wearing a long, shiny, metallic looking robe. The robe went all the way to the floor covering her feet. I could not see the face because it was so bright. It radiated a very bright light but did not hurt my eyes. The light itself was love. (that's the best way I can describe it) I could not see any facial features because of the brightness of the light, but I felt it was a woman and I knew she was smiling. I could see her long, flowing hair that seemed to merge with her gown and go to the floor with it. Her body was translucent and I could see through her. I felt no fear. I didn't seem to feel anything unusual at all. It all seemed very normal to me at the time. I felt very calm.

She was communicating to me through what I can best describe as mental telepathy. I just lay there as she radiated warmth and love to me. It wasn't so much of a two way communication as it was me calmly receiving what she was sending to me. The best way to describe it nowadays would be to liken it to downloading data on a computer from the internet. I didn't seem to fully understand what she was telling me. But, I enjoyed the loving feeling she was giving me. I seem to be decoding and understanding what she told me more as time goes by. I will try to put into words what she told me. She told me that I was very special. She told me that I had a very important task to fulfill in this life. She said I would go through some hard and difficult lessons but that I would come out OK. She said I would touch a lot of people's lives. It didn't come in words like that or in separate feelings. It seems difficult even now for my brain to comprehend it.

Then, I heard my mother coming up the stairs. I then heard her walking down the hall to my room. She came into view and walked THROUGH the woman in my doorway as if she weren't there. She bent down to touch me. I then became painfully aware of my body. I was in horrific pain. I realized that I was back in my body and was very ill. My mother took my temperature and immediately put me in a cold bath to bring down my temperature. The next morning, when I asked my mother about it, she said that she bolted awake with the strong feeling to check on me. When she came in the room, she said my eyes were closed. My fever was extremely high and rushed me into a cold bath to bring the fever down.

Michelle M

Saw the car coming, put my hand out and screamed NO. Then there was nothing. Nothing... a void of .. nothing. Then...

There was light, and a white being that said, "You were in an accident." I remember thinking, 'Is this an angel?' And I felt knew that Angel wasn't the word for this being. The being was kind and loving. I felt no fear, and I understood that my life was over. At first I felt such overwhelming sadness and compassion. But then, there was such love and understanding, my life being over was ok, and felt detached from life.

Then, there were others there, although I didn't recognize them as people I'd known in life, they were more like family who were waiting for me, I knew who they were and there was such joy, happiness, compassion.

There was such beauty, beautiful beyond expression. There was also a bright city or something like a city in the distance. The colors and structures of everything was beautiful.. awesome.

I asked questions about life, and there were answers.. but there wasn't really any speaking, it was more of an understanding between us. Such understanding of life, God.. all that is. I remember It was like I was being re-introduced .. or awakening after a hard sleep. I thought questions and the understanding would come. This is hard to explain, I guess the best way to even express this is to make an analogy... It's like when you travel, you are staying in a motel, a strange bed, strange room and then you wake up in the middle of the night and don't know where you are.. it takes you a few minutes to realize and remember where you are. That is the feeling I felt on the other side. I was remembering and it felt so good to be there and to understand, to know .. it was home, where I really lived.

And then, I saw/felt my whole life. And I felt pleasant, at peace, good about my life. Felt compassion, love, understanding, for myself and for all the people and things in my life experience- I saw all of it and felt all of the emotions everything and everyone everything around me.

I felt an understanding about life, what it was, is. As if it was a dream in itself. It's so very hard to explain this part. I'll try, but my words limit the fullness of it. I don't have the words here, but I understood that it really didn't matter what happened in the life experience, I knew/understood that it was intense, brief, but when we were in it, it seemed like forever. I understood that whatever happened in life, I was really ok, and so were the others here. I remember understanding the others here.. as if the others here were a part of me too. As if all of it was just a vast expression of me. But it wasn't just me, it was .. gosh this is so hard to explain.. it was as if we were all the same. As if consciousness were like a huge being. The easiest way to explain it would be like all things are all different parts of the same body.. so to speak.

There was profound love, profound overwhelming love and compassion. Then I remembered my children. It is as if I turned one last time to look at my life. I thought of my three children. I have twin sons, and I saw their life, saw their future. I felt all was good and pleasant, they were going to enjoy their lives. They were going to have a good life. I Felt such love and compassion. I have a daughter and I saw her life. I saw that she would need someone in her life. Awful

things were going to happen to her. And I felt fear for her and guilt for not being there for her. She would need me.

I understood, knew.. that regardless what happened in the life experience, we were all ok.. it was all temporary. I also understood that I was still attached to the life experience. With this attachment to the life experience, I understood I was not finished with the life experience.

Then there were two beautiful Men and we were traveling, I saw the beauty of the Earth, stunning beauty, saw the universe.. the universe infinite.. I felt at total peace.

Then I remember feeling horrible pain and everything was thick...thick... don't know how to explain this, except I was back in this life in the emergency room. I couldn't remember my name, didn't know where I was.

Catherine G

I had an abortion from someone who was supposed to be a "nurse". In fact, 2 other women had died as a result of her supposed abortions. I felt terribly terribly ill. I was in a tremendous amount of pain. Pain everywhere in my body. My partner carried me to the car, and I lay down in the back seat. He started for the hospital. There was a thunderstorm, we stopped at a RR crossing and it was then:

I felt myself lifting out of my body. I did not see my body below me or anything. The pain subsided and at the same time, I KNEW I was dying. I felt my being, my SELF, being absorbed into what I was later to describe as the arms of God. I experienced the most powerful, profound love and peace. Every hurt, pain, regret, all the negative things of my life were erased, wiped away. They no longer mattered. The only thing I felt was this unbelievable peace and love. The love was so vast, so much greater than anything I had ever experienced here on earth. I have never feared death since. I felt I had been given the greatest gift I could ever receive. The doctors said later that I was so far out there, they didn't think they had a prayer of bringing me back.

Olivia G

During my last NDE, I was suffocating to death after surgery to my thyroid. My husband was informed that I was dying and nothing else could be done. I knew I was dying because I had an out of body experience and a deep feeling of peace while the Dr.s were working on me. I felt like "no, this can't be happening , I have young children". After, I was put into surgery and an airway was opened. This was different from my actual clinical death experience which happened so fast that I was in one world and instantly in another. Like dreaming. I experienced love and ecstasy which I have never had the intensity of in this lifetime.

Was the kind of experience difficult to express in words? Yes, Cannot describe the depth of emotion I experienced in the one experience I had at age 33. Too wonderful for words. The peace I felt in the last one I had was extraordinary.

At the time of this experience, was there an associated life threatening event? Yes

At what time during the experience were you at your highest level of consciousness and alertness? During the last time, it was when I was looking down at the Drs working on me while I was drifting off into a wonderful field of flowers.

How did your highest level of consciousness and alertness during the experience compare to your normal every day consciousness and alertness? Normal consciousness and alertness

Did your vision differ in any way from your normal, everyday vision (in any aspect, such as clarity, field of vision, colors, brightness, depth perception degree of solidness/transparency of objects, etc.)? Yes more intense

Did your hearing differ in any way from your normal, everyday hearing (in any aspect, such as clarity, ability to recognize source of sound, pitch, loudness, etc.)? No

Did you experience a separation of your consciousness from your body? Yes

What emotions did you feel during the experience? intense love and peace. Ecstasy.

Did you pass into or through a tunnel or enclosure? No

Did you see a light? No

Did you meet or see any other beings? Yes In my clinical death experience, I was with another being which gave me a feeling of love which reached ecstasy. I did not recognize the being.

Did you experience a review of past events in your life? No

Did you observe or hear anything regarding people or events during your experience that could be verified later? No

Did you see or visit any beautiful or otherwise distinctive locations, levels or dimensions? Yes can't really describe, but it was beautiful

Did you have any psychic, paranormal or other special gifts following the experience you did not have prior to the experience? Yes I am often psychic

Have you shared this experience with others? Yes Uncertain about the time, most people seem interested, but that is all

Did you have any knowledge of near death experience (NDE) prior to your experience? No I was 3 yrs. old at the first. I had never thought much about it before the second. After, I knew I had had one. It was clear.

Were there one or several parts of the experience especially meaningful or significant to you? Yes, I felt totally loved.

How did you view the reality of your experience shortly (days to weeks) after it happened: Experience was definitely real

There was no doubt that it was real

How do you currently view the reality of your experience: Experience was definitely real

It was too real and intense to be explained away. No one could convince me otherwise

Have your relationships changed specifically as a result of your experience? Yes I am more loving

Have your religious beliefs/practices changed specifically as a result of your experience? Yes I can't tolerate punitive controlling religious practices

Following the experience, have you had any other events in your life, medications or substances which reproduced any part of the experience? Yes Under hypnosis, I was with the same being I was with during the 2nd NDE I had, it feels like he is a "he" and I felt the same wonder love and ecstasy with him again. It was not planned to have this type of experience with this hypnosis, it just happened.

Did the questions asked and information you provided so far accurately and comprehensively describe your experience? Yes partially so

John N

On January 22, 1998 I suffered a major heart attack while sawing limbs off a large oak tree. I called my wife and said, "I'm ill." I did not call 911, because I was in a remote location and they might not have arrived in time. My wife came to get me 15 minutes after my call and drove me to Kaiser Hospital in Santa Rosa, CA. In the following hours I was declared, "Code Blue" three times. I was a volunteer at Kaiser at the time, and knew most of the staff who cared for me. They were very fearful that I would not recover.

The medical staff waited several days until I was stable enough to undergo surgery for a quadruple bypass several days later. I do not know when the NDE occurred on January 22, because I was in and out of consciousness, and heavily medicated, but it was some time during the afternoon.

I experienced total blackness, total peace and total calm. The experience was quite beyond description, I can merely relate what happened. It absolutely removed my fear of death, and that absence of fear lasts to this day.

Was the kind of experience difficult to express in words? Yes, The experience was quite beyond description. I experienced total blackness that was not at all frightening, total peace and total calm, but those words do not even begin to describe what happened. They are merely the best words I can find to relate what happened.

At the time of this experience, was there an associated life threatening event? Yes I was in the middle of a heart attack, but did not know what was the matter, I just knew I was desperately ill.

At what time during the experience were you at your highest level of consciousness and alertness? I don't know the times because I was in the Emergency Room and in CICU for several days. Late in the afternoon I was transported by ambulance to The Memorial Hospital in Santa Rosa. By that time I was conscious, and remember that the NDE had already occurred, so it was sometime during the afternoon as I drifted in and out of consciousness.

How did your highest level of consciousness and alertness during the experience compare to your normal every day consciousness and alertness? More consciousness and alertness than normal

If your highest level of consciousness and alertness during the experience was different from your normal every day consciousness and alertness, please explain: The experience was indelible and I remember it vividly. I remember that I was very alert some of the time that afternoon. I remember some of the staff talking to me as I answered their questions, eg, "What is your pain level on a scale of 1 - 10." My response was, "Fifteen!" I remember the doctor saying, "Give him more morphine," but I cannot relate the time of the NDE more specifically than that.

I also remember waking one time and counting the number of needles and catheter type devices in my arm. I think that was before the NDE, but I cannot be certain.

Did your vision differ in any way from your normal, everyday vision (in any aspect, such as clarity, field of vision, colors, brightness, depth perception degree of solidness/transparency of objects, etc.)? Yes But, how can I describe "blackness"? I couldn't "see it", but I was intensely aware of what was happening to me.

Did your hearing differ in any way from your normal, everyday hearing (in any aspect, such as clarity, ability to recognize source of sound, pitch, loudness, etc.)? No

Did you experience a separation of your consciousness from your body? Uncertain

What emotions did you feel during the experience? Total peace, total calm. I was not in the least bit afraid or anxious.

Did you pass into or through a tunnel or enclosure? Yes I could not describe the details, but I was aware that where I was did not seem to be a vast expanse.

Did you have any sense of altered space or time? Uncertain

Yes, in the sense that it was not my normal state of being, but I do not recall any location of space or time.

Did you have a sense of knowing special knowledge, universal order and/or purpose? Uncertain Yes, in the sense that I have never experienced anything remotely like it before. However, I came to know that I should, from then on, be totally unafraid of death. That feeling continues with me to this day, and I am confident it will remain with me forever.

Did you reach a boundary or limiting physical structure? Uncertain I do not recall crossing a boundary, but I was very aware that this was a spiritual experience as opposed to some psychological or physical phenomenon.

Did you have any psychic, paranormal or other special gifts following the experience you did not have prior to the experience? Uncertain The whole experience was a gift! However, I did not and do not recall any specific psychic gifts as a result.

Have you shared this experience with others? Yes I told my wife and my three adult children what had happened when they first visited me. I think they were interested, but I do not recall their response other than to be aware that I would not fabricate such an experience. I am sure they believed me. I well remember telling them I could not explain what had happened, but only tell them it had occurred.

Did you have any knowledge of near death experience (NDE) prior to your experience? Yes As a Baptist Pastor I have talked to people who have experienced NDEs. My specialty in the pastorate was working with people who were dying. I studied death and dying for a year at the University Medical Center in San Francisco, CA. in 1972. At the time I read everything in print in connection with the subject. Following 1972 there was an explosion of literature on the subject such that I could not keep up. I have written several papers on death and dying, but have never written anything about my NDE. I have never doubted that such an event was, and is possible. My experience was not affected in any way other than to say I have always been open to NDEs.

Were there one or several parts of the experience especially meaningful or significant to you? Yes, I experienced a conversion when I was nineteen, but the experience of total blackness, calm and peace of the NDE were unlike anything I have ever had before or since.

How did you view the reality of your experience shortly (days to weeks) after it happened: Experience was definitely real

It was a certainty of life after death, and the realization that I need never fear death again. I decided that the NDE was a revelation that there was life beyond the grave. I immediately recognized the validity of what had happened to me and that this was no freak event, but MY Truth.

How do you currently view the reality of your experience: Experience was definitely real

I live in a forest. I am a very early riser. I often go out well before dawn in the morning, and as I look up at the non light polluted sky I say to, Whomsoever, "This is a great day to live, and a great day to die." Many times I have stood still looking up at the sky and said, "I am perfectly willing and ready to die now, or at any time in the future. There is a sense in which I cannot wait to die, because I am utterly convinced that my search for meaning, my belief and worship of the Divine, will be enhanced greatly when I die.

Have your relationships changed specifically as a result of your experience? Yes

I have worked with many, many people who were dying. I have been able to convey a sense of assurance to them that they do not need to fear what they are going through, because they will be safe after they pass away. In addition to counseling the dying I have also worked as a volunteer for Hospice, and in working with dying patients in hospitals I have been very willing to discuss their fears, and do my best to reassure them of their safety. Though not sharing my particular spiritual beliefs, I know that my wife recognizes the validity of my experience, and I believe it has convinced her of her immortality. Perhaps this is also true with my children, but I have not discussed it with them lately.

Have your religious beliefs/practices changed specifically as a result of your experience?

Yes I have been on a spiritual quest most of my adult life. I left the ministry, since I felt that my experience as a Pastor did not answer my deepest questions and I needed to continue my search outside of Christianity. I am not "religious," but I am a deeply spiritual person, and have been throughout my adult life. I believe that my understanding is deeper than ever it was as a practicing "Christian" in the understood sense of that word.

Following the experience, have you had any other events in your life, medications or substances which reproduced any part of the experience? No

Is there anything else you would like to add concerning the experience? It was totally real, life changing, and wonderful. It was, as I view it, a gift of The Divine, to me. Life is good, and so is death.

Did the questions asked and information you provided so far accurately and comprehensively describe your experience? Yes I have never participated in a survey such as this. I found this as a result of going to the website after reading the article in the Spokane Review

newspaper this morning, October, 26, 2004. After reading the article I decided to try and contact Dr. Jeffrey Long, quoted in the article, to try and relate my experience.

I would like to meet and/or correspond with others who have had similar experiences. I have been well aware for years that some people experience a light, tunnel, seeing other spiritual persons, etc. I have never talked to anyone who experienced total blackness, that I can recall.

Please offer any suggestions you may have to improve this questionnaire:

I wish there had been a box for answers, 7, 10, 13 and 25 in order for me to expand concerning my particular experience, however, I think that the other responses reflect my case very well. Thank you very much for this opportunity.

As I began the questionnaire I thought that the "yes, no, maybe" answers would be too restrictive. The opportunity of narrative throughout has given me the opportunity to explain, which to me is highly important. This is not math with a single solution, it is, perhaps the most complex subject a human being can encounter. And even then words cannot describe what happened.

Gunter P

Preventing a possible double murder by a drug addict and his friends of the drug addicts ex girlfriend and her mother, I ended up being kicked in the head approximately 20 times (as I found out later). After the first kick to the head, I was unconscious (apparently for a period of about 10 minutes).

During this period of unconsciousness I saw three men, dressed in white short-sleeved shirts and long white trousers, who warned me of events to come. At that stage, their described scenario seemed to be absolutely unlikely. However, as things unfolded every one of their predictions came true to the last detail. The thing hardest to believe in the beginning was the "membership" of the three entities.

It was stated that these beings are members of the "Universal Justice Command" or UJC. If the rest of their predictions are as accurate as the events concerning me personally, we are going to be in for a rough time yet - and this is going to be worldwide. If you can, please let me know of other people who had contact with the UJC.

Please allow such people to contact me via eMail for further discussions and experience exchanges.

If you need further details, please don't hesitate to contact me.

Yours sincerely, Gunter P

Mary L

While riding my bicycle...i stopped at the top of a wooden slatted bridge...then decided to ride on down to the concrete walk...the slats grabbed my front tire and i thought uh oh...so i tried to grab the railings and kick the bike away from me...i opened my eyes to the most beautiful brightly lit place...green grass, a pond/lake trees but all were eclipsed by this light...i looked around and realized i was sitting on a man's lap, who was dressed in white robes. he had dark hair at first i thought it was my deceased father in his younger years, then i thought it was my 1st husband who had passed on in 1981..then i knew it was Jesus...he held me and comforted me...no words were spoken...but the love and peace...then i heard yelling from far away...it was my then boyfriend calling for help...i woke up to little or no pain...i had broken my right hip...but didn't know it till later at the hospital...the white light stayed with me around me thru the next few days maybe a total of 5-7days.....also while in Jesus' care...he just kept patting my shoulder/back as if i were a child who needed comfort

Quinton T

I was in a dimly lit room. across from me was a shaft of light from the ceiling going down at an angle to the right and through the floor. on my left was my deceased seven year old grandson and my deceased 18 month old granddaughter to my right passing by me with the Lord Jesus. A voice in my head said the light was the light of truth and love going from heaven to earth. Then in my head I heard my grandchildren say you must go back and take care of our sister. I walked toward them and looked down and saw a bed by it was my living granddaughter and my wife. next thing I knew I was opening my eyes and saw my granddaughter my first words were to her I came back for you.

I saw my granddaughter and wife by the bed from above and they verified it was them in the room when i woke up. At the time my granddaughter was ok and living with her parents but later they broke up and she came to live with us, which explained the take care of our sister statement

Dan Ta

I found myself outside of Creation, in a gray immensity with no end. Not as in a dream, but crystal clear with no interference. And all was perfectly silent. Not the quiet in the middle of the night, where you can hear your own heart beating, but the total absence of sound of any kind. And yet, I could hear with such clarity as I could never before.

Before my eyes, I saw all of Creation as in a Crystal Ball, floating in this grayness. Wrapped around Creation was a Being of stunning majesty, as if it grew from his body. Off in the distance, I saw innumerable other Creations, each with a similar Being.

I lifted up the skin of Creation, and saw that every living thing in Creation was an expression of this being, connected to this being, indivisible and of One. Every person, plant, animal, insect, microbe, drew its' very existence from this Being. Without this Being, if creation existed at all it would be filled with lifeless, empty rocks.

Within this realization I was shown how everything is interconnected. From the Beginning to the End. From the largest galactic cluster spinning around the hub of Creation, to the smallest quantum fluctuation; how everyone and everything has a place and a reason. This was revealed.

Then it was made clear my own place, my own reason for existence. How I fit in the Glory of Creation.

Through all of this as I was part of the One, three qualities filled me: Intelligence, Awareness and Joy.

For the next several days, I found myself very sensitive to any sights and sounds. I started having visions of other people, places and times. I had but to close my eyes and images would coalesce and condense before me. I have seen my wife in a world were we never met, I have seen the death of our cat and of one of my daughters (though I know it is only one possible outcome). I have seen images of places I have never been, of other worlds and of creatures other than human. This passed with time, and I can no longer sense them. But even with the passing of time, I still include within myself the journey and what was revealed to me.

Angela S

I woke up in the early morning unable to breathe unless I sat up. My husband took me to the hospital after a quick trip to our family physician. I was put through a battery of X-Rays and blood tests, etc. Then I was wheeled into a room, an oxygen mask was put on my face, and I was left there to wait until all the tests came back.

As I lay there, my husband sat at the foot of my bed. Every time I laid down, it was harder to breathe, but I was so weak, all I could do was hope they figured out what was wrong with me, so I prayed silently to myself. I was inwardly afraid of what would happen to me. At the time this occurred, I had been given absolutely NO medication - only the oxygen had been administered.

I recall trying to draw a breath and it seemed like the hardest thing to do, like a weight was on my chest. I closed my eyes and then I felt 'free' suddenly. Not just free, but weightless and 'assured'. I wasn't afraid anymore. I was without a single care. I was like a child again and I marveled at the complete lack of burden.

Then, I felt two hands on either shoulder touch me. Even though I didn't look behind me, I seemed to know these two people standing behind me were my friends. I didn't have to look. It was like I was not allowed to look, but it didn't matter, since I 'sensed' they were good and safe. I asked them if I was dead and it was time to go. They said no. They told me I was to go with them. They wanted to show me something. They did not ask me for my answer (which would have been 'yes')

Then, they pulled me out of my body by the shoulders and took me up through the ceiling, and through all the floors, and out of the building and into the 'sky'. I was flying and it felt exhilarating. But when we got high enough, things went black and there was this nothing place. Everything was quiet and there was no temperature sensation - just deep nothing and silence.

I asked where I was and they positioned me with a touch of their hands (which is hard to relate again because there was nothing relative to 'position' me, but I knew they were facing me because of their touch). They said to watch, so I did. In the vast distance, I saw something begin to grow. I am not sure if I got closer, or if it was getting bigger. There was nothing else around to compare it to. When 'it' got close enough I could start to see these little 'beings'? wrapping ribbons of light around a central 'thing'. As the thing got closer, I could see all kinds of things that are part of creation. I saw cats, mountains, trees, rivers, people, stars... there were so many things just 'bubbling' up and together. Like a soup of everything, but each thing thought out clearly in their bubbles only to 'pop' and join everything else.

I cannot begin to tell you the joy - jubilation - that I felt watching this happen. It was the most happiness I had ever felt in my life. They asked me "What do you see?" I said...(as if I had no doubt at all)..."Creation" Then they asked me, "What have you learned?"... and I said (as if I always knew even though I'd never considered this philosophy)..."Everything IS everything else." Then they asked again with a simple, "...AND?" I was full of knowledge I had never known. I answered, "What anyone does, matters to everything." It was interesting hearing answers come from my lips(?) that I didn't know I knew. They said, "Good." The next thing I know they are pulling me away from the 'joy' and taking me someplace else.

In an instant, we were standing in an all white place. They were still behind me (I knew) but again, I had no need or desire to look back at them. No walls, no floor, no ceiling - this place was just all white. The only thing that stood out was a door. It was a plain red door, like a stage door... but nothing held it up. It just stood there, the only color in the place.

I presumed it was death's door and asked them again if I was going to die now. I did not ask in fear, just child-like curiosity. They told me no. They said I had one more thing to learn before I returned. They said to walk through the door. I politely countered (knowing it was death's door) that they had just said I wasn't going to die just yet. With a gentle shove, I went to the door, trusting in them totally, just slightly confused but content.

I walked through it - and felt absolutely nothing different. I told them nothing happened. They said do it again, only this time with shoes. I looked down for the first time and saw that I had legs and feet and was wearing bright red sneakers. Strangely, I had never considered my 'body' till that moment except in the context of what I was seeing outside of it.

The second time I walked through the door, I again felt nothing and told them so. They said to look at my feet, so I did. The shoes were still on the other side of the threshold. They had never entered with me. Then they asked me again what I had learned. I answered swiftly that we could not take material things with us when we die. I was pleased with my answer, though I felt there was more because what I said seemed so obvious.

They persisted again with the same secondary question, "...AND?" Then, the words rolled from my lips like it had always been there just out of my knowing and instantly recalled. I had felt nothing different when I walked through the door because I DIDN'T change. My LOCATION did. My sneakers were never a part of me. I said, "We do not change when we die. We are always butterflies. We simply move to a different sky." If I had tears I could not feel them, and yet what I had just said reverberated into my heart and soul and very being. I knew I had 'learned'.

They said it was time to go back. I succumbed willingly to their navigation through and out of the 'wherever' place we were. We fell out of the blackness again, through the roof, ceilings and floor till I was in my room again.

I lowered horizontally as if I was going to settle into my body, but I hovered a few feet above. I felt their hands leave my shoulders and I didn't want them to go. I told them I was not in my body yet. They said I had the power to do that and I didn't need them. They did not say good-bye. They simply left.

I could see my husband still at the foot of my bed. He had fallen asleep sitting in the chair. I sort of 'relaxed' my way down and it worked! I got a few inches from being all the way in... and like a child with a new toy, I went up again just to see if I could do it - and I did!

I was about to try again, but I saw him stirring and my heart suddenly worried he would be afraid. I didn't want to scare him, so I went the whole way down. When I went back into my body, it all came back... the heaviness, the pain in my chest, the struggle to breathe. The one thing that was different was my attitude. I was SO unafraid... I was SO ASSURED. For the first time in my life, death was nothing to fear ever again. I had new answers and a new outlook and philosophy. What I did here mattered, and where I was headed was a good place.

My husband reached out to touch my hand. His face was full of concern. I told him not to worry... that I wasn't going to die yet. Not from this anyway.

Ever since then, I have told only certain people. I try not to tell anyone unless I feel they need to know it and won't think I'm making it up. The only reason I am telling you is because my daughter showed me this site and I was inspired to share it with others who ARE looking for assurance of life after death.

Malcolm G

It was an ordinary day in the life of a young carefree man and suddenly, without any warning, I felt extremely ill and was close to collapsing.

I went to see my local doctor and after examining me I was told it was a simple case of the 'flu. I was prescribed antibiotics and returned home.

As the days passed my condition grew worse and developed a very high fever.

I was unable to eat or drink anything, rapidly losing weight.

By the 8th day I was lapsing in and out of consciousness, and my mother decided to take me back to the doctor. I was too weak to stand, my uncle had to carry me. The doctor said I had double pneumonia and had to be taken to the hospital immediately. Because I was lapsing in and out of consciousness I'm unable to recall much of what happened. I vaguely remember being wheeled on a stretcher to the back of an ambulance, and then being wheeled into the hospital casualty ward. Then I briefly came around when a nurse was inserting an intravenous drip needle into my right arm.

Suddenly I had a strange sense of complete weightlessness and began floating upward, I wasn't at all alarmed by the experience. I continued upward until I reached the ceiling about 9 feet from the floor then stopped. For the first time in several days I actually got to see myself, not in a mirror but my body laying motionless on the hospital bed below me. What a sad and pathetic sight it was, a grey deathly gaunt color with deeply sunken eye sockets and cheek bones, and yet in spite of that ghastly sight there was a beautiful feeling of a tranquil peace and wellbeing. I was almost immediately aware of a high sense of alertness and it seemed that I could see and hear everything and everyone within the large ward. Then I gradually became aware that I wasn't alone, and I'm not talking about the other people in the ward. There was an unseen 'someone' approaching me. An indescribable overwhelming love began to completely envelope me and with it came a sense of joy that defies words.

I noticed there was a soft blue aura all round me (I later realized the blue aura was me). Then a gentle yet all powerful voice spoke softly to me "Malcolm...Malcolm, it's not your time. Go back now." The best way I know how to describe the voice is - think of a million electric power stations all working together at the same time and this wouldn't even come close to the energy that his voice produced (I say 'his' because it was definitely a man's voice). The next thing I recall was waking up two days later in a different bed, in a different ward, being attended to by a young nurse.

Ina N

I had been bleeding for 3 days and that night when I went to bed I was quite weak (but I'm also stubborn) My sis was in the kitchen.

My boyfriend and I at the time were fighting, so the last person I wanted to see was him but I laid down beside him anyway. I can't really remember how long before I was looking down at myself and shaking my head looking at him saying what an ass, and then the next thing I remembered was I said to myself, still looking down, "Ina if you don't get up NOW! you won't wake up in the morning," GET UP! and the next thing I knew is I was sitting up and I looked at him and I didn't even bother telling him that I was going. I walk out to the kitchen and my sister said, "do you want to go?" and I said, "yes."

It took 20 min to get there and by the time we did I had a large cup of blood, when we got to the hospital the emergency nurse was a little nasty she thought I was drunk, until my sister showed her the cup. The next thing I knew was I was laying on a bed and I heard Code Blue Emergency repeatedly and that's when I knew.

The next thing I remembered was I was looking down at 4 or 5 people on either side of me trying desperately trying to get a vein, as I watched in horror (I did find it offensive) I started to look for my sister who I found pacing up and down the hall with her boyfriend holding her, she looked so scared. They took me to a medical floor and in that time I could feel something wasn't right, I tried to tell the nurse that the needle wasn't in (blood transfusion).

But she said, "oh no, dear your fine." Well I knew if I didn't get her to check it that I was going to die. So I got her attention again and low and behold I was right. I ended up in intensive care I heard them say they couldn't deal with such a complicated patient, so they sent me by ambulance to Toronto.

On the way in the ambulance, the attendant at the back with me was very caring and I was very weak, But when we got to a certain part of the highway (I hated this ramp) I seemed to know exactly where we were, I asked him to ask the driver to slow down on this ramp because I didn't want to get into an accident. First he asked how I knew and then he repeated what I said to the driver and the driver said that's the last way you're gonna die lady. (I think the guy in the back with me was a little spooked)

I started at Wellesley Hospital Intensive Care, I'm not really sure to this day what floor I was on but I had a couple of out of body experiences there.

My doctors office was on the 4th floor and I was floating above him as he sat at the edge of his desk and he was talking to my mother telling her that the next 72 hours were crucial, and she might just want to get the closest family members there. (My 4 and 5 year olds)

The next time I was looking down and there was my mother taking my pulse and looking so sad, I then ended up in the waiting room where I found my sister her boyfriend and my two children, the kids had know idea what was going on, they were playing and bouncing on the couch, my sister looked so sad, I felt for all of them, But It was my children that really got me. I said to myself who's gonna look after them if I go? I still had feelings but no pain.

I really think that I had a choice and I made the choice to stay this time around. It's amazing how much Love can do, It wasn't my time. But I will tell you one thing I look at life in a whole new way. I believe we are all energy and that this is a shell we live in. When the shell dies our energy lives on.....

"Angel of transformation"



©Copyright Ira Binder, Luxembourg, Europe, All Rights reserved

NDEs - First Part of 2005

Cindy D's NDE

My first OB was when I was 16. I had just got off work and picked up a couple friends to go visiting at another friends house. My boyfriend at the time was also with me. We got to the friends house and I could not have been inside my friends house for more than 2 minutes when I started to feel really flush and lightheaded and felt a need for fresh air. I told my boyfriend I was going to step outside because I was warm and just had this feeling to get fresh air (hard to explain this feeling). Concerned, he said he would step outside with me. I was almost to the door when I got the overwhelming feeling of spinning vibrations running up my body. It felt like my insides were spinning. As the spinning was going on, I could see all around the room though my body was stationary. The vibrations got stronger and stronger and I felt as though I was lifting (all the while spinning as I was lifting) out of my body, exiting through the top of my head. Then all of a sudden everything was black.

As I was coming back into "sight" and out of the black darkness, to my surprise, I was floating on the ceiling looking down at my body watching my three friends and boyfriend over my body trying to shake me and slapping me lightly on the face trying to revive me. My body was limp and they could get no response from me. I watched the whole thing. As I watched, I was scared. I didn't understand any of this and thought I was dead. I was so scared because I thought, "Omg, I'm dead and they are going to bury me, but I'm not dead. I can see them and myself!" My next thought was, "I'm too young to die!" At that point I felt the spinning vibrations again, everything went black and I was back in my body.

I told my boyfriend and friends what I saw them do, who confirmed it. About 15 minutes later I started to get the vibrations again and felt I was "slipping out" again. I held on to my boyfriend and told him, "I don't want to slip back out". I fought the vibrations, which was not easy, but that night didn't have another OB. I'm not sure what brought this OB on, from a fully awake 'walking outside' to a complete 'pass out onto a OB'. Most, since, are in bed.

That was years ago and there was not much talk on the topic then. When that happened I had never heard of OB's, and it scared me tremendously, but have educated myself since (after "many more" occurrences, mostly in bed). For some reason, they seem to come on very easy with me. I have countless other experiences, too, but the first experience is always the most interesting.

Joe D's NDE

This event I am about to describe is my oldest memory that I can recall. I'm unsure if it was associated by it's probable, that it was attributed to my being hospitalized as a newborn with pneumonia. The first part of my experience wasn't quite dream-like, it was different.. I wasn't what I am now.. I don't think I can define what I was.

But I was lead by other entities to a this strange machine. I remember it making a low hum, but I couldn't hear it, I could still sense the vibration it made though. The tone of this was something that had to be done- very solemn.. Then I seemed to enter or become one, or passed through this machine thing and entered into a tunnel.. and as I had described elsewhere, I had none of my earthly senses. I felt I was infinitely small, conducted through this tunnel, yet squeezed through it, or perhaps fitting through it perfectly, as if the tunnel and I were of the same.. The length of time I was in the tunnel seemed instantaneous and infinite, simultaneously. It's a feeling that I just cannot describe in words.. The next thing I recalled after that is that I was, for lack of any other words- alive. I can't remember anything else past or before that point.

The other experience I had was not necessarily out of body, but of the same subject. I was driving truck for my employer and I was thinking about God, the universe and how it all works, you know- this kind of thing fascinates me. I found myself speaking with God, as I do time and time again. At the time I was concerned if I'd make it into Heaven, because I didn't know if I was really good enough, a common and understandable concern. I promised that I was his, and to do with me as he will. I'm sure some sort of deal was forged that day, but instantaneously I was overcome with a euphoric feeling of what I can only describe as complete contentment, and exactly after that brief period of time I have had no fear of death, and welcome it when it is my time. It is my understanding that I have a destiny that must be achieved before it is my time to die, and with that understanding I have learned that I am almost completely free. I can now be fearless in the face of danger, use logic in place of natural defensive reaction in multiple cases, stand up to those who command it, I don't even flinch anymore. I believe my life is still being forged by these events, progressing, honing myself for the day of days, whatever and whenever it may be.

Leslie M's NDE

I had been hemorrhaging for approx. 12 hours by this time. As I previously noted, the nurse started to give me a shot. For some reason, she had to do this shot very slowly. When she was about halfway done, I started to feel 'light'. Then I heard her say, from far away, "What's your name? Tell me your name". I began to say it, and then suddenly, I felt myself leave my body. It was as if I was being sucked by a vacuum from the top of my head. Then, I was in a dark tunnel, and SPEEDING upwards towards a light. When I got very close to the light, I became conscious of a 'being' in the light, welcoming me as if I had been waited for, for a long, long time. Gladly, and with love. On my right were three 'beings'. We communicated, without speaking. I cannot remember much of this, except I was asked (apparently rhetorically) if I wanted to stay. I answered yes, because I really felt I had come home, finally. But they communicated that my time here was not yet over, that I had more to do.

I was sent back, backwards, through the tunnel, and I got heavier as I went, and the bells became bongos instead of tinkling.

When I returned, I was surrounded by 8 nurses and doctors, I had been put on 'shock blocks', and they were trying to get a blood line in-my veins had all but collapsed due to lack of blood pressure. I tried to talk about it to my family, but they really didn't want to hear about it. My children are interested, but not my parents or my siblings. I would get quite emotional if I talked about it.

It wasn't until about ten years later that I started reading about it, and found out that others, MANY others, had experienced the same thing. I was amazed, delighted, and comforted. I had felt like a 'freak' for a long time. I knew my experience was real, have always known it, and yet, it felt so good to not be alone.

I know something else. There ARE reasons and patterns to life. We're all here for special reasons, even if just to raise our or someone else's consciousness. Even just to perform that one special act, or say that one special thing.

Thank you for giving me this forum.

Heidi D's NDE

I was 7 years old and was on a bike hike with my two older sisters and a couple of their friends. It was a Sunday. We had ridden what I thought was a long ways away from home. I had to borrow a bike from one of my sisters friends. We were going down a steep hill. I remember seeing a sign that said 7% downgrade next 2 miles. After starting on this hill I realized that this bike was one where the peddles kept going as long as the bike was moving and I couldn't catch my brakes. I yelled out to my sister Kelly who was in front of me and told her that I couldn't catch my brakes and I was going too fast. She yelled back to me "Just put your feet out, hold your breath and go!" I was so winded trying to keep up with my peddles that when I did just that... I held my breath.. I passed out. I remember seeing my bike swerving back and forth. (I learned later that I crashed into a rock wall.)

Next thing I remember was a total feeling of happiness and peace. I remember floating above a field of blue and yellow lupins. There aren't really words to describe the amount of joy I felt. I remember looking to the right and seeing green rolling hills. The colors were so brilliant, the air seemed perfect. Then I looked to my left and I saw me in the back of a red Jeep laid out behind the back seat. I saw my sister Kelly sitting in the back seat sobbing and shaking me asking me to please wake up. I distinctly remember the smell of vomit while I was looking down on myself. Then I remember pain. I was back in my body.

I had vomited on myself. I remember looking at my sister thinking why did you make me come back?!? I guess I passed out again. The next thing I remember was looking down on myself again. This time we are in front of my house. My mom and dad were talking and there was a small crowd of people standing behind them. My mom ripped my shirt off and I remember seeing the boy I had a crush on standing in the crowd. I was telling my mom, "Don't let Jay see my boobies". My next memory was while they were wheeling me down the hallway at the hospital towards the emergency room.

My mom was crying because she was worried that I had not regained consciousness yet. She was wearing a white crochet shawl with pink roses on it. My next memory was waking up in a hospital room with the most massive headache of my life. Every time I tried to sit up I passed out. I remember asking mom where her shawl was. She looked at me funny and told me that it was in the closet because I had thrown up on it. "How did you know I had it on?" she asked. I simply told her "I saw it". It was years later that I learned that my memories were either Near Death experience or out of body experience. I don't share the story very often. I remember the details like it happened yesterday.

Lisa S's NDE

I had overdosed on Heroin. My friends couldn't revive me and had rushed me to the hospital and basically dumped me on the receptionist's desk and disappeared. I don't remember any of this. I was clinically dead (DOA) with no heart beat or respiration. I was taken in and worked on.

Where my sense of "being" was rushing throughout the hospital halls at great speed. Someone was with me (hair rises while I type about it) and this person or thing had a great urgent "hurry up" type attitude and was trying to get me to hurry. I couldn't figure it out. We got into the room where I was at (through a wall) and the person was holding my hand. I remember them (but can't see them, can only feel the hand) urging me to see what was going on (i was in no hurry or had no inkling or need to look), I finally did. I was absolutely horrified!

In a flash I realized I was dead, that was me on the table, I seen the 3 people around me working rapidly on me with some serious urgency. I was so scared that I literally "jumped" back into my skin. Since then I have never understood the term "jumping out of your skin" since I had the reverse thing happen to me. I was scared back into my skin. At this point I hear the doctors telling me he needed me to to wake up, i heard yelling, and I sat up and the doctor told me how lucky i was that i finally responded.

Muhammad F's NDE

I had car accident, when the car is turned upside down, during this I remembered everything with all the details and very accurately, since my birth till the time of accident and I remembered all the people I knew, even the ones whom I met once or twice, I remembered all the events, the important and non-important ones when my age is less than a year, I remembered it with all its details, it past was in front of me and I saw it as a cinema show in just 15 minutes, and when I got out of the car I was in full consciousness, I felt that I wasn't in the car or in other means I was exist and not exist, a feeling that is difficult to describe, I felt that there is a something to protect people.

Jorge V's NDE

I had a terrible tooth ache and I decided to go to the doctor (Dentist) to have my molar extracted. I received local anesthesia and I died. I left this world, I knew nothing, I felt nothing and I saw myself floating without feeling my body or mass, in the air. I looked up and I saw that very brilliant LIGHT, I saw downwards and I saw myself in the same dentist seat with the dentist trying to revive me, and trying to find out if my heart was beating. The feeling of abandonment relaxation and happiness was difficult to describe and I wanted to remain in that condition. I suddenly saw that I was rapidly descending and entering my body awaking from that marvelous sensation. The dentist was scared and she kept saying that I should have told her that I was cardiac and that I was not to receive any anesthetic. I had this experience when nothing was known about this theme, especially in Cuba where we do not have any information on this regard.

James P NDE - Like

After the surgery for traumatic brain injury, the doctors put me into a coma for a couple weeks to help give my body time to heal. During this time, I thought I woke up to see the person in the bed to my right die. After I recovered, and started to ask questions about his death, the doctors and nurses insisted that I could not possibly have remembered this. It seems as though I was standing beside my bed looking over top of myself towards the person in the next bed down from me. The nurses all of a sudden came to his bed in a hurry. The first one there tried frantically to recover him, but it didn't work. A lot of other nurses surrounded his bed and did a lot of stuff to him as well, but he died.

When this happened, I can remember seeing some sort of fog, or cloud come directly up from his body and leave the room. I knew right at that time he had died, because of what it felt like. I could not hear any sounds during this event, but I can still remember all of the feelings. The nurses had a distraught anxious feeling during this time. The older nurse seemed to be consoling the other nurses, by that I mean she seemed to give the other nurses the idea that this happens in the I.C.U, but we are here to save the ones we can. This event has changed my life. I think it taught me how to FEEL more than I ever had before.

Salenas's NDE

IT STARTED AS A TYPICAL BEAUTIFUL SUNNY DAY IN APRIL, NOT A CLOUD IN THE SKY, I WAS AT HOME WITH MY MOM AND MY NEWBORN SON (11 DAYS OLD) MY OLDER SON WAS AT THE SITTERS HOUSE AND I WAS GETTING READY TO GO TO THE GROCERY STORE. WITH THIS BEING MY SECOND CHILD I SEEMED TO BE READY TO GO BACK TO MY NORMAL ROUTINE OF LIFE AND WANTED TO DO NORMAL THINGS LIKE DRIVING MY CAR TO THE STORE, ONLY THIS TIME MY MOTHER AND I DISCUSSED SHE WANTING TO DRIVE BECAUSE IT WAS TOO SOON AFTER GIVING BIRTH TO DRIVE SO SHE DROVE AND INSISTED THAT WE PUT OUR SEAT BELTS ON WHICH I DO ANYWAY AND WE PUT MY BABY IN THE BACK SEAT BEHIND THE DRIVER SIDE BECAUSE OF SEAT BELT MALFUNCTION ON OPPOSITE SIDE OF BACKSEAT.

WE START DRIVING TOWARDS THE STORE AND LISTENING TO THE RADIO, WITH AN ANNOYING HEAVY METAL GUITAR SOLO PLAYING AND AT THE SAME TIME WE REACHED UP TO TURN THE VOLUME DOWN AND LAUGHED THAT WE BOTH REACH THE KNOB OF THE RADIO AT THE SAME TIME, AS WE WERE PULLING UP TO A TRAFFIC LIGHT THAT WAS RED, WHILE WE WERE WAITING FOR THE LIGHT TO TURN GREEN I DECIDED TO PUT ON MY GLASSES AND THE LIGHT TURNED GREEN AND MY MOM PULLED OUT INTO THE STREET WE WERE TURNING ONTO.

AT THAT SPLIT HALF A SECOND MOMENT MY ENTIRE LIFE WAS TURNED UPSIDE DOWN, I WENT TO ANOTHER PLACE ANOTHER TIME AND WAS NOT WEARING WHAT I CALL STREET CLOTHES, A SERIES OF EVENT OCCURRED IN THIS PLACE THAT I SPEAK OF BUT I WILL GET TO THAT IN A MINUTE, I LOST TIME AND WHEN I BECAME CONSCIOUS I WAS IN MY CAR MY GLASSES IN MY LAP, MY SEAT BELT STILL ON, AND (MY RIGHT HAND DOWN BY MY SIDE PALM UP), A BIG SIGNIFICANCE FOR THE REST OF THE STORY, THOSE WERE THE FIRST THINGS I SAW WHEN I OPENED MY EYES, NEXT MY MOM CONVULSING NEXT TO ME NOT ANSWERING MY CALLING TO HER, AND MY NEWBORN SON IN THE FLOORBOARD OF THE BACKSEAT SCREAMING CRYING AS LOUD AS HE COULD.

NOT BEING IN MY RIGHT MIND, I TOOK MY SEAT BELT OFF GOT OUT OF THE CAR AND STARTED WALKING AROUND IN THIS ZOMBIE-LIKE STATE, PEOPLE WERE RUNNING UP TO ME AND ASKING IF I WAS ALRIGHT AND ME NOT RESPONDING TO THEM, LIKE THE LIGHTS ARE ON, BUT NOBODY'S HOME. OH YEAH LET ME TELL YOU THE DAY WAS WEDNESDAY AROUND 11:00 A.M. AND BY THE TIME THE AMBULANCE ARRIVED MY MOM WAS AIRLIFTED TO THE HOSPITAL ALONG WITH MY NEWBORN SON, AND I WAS TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL IN THE AMBULANCE AND THE PARAMEDIC WAS ASKING ME THE USUAL QUESTIONS WHAT YOUR NAME DO YOU KNOW WHAT DAY IT IS , MY RESPONSE WAS SALENA, AND IT'S SATURDAY, AND WHERE'S MY MOM AND MY NEWBORN (STEPHEN) AND MY OTHER SON (XANDER).

WELL THEY WOULDN'T ANSWER AND WHEN I STARTED ASKING FOR MY OTHER SON THEY STARTED THINKING THAT THEY HAD MISSED ANOTHER CHILD AT THE SITE OF THE WRECK. SO I TRULY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT DAY IT WAS ANYMORE AND WAS OBVIOUSLY OUT OF IT. SO THAT'S THE BACK GROUND OF IT ALL, NOW TO THE REALLY

INTERESTING PARTS.... AFTER LIVING AT THE HOSPITAL FOR 2 MONTHS WITH MY MOM IN ICU AND MY SON I CHILDREN'S ICU MY MOM EVENTUALLY PASSED AWAY AND MY SON THANK OUR LORD IS NOW 7 AND CAN WALK AND TALK AND HAS A WONDERFUL MIND.

I STARTED REMEMBERING THIS DREAM THAT I HAD HAD, BUT COULDN'T REMEMBER WHEN I HAD THIS DREAM, I AM ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE THAT CAN REMEMBER DREAMS, DREAM IN COLOR, DREAM OF EVENTS THAT HAVEN'T EVEN TAKEN PLACE YET, SO FOR ME TO REMEMBER A DREAM AND ALL OF IT'S DETAILS, BUT NOT REMEMBER WHEN I DREAMT IT WAS VERY VERY STRANGE, SO LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THIS "DREAM"

I OPEN MY EYES AND THE FIRST THING THAT I SEE I MY RIGHT HAND NEXT TO MY SIDE PALM UP, BUT IN SOME SAND AND NOTICING THAT I WAS NOT IN REGULAR STREET CLOTHES I WAS IN A NATURAL COLORED BURLAP OR SACKCLOTH MATERIAL ROBE, AS I WAKE IN THIS "DREAM" I NOTICE THAT I AM SOMEWHERE THAT I'VE NEVER BEEN BEFORE (A DESERT-LIKE AREA), AND NOT BELIEVING WHERE I AM I DECIDE TO TEST MYSELF MY TAKING THE SAND ON THE GROUND NEXT TO ME AND RUNNING IT THROUGH MY FINGERS AND ACTUALLY FEELING THE GRAINS OF SAND FALL THROUGH THEM STILL IN SHOCK OF NOT KNOWING WHERE I AM I DECIDE TO EXPLORE MY SURROUNDINGS SO I GET UP OFF OF THE GROUND.

I HAD MY BACK AGAINST A STONE BUILDING AND MY HEAD WAS HANGING DOWN. SO LOOKING AROUND I NOTICE THAT THERE WERE PEOPLE IN THE DISTANCE ALL WEARING THE SAME THING THAT I WAS WEARING CURIOUS AS TO WHAT EVERYONE WAS DOING AND JUST THE WHOLE EXPERIENCE, I STARTED TO MAKE MY WAY OVER TO WHERE THEY WERE. AS I GOT CLOSER TO THEM I NOTICED A CROWD OF PEOPLE SURROUNDING ONE PERSON, AND THEY WERE CRYING AND MOANING AND AS I STARTED TO TAKE A BETTER LOOK AT THESE PEOPLE EVERYTHING AROUND ME STARTED TO MOVE SLOWER, BUT NOT ME.

THESE PEOPLE WERE WORSHIPPING THIS PERSON THAT THEY WERE CROWDING AROUND SO I WANTED TO GET TO THE FRONT TO SEE WHO THIS WAS, AS I MADE MY WAY THROUGH THE CROWD. THE CROWD, TOOK NOTICE OF ME AND I NOTICED THE LOOK ON THEIR FACES. THEY LOOKED AT ME AS IF TO BE SAYING WHO IS SHE AND WHERE DID SHE COME FROM, SO I GET TO THE FRONT AND REALIZE THEY ARE WORSHIPPING THE LORD AND IT WASN'T LIKE I COULD SEE HIS FACE I COULD JUST FEEL HIS PRESENCE AND HE'S SPEAKING OVER THE CROWD TO EVERYONE, LOOKING THROUGH THE CROWD. HE POINTS ME OUT AND ASKS ME TO COME FORTH TO HIM AND I DO.

AS I AM DOING THAT HE STARTS TO ASK ME TO DO SOMETHING AND I NOTICE THESE PEOPLE ARE SHOCKED THAT I CAME FROM OUT OF NOWHERE AND I AM STANDING NEXT TO "HIM" JUST AS I HEAR WHAT IT IS THAT HE WANTS ME TO DO I WAKE, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS THAT HE WANTED ME TO DO. NOW TO BACK UP A LITTLE

BIT I GATHERED WHAT I HAVE TOLD YOU SO FAR OVER A PERIOD OF ONE YEAR LITTLE BY LITTLE.

ONCE I HAD GATHERED THIS MUCH OF MY EXPERIENCE I STARTED GOING TO MANY DIFFERENT CHURCHES AND DIFFERENT BACKGROUNDS OF CHURCHES SOUGHT MANY DIFFERENT ELDERS GUIDANCE AS TO WHAT ALL OF THIS MEANT AND NO ONE COULD TELL ME I WAS STARVING FOR THE ANSWERS THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN REMOTELY CLOSE TO SEEMING RIGHT, BUT STILL NOTHING, IN DESPERATION I PUT ALL OF THIS ON A BACK BURNER IN MY MIND, JUST TRYING TO LIVE THE REST OF MY LIFE AND PICK UP WHAT LITTLE PIECES I HAD LEFT OF IT.

ABOUT ONE YEAR LATER I WAS GOING TO BED AND AS MY HEAD HIT THE PILLOW, IN MY MIND, WAS THIS BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT, LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT IN MY MIND AND I REMEMBERED THE REST OF THE DREAM, I HAD BEEN ASKED BY THE LORD TO SPEAK TO OTHERS ABOUT THE LORD, YES YES, EVEN TODAY WHEN I TELL THIS IT SEEMS CRAZY TO ME NOW JUST AS IT DID WHEN HE ASKED ME WHEN I WAS THERE WHEREVER THERE IS OR WAS, AND I REMEMBER MY REACTION TO WHAT WAS BEING ASKED OF ME "WHO AM I TO DO THIS WHAT MAKES ME SPECIAL AND HOW COULD I POSSIBLY TALK TO ANYONE ABOUT THE LORD OR THESE EVENTS WHEN I MYSELF DON'T KNOW THE WHOLE BIBLE IN IT'S ENTIRETY.

BUT AS I REMEMBERED THIS, AS I WAS GOING TO GO TO SLEEP I SHOT OUT OF MY BED AND WAS ALERT, BUT UNFORTUNATELY AT THE TIME I HAD NO ONE TO SHARE WHAT HAD JUST HAPPENED TO ME WITH. SO I STARTED STUDYING HARDER THAN EVER TO LEARN AS MUCH AS I COULD ABOUT THINGS THAT I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH KNOWLEDGE OF OTHER THAN MY WHOLE LIFE FEELING CLOSE TO THE LORD. I GOT SAVED, AND STARTED REMEMBERING THE SMALL DETAILS EVEN DRAWING MY SURROUNDINGS IN THIS EXPERIENCE TO HELP DEAL WITH OR MAKE SENSE OF IT ALL.

AS I WAS DRAWING ONE DAY, I STARTED REMEMBERING THAT IN THE WRECK. I DISTINCTLY REMEMBERED HOW MY HAND WAS LAYING WHEN I OPENED MY EYES AFTER THE IMPACT OF THE WRECK AND THAT'S WHAT MADE EVERYTHING CRYSTAL CLEAR TO ME AND IT FINALLY MADE SENSE TO ME THAT THAT'S WHY I COULDN'T REMEMBER WHEN I HAD THE DREAM AND THAT IT WASN'T A DREAM AT ALL. IT WAS REAL AND THAT I HAD FELT THE SAND AND EVERYTHING IN THIS EXPERIENCE WAS AS REAL AS SITTING IN FRONT OF SOMEONE BEING ABLE TO TOUCH THEM AND SMELL THEM AND FEEL THEM. I HAD GONE SOMEWHERE ELSE. HOW I WOKE UP IN THIS DREAM STATE WAS EXACTLY HOW I WAS POSITIONED IN MY CAR AT THE TIME OF THE WRECK...TALK ABOUT SCARY. SORRY IF THIS IS LONG BUT I FELT I HAD TO GIVE DETAIL BECAUSE THAT'S HOW I WAS ABLE TO PUT THIS ALL TOGETHER.

Maria C's NDE

I was stabbed by a paranoid Schizophrenic while on duty. June 1986. I was stabbed in the first and second intercostal spaces. It is a miracle I survived. I was rushed to the OR within 20 minutes. On the way ..the surgeon was holding pressure on the wound to slow the blood. I asked what the chances were of fixing it. He said he would not know until he got in there. I knew most of the OR staff. They asked what they could do...

I asked for all present to pause and to pray for the DRs and for me. I told them however it turned out it was ok. I told the Dr not to ever blame himself if I did not survive. I would be ok. I was not afraid to die.

On the operating table as my chest filled with blood I felt my heart shift to the right. I softly said Uh-Ohhh..I knew it was a mediastinal shift. My anesthesiologist rushed from my feet where he had inserted an IV instructing the nurse to tape it down.

He placed one hand on each side of my head and said Maria..why did you say that? I told him..he verified that my heart was shifted with his stethoscope and immediately put me under so they could get into my chest. When they got in they removed over 3 units of blood from my chest cavity. The ER floor and the cart was a mess too !

I saw a bright light..then I was in a room..it was basically L shaped... I saw two doors..one had a flip down bar, like a fire door. It was in the bottom of the L. The lighting was dim and there was a male being in a long robe..light in color..long white beard. He said you are to wait here until it is over. He left. I was a bit intimidated..unsure of what to do, but not fearful.

Then I saw a soft golden light coming out of an arch shaped doorway on the long shaft of the L. The doorway was formed of blocks of stone..like a castle might have. It was the door to a tunnel. The walls rotated clockwise.

I walked closer to the door..I felt enveloped by Love and nurturing and concern and reassurance, then I realized the golden light was alive. it was swirling and moving. I stepped to the doorway and looked in ..There was a long tunnel. It curved gently to the left about 150 feet down and I could only see to the curve. I could feel the love and caring and concern and steadfastness of the light. I knew it was God with me.

I knew that this door led to Heaven and that if I had to go through it that I was safe and secure and that everything would be fine. There was no worry about others behind. There was no regret. Just the knowledge that I was in the presence of the purist Love in the universe. I was safe and I would be cared for. I seemed to know that I could go into the tunnel if I wished but I did not since I was asked to wait.

After a time, the being reappeared and I was shown to the "firedoor"..I pushed the bar and entered..my body. I was in pain..I felt a horrible pain in my right medial diaphragm...I was in agony.

Later I was told my first response post op was to grab that area. Later I was told that the chest tube had migrated to the diaphragm and the diaphragm was injured by it. I was quite ill..in intensive care but I knew that everything was going to be fine. And eventually it was.

William AM's NDE

On a Thursday afternoon late in the month of January 1993.

At a time when the affirmation of Christ was at a peak level in my life. I died. I died a complete death. The only thing that I can find that nearly resembles what I experienced is the "Near Death Experience". However my experience lacked a major component of the NDE. Specifically, the part when I was supposed to be pulled, or drawn, or just awoken back in my body at approx. the same time as when I had left it. It's not as though I didn't try that. I certainly made several attempt's. That didn't work.

It was a day like any other day. And then it happened. I got hit! The 1st van clipped the rear wheel of the motorcycle I was riding as I passed in front of it, sending the rear end of the bike around in a circular direction into the opposing flow of traffic and another van, which also hit the bike in the same way increased the velocity of the spin immensely. I was thrown to the ground with an amount of force sufficient to break my neck. The chin guard on the full face helmet I was wearing took the 1st point of impact. My neck twisted and snapped so clean and so quick, I didn't even know I was dead.....! So, I got up. I began brushing myself off. I still had my helmet on and the grey leather military issue German fighter pilots jacket I was wearing was not torn but I could feel the tiny pieces of asphalt through my gloves as brushed away at the abrasion across the front of the jacket. My ears were ringing so loudly that I couldn't hear anything at all above the high-pitched, persistently resonant tone. My entire body had a buffered, swollen feeling. A powerful vibrating buzz permeated my entire being. Much like I would expect to feel after being slammed into the ground with the force which I had just endured. You may be familiar with the feeling. I was, I recall feeling this way at other times in my life when I began to enter a state of shock.

As I looked around to my right side, my motorcycle was there across the center of the road 6 or 7 feet in front of me. A station wagon had stopped beyond there blocking the traffic from the scene. A car came around the right side of the station wagon hurriedly and accelerated as it passed right through me and sped on down the road away from the accident. People had begun to gather around my body as I lie there motionless on the ground between the bike and the car that stopped to block the traffic from the scene. People were moving about frantically covering there faces and looking away as they could see by the unnatural turn of my neck revealing a lifeless gaze on my face, eyes still open and staring into nothing. Obviously dead.

I could see that no one had touched me or tried to move me. So I got down on my hands and knees and attempted to reenter my body. Placing all of my limbs into the same position as I lay there. 1st my legs, then my torso, and now my head. I recall seeing the rim of the face opening of the helmet as I looked at my left hand, carefully aligning my fingers with my fingers. A man had gotten down on his hands and knees trying to get a closer look into my eyes to see if there was any sign of consciousness or breathing. I guess it was possible to him that I may still be alive only paralyzed from the neck down. At that point I would have been okay with that. I expected to feel some sort of click when I became fully aligned with myself. I didn't. As I began to push against the ground with the palms of my hands my shoulders and head came up about a foot before I realized I could still see myself laying on the ground below me. It wasn't working. I made two more attempts at getting up with my body. Before I stood up without it.

I was now fully aware of what was happening. I had just died in a motorcycle accident in front of my home, on the way to work one afternoon. And what was worse was that my neck was completely broken and I couldn't get back into my body. I didn't know what to do. I was no longer concerned about my body or the people who were trying to help me or the entire scene all together. I was more interested in what began to happen next. I was once again oriented to the scene as I was when I began to brush myself off. This time I had no physical sense of being, my movement was more drawn or pulled than it had previously been I could no longer see myself. My senses seemed to all become one sense of presence. Rather than sight or smell or touch or sound. I was simply present and aware. The visual realm began to swirl. I could sense the tree in my front yard and wall to my house as a tunnel formed right through them in which I was drawn into. On the walls of the tunnel there seemed to be spaces that were occupied by events in my life none that particularly stood out or that I recognized as significant relevant to any other. I was more fascinated by the way that they were revealed, than I was in the content of each space.

After passing through whatever it was, reality began to again take on form just the same as it had lost form only moments before. I regained the physical senses I had once before as I stood at the side of my bed in my bedroom which all became to be, as I became to be simultaneously. I saw myself lying there before me in my bed sleeping. I was wearing only my boxer shorts. The same as I was wearing there in my bed. I lay down into my body so easily and so comfortably and so tired. I fall asleep.

Chris L's NDE

2 years ago I was having oral surgery and had a reaction the medication to put me asleep. I was flat lined for over 3 minutes until the medical people showed up. I remember the whole event, I was with my deceased father in-law in a area that was so peaceful I didn't want to leave. When he died he could not speak English, when I was with him I could understand him perfectly.

As they tried to revive me and get my heart started again I could feel them using the paddles to get my heart started. I could feel my body moving up and down, but knew I was not moving. I was laying there in darkness with my arms crossed and could feel my body moving.

Ever since that event I have this strange thing happen to me when I'm about to fall asleep. I can almost control my soul and have OBE when I want to. Sometimes it feels like there is a tether hold my soul to my body and it snaps me back in.

Haya K's NDE

I still remember it very well, I start to leave my body and I flew through the white tunnel and the ring moving slowly around me and I still remember that feeling that, the ring are moving me away from my body and into the tunnel, in a way I was trying to resist that. I was not sleeping. I was awake. I was in semi-sitting position I was looking to the tunnel resisting the rings to push me to the tunnel. I was conscious because I remember my mom sitting beside me trying cold compresses to reduce my fever. My parents told me after years when I ask them about that disease that I was in a very critical condition and took me to the hospital, I am sure and still have that feeling as if I was leaving this world.

No Name NDE

It's difficult to describe, it was difficult for me to find the right words.

First thing, an unfathomable black and the feeling of an out of body experience.

Then the light, everywhere, not dazzling, neither heat nor cold, impression to bathe in love.

I saw my all life story, but when they send me back to earth (or may be I decided on my own to come back), they erased all what I saw, probably to not modify my destiny in any way?

Anyway, after my come back (additionally very difficult), I kept some memories in mind about my trip in the other side.

There is also the concept of time, time doesn't exist ether, the absence of fear (all the time, I was fearless : from the time I knew I would die and up to now. And there was also the "music"...

Marie Claire's NDE

I made a suicide attempt by taking antidepressants. In intensive care unit, I found myself drawn in one of the room corners, being spectator of all what was occurring. Then, I entered a kind of tunnel enlightened by a terribly dazzling light. I hesitated a lot to go back, but someone, with a very soft voice, told me to do so.

It was at the same time, a marvellous and terrifying experiment because nobody tried to explain me anything. After ten days being in a coma, I awoke with a chaplain sitting besides me. In fact, ... people expected me to die.

However, this changed all my life. My vision of dead (without fear), and always... go to the main points!

NDERF does not endorse encourage or advocate for suicide in any way, shape or form.

Jim B's NDE

I laid down for a nap, with a request to my wife to wake me at 3pm if she didn't hear me up before then - I vividly remember noticing the digital clock in our bedroom showing 1:50pm. I had to be at work at 4pm.

My next recollection was being near the ceiling in our home's entry-way. I saw a uniformed policeman just inside the door directing traffic coming into the house - towards the kitchen for other than medical personnel; towards our bedroom for medical personnel. I was experiencing no pain, nor was I hearing anything - everything was eerily silent.

In an instant, I was in a corner of our bedroom observing paramedics tending to someone at the foot of our bed. Again, total silence. I remember not being able to force myself to look down to see who was being treated. In another instant, I regained consciousness, lying on the floor at the foot of our bed, with paramedics trying to revive me. I remember hearing the paramedics describe me as an "agitated" patient - my vivid recollection was of coming-to with a large paramedic sitting on my chest to hold me down, while the other two were holding my legs and arms still. I couldn't breathe. I remember gathering what strength I could, then breaking loose from the paramedics and standing up. The paramedics immediately put me on a gurney, and they strapped me down. I was airlifted from my home to Osborn Hospital, which is one of two head-injury facilities in the area. I had tripped getting out of bed, hit my head on the ceramic-tiled floor, and I had suffered severe bruising to my brain. I was hospitalized for nine days, six of which were in the ICU.

During my NDE/OBE, I felt no pain, nor did I hear anything - total silence. I saw no lighted tunnel, or bright lights of any sort. I was not given a choice of returning to my life or going forth with the death process.

Georgianne M's NDE

I was having on and off high fever for the past 2 weeks. I went to see the doctor a week before but nothing happens. I was getting weaker day by day. on that particular day, I decided to go to another doctor. He gave me an injection and medication. Later that evening, I was feeling a bit better. After being staying in my room for the past 2 weeks, I decided to go out to the night market near my campus. I was still weak but I need a fresh air. My friend accompanied me and we walk to the night market. while my friend was busy choosing a shoe, my fingers started to trembles and I started to feel dizzy. That's when I fainted and fell to the road. Suddenly I was floating and saw my friend screaming for help. That's when I saw my own body lying on the road. I couldn't believe my eyes and I started to scream "am I dead" but nobody seems to hear it. I saw crowds start gathering around my body. That's when I felt some sort of energy is pulling me away from the crowd, sort of like sucking me out, then I turn myself and saw a bright light, too bright...but beautiful... I didn't know how to describe the light. I turned back to look at my body and at the same time I was floating away...towards the light...leaving the crowds at the roadside.

I was floating towards the light so fast. it was like a pathway with bright white light and along the pathway on both side there was colors. Some sort of colorful flowers. It was very beautiful. it feels like heaven. Then I started to cry. I told myself that I am too young to die. I don't want to die, not now. This is not the time yet for me. That's when I suddenly felt like I was being push away from the light. I was floating fast the opposite way and from above I could see my friend was holding my body and crying. It is like an energy had pushed me back into my body and I woke up, sweating like hell. My friend told me that I fainted but I couldn't explained even to myself what actually happens that day.

Curt A's NDE

I was working for a manufacturing company in Waterloo, Iowa. I just had just left the Marine Corps after almost 10 years of service. I left trying to save a marriage and to make sure I would be in the life of my twin's. They were only four at that time. I started job as a journeyman electrician. One Saturday in March, while working overtime, we had a power outage. The other electrician on duty and I were responsible for getting the power back on. After following safety procedures we locked the power off and proceeded to fix the problem. When we were finishing up at the main bank. I was told by the senior electrician to attach a ground wire to the chain link fence and ground all the static electricity. He looked inside. He told me to go ahead and ground everything was fine. I touched the first two phases with no problems. Not knowing the switch was broken touching the last phase caused an explosion. The power grabbed me and held me for a few seconds. Then I was thrown against the chain link fence surrounding the switches. I was conscious through the whole ordeal. Landing on the ground I realized I was on fire. I started to run for the building and a nearby shower. The senior electrician who had not been hurt tripped me. I started to roll on the ground.

My foreman who had walking to check on our progress. Began to put out the flames out with his hands. When he stopped I looked down and saw the skin covering my chest was almost completely gone. I could see my feet. However, the bottoms of my shoes were gone. He proceeded to tell me everything was going to be fine.

As he was talking a close friend of mine appeared over his left shoulder. He had been a military jet navigator who died three years earlier and a plane crash. Mike was in his flight suit. He told me he was there to help me make the transformation. I told him I wasn't ready to go yet. He encourage me by telling me how wonderful it was. I was steadfast. I didn't want to go. The reason was my father had died when I was four. At that time my twins were four. Then as suddenly as Mike appeared, my good friend was gone.

Suddenly appearing to my right came this wonderful ball of white light. From the light three figured appeared. Dressed completely in white robes

there were ropes of gold around their waists. Instantly, my life passed before me. All the good and also the bad. I could not see the faces of the three figures. Again, I said I wanted to stay with my children. I wanted to have the opportunity to watch my kids grow. That was something I was denied. I was raised by a very abusive stepfather, I didn't want that to happen again.

Then mentally I was told I must do three things. If I agreed I would be able to watch them grow. 1st- I was to walk through the valley of death. That was the 11 weeks in the intensive care burn Center. 2nd- I was to bare the scars and pain of the injury for the rest of my life. I have done that. Finally, I was to profess to the world my story and to the fact there is truly life after death. The figures asked me if I was willing to accept these terms, I agreed and the light was gone. I was looking in my foreman's face as he was telling me I was going to be alright. I looked directly into his eyes and told him I knew I would be.

Derric B

it was summer time and i was at a church swimming party and cook out. we where all in the pool playing i was on a raft hanging on the side of the pool. one of the ladies called out food is ready everybody was getting out of the pool when one kid thought it would be funny to toss me off the raft as he got out of the pool. as i was tossed off the raft, i tried to stay to the side of the pool and to stay above the water but panic soon set in. as the panicking gets worse i start to go under. as i go under i cant get back to the surface of the water. i soon start to scream for help not even realizing that i'm under water. I soon start to breath in water then darkness comes.

when i'm wake from the darkness i look around as if nothing happened until i see that i'm floating. i look down and see a boy face down floating in the water with no movement, no life, not even realizing at the time that i'm looking at my self. then everything goes black but i'm aware somehow. then this light slowly engulfs everything. as this is happening, i feel a warmth, love ,and peace that words are hard to describe. I then here a voice that tells me that its not my time yet and i must go back.

I then wake up leaning over a rocking chair throwing up water wanting to go back to where i had just come from. i then passed out and woke up in the hospital connected to pumps and life support. as i lie in bed my dad was there the whole time and never left my side. i asked him who is the man at the foot of my bed but they told me nobody was there - but the man stayed there until the day i left the hospital. it's like he disappeared.

the person who gave me mouth to mouth and chest compressions was a boy scout around 10 to 12 years of age. the whole drowning was published in the daily Oklahoman and my family and the boy scouts family was invited to the state capitol from the governor. the governor gave the boy scout an award and me free swimming lessons but i never learned to until 28 years of age by the U.S. NAVY SEALS instructors. the boy scout now works for the Oklahoma city fire department. since the accident i feel like i see life and everything different from everybody else. i also feel like i'm searching for something but don't know what. i have felt this way since the accident. but still searching don't know if i will ever find it here in this world. god bless everyone

Barbara S

I was 10 years old and at our family cabin up north in Michigan. It was a sunny summer day and I was wading in the river at chest level when suddenly there was no bottom and I went under the water still standing straight up with my eyes open. I can still remember the water moving me at 3-4 miles an hour to the right. The last thing I remember in the water was thinking how clear the water was. At this time I did not know how to swim. I thought this was it.

The next thing I remember is coming into this clear white light. It was all around me. I could see it in front, and sides but I knew it was behind me too. Then I realized that I was this white light too. I was a separate entity but the same as the light. Then I felt a presence from the light and all my fear was taken from me and I knew that I was going to be alright. I felt this total love and acceptance of me from this light and I felt I knew this light very well and trusted it completely. There was no judgment of any of my actions or life review maybe because I was only 10.

I was told that you are here to learn how to love and to gain knowledge. When this was said, not by words but by thoughts, every connotation of the words love and knowledge were shown to me. I knew it was not just talking about book knowledge or physical love. It meant that I was here on earth to learn how to accept every race and have no prejudice, that I was to keep expanding and learning about the earth, nature, animals and people. I felt that this was the mission of all mankind not just me.

As an adult I ran a business where 80% of my clients were foreign. I didn't realize that I was living the exact life I was told I would lead, working with all different cultures and constantly gaining knowledge. I guess the experience I had was a gentle reminder of what I had signed up for in this life.

There was also no time over there. I couldn't tell you how long I was out of my body, seconds, minutes, hours, everything was now. I knew I was going back to my body. There was no discussion about that. I knew I had a lot to learn in this life. I don't know how I got back in my body or how I got out of the water. All I can figure is that I must have hit a shallow area and was able to stand up and get out. I think there is a big mental block there once I came back to my body and my mind even today won't remember it. When you are 10 years old and fighting for your life in a river I can see why that would happen.

Andy S

As I stated in a previous answer I was under going surgery to correct a series of SVTs I was having (Super Ventricular Tachycardia a form of severe abnormal heart rhythms). During the procedure they routine shock, stop, and restart your heart. They don't give you normal anesthesia as it interferes with the heart rhythms. So during the 6 hours that I was in the procedure I was on some sort of mild sedative that would put me out at times, unfortunately the drugs never complete knock you out, and you drift in out of consciousness many many times during the operation. At one point I remember coming to and begging for water with the nurse, trying to suppress panic. I don't think my throat could ever have been that dry, I literally didn't think I could breath. They test your heart, trying to stress it by putting you under 12 inch blankets heated blankets. Then when you are under these blankets they give you a shot of heart stimulant, some type of adrenaline I think. I remember the doctor telling me afterwards that they had gotten my heart beat up 250 beats per minute! That is such a high number when look back and recall that the best I could do on a full cardiac stress test on a treadmill at high incline was 190 beats a minute. They would also shock my heart viciously at times via these catheters they hand put in the arteries in my neck and groin area. They burned my heart in a small area about the size of a quarter 32 times then they would shock and crank up my heart to test me, the idea is that they try to burn out the abnormal muscle pathways on the surface of your heart that lead to the abnormal rhythms. I think it was towards the end of the operation that is all happened.

I remember coming to and hearing some sort of conversation in the background, but I'll never be certain what they were saying, I was under the blankets again burning up, parched beyond words, with a my heart just jumping out of my chest because they had given it drugs to speed up. I heard someone in the control room yell to the nurse and tell them to give me a shot to slow it back down to normal. Then it just stopped beating, I don't remember much in this world after that. I heard someone shout, and then blackness total darkness.

I wasn't even aware of it at first, but then I could feel the loneliness the isolation and the cold of the darkness. I don't know how long that lasted because time just didn't seem to matter, but then I felt warm and felt a light, not saw one, it just grew brighter and more intense filling every bit of my being. It was very bright, crisp white, and it spoke to me, but not with words. The light ran through me, it was me, and when it spoke it was as if you understood the light not the words. You could feel it to, not like you feel bright hot sun, but you could just feel the light. I don't know how long it all lasted, but then it parted. I remember being pushed back to the darkness and then being the cold for a while.

Then all of sudden I was aware of huge shocks that were going threw my body as they shocked me on the table with these huge pads they had attached to my back in the surgery prep to restart my heart if it failed. I think I tried to look over and say something to the nurse and that is all I remember. They pumped me full of some more drugs. I remember waking in the hospital with a sense of purpose knowing what I was going to do. The light has infused me with a vision of what it wanted me to communicate with others; I spent the next year writing a book called The Ithon. Sometimes I can't believe what I wrote, other times it scares me. The longer I stay in

the world and the farther the light seems the more scared I am of what the light has given me to do in the world.

Julia M

I remember that day as if it were today that I reached the Light. It is so clear in my memory as if it happened this very morning.

I recollect hearing my mother and my aunt crying, and Pepe, the training doctor saying that if I did not improve that there was nothing else they could do. And suddenly ¿do you know what happened? It was frightening. I saw the ceiling of the room falling on top of me and I remember putting my hands before me in order to avoid impact but I suddenly realized that it was not the roof falling on me, but that I was leaving my body. I saw myself lying on bed, with my eyes closed and my mother and my aunt crying saying that I could not be dead. Pepe said that he was sorry, but that there was nothing else he could do for me and I remember I was saying:

Mother, aunt, do not cry, I am well, can't you see it? I am well, please look at me, I am here, I am fine, don't cry, don't cry I am well, but please listen to me, don't you hear me?

Realizing that none of them heard me, I saw a beautiful white light similar to a beautiful sunshine, but that light did not glare. On the contrary I perceived a peace I cannot express with words. I will not be able to define the sensation in feeling like this. You feel nothing, no cold, no warm, no weight, no pain, no happiness no sadness, it cannot be explained, this is something you have to live to know how it feels. I felt so good that I decided to walk in and find someone to tell my mother and my aunt to stop suffering, that I was very well, that they were not to cry for me as it hurt me to see them cry and that I did not want them to cry. I wanted them to see that I was very well.

When getting to the light I saw a man who radiated peace and tranquility, but when I was next to him, he stopped me and said, "no, you cannot come in, your time is not now yet, get back you still have to fulfill your mission in earth." I don't know how, but I went back. I remember I woke up in bed and Pepe said it was a miracle since it was more than one hour since the cardiac arrest; I don't know how I came back but I won't forget the sensation even if I live to a hundred years, I will never forget it.

Joseph M

I woke in the night of 12 28 04 with what I thought was a routine asthma attack. I reached for my inhaler and took a puff. I could feel that the meds didn't work, so I prepped and used my nebulizer again with no relief. I could "feel" that this was different and that it was bad. I told my wife to call 911 and as she did I stopped breathing. I could not get air into my body and believe me I tried. I went into a death throw. I could feel myself thrashing but it was this other feeling that I was most concerned about. There was this overwhelming feeling of energy coming over my entire body. I tried to fight it off with will power, but it kept coming stronger and stronger and stronger and finally i couldn't keep it at bay any longer. I remember thinking to myself "I just can't do it anymore"

Then as soon as I thought it POP! This stillness came over me and my thoughts, I wasn't scared anymore. It was insanely quiet and i realized that i was still there and standing no less (which was impossible due to the fact that I just collapsed backwards a few minutes earlier) and then it dawned on me that I had just passed on. WOW! I am still thinking and seeing and I am really here I am really dead and I am really awake. Everything was bright with this gold reflection from a light that I couldn't identify. I had the distinct feeling of being a sound wave and rippling outward, but only so far. I remember thinking that i was tilted as though i was on an axis. I woke 2 days later with a vivid memory.

John F

I accidentally took some drugs that I thought were sleeping pills but they were a hard narcotics. As I was laying down I fell into a very deep sleep type trance I felt my spirit leave my body. I rose to the top of the room and looked back at my body lying on my bed. Then my spirit went through the roof. I could see the top of my house. I went into space I could see the earth turning and the galaxies in the heavens. A presence engulfed my spirit. I felt at the time that it was God. He let me know that I could stay there or I could return to my body. I was young and in love so I returned but I can say it was the most wonderful feeling. Hopefully, someday I will return to the spirit in the Heavens.

Joyce H

While cleaning house, a leaded glass window encased in an oak frame (24X18" and about 20 lbs) fell off the mantel and whacked me on the head. I remember catching a glimpse of it coming toward me and the impact as it drove me to my knees. The first moment was of incredible pain and then no pain as I separated from my body.

Now, I was a Ph.D. research biophysics and electron microscopy; fully immersed in science and research on the ultra-structure of cell pathology in organisms exposed to environmental pollutants. I had no spiritual beliefs, no belief in an afterlife, God or any religion. I had never heard of near death experiences nor had any interest in what I would have called fantasy.

I was not thinking about any of this as I whizzed down a long dark tunnel toward a light that was drawing me to itself. I was not thinking about anything at all, nor was I afraid. I was just there with all this happening so fast.

I remember slowing down, without my choice, at the entrance to the lighted place and amazed to discover my mother and grandmother standing to the right and greeting me with so much love. They communicated to me in some way, certainly without words or hearing, but clearly inside my mind. I was astonished to see them healthy and middle aged, happy and so full of love and recognition for me. I would take any blow on the head to have had the assurance of their consciousness. What a gift.

I then passed into the place of light: rolling hills, grass, flowers, blue skies and vibrant with color. What amazed me was the intensity, brilliance, and clarity of the color and that it seemed to be emitted from within each aspect of the landscape. The grass glowed green. It was so beautiful. It was so very beautiful.

Suddenly I was in the presence of a Being of Light. I could not see the face, could not communicate, but not in words or pictures even; in some connection of oneness. I experience that connection in meditation frequently, but I cannot explain it very precisely. It is beyond words and other kinds of experiences. The emotions are always enhanced. I feel joy so deep that my whole self leaps with gratitude; I feel peace; I feel awe and belonging. I did not have a specific life review, but felt everything about me and my life was known, understood and not judged. I was profoundly loved.

It seemed that I was there forever in the Presence.

Without discussion or warning, I was suddenly back in my body with a very sore head. A mat of dried blood was all over my hair and I was really woozy. My physician's service asked if I had lost consciousness and I said no. How dumb! So I went to bed propped up on pillows because it hurt too much to lay prone. This was Friday night.

My Monday when I returned to the lab and work, a colleague took one look at me and hustled me off to his doctor. I had not been in Seattle all that long, as only had an ob/gyn, not a family physician. After a CT scan, neurological testing (I had no toe curl response on one side, was very wobbly) I was sent to bed and asked to not work for several weeks. The hematoma on my brain was small enough to not require surgery, the gash on my skull was sealed by now. As the doc said: "We would have stitched that for you, had you come in earlier."

So I had the first time in my life of being by myself without some external busy-ness. The images and feelings of the NDE kept coming back to me.

As I recovered and was up and about, I wandered into Elliott Bay Book Store. Ray Moody's first book about near death experiences "Life After Life" seemed to hop off the shelf into my hands. I read much of the book, maybe even all of it, standing there, astonished. He described case after case of similar experiences. I could not discount what happened to me, the visions I saw. Then I was launched on an exploration of consciousness and expanded reality that continues to this day.

After years of meditation, learning, meeting teachers and people who had similar experiences, I had a vision that called me to healing. In 1984 I turned the lab over to one of my assistants and left to pursue a life of counseling, studying spiritual traditions in shamanic cultures, and facilitating spiritual aspects of healing. Now I continue private sessions, teach, present seminars, and have published my first book to make the information I gained available to anyone.

Richard G

I was in a motorcycle accident and flew from the back of a motorcycle head first into a bumper of a car. I left my body and went through a cloud and came to a wall with electrical currents going back and forth on the top. I was beginning to wonder where I was at when my Grandpap appeared in front of me. I recognized him immediately and he informed me that I could either stay there or go back and be with my family, it was up to me. He told me this several times and said that he was the only one I knew there but I was welcomed to stay or go back and be with my family. I chose to go back and be with my family and he said that was my choice and that he loved me. I remember coming back down through the clouds and coming upon an accident where there were a bunch of people surrounding someone all bloodied up on the ground and thinking Bummer. I awoke in the hospital three weeks later and was informed I had been in a motorcycle accident and that a neighbor had performed CPR and Mouth to Mouth Resuscitation on me the day of the accident. Apparently he checked my pulse and breathing and saw I had neither and performed them on me to bring me back.

Catherine M

I remained conscious during the dog attack, and the dog's owner carrying me across the street to my father, who was getting ready to go to work on the night shift as an engineer. My father blanched when he saw me and ran with me next door to the neighbors who were my sitters, and they packed towels over my face which was gushing blood and drove us to the hospital. I was concerned about the drive to the hospital, telling my father that we should not be driving through red lights. My father carried me into the emergency dept calling for help. My mother was a nurse in the same hospital, and she was at work upstairs on another floor. I was lying on the gurney on my back, my feet pointed towards the sliding glass doors. The emergency room was painted in a "French mint" color, and the floors were a beige and speckled linoleum. The doctors were all around me, and a nurse was cutting my brown corduroy pants and orange turtleneck off my body. I was embarrassed.

The next thing I knew, I was hearing their voices muffled, like I was underwater, or the way your hearing is distorted when you hold your hands cupped over your ears, and I started to rise up out of my body. I moved up about 8 feet overhead, and was looking down at the scene below me. Everyone was running around frantically, and my father was seated at my left, crying. I turned to look over my right shoulder, and moved effortlessly to the far corner of the room, hovering near the ceiling. I could feel that I had all of my limbs, but I had no body. I looked down to my hand, and could sense it, but it was not solid. I felt a being beside me and slightly behind me. This being seemed female and like an older woman, but I had not lost any family members that I knew, so I do not know who she was. I could feel her holding me, supporting me cuplike.. arms around me and under my knees, like being in a baby swing, so that I didn't feel any sense of being unstable. (I am afraid of heights, especially of falling). I was aware that there was a lot of commotion over by the gurney, but I wasn't recognizing the body on the gurney as myself. I felt peaceful and completely comfortable. The temperature was perfect, I felt bathed in warmth and love. There was no fear, no pain, just great joy. There was whiteness all around me. There were no features of any kind, just bright, clear whiteness that sparkled and didn't hurt my eyes at all. It was beautiful. I became aware of a second being moving towards me. This being was very bright and sparkled, but I could not see facial features, and that didn't bother me at all, it seemed perfectly acceptable. There was waves of love swirling all around me. I sensed the being speaking to me in my head. He asked if I wanted to go with "him" into the light. I asked if Mommy and Daddy and Teri (my little sister) could come with me. He said no, I had to go alone. I felt distressed and said I was just a little girl, and I could not leave my Daddy. So he told me that I had to go back. I heard a whooshing, and felt shot back towards my body, through a tunnel extremely quickly. I was back in my body, looking up at the ceiling again, and feeling the hard gurney crinkling underneath me. And I had to pee.

My mother burst through the doors in her nurses whites and ran to my side. I told her I was sorry that my clothes were ruined, that the nurses had cut them off. According to my parents, I told everyone around me for a couple of weeks what had happened. Nurses, doctors, orderlies, everyone who came near me, until my father told me that it wasn't polite, and I should stop telling people. I remember feeling confused and embarrassed that I was not allowed to tell anyone that I had been to Heaven.

Khadija H

I was living in Egypt at that time, working with a film crew. We often went riding in the desert. On this day, I was given a horse that I had never ridden. (I had a bad feeling not to ride this one, but ignored my feelings.) We were out in the desert in unfamiliar territory when she became spooked and ran away with me. I could not bring her to a stop and she continued racing over the desert. The last thing I remember seeing was a huge ditch that I knew she would not be able to jump across.

The next thing I remember was saying "I cannot breathe..." And then darkness. I was high above my body looking down when I next became aware. There were people around me. I did not care to return and turned around. At this time, I seemed so light and happy and could actually look down at the Sphinx below! I then saw another level of existence opening up, sort of like the scene from the movie "Ghost". There were many beings who had come to meet me. (I was astounded when I saw "Ghost" after I returned to the States...it was really like that!) I was told that I could either come or go back, but that I would suffer great pain if I did. I remember making a choice, as I thought there was something else I needed to accomplish in this life.

I became aware of being in a van, and the film crew crying and calling out my name. The producer was gently slapping my face and trying to communicate with me. I was trying to open my eyes or move my hand but found that I could not do either, but I could hear them crying. (I have a sense of humor and remember thinking "the brain is just like a computer...it is down...") I then went into a comfort zone of soft darkness and remained there. I wondered if this was the state of death, it was so peaceful and womblike. Then I heard the doctor say:

"She has suffered a severe concussion. We do not know if she will live through the night." More crying...was heard. I wanted to laugh and tell them I had already made up my mind not to die and wanted to tease them, but could not get the body to respond.

I 'came to' sometime during the early morning with the worst headache I have ever had. They would not give me anything for the pain, as they were afraid it would send me into another coma. I had extremely heightened awareness and seemed to sense the higher being in every person who came into the room. Sort of like seeing an angel in everyone, or their higher being. It was beautiful. I was filled with so much love for humanity. I no longer have a fear of death.

Theresa G

I had my daughter at 12:07 pm. at 2:00PM I LOOKED AT THE CLOCK KNOWING IT WAS TIME TO BRING MY DAUGHTER IN FOR ME TO SEE. THE NURSE CAME IN AND AS I LOOKED AT THE CLOCK, I TOLD HER, I AM SICK. THE NURSE JUST TOOK OFF RUNNING. THATS ALL I REMEMBER UNTIL, I HEARD THE NURSES SAY HER BLOOD PRESSURE IS 60/40 THEN 40/20. I SAW THEM CRYING. I SAW THE DOCTOR COME IN , HE HAD REGULAR SHOES ON AND CLOTHES, HE HAD ON BROWN SHOES WITH SNOW ON HIS SHOES. IT WAS NOT SNOWING WHEN I GOT TO THE HOSPITAL, AND I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS SNOWING. I STARTED GOING THRU WHAT LOOKED LIKE A TUNNEL, WITH A BRIGHT LIGHT AT THE END. I HEARD A VOICE SAY TERI, OPEN YOUR EYES. I KEPT SAYING I CAN'T. I COULD HEAR WATER DRIPPING. I HEARD A VOICE SAID OPEN YOUR EYES OR YOU WILL DIE. THE DOCTORS AND NURSES CALLED ME THERESA, MY NICKNAME IS TERI AND I HAD NEVER TOLD THEM THAT. WHEN I FINALLY OPENED MY EYES, THE DOCTOR WAS STANDING OVER ME TAKING HIS FIST AND HITTING ME IN THE STOMACH. I LOOKED AT THE DOCTOR AND TOLD HIM, "I KNOW WHERE IT'S AT." I PUSHED OUT WHAT LOOKED LIKE A BIG BLOOD CLOT. THE DOCTOR, STOOD IN SHOCK. THE WATER DRIPPING SOUND I HEARD WAS BLOOD HITTING THE FLOOR. I LOST ABOUT 3PINTS OF BLOOD. I WAS IN THE HOSPITAL FOR 5 DAYS. THE DOCTOR TOLD ME HE WAS GOING TO SEND THE CLOT OFF, HE THOUGHT IT WAS A TWIN THAT NEVER DEVELOPED, NEVER FOUND OUT WHAT IT WAS. I HAD JUST TURNED 17 YRS OLD AND I HAD NEVER HEARD OF NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE. THE DOCTOR CAME IN THE NEXT DAY AND WROTE DOWN EVERYTHING I HAD TO SAY. HE WAS AMAZED THAT I KNEW EVERYTHING THEY WERE SAYING. I TOLD HIM ABOUT HIS BOOTS HAVING SNOW ON THEM...ECT.

Julie D

I was having difficulty breathing. There was a doctor to my left and two nurses with him. He was injecting my IV and asking me why I couldn't breath. I was now lying flat on my back looking at the ceiling. I had oxygen on my face and it was becoming more and more difficult to breath. Other nurses have now entered my room and one is to my left and she takes off my oxygen and holds that thing on me with the big blue ball type thing and she is yelling at me to breath saying "don't do this" as she says my name. I look up at the ceiling and suddenly I knew I was going and it was ok. For a moment in time, everything seem to freeze. My entire body just froze maybe it was for a second. And then the most amazing, most incredible feeling, if you can call it that had come over me. I want to try and explain this feeling. There was no negativity at all. None. No longing. No missing anyone. It was pure. If there is pure love, I had touched it. I was still totally alive although my body was not. My spirit was as vibrant as it is right now, maybe more so. I could see that one nurse trying so hard to get me to breath. Then I heard the heart alarm go off.. I knew I wasn't alone. It had to have been only seconds and I felt something pull me back. What made this experience so life altering is I felt so guilty afterwards because once I came back, I didn't want to be here. I didn't miss my children. I wanted to stay where I was. So I find myself to this day searching for this "love" which I fear I will never find.

Richard L

I was eight years old and growing up in the suburbs of Los Angeles, in the San Gabriel Valley in a town called El Monte.

I was riding my bike one day with my best friend, Felix, along a busy street. I was on the right side of the road, going with the flow of traffic. My friend was on the opposite side, riding in the same direction. I needed to cross the street to join him, so I looked over my shoulder to watch for oncoming cars. Because of the curve in the road, I couldn't see much more than 100 feet. The speed limit on this road was 40mph, but people often drove much faster than that, so I knew that I didn't have enough sight distance to safely cross.

I realized that Felix would be able to see further than I could, so I called out to him, "Hey! See any cars coming?" He looked back, shook his head and said, "All clear!". I veered sharply to the left to cross. The last thing I remember was the sound of screeching tires, looking over my shoulder and seeing the front end of a 1962 Chevy Impala not more than ten feet away. Blue-grey smoke was coming up from the sides as the brakes locked up the tires.

The next thing I remember was the sensation of floating about 20 feet up in the air. I looked down and saw some kid laying in the middle of the road. He looked familiar. He was laying there spread-eagled, left leg was at a funny angle, his clothes were ripped and bloody, he wasn't breathing. I felt a strange sense of calm and detachment, as if the horrible scene below me really wasn't important. I watched as several people ran up to the boy. One of them started breathing into his mouth. I could hear him speaking with two voices.

"That's odd", I thought to myself.

I heard him say, "call an ambulance, he's not breathing!". I could also hear him say, "Oh my god, oh my god, don't die on me!" at the same time. I realized that he was thinking this, not saying it. I could hear others thinking as well, yet I could make out everything they all were saying/thinking at the same time and still being able to understand all of it.

I watched this scene for what seemed like about a minute, then I noticed a bright light shining above me. I looked up and saw light streaming out of what looked like a pinhole in the sky. The hole was slowly getting bigger. I could see that it kind of distorted things around it, like a lens bending light. The light was like Mother-Of-Pearl in color, with streaks of blue, pink, green, and yellow/gold. It was very beautiful and very bright, yet I could see it clearly. Not like looking at the light from the sun, which can be uncomfortable.

I started to hear a buzzing sound that quickly became very loud. As the sound increased, the hole above me got bigger, the light got brighter, and I felt myself being pulled up towards it. I felt as if I was being squeezed through an opening that was too small for me. The buzzing sound became a whooshing roar as I entered the hole, with a doppler-like effect as I passed through it. The sensation was like speeding down a tunnel at light speed, not unlike the "warp" effect you see in movies. I wasn't alone in there, either. I felt the presence of others, but I couldn't see them.

I passed through some kind of dividing line, a barrier of sorts, hard to describe.

I was surrounded by light. Misty shapes began to form as I looked around. At first they were just moving swirls of light, but they soon took the shape of human forms. There were a lot of them around me. I heard soft whispering coming from them, like a crowd murmuring and talking among themselves. From this crowd, three shapes came forward and approached me. As they drew near, I could make out them out better, like they were slightly out of focus and my eyes were adjusting. They were tall and slender, wearing what looked like flowing robes. One of them was wearing a beard. They all had long, shoulder-length hair. One of them spoke to me.

"You're not supposed to be here, yet. You have to go back. You know what you agreed to.", he said.

I told him that I didn't want to go back. I liked it here, it felt like home. I felt like they were amused by my response.

"You must go back, you have work to do. We'll send you back, soon."

I looked around me at the crowd. I saw familiar faces. These were friends, family, enemies, people I had known before, but I couldn't remember from where or when. Some of them I knew I had known for a very long time. Many lives, many places, many times. I flashed on visions from those lives and events. There was a kind of continuity and connectiveness about all of it, a sense of purpose and order that spanned the centuries.

I looked back at the three people in front of me. These people were ancient. I don't know how I knew that, but I knew that they were "old souls" who watched over my group. We all had "sprung" from them, like children, each going their way yet connected to the source. I felt nothing like judgment of our actions from them. If anything, I felt a kind of amused benevolence from them, like parents watching their children playing. Even at the really bad things we did in our lives, there was no judgment.

The one with the beard spoke to me. "You can ask questions. We will answer them and you will remember. It is important that you do this."

My first question was "Is this heaven?"

"It can be, if that's what you want. It can be Hell, as well, if that's what you believe. This reality is an extension of you, instantly realized and formed. You always create your own reality, no matter where you find yourself, for we are all co-creators."

"Where is God? I don't see him." I asked. They became visibly amused, like they were snickering at my question under their breath.

"How can you see that which you are yourself a part of? We are all expressions of God. When you see with your eyes, you see through the eyes of God and he experiences reality through yours. When you speak to God, you speak to yourself. We are one and the same, there is no division or separation. You can no more 'see' God than your hand can see you, for it is a part of you and functions because of you and for your purposes, as well as it's own. There is no separation. Any that seems to exist is an illusion. The light that surrounds us here is God. It is our source of being and is given freely to all."

Next question. "Why do I feel like this is home?"

"Because it is home. All begin here and return here. It is the starting point for all journeys and lessons."

A strange question. I still don't know why I asked it, but at the time it seemed relevant. "When I come back again, can I stay?". I got an even stranger answer.

"We don't think you'll want to stay long, you never do. You love your lessons, especially the hard ones. You can do as you please, it's your choice."

This went on for what seemed like an hour. I asked a total of 15 questions that covered a wide variety of topics and ideas. I'll discuss some of these ideas upon request. Some of them I would rather not discuss. They're either of a very personal nature, things most of us aren't ready to hear, or things I'm not supposed to talk about yet.

One day, I'll maybe write a book about it.

After the last question, I was told it was time to go back. I still didn't want to go back, but because of what I knew, I didn't argue the point.

I don't remember any kind of specific event that got me there, but I suddenly found myself in an ambulance. I felt a terrible rush of pain throughout my whole body. I felt like I was choking. There was a tube in my throat. I smelled and tasted blood. I looked over at the attendant sitting next to me and I got hit with a very strong sense of déjà vu. It was a memory of a dream I had a couple of days before. This very scene was in it. I remember one thing that really stood out. Two words...

"I remember"

Lorice

I lived in La Mirada, California when I was 11. One day I decided to go out to ride my pink bike as I always did on sunny days. I rode up the sidewalk for a bit and then decided to cross the street. There were a lot of cars parked along the side of the road so I just picked one of the driveways to zip across the street. I looked out to see if there were any cars coming even though there were parked cars that obstructed my vision. I edged a bit to the end of the driveway then started to dart across the street. As I got into the street I saw out of my left eye, an approaching car. I tried to peddle faster, but everything seemed only to go in slow motion. The harder I tried to peddle the slower it seemed. All of a sudden I was struck by this large car. The male driver was going 75 miles an hour in a pedestrian area. He also had been drinking. I got hit by the front left side of the car, thrown over the car then landed on my back. I don't seem to remember the impact at all - even today.

The next thing I can tell you is that I remember feeling warmth and serenity throughout my body after feeling these two large hands enclose my entire body. I could feel the length of these large fingers moving under and over my body as I was being scooped up. As I was raised up into the sky I felt the warmth and love from these hands. I was then put on this cloud and was kneeling and looking around. It was white all around me (yet it didn't hurt my eyes). the light certainly was not man made. That's what the surroundings looked like to me. The clouds were so incredibly white, and this incredible comfortable aroma I smelled. I remember looking around the light and thinking – I like it here, I felt for the first time what unconditional love was. Although I had not known it, I felt it. I then looked down at my dad saying "I was alright". It did not really phase me to much that I was looking at the doctor pumping on my chest either, it was as if I was an observer with no judgment. I then saw a more incredible bright light all around me, feeling this incredible warmth and security. I was amazed by the light and how it did not hurt my eyes, it's as if I could not get enough of it. I thought the smells were of something like being out in the country after a spring rain, mixed with homemade bread, and sweet flowers. I could see everyone crowding around as the doctor pumped my chest.

I felt as if I was up above for some time. A spirit came up behind me as I was looking down at the confusion. I was very glad that I was not down there. I was in a safe place and I wanted to stay. The spirit put his hand on my left shoulder and said to me in a males voice "you half to go back". I did not turn around I just thought "I do not want to I like it here". He then repeated "you half to go back". Then he pressed his hand a bit firmer on my shoulder and said "you will feel no pain". there was no question in my mind, I knew I could not stay. All of a sudden I then felt the ground on my legs, opened my eyes, looked up, and knew I was at peace, and all would be ok. I did not know for how long – I just knew I was protected. The accident created a broken pelvis, leg fracture, and scrapes on my toes. After I got to the hospital I was put in a contraction. I would be in this for a while, then into a body cast for about a year or so. The doctor said there was a possibility I would not walk again, although I did many months later. I had to struggle through my recovery by myself quite a bit, and I knew water therapy was part of my future towards healing and getting the complete feeling into my legs again. I can tell you absolutely I never felt any pain after that accident and into the day I recovered and was walking again. I never had an itchy body cast. I do remember this certain feeling that I will try to describe as well as possible. After I had been walking for a while I had been noticing these moments of feeling

completely loved as I had never felt in my life. The exact feeling I had when I was in the clouds. This feeling that ran through my body was as if someone zapped me with this incredible energy and I felt this unconditionally loved. As if nothing was wrong with me at all – absolutely nothing. These moments came and went now and then for several years after my healing. Eventually they drifted away, but I can still remember the memory of the lovely feeling, but not the actual feeling anymore. Then I noticed I started to see accidents before they happened. Right after I saw an accident, seconds later it would happen – with me on the road around it all. After a few times it happened I just started pulling over after I would get the flash of an accident. I would get these experiences 2-3 times a month. Now at the age of 55 I don't see car accidents anymore, but now I sometimes see people's auras as they walk into a room (colored light around them). I can feel people's presence, especially a person meaning harm. I also have left my body when I am asleep, which I did not believe in, until I ended up going to these places that I dreamt about. I knew I was spiritually there recently. Although the recovery process was lengthy I believe God gave me that extra sight and the prediction's to further my belief in God and spirituality. I have seen spirits in my home though, just a few, kind of creepy, and a bit scary. I believe that there are spirits out there, but I don't want to see them. I do ask myself sometimes if all these odd things happening to me all these years are from that accident when I died. While I am still alive I will always have questions.

Catalin A

It was a clear sunny day on a late spring if I'm not mistaken and I went with my father in the backyard of a school where he used to teach sports. He had a group of 8th grade students running around him in a circle, probably for warm-up and was focused at their activity and didn't worry about me as I was about 20 meters away from the circle playing. All of a sudden I decided to go to my daddy as I got bored of being by myself and started towards the group searching for him (everybody seemed so tall at that time as I was only five) but the kids obstructed my sight of him for several seconds with their "giant" bodies so that it was a little harder than I'd have expected. Nevertheless a few moments later I managed to spot him which made me so happy that I simply decided to run to him as fast as I could. It was a terrible mistake because in doing so because a boy accidentally collided with me while attempting to enter the circle. I fell on the right hand side as the students rushed from the left and hit my head severely.

There was no pain whatsoever except for a very short moment when had the unpleasant feeling of being forced to the ground in a somewhat brutal way. Immediately after the impact I saw an extremely thick fog all around me that there was nothing I could distinguish in spite of the daylight. It only lasted for about 10 seconds but I can't be sure of it and then everything changed. This is where the unexplainable begins: suddenly my vision was perfect, my hearing also, but to me everything seemed to be normal. I saw my dad picking me up and carrying me on his arms to hospital which was pretty close to the school. He met a man on his way who asked what had happened, there were two school girls who came with us to the hospital, and then I don't remember anything else from that moment till I woke up as it's been over 20 years since. After actually being awake I could see my mother along with the two girls from school staring at me and talking worryingly about my accident. It was no big deal to me at that time but as time went on I asked myself a lot of questions as I remember clear things that occurred while I was in a coma.

Anthony M

Hello. My name is Anthony M. and I have just had the single most horrific incident of my life. I was killed in a motorcycle accident, went over to the other side, met with my other family members who had already passed, met with Jesus, seen Heaven and, then was lucky enough to be allowed the opportunity to return home. This is the story of how things happened and how I was eventually “pushed “ to come back to this life instead of staying over there.

The best way for me to describe my “crossing over” is to ask if you’ve ever been hit in the head hard enough to see a bright blue light. That bright blue light you see, if you’ve ever been hit in the nose or between the eyes – that light you see - that is the path to heaven. After the car hit me, which I didn’t even see coming, I felt an intense heat and that blue light was all around me – no matter where I looked. Then I felt an intense pain and heat all around by body. I didn’t know what was going on, or what to expect, so I just went along with it – after all – it was calling out to me. “Anthony you’re hurt really bad come this way...” So I did.

I followed the blue light as it spiraled upward. The more I felt at ease following the light, the more the pain and intense heat went away. I followed the light upwards until I could no longer see anything below me. Then the path of light changed to steps. That is, I was no longer floating, but stationary on a single step the same color as the blue light. As I would walk up one, another would appear, then another, then another. I walked up the stairs until I could go no further. When I was about ten or fifteen feet from reaching the top, the steps of light were no longer generating new steps. That’s when I stopped and looked up.

I saw a little white footbridge made up of stone with a wrought iron and darkly stained oak handrail. I looked up to the left of the bridge. That’s where my family was standing. My father, two sisters, grandmother and uncle. The center of the bridge was missing and the right side was completely empty. At this point, I tried talking to my family but it was if they could not hear me or did not want to hear me. They were all looking right through me at something they loved and admired behind and above me because they were all smiling and looking so peaceful and lovingly.

It was so beautiful up there. No clouds, no trees, no dirt, no grass – just white. The brightest, purest white I have ever seen. It almost glowed. Beyond the bridge was a huge building. Made up of white stones with little square windows. At the time I didn’t know what to think, but now that I am back here and have had time to reflect – I think that maybe it was heaven itself.

The first person to talk to me was my father. He said “Anthony! What are you doing up here?” I told him “I don’t know”. Then he said “Anthony, you know that jacket of mine?” I said yes. “Well, that wasn’t meant for you. It belongs to your brother. What would have happened if you were wearing that jacket when you had your accident?” I said “accident?” I really didn’t know what he was talking about because I didn’t know that anything had happened. Then my father showed me the leather jacket I was wearing when the car hit me. It was all cut up. Now I knew what he meant. If I was wearing his jacket at the time of the accident, then it too, would have been ruined. It was like my father could hear my thinking because he then said, “then where would your brother have been?” Again, I thought “without my father’s jacket which meant so much to both of them.” My father said “you make sure you get that jacket back to your brother as soon as possible, it wasn’t meant for you...it was meant for him.” I said, “sure Dad, I’ll get it back to him as soon as possible.”

Then just as I was about to speak to my sisters, this white, opalescent, glow surrounded them all. It looked so bright, so pure, like the kindest energy to be found. Then between the white shadow glow and their actual selves appeared another shadow, but this time made up of the purest, golddest, gold. I was in complete and utter awe. Words could not describe the terrific feeling I was wrapped up in. Like they were so lucky. I envied them.”

Then I reached up to where my grandmother was standing and I tried to push back her hair. I wanted to see what was between the gold and bright, pure light. But as I reached for her hair, I felt her hand pushing mine away. I looked at her curiously as to say, “Gram? What are you doing? I miss you so much?” Then I tried again, and again, she pushed my hand away each time and said “Anthony.... you don’t want to look at that light...it’s not for you.” I was sort of dumbfounded. That’s when Norma, Audrey, Grammy and Uncle Carl started talking to me. They all said in unison “Anthony. It’s not your time. You have to go back. You have so much to live for. It’s just not your time – go back. I replied “but it hurts so much...I don’t think I can go back. Plus, I don’t know how to go back.”

At that precise moment a sharp beam of light came down to my right – like a powerful halogen flashlight on a dark night. I looked up to find the source of the light and that’s when I seen Jesus floating down on top of the beam. He floated right down to me. Then he looked me right in the eye and said “So Anthony. What are you going to do?” I looked Jesus right in the eye and said, “you mean I have a choice?” Jesus replied “of course you do. You were hurt pretty badly in an accident. Nobody would blame you if you stayed up here.” Then I thought “what will happen to those people down there I care so much about?” Then Jesus put his hand on my shoulder and turned me around and without saying anything told me to look down. I looked down and everybody I loved and cared about was standing all together looking so sad and lost. Then Jesus told me “this is what your death will do to the people you love.”

And then he opened them up so I could also see their hearts. I could see my wife Ann, my mother Grace, my brothers Daren and Buvy, my sisters Christie and Diana. Their hearts were torn and pieces were dripping down. Jesus told me that their hearts were breaking. I also saw my stepchildren Nicholas and Danielle. Then Jesus said “this is what the future will be like without you in their lives.” I saw my mother with a sadness in heart that just wouldn’t leave. She was saying things like “why my special little baby?” Then I looked at Ann –she never left the house, she stopped eating, started smoking more and most importantly, she never dated or went out again. Then I saw Danielle. She was about twenty years old and was getting ready to walk down the aisle – with no one to give her away. She was so sad. She wanted a conventional wedding and she would have given anything for me to be there. To see her so pretty and so proud. She knew I would have liked her choice for a husband. A real man’s man just like I was. At that point, the choice was no longer hard – I knew I had to go back. Then, I started to hear the prayers of all the people that cared about me. My wife, Pauline Morin, My older neighbors, my mother, my in-laws, and my brothers and sisters. I could hear their thoughts and prayers as if they were right there with me. After I would hear a prayer, I would look around to see who was saying it. Once I recognized who it was, one of the steps would disappear and I would go down one step.

Then I told Jesus “I would like to go back.” I really think Jesus approved of my decision because he said, “It’s not your time. I have bigger, better things planned for you.” Then I thought to myself “what about the pain? The recovery? Will I be myself?” Again, Jesus must have read my mind because he said, “No one is going to go through what you went through and go back

empty handed. I'm going to send you back with something." So with his right hand, he grabbed my right hand. Then with his left hand, he placed it and cuddled the back of my head. All of my pain disappeared at that point and the second he placed his left hand behind my head, my feet rose up until I was almost at a 45-degree angle. We then began a downward descent that was as smooth as an escalator until we were directly over Maine Medical Center. Then, just like we were ghosts, we went down through the roof into the operating room where my doctor was performing surgery on my severely fractured skull and brain and then Jesus ever so gently glided and placed my spirit back into my body in one smooth movement. That is all I can remember.

Gloria M

As the mask was placed on my face I could see medication being injected into the line on my arm. The next thing I knew it was dark and I was afraid. Suddenly I was shooting down a tunnel. There were golden lights shining so bright, like squares or a mesh all around, I was going so fast, yet knew I wouldn't crash into anything. I remember thinking to myself. "I'm in the matrix" (Why that word I don't know) "I'm dying" At the end I saw a bright light with a slightly darker circle in it. and my body began to slow down.

Suddenly I was standing in front of a massive being an Angel I think. The beautiful white wings were stretched out.. It was so big I couldn't see the face or head. Suddenly the wings began to close around me and I heard a voice saying " don't be afraid, we will hold you until it is all over. You are going to be alright. we will stay with you and hold you." As the wings closed around me I was filled with white light that made my heart soar. I wasn't afraid it seemed to envelope me completely . I felt so peaceful and unafraid so full of joy that I didn't want to leave. I don't remember anything else until I came to in ICU on the ventilator.

Adrien L

I was at home with my daughter (she was 2 and a half then) when I began to feel very weak and ill. I managed to gather enough strength to call my neighbor across to watch my daughter. As soon as she took my daughter from my arms she said I fell onto the bed and my eyes rolled up in my head.

At first I felt like I was being drawn out of my body. Even though I was feeling like I was rising out of my body through my head, I was aware that my body was in the horizontal position. All pain and worry and every bad feeling was suddenly gone and I was content. I saw a large ship with a tall luminescent female-looking creature standing on it and drawing me towards the ship. I was going, when I thought to myself No! I must see my daughter grow up! and immediately was in my body again. I think I passed back into a dream afterwards with the same characters and settings but I knew it was a dream as it did not feel the same and I was yearning for that feeling of contentedness again. Needless to say it has never happened again.

Peter H

I was in a car accident and I suffered a fractured skull in three places, when the police arrived I had lost all of my blood through my eyes, ears, nose and mouth, while lying in the road for over 45 minutes. This is when I experienced a feeling of comfort beyond any feeling that one could feel in the physical life. At that point it was black with small specs of light as stars appear. I noticed that I was not a physical being .I was instead a pin cushion of electric energy .I noticed to my right a similar being that felt so comforting to be with taking me on a determined path up and away from earth. Then is when this other being telepathically conveyed a feeling that is very difficult to put in words with the exception of one word witch was the word FACTORY. More or less it was, (don't feel incomplete or you will go back to the FACTORY) I looked down to the left and saw factory buildings with smoke stacks and conveyor belts. That is actually what the town consisted of that I was taken to where the hospital was. I did have a feeling that I was not complete in some way or another. That's when I was returned to my physical self. I was told that when I came back to life I then remained in a comma for three days. When I woke from the comma I was in intensive care for six weeks prior to being released from the hospital. I was pronounced dead at the scene of the accident by the police which I failed to mention at the beginning.

Judi C

I heard and saw the doctor giving me too much anesthesia and the surgeon saying "damn it, you gave her too much, you killed her". immediately I was in a black velvet tunnel. It was pitch black, but soft like velvet. the noise was like 1000 trains going by at one time, I was in the middle of the noise, it was horrible, seemed to go on forever

Then I was like pushed out into more black velvet, they on the right side of the tunnel I saw answers to equations in Algebra that I had trouble with in high school, written in bright neon lights. And a few other things written, I don't know if it meant anything. I have always loved neon signs. As the writing went on, this loving most kind all encompassing voice said "Judi, none of those things really mattered. You have all you need. He just assured me that I was not stupid, was not "slow" as I was called by my family. He said what I was doing was more important. He explained that because my sister and ex-husband were educated better than I, did not mean I was not even more educated on things of the Lord. I was in such peace, the Lord laughed, not at me, but somehow with me. I just knew he was conveying to me that I had a purpose for HIM.....it seemed I was in that place for hours and hours. I have never before or since felt such peace and freedom, not ever.

They, I saw a brilliant light. Brighter than looking directly into the sun. There was a soft blue color here and there. they I felt as through two giant hands cradled me and was giving me a choice of staying or going back. I remember being heartbroken even thinking about leaving that place. Then he said "I need you to raise your two sons". (I only had one son at the time)...I remember the sadness of wanting to be obedient to the Lord and come back. His love allowed me to make the choice of coming back. Next all I know was that I was in the recovery room, with nurses and doctors checking me.

Sharon S

At that time I was a single mother of a daughter who was eight years old, trying to make a living anyway I could. I was working one full time job and two part-time jobs. While working one of the part-time jobs as a clerk in a convenience store, one of my duties was to sweep the sidewalk and parking lot and that was what I was doing on this night around 9:00 p.m. The store I worked in sat to the side of Hwy 231 which was a four lane highway with lots of traffic, outside the city limits. Out of the night, a car came fast and furious from Hwy. 231, swerving around the gas pumps and headed right at me.

I felt like I had time to get out of the way and thinking surely they would stop soon as they were bearing down on me. But they didn't stop and no matter which way I ran the car kept coming. The impact happened so fast, only the concrete wall of the store stopped the car with me pinned between. In my position, bent over the hood of the car, I could see the female driver and listened in disbelief as she screamed over and over, "Why me?" The male passenger was trying to push her from behind the wheel and ended up dumping her bottom first onto the parking lot after I kept repeating to get the car off me. I couldn't move and very surprised to not be feeling anything, until the car was slowly reversed away.

Then the most awful pain flooded all throughout my broken body. I could not stand and just kept following the car as I laid across the hood. Then I threw up my left arm, kind of like in an arc, so that it laid beside me. There was not much left to my left hand and from seeing that and the overwhelming pain, I passed out. I came to when the two idiots had drug me inside and dumped me on the counter. The pain was unbearable, but I fought to not lose consciousness again. Even though I pleaded with them to get me help, they refused. I could see that they were not in their right minds and later learned that they confessed to "drinking and doing drugs for two days." In essence they told me I was going to die but they would not let me die alone.

They held me hostage for roughly forty-five minutes before a passer-by called the law and they could get there to get help for me. I kept telling myself that I was going to live long enough to tell the authorities what they had done and kept fighting to hold onto life. True to my thoughts, I gave the lawmen my story, while the EMT's were working on broken bones and tried to stop the bleeding. Once inside the ambulance, I begged for pain killers, only to be told "no" since I had lost consciousness. I hurt so bad and I was so tired, I quit answering their questions and closed my eyes. I was ready to give up.

It seemed as though time was standing still but at the same time going by real fast. I don't know how, but slowly, I felt myself floating in total darkness. The darkness brought me relief from pain and I could no longer feel my earthly body. I floated in darkness that oddly felt comforting. No sound, no light, but most of all no pain. Thoughts of "this is death" came to me and yet it didn't matter. I did not care about anyone or anything anymore. I was welcoming the feeling. Feelings that I had known as a human was replaced with an extreme nothing and still I was not concerned.

Suddenly, flashes as if I was seeing my entire life caught in Kodak moments, zipped past my conscious being, inside me. Faster and faster, they flew by, moments of my life. I felt neither happiness or sadness as I watched. Then they slowed down, until I felt like I was inside a casket looking up, at my own funeral. I could see as if from that position and I saw in color, the image of my crying mother being held up by my father who looked so old and broken hearted. Each

had a hand on my daughter's shoulders. Of my daughter, all I could see was from her nose up and eight little fingers holding onto the side of the casket. She was crying uncontrollably and shouting, "Don't leave me Momma, Momma come back." Over and over I heard her screaming through her tears.

I did not talk with anyone, I don't recall feeling anyone's presence with me, but someone or something had showed me all this in a matter of a few earthly minutes. In an instance, I felt like I was being given a choice. I knew I was to go back and do whatever I had to do, because of my daughter and parents. They needed me more than I needed to stay there without the pain.

It felt like I was hit with a tremendous force, the feeling of being slammed back into my body, back onto the gurney, and back into this world. Sounds of the female working on me saying, "Jim...what's the ETA?" and Jim's reply of "about five minutes" came from the front of the ambulance. I heard her say, "We don't have five minutes." There was something said about, blood pressure has bottomed out, before I opened my eyes and tried to smile at her. She drew a deep breath and told me she thought they were losing me and how I needed to keep talking and not sleep. I can not remember much more after that, except the pain and many people working on me at the hospital.

Mark H

Some where about mid May 2004 life as I knew it had begun a spiral downhill fast.

I found my self, frustrated, as I had began about a month before, unable to think properly, and getting lost going places I knew well.

The family doctor sent me to tests and, a number of specialists. They all saw something, but nothing definitive. A Vascular surgeon recommended I see, a Cardiologist the cardiologist said we need to take a look inside, but your symptoms suggest a little heart problem, you should see a neurologist.

Take this Nitro though, when you experience pain, until we can schedule a look inside that heart.

Good enough! Saw the neurologist that week, had the pains in the chest a couple of times, took the little nitro things.

Neurologist said looks ok! Go see your endocrinologist get that thyroid under control and in six months you'll fell perfect. But' I'll order an EEG, and Scan just to be safe.

Well' before safe could be ruled out, and they could get a good look inside that heart.

May 27th around noon. My world crashed! The feeling in my head was indescribable. As if someone slit my throat, and all the blood ran out, only there was no blood! When my ability to see, and think returned. So did the pain in my back and chest. Up to my shoulder blade, Ok' I'm dying here! Enough sense to go out side, sit down and call 911. "Help please help I think I'm having a heart attack.

They arrived five minutes later, hooked me up to the monitors and such. Nope we'll take you to the hospital. Doesn't look like a heart attack though! At the hospital I was placed in a chair in the waiting room, "Here fill out these forms, and we'll call you.

A nurse came in the room and said H, Mark! Let me see the forms! Well' I would if I could! I am having a hard time moving! The nurse, my wife and me with their assistance led me to the triage room. They were looking at me funny. " Smile for me said the nurse" I complied. "Raise your eyebrows for me, Squeeze my hands with yours" They were looking at me so funny. I asked my wife what's wrong with me? They both answered! No, I don't want to hear this! You've had a stroke on your left side! My heart pain was nothing to the feeling I had! Tears began to run from my eyes, My god! What is happening to me? They admitted me to the CCU and monitored me, gave me blood thinners, and heart meds, something for the chest pain.

OK' Well it's nighttime and they have stopped the pain, I'm not dead and just weak on the left side. A neurologist had been called in, confirmed the diagnosis, and ordered tests. Said He called the cardiologist because they didn't like the heartbeat. Cardiologist showed up next morning, well' You've had a stroke your going to be all right! We are going do an angiogram on the 1st, just to check it out. After the holiday.

On the first of June, I was feeling better and eating ok, I didn't fear the angiogram.

In the morning they came and got me ready for the procedure. Took me down stairs to the lab. Started the procedure my wife would see me after, in the recovery area. Just smashing! Little pain during the procedure and after in recovery. My wife was there and everything was fine.

The doctor who did the angiogram came and told me." There is a problem with the right coronary artery! We will fix it tomorrow; we will transfer you to the main hospital, just for safety. In the morning. You will be just fine!

Ok! Ok! Now I'm a little scared but ok, I had the documents done when I knew before the stroke that the procedures had some risk. So' I had a power of attorney done for my wife just in case. I said my prayers that night, for Jesus to be there and guide them, consult for them. I had seen the pastor of the church I was going to, and asked him to pray for me also. I was ready! Everything was going to be just fine!

On the morning of the 2nd of June I was anxious to be transferred to the main hospital. The transportation team was running a little behind. I was supposed to be in the procedure at 10:30 am. Long and, short I got there at 10: 30. My wife was there and saw me. We talked, "If something should happen you have the paper work? " Every thing will be ok I'll be in recovery when you get there! The nurses came to get me at about 11:00am The told my wife where to wait and they would inform her when I was finished.

They took me into the suite, and started to set it up for the cardiologist. They draped me, set up the local anesthesia, and turned on the DR's favorite music. Classical! Enter the Dr: Starting procedure. Administer the local, insertion of the catheter "I listened intently to the conversations between the others in the room and the Doctor. They told my wife about an hour to an hour and a half. An hour, an hour and a half, going on two the camera is moving and I feel the pressure in my chest. I hear them talking about the stint, and the pressures required for the catheter.

Suddenly I hear from the doctor's mouth, something that was a very un-doctorly thing to say. "Oh' Shit!" I think "Oh shit what!?" All of a sudden the sound of people talking stopped. And the voices were now coming from the back of the lab, where the computers are located.

I hear furious talking from a distance! Is that a clot? Not sure? Is it? Don't know! Than the feeling of heavy pressure in my chest, I moaned. A voice from the other side of the table. " Are you in pain? "No just a lot of pressure! " The pressure should go away! As I felt something cold enter my arm. Another voice in the room, "Did you give him the morphine?" Ahu! Replied the other voice.

The equipment, the monitors and shields were pulled back and the lights came on. I thought this is big trouble, when I heard the cardiologist ask someone in the room," Should I remove the catheter or leave it inflated? A voice answered, "Leave it in, I'll take it out when I'm finished."

Than there was this man whom I had never seen before, looking down at me. He looked pleasant and reassuring! He introduced himself and said, "I don't have time to explain what happened but something went wrong, I'm going to take you to open heart surgery. We'll take care of you. We'll get the authorization from your wife. If frightened was the word, than I was

so frightened that the only thing I could think of was pray for them to have the lord in there with them whoever they are!

My wife came in and I saw the Doctor this time he was in scrubs! My wife held my hand and the doctor said, "We'll do our best, see you after you recover. My wife and I said what I thought would be my last goodbye, to someone I loved so much!

As they wheeled me down the hall toward the elevator the Anesthesiologist looked down at me and said, "You'll be asleep before we get there! That was the last thing I heard, until I woke on a ventilator, with a myriad of tubes and wires. My wife was there; she held my hand and spoke softly. You're going to be all right! Honey it's all right. There we all kinds of people nurses doctors, technicians checking, wiping injecting!

I knew something serious had happened! I had Blood hanging and my chest felt as though I had jumped from the tenth floor of a building. Landing on my breastbone.

"In the past seven days, I had a stroke, angiogram, failed angioplasty, open heart surgery. Lots of blood loss, I learned later. I learned that the artery had blown out! The only thing that stopped me from bleeding to death was the wise decision to leave the catheter blown up in place.

I learned that the mild to moderate COPD that I knew I had, was more than moderate, and that being on the heart lung machine for a long time, had done more damage. Terrific! All that and now I am in pain, I can hardly breathe, I'm dizzy and my blood pressure is dropping like a rock. What else could go wrong? Remember be careful what you pray for!

As I was recovering from the last assault on my body, things were looking up. I was able to walk a little, set in a chair next to the bed. For an hour or so.

I was starting to taste food again, and I prayed constantly. Thank you lord for your allowing me to stay to do whatever it was you wanted me to do for you. Even though I still don't know exactly what it is you want of me? But thank you for the lesson learned.

It's now the 5th of June and the surgeon and the other doctors are talking of going home in a day or so! Wow! Doing well! Still hard to get around, I am so weak! It took me over two hours to wash myself from a chair next to the sink. But it was looking up!

They pulled the chest tubes, as I was no longer bleeding internally, and possibly a shower today! The doctor came in mid morning and said, we are thinking of cutting you loose this afternoon, but we may hang onto you for another day or so because your blood pressure keeps dropping.

We're going to check your meds and adjust that! Just a day or so. I was still in thankful prayer mode, and so happy when family came to visit. It was like being reborn. The 6th of June and I was ready for resting at home, and getting down to what god wanted me to do. I was sure I would find it! And, do what he wanted.

I woke early on the 7th I was a little restless about 6:00am the nursing staff would change over at 7:00. Won't see a nurse or anything till after 7:30. I was actually waiting for hospital food to come! I was hungry! What would breakfast be? I couldn't remember what I had ordered, didn't matter just wanted to eat! A little after 7:00 I was sitting on the side of the bed, watching television I had just gone to the bathroom, Still sitting waiting for food. Started to feel heavy in

my jaws, kept removing my glasses rubbing my jaw. Thought' man this may become a headache or something. Nothing some food won't help.

I heard the food trays come off the elevator, and went wild with anticipation. It was 7:30 or so and thinking of food, and going home that day. I had even planned on calling my wife to pick me up this afternoon.

In less than one minute, I would embark on the most amazing journey I had ever been on. I felt a sudden sense of doom, I felt as though no blood was flowing! No pain! Within seconds all I could get out was. "Help me, Please help me, God Help.

Now, I was no longer in a hospital room but on a road! Not a golden road, just a beautiful road. It was me! I saw. A young me, about 10years old or so with a long willow branch over my shoulder, and a red bandana at the end of the branch, like a hobo!

There were people that I had known in my life, and many others that I did not on that road. We exchanged smiles as we passed and my mind was in awe of what I was seeing.

The most beautiful road I had ever seen! Details, that were indescribable. Suddenly I thought of a mountain, I had seen as a child. When I looked up from the road there it was; The Mountain! Not just the mountain! But the most breathtaking mountain I had ever seen! Details the likes of which no one could imagine. Colors shades of color, shadows for which there are no words in the human language to describe it.

All that I saw and felt was as if something was filling my mind with answers, before I could even ask the question. The presence of god was in all things. It was as though the promise of being filled, and overflowing. What your soul desired to see, was filled at that very moment. Everything that your soul needed was met before it could be asked. There is no distance here. So time does not exist. What your soul desires it is! All you desire to know is done! You are filled with the spirit! And you know it! I had never experienced such a feeling of satisfaction in my life.

I had come to my lord. In the most perfect place, and I had been accepted by my God in his house! How wonderful is that! I felt as though I had come home. From perfection to be born into sin, live in imperfection, never fully understanding the wonder of God, and than finding yourself at his door as he welcomes you in.

Than a voice seemingly from nowhere, yet everywhere said. "Mark! You must go back!" Go back! No! No! I can't go back! Again the voice said, " You must return; I have given you task, you have not finished." "No no please God no! Let me stay. With lightning speed, I was naked moving backwards through the darkest of darkness. There were lightning bolts all about me. From my feet to the top of my head. Enormous lightning bolts! Going in all directions into the darkness. Despite the brightness of the lightning. The light from it did not penetrate the awful darkness.

Suddenly my eyes popped open my right arm flailing wildly. I was mouthing! No please stop doing this! Stop let me go! I looked forward, and saw what appeared to be, a stadium full of people all looking at me and cheering those around me, to save me! The noise was incredible, everyone talking, shouting out numbers, and directing others. Than to my left someone took my hand and held it. I looked up and saw a young woman.

She was looking into my eyes, past them to my very soul. The noise subsided so that all I could hear was the sound of her voice. Her eyes never left the depth of my soul; her voice was like that of an angel. As she spoke, "It is not your choice now! It is his now!" I stopped fighting, no more flailing my arms, no more declarations from my mouth. I heard in the distance a nurse say clear, the sound of a machine beeping, and a loud hum. The last thing I remember until 15 hours later.

Why had my God returned me? Did he send this young woman to assist me in doing, his will? Was she there to help me back to this world? I believe so! He kept his promise, now I must keep mine. When I awoke after this incredible journey, respirator removed. I could sense the spiritual nature of my body, had changed. As I opened my eyes for the first time, since this journey began over 15 hours ago.

It became obvious these eyes were no longer seeing with the mind, but' as if my soul were peering out onto the world. Everything had meaning! Deeper than I had ever cared to look before. All things had importance, the words I spoke, the way I gestured, my facial reactions. When I smiled, it was from the heart. When I cried they were tears from my heart, tears of gratefulness. As weak as I was, it was hard to breathe. Every breath was an effort, and the pain all over by body was intractable. Yet' my heart was so grateful for the experience.

Just to live for Gods purpose, gave meaning to every pain, every breath. It was as though God filled my lungs with his own breath, each time I needed air.

Every word I spoke felt as though, it was written by God, and I was reading the text. My thoughts were no longer my own, nor about myself, but' rather everyone I came in contact with became the center of my being. Everyone else became important, and what I said to them.

I spoke with the two male nurses that cared for me that night, and what I had experienced. I explained to them about a woman, I believed was a nurse. I did not know her name, but' I could describe her. I told them that she appeared on my left side that day, and I would like to thank her personally for helping me. One of them said" the way you described her, it sounds like Debbie! And she worked that morning. When I see her I'll ask.

Two days later, mid morning in ICCU a knock on the door to my room. "Come in " I said. The door opened slowly, a young woman entered my room. I said, "You are Debbie aren't you. "Yes" she said as she once again came to my left side. She said as she held my hand, in hers. "I'm so happy to see you doing so well after what you went through! I once again looked into her eyes; again she was looking deep into my soul. I said " Thank You! Thank you! You made it possible for me to return to this life. I continued " I did not want to come back you know? You made it possible! God placed you there, at just that time: even the words you said to me! God sent an angel, you to help me. To return to this world! The tears of my heart and, the gratefulness showed in my eyes. I could see the spirit of the Lord within her. It brought to mind immediately a bible verse.

Repeating, over and over in my mind. "I will never leave you alone, I will send an angel ahead to prepare a place for you. And my own father's favorite verse: I go now to prepare a place for you, for in my father's mansion there are many rooms. All of this now made perfect sense to me. I was in Gods house! But' my room was not yet ready for me. So my father sent me on an errand while he finished my room.

Do Angels exist? I wasn't quite sure! Now I not only know they exist. They are constantly in our presence. Every time I see that look. The soul looking out, displayed in their eyes for all to see. All I can do is to kneel before them, and give thanks. Thank you so much for your presence Lord, in this being's soul.

The 10th of June now, I am getting around and must be monitored all the time. The Doctors are discussing placing a Defibrillator in my chest to prevent sudden cardiac death from occurring again. The 14th the night before they install the device. The doctor explained to me the risk involved. To test the device they would have to stop my heart twice and let the device shock me to make sure it would work.

I washed up at the sink and shaved. While I was doing so I was praying for all those who would be involved in the surgery the next day. Suddenly I looked into the mirror in front of me I looked close again. Who is in there? Who is now inside me? The eyes looking back at me was no longer the Mark that I knew! I asked out loud to the eyes looking back at me "Who are you? A gentle voice replied; it is the new Mark! The old one no longer exists". I said: 'Good Lord, What do you want of me? Again a quiet voice replied: "You need to love more! You need to accept love more, be forgiving more, keep in mind what you were privileged to see, a world, that few would remember. Most important: love is the answer!

I was in disbelief, tears were flowing from my eyes, and I kept praising over and over; Thank you, for the new me! Oh thank you. My eyes are now opened, the meaning of the line in the church song, "Open the eyes of my heart Lord, I want to see you" now that understanding has torn through me like a piece of shrapnel.

I now see through the eyes of my heart not just the ones in my head. I have seen The Lord, I realized that I had seen him so many times in my youth. He had shown me so many things, on the earth that are as it is in heaven. Yet I only saw what the eyes in my head could see.

I now understand that the bible said that in the beginning. The Heaven and the Earth were created, with perfection; man was placed in the perfect place on earth to have all that was perfect.

Our ancestors disobeyed and the Earth was made imperfect. When we pass from this life of imperfection, to the next. God is always asking the question of us, all of our lives " Are you ready? Your ancestors had Perfection! But they were not ready for it than, so I ask you now; are you ready? I had to die! In order to understand that concept! God was asking me! And trying to show me the way. But! I chose the human way, My way was the better way.

The death of my body was so peaceful, so wonderful. Let me assure, you the trip back was, anything but easy. I was so frightened, that the darkness, that I was being drawn through, and the accompanying pain was my rejection from the perfect life everlasting, straight to my place in hell. Please learn now! Understand the grace of God before you pass on.

Some only learn the hard way, some can only understand when that relationship is threatened with being withdrawn. Open the eyes of your heart let those eyes see the grace, and the power of I am. Believe that he is! Believe that he has prepared a place for you that is without pain, suffering, the constraints of the human condition. No distance, no time, as your soul desires so it is. That, which the soul desires to see, is seen.

Seen in ways that we can not imagine, understanding all that is present instantly. Feeling that your god is in everything! Forever! He lives with you in his perfection for all time. As I said earlier, I had to die to understand what a friend I had, how important his friendship and love were. His advice is right! We only need to ask, and than be willing to listen. Sometime God Shout's. Most of the time he whispers, why do we only listen when he shouts?

It has been five months since I left the Hospital on the 17th of June. Much has happened to me since that time. I have been in contact with my daughter, and my grandchildren, other members of my family that I had not seen for a long while. I was able to meet with all of them and see them, spend joyful times with them. My family and I weathered three hurricanes and the damage they caused. We lived for a few weeks without Convenience's. We had our moments, but the important thing is we had each other.

As of this time I do not know if this writing will be continued. I have much more to say! But' I leave it now, and allow God's will to be done. I have endured pain, pleasure, insult and, injury. Yet that is just the point! God has given me all of this for his reasons, not mine. Should he grant me more time on this earth, I will endeavor to continue, his work.

And will ever praise him. November, 17 Th. 2004 His loving servant.

Mark.

Well' the test went well. I am still alive! I am still having problems with my life. Hospitalized during the Christmas holidays with a dangerous infection. My thoughts raced on a daily basis. Even after being released from the hospital, do I want to live? My belief system tells me you cant take your own life! My body keeps telling me end it! this life worrying all the time. How will I pay these people that I owe all this money to?

I feel like dog snot most of the time. I can't breath, I'm in pain most of the time, why is God punishing me more? Good question! Is he punishing me or is he allowing me to see, that I am punishing my self as I have done most of my life? It is still hard for me to learn the lessons that he has tried so to teach me all these years! I am a hard case though!

I have come to understand that the pain is the human pain that afflicts us in the body of man to appreciate the future that awaits us in his perfection! My depression is my fear of life! My anxiety is my anticipation of the unknown. Thoughts have come to me in a situational way over the last nine months, that have caused me great surprise. These gems are coming from my lips! I knew them because god taught me them years ago. I just wasn't listening is all.

Like' We are not placed here to be the paper upon which others poop on, we are here for each other but not to be used by one another. We truly need each other at times but' need the wisdom to know when to leave one alone when they want to be with their other friend, God! We have no right to take away their relationship with their God.

We must recognize that bad things happen to good people, and good things happen to bad people. But' we are not the judge, if we want something we must go after it. Give it all we have and let life be a surprise to us instead of us trying to surprise it! When I look back on my childhood, I do so with great pleasure. It was the grandest time of my life! Looking back on it, It was a constant surprise! Every day some great adventure occurred.

My friends, surprised and delighted me every day! My memories of them shine like searchlights in the darkness of my adulthood. My eyes fill with tears of joy every time I remember one of those truly marvelous days. It was today's equivalent of hitting the lottery big every day!

I can feel the exhaustion of the full day, see the dirty faces of my friends after our marvelous adventures. See the exquisite beauty, of the everyday things that I saw, and shared my innermost thoughts with these wonderful friends. Why have I allowed these world surprises that gave me such joy to evaporate in today's life?

I had a special friend when I was a child, no one could see him but me. Often my family would make fun of me because of my so called make-believe friend. I called him Matty! He was always there when I was alone, felt frightened or needed advice. When I was sick, Matty was there! When I was alone Matty was there! When things would happen and I was in trouble, Matty was there! Matty I have found, was another name for God. I had a relationship with him that was so personal, so real, I could tell him my most intimate secrets. He knew me completely. Matty told me what I would one day go through in later years. I had forgotten much of what he told me and it became lost in the darkness of my age. During my experience in 2004 glimpses of these conversations have come to light. My friend Matty had prepared me for what was to come. Thank you Matty It has been my pleasure to get to know you again! All God wants Matty, Vishnu, Jehova, Yahway, Whatever the name, is to have an intimate honest relationship with YOU! Let the child in you grow to be the adult with the same wonder, surprise, generous life, that you had as a child.

" You need not be walked on to be loved, nor walk on others to love them"

"Because you do not accept bad behavior in those you love, does not exclude your loving them"

"God loves us in spite of our faults, He does not agree with them"

All that one can say at this point is: Are you ready? We don't know the date nor the hour, but all I can say is you have nothing to fear. The end of this life is the beginning of another.

Prepare in this one as if every day could be your last! I now understand the pain, Does not mean I have to like it! The bad that happens to me or my loved ones, I understand in a general sense, doesn't mean I like it!

I loved my Mother and Father, so much. They were the best God could have given to me. We had very little growing up, I watched both of them suffer all sorts of things. Some of these I caused, most were just life. When they past on I was so hurt, I had lost two wonderful parents, the best of friends. yet God received, two of the most wonderful souls in heaven or earth.

We are not our brothers keeper, but' we are his teacher! SO' go out and teach, don' hide what you know in life. It is the only thing you truly have to pass on to others. If you save it thinking that you are going to be needed by everyone, because you are the only one to know! Guess what? Your value stops the moment you leave the door. And' no one remembers what you know after you leave this earth.

But' if you teach it reverently look for those who hunger for knowledge, when you leave the building our knowledge stays. And when they pass it along it continues long after you have left

this earth. The only thing you have to give the world is what you know! when you hide it within it goes with you never to be found.

Everything I learned about what I did well in life. I learned from someone else. I also learned the joy of sharing it with those who were willing to learn! I learned so much from life, I can't believe that one mind can hold that much! God what ever you decide to call him, has given us the capacity to be all of these things and more.

You can be a pirate, or adventurer as a child. a great mechanic, or builder as a man, a wise man as an older man, teacher or mentor. A holey man at the end of your life. A great father or mother. A wonderful son or daughter. So many things! yet if you share them not they become lost the dust of our body. There's another thing! we are so taken by the body, wow look what great shape we are in! Once you have moved from this life to the nest that body is forgotten, in the renewal of the spirit. What lives on of you is the memory of those things that you imparted, not what you were.

When my mother passed away. I was lost. I felt as though I needed it write something that would express my loss. So I wrote this and had the preacher say the words. Something like this:

When you were born I waited from the time I knew you were conceived. I waited so patiently, for you to enter my world. Months weeks days than came the day I had waited for. you were born.

You were perfect in every way, all the fingers and toes I waited so long for you to come to me. I waited so long for you to say your first word, I waited for you to walk! I waited for you to do your first thing for yourself. All this anticipation. It was well worth the wait. I waited for you to grow slowly at first than faster.

I waited for the first time you injured yourself, as I waited again to find out the outcome. I waited for you to become a man. And You did. I was so proud of you. You had come so far.

All this waiting, and now I have gone to be in my eternal home. I have not gone from you my son, for this I would never do. I am here, Waiting for you once again waiting for you to return home As I had so many times before. Not gone, just waiting again.

I know that this woman that I loved so much in life will be there waiting for me I know that her wait will be short. I anticipate seeing her face her grace and, her wonderful love.

How wonderful is that?

We live in this life with pain, cruelty from others, wrongful words from others. Joy from those that we love, incidents that we have no control over, good and bad. But' ya know what! life would not be life without any of them! Think about it! if we knew what was coming every minuet how would we handle it? If we new we were going to fall into a pile of luck, how would we react? Drop dead from shock? Say well it's about time? Who am I going to help out? Not me! nothing could be happening like that to me! Never has, never will!

What would we do if a voice said to us, your life will be over in two hours, at exactly 8:30 am you will die! There's not enough time for me to get everything done, I won't make it. But' you have no choice the minuets are ticking away, you now only have an hour and 45 min. who ya

going to call? What are you going to say? What memories are you going to have? What are you waiting for? Enjoy all that you have! Whatever it is how little or how much, enjoy it. What good is gold in the next life? there is no need for it, your spirit cannot carry it is too heavy.

The memory of good friends, giving what little you had to give to life will follow you there. Kind words, and deeds will become part of your spirit your good memories will follow you there, God has plenty of room for those things in the room he has prepared for you. Don't think this stuff is real? we are all going to get a chance to find out!

If I were a betting man and I gave the odds 50/50 I'd be willing to bet 50% on the latter as it has a history on it's side; ya know that a horse that runs in the mud all of the time has a better chance of winning on a wet track than a horse that has never run on any tack at all! And a chance of a horse with one good eye has a 50% chance of beating a blind horse that's deaf.

You choose your own way to deal with your mortality. mortality is a sure bet immortality depends on the point of view. life on earth is a sure bet for the living, life everlasting has no odds where there is no belief. I have come to believe that the sun rises in the east, every day that I wake there it is!

The sun sets in the west! everyday people are born and people die I don't personally know each person who is born nor do I know each person that dies. But' it is so! I don't know personally every person on the face of the earth, but exist, they do!

When you see another person, do you ever wonder about their life? If you do why does it matter? Love does not stop at the family door, it is ingrained in us! we all want to be loved, and we all have the innate desire to love. The situation that I find myself in at this time, is not all that great. Quite often I cant breath, or i am in a great deal of pain.

I can't go too far, as I run out of steam. I will never return to a job that I loved! It was the one thing in my life that I was good at. I enjoyed what I did for a living, I made a good living at it and, I was respected for the decisions that I made on the job. I respected the management team I worked under, didn't always agree with them but respected them just the same.

Before all this happened to me I could type over 90 words a min, without looking at the keyboard. now I can't remember where any of the keys are. These are not complaints! these are grateful moments! You see I'm still able to communicate what I feel, I can still wake in the morning and be grateful that my life still has meaning.

I miss the people I worked with so much! but' the memories of each of them shall remain forever. When I do pass on, I will be waiting for them. I am able to write these words in the hope that some may find power to go on, the peace that they had not found, or be at peace with their life.

I believe that I have found the reason that I was made to return to this earth! Even though I did not want to do so. HE told me I had something left to do, I believe this writing is part of it. The other is the way I now approach others. I am brutally honest with others when I disagree with them. But' I am totally honest in my love for them!

I no longer allow others to believe that I will agree with them to make them feel better, or to avoid a sensitive subject. I will however be the first to tell them I love them even that I don't agree with them.

I have found myself saying things, to strangers that I meet. It surprises me! I will commend others for the way they speak to their children, the way they speak of their loved ones. I will offer blessings to them because their eyes reveal they need them.

The pain, the feeling poorly, is so much better when I can help others. My desire to work and do what I do best is so strong at times it makes me feel helpless. Yet though I can no longer do it in the physical sense. My spiritual sense has become so strong. It is like the more the pain the stronger the spirit. Yep! it makes me want to shout! " Hey, It gets better what is to come is better than all that is right now!

Each day regardless of the situation, you learn a lesson, you may not like the lesson, but' it is one you need to learn. In writing this I used several descriptions to explain what I felt and saw. Well' there was no bright light, sort of! the light is a feeling, a sense that all is illuminated. I mentioned when returning to this earthly existence about the terrible darkness. This was scary! I have been in the dark before, but this was dark. No light at all no shadows, the light from the lightning bolts could escape this darkness. This is definitely not a place you want to be! Alive, dead, in-between, hell, purgatory whatever no place to be!

It, is like all the fear in the world in one place at one time and you are in it! But, the place that you find yourself in at the end is something dreams are made of, but not a dream. Far from it, it is all that you could want and more. I have had so many moments, things have gone wrong, it has been at times as though nothing is going right. Dead would have been better! by a country mile.

For some reason at those times, you found yourself looking at all that was right. You can almost hear God saying "Don't give up yet the lessons get harder but' the reward becomes greater" Rings true! He who is greater than he who is in the world! Why do we think we are the only ones in the world? We can be such asses. We are not alone! never were! never will be! When the twilight of my life comes on this earth the dawn of eternity begins. My eyes close on life and open on the sunrise of life everlasting.

My greatest hope for all that see this work, is that their hearts lighten, their hope grows, their load becomes lighter. As for myself I hope that by doing this, I am doing the work he sent me back to complete. Let my words, be his thoughts, coming to the earth in sound.

"Lord make me strong, to do what you will with me. For my pain I praise you, not curse you. For the times when I feel weak, let it be your strength. Let my days be full of you, and less of myself. I know you will give me rest, and peace when your will has been done with me.

For those that may have lost someone dear to them; A Father, mother brother husband whomever that person was or what role the may have played in your life. It is ok to have your time of grief. But' once you have gotten over missing that person on this earth, you no longer grieve for them but for yourself. Grieve not for them for they are experiencing life the way it was meant to be experienced.

Love them honor their memory. Remember them for the good within them and know that they wait for you to return home. They will once again be a part of your life. Only they will introduce you to a life you will find hard to believe. The beauty of earth is magnified there a thousand fold. Pain and misery is unknown. Should my days end, let my words remain as a map to his home.

Gina

On both occasions a being of white light appeared to me and took my hand and took me to a door that opened on its own. As a child I remember I had to climb three steps to arrive at the door and in the last experience I didn't see any door. I went directly to the place of light where you don't step or walk...you float...

In the second more recent experience I remember first seeing a dim tunnel where I saw various deceased people I knew, one of whom touched my feet. I left those people behind in order to ascend accompanied by the being of light and go to the place where one floats. I did not see anyone there but I felt caresses on my head.

I also remember that my family members were in the hospital room crying and I, despairing at seeing them suffer, wanted to return rapidly. I remember on both occasions that the voices of the doctors and nurses resounded in my head, and while I was ascending, the voices faded back but I continued hearing them. (I don't know how to explain this. It's as if you were a million kilometers away but you took a carried a microphone in order to hear). In the second experience I remember seeing my husband all upset and praying that I would not die.

I also remember a place where there were objects, people who looked like angels, animals and plants... The strange thing about all this was that EVERYTHING had life and eyes. I also saw beings dressed in black capes who, when they saw the being who was holding my hand, bowed their heads...as though they could not look at his face...or perhaps out of respect...

Talia

It was just right and one of the few memories of a perfect time that I keep. I was struck by a car in 1983. The experience caused a great shift in me. I see the whole of it as an awakening, a blessing and something that was a gift that remains yet unmatched by anything other than being born as an infant the first time (in this incarnation). I was 11 at the time and had what's called a near death experience. I didn't realize that until a friend of my Mother one day asked me to describe my experience through the accident. I told her what I'd seen and the telling of it was enough to help me to realize that it was extraordinary, and that it was something that ought not be forgotten.

What I saw for a while in whatever weakened state has stayed with me and was beautiful though not anything like what I've yet heard others describe. That's in part why I do prescribe to the belief that we enter an after, beyond the breath of the body, that is to some degree of our own choosing and also what we both need and can handle. We are after all born into an incarnation as infants who need tending to just as we are born into the afterlife again and again.

In that first few moments some do require the hand-holding of those they love or have loved and so on. It wasn't quite that way for me nor did I see a light at a tunnel's length that was alluring but rather found myself in a vastness that was dark. It wasn't blackness to my present recollection but very close to jet blue. The light was not before me at a distance. It was directly behind me and comfortably so. The light didn't close round me as I hovered there. I didn't feel a body to hover in but instead just consciousness. Perhaps I did have some form like those that shot across the vision of that unending space.

Those were bodies that I recognized easily but did not concentrate upon. They were spirits in travel off to destinations unknown by me. I knew though or feel I did. These appeared to me as what I called at age twelve while speaking with this adoring friend of the family, "Tears in flame" and I gave that description because of their shapes that were so tear like, or by now I'd call comet like and because of their color. They were mostly blue to my vision with other bits of color to them. It was wondrous. The light did stay at my back but was effective in comforting me and giving me a sense of warm familiarity that was embracing me.

It was a question that came into me not in any language that I know per se but in clarity of being that asked if I would like to stay or go. It was exactly that question and exactly that simple and I recall being glad about the notion of returning to that home that I knew well in that state. I didn't consider that for long though as the understanding at a deeper level, maybe the level of human reason crept in. I decided to honor the knowing that I had more to do, to accomplish and give. I didn't respond in words at all and didn't think to give the answer but as soon as it was in my awareness the experience ended, or else the memory of it failed.

I was in a coma for 12 days critically and whether or not the experience happened then or immediately somewhere after the initial impact is beyond me. I carried the energy of it back with me and during the recovery after waking I shared it freely greeting all passers-by with loving words and joy. I was still very much connected. While it had been said that I wouldn't walk or talk again necessarily due to the injuries I am now a very able bodied person with a firm grasp of language and more interestingly the ability to still acquire new languages. I am blessed

with the gift of remembrance that to love is to heal of which I must remind myself quite often considering the struggle that it is to get by in this life.

I don't regret the accident though yes, it has been a hardship on various levels and has seen to it that strife and I are well acquainted. That I could elaborate on at a later time if its of any interest but really I imagine the more ethereal being what's sought here. I have been opened psychically in ways and have been called on for medium ship often. I've been called a pathfinder by one who knew the label that Native Americans call one of my abilities, and many of my close acquaintances call on me directly when they've had a dream that is profound for the deeper meaning of it and what direction to take it in. That last example of what is I believe, an affect of the experience may be only a stronger link that I now enjoy with intuition but still verges on the rest. Only that I tend to be too open psychically without any means to put stops on is what I find troublesome about the deal. It'd be nice to not attract so many lost souls who seem to need to draw positive vibrations from the light in people. That's a small thing though and won't have me shutting off to what is truly a gift.

On that note I'll leave this and hope it serves whatever purpose is meant to be met. Oh, actually the last thing I'd like to mention is that its also resulted in a serious melting of time stuff around me. I realize that severe head injuries can be causative of time perception strains but that's not what I mean. Its brought me to a point where even now I can see it in different ways, as in it having opened a type of portal or even many is a better way of putting it. Not the sort of thing I've tried to describe before, sorry, so its going to have to be left at that before I ramble on senselessly and bore the reader to tears... Thanks for your attention. I'd like to know if this mirrors anybody else's like experience at all, or what if any, thoughts there are about it all. Again, thanks.

Lorraine W

I was in the hospital after the car accident and all of a sudden I felt that I was unable to breath. I saw my body and had the sense of me floating over it. There was a dark room that I entered and then a bright light. The room was almost like a tunnel. Suddenly all my life flashed before my eyes. I felt so uneasy and scared. But then I was at peace. There was a voice calling my name softly then louder and louder. The voice finally was next to me and it tried to speak a message but the message was blurred. Then I saw a blurry image of a being that was not human. Suddenly I felt a pulling sensation. I was back. I had been "dead" for an entire hour. I was gone then back it was amazing to me. My whole life has changed since this event. I even became a doctor to look into the possibility of this actually happening. I was blessed to have this experience.

Marquerite S

When I was 2 years old my Grandpa died. He had a heart attack and died in the living room. I was there and my Grandma said I tried to make him get up. We lived on a farm and animals die too. I had always been told that when things die they go to Heaven. I knew from Sunday school what Heaven and angels and Jesus looked like. Grandpa was gone and life here was never the same for me. He was the fun one. He was the only one who cared more about me than he cared about what I did. I always remembered him and missed him all the time.

One day my mother went shopping and brought home a whole bunch of baby aspirins. They used to come in long strips of cellophane squares with 2 in each square. While everyone was busy putting away groceries I took the aspirins outside and hid behind the garbage can. I was shorter than the garbage can so I could do this. As far as I can remember my reasoning went something like this- Grandpa died, everything that dies goes to Heaven (no one had told me about Hell yet) and if you take too many pills you die so I took the pills so I could go see Grandpa. In my mind I wasn't killing myself I was just going for a visit or something. But I knew I wasn't supposed to so I did hid.

When Mom found me and the empty plastic squares she didn't take me to the doctor she just put me to bed. She laid me on my back and pulled the covers up to my chin and that was strangling me. I struggled to get out from under the covers, it was like being wrapped in a giant spider web, I couldn't breath and I was really scared. I don't think I really knew where I was then all I remember was not being able to move very good and struggling to get untangled so I could breath. Then I saw a little girl at the ceiling. I don't know who and it must not of mattered cause I didn't think about it. She was dressed like they used to in the 1800's in a long dark dress with a white ruffled apron-like thing over it. She had long wavy black hair. She looked a little older than me and she was watching me. Then I was at the ceiling and I saw myself wedged between the bed and the wall.

I remember thinking (or saying to that girl) "look at her- why is she doing that? If she wants out why doesn't she just go around the bed?" I felt amused by this. I did not think it was strange that I was at the ceiling, nor did I realize that she was me. I don't remember how long we stayed there. But I still remember how it felt. This is where it gets hard to tell. It was like being totally focused. What ever I was feeling was all there was. In this life there is always some worry in my mind- hope I don't say the wrong thing, my foot itches, hope I don't get in trouble. There is always something.

But there was nothing like that there. There was no worry, just the present moment. It was clear and it turned this life into the dream. It was wonderful but at that time I didn't analyze my situation as I was too busy doing it, if that makes sense. So then we were at the living room ceiling looking at my Mom, sister and Grandma. A comedy was on t.v. and my Mom and Grandma were laughing. Mom and my sister were on the couch and my Grandma was in the chair. I saw them but I don't remember feeling any strong emotions attached to them. It was the same as when I had seen my body. They were just people laughing and watching t.v. I guess at that moment it was like I was watching t.v. too. Kinda like when you change channels and turn into the middle of a movie. No matter what is happening you can watch it in a detached sort of

way for a minute then you move to the next channel. I was very happy the entire time and nothing fazed that.

Then we were with a man. I don't remember seeing anything else. Me, the girl and the man. We thought (talked? this is hard to describe too.) It was like when words scroll down a computer screen faster than you can read them. But I could keep up with all the things that were flowing into me. It was a lot of good stuff about how to treat other people and how to act here. I don't remember any of it word by word but we are supposed to be nice to each other. And I am sure it's all still inside me even though sometimes I forget to do it or accidentally don't. Anyhow none of this seemed strange to me and through it all I felt real blissful. I guess there just aren't earth words to say but I can still remember it. Then the man (maybe he was Jesus, he was real nice and I liked him a lot) said I had to go back. I didn't want to go and I was disappointed because I wanted to see Grandpa. I remember telling him this but nope I had to go back. Then I was back in my body stuck between the wall and the bed.

Joel B

I was in the USAF at Castle AFB in Merced CA. I worked day shift there, then I worked swing shift at Gallo Wineries in Modesto CA. I worked as a GWW; that means a general wine worker. Part of my duties were to clean out the large tanks after the wine had been drained out. This procedure was to stop the fermentation process by purging the wine tank with nitrogen gas. This takes out the oxygen in the wine and stops the wine from fermenting. Then the tanks are supposed to be vented for many hours. The tank is checked for oxygen levels and if safe, an "OK TO ENTER" sign is posted at the entrance as it would be safe to enter.

This sign was posted at the tank, so the cleaning crew that I was part of set up to work on the tank. However, a mistake had been made and the tank next to this one was safe and this tank was not yet vented. In fact, it was full of nitrogen gas and was in a deadly situation for anyone to go inside. What this gas does to people who inhale it, is that it removes the air out of their system. It displaces the oxygen out of your lungs. I went into the tank and complained to the other two workers that the smell seemed really strong; I could tell it was an apple type of wine.

We had a fire hose set up to a high volume pump. This is what we used to spray down the internal walls of the wine tanks. I picked up the hose and went to the far side of the tank, about 30 to 40 feet away from the small opening that was also the only way out. I gave the thumbs up signal to start the water and chlorine mix, and the pressure hit the brass nozzle hard. This was normal and the force pushed me against the wall of the tank. I held on with all of my strength. I only remember seeing the water start to come out of the hose and start across the tank to the other side. I never saw it actually make it to the other side because at that point I had been inside the tank for about three minutes. This time period was long enough for the nitrogen gas to fully remove the air from my lungs.

They told me later that I just fell to the floor of the tank and let go of the hose. The hose started to fling about violently and hit my head and face hard enough to break my safety glasses in half and knocked my hardhat off of my head.

The spotter at the entrance signaled to the guy operating the pump to shut it off. About five minutes had gone by since I first went into the tank. The spotter then came into the tank to get me and he pulled me across to the opening and pushed me halfway out of the opening. He then passed out from the gas. He had only been in the tank about forty-five seconds. The other guy operating the pump saw me hanging out of the hatch and ran over to pull me out. Then he looked inside and pulled the spotter out also. The spotter started to come to and was able to get on his feet within a few minutes.

I was still lying on the ground, not moving, not breathing, turning blue. They began to offer CPR, pushing on my chest, applying mouth to mouth a few times and since I was not responding, they stopped and began to cry because they thought I had died.

I was having a completely different experience.

The water coming out of the hose took on a strobe like effect and it never reached the inside wall of the tank. I was then traveling through a tunnel at a very high speed. This tunnel seemed

to be very long, like miles, yet it didn't seem to take any time to go through. There was a bright light. It was drawing me to it. I felt like I popped out of the tunnel and fell into this white light, yet I wasn't really falling, I was more like floating around inside of the light. It seemed like a container of light but without any end or borders. I felt very much at peace and I liked being there in the light. I felt a presence toward the center and was drawn closer to someone there. I saw what I believe to be Jesus. He was in a white robe that was dripping in pure gold. It was so real to me then and even now I see all of the details of how he looked to me. I felt so safe, so warm and I did not want to ever leave His presence. I felt like I was home.

Then He spoke to me and told me about my life and what was yet to come. He told me that I had to go back. I argued with Him about staying but He said that it was not my time to be with Him yet and that I had many more things to do in my life. He rose up his hand and pointed back to the tunnel and I was immediately traveling back through the tunnel that I had arrived in, only a few moments before. The tunnel seemed to be the same one, same length and took the same time to travel through it back to life.

I woke up lying on my back and looking up into the eyes of the two guys that saved me, and they were indeed crying. They were shocked to see me getting up on my feet again. They took me over to medical and sat me in a chair to be seen by the nurse. Then they left and I never saw them again. The medical department tried to say it was my fault and that I must have just passed out. They ask if I had been drinking, I replied, "No I had not". They called my wife and she drove out to pick me up. I was mad at all of the questions and their implying that it was all my fault. So I quit, and I never have been back.

The next few weeks I was in a daze, trying to figure out what had happened to me. I never shared this until many years later to my third wife; now of 19 years.

Ellen K

At first I was experiencing the most excruciating pain I had ever felt in my life, It was like being stabbed with a white hot sword over and over again!

after roughly twenty minutes of this pain I began to feel serene and the pain was fading, I was apparently slipping in and out of consciousness, I vaguely remember people calling my name and touching me for a response but I was too busy concentrating on this "golden vortex" which seemed to be reeling me in! The pain was going and I remember a strong sensation of warmth, comfort and pure love.

I was vaguely aware too when the ambulance crew arrived and were calling my name and trying to get a response out of me, but I could not respond as I was apparently unconscious! I also remember getting into the emergency room in the hospital and the staff there calling my name but getting no response, at this time I knew I was probably going to die as I could see the urgency in the faces of the doctors and my partner, but I didn't care, the pain had gone.

I eventually left the people here on earth and went into the brightest white light, there was nothing but light and love, warmth comfort and a feeling of forgiveness and understanding.

I couldn't see anything or anyone just the light but I feel I was communicating with my "father" which is strange as my father is still alive he didn't feel like my biological father but an "ultimate Father of all"(???)hope you can understand that!!

I experienced a time of rest and love and healing and then (I cant say when as time was meaningless) I had like a life review which was quite funny even though it was emotionally upsetting. I was asked what I thought and we agreed, much like the comments on all my school reports, "could have done better".

I was then asked what I would like to do next, whether I would like to go back to my life and try to improve or stay in the light, I guess I must have been undecided as I was then shown a vision of all my family around my hospital bed crying and looking really worried, this tugged on my heartstrings and I decided I wanted to go back as I couldn't bear to upset my family by leaving them behind!

so then I remember sick feelings and pain and my eyes opened and I awoke to see my family around my hospital bed all worried and upset!!!!

I had been unconscious for two days and it was touch and go whether I would survive.

Corrine K

I'm a registered nurse with asthma. I went to the emergency room the day after Christmas with an asthma attack. I was given numerous breathing treatments with no relief. My doctor arrived and told the staff to intubate me. As soon as they started to put the tube down my throat I heard one of them saying "she's coding". All of a sudden I was laying down in what felt like a hammock filled with cotton. I don't know how else to describe it. I felt like someone or something had their arms around me. It was the most comfortable, warm and loving feeling I have ever felt.. Above me was the "white light" it was bright like the sun, but it didn't hurt my eyes and it was warm. It was a peaceful, and I didn't hurt anymore. I wasn't afraid it was the safest I have ever felt in my life. They coded me for 12 minutes before they could get me back.

Anthony C

My family went to a lake for the day when I was 7 which was a common thing that we did during the summer in N.J. I had an older brother and sisters who knew how to swim but my twin brother and I did not. We were swimming in the kids section, when my older brother and sisters decided they wanted to swim to one the square docks the sat in the middle of the lake and told my twin brother and me that we couldn't go. I went back to the beach to ask my mother to take me out to the dock, of course she said no.

There was another small boat dock that came out from the beach and separated the swimming area from the non-swimming area. When I returned to the water I decided to jump in from the boat dock but for some reason I jumped into the water on the non-swimming side witch I didn't realize was deeper. I tried to swim back to the dock but I was panicking and couldn't, I struggled for a while but no one on the beach seemed to notice, I think everyone just assumed I was playing around.

After a few minutes of struggle I went under, I don't know how long I was under but I remember giving up. Then I was outside my body looking at my self under water and then I rose above the water and I could see all around me 360 degrees. Above me, I sensed a very bright light above me but it was not the sun, it was omnipresent and brighter but not painfully bright. Even though I was outside I felt like there was no top, no sky no limit. Also, I was very calm, my panic and fear were gone. I was looking down on the water were I had gone under, I felt a little like a balloon floating up. By this time some people on the beach noticed I had gone under the water and hadn't come up and there was a commotion on the beach. A tall man with a beard and red shorts was the first to act and ran out onto the dock, jumped into the water and pulled me up. He was followed by another man and my father. I could see him holding me in his arms and then WHAM! I was back in my body and I started crying.

Once I had gotten back to the beach and calmed down I tried to tell my mom that I was able to see them and that I watched the man jump in and save me and she said that was impossible because I was underwater. I remember wanting to tell her what I saw but I couldn't describe it. I was too young and I just didn't have the words.

I never talked about it again until I was in college and I remembered it during a show on near death experiences on TV. I was like hay that happened to me! I told my girl friend at the time and read a book about it but I was still confused. My experience was much shorter and I made no contact with other beings, I still wonder what it means.

I think I kept it suppressed all that time because I felt like it could not have really happened it didn't fit reality also my mom told me it was impossible. But, it was always in the back of my mind especially when I would talk to friends that didn't believe in anything after death, I always felt like I knew something they didn't. This out of body experience is the clearest memory I have from that age. It probably lasted no more than 30 seconds but it was so sharp and real. By comparison, my other memories from that age are shadowy and foggy.

I still will only talk about it to friends I trust, I think I just don't want to deal with people who would question the experience. Plus I am still working out what it means to me.

Elaine G

Age 4, summer morning, Glasgow, Scotland, not long after a garbage strike which saw an infestation of dock rats in my neighborhood, requiring the army to come out and kill them. I was excited, as it was the first time in a while that we were allowed to go outside. I was in the company of three other friends at the time. an older boy had climbed atop a "dike", (a wall between tenement buildings), and threw a large live rat at us. the rat bit into my face, and my heart stopped.

my mother, on the 11th floor of the building, ran down the stairs to get me. I was dead for about 3 or 4 minutes, I guess, but I don't really recall the time, it's an assumption about how long it took her to get down the stairs, and get my heart started again (she's a registered nurse).

I felt weightless, and calm. All around me was a green meadow, and it was still and quiet. it was bright sunshine. I felt no threat at all, and , in fact, have never to this day felt so at ease as I did at that moment. There were figures, human, one was a woman, and I have the impression that she was a dead person related to me, although I have no idea who she was. I was told that it simply was not time for me to go, and that I had to go back. I didn't want to, but I didn't have a choice, I started to breathe again, and the panic, and pain set in.

I know that I feel perfectly calm about death to this day, and have spoken to many who are in fear of it. thank you

Debora E

I floated up to the ceiling and could see my body lying on the table. The doctors were alarmed and saying that they were losing me. I was not scared, I was with a couple of very kind people that I believed at the time were angels. They told me not to worry they would take care of me.

I heard a whooshing sound and was being propelled up through a dark tunnel towards a light. As I looked around there were other people who I believed were angels who surrounded me in the tunnel, they were singing. I wasn't worried I felt very calm and happy.

When I reached the end of the tunnel I was bathed in a bright warm light that felt very serene. I felt safe and happy. A woman held out her hand to me, she was lovely and I felt that she loved me and knew who I was. I felt safe in her company. I didn't know who she was. She held my hand while I heard a conversation between the angels who accompanied me and the voice that came from the light. The voice said that it was not my time. The voice said I had not had my children yet so I had to go back. I didn't want to go back! I wanted to stay where I felt loved and safe from harm. The beautiful lady said not to worry someday I would be back and she would see me then.

I found myself back in my body. I woke up from the surgery and didn't tell anyone for many years what had happened. One day a few years after the surgery my mother showed me a picture of my paternal grandmother, who had died giving birth to my father. It was the lovely woman who held my hand at the other side of the tunnel. I had never seen a picture of her before.

Donald M

I was working as a deckhand on a tug boat and as we tied up to the barge I jumped off to connect the batteries to the running lights and while I was doing so I heard a yell from the tug from the chief Bill I ran back and Bill was looking down I looked and Rick was coming up . As soon as I could I probably grab him and with the snow that was falling I was close to slipping in as I was reaching down at least four feet. The tug was a couple feet off and by that time the first mate was kneeling on my legs so I wouldn't slip in. The tug was getting closer and as the rubbing streaks were the only things that were going to connect on Rick's head I couldn't let Him go so I squared my shoulders held his hand and let the tug start to squeeze me. All I can remember is I was scared because I couldn't get out and then I thought my ribs were going to mesh in with each other and I kept thinking the tug would have to stop soon only I didn't know why it wasn't stopping . I thought my head was going pop off and then BRUCE said hello Donnie just like the way he did in high school. I said hello and trusted him completely and as I was drifting by him he guided me to a beautiful white light and a swirling tunnel .Things seem to speed up and like a flash my whole life seemed to go by and I saw a body on the beach that I knew was mine and I asked whoever what was happening and a voice came back and you are drowning and then I saw my mother and my sisters Lorna and Mary- Lou crying at the kitchen table and I screamed out no. I didn't know which way to flail but when I hit the surface I took an awful big breath of air. It was probably close to ten at night and snowing heavy the visibility wasn't to good so I guess I looked south first and all I could see was a black east same thing north and then west and I could just make out a bit of light. I don't remember much from that point only as I got closer to the light I read the name on the back of a boat Flo and as I swam up the side of it I heard the engines and with a shock said you work there . As I swam around the bow I heard voices and Bill the chief engineer held out McRae My name came back and as I got closer Rick was hanging on a steel ladder but couldn't get his feet up so I reached up first time I felt any pain and with my arms on the ladder I put my head under Ricks butt and we both made it onto the barge. There were big snow flakes and I was on my knees looking up and all I could see was snow and then I was embarrass in front of all my coworkers I don't remember any thing after that except when I was on shift after we got left with the tow my shoulders could barely turn the wheel.

Richard P

I was talking to my friend at the bar. All of a sudden, I felt sweaty, light headed and faint. I got up to go outside to get some fresh air but apparently never made it. According to what I was told, I had collapsed on the floor. I remember being in a dark grey void. A voice said to me: "Richard, why are you here?" I said: "I want to come home." The voice replied: "It's not time yet. You have more work to do. You have a family that loves you and that you need to take care of." That's when the manager brought me around the first time.

I guess I went out a second time and returned to the grey void. I said: "I want to stay." The voice said: "What is your problem?" I said: "I don't know." The voice replied: "You have to go back. You have to take care of your family." That's the point I came to the second time. I really didn't want to go back. It was so relaxing, restful and peaceful in the void, but I reluctantly obeyed the voice and returned.

After that, 4 EMT's kept monitoring my vitals which were all over the place and gave me oxygen until the ambulance came to take me to the hospital. They did the standard testing but really found nothing. In the days that followed, including today, I had developed a full blown case of the flu. I don't know if that's what knocked me out but I had always basically scoffed at NDE's up until this point.

Brandelyn W

I suddenly found myself in a field full of wild flowers. There were also rolling hills. There was bright light everywhere, but I didn't see a source of the light. I ran through the field in extreme happiness. Up ahead I saw a fence. The fence was made of wood logs. They were thick poles that held up two rows of wood. The bottom row was about 18" off the ground, but it was hard to tell because the grass and flowers came up from the ground almost a foot. The second row of wood was about 18" above the bottom row. It expanded as far as I could see. I recall thinking, "I have to get over that fence." However, I thoroughly enjoyed the time it to get there. I was filled with joy, peace, and contentment.

When I arrived at the fence I started climbing over it. I was halfway across when I felt a touch on my shoulder. I looked to see who touched me (I wasn't frightened at all) and I saw who I thought was Jesus Christ. My family didn't attend church, but somehow I knew I was looking at Jesus. He didn't have an human body and he didn't look like an angel. It was more like a spiritual being. He told me, "You can't come yet." I asked him why. Everything about me wanted to be over that fence. I was actually sitting on the top row with one leg on either side. I needed to experience what was across the fence. It looked the same, but it felt different. It was even better than the wonderful feelings I experienced running through the field to get there. I said, "Please let me come to the other side." Jesus was kind but quite firm when he said, "No, Brandy, you must go back. There is much for you to do."

Suddenly, I was back in my body in the emergency room. I remained in a coma for about three weeks. When I woke up, I asked for a Bible.

Jack C

This experience began with hospital admission to have the gall – bladder removed and an umbilical hernia repaired. The gall – bladder job was expected to be regular keyhole surgery, but it was pointed out that it was sometimes necessary to ‘revert to the old method’ but that this could not be pre - determined .

I was not apprehensive of the pending elective surgery - I usually quite enjoy a short break of this kind. I mention this only to eliminate any possible connection between fear and the event itself.

At some stage during surgery, I suddenly found myself looking down on proceedings from ceiling height or a wee bit higher- (the ceiling wasn’t there). I was watching what I quickly realized was myself lying motionless

on the table with green clad figures around it – but it wasn’t really me – I was here.

I was instantly aware of my last memory of going off for the op. and was trying to make some sense of this new development.

It soon dawned on me that I had an unusual clarity of mind and was completely fascinated by what was happening. I was ‘ here’ not ‘there’. What I was looking upon was like an old shell that somehow was familiar – like an earlier edition.

Then, to get a better view, moving to the right a little was necessary....it immediately happened! It is possible to move just by thinking. I wasn’t aware of any sound or voices.

I then remembered that I had read something of this kind of thing. (‘Life after Life’ Raymond Moody) I realized that it IS true!

It would be around this point that what I was looking at just changed.

Suddenly I was in a muted light pea green sort of environment. This was the main light color and I had never seen anything like this before. The light had a quality rather than intensity. Although very bright, the revitalizing was not in the slightest overpowering or unpleasant. It was natural light. The really strange thing about it was that this light provided sustenance. Whatever nourishment was required simply came from within this light.

The feeling of indescribable well – being and comfort was completely overwhelming. This is central to it all. I was standing now, rather than sort of floating, as before. This was a place of healing and restoration and at some level it seemed I already knew this. I was not aware of anyone else in this place.

Next, was the awareness that many folk were gathering just behind, out of view, all of them having been connected to me in some capacity at some time. I didn’t see or hear anyone. Just ‘knew’ it.

A very strong sense of not to turn round was present.

Also, realizing I could absorb a vast amount of simultaneous information through points located all over my body (I had a body) - the ankles in particular. It was possible to know what the folk behind were collectively thinking! The realization came that I had a choice of sorts to consider - return or remain, but at the same time, it wasn't really an option. Return, it was. This seemed to be connected to the sense of not to turn round!

The next recollection was the recovery unit and the indescribably overpowering sense of loss and disappointment that accompanied this return to the everyday mind. The greatest loss was the absence of this miraculous light, which illumined not just the place, but the very soul, it seemed. The subdued lighting in that ward was, in contrast, like the despairing darkness of deepest winter.

This is a very sketchy account of the whole thing and I cannot capture the essence of it at all. There was the feeling of exhilaration, of freedom and a complete absence of fear (of anything). I have no idea of how long this lasted, although it seemed for ever, but the effects of it are timeless. This was a completely natural experience and one I wish I could repeat. If this is 'death', then I'm for it!

Some conclusions:

I was 'conscious' throughout, although deeply anesthetized. I knew what was happening, knew I was having surgery.

I knew who I was, with full memory of all immediate matters. There was no physical sensation at all, but mental awareness of everything - but with a different - a greater, enlarged consciousness now operating - with no effort on my part. I was simultaneously aware on 3 different 'life' levels.

A major conclusion must be that consciousness is not seated in the brain, but much deeper. In the soul, perhaps? The term used to describe this is unimportant.

This part of us is present throughout our earthly life and is our self created body which automatically becomes our vehicle for consciousness in the next chapter of the eternal life which we all have.

Post surgery, I asked and was told that the gall bladder was detached using keyhole methods, but was unable to be removed this way. As the umbilical repair was to be done anyway, it was decided to remove the now separated gall bladder through this opening. Somehow, it slipped into the abdomen and had to be retrieved manually.

I have no awareness of any of this at this juncture, but things may have begun about this point.

The surgeon was fairly open, though guarded, about events - the ward staff all tight lipped.

Hospital policy, perhaps, but I wondered if this was to prevent or minimize possible litigation.

The whole experience has been of immense benefit to me and I would be happy to return there any day of the week. I know I have 'seen' what lies ahead of this chapter of life. I have no wish to convince anyone of anything, nothing to prove.

I have deepened as a person as a result, with some sense of the eternal aspects of our continuing consciousness, unbroken, even for a split second.

There was no sense of 'time' – it just didn't exist – nor were any 'doorways' or walls of any kind to pass through. You just 'were' where you had to be.

The folk behind were 'real' people, although I didn't look round. Relatives, family, colleagues, like minded folk, etc.

A great feeling of elation, of well being, an overwhelming feeling of a 'Love', a place I didn't want to leave, and a residual feeling of a certainty of being, are the main features, but I'm trying – and failing - to describe something that is beyond words.

What of religion? Forget it, I'd say. Those who trade in it, who advocate it, have no idea! It is man - made, but if it should produce well rounded more tolerant people, willing to help each other (all life really, there is no difference in essence between life forms, all have a common source and are therefore related), then it will serve a very useful purpose. We just don't need the doctrinal approach at all. A hindrance to understanding – an abomination!

Jule L

I've spent years trying to condense the experiences. The first experience was brief, and I didn't remember much. Some dreams of light, but faded.

2nd experience was traumatic. The early stages strangely familiar. gray void, sensation of movement, no human form, very alone. Then the light, the drawing to it faster and faster. Not prepared for entry. The terrible rejection and falling away. Total loss of spirit. Scared myself out of the drug during the surgery. Dentists noted my reaction. Started an intense curiosity of religion, philosophy, metaphysics, e.s.p., etc.

3rd experience, was familiar now with the gray void, the alone feeling, no human form. Knew the light and the tunnel where next. Still could not enter. As I was drawn closer and closer, could not control my thoughts on just what the light was. There was doubt, fear, the terrible falling away again. Again, scared myself out of the drug during the surgery. Apparently scared the dentists as they refused to accept me as a patient after that. My mother took me to a different dentist. He was unaware of my reaction. I myself was unsure what was happening as at that time, was no knowledge of NDE's felt somewhat prepared this last time. Everything was expected, and happened exactly the same.

The grey void, the light, the tunnel. I failed again. This time the light reappeared. With much humility, and a great feeling of being honored just to be in its presence, I recognized it as god. Was taken immediately in. This is where the words are hard to come by in the description of being one with the light. It's as though I can describe in human terms that which happens before, but words fail in the description of oneness. I can remember the feeling of hysterical laughter, not physical, but the pure energy that would make one feel that good, and repeating over and over, "is this what it's all about". It was wonderful.

Then, this sonar sound. Distracting. just a bleep, but slowing. Now to a warble, then as clear as can be. It was the dentist screaming at me to open my eyes. He was frantic. Very scared. Nurse was frantically pulling the needle out of my arm. He was violently shaking me by the shoulders. Pleading. My mother was in the waiting room with others. They could hear this man yelling. I haven't been under anesthesia since.

I've spent many hours in the fields sorting out these events. It took many years. I now feel that I understand how it works. I've come to the conclusion that its so simple as not to be understood by most. We simply 'judge ourselves' in the ability to trust totally in that light. That it is good. Without that trust, or faith, the negative NDE I've had a few. With this knowledge I am convinced that we are given many chances. Not just one as it seems with the falling away. That is my knowledge of the negative NDE. God is all loving, and forgiving. My knowledge of the positive NDE is as simple. I now feel I can see that light in everyone that I meet. The golden rule. Treat others as you wish to be treated. I will add that there were no religious icons or beings. Just me and the light. My goal in life is to return there.

Beckie H Mother

I was sitting with my 8 year old daughter by my mom's bed when she had a second stroke. This is a remarkable story and I hope you can use it. Mother was raised to believe if you were not perfect, you didn't go to heaven. She was born 11/11/11 and her mom died when she was 7. She and her siblings were raised by an abusive father. He beat them and gave some of them to other people. She married my dad at age 14 to get away and they were married 54 years when he died. We are all very close.

Mother had an obvious problem and they came in and worked on her and after an hour or so we were allowed back in her room. She had been very sick. She was now GLOWING. The first thing she said was I have been to heaven and I saw my mother and now I know what she looked like. She was amazed because her dad and a brother who had been in jail were there too. They were all healthy and happy and loved her. Jesus told her she had to come back as she had things to do...this is the remarkable part. She had always been very depressed. The next 4 months were the most difficult of her life physically and yet everyone she met was told of the Lord's love for them. She sang hymns all the time and witnesses constantly. If she peed she thanked God for it. It was an unbelievable change. She told my daughter that she saw her smoking and doing something she shouldn't and that she was to be very careful with her activities in the future. My daughter listened and thought it was sweet but didn't believe her. (Later she became a heroin addict but has now been clean for 6 years.) The emphasis was on her family of origin but the last thing she saw was my 81 year old dad walking down the street in a young, healthy body, about 30 years old. What a blessing for us to have this experience. She literally could hardly contain herself until she could get back to heaven.

NDEs - Second Part of 2005

Monik J's NDE

I experienced an NDE due complications during surgery. An artery burst when the surgeon tried to remove an organ, causing a hemorrhage that filled the stomach and I went into cardiac arrest. I was clinically dead for 8 minutes. They put me on an artificial respirator, drained my lungs and stomach. Then I was saved and returned to life.

I had the impression of I had died. But I became aware of my inert body on a table covered with cloth. I had difficulty recognizing myself.

Leo P's NDE

Here is my account, I strived to put all I remember in it.

Sorry for the spelling, I'm of Spanish origin, I learned French quite late.

Congratulation for your site, I love what you do, bravo!

I've been hit by a car traveling at over 30 Mph, I did not feel any shock but some sort of electrocution, then darkness. 2 seconds later I was shot for a few seconds in the center of some kind of tunnel, then, all of a sudden, I instantly stopped, I was a few hundred yards away from the shock, the accident, over the Seine river, I floated; the feeling was very strange as if I had some difficulty breathing, I tried to breathe again, I did not need it anymore though, It took me a moment to stabilize myself. I felt a very strange energy, as if the air would vibrate and would be denser, and I understood that this energy was life, it was as if there were heat streams circulating in all directions, no more gravity, no heat, no cold. Some kind of well-being pervaded me.

"What am I doing here! I was going to work, but what am I doing here?"

I then reviewed the events: I went out of the café, I waited at the crosswalk and... a car headlight about one feet from me, then blackness, like a mix of panic, sadness, intense fear, "But he killed me! Oh my God, I'm dead!". I immediately thought I should go back in, find my body. I then tried to find out where I was and I immediately recognized the Seine wharfs, but everybody was slowed down, as it were, cars and pedestrians circulated very slowly and sometime stopped, all these walkers and cars were surrounded by some sort of a halo or radiating golden yellow bright orange light, I could not believe what my eyes saw, but I had no eyes anymore and there was some kind of ambient hiss, very steady, rather like a permanent quite high pitched hum, fear and panic ceaselessly grew. Then, as I wanted to watch more closely, I bent forward... Well, I did not really know what "I" was, but I had a center of gravity somewhere, leaning forward, I've been propelled in the tunnel again. Surprised by this new shock, I straighten up and suddenly I immediately stopped, let say a 100 yards away from where I previously stood. "Amazing!" did I say to myself, I summoned up all the courage I had left and had a try again, I bent forward and again this flash acceleration. I realized that the tunnel effect was due to my own super rapid movement, I made 4 other attempts until I could control this acceleration each time. More and more I liked this state, all the more so that all bodily restrictions did not exist anymore. But I was to discover later that space and time physical restrictions did not apply either. I could not believe what my "eyes" saw, all my life had been so tied to these restrictions, and to my total lack of faith in soul existence, let alone in a superior Being...

I was to get a big shock!!!

Once the euphoria of this finding was gone, I ceaselessly repeated to myself, "S..., I'm really dead, s..., I'm really dead, s..., I'm really dead...", while looking around, trying to detect some sign that would reveal it was just a dream, maybe I would wake up in my bed, "S..., I'm really dead. Well! It's over!", did I say to myself. While I was so astounded to still be myself, I was even more astounded, though, that we are not just biology, as I was convinced that the energy we produce

came from our very existence in this universe and that, unfortunately, despite my natural curiosity for all religions, this energy would vanish at death.

I started to think to my relatives; all of them, "one by one", I thought about what they did, their temper and what I felt, this feeling of closeness was much more intense than before. But I felt that I was unwillingly going away. Then, Mum, she'll think "What a misfortune, he goes to work on the morning, and at 2 pm he dies.", The sorrow she was going to feel immersed me into a pain and despair I have never know before, such a feeling of powerlessness.

I wanted to go and advise her that I did not suffer, and that I indeed felt super well. Even if I was terrified. But not knowing the possibilities I had in this state, the distance to be covered in acceleration seemed huge to me, all the more so that with this acceleration I did not control anything, I just had the effects, as if I were sucked. it was located just 25 miles away down south, though. Then with some kind of cowardice I said to myself that I was not the first one to die, that she would understand that life is that way, but first of all, with an egotism that was typical of me, I had another project. Now that I could accelerate, I wanted to know which speed I could reach, and it seemed easier upwards than toward all these glows below, And I wanted to see the earth from space so much. I said to myself that I had no more need to eat or sleep, I felt no cold, no heat, and with the acceleration I thought I could travel in the galaxy without any time or distance limitation. I made my decision, like the Silver Surfer, I go, I deeply think to myself, "Farewell Mum, farewell Mankind that so much disappointed me, and farewell to myself who has not been courageous enough to resist these chronic disparities between humans in pain and suffering.". I was ashamed about it then, but with some disgust, I turned upwards, I bent forward and the acceleration started. But this time I tried to control it, and I managed to accelerate more progressively. That was incredible, I ceaselessly said to myself, "I'm dreaming", "I'm dreaming", "I'm dreaming". I already fancied traveling through cosmos, then, an infinitely powerful and firm power grabbed me from below, it did not hurt me though, it pulled me downwards, I just stand "face to face" with a very vague face, in mid air, I just saw the face. Whereas I felt so sad and relinquished, with incredible kindness and humor, that made me feel indescribable hilarity and joy, he said to me,

- Hi! What are you lugging behind?

He referred to a small outgrowth I had behind my head, at the place where would have been a bag that one would bear on one's shoulders. As I did not feel this outgrowth before, turning around, I felt that I got connected, it was some kind of backups of my memories over my whole life, like icons, you just had to look at one to view the memory under the form of a small movie, however, by touching it I could also enter it, and I felt the emotion of the memory. Hiding my surprise, I don't know why, I said to myself, "Gee!".

- I told him, "Some memories"

- "You don't need it anymore!"

- "But these memories are just what I want to keep!"

- "Why?"

- "To remind me where I come from. I want to explore the universe! Hey!"

Then he looked at my whole bag, all memories I had brought with me, or we rather looked both at it, I felt somewhat ashamed, but he steadily reassured me, I felt that he did not really give any importance to what he saw, he just looked at what was there, he did not judge anything. I still do not understand why I should not bring anything with me, otherwise I guess I would not relate it anymore now. However, the more I spoke with this face, the more my memories seemed childish and of no actual interest to me. I had no idea of the size.

- "How can one travel to other worlds?"
- "You just need to really want it, that's very easy."
- "Are there other inhabited planets?"
- "Yes, many."

I felt in him a knowledge that exceeded by far what I could grasp, I also felt that he was ready to deliver at once everything to me, as if I had some kind of incredible clarity in my thoughts, at that moment I had the feeling I "UNDERSTOOD", I did not know what, though. But I just had to ask, because without the right questions there was no answer, just some kind of feeling that I had the answers available (myself), only incomplete answers though. However I have nothing tangible left today, just some vague feelings, that he pointed out to me some stars in a galaxy and also space images. But he did not want to tell me how one could go there... well, not explicitly, in addition I was blissfully surprised. Just when I was about to tell him that I was about to leave and a long trip that awaited me, and I was very happy I had met with him. Out of respect for his kindness, I didn't dare asking him who he was, But I felt he had sensed what I was about to say before I uttered it. Then, all of a sudden a cat iris shaped light, white and glowing with quite thin edges like red orange fused magma, opened in mid sky and I was violently projected inside it.

After some time, when I had the feeling that I had lost the course of the events, like a black out; I raised "my head" and I was instantly made bow low, down to the ground, as if I were strongly maintained in this bow low position, I was unable to straighten up despite several attempts (I have always been quite a rebel). It was similar to a very powerful gravity force or a huge intangible weight that would crush me onto the ground. Then, suddenly this pressure instantly stopped. I felt totally confused; I was coming back from lunch, just living my everyday life, in addition I felt I was becoming crazy and, honest, I began to freak out. I wanted all this "insanity" to stop, I was about to cry but couldn't. This time I discreetly gave a look, everything around had a very bright glow, it was pleasantly warm, there was some sort of big white cubes of different sizes, I could make out their ridges, but I couldn't see much as I was at ground level and in a crisis state. I felt that I could go totally confused any moment. And I saw, just in front of me a very tall BEING, wholly made of light, with a dazzling whiteness, and all over much longer light rays that radiated from him, the sweetness of that place was intense, all of a sudden I've been overwhelmed by a feeling I can only describe as the strongest, purest love, a feeling similar to what we feel on Earth when we are much in love, that kind of vibration that makes us vibrate with all our being, when at last you meet or you know you are going to meet with your "soulmate", I wish that everybody would feel that love at least once in their life.

Anyway, this feeling-emotion was multiplied by 100, it was an indescribable emotional orgasm, I really thought then that I was dying, but of pleasure. It was quite unbearable, it totally overwhelmed me, I felt, though, it was only a tiny part of what he was able, and that he was

very cautious, but for me it exceeded all I could conceive. I understood that it was what “he” felt that I felt, not an emotion of mine, and this love so intense was the love he had for all mankind, not for me. That a so powerful being could love us to such an extent, us, so primitive beings, that astounded me, let alone an atheist like me who believed what he saw, and thought that religions were just ancestral remnant of Man’s quest for explaining his incomprehensible existence.

He made explanations to me without words, but with a voice. That was very odd and his voice had immense sweetness, but strangely, an incommensurable power emanated from it, I sensed in him a limitless power but first of all his will, I felt it was very powerful in me, the weight of each word he said sounded like implacable, he radiated an incredible power.

He said that it was totally minor, that our intentions most import to them. This is the question they systematically ask: What was your intention?

Believe my words, whatever your religion, they see everything. But more important, they are much more forgiving about our worldly flesh state than Companies and Denominations which are here on Earth though. One thing I deeply felt too is that he doesn’t like suicide at all, unless you have very serious reasons for that. Their sense of empathy has no limit.

All of a sudden, I was not this luminescent vapor anymore, but myself, in my body, 20 years younger though. With me was a man wearing a white tunic, about 5’ 7” tall, black eyed, a metis, I sensed he was uneasy. He went ahead, I followed him, I knew where he was going, I knew the place well. I wondered why he had such a humble look, and why he seemed so awkward. Again I felt he had sensed my thoughts, without turning back and myself still following him, I suddenly saw that he had tiny radiant white light flashes on the back of his neck, on his shoulders, it was splendid.

I had the feeling to be in a Hollywood movie, and we were in a place where, when I was younger, I had been scared one night while was going home and walking through a park. He said:

- “What are we here for?”

He asked that to me, whereas I did nothing, but I understood that he indeed meant: why this scene was so present in me. I didn’t even know myself.

There in darkness, there was something, I was scared and I felt the same fear as I did then, I rather felt I had been scared though, because now and for long I am not scared by darkness anymore. But this friend went and had a look in darkness, he came back, dashing, lifting his feet high in tall grass, which was not easy with a tunic, I refrained laughing with difficulty.

-“There’s nothing there!” he said with a disappointed look on his face,

Right then, I felt so stupid, not daring to tell him I knew it, but he was so kind. He took me onboard for a complete tour of my life, at such a speed that I hardly had enough time to see and feel the most striking moments. It was incredible, as if he was connected in a network with me. Still at a surprising speed, nothing to do with a dream in which image speed is so slow compared to it, it’s like upgrading from 20 Mhz to 20 Ghz (for PC experts), I could not keep up with movement speed, after I was tossed in all directions, everything stopped at once.

Then again, this feeling to show up somewhere else, I raised my head, I felt much more relaxed than when I had arrived, I made out that I was in the center, on some kind of flat oval surface with white rounded edges, everything was white. I sensed that there was many things around, very joyful, laughing and kindly mocking presences, I felt that my heart wanted to touch them, it was as if a small voice told me that I knew all this, but I was not allowed to see them.

Again, I am facing this glowing Being whom I today call My Lord, as He is My Lord. At that moment I felt that he separated from me, as if he was talking to someone else, but he stood still in front of me, He was like a sun with a steady and even colored radiance, I could hardly make out a very vague "humanoid" form. But as soon as I tried to see more, to discern his forms behind this radiation, he appeared so full of love to me, that I had to give up because this love dazzled me so much, not my eyes, but my spirit, such a knowledge, such a speed in his thoughts, I was outdistanced, it was as if you needed to have a love equal to his in order to stand it and see further, I was far from that level, it was as if I was forced to surrender and give up my desire to understand, because all his Being made me so helpless and immersed me in a wonderment state. I had no other choice than looking at him and not seeking further. Everything was so white, we stayed facing each other for 2 or 3 minutes, I did not sense anything from him. It seemed a long time to me because I did not know what he expected from me, or may be he was sparing me at that time. I felt cold pervade me, as if I did not bathe in his blissful light anymore, an awful loneliness feeling too, and I understood then that I was going back to my "normal" state, and the further back I could remember of, I had always been cold and I had always been lonely without knowing it.

But, as he did not "hold" me anymore, I progressively recovered my mind, I recalled everything, the accident, the trips, my first encounter with him, how he grabbed me when I wanted to go and see space; and as it seemed that his conversation was still going on, I was then "well awake" ... well, despite all these images that still swirled in my mind. I felt lonely, I tried to say something, but I did not know how to speak, anyway I had the feeling that no sounds were uttered. Then I remembered the acceleration, indeed, you just have to wish it. So thanks to an intense effort to express a sound, the only thing I thought of saying was:

"Who are you? How do you do that?"

Suddenly, without any movement, I felt his warmth again, the well being he gave me was huge, I was already an addict at it. I felt well again, I did not want him to let me go again, but I felt then quite a strong annoyance in him, I was unable to read in him though, I'll never know why, however I had the feeling that it was not because of the questions I had asked, but something else. Anyway, the way I spoke in this world of sweetness must have sounded like a booming scream, because I made really a big effort to utter these few words. But now I have understood that their communication mode is different, I cant grasp how they did though.

Saying nothing, with a gesture of what would be his glowing hand, I was again in an acceleration tunnel, and 1 second afterward I entered my body with the same violence as when I had left it. I immediately regained consciousness, I was laying down in the middle of the road, unable to move. The car was on the pavement, it had rammed a post. The most puzzling thing is that the driver is supposed to have immediately gotten out of his car to see whether I was still alive, but when I opened my eyes, he was not out of his car then. Indeed, this adventure, this dream, I still don't know, lasted less than 5 seconds, that's the time the driver needed to get out of his car.

Three months of recovery later, my inner life has drastically changed and so did my faith in mankind. But since then I still feel a bit cold and often feel somewhat lonely even in a group, because I never told this story to anybody.

I had never heard about these experiences, or maybe once in the “Cosby Show”, an episode in which Bill Cosby, sitting on his couch, said he was in a tunnel, and the little girl answered not to go to the light (laughter). It had seemed nonsensical to me. I thought I was the only one who had what I considered as a delirium or a hyper ultra realistic dream or a very privileged experience. I believe this is the reason why I kept all that to myself. When I started searching on the internet, I burst into tears as I understood there are lots of similar accounts, however, I believe you need a strong psychological stamina to live with it in our society.

But no psychic or medium powers, just some shadows, I got an appointment at the ophthalmologist. Maybe a message of hope about the need for intense prayer when we need help. When I think again to My Lord I feel like a sweet warmth pervades my body from inside, something I never felt before.

Love each other, sure, even if it is impossible, for me too, that we could love each other the way They love us.

Mickey J's NDE

I was wakeboarding and I crossed the wake. I spun my board around to switch directions and I pushed the nose of the board down and face planted into the water. Instead of letting go of the rope automatically, I let go too late and the handle caught my forearm. The boat dragged me about two feet through the water with my board pulling the other way.

What I thought was a vision passed through me. I saw myself under water being dragged by the rope and my arm being pulled. It was only a brief episode and the rope finally came off my arm. It was like I was next to my body sitting in the water watching myself be dragged. Then I came up from the water. For a moment I didn't know what had happened until I realized my arm was in great pain. I pulled myself together and realized where I was. I started screaming and my Dad came and dove into the water and pulled me onto the boat. I felt sick and weak. I felt like I was going to pass out.

Mike W's NDE

As a teenager I had a serious accident that nearly killed me - this is my personal account of a near death experience and how it radically impacted my life.

The pushbike rapidly gathered momentum as I pedaled hard down the steep hill. I could feel the December sun warm on my back and hear the wind whistling through my hair - it was good to be alive. My enthusiasm for risk and speed gave me an adrenalin kick - but was about to be my fatal tango with death.

My pushbike was a fixed wheel racer, just one gear with no free spin, and the pedals just kept coming around as the bike moved forward. As I leaned further into the corner to navigate the left hand turn at the bottom of the hill I could feel the wheels start to slide out on the loose gravel and then the pedals came around to lift the back wheel clean off the road! I had totally lost control of the bike!!

The bike leapt from the road, crashing out of control, and buckled into a mangled heap of twisted metal. At the same time, I as a helpless passenger was launched from the seat and hurtled through the air, smashing face first into the concrete curb. I was knocked out cold and lay on the road in a pool of blood totally unconscious. The lady in the nearby house seeing the accident happen ran screaming from her verandah to try and help. She lifted my limp hand but could not feel any pulse. The ambulance was called and I was rushed off to the hospital.

I lay in a coma in the hospital bed for the next 5 days!

I don't remember hitting the curb. Instead I was standing in a place out of this world on the side of a gently sloping hill. After a trip through space at incredible speed, I found myself in this amazing place? Was this heaven? The grass lay flat on the undulating hill as if it had been wind swept over many years. I realized that I was not alone. Beside me stood someone dressed in brilliant white. The sky was totally dark behind me and to either side - but there was a light in front - over the top of the hill - a brilliant white light like the rising of the early morning sun that made me feel like I was glowing inside. The person beside me, perhaps an angel, took me by the hand and we slowly walked up the hill together. And as we did the light shining beyond the top of the hill became brighter and brighter.

The next moment I was looking over various scenes of my life - past, present and future. I saw my life replayed before me like I was watching a three dimensional movie - a live drama. Each scene I saw in detail exactly how it happened as I seemed to flick right through my life story right up to my present age of fifteen. Each scene was real with plenty of time to reflect, yet it all seemed to take no time at all. I felt very exposed watching all this, yet the one in white standing next to me did not appear to judge me - rather I seemed to judge myself.

Then I had a glimpse into the future. I saw myself standing on a stage in front of many people. Beyond the spotlight that shone out of the darkness I could make out a sea of faces eagerly looking up towards the stage. The host motioned for me to step towards the microphone and as I moved forward I began to speak the gospel message of Jesus Christ. Jesus loves you with an everlasting love. He loves you so much that he died in your place to free you from sin so you can experience new life in him. And then there were hands, many hands, being raised in response to the Gospel - to accept Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior.

As these scenes flashed before me I realized that we had reached the top of the hill, poised on the edge of a chasm. Standing on the edge and looking out over the panoramic scene before me I could see a magnificent city in the distance. It was sparkling in the sun as though it was made of diamonds like something you would read about in a fairytale story. I was being asked by the person in white if I wanted to enter into heaven - the holy city. If I saw it I could never return to the earth or my family. Or did I want to go back into my physical body on earth.

I would love to stay here in this wonderful place. I knew that I was made for this. But now I could see glimpses of my family crying and praying for me. My heart was divided. I so wanted to stay here and enter into heaven, but I also sensed that God had an awesome plan for me to be a part of. Maybe I should return to earth.

Yes. I will go back. I had made the decision. I know I was shown more than this, yet the words kept ringing in my ears "you will not remember the things you have seen, you will not remember the things you have seen...." It was like coming out of a fog, a deep sleep, and all the time I was trying to hold onto the many scenes as I could, but felt them slipping, slipping, slipping....

Mum was sitting behind the motionless body on the hospital bed. Suddenly the room was filled with the presence of the glory of God....still in the coma I had began humming the tune of a hymn. A day later there was a peace in the hospital room as I came out of the coma and opened my eyes. After about a week they let me look in the mirror. I didn't recognize myself - I stared back at the monster in the mirror with bloodshot eyes, two teeth snapped in half, and a layer of crusty flesh peeling off my face and all over my body from sliding in the gravel. What a sight! What an encounter! An experience I thought no-one would believe, but God had impacted my life - for eternity.

Fourteen years later I was in Madras in India on a missionary trip. As I stood on the back of an oxen cart in one of the small villages and stepped up to the microphone to share the gospel message, I suddenly realized I had been here before. The light shone out of the darkness, the pastor gave an invitation to the audience and thirty to forty Indians raised their hands in response and asked Jesus into their hearts.

God is outside time. He created time and space, the world and the universe, and has a plan for each one of us. Are you ready for the journey? The choice is yours!!

Cheryl D's NDE

I was very depressed over many issues and felt very alone .I had been given sleeping pills from a doctor and planned throughout that day that I would take them all ,there were 29 in the packet . I went to bed that night at 10.00pm .I lived with my parents at that time .it was the following morning my mother came to wake me around 7.30am . she couldn't and called my father .I was totally unconscious my mum told me my body had gone into a fitting state before I stopped breathing. however I remember watching myself above my body looking down I saw my father come into the room and he was performing CPR the next thing I remember is waking up in the ambulance hooked up to heart monitors and oxygen , I had never believed in out of body experiences until that moment but now I do feel yes there is something out there ,I'm not sure what or why ,thankfully I didn't make it ,I hurt the people I love the most, my family don't talk about that day , I'm not sure if they believe what I saw but I know my father brought me back .

NDERF does not endorse encourage or advocate for suicide in any way, shape or form.

Dick B's Fear NDE

I entered a turn on my motorcycle too fast. I have no memory of this part. it is always a bone chill of fear when you come close and something you can always recall in detail. Instead, this time, I was viewing me riding my cycle, even noting the dust from my rear wheel, as I was riding off the shoulder of the road parallel trying to dissipate speed. I seemed to be viewing from 20 ft altitude and 75 ft away from the bike. In the next instant, all of me was on the bike trying to regain control. the bike slid from the shoulder into a ditch to a sudden stop from 50 mph [police estimate]. I sustained 3 broken badly ribs which gave no end to pain and misery ,still. I used to think it was just physics and the lay of the land that dictated outcome in a accident. it was that sudden stop with no sliding, just like flying a plane into the side of a mountain, that almost killed me.....5 YEARS AGO I CRASHED A ULTRA LIGHT AIRPLANE. I WAS APPROACHING THE RUNWAY AT 250 FT ABOVE THE GROUND WHEN A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND GOT UNDER MY WING AND FORCED ME INTO GRAVEYARD SPIRAL SPIN. I WAS UNABLE TO QUICKLY REGAIN CONTROL AND SOON BECAME DISORIENTED FROM THE SPIN ITSELF. THE WING OF THE PLANE WAS PERPENDICULAR TO THE EARTH AND I WAS CORKSCREWING DOWN. MORE DISCONCERTING ,WAS THE STROBE EFFECT OF FULL EXPOSURE TO THE SUN FOLLOWED BY THE FULL SHADE OF MY WING IN ROTATION. IT TOOK NO MORE THAN 30 SECONDS TO IMPACT FROM TIME OF LOSS OR CONTROL .MY EYES COULD NOT POSSIBLY ADJUST TO THIS LIGHT CHANGE. IT SEEMED LONGER, OF COURSE. I KNEW I WAS GOING TO DIE AND THAT WAS THAT." THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE TO DO BUT WAIT AND HOPE IT WILL BE QUICK ."I MULLED THIS OVER AND OVER. SUDDENLY, CRASH-BOOM FOLLOWED BY SEVERAL MORE CRASH BOOMS...I OPENED MY EYES IN A BROWN CLOUD ALIVE, MAYBE? I CRAWLED OUT CUTTING MY LEFT THUMB, SLIGHTLY. THAT WAS MY WORST INJURY. THE PLANE WAS TOTALLY DESTROYED AND DID NOT RESEMBLE A PLANE AT ALL. THE WING TIP HIT FIRST THE PLANE CART WHEELED TO A STOP. I HAVE PICTURES I TOOK IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CRASH. EVEN HAVE SOME OF THE EMERGENCY VEHICLES APPROACHING.....WHY OUT OF BODY THIS TIME IN A COMPRESSED TIME FRAME AND NOT IN A CLASSIC SCENARIO LIKE 5 YEARS AGO?

Jessica B's NDE

I was installing an art show at a well known non-profit gallery where I worked as lead preparator at the time and the artists show opening was that day and they asked for my help to remove paint from the floor of the gallery that they spilled the previous night while frantically trying to finish the art installation. so while scrubbing in a pool of water on my hands and knees one of the artists placed a few clamp lights on the floor in an attempt to dry the floor because they were worried about the opening that night, I noticed the lights and said to the artist we had a floor dryer and mentioned that it was dangerous to place lights in a pool of water where someone was working (me).

I grabbed one of the lights while still on my hands and knees in an attempt to turn it off and the next thing I know a lightning bolt of electricity is running from the clamp light through my arms, chest and head and then all of the sudden I am surrounded by this white glowing beautiful light, it is a peaceful amazingly comforting feeling, I feel so safe and whole, part of the universe, it as if I am somehow part of a fog or mist of the universe, I am not scared and actually feel the most peace I have ever felt. ...and then suddenly, I am jerked back to my body, I am holding the light and the three people in the room are standing over me. my whole body quivers and aches, I feel extremely hungry and sick all at the same time, I remember being in shock and standing up, walking out the building to the cafe down the street (I was a regular there) an relaying my experience as I slammed a sandwich like I hadn't eaten in a week, The guy who worked there said I looked very pale and I suddenly realized what really happened so I staggered back to the gallery where I almost passed out twice. Everyone was there waiting for me, I guess I had made quite the scene one all fours holding a light with my eyes rolled back in my head being electrocuted, one of the artists thankfully noticed me after who knows how long, to me it seems like a year, well she unplugged the lamp cord and that is when I came out of it. So my initial shock was followed by nausea, vomiting and general sickness for 4 days. The gallery was a non-profit and had no workers comp for me so the gallery director called the hospital instead of bringing me in and they said that nothing can be done to alleviate severe electric shock aftereffects so I was sent home to recover and my astounding recovery includes healing of old health conditions and clearer vision. Mental clarity and awareness of my personal powers and strengths, I truly felt great and felt I had a calling in life.

Anyhow, I had suffered from complicated migraines and petite mal epilepsy since an early teen prior to the incident, well I haven't had a full blown seizure since then. (I still suffer occasional light flashes and headaches). I also pursued my career as an artist in earnest (with no money or support) I also discovered a newfound fascination with light, electricity and shadow. I guess it was the electric shock that really drew me to my true calling making beautiful lights. It was really an awful feeling after I awoke from that experience to realize just how scary that was and that I was not ready to die, not at all ready to die.....

Jim Co's NDE

I can't remember everything in detail since it was so long ago. I was around 10 years old or so. My family was at a State Park and I was swimming in the lake. At that time I didn't know how to swim--so you can say I was just "playing". Since I tended to be somewhat mischievous I kept going out into deeper water. I intended to stop once it was up to my chin area. What I didn't realize was that there was an immediate 5 foot drop-off just after the area enclosed by a line with buoys on it.

I went immediately under and was fighting to get to the top. After thrashing around for a short period I distinctly remember a tremendous jerk within my mind----almost like something automatically was occurring that was a natural part of the dying process. And then suddenly I was outside of my body floating in this semi-conscious state. I was completely content and was not struggling anymore---in fact, I was unbelievable happy and felt like I was enveloped by a loving presence.

The next thing I remember was my father dragging me out of the deep end into the shallow area. Quite honestly I was disappointed because I did not want to leave this state--I was so happy there. My father got me to shore and I recovered. He came into the lake with his clothes on and then when he was out of the water he started taking his money out of his wallet and drying it on the sand. I remember him saying "you were just about a goner."

Pascal C's NDE

Here is one of my accounts... This one is subsequent to a suicide attempt ...

...I am staggering, however, I manage to progress in this January storm, snow pushed by icy squalls scourge my face, I cannot make it anymore, my strength is leaving me, I feel like I'm going to black out. I collapse! I can spot landmarks, though, showing that there is only a hundred meters to cover to reach the house. Countless thoughts momentarily flash by my mind, am I going to die frozen in a snow bank, get naively and stupidly hit by the snow plough, just saying nothing, "You're worth more than this, man! You're going to rise and walk the ...meters left. No way you are staying and wearing out in this ... storm!" did I shout with all my might. Don't ask me how I found the energy to get to that door, but never such a short distance did seem so long to me, in calculable time. Over a dozen times, I see myself falling and rising up again. My blurred sight made me see mirages, oasis like in the novels I read as a youngster, relating fantastic tales which occurred in the most arid and deep deserts. Somehow, I eventually reached the portal of this mountain house, no one ever had such difficulty opening a door, I felt it should weight at least one ton. Eventually it opened, I fell like lead, feeling the heat of this unpretentious house enveloping me, as if knowing that I needed its help.

I certainly remained half an hour on the floor, maybe more, knocked down by Mother Nature, slowly recovering after my stormy journey. This was but the start of this long night, which would mark my life for ever.

I approximately recover my sense, at least, my body does not freeze to death anymore. But I suddenly remember what led me to go out that night of January 1989. I could not take it anymore, the pain of not knowing who I was, what I really wanted in life, having to leave everything and find myself alone in this universe, having to rebuild a reality, not living from human understanding and loosing all my family, my friends, that was too much.

I open the loop so as to mention the background for you...

A few hours earlier, I had swallowed a hundred aspirins, about twenty Empracet and other small pills stocked in the family home medicine chest. Then I decided to confront myself to God in the village church, never mind the temperature, he was going and had to answer me. I was coming back from that village when I started to lose my strength on my way back.

I had cursed God for all my misfortunes.

Why had I to go through this agony? Why had he abandoned me, leaving me in the deepest spiritual darkness and loneliness? Why did all my existential questions remained unanswered, even by eldest, supposedly wise, in my congregation?

But a soothing internal voice told me then to turn back, I was to get all the answers in due time. So did I, empty-handed and speechless, tears were running down my face wounded by my anger, my suffering. I turned back from the church and headed for my parents house. Its on that path that this account gathers us.

...I reenter the loop!

My mind remembers all that the cold had managed to erase from my memory. I had struggled not to die frozen by a simple winter night, to better die in warmth. I don't try anymore to understand the often blatant contradictions of the human mind, I could loose my life in endless questioning, sic! I quietly get up, stagger to the bathroom, having to climb a dozen steps which, at that moment, looked like edges to be overcome in an obstacle race, but with no training. Around me, everything is distorted, my face in the bathroom mirror looks like pictures of the movie "The Ring". I decide to have a shower, for the last time I want to feel water pearl on my body, soothing me. I believe that my choice to end here cannot be questioned anymore, death is welcome, I cannot go backward anymore, and I accept that.

My mind becomes more and more confused, I even lose my balance. My body slowly falls, as if everything were idling, then the shock on the floor, brutal and painful, this shock unexpectedly brings me back to present reality, I am dying!

Tough reality, but I find the strength to get up and head for my room, my personal shelter, my cave, my secret garden. I have to apologize to you, very dear readers, as from the shower to the bed I have no recollection but for the bedside table, on which the letter pinned by means of a scalpel, and addressed to my parents isn't there anymore! So they are aware and did nothing, so, nothing holds me back to this world anymore.

I see myself bedridden, suffering in agony, the cocktail I swallowed takes full effect now. Intensified torments, jolts, convulsions, tears, vomit and suddenly, unexpectedly, calm, fullness. I don't feel anything, a total but soothing void, everything is black there.

But where am I? Is this the death corridor welcoming me that way, just so peacefully. I never felt so well, is this the nirvana looked for by so many yogi masters, soul pacification, liberation, encounter with another reality? I can't tell, let alone analyze it, I can just relate it to you.

So, this one of my epics as a "thanatonaute" (see Bernard Werber "Les Thanatonautes" the death travelers). Real story or imagination of a dying conscience or sub conscience, jolts of a mind which sense its end, I can't tell, nothing is for sure! Just words, words to tell this life episode, this story out of the common.

Being rational, objective, open minded, always keen on learning all facts, I cannot myself grasp the whole scope of it. I just share it, with a main concern: humility.

So, I was saying: a feeling of absolute blessing, encounter with the divine, I am flying through the stars, with a velocity that I did not know, which even best adventure novels could not describe. I am among the stars, I am a star, I sense glowing trickles which all head for one direction, toward a point at the end of the universe. Towards what, and why, I don't want to question that, I just thoughtlessly follow.

What could be worse? Hell? Don't make me laugh...

I'm rocketing through the stars and behold the beauty of this known universe, but maybe not that known. I am following the shooting stars surrounding me, are they all dead souls heading for the unknown, never mind. I don't want to go backward, leave this for a life of questions and loneliness, pooh! It's not worth. I am dashing, when all of a sudden I feel something, someone who holds me back. I hear a voice telling me not to proceed, it pulls me by this light string trailing behind me since I entered this new world. I look back and see that entity, calm, faceless, with womanly ways, who tells me:

"Wait, what are you doing? You can't decide yourself the time when you leave, you have a mission to fulfill, no way they will let you leave that world this way. You have to go back and do what you have to do."

"Never," did I answer, "never shall I go back. And you won't change my mind, who are you to tell me what I have to do? What is this mission or purpose you are talking about?"

"Just follow me." did she say insistently but with a softness to which the most precious silk in this world does not compare.

There, oddly, in the middle of nowhere, I found myself in the center of a starred room. The walls were covered in star light, just stars. The entity guided me to the center of the room and headed for what seemed to be a council. She got to her place, I sensed a peace in her, as she would have just prevented the irredeemable; all of a sudden, I felt surrounded, as if by teleportation, the others showed up. Those I now nickname, when the topic is broached, the council of the seven or the nine (I am not quite sure anymore as sometime in dreams the number appears different to me, I should get hypnotized to get a more accurate knowledge of facts, ha ha ha).

At that moment, I have the feeling to be in a court of justice, but instead of our dull judges, nameless, faceless, genderless, light beings are just there around me. This feeling was only short lasted as a wise and mature voice then told in my hear, "Why do you want to end this way, didn't you offer to fulfill this mission yourself on this planet? Did you forget the purpose of your coming to earth? Did taking shape and living among them made you sink that much into oblivion?"

Oddly, that voice was familiar to me, but not from my living experience. Far in my dreams maybe? In my furthest recollection, I could not find memory of a man talking to me this way. "You must go back to where you come from. Your time has not come." said to me another, somewhat sharper voice.

"Who do you think you are, that you want to decide your fate?" did utter a voice on my left, more hostile than the previous ones.

"Take it easy, don't forget that his mind left our world for a long time and he may be altered by all those centuries spent in the other world." claimed the entity who took me out from my celestial ascension. "But you cannot remain among us, you chose it, you must complete it of your own will." did she say.

"But what mission are you talking about? I don't understand anything to what you are saying, I don't want to go back there. This loneliness is too deep and agonizing! You are going to answer, tell me what this mission is, who you are, who am I?"

A voice outmatching the meeting group instantly settled the matter, no one would have even wanted or thought of whispering or sighing, "You'll understand in due time, no answer would content you. Let time act, be strong, don't doubt and you will know. Answers will be given in due time, it is up to you to capture them. Nothing is given for free to the knowledge keys keeper."

The one who removed me from my sidereal trip, told me in her calm and serene voice, "Come on, many trials await you, don't doubt, don't look for the answers, you will get them when the time has come. Be self confident, listen to your inner voice, your feeling, and you shall know. You don't need anything, just by living you will find your way. Along your path you will find those who, like yourself, don't know but slowly progress on the road. Believe in yourself, listen to your inner voice."

After those words, I don't remember anything, void, nothingness.

Since over 15 years I've been wondering, why me, I've been regressing, doubting. A quantity of different events occurred to me, in due time I will be able to relate them to you in order for you to make your mind. I visited psychiatrists, wise men, psychics and specialists to whom I asked my questions. Am I normal? What does this mean? Why me? It must be my imagination playing tricks on me.

All answered the same way, why are you doubting, why are you looking for an affirmation whereas you do know what you have to do. Presently, after having analyzed all possible ways, I do not allege anything, I have no answer to give, I don't want to be anybody's master, but I just have to share. May be will you be the one who will clarify for me! I have many ideas, many thoughts, but oddly no question, maybe because I wondered too much and I got short of questions. I read the great masters, I opened to the knowledge of this world and I have one certainty in life, I have to share this with you, i.e. the importance to grow aware of the abilities of our self, the importance of the links we build with our neighbors and nature, earth.

The key is to have a sound body in a sound spirit, what are the steps, the avenues, the approaches... I do hope that by humbly sharing this account, you will clarify for me...Unpretentiousness, respect, open mind, impartiality, personal improvement but first of all sharing and deep, sound friendship...

Alone, we are but a sand grain, together we form a beach, a planet.
I shall be delighted to relate further adventures of a death traveler who just remembers.

NDERF does not endorse encourage or advocate for suicide in any way, shape or form.

Lou F's NDE

The Day That Lives Forever!

"A Journey From Faith To Knowing!"

The Life After Death experience of Louis Famoso in the year of Our Lord 1963

It was 1963. I was to be discharged from the Navy in October. After two tours "In Country" it was great getting back to "The World". I had cash in my pockets, friends on the Beach, places to go and women to meet. California, what a place to wait out the time to discharge. I wanted a car to drive across the states on my way back home and being a Ford owner all of my short life, I decided to get the brand new, never before shown model of the up and coming 64 Mustang.

They normally come out in the Sept-Oct. months, but for some unforeseen reason, this year they came out early and were sold as 63&1/2 because it came out in May. I saw it ,I loved it, I bought it! It was a 289HPCI Fastback, competition Yellow 5spd. Wood trim interior, leather seats with galloping mustangs across the bucket seats and a full floor console. What a beauty and Really Fasssst. We [the "Stang" and I] were the hit of N.A.S.LeMoore.

There was a huge "going away party" for a friend of mine, off base, and I was running late. Several of the girls called the base to see what was keeping me and I told them I'd be headed out shortly. I jumped in the "Stang" and bolted out the gates headed to town on a clear, warm California night. The road was a two lane Highway almost "straight arrow" most of the way into town and I started to pour it on to make up time. There was no one on the road, no lights coming or going and I was doing 100+mph,just humming along. Had the Radio blasting, looking in my rear view mirror at the "Cutsie" stuffed Tiger resting in the back window, no cops, no worries and nothing but a good night on my mind. The road was flying by, the white dashes were almost a solid line and the world was mine. I was young, popular, educated and soon to be discharged like my friend tonight. What a great feeling.

I looked at the road ahead and for no reason at all I saw the front end of my car nose down and there were thousands of sparks flying past the fenders, they were beautiful sparkles of light flowing past the windshield with particles of blue, reds, and greens. It was a magnificent sight against the darkening skyline. At first I thought I had blown the engine but all the smoke and flames seemed to be coming up from the sides, where the wheels should have been and the increasing torrent of shimmering streams of rhinestone, crossing both fenders, appeared as a welder frantically sharpening the edge of a fine sword. Through all the smoke and sparks bellowing in front of me, some coming through the windows, I looked further down the road I was now tearing up at a frantic pace, and saw, in the far distance, a set of headlights coming in my direction. Just a pin prick of light mind you, but getting brighter and stronger as I careened toward them and them toward me. I thought to myself, "Wow, are these people gonna really

see something strange when I finally come to a stop. I must look like a Roman Candle right about now to them".

Just then the front-end dug into the asphalt like a sharpened spade through hard, dried and crusted earth in the desert landscape, and in what was less than a second, the "Stang" flipped a head-over-heels, becoming completely airborne, and I felt myself coming out of the seat and hanging in mid-air, as the entire car rotated around me. In what I thought took minutes, I found myself upside down in the interior of the car, with my head where my feet used to be and my right shoulder was pinned against the center console, my head imprinting the chrome stick shift. I thought to myself: WOW, this is gonna hurt when we [the Stang&I] finally touch down, but for now both of us were as weightless as astronauts rocketing through the blackness of deep space: Then we did [land] and it did [hurt]] but now the car went from the head-over-heal flip, to long and furious barrel rolls, end over end, again and again, and with every one I would crash my head and shoulder into the center console and shifter. I could feel the broken glass from all the windows exploding with every landing. So as not to slip into unconsciousness, I managed to count everyone of those flips, thinking the last one I counted would be the Last One I'd have to count, but it took NINE of those babies to finally lose all the momentum necessary to bring us to a screeching halt.

Wow, I thought, what a ride, and am I glad it was finally over. I almost expected a few more bumps and grinds, but after a few seconds I managed to collect my thoughts. I couldn't see anything but blacks and grays and tried to reach my face to focus my glasses but they were no longer on my face. I thought I might have lost them on the first or second somersault I encountered, but what did it matter if it was the first or last, they were gone, and as I reached around to feel for them, I noticed it was not only Extremely cramped where I was stuffed, it was now getting much hotter. The odors and creaking noises caught my attention and I could feel the heat and the smoke was starting to choke me. As would a blind man, I inched my way around in the opposite direction I felt that the heat was coming from, and after crawling over what was left of the front seat, the broken glass, the twisted metal and broken wooden parts strewn beneath my body, I felt what I thought was that cutsie little stuffed Tiger and I figured I had made it to the back window. I'm sure the flames were licking at my feet because the soles of my boots were getting pretty hot, and I knew I should get out of there as fast as Tigger[the girls named the cutsie little Tiger, Tigger] and I could before the flames toward what was the front of my car would reach the now cracked and spilling gas tank. I had no desire to go out in a Blaze of Glory, and I do mean Blaze. The Glory held an enchanting thought but just fleeting. I managed to crawl out of what was left of my back window and fell to the ground.

Knowing I had just filled the Stang at the base, and I only drove for about 10 miles down that Highway, It was pretty evident that I had to gather myself together and make space between the burning car and myself. I could barely see the flickering flames through the now billowing smoke but it was too close for comfort and I could still feel the heat on my face and hands. I no sooner got to my feet when I heard an explosion and the shock blew me for what I figured was another 20-30 feet through the air. I started to get up again while wiping my face so that I could

see where I was in relation to the car and the flames but no matter how hard or how fast I wiped I just couldn't get what I now knew was blood covering my eyes. I decided to reach around for where the blood was gushing from and found a hole in the right side of my head, above the hairline over my ear and decided to plug it up with Tigger since I felt my fingers were too small to stop the bleeding and I could kinda wiggle them in the side of my head. Thank GOD for Tigger, I thought, at least now I wouldn't bleed to death. I managed to clear most of the blood away from my eyes and tried focusing on the burning wreck to get my bearings. I had to make my way out of there, I wasn't sure where, but I figure as long as I'm walking I'm in better shape than the "Stang" was cause she wasn't going anywhere.

Just when I figure I've got things assessed pretty well; The what happened, The where was I, and conscience enough to initiated what damage control available to me to stop most all the bleeding, I hear these Angelic Voices way off in the distance, they're calling out my name and seem to be getting louder and louder." Lou", "Lou baby, come over here", "Come to us"and I'm thinking.... No Thank you, I've gone through enough tonight and I didn't need any more surprises. Besides, I was way too young to die and coming from a rough&tumble background I was born and raised in, I pretty well knew which direction those beautiful voices were calling me to. Hell NO, I won't go! I started thinking of the gang fights and the bar fights and all the fist fights I'd had from Brooklyn on out to Long Island and all those bars across these United States I'd been in and out of, and now I was getting ready to fight my hardest fight with the baddest dude in the Universe and I knew I wasn't ready. I needed a little more time and training for that Devil round.

I guess the funk I was in was worse than I thought because I felt these hands reaching me and pulling me in a direction I didn't think I wanted to go, but after a few of the shock waves had passed, I realized that those that were pulling me were actually holding me up, and, they were five of the girls from the party I was going to. When they noticed I hadn't shown up yet, they decided to come to the base to hurry me up so that I wouldn't miss out on that going away party, although, I almost had a more dynamic going away party just a few minutes ago, and I was sure mine was more memorable than just falling down drunk and stinking of puke. It was their Headlights I saw headed my way just prior to the crash, and they were hysterical watching this car flipping and careening down the road right before their eyes, bursting into flames. But the real Horror was when they found out it was my car. What a bummer, they went from ladies of the Night to Angels of Mercy in just a few eye opening, ear splitting, jaw dropping, breath holding minutes. All I remember them saying was "you better not die on us", and I wanted to do them that little favor so I flipped them a "thumbs up" sign. It was about all the strength I could muster by then.

They had a suped up 4dr Fairlane that they had skidded in a hasty "Huey" and had crossed the Median to reach me and the Stangs location when they saw it finally come to a rest. Now they were trying to whisk me into the backseat of it, and rush me back to the base hospital so I could keep my promise. Three of the girls got into the back seat and the remaining two girls laid me across their laps. Then the two jumped into the front seat and gunned that Ford toward the

base as fast as they dared and believe me, they Dared. As I lay across their laps I heard one of them say through her tears," Look, Lou saved Tigger" and when she reached for the stuffed animal she was horrified to see the blood start gushing from my head again and immediately replaced Tigger to it's lifesaving duties. Another one noticed my hand bleeding from all the glass and tore up her skirt to make a bandage. I was thinking how great these girls were for not worrying about the mess I was making on them and their car. I suddenly found myself, sort of sitting up right, looking out the Back window of the speeding car, amazed at watching the burning and smoking blob that once was my "Stang" as it faded in the distance.

I felt a little cramped with my head presses against the roof of the Fairlane and then I looked down to see the three girls crying and shouting hysterically to the driver to hurry up, when it hit me: WOW. that's me on their laps and there's nobody home! I'm looking at what was left of my poor, crumpled Mustang from out the window, and the other me is just laying there without a care. I tried to tell the girls I was alright and they could stop the crying and slow down a bit. I reached for the driver to get her attention and she turned her head slightly toward me but she seemed to be talking to the girl holding my other head and not to me because she was saying that she was going as fast as this 8 banger would go and I looked at the 110 on the speedometer and thought well hell, I could go through another crash again, that last one was now a piece of cake but I don't know about that other me laying on the girls laps, he looks in pretty bad shape even to me. I felt no pain, no fear and I was with 5 girls speeding down the Highway, Me and Me, What a night so far!

It's a good thing the girls had a base sticker on their car because the Guard at the Gate barely had time to wave them through , they were way ahead of him and through the Gate in a flash, shouting to him that they were going to the Hospital. I kinda chuckled and waved to him out the back window as we flew bye but he never waved back. When we pulled up to the Hospital, both girls in the front ran out like it was a relay race and they hit the doors running. I started to get out and headed for the swinging doors when they were back already with two corpsman and a gurney. I stepped aside to watch them load that other me on it and as they whisked him away, I watched the other three girls compose themselves, and all five headed toward the Emergency Room. I decided to follow since no one seemed to notice me and I wanted to see what all the commotion was about. There were nurses and corpsmen and a Doctor all fussing about and a couple of the girls were at the front desk giving information about me to the desk clerk while the rest of them were pressing their noses against the Operating Room windows. I walked down the corridor and looked at some of the people sitting on the benches and chairs, apparently waiting their turn to be attended to, but there was the other me at the Head of the Line, so I excused myself and headed there also.

I walked straight through the doors and walked around the doctor and nurses that were tearing off my clothes and swabbing me down. The doctor noticed the large hole in the side of my head and was cleaning it up when the corpsman that was standing toward my side asked if he could stitch up the gash on my hand. The doctor said it would be OK since He [the doctor] didn't think I would make it anyway. He said something about having to put a "Plate" in my head but that I

had lost a tremendous amount of blood and didn't know if I would survive much longer. The Nurse asked if she should have the base Chaplin standby, so the Doctor lifted my dog tags. When he read "Agnostic" and Blood type "O neg." He said " I don't think this Kid would care but you can call him if you want"! I thought that was a bit insensitive, and I wasn't happy about a corpsman practicing on my hand either, and thought to myself, I should lodge a complaint, but just as those thoughts flickered past, I started to float up toward the ceiling. It finally hit me that I could see myself on the table being operated on desperately and I could now see the me that was mostly translucent floating above it all. I looked around as I floated higher and higher and noticed the dirt and dust on the florescent lights in the OR and thought, Somebody's gonna hear about this too, when I heard the doc say "Tag`N`Bag Him, we're not going to need that plate nurse. Corpsman, are you done on that hand?". "Yes Sir, he replied and the Doctor said : "Fine, sheet him for now son." I knew what was going on just then to the me I knew, but I wasn't ready for what was about to happen to the Me I now was.

I was about to attempt to reach the girls that were now crying and hugging each other but instead of going forward, I was being pulled backward and upward. I had no sense of fear, none of loss, actually all I felt was wonderment and curiosity and an anticipation of what was to come.

I entered what I thought looked like the Holland tunnel, without the cars and traffic, and the ability to see what looked like light at it's end. It was dark but not black, the path was slightly illuminated from what I thought to be the Sunlight shining from the other end. As I was being drawn toward the lighted end of the Tunnel, I carefully looked around, even squinting to see into the darker recesses. I passed what I thought to be very religious men doing what they would do when praying to their GODS. They were all dressed in their finest garbs, robes, togas, head dresses, loin cloths and the like. Most of them were off to the sides of the tunnel, but one of them, that I seemed to float right over, looked oriental with a long grayish Fu Man Chu, sitting there in the middle of the tunnel, with his hands clasped and his feet crossed. Since I had just completed two tours "In Country" I figured he must represent the last of the religions I sought to make my own. I was raised Catholic but withdrew from that faith at an early age and delved into many others from the Mian to Koran to Hopi as well as all North and South American Native beliefs. It looked like they were all represented here. When I floated past the monk just below me, I thought he could actually see me because it appeared like he began to smile a smile of passage. All the other Religious men were mumbling sounds of prayer and were moving their arms about as if making gestures of a Blessing. I wasn't sure if they were Blessing me or the Tunnel. I noticed none of them were actually standing or sitting in the Tunnel but appeared to be levitated. I wanted to stop and speak with some of them, maybe ask a few questions like who they were and how long have they been here, but I was being whisked away toward the Light. I saw wisps of smoke I believed to be incense, it came from all portions of the Great Tunnel from one end to the other. I could see and smell but I had yet had the sensation of touch since my feet were never touching the tunnels floor and I seemed to be traveling squarely in the center as I drifted toward the end. The closer I got to the end of the Tunnel, the brighter things got, and as I neared the end, it was like coming face to face with a huge canvas that was just recently blazed in the brightest white of whites. An empty canvas, ready to be painted upon and I awaited that painting. Then in an instant, my entire life, starting from birth through the present was flashing before my eyes like a strobe light at half speed. Frame after frame, some parts in freeze frame, if

only for a second, then on to the next. I felt as if I was being subjected to a test to see if this was in fact the me that was supposed to be here and then it ended as fast as it had begun. The last scene was that of a rolling mass of metal finally bursting into flames, and I was looking at the canvas again.

While staring into the vast whiteness I glanced down to look at my body and use it for a reference, only to find the translucent outline I once had was no longer there. I thought, How could this be? Am I now part of this empty white canvas, but if I were, then where are my thoughts coming from to be asking these questions. Instantly I recognized a brilliant glowing ball of gold headed my way. It grew larger as it grew nearer and when it reached about the size of a beach ball, just above and in front of me it radiated brilliantly and transformed into an indescribable Being of pure LIGHT, now levitated right in front of me. It was larger than the tallest person I had ever seen, wider than two of me but so evenly proportioned as to be of Magnificent Stature. Its features were outlined as if made with a fine ink quill. Hair, face, robe all Golden and flowing as would an electric charge perhaps even a nuclear charge. This was energy personified and as its form took on a more solid shape, all that was behind it did as well. It was as if the Entire canvas of white I had come to at the end of the Tunnel was now alive and I was part of it. Other figures appeared in front and behind the Being and myself. Soon there was activity all about, above and below, on every side, more beings, each of different brightness, sizes, and hues. Structures and landscapes sprung from everywhere all in a crystalline state, all inhabited by these lesser light beings, some winged, most not, Some fully formed, others not, yet even others that appeared only as glowing Orbs of light and color, bouncing as would bubbles in a glass of carbonated water.

I could stand it no longer, every emotion I had ever known was welling up in me 10 fold. Just when I thought to speak, to question, the Being spoke to me. Its voice was as a chorus of voices, not male not female, not loud not soft, not deep but perfect and all encompassing. As I looked at the two gigantic, magnificent beings dressed in Brilliant capes just off to Its side, IT said, "that is Michael and Gabriel. Michael has chosen you as his and Gabriel shall teach you the ways." I looked past them to another Large Being, so beautiful but darker in contrast, as was the sprawling robe it wore. This being had eyes that pleased but pierced with its gaze, and the Light Being said "that is He who has been cast out. You who I have given choice may go with any of these of your choosing." I thought as I had a choice, and Michael had already chosen me then I would chose Him. He appeared so strong and mighty, as did the others, but in his eyes seemed a fire that was drawing and captivating to me. Gabriel's eyes were softer and gave more in an understanding manner and I thought "Oh how absolutely Beautiful are these Beings". I then looked to The Being before me and Its eyes were full of Love and warmth, authorities and compelling. He seemed to have approved of my choice, Then said to me "You will be my soldier and you will go with Michael for a while. Gabriel will come to you at times. I will send others to you and your fruit shall not fall far from the tree in the time of the Gathering."

Just then I saw 5 Orbs of Light. They seemed to be playing, swirling round and about the Being and myself. They had appeared from the outlying landscape and I noticed they were all the

same size and shape but of different hues as subtle as shades of rose petals, save one which had a bluish hue. Two of the pinkish ones seemed exactly alike, the other two were yet deeper in shades of red and orange, and before I could ask, IT spoke and said "They, like all here are of you, who are of me, but these will come to you and you will care for them more. They will fly apart but come together at the time of the Gathering." I thought The Being might be telling me these were my children but I was only 21 and not only had never been married but had no plans to. I didn't understand how all this was of me and me of HE when a magnificent crystal serving platter appeared and it shimmered the colors of many rainbows. In an instant it shattered into thousands of pieces, each piece brilliant in its own right. Ever so slowly now all the pieces began to rejoin themselves to once again form the original serving platter once again and I now knew what this Being of Light was showing me, we pieces are the platter. I was just one of those thousands of pieces, as were all those I was seeing here and those back in the "World". Now my mind was still trying to ponder The Gathering. As I thought what could this mean, The Being answered, "Here you will see the signs that bring forth the Gathering", and with that I saw frames appear like screens on a TV set. When I looked into the screens, the visions would gather up, pop off in an image, and enter my mind. I felt as if I was being pushed back with it's impact. They were only glimpses but they were so realistic, as if happening right there in front of me in the now. I could not turn away and then it seemed that I had become a part of each of these visions. There were scenes of men in uniform killing other men in uniforms, I recognized some of the insignias and some were from the USA. There were also thousands of them not in uniforms killing even more thousands not in uniform. It was like looking at toy figures moving on their own, mowing down other figures, different countries, different Nations, different Religions, different weapons, different Decades, but always resulting in hundreds of thousands dead and dying. I wanted out of there, I could feel the pain these people were suffering. I asked the Being why was this, and how long was this to go on, and The Being said "Man will prey on man, Until Man will pray for man".

The next vision was of floods, many of them spilling across the Earth on different continents in different seasons and I am again walking among it, feeling the force and taking in the smell of Death. Hundreds of Lives and acres upon acres of crops were lost as well as hundreds of stock and wild animals floating away into the abyss. Then I was watching Volcanoes from around the world erupting, first one then another. The molten Lava burying whole towns and villages and the people and animals within them. I gazed among the ruins and saw little left of what once stood there. The last vision I saw in the screen were of Earthquakes destroying sections of almost every continent. One was a massive one in America, most others were in Europe and the Orient. Again thousands are killed, structures are crumpled, the landscape leveled and I turned again to the Being and He said "There will not only be more of what you have seen but there will come a time when it will all happen at the same time and it will come the same time of mans greatest sins". I didn't have time to ask, when HE said "They will turn from ME and claim themselves like Gods." With that Michael beckons me to go with him and I am now part of the Universe. Novas, Suns, Planets, all that I looked at from the Earth, not so long ago, or was it?

We traveled toward the beginning of it all, the inner portions of the Universe. Kazillions of planets around Kazillions of Suns and the closer to the center we approached the more concentrated the number of Galaxies. It is like the Plate you saw, the largest part, after it

shattered was at the center and those parts that shattered first were sent the farthest from the center, So is everything in the Universe. All is but a circle within a circle wrapped in a circle. Each level, each dimension is but a layer of the original which is without end. I watched as millions of Orbs systematically entered the many Planets before me. They appeared as Bees flitting from flower to flower, pollinating each, one after another. Michael took me closer and I could now see that so many of these Planets had life on them and the Orbs were joining with the creatures of these Planets. Not every Creature was the same on every Planet but they all had some commonalities, a head, a body, extremities and the Light Beings would animate them for a time. We headed away from the center now and Michael said that Gabriel would have more to explain to me and that He, Michael, wanted me to know that He was pleased with the many times He had called on me to do His bidding and that I performed my duties well. His parting words were "You will never again be made to forget"!

I was journeying back to where I knew Earth would be and watched as Comets and Asteroids casually passed by me or I passed them. The colors of the gaseous cloud formations were striking. I started looking at these infant galaxies as one would cloud formations back on Earth, imagining what shape they were taking on, This one a boat, this a bird with wings, this a scarf floating in the breeze, till I recognized what was the Constellation ORION and I knew I was getting close to my destination. While drifting through ORION, I noticed two Blazing Celestial Bodies racing parallel to it's center, looking as Twin Arrows exiting from an Archers Bow and headed straight for the "Blue Marble" of home. Immediately a vision of Millions of people crying because of the devastation of portions of New York City came to me. I became aware of a strange feeling I had not known previously, and I thought that might be because this was the city I had grown up in. I saw a huge Earthquake, a magnitude of 8.6 in someplace named EUREKA. A ham operator or radio announcer was directing thousands of people migrating from areas of frequent disasters to places of safety. A space station appeared to be falling from the heavens because of an internal explosion. Missiles were being simultaneously fired into space from several Nations. I thought the Light Being had shown me all there was to see but these were different, stronger and there was no pre-screening as before. Gabriel appeared beside me, I thought because I had felt shaky, but it was to explain the now sprawling Galactic View of my Galaxy.

The Sun was expanding and spewing off Huge ecto-plasma balls, more then it has ever done in it's past, and in the very direction the Planets would orbit through. I could not take my eyes from the Earth and as I watched what effect these eruptions would have on the Earth, A large Mass passed me, larger then any of the Planets known to me, and as it passes, I see the Earth wobble wildly as would a top toward the end of its spin. The rotation stopped and slowly started again but it was tilted now and I was drawn in closer like the zoom of a lens. The ash clouds that had engulfed the Earth thinned, and like a tack welded piece of metal being dismantled, I could see the Ocean bodies starting to rise, first the Pacific, along the "Ring of Fire", then the others, synchronistical. As the waters shifted upon the landmasses, the landmasses started to sink under the waters added pressure upon it. When the pressures equaled out to the spin of the changing axis, the Earth no longer looked as it did moments before. It was newer, cleaner, more beautiful with darker Greens and lighter Blues. Some of the new landmasses looked similar to a few of the other Planets I had recently visited with Michael. People were upon this Earth and

appeared happier and more content although seemingly living like the Native populations of old. Cities, built by the Ancient Ones, that were buried beneath the Oceans were now being populated by the surviving people in this new world. I saw Tribes joining tribes and small Nations forming, but it was what I didn't see that made my heart burst, there were no more wars, true peace and happiness had finally befallen on mankind. Gabriel now tells me that this is His message that I must take back, to let others know that there is little to fear, for the Earth will go on forever, as did all the Planets I had visited. I am to tell the world to look to ORION, and they will know when the new world will come upon them. I ask Him "What of the others there on Earth, during the change?" Gabriel tells me that all will be lifted, some will be lifted higher than others and no longer enjoy the physical plane, while some will be left on the Earth to replenish and rebuild the physical, they too will be of a higher elevation than any that are living there now!

I was now before the Light Being of Gold again, those 5 orbs were still darting about. I wanted to stay and explore this realm with all the other light beings but I was told I could not. I was brought here to go back to tell the others who would be coming after me, that if they would spread the Love they brought with them to the physical world they would know their Creator eagerly awaits them. The Being told me that should I ever have questions of the heart or mind, that He will answer them, if I only look within myself, for that is where He will dwell. From this time forward I need only think it to be so and it will be so for I would forever know the truth. I was told there was much work left undone and that He had set a road of rocks before me that I must sweep away for passage. Many will be set before me that I may help in my presence, and more I will not, but that I must not set aside wrongly, for a soul should not be lost within my heart. I asked how I would know and before I received an answer I was being whisked away through that darkened tunnel like a dust bunny in a vacuum, with about as much control as a runaway freight train.

I awoke to a nurse scrubbing the encrusted blood off of the right side of my head. My body was racked with pain. I screamed at the nurse for what I felt was her lack of compassion and she had a shocked look on her face. "Oh my God, Welcome back sailor. We thought you were a goner for sure." I asked her where was I and how long had I been here and she answered: " You've been in a coma for seven days now. They thought you died on the operating table and was going to ship you to the Morgue when the assisting corpsman noticed some movement under your sheet and rushed you back to the OR. The doctor checked you out and he was amazed to find your vitals were returning to normal but what really floored him was the hardened crust that had formed over the hole in your head seemed to have sealed most of the damage. He decided he didn't even have to put a steel plate in your head any more as it had healed sufficiently on it's own in the time you were gone." I said " you mean that practicing corpsman that was sewing my hand in the operating room saved my life?" She said "Yes, but how did you know he was sewing your hand? You were unconscious the entire time you were in OR and never came to until just now." If she had only known all the things I knew from that time she would have surely gone in to shock. I took the brush and towel from her hands and said I would finish the job for her and she thanked me and said she was going to notify the doctors that I was alive and conscious!

I looked across the dorm and saw several sailors and a Marine lying in their perspective beds. The Marine looked familiar and was situated closest to me. He smiled and said "Hey, Mr. Chuck [a handle I picked up overseas] You missed a hellava party last week". I replied "So I am told", but you should have seen the one I went to, it was a real mindblower." He told me I made the local papers and a picture of what was left of my car was photographed and on the 2nd page of the news. Then he said " I bet you're glad they are going to sign your discharge papers and not your Death Certificate like they almost did. " I joked and said "yeah, you know those Navy doctors, in and out, they'd sign anything to get their Liberty passes". The doctor finally arrived and started to check me out. He seemed genuinely interested yet amazed at my seemingly miraculous recovery. He checked the side of my head first, then ran his hands over my arms and legs. He asked if I could stand after giving me the "follow my fingers and how many are there" doctor thing. I jumped out of bed and he stood aghast. He asked if I could raise my arms over my head [thinking I could not] and when I did he asked if I could slowly reach my toes [which I did] and then he sat me on the bed and started to talk to me. He told me I was a medical miracle. Not only was I not supposed to still be alive after the massive blood lose but the mental trauma of my head injury would at the least make me a vegetable. He also said that the injuries to my legs and arms alone should have kept me in the infirmary for another two to three weeks. Yet there I was, everything working fine, actually as good as new, not even any black and blue marks to show what my body had been through. He said he had to admit it was truly a marvel and when I asked if I could be returned to Active Duty, he said he really couldn't see why not. He signed my hospital discharge papers and I was returned to my Squad the next day.

It was good to be among the living but I knew it was a far, far, better place I had been, then any place here on Earth will ever be again. I remembered everything that happened to me in that other place but spoke non of it to anyone because just the mention of having been dead was enough to make people twirl their fingers near their brain when they thought I wasn't looking, and some times I wasn't looking, but I knew.

Lou Famoso`s account of his L.A.D. in a poem written in 1963 just after his discharge from the U.S. Navy

The Day That Lives Forever by L. Famoso

There I was, behind the wheel. The road came up, it was unreal. Head over heel, the car did fly. Nine barrel rolls pass by the bye. Broken glass in a twisted mess. A bloody toy, the fire took the rest. Somehow out, I found myself. Red stained eyes watched the flames engulf what was left of my beautiful car, and then a call. It seemed so far. Friends had found me wandering there. They drove me away with blood stained hair.

I see them take my head to breast, and thank the Lord for time to rest. Through cries and moans they prayed for me. How they sped so recklessly. On a table they laid me down. The doctors then huddled all around. Let's stop this hole beside his head. He's lost much blood, he should be

dead. "Sir, can I practice on his hand?" said the navy student corpsman. "Surely Lad, go right ahead, I doubt he'd know, this man's near dead."

I watched it all from high above. Somewhat annoyed in their lack of Love. At one point I heard them say, "He won't make it through this day." "I've patched his head as best I can, Corpsman! Ain't you fixed his hand?" So involved I was to see. Then it finally dawned on me. Since that's me laying way down there, what on Earth am I doing up here? Fear came to be but quickly disappeared. I'm alive but not, my body was not clear. Higher and higher I sped along. The world I knew is going, going, gone. Racing thoughts flashed through my mind but I always knew I must go on.

I liked it where I found myself and wanted just to stay. A Loving voice was telling me I must go back today. I left a lot of things undone that I must finish soon. The last thing that I wanted was to wake up that hot noon. The nurse was wiping off my head :Welcome back Sailor, from the Dead.

Frances W

I WAS ABOVE MY BODY AND WATCHING EVERYTHING GOING ON IN THE ROOM, I COULD SEE MY FATHER AT MY BEDSIDE CRYING. I WAS CONFUSED AS WHY I WAS LAYING IN THE BED AND SUDDENLY, WAS IN A LONG TUNNEL WITH A SMALL LIGHT AT THE END. I STARTED TO RACE THROUGH THE TUNNEL AT A AMAZING SPEED AND THE LIGHT BECAME STRONGER AND STRONGER. THE FEELING AS I APPROACHED THE LIGHT WAS OF COMPLETE PEACE AND LOVE I CANNOT DESCRIBE. I COULD FEEL A PRESENCE AT MY SIDE ON BOTH SIDES OF ME. I KNEW THEY WERE HEAVENLY BEINGS.

AS I CAME INTO THE LIGHT, I WAS FILLED WITH AN INDESCRIBABLE LOVE AND PEACE. I DID NOT SPEAK WITH MY MOUTH BUT TELEPATHICALLY. I WAS SHOWN MY LIFE ON EARTH, THE BEGINNING TO NOW, AND I WAS SHOWN THE IMPACT I HAD ON OTHERS I CONNECTED TO, I COULD FEEL THEIR FEELINGS AND EXPERIENCES IN HOW I TREATED THEM. I WAS FILLED WITH TOTAL KNOWLEDGE AND UNDERSTOOD EVERYTHING. I ENTERED A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN, THE COLORS AND SCENERY I COULD NEVER EXPLAIN. THE COLORS WERE SURREAL. I NEVER WANTED TO LEAVE THIS PLACE. THE PEACE WAS COMPLETE, I UNDERSTOOD MY PURPOSE ON THIS EARTH.

GOD SPOKE TO ME, BUT I COULD NOT SEE HIM, I WAS STOPPED, IF I WENT ANY FURTHER I COULD NOT GO BACK TO EARTH. I HAD A CHOICE TO RETURN OR STAY BUT I WANTED TO STAY, GOD WANTED ME TO GO BACK AND TOLD ME MY PURPOSE WAS NOT FINISHED ON THIS EARTH, I WOULD HAVE CHILDREN. I WANTED TO DO GOD'S WILL. I TOLD GOD I WANTED TO STAY BUT IN MY HEART TO DO HIS WILL WAS STRONGER.

I KNEW I WOULD BE BACK, I ENTERED MY BODY QUICKLY LIKE BANG. I WAS IN THE HOSPITAL, I WAS TOLD I WAS TIED TO THE BED AS THE CONVULSIONS WERE SO BAD, THEY HAD TO TIE ME DOWN. THE DOCTORS WERE AMAZED I MADE IT. THIS EXPERIENCE CHANGED ME FOREVER. I ALWAYS HAD FAITH. TODAY I CAN SAY ABSOLUTELY GOD IS REAL, JESUS IS REAL, AND LOVE IS ALL THAT MATTERS!!!!!!

David S

Between ages 5 & 6 my Uncle would baby sit me from time to time for my parents. He was in his last several of high school. In the late spring of 1958 he and several of his friends went swimming and took me along. I could not swim, at the time, and played by the edge while the older boys played in the water. I noticed a rock ledge on t!

he other side of the creek that I wanted to play on. About 15 feet above the pool area the stream was narrow and looked as if I might be able to cross over to the rock ledge. I preceded to inch my way across the stream and with every step my confidence increased until I took a giant step and went under. As soon as I went under the water I was separated from my body by about 15 feet. I saw no lights, tunnels or beings. I was watching myself under and through the muddy creek water struggling with no fear whatsoever. I could see the outline of the creek where I went under and even below that, although it was black. I could clearly hear one of the boys tell my uncle that his nephew was drowning. As soon as my uncle picked me up I was back again in my body coughing, screaming and scared to death at what had just happened. I was never unconscious at any time during this event and did not know what had happened at that early age.

Ten years later I picked up a book on Out of Body Experience's by Susan Smith and recalled the above event as a child. I have since asked my uncle about the incident several time to verify that it did happen. I went back to that spot in August 2004 for the first time in 46 years and it hasn't changed at all the only difference is that it's a lot smaller than I remembered it being.

During the separation I had no feeling or sensation of my body at all. Everything was peaceful and calm. I could see and hear through the muddy creek water that I normally couldn't with my own eye's and ear's. It was if I were watching someone else drown on a big screen TV. It is still as clear and vivid as it was all those years ago.

Tina G

I REMEMBER LOOKING DOWN SEEING THE NURSE AND DOCTOR WORKING ON ME THEN I AM WALKING DOWN WHAT I BELIEVE WAS THE HALL OF THE HOSPITAL EVERYTHING WAS VERY BRIGHT WHITE IT WAS LIKE I WAS FLOATING. I REMEMBER GOING PAST A DOOR AND I LOOK THRU THE GLASS TO SEE MY MOTHER WHOM WAS ALIVE I PUT MY HANDS OUT BUT NEVER TOUCHING THE DOOR IT OPENS MY MOTHER WAS WAITING FOR ME TO GET OUT OF SURGERY. SHE HAD TURNED HER CHAIR AROUND FOR ALL THE OTHER CHAIRS ALSO I REMEMBER THEM BEING VERY BRIGHT BLUE. MY MOTHER WAS READING A BOOK I GO TO PUT MY HAND ON HER BUT THEN I NOTICE THERE WAS A LADY IN THE CORNER WITH LONG BROWN HAIR SHE HAD ON A ORANGE AND BROWN WRAP AROUND HER. THEN I LOOK TO MY MOTHER AGAIN AN AS I GO TO CALL HER NAME I FEEL AS THOUGH I SEE HANDS TOUCH MY FEET THEY WERE BLACK HANDS. THERE WAS NO ONE BLACK IN THE SURGERY ROOM THAT I KNEW OF. THEN I FELT AS THOUGH WAS FALLING DOWN A TUNNEL AND THEN I WAKE UP. I GO HOME AN HOUR AFTER SURGERY AND I THOUGHT IT WAS A DREAM.

I DID NOT SLEEP THAT NIGHT AT ALL DRIVING MY GIRL FRIEND AND HUSBAND CRAZY BECAUSE I FELT AS THOUGHT I WAS FULL OF LIFE AND COULD NOT SIT DOWN. THE NEXT MORNING I CALLED MY MOTHER TO TELL HER OF THE DREAM THAT I COULD NOT GET OUT OF MY MIND IT WAS AS IF IT JUST KEPT REPEATING ITSELF IN MY MIND. MY MOTHER WAS SPEECHLESS BECAUSE THE WOMAN I SAW THERE WITH HER CAME IN AFTER I WAS OUT AND LEFT WITH HER SON WHILE I WAS IN SURGERY STILL ALSO SHE HAD MOVED HER CHAIR AROUND FROM ALL THE REST OF THEM SO SHE COULD WATCH FOR MY FATHER AND HUSBAND. ALSO THE ANESTHESIOLOGIST WAS CALLED AWAY AND ANOTHER ONE WAS CALLED IN HE WAS A BLACK MAN WHOM I NEVER SAW AFTER I WOKE UP THE NURSE AT HOSPITAL TOLD ME ABOUT HIM AFTER I ASK HER IF I ALMOST DIED SHE SAID YES TWICE. I WAS TO BE THERE 3 HOURS BUT IT TOOK SIX AN HALF HOURS.

I BELIEVE GOD GAVE ME THIS EXPERIENCE FOR ONE REASON. THAT IS BECAUSE MY 19 YEAR OLD SON WAS KILLED ON APRIL 9 2005 I COULD NOT SLEEP THAT NIGHT AND AT 1:35 AM I WAS ON MY COMPUTER AND ALL THE SUDDEN I SAW THE BRIGHTEST LIGHT COME UP FROM BETWEEN MY ARMS AND YELL MOM!!! VERY LOUD. I SHOOK ME UP SO BAD I KNEW SOMEONE HAD DIED BUT MY MIND WOULD NOT ACCEPT THAT IT SAID MOM!! I REMEMBER LOOKING UP AND I SMILED AT WHAT I NEW WAS THERE. NOT KNOWING IT WAS MY SON UNTIL 4 AM WHEN THE PHONE RANG I JUMPED OUT OF BED AND I DID NOT ANSWER THE PHONE BY ME I RAN TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HOUSE TO ANSWER IT THAT IS WERE I WAS WHEN IT HAPPENED THE PERSON ON THE PHONE SAID TINA HOW IS CHASE. I DROPPED THE PHONE BECAUSE AT THAT MOMENT I REALIZED IT SAID MOM!!! I RAN TO MY HUSBAND AND YELLED CHASE IS DEAD OH GOD HE IS DEAD AND THEY ARE ON PHONE. HE RAN TO PHONE AS I RAN TO THE FRONT DOOR TO SEE THE CHAPLIN PUTTING ON HIS COAT AND COLLAR AT HIS CAR WITH THE POLICE. I THEN REMEMBER HEARING THOSE WORDS I AM SORRY MRS. J AND HEARING MY HUSBAND SCREAM. AFTER THAT IT IS LIKE WE WENT IN TO SHUT DOWN MODE. BUT I DO BELIEVE I HAD THIS SO THAT GOD WOULD LET MY SON COME HOME TO SAY GOOD BYE. AND I WOULD KNOW IT WAS HIM.

WE, MY SON CHASE AND I HAD BEEN SEEING SOMEONE FOLLOW BEHIND HIM FOR ABOUT SIX MONTHS. I SAW IT FIRST AND NEVER TOLD ANYONE BUT MY HUSBAND AND GIRL FRIEND GINA. THEN HE WAS ON VACATION WITH HIS COUSIN AND HE CALLED TO LET ME KNOW HE MADE IT THERE AND ALL THE SUDDEN HE SCREAMED HE SAW A MAN IN THERE ROOM A LARGE MAN WEARING A PLAID LIKE SHIRT THAT IS WHAT I HAD BEEN SEEING BUT THERE WOULD BE NO ONE THERE WHEN I LOOKED AGAIN. I WAS SO SCARED AFTER HE SAW IT TWO IT WAS TWO MONTH LATER HE DIED. THE ONLY ONE TO DIE OUT OF THREE PEOPLE IN THE TRUCK HE WAS IN. HE KNEW HE WAS GOING TO HEAVEN AND HE LEFT ME A LOT OF NOTES ABOUT IT IN HIS ROOM ALL KIND OF MUSIC ABOUT GOING TO HEAVEN I NEVER KNEW HE HAD GOTTEN IN THE TWO WEEKS BEFORE HE WAS GONE. THANK YOU GOD FOR LETTING HIM COME HOME. SEE HE WAS ONLY EIGHT BLOCKS FROM HOME AND ON HIS WAY HOME. AND I KNOW HE COMES TO VISIT ALL THE TIME. AGAIN THANK YOU LORD ALL MIGHT. I LOVE YOU CHASE

Patrick R

1st .) I was looking down at my body lying in a fetal position on the ground , but what was happening, because I was in the most beautiful light you could ever imagine . I came to , I realized I was in hospital . A nurse walked past , she looked in , and said "It's good to see you back with us" . I asked her where I was . She said "You had an accident and you are in hospital, I will get your Dr. He arrived and told me I had a steel bar in my cheek . It smashed my cheek-bone and smashed my sinus.

For the next 2and a half years I kept trying to convince Doctors and Hospitals (including Psychiatric Hospitals) that something was wrong with me , describing everything that was happening . I had a seizure ,saw my Doctor , she got to have a CT scan . The full damage was revealed . The bar had gone through my brain , nearly coming out the top of my skull.

2nd) I was loading some 4x4 on a car transporter . I was reversing one on . When I apparently accelerated , I had the door slightly ajar , as I went through the rams that lift the top deck , it ripped the door off, pulling and trapping my arm that I had resting on it and smashing my head between the ram and the car. I smelt petrol ! I had to get out. I motioned to man who had saw what happened, he just looked at me with his head tilted, in the same position I had mine. I pushed the vehicle sideways and got out. I was taken to hospital. As the Dr started to stitch me up, the most BEAUTIFUL feeling came over me, The Dr said, what's happening. I thought, get lost idiot , he asked again ! Patrick You have to tell us what is happening (more urgent) ,just leave me alone . I KNEW if I stopped to tell him This most wonderful feeling would stop. I came to . The Dr asked What happened . I told him I just had an out of body experience. He asked what is one of them . I told him what happened. "I went to the light , as I was going in the light I went back to the accident saw myself , bleeding from the head and my arm was limp , as if it was about to fall off . I came to. The Dr asked me , for the next 10minutes I tried to tell him what an OBE was . Even though I told him what he told each of the nurses what to do , and what each nurse did HE WAS SO CONFUSED about my statement , and then he nearly floored me . When he said " But YOU HAVE BEEN DEAD for the last 5minutes .

Cheryl

I was in a rubber dingy... my mother was pulling me. I was with a friend. The friend had a life jacket on. I did not. The dingy tipped in the middle of the lake.

I remember looking down at myself going in the water. I was surrounded by a bright light. I was watching myself drown from somewhere high above. I could see my arms flailing, air bubbles come out of my mouth, I saw the vivid color of my swimsuit, and I was watching all of this, feeling quite dispassionate. I was not afraid, curious, sad, or anything. Dispassionate described it best.

The next thing I knew my Mother had grabbed me around the waist and she managed to get me to the surface. As far as I can recall there were wasn't any ill after effects.

Paul S

Motorcar accident. Head injuries. The back of my head was ripped open when I was flung out of the car. It was about 16.15 the afternoon. I can't remember anything for 3 months. That night at about 22.00 my heart stopped and I stopped breathing. The doctor was at my side at the time and was able to get my heartbeat and breathing back. I was in a coma for about 10 days and in intensive care for about 16 days. I had no control over any of my body functions. I was out of work for 5 months but it took me almost 2 years to recover (rehabilitate). I had to read, write and walk again.

I was standing in a room with a coffin in front of me. A man was standing next to me. I didn't look at him, but was aware of his presence. I asked him why I was there. He said to me it is my coffin and I should get into it. I said that I am not ready to die, because of all the things I did in the past that was sinful and wrong (my divorce included). He (I then realize it was Jesus) spoke to me and said that He paid for my sins 2000 years ago, that I must not be afraid. I will not die, but I must focus on Him and He will bring me in contact with people and opportunities where He will use me. Remember, I had head injuries and could not remember things for a few months, so I believe that God spoke directly to my spirit.

David F

while playing superman I thought I could fly. I was sickly as a child and had Asthma and migraine headaches. after I landed I was out for awhile. don't know if it was a minute or a half hour. during that period of being out I felt as I was being drawn upward. there was a blackness around me but I was being drawn to a light. I felt no presence of body, only of mind. what seemed like a long time I had a mental communication with someone that said it wasn't my time. I kept wondering if I was going to see my family and would I come back to this place again. no answer was given me. I was given a message by someone who I could not see that said, "your son will save you". THAT HAPPENED IN JAN 2004. I was also given a message that my son would be a great leader. that hasn't happened yet. what I remember most was the wonderful feeling of peace and love.

John B

I was undergoing the first of many angioplasty procedures to open a clogged artery. The doctors were having a hard time because my arteries were so small and the wire they were using was a bit too big for the vessel. Just as they got the wire through the blockage the wire caused total restriction of blood flow through that artery, throwing me into a heart attack. I immediately felt flushed, nauseous and broke out in sweat all over. I indicated my distress and heard the nurse saying something about my blood pressure. The doctor ordered a liquid dilate that was poured into my mouth. My distress continued and I felt myself losing consciousness. I heard a nurse saying "he's going" or something to that effect.

Suddenly, all pain stopped and I became as comfortable as I've ever been before in my life. I was still conscious and was aware of a warm, gentle feeling about my body and the room was bathed in a warm, orangey glow. I felt myself rising off the slender table and looking down at the surgeons sitting beside my body, near my hip area, with both arms folded under their arms. They were intently watching the displays in front of them where my vital signs were being posted electronically. The nurses were frozen in place also watching the monitors. I felt myself rise to a corner of the room and then I stopped moving and I watched the scene below me. I felt more loved than anything I can describe and this incredible feeling of well being and at peace and warm. I recall vividly this moment where I examined the feelings I was experiencing and consciously thinking how wonderful I felt and how I felt wrapped in this blanket of love. The room remained bathed in this warm orange glow and after a short moment or two I reluctantly thought to myself, "well, I had better get back down there."

The next thing I knew I was on the slab again and the feeling of being loved was gone and I could feel the uncomfortable table under me. The room was now dark again with only the green glow of the monitors lighting things. My cardiologist said to me, "ok, John, we've taken the wire out and we're done here." Later, in the recovery room I told him of my experience and all he said was, "yes, we gave you a pretty powerful drug there." But, when I told him what I saw while up near the ceiling in the corner of the room, he was astounded. I had described things that I could never see from my position on the table. Still, he would not accept that I had anything other than a reaction to the drugs he gave me.

While I did not view this as a religious event and it did not reinforce my religious beliefs, it did make me totally unafraid of dying and if what I felt is how it feels to die then it's a wonderful experience. I am a journalist and I wish I had the words to describe to you the feeling of love that I felt during that time. And, how comfortable, warm, worry free and secure I felt. More than anything else, however, it was the feeling of being loved - not by some one, but by everything in the universe. Totally loved, and that feeling gave me comfort and peace. The warm orange light also seemed to give me comfort, warmth and peace.

Jaime G

I was feeling ill. I could not even swallow a typical tonsillitis infection. I had a fever of 100+ I have always been plagued with tonsil problems. Anyway I thought I would just get some penicillin or a shot and be sent my way; but after the blood tests the doctor on duty said that she would rather have me stay over for observation; I was in pain all night; so the next day after being on rocephin an antibiotic. and it was not clearing the swelling up she decided that I needed to have a tracheotomy and that I would have to have surgery; I was worried; I had a funny feeling that I was going to die. I was nervous. They told me everything would be fine; I remember that the following 4 weeks, I kept seeing the 14:14 on my clock which was weird it happened various times I would be at work and I would look up and what would you know!?!? It was 1414 or 2:14pm anyway. back to the story. Now all I remember was being anesthetized.

The next thing I know, I am still on my back at first it seemed like there was nothingness like I was on my back a float and it was pitch dark; a very scary darkness I remember I kept putting my hands in front of my face; I could not see them or my body but I knew that they were there; then I start hearing this lo hummmm and it was like being under water like when you are under and you can hear noise and its muffled. That kind of thing; anyway I was wondering why it was so dark. Nothing else mattered I could not remember anything prior to this. not the surgery anything it was like this was the only thing I could think of.

I then noticed that while it was pitch dark. it felt as if I was in a tunnel and all along the tunnel were doorways but the whole tunnel I could sense was like being in a cave sort of rocky not too rocky but kind of smooth at least that's my impression of it; so then I am feeling a little more afraid, like what's going on here? It felt like I was like that for an hour. just there then. I could see a pin point of white light in front of me in the distance the size of a pencil eraser head that size. So. I sense that I start moving in that direction; but id felt like something was pulling me there I don't feel as if I was doing it. At this point I was like floating to and upright position. Then going slowly towards that pinpoint of light; and then I knew that there was little doorways all along this tunnel and I felt that I had if I wanted to go into any of those doorways. and I felt at the time that if I did I would not come back but my attention was on the light.

In an instant, I thought "grandma". And I was instantly in the light. I kept saying "your not dead. I am not dead, you're not dead". She said, "No I am not and you are not either." My grandmother had died 3 yrs prior but at that moment I could not remember that just that she was not dead and that she was so alive and well she had died of dementia complications. She invited me to sit and have coffee like we used to all the time at her house. Her table was there the chairs she looked like she did when she was in her 30s. She had on a purple dress like a nice one she had with flowers on it. except that the flowers seemed to glow a florescent yellow. Then I noticed that there was a florescent light that emanated from the top of the room and I started feeling so good like. I can't describe it. love. or like the first time you kiss. electricity. butterflies in your stomach, like the best drug. I don't know how to describe it felt so good. I then kind of got a little panicky cause I noticed that there was no light source; it was just there. That's when she touched my hand that I noticed that I looked down and could see my hand also. It was there but it looked white almost florescent and she told me that it was all right (all this conversation was in Spanish by the way) and said lets drink the coffee.

I did. But I notice that it was not hot and had no taste. It was lukewarm; but yet there was steam coming from it like it was hot, but was not. It's like when you are sick and there's no taste; anyway. I tell her that we<family> think of her every day. She stated that she knew. She knew that we loved her very much and she loved us; and then I noticed that the room was dome like. that in one section the left side of that domed room was like a curtain and I saw my grandfather on my moms side peek through. and I seen another lady heavy-set short with a long black ponytail. I wanted to say something and that is when my grandmother told me "you have to go you can't stay here; its not your time; " I then felt terrible I started to cry. I told her, "But grandma, I want to stay here." It felt so wonderful I did not want to leave. I remember begging in Spanish, "Please I want to stay with you, I never want to leave here." She said, "you will be back here when it's your time don't worry." Then she said "tell everyone I love them and think of them all the time." At this point I was still saying "but but I wanna stay" and then I heard this loud pop". It felt like I was hit in the chest with a sledge hammer made of fire; I remember coming to and gagging.

I was on life support; all the tubes etc; I felt terrible; I noticed my dad was there and the rest of the family;. I don't remember what happened next but I do remember telling him that I needed a paper I had to write something, "I seen grandma." I passed out again but wrote in Spanish this account that I just wrote about here. My dad has the note somewhere. I was getting worse. They had to life-flight me to Modesto. I was in the I.C.U. for two weeks. It was all a blur for me. I was in and out for the most part of the two weeks till the last couple of days.

I also remember when I came to when they life-flighted me to Modesto and I was in the ICU. I could hear a choir but it sounded so angelic is the only way to describe it. I could not talk I had to write everything down. I asked the nurse, if someone had choir music on? She replied, "No! it's not allowed in ICU i.e. radios etc. I also told her that there was other people here. I felt as if family was there. She said no one had come in yet, but that they were on their way from Los Banos. It was very strange indeed.

All in all I was lucky to be alive, let alone functioning. They said that I might not ever speak again or have brain damage cause I was out for almost 5 min while they struggled to bring me back on the table. Anyway that's the gist of my story but I have paperwork medical records to prove what was so strange I coded at 2:14 pm! The same time I was seeing weeks before, how weird is that? I asked the nurses about this I told them what I saw and they said that it was probably due to the drugs an trauma that occurred. I don't know. I believe it was real. Usually when people have surgery, they just wake up in the recovery room and don't see dead relatives. Anyway that's my story.

I had another experience there in the Modesto ICU when they took me to extract some teeth that were causing some of the problems. They put me under again for surgery and to put a smaller tube in. I remember saying "hey. I'm not out yet!!! the doctor could not hear I was yelling!! I could see him come to do the extracting. Then I noticed that I was in the corner of ceiling looking down on it; and I was like wow! I can go through these walls. I wanted to go to the waiting room, then at that moment I awoke in the recovery room. I think this was more of an OBE. But later I saw some shadows - black ones, but the nurse said that it was due to the medication.

Nevie G

It was my birthday and my parents let me have a small party. One of my girlfriends was staying the night. My parents went out to dinner and I decided that I was a teenager and wanted to try drinking alcohol like my father did. I filled up a tall glass with Gin held my nose and consumed all of it. The equivalent of at least 15 shots of straight alcohol.

I quickly became disoriented and then fell unconscious. My sister and my friend put me in my bed and when my parents came home and went in to check on me my mother noticed I wouldn't wake up. At this point they told me they tried to carry me to the car. My father was so mad, he wouldn't help and I was at this point dead weight. This is the point when I remember lifting out of my body and floating mid-air over my body which was laying in the dining room floor. I left my body. I was no longer intoxicated, I was completely clear and could see everything at once. I realized that I was almost dead and became very upset and began to cry for Jesus to help me.

At this moment I was aware of a light enveloping me. I was the light and it was me. There was another Being with me. The Being let me know that I was going to die and I must leave this body for good. I remember arguing with the Being explaining that I didn't want to because it was so hard going through the childhood years and I didn't want to have to go through this again. The Being indicated that my body was severely damaged and I couldn't go back. I became very adamant at this point that God was all powerful and could fix the body. At some point the decision was made to let me re-enter my body on my faith or will, what ever one may call it.

The next phase was like an evaluation. I was taken back through my past, beginning with my birth and we went over what had already happened. Then I was shown an overview of key points in my life that was to come. One of these key experiences was that I would have a child at a very early age and it would be a boy. It was explained to me that from this point forward I would do everything earlier than most, including my older sister. I would marry first, bear children first and generally have more responsibility than my sisters and other friends and family members. I was told that I would soon leave my church and have a short period of rebellion and drug experimentation but this would end fairly soon and I would begin to climb out of it. I was told that I was going to be a writer and that my words would touch many people. I was instructed to write a book on or around the age of forty and that after I had fulfilled my life plans I would eventually die before my two sisters.

All of a sudden... I opened my eyes and I was in a hospital bed in the intensive care unit. The preacher from my church was there praying for me. I actually thought at this point I had died when I saw him there with my mother who was crying. I gradually woke up and asked what had happened? My mother said I had been in a coma for three days and I had almost died.

Elsa

Swimming in a pool and suddenly panicked when I could not reach the side of the pool. Started sinking and every time I was able to surface, saw the life guard with his back turned to me, talking to the lady that had brought me. Kept gasping for breath until I finally could not hold my breath any longer and took a big inhale of water. After that the exact sequence is uncertain, but I was being lifted above the pool and then when higher and higher.

I was in a tunnel and it reminded me of Alice in Wonderland and I was very scared. At one point I was in a dark, dark place. Things were crawling on me and I could hear moaning and terrible things. At this point I said help me God. Then I was in another place where people seemed to know my name. There was a man I did not recognize and was shown him holding me as an infant (my grandfather) I was scared and did not want to be there.

Then, whom I believe may have been Jesus showed me my life and how I had misbehaved and talked back to my mother. Every time I tried to defend myself, I saw how it looked through His eyes and was very ashamed and asked for forgiveness. He explained to me how some people didn't believe in Him and he was very sad. There were little beams of light shooting from earth into the heavens and I asked Him what they were. He told me they were prayers and then I felt better, because it seemed a lot of people must believe in Jesus. He explained the whole universe to me and everything made complete sense to me. I then decided I would like to stay there and that is when He showed me my mother crying her eyes out. I asked Him why my mother was crying and He said, if I do not return it will break my mother's heart. He then showed me two little boys and told me they were to be my sons. I was so shocked and excited being only 8 going on 9, knowing I was going to have children and someone would actually want to marry me. He showed me some heart breaking things, as my son would not be a believer in God and hurt Him. So then I was so sorry for this and thinking, I am not going to go back if it is going to hurt Jesus.

Then He showed me an auditorium and the speaker on the stage was so wonderful. The people in the audience were hanging on his every word. I thought this is a very special person. And then God told me, this is your son. I could not believe it. The same son that shamed God was somehow going to redeem himself. He also showed me my other son would be fine and upstanding. He told me I had to go back and I was in some kind of euphoria over the things that were revealed to me. So I agreed and the next thing I knew I was catching the side of the pool and trying to pull myself up.

When I was finally seen there was a big commotion as the lifeguard rushed over and pushed on my back so I could cough up all the water. He was very embarrassed as he had been neglecting his duties. I must have been blue, because everyone was very shook up. There was no CPR in 1959. In the car on the way home, my eyes and throat burned and I had trouble speaking. The lady that took me there told me, I should not tell my mother what happened, or I will never be allowed to go swimming again. So I never told another soul, and then forgot about the whole thing until I heard a radio program in 1973 discuss near death experiences and then it all came flooding back to me. That is why I am confused as to the exact sequence of events.

I can say after this experience I suddenly noticed how blue the sky was and how beautiful the flowers were. I suddenly found favor with the neighbor kids, whom never really noticed me before. When I attended summer Bible school, I suddenly hung on every word and would raise my hand to answer questions, when before I would be shy and hide and daydream through the class. I had only attended because my best friend was going. The teacher suddenly treated me differently instead of ignoring me. When I would walk to the church in the morning, I get the feeling I was not alone and I was being taught an appreciation for flowers, and animals and nature. This feeling lingered for a few weeks. Looking back I think I was conversing with someone at this time that accompanied me, I was not alone.

Ramie N

It was a hot summer day in South Texas. I, along with two other friends, had gone to where my father worked. My father worked at the Donna Lakes, a large water reservoir with several lakes and deep canals that lead to the main diesel pumps that take the water from the lower levels of the canal across the road where the water is discharged to a higher level canal that takes the water to the area farmers, ranchers, and small communities.

We had all jumped into the water in the canal section approximately 200 yards away from the main water pumps. In that particular area two other smaller canals drained into the canal we were swimming in.

Suddenly, I was pulled down by a strong water current. I depth of where I was at must of been at least 40 feet deep. I remember that I could not control my body -- my swimming didn't help - my lungs quickly filled with water and began to sink further down to the bottom of the canal. I recall hitting my body on a huge log that was stuck at the bottom.

It was at this point that I noticed that I had left my physical body and was in my spirit form, as I could see myself there in the bottom of the canal just swaying back and forth. I slowly began rising upward in the water and finally show the light of day and I was above the water mark. At that time, I saw my father and his worker running down the bank yelling to the others to go down and look for me "where was Ramie". He didn't see me, but I saw them and the two other boys taking dives into the water looking for me.

I continued my slow rise into the sky, the clear light slowly turned darker, I heard music (nothing that I had heard before) it was nice, it calmed me. Then, I began a tumbling action like if a power was pulling upwards, then there were small lights (soft blues and pinks) and I continued to float and tumble upwards. After some time, I began to see a brighter light in the distance and I knew that I was floating towards that light -- that would be my destination.

I recall thinking about my father and his face, he was full of anxiety and fear. He displayed a deep sense of love or loss for his son. I feel extremely sorry for my father and I also felt a deep sense of love towards him. As I got close to the light -- I heard within me that it was not my time and that I was being sent back. There was an inner feeling as if "it was a question to me" that is, did I want to stay or return. I felt a need to return to be with my father.

The next thing I remember, someone was pumping my chest and breathing in my mouth. I could hear them say that I was blue and there was no heart pulse so that they should not expect anything. I recalled that I heard them so clear. I sat up and spit out continuous gushes of water - I was bloated. I looked around and I saw my Father. He came and gave me a strong hug. Enjoyment come over me and we went home, they then took me to the local doctor, then we went home.

Elizabeth W

I was swimming at a local lake with my grandma, aunt and cousins. I was about 4 or 5 years old and I couldn't swim that well yet. After about 6 feet into the water there was an abrupt drop off to about 10 feet deep. I went to go swim toward my aunt who went out further in the lake to wash her hair. I went off the drop-off in the water. I was way over my head, and I went under the water. My aunt didn't see me and no one else saw me go under.

What I remember was not being scared at all or even trying to kick or scream. I just went under the water and I was calm. I don't even remember inhaling any water. I felt totally at peace. I looked at the rocks on the bottom of the lake and I saw the light of the sun shining through the water. After awhile I became fixed on the sunlight and the light of the sun became bigger and bigger, until it looked like the sun's rays had turned into the flowing gowns and wings of an angel with long golden hair (a woman). I just stayed under water and looked at the angel and tried to touch her because her arms were beckoning me towards her, and finally I touched her and was in the light too. Then my aunt grabbed me out of the water. (I was actually aggravated that I was grabbed away from the angel)

I had been under for about 5 minutes. I was so calm and relaxed when I came up, my family didn't bother to take me to the doctor. One of my older cousins, jokingly asked me if I saw a "white light at the end of a tunnel." I said there wasn't really a tunnel, but there was a bright golden light and an beautiful angel. (I hadn't heard before of "the white light at the end of the tunnel thing before", so my family was shocked when I told them of the angel and the light.) If I had died that day, it wouldn't have been painful, but a very pleasant experience. I rather like being with the angel, and I felt safe and at peace. Thinking back, I don't think I was meant to die. But perhaps the angel was sent to keep me calm until I could be saved by my aunt.

Bruce Y

I ignored the symptoms of heart problems for over a day but finally decided to drive myself to the hospital. About a half hour later they barely had me hooked up when I told them "something was happening". I started to go numb and the next thing I knew, I was in this warm, golden light and was very peaceful. I then saw several people in white robes who I recognized (but later forgot) welcoming me. I then felt this Love that was beyond measure which I later concluded could only have been God's Love.

I then came to and saw a hospital employee who was very pale and who said "I've never had to do that before", meaning using paddles to bring me back. I had a nice burn mark on my chest for proof along with a lot of IV's. Even though I had a wife and children, I remember being a little angry at them for bringing me back. A few days later I had a triple by-pass but was not nervous at all. During recovery at home I had a unique experience involving Michael W. Smith's song: "Breathe". I also became like a human juke box for a while and could hear all kinds of contemporary Christian music which before my NDE didn't even like.

I was reluctant to tell many people about my NDE but when I told a fellow employee he told me what I experience was a NDE and there were web sites related to it. Since then I have visited some sites and read a few books which seems to help. The "juke box" effect has gone but I still have one more that has not gone away which I'm not sure is related to the NDE. Quite by accident I have discovered that I can do arm curls with a 25# dumbbell for pretty much as long as Michael W. Smith's "Agnus Dei" is playing. I have done as much as 140 curls in each arm. Without the music I can only do about 30. No one else who I've tried this on is effected. I'm not sure what to do with this. Currently I try to read the bible every day and discern God's will for me.

Ruthie A

it was time to go into the delivery room. I was distraught with pain as they wheeled me in the room. I noticed the light shining on me from above my gurney. it was the doctors light. I started hearing a buzzing sound, like loud locust in the summer months. then I looked at the ceiling and saw the little black dots there. (typical in a hospital) the little black dots (the size of a pencil eraser) started to join together.

the buzzing sound got louder and louder, as the dots started to form a black void. I felt a whoosh like water and air rushing over my face and body. that's when the dots just pretty much turned into a tunnel. I was in it, heading at an angle that was to my right and slightly upward. it was dark but it had substance not like just a void anymore but more like a tunnel. it was not snug around my body. I could see gray and dark matter around me. I was heading through the tunnel feet first. since I was giving birth to my son at that time. I thought to myself "oh this must be what the baby sees." then I saw a light, a perfectly round bright light, it was white. I just saw it and thought how perfectly round it was.

then as if time did not exist at all, I was back on the gurney with doctors rushing around and I didn't know what had happened or what was up ? I didn't know if I had had the baby. but I didn't care. I lay there breathing heavy and laughing at everyone rushing around. I knew it DIDN'T MATTER. I knew EVERYTHING WAS FINE. I knew even if my baby was deformed or dead or dying that it was all FINE AND WONDERFUL.

I just laid there with this ALL KNOWING. I knew at that time that everything was alright. everything was for a reason and I knew this place is just a dream. earth is just a dream and nothing bad can really happen. I knew we were here to learn from our bad times and our good times. I knew it was LOVE. Love and Caring and to learn and to PASS IT ON TO OTHERS. YET I remember talking to no one. it was just a feeling. a KNOWING feeling. it was probably only a minute or two that I felt so KNOWING. THEN I turned "normal" again and I turned over to see my baby boy.

I didn't care yet about him. I didn't know yet if the baby was a boy or girl because I still knew everything was wonderful no matter what. I could have at that moment loved a horrible human being. I could of have at that moment understood and forgave a person that murdered my child. I could of actually embraced them. very strange, because I'm not like that now but I do remember that feeling because I knew things. but "normal" kept taking over me. soon I asked, "is the baby alive"? "is the baby ok"? then, "is it a boy or a girl"

years went by and I never thought about that much. that feeling I had until I was such a worried mom that I wouldn't let my sons run off and play like all kids should get to. I was too protective. my husband told me to let them be boys, so I knew I had to face my fear of death. I was so afraid they would get hurt or killed that I wouldn't let them be kids. so to face my fears I read about death. I read about NDEs. that's when I found there was a pattern. I had the pattern going on and then I knew that THAT was what had happened to me. I knew I was bleeding too much afterward because I was treated as such.

Akemi A

I was in the water with a cousin and a current dragged us inside the sea. My cousin, in her desperation, stepped on my head trying to reach the surface; I lost orientation and didn't know where the bottom or the surface was. I tried to swim but sank further down; I felt pain for a very brief moment, I heard the noise produced by the entering of water into my lungs. I went over details of my life since I was 3 years old until the moment of my drowning. Next, I saw my body slowly sinking in the water; I felt peace and a feeling of indescribable love and I saw a shining Light and as I was approaching it (the Light) the sensations were stronger. Then, suddenly everything changed; I felt as if I was being strongly vacuumed (sucked) and moving away from the light, the pain came back stronger than before, it was the surface air that was coming into my lungs when a lifeguard was trying to pull me out of the water. Because of the pain I scratched him and he let me go again in the water. I felt peace and started to see the light again. Another sudden movement got me out to the water surface. I lost consciousness and came back to my senses at the shore after vomiting all the salty water I had drank.

Saundra V

I was no longer in my body, but I initially thought that I was dreaming! I was totally bewildered as to what was happening to me; because I was actually above the earth surrounded by huge, clouds moving about me---and I heard the most gloriously beautiful heavenly chorus, I say "Heavenly", because Nothing I'd ever heard, nor have ever heard since, sounded as wonderful!!!

The voices, which I readily assumed to be angelic, sang tremendously beautiful hymns, which were replete with --"Halleluyahs", and "Glorias"; I cannot remember any of the other words, but all of a sudden, I found myself singing along with them, as if I'd known these songs and had sung them before!!! I must say that all during this time I could not fathom what was happening to me- until I suddenly realized that I was dead!

Then I became very frightened, I did not want to die! I did not want to leave my babies, nor this life. Despite all the beauty of all I was experiencing I was sorely fearful of death! I cried to God, (I KNEW that he was there), and begged him not to let me die; that I didn't want to leave my children!! (With all this occurring, I strangely did not take much notice that I could breathe again, that ALL my pain was gone, along with that deadly weakness that enveloped me for weeks!)

After my hysterical plea to God--He ANSWERED me! He said (telepathically, for I did not hear Him with my ears): "Don't be afraid, you will not die, you will live, and you will live to be with your children" These were His exact words!

Immediately after He uttered those words, I was back in my body, though it felt as if I had awakened from a very deep sleep; and as all those horrible, horrible, symptoms were not with me in the clouds, they were now, no longer with me in my bedroom!!!

Reeva

I was 5 years old. I had measles and very very high fever. I was at home because they could not shift me to a hospital. The doctor was not too sure if I'd make it though the night.

What I was most aware and awestruck by was seeing myself in my bed. But it wasn't scary it was peaceful. I saw my grandma asleep in a chair next to me. saw my parents in the next room asleep and my other grandma in the 3rd bedroom asleep. The walls of the house were just not there. I was moving towards a beautiful bright light just like the moon but sending out long rays of light that I was going towards..... I kept going higher and higher towards the light saw myself and my family get smaller and then suddenly my grandma woke up, opened her prayer book and started praying. Next thing I knew I was getting sucked down towards my body and landed in with a thump. My parents say I was in a coma for about 3 weeks and couldn't even open my eyes.

Beth L

In the recovery room of an outpatient surgery facility is where my NDE took place. My husband was in the room next door when he heard the alarms go off. Alarmed, he got up and opened the recovery room door. He said my color was bluish white and my blood pressure was 175/138. The medical staff were working on me. When my vital signs became stable, the nurse asked my husband to stay with me. He said that I repeatedly called for Jesus. While this was occurring, I was unconscious. I remember feeling a crushing pain in my chest and difficulty breathing.

All of a sudden the chest pain stopped. In fact, all pain stopped. I remember thinking, "this doctor has cured me!!" I could still feel my legs from the knees below, but nothing else. I felt wonderful. I opened my eyes to a blinding white light. Everything was bright white. I then saw Jesus standing about 3 feet from me. When I saw him I felt the most love I have ever felt in my life. I called him by name and he answered me - his lips did not move but I heard him in my head. He was beautiful. He had beautiful eyes and was smiling. His hair seemed to move in a slight wind. I saw what I thought was a gorgeous Christmas ornament pinned to the front of his white robe. I thought that was strange but did not ask Him about it.

I started to kick my legs to get the rest of the way out of my body. I remember trying to reach for Him but I couldn't see my hands. All I could think of was that I wanted to be with Him. I later felt so guilty that I could so willingly want to leave my husband and children who I love dearly. It was then I heard my deceased father-in-law's voice behind Jesus' left shoulder. He said, "You need to go back to take care of Tiger (his pet name for my husband)". I could hear many people's voices saying my name but could not see anything but the bright white light and Jesus' beautiful face. It was then that Jesus told me that I had to go back, it was not my time yet. I asked why. He lifted His right hand. Beyond His sleeve, I saw a beautiful tropical island and many tanned children rising happily to Heaven. I did not understand. When I went to ask Him what that meant, He was gone and I felt like I was slammed back into my body and resumed feeling all the pain.

I have told several people about my experience. Some have said it was probably a hallucination. Why would I have only one hallucination? Why would I hallucinate about Jesus? How could I hallucinate the feelings of overwhelming love and well being? - these words don't even come close to how wonderful I felt when I saw Jesus.

Guy S

I went to bed after a few beers about 1am-ish my girlfriend was asleep in the bed, i felt a bit Asthmatic but soon fell asleep. The next thing i remember I could see myself sitting cross-legged in the air above me as if on a cloud, I was smiling down at myself even laughing, then very quickly i was floating up a tunnel with very brilliant white light at it end, this light contained overwhelming love, more love and beauty than I can express, and a presence of Jesus Christ. There was a presence of a life form with me, in the tunnel guiding me, but this seemed not important at the time. I was then spoken to by a voice which asked me whether i wanted to finish my task on earth or not? I was told that my task was to find out about all aspects of love, and as attractive as the light and energy was, I said I would come back to earth, I had a choice, and chose to be here. I then rapidly found myself waking up to a full blown asthma attack covered in sweat and breathing not very well, in minutes i came out of this asthmatic state and felt very happy that there was life with Christ after death, I have not had an asthma attack that bad ever since.

Nicholas P

I was accidentally poisoned. almost instantly I could not breathe. Then I just knew I was dying. I ran to my brothers bed room it was the first room I came to. I laid on the bed in serious chest pain and pop! I was on the other side of the room, but my body, my shell was on the bed. I saw and felt THE LIGHT, am I dead? Then gentle laughter, no Nick you can't die you were never born. Is your shell going to die? not yet. Are you Jesus? I AM THE GREAT I AM. I COME TO YOU THE WAY YOU WANT TO SEE ME THERE IS A GOLDEN THREAD IN ALL RELIGIONS AND PRACTICES. I AM THE BLANKET AND YOU ARE A THREAD OF IT. This is my imagination. IS IT NICK! no, I was never so sure of anything as I am of this. YOU HAVE CHOSEN AN EXPERIENCE YOU WISH TO LIVE IT IS FAR FROM OVER. the LIGHT told me many things which I choose not to talk of. but I was told there is no hell . hell is a lack of harmony heaven is harmony. You can have these in or out of the shell. Several things were told to me one of which was YOU WILL A CHILD LATE IN LIFE YOU WILL CALL HIM QUENTIN IT WILL BE WITH THE THIRD WOMAN. I had Quentin with my third wife when I was 55yrs. old my first child. There is so much more all I can say is I still have daily contact with THE LIGHT every day .I was asleep, I awoke to find the rest of the world still sleeping! it comes from within....peace Nicholas p.

Polina

I was playing with my grandmother in the pool by jumping off the edge and letting her catch me. While jumping during this game, I came short of her arms and fell into the water, as I couldn't swim at that time and the pool was too deep for me, I went under water. I remember my mouth and lungs filling with water and then I remember seeing my lifeless body settling on the floor of the pool, I didn't feel anything when I watched it. I knew that I was out of my body and that I was very happy that it happened, I felt that this was right and I felt such lightness and wonder and peace that I never wanted to go back. I think I remember myself flying over the city and seeing the building where the pool was situated from a great height. I wanted to leave my body permanently, but then I saw my grandma grab my body and I felt as if someone shoved me with a forceful push into my body, or it was as if I was attached my strings to my body and they pulled me back in as my grandmother pulled to the surface. I then remember spluttering and coughing up lots of water and grandma holding me. I was a bit annoyed that she didn't let me go, I felt a great sense of freedom when I was out of my body and I didn't want to lose it.

Kathy F

I was experiencing much abdominal pain...perhaps because of cholera or food poisoning or something. Nobody really knows. I had symptoms of being severely sick with vomiting and diarrhea with cramping in my stomach and extremities. I remember getting into the ambulance from a gurney but then I do not remember much after that.

Then I remember seeing an intense light and having no fear, but relaxed. Then a figure emerged who I identified as Jesus...a figure consistent with a painting of Jesus my grandmother had. I really only remember seeing the bottom part of his robe, ankles and feet, but I knew the whole being was also somehow present. I remember arguing with this figure, very forcefully, telling him that I could not join with him yet because I had a child to raise. I needed to be there for my child.

Then I woke up. At first I was incredulous that what had happened to me was real. The longer I reflected on this experience, the more I was convinced it was real and that it was a gift, a responsibility of some kind. Very special. Eventually I became peaceful with it and accepted it as part of me.

Mikae Y

I met my late father (he died 20 yrs previously from the date of my NDE). He was standing with my late uncle (he died about 15 yrs previously). I didn't talk to my uncle, but my father was very surprised to see me. I was just so happy to see him. He asked me, "why are you here?" I said, "I don't know." Then, he said, "You must go back." Well, the place was so peaceful and wonderful, my whole feeling of pain and sadness were gone. I just wanted to be with him in that place. I said, "No, I don't want to go back." He yelled at me and said, "You must go, this is not a place for you." I cried. I didn't want to leave there at all. I called him, "Daddy!" then, I woke up from a comma. When I saw my family by my side, the first thing I said was, "I met a daddy." Everyone thought I was still in a dream.

C.D.

I went out of my body, saw the doctors around working on me during surgery. I went through a tunnel really fast. I was in a wonderful light. I saw a bridge. across the bridge were people I knew who had died like my father whom had died less than a year before this, he was so happy to see me and said hi mija. There was light around them, other family members were all smiling at me , he was so proud for them to see me. I was happy to be there. Then after a while a voice said I had to go back it wasn't my time. I had things to do, my dads face dropped, he looked sad. I said I didn't want to go back. I was crying. then like an instant. I went back through the tunnel and I was back in my body.

Andrew P

I am filled with joy and excitement. In a few days I will finally graduate from high school and move forward with my life. Our class decides to have a picnic at a nearby lake as our final class outing before graduation, and I'm excited about going.

I arrive at the lake and it is a great day for a picnic. The sun is shining, the sky is painted a beautiful shade of blue dotted with perfect cotton ball clouds. A warm breeze blows the fresh smell of the trees, sand and lake everywhere.

I change into my swimsuit and begin the party with some beach games before lunch. After I eat, some of my friends swim out to a floating platform, about one hundred yards off shore. Once they get to the platform, they wave and yell for me to join them. The water is much too cold for me to ease in slowly, so from 20 feet back, I take a running leap and hit the water in a gigantic belly flop. My body warms a bit as I get into my swimming rhythm. Then about half way to the floating platform, I feel the first cramping pains in my stomach and groin. "But the cramps aren't that bad," I tell myself, "and besides, I'm almost half way there. I can make it."

With every stroke the cramps and pain increase, and my knees buckle into my stomach. I can no longer kick my legs or straighten my body. I'm scared. My arms move, but I don't go anywhere but down. As I struggle beneath the surface of the water I start gagging on the water. It's in my nose, down my windpipe, and in my lungs ... I'm submerged, and then sink.

As I struggle, I finally get my head up out of the water. Frantically, I search the water's surface for the platform and my friends. No one recognizes my dilemma. Down I go again, deeper than before. My arms feel frozen in place, and every muscle in my body screams with pain. I never imagined that I could be in such unbearable pain. I sink deeper as the beautiful June sunlight fades to blackness. "Oh my God, it's all black, I can't see anything." A loud, painful, ringing sound is in my ears. It feels as if someone stuck an ice pick in my ears. I'm convinced my brain will explode any second. I'm falling endlessly down this freezing black hole. My body trembles uncontrollably in freezing water.

I continue to sink into this ice-cold, black hole; it seems to last forever. Wait, I feel something. It's the slimy, cold weeds at the bottom of the lake. Struggling in this tangle of weeds feels horribly like falling into a frigid snake pit.

Finally I hit the bottom. I try to push myself up with trembling, numb hands, but the goo at the lake bottom holds me down and sucks me deeper into the mud.

Then, I hear a strange voice inside my head say, "Andy, rest, for just a moment, you need to let go." I reply, "No, I can't, I have to get to the surface for some air." Then the voice says again, "If you let go for just a moment, then I promise that you can return to the struggle. And I respond, "Do you promise?" And the voice answers back, "Yes, I promise."

In my frozen panic I say to myself, "All right then, OK then, I'll stop for just a moment of rest."

I stop struggling. I let go ...

The very instant I let go, I am hurled into a dark, black tunnel. I look back and see my body stuck in the weeds at the bottom of the lake. I look forward and see a brilliant Light shining at the end of the tunnel.

Instantly, the freezing cold is gone, I feel warm. The horrible pain in my body is gone, and I feel peaceful, calm, and very, very happy. The ringing in my ears and head is gone, replaced by a gentle silence, as if I was in the middle of a redwood forest with a gentle breeze blowing through the tops of the trees. The radiant Light that looks like a thousand exploding suns overtakes the blackness. My retinas should have been burned out by its brightness, but I can stare into the Light and it doesn't hurt. Again, I realize that all of the pain that consumed me an instant ago is completely gone. Warmth, joy, and an indescribable feeling of love replace the cold, terror, panic, and fear that enveloped me.

For some unknown reason, this dramatic rush toward the Light causes me no concern. I have no fear of the Light. I'm pulled closer and closer, as if I'm drawn into the Light by a gentle, giant magnet.

Then, in the next instant, I'm suspended inside the center of an immense sphere, bigger than our high school gymnasium. The inside of the sphere looks like an enormous, unending movie screen, with hundreds of movies playing in every direction at the same time. I am completely surrounded by images of my experiences. Wherever I look in the sphere, I see all the events of my lives; and I can hear, feel, touch, and smell the exact experience of living those lives. In this place there is no beginning; there is no end. I observe all of the moments of my lives all at the same time, all around me. All my lifetimes are somehow mystically connected to each other. Strange, I sense no fear or judgments, no guilt or accountability, and absolutely no blame or shame. I re-experience every thought, word, and action of each life experience whenever I focus on them. I am suspended in a world of unlimited dimensions.

Then after what seems like hours in the sphere, I am instantly back in the tunnel again, drawn toward the Light. I can actually feel its brightness, warmth, and love. As I get closer to the Light, I am absorbed by its brilliance and perfect love.

I am in the Light! Oh my God, I am actually in the Light. I am the Light!

I look directly into the source of the Light and it appears to me in a human-like form. It looks like a massive, human silhouette that is radiating with the brightness of thousands of suns. Although I can't remember seeing its form before, somehow I recognize it. The Light speaks to me, "Andy, do not be afraid. Andy, I love you. Andy, we love you."

The Light—it actually knows me. The Light knows my name. The Light called me Andy. Surrounding the central Light form are millions and millions of other Lights welcoming me back home. I know them all and they know me, we are all pieces of the same Light. I hear myself say, "It's good to be back home." We are All home together again.

Although I am in the Light, and the Light is in me, I am still Andy. I'm everywhere and I am here at the same time. I see me as a person and I see me in the infinite, warm, and loving Light. I become the Light. The Light has a voice that I have never heard, but it is not strange to me. The Light has a smile that is indescribably beautiful, and I recognize that too. The Light has an incredible sense of humor and an infectious laugh, and we talk and laugh together. The Light

has the answers to all of the questions in the universe—and I don't have any questions, because I know everything that the Light knows, and that is everything!

The Light also knows everything that I have ever done or will do, and the Light loves me without conditions. The Light loves me because of who I am—Andy, a piece of the Light. There is no fear. No judgment. No punishment. No blame. No shame. No ledger of good and bad deeds. Only warmth, peace, joy, happiness, forgiveness, and love in the Light. I am one with the unconditionally loving Light.

I'm home. I am home forever.

And then I am startled! The Light says, "Andy, you must go back." And I say, "No, I'm not going back, I'm not leaving ... I'm never ever going back." The Light says for a second time, "Andy, you must go back." I repeat my first response, "No, I'm not going back ... ever." Just the thought of returning to my body back on earth is repulsive to me. It felt like I would be trying to force the universe in a tiny, brittle bottle. Then the Light says the third time, "Andy, you must go back." The next instant, without pause or delay of the smallest increment of time, I am back on Earth. Stuffed back into a cold, shivering, aching body lying on the beach. I open my eyes and tears roll down my cheeks. The Light is gone. Oh my God, the Light is gone. I am so sad, so mournful. I am back in this tired, achy, and nearly frozen body. How sad ... how very, very sad I am.

I am lying on my stomach on the sand. One of my friends pushes the rest of water out of my lungs. I cough out the water, but the intense pain remains. This time the pain is different and permanent. It's the pain of being separated from the Light. I don't know why I'm so sad? I don't even know what I have just experienced? But I do know that all of the warmth, beauty, and love that was infused in my soul, I can no longer feel. The Light has played a devious trick on me. The Light allowed me to expand and become one with the universe, and then rammed me back into my frail, earthly body. At the time, it seemed like a very cruel experience to put me through. I was very angry at the Light.

All my classmates stand around me, glad that I've been revived. Someone says, "Andy, you don't seem very happy about being dragged from the bottom of the lake, are you still in a daze, or what? How was it? Were you afraid?" I answer with a lie. I say that I can't remember anything. I tell them that the entire episode is a complete blank. I have to lie to my friends, I have to lie to my family, and I have to lie to myself. I can't tell anyone about the Light. How can expect them to understand what I just experienced if I don't understand any of it myself?

I tell myself that maybe it was just a hallucination or some bizarre connection of synapses inside my brain from the lack of oxygen, or something else like that. I don't know, maybe I'm just plain crazy. Oh well, I'll probably forget all about it in a little while.

Mary W

The accident was the worst thing that had ever happened to me, and it is also the best thing that has ever happened to me. I will share this experience because it is the basis for what I learned and how I learned it. The accident (my hug from God):

It was a gorgeous summer day, July 1994, in Cleveland, OH and traffic was heavy on the freeway. I was driving our mini-van. I was pretty stressed. My husband and I had just returned from SC the night before with his mom, dad and their 3 dogs. His dad had a stroke the week before and they were going to stay with us while he recovered. (It ended up being a whole year.) I should probably tell you we had 6 children living at home (between the ages of 17 thru 5) and a dog of our own at the time. Life had thrown us all a curve but we were handling things as they came along. We have always taught our children that family is important.

I had to pick up my paycheck so I could go food shopping before going to work at 3p.m. I was on a tight but doable schedule. God had a different plan and a wonderful sense of humor...

A car was in the median strip (on the left) with a flat tire and a group of Boy Scouts was sitting on the grass. I had been going with the flow of traffic in the high-speed lane when the car in front of me slowed to go into the grassy median to help them. As I put my foot on the brake to slow down I looked in my rearview mirror and saw the grille of a semi. Not the semi ...the grille of the semi.

It was literally, my worst nightmare. I was horrified and panicked. I remember saying out loud "I cannot believe I'm going to die today!" It was about 3 seconds from the time I saw him until I was hit but those 3 seconds changed my life and me completely.

Immediately time stopped ...it became eternal. I was alert, oriented and still driving throughout the entire process. I was in my body but was taken out of Earth's time frame. There was no sound ...all was quiet and calm. I spoke out loud throughout the entire conversation while His replies were in the form of thoughts placed in my head. With time stopping came a huge feeling of enormous love that just kept growing stronger and stronger. The panic was replaced with love that gave me such a calm feeling and I was no longer afraid. I was being hugged, big time! I had never felt love like this before. Instinctively, I knew this was God. Think of someone who loves you dearly... now multiply that feeling by about a million and maybe you will come close to how loved I felt. I could feel that there were also 2 others with me. I can't explain how I know this but one was my grandmother. It took 7 years to figure out whom the other was. I really wanted to cry but there was no time.

Most of us go through our lives being taught to believe in God. I was brought up in a very strict Roman Catholic household by parents who taught us what they learned from their parents. OK... I did believe, but I was very angry with him because of things that had happened to me in my childhood and life in general. Now I had been given proof (enough for me) that there really is a God. A loving God... not a hell, fire and damnation God. The next words out of my mouth were "Oh, shit! I screwed this up! There really is a God!" I was mortified at my language and this knowledge. I quickly said "Oh ...sorry!" His reply to me was even greater love and a feeling of "My child, calm down, everything is just fine." I actually felt like His child and it was a very safe and warm place. He has very loving and gentle hands.

With that, placed in front of me to see and feel was a review of my life ... in color. I had to see and feel all the good I had done (and the good I didn't even know I did). I actually could feel the joy each person felt when I touched their life in a loving way. I was getting "caught" doing something right for once in my life. During the good He was telling me "I am so proud of you!" I felt such joy for making Him so proud because I never realized what that felt like because I always felt like I couldn't do anything right. Reviewing my random acts of kindness gave me the most joy because I was able to feel the difference I made in someone's life that I hadn't realized at the time ...and I didn't even know them. I was shown it is not the big things we do in life that make the difference. It's all the little things we do each day that make the difference. Little acts of kindness mean so much to God.

Also, I had to see and feel all the hurtful things I had done (even the hurtful things I didn't know I did). I had to feel the persons' hurt I caused. But... you know how we are taught that we will stand before God and be judged one day? ...God was not judging me. I was looking at my actions...with God at my side loving me while I was judging myself ...and believe me, no one can judge me any harsher than I already judge myself. It was like getting "caught" by my parents when doing something wrong, only worse. During the hurtful review I was so ashamed and there was no hiding. My immediate thought, and I said it out loud, was "I'm ready ...I belong in Hell ...I don't deserve to go to Heaven!" But it felt like He took hold of my arm as I was making my way to Hell and said "Wait a minute young lady you get back here! You don't understand and I'm going to explain this to you." He was asking me "What different choices could you have made? What are you learning from this?" Not yelling at me and saying "How could you do that!?" or, "You're going to Hell!" This was clearly not the punishing God I had been taught to believe in. The hardest part of this was realizing He had already forgiven me ...I was having a very hard time forgiving myself. He showed me how I couldn't let His love in without, first, forgiving myself. Punishing myself didn't make me better in His eyes, accepting His love was what He wanted from me. Once I was able to accept that God only loved, it was easier for me to openly and honestly look at my life. I wanted to learn as much as I could... I had so many questions. God loves me the way I love my children. Even when they do something wrong I still love them. I'm not happy with their actions but that doesn't change my love for them. I hurt for them and ...I make them take responsibility for their actions. There are no strings attached to God's love.

I had taken parenting classes and read all I could find so I wouldn't make the same mistakes my parents did raising kids. He showed me that even though I wasn't physically abusing my kids, I was killing them with my words. That is just as bad. I could feel their pain. I felt like such a failure. I just kept repeating, "I'm so sorry" over and over again. He just kept on loving me.

He let me ask him questions. My only question was how could He give me the parents I had? How could he forget all about me and leave me so alone to work my way through those years? What was He thinking!? I have to admit I was pretty angry. He showed me why I had the parents, childhood and life I had experienced. I asked Him for it!!! I chose this life because I wanted to learn those lessons. Everything was so clear to me ...I had to go through it all to learn what I needed to learn and be able to continue my work here. He never left me alone and I could see in hindsight that he was always with me. I was making a lot of wrong choices because I wasn't listening to or trusting myself. I was spending too much time comparing myself to others. I was doing what I thought I was supposed to be doing. I felt like a little mouse in a maze trying to find my way but I wasn't getting anywhere. By what I was shown I understood that Earth is school and when we are done we have a "Life Review" and then we get to graduate

and go back home. The whole experience was amazing because I felt like my brain had been opened up to the whole universe. Everything made so much sense. The lesson was so simple ...it's all about love. How much God loves us, and how well we learn to love others and ourselves during this life on Earth, despite what we have to go through in our lives.

When my Life Review was over He placed in front of me why we come to Earth. I was so amazed. I was floored at how important we all are to God ...especially how important I was to God. I didn't think He knew I even existed. All the years I was beating myself up and His question to me was "Why would I go through all the trouble to make you just the way you are if I wanted you to try and be like someone else?" No one else could do the job I came here to do the way He wanted me to do it! That is why it is so important that we not be so judgmental of each other. Some of us are here to teach, some to learn and some to do both. I had to learn to listen to my heart.

Then He asked me if I wanted to stay on Earth or go with Him. Wow, I get a choice? It would have been much easier on me if He had not given me the choice but had made the choice for me. I didn't want to make the choice.

Making this decision was an amazing process. I understood that my children had known coming into this life that there was a possibility they could lose me at an early age. I knew that my family would learn to overcome this lesson and God would take good care of them. I knew He would take good care of me! That was easy ...I was going! But He didn't like my answer so He showed me what I still had left to do ...the whole reason I came to Earth ...the job I asked Him for!!!! His question to me was "Can you do this?" I remember saying so matter of fact "I can do that!" His next question was "Do you want to do this?" My answer was "That is so cool, I would really love to do that!" I believe I was shown this to help me make a different decision because the next thing in front of me was, again: "Do you want to stay or go?"

Even though my good far outweighed my bad (and I wanted to stay in His loving embrace) I desperately needed to fix the hurtful things if I had a chance to. I didn't want to leave so many things undone before I had to go. My main reason for staying was because I didn't want to let God down. I wanted to finish the job I had come here to do. I wanted to show Him that I'm not a quitter. I also wanted to live on this Earth knowing God loved me. I felt like I had no other choice than to stay. I replied, almost in a whisper and very, very reluctantly, "I really want to go with you ...but I have to stay."

My only regret is that even though I really took my time to make this decision, it seemed like I said that statement so fast. The moment I said I have to stay, the whole "movie" in front of me closed up and my conversation with God was over. One second I was having a wonderful visit with God, my grandmother and a friend from the other side. I could even picture me brewing a pot of coffee and all of us having a cup of coffee together during this conversation. Only ...my hands were gripped tightly on the steering wheel of the van, I was still driving and I was thinking, "I cannot believe this is happening to me!!!!" I couldn't believe how much I had learned in 3 seconds. I had so many unanswered questions. I wanted more time. I wanted more love. I didn't want this to end. I couldn't believe all the things my brain could do at one time. I was disappointed that I didn't get to "go into the light" because I could feel the edges all around me ...but I had made my choice. Suddenly it was over.

I was literally forced (pushed) back into reality ...Earth's time. Everything but His love, my grandmother and friend was gone. "Gee whiz!" In my head, the thought was placed, "Take your foot off the brake and floor the gas." I didn't ask any questions and just did as I was told. As I hit the car in front of me the semi hit me. I clipped the car and sent it safely into the median. The truck did not jackknife. I drove about 100 feet more and went into the median and stopped because I wasn't sure what was going to happen and didn't want to be in the middle of it.

The thing I want to stress here is that if I had said I wanted to go, I would have been gone before the accident even happened. My family would have thought I died a horrible death by being run over by a semi. The reality was that my body would have died a horrible death, not me. At the point of impact I was still being hugged safely in my cocoon of God's love. I did not feel the accident at all. There was no pain. It was a different story a few hours later ... I refused to go to the hospital because I felt fine. NEVER make that stupid decision. It is always a good idea to be checked out after an accident.

I sat in my van with the back blown out of it and kept hugging myself because I didn't want to lose the feeling of tremendous love I had been given by God because it was still with me. I was also afraid to look back and see what had happened. Being a nurse, I felt it was my duty to help with the injured but I just couldn't handle one more thing.

I have no idea how long it took for the police to get there but when the policeman opened the door of my van (I was still trying to breathe) I burst into tears. The cocoon of love evaporated when he opened the door. It took him awhile to figure out I was physically unhurt. The feeling of God's love was just a memory now and emotionally I fell apart. His comment was "I don't know how you did it, but you saved a lot of lives today because no one is hurt." I couldn't tell him what happened. It was hard for me to believe it myself. For once in my life I was speechless and that doesn't happen very often to me. Just ask anyone who knows me.

Hours after the accident I started to hurt all over my body and I couldn't move my neck. My husband took me to the emergency room that night. The doctor was surprised that I "only had whiplash". The staff was marveling at why I was still here. I knew exactly why I was still here. I chose it. I didn't say one word to anybody (not even my husband) because I knew if I told them what had happened to me they would admit me to the psychiatric floor! I didn't think anyone would believe me.

Also, I said earlier that I was clearly shown my purpose here on Earth and the work I had left to do, during my Life Review. When the accident was over I couldn't remember why I chose to come here or what I had left to do. It's still, right on the tip of my tongue. The knowledge was taken away as soon as I said I have to stay. So I am back to a little mouse in a maze with everybody else trying to find my way.

When things get really tough I remember what I said that day so matter of fact "I can do that." It keeps me grounded and moving forward. I know for a fact that God is really with me and I love to make him proud.

I keep a first grade picture of myself at my bedside to remind me every morning that I am a child of God. When I am faced with a difficult situation or someone makes me mad I stop a second to decide what I am going to do. I know I'm going to have to do another Life Review and

I do not want to review it in a hurtful way again. I'm not perfect but I really try hard to do the right thing. Besides that, I know He is watching me.

As a postscript you need to know that my husband totaled my car 7 days before this accident with me in the car. We both walked away from that accident unhurt. There was no Near Death Experience for either one of us that day. I was still pretty upset with him about losing the car. It was my first car, the one I picked out and the registration had my name on it. I loved that car. Talk about screwed up priorities. If he had not totaled my car... instead of driving an Astro Van I would have been driving a Mazda 323. This is just more proof to me of why I believe everything happens for a reason. There would have been no choices that day. That semi would have gone right over the top of me.

Before the accident, I had a hard time praying. Now I talk to Him the same way I carry on a conversation with anybody else (anytime and anywhere). In fact, after the first accident a week before the truck accident, I walked out to the middle of my front yard. I screamed at the sky "I know they say that God doesn't give us anything more than we can handle. But you are blowing it, big time, right now. So just come down here and tell me what you want me to do and I will do it so you can leave me the hell alone!" My poor husband took me by the arm saying, "Come inside, the neighbors are watching." I really had no idea He was listening to me so be careful what you ask for because I found out, very unexpectedly, just how much He cared about me. I don't need to scream at Him anymore. I understand what he was trying to tell me now. I received his answer loud and clear.

The whole year after my accident was probably one of the hardest years of my life and I often wondered why I was stupid enough to stay here and not leave when I had the chance. I kept yelling at myself "What the heck were you thinking!?" Now, looking back at what I learned and how blessed I am today, I am so glad I stayed. When I see the rays of sun stream through the clouds (The Holy Spirit) sometimes I get really homesick. To me, God is The Light. That is Him reminding me to remember how much He loves me and I am never alone. And one day I'll get to go back to Him. Until then I plan on having a good time. I look at every obstacle as an adventure now and I'm always looking for the lesson. It's a wonderful game. Life is so much easier this way.

Every time I doubt myself about what happened or question whether I am overstepping my bounds when I share this, or any, experience with a family or patient at work, something always happens to remind me that I am on the right track.

Brant F

This all happened before I even knew about near death experiences. My father never took us to church. The only prayer I knew was the one we did in school at the starting of class in the morning. At that time we had to pray in school. I knew about Jesus because in Hungary he was the one that brought gifts on Christmas Eve and I learned in school that he was crucified on the cross on Good Friday. My parents said we were catholic. I never studied any religion until I left home at 17.

Let's start with my experience from the dark tunnel. I was in this tunnel with a bright light at the end with these dark inhuman creatures trying to grab me while I was speeding towards the light. I don't know whether I was running or floating. All I know was that I was going real fast and this voice from the light was telling me to hurry to get away from these creatures and I was terrified. When I got through into the light this voice from another light was trying to comfort me by saying everything was all right now. I followed the voice up farther and went through a brighter light and I felt I was closer to the voice. Ahead of me I saw an even brighter light. As I tried to go through it I was told I wasn't ready to go though there yet. I was told that I had the freedom to stay there or go back to my body. I remember my future being showed to me. My two brothers who weren't born yet were shown to me. One was born when I was fifteen and another was born at when I was seventeen. My son was also shown to me. He was born when I was twenty two. After this I was sent back to a room where the doctor was working on me. I was looking down on me while it looked like he was hitting my chest. He kept going and going and I never thought he would stop. He finally stopped and told the nurse that he was going to tell my parents that I was gone. When he said that I thought to myself oh no I'm not and I went into my body and I must have taken a deep enough breath that the nurse heard it and called the doctor back. After that I did not see anything. The doctor told me I was in a coma for 3 days after that. He told me that they thought they lost me and he was glad I was alive. When I told him that they did lose me he turned as white as a sheet.

When my son was about a year old my mother-in-law took him and got him a red outfit and dressed him up in it to surprise me. As soon as I saw him this deja vu hit me and I remember that that was the outfit he had on when I was shown my future while I was out of my body. When I first met my husband I knew he was the one right away. This was before I even met him. He was introduced to me three weeks after I saw him by some friends. I can't remember any of my future till it happens.

Melanie W

I had severe head trauma after being hit with a shot-put at a track and field tournament. I remember feeling like I was drowning in my own blood, then rising above the scene. There was no pain associated with this. My account was brief. I remember feeling like I was part of the air, warm and weightless, as I drifted upward. I was wearing a shirt from my childhood that my mother had made me when I was a small child. I watched the activity on the field and saw an ambulance van pull on to the field, and a body being placed inside it. I felt I had no connection to it, I was just an observer. I then remember going back into my body, and the paramedics cutting my shirt off. That was my last memory until waking up in the hospital. I found out later that someone had wrapped my head in ice and towels immediately after the accident, so there was no way I could have seen all that was happening. During my NDE I felt only love and peace.

Pilar L

I had a tonsil infection with a fever of 42° Celsius and I was in a coma. I remember that I witnessed the whole process from some place on the ceiling of the room and I saw my uncle, who was a pediatrician, kneeling at the head of the bed crying while he stroked my forehead with his hand. I knew that the body in the bed was mine but I felt completely indifferent towards it as if it did not belong to me. My maternal grandparents were at the foot of the bed crying, their bodies reflected in the mirror over the chest of drawers behind them. My grandmother was dressed in a black dress embroidered with jet black stones and lace on the front. I liked that dress very much. My father came in, also a physician, dressed in one of those light gray suits of the 1940s, with big lapels that were crossed and belted with the same material. He was saying he was going to Tui on the border with Portugal because some of his colleagues from Oporto were going to give him some medicine that could cure me. My grandfather strongly insisted that he go in the car driven by the chauffeur because he couldn't go alone in his own car because of all the worry he had. I heard my mother crying in the distance and the voice of my aunt who I now think was undoubtedly consoling her.

Afterwards I remember that I found myself in a state of total freedom and happiness, surrounded by an infinite Love that I don't know how to describe. There are no words. I only know that my body was not at all important to me. I didn't even look at it. But all of a sudden someone was wetting my lips trying to give me water and I choked. Then they sat me up in bed and I screamed at them to leave me in peace. I knew that they wanted to make me return. I shouted "No, I don't want to! My body hurts! If you don't love me why do I have to return? I don't want to. My body hurts!" But they didn't hear me and someone gave me a hard slap on my back between my shoulder blades destroying my wings.

I opened my eyes and they gave me penicillin that cured the infection but they had deprived me of my wings..

I recently underwent regression therapy during which I was able to remember the circumstances that had caused me to get sick and I understood that my mother loved me even though she would have preferred that I had been the "longed for" son after having two daughters. I also learned that I was hyperactive and was constantly worrying my mother because of my physical strength which made her lose patience sometimes. I found out that when my brother was born my grandparents offered to take care of me at their house where I got sick so that my mother could take care of the baby without having me around to play pranks everywhere. But I have always lived with the memory of having wings and of this infinite fullness of Love and freedom.

After all I have read about these experiences, I realize that children who have them experience them in a much more simple way, as I did, because they are still without prejudices and cultural points of reference like adults have. One of the problems children may have who have had this experience and remember it is that no one believes them. And this is compounded by the feeling that "my body hurts" but that it also hurts internally, mentally, since after having this experience one remains enormously lucid and aware and it takes a lot of energy to live surrounded by contradictions or by lies and deceptions. One feels like a fish out of water, like living as a Martian during your whole life.

Terence D

Involved in explosion received chest and lung injuries from metal pieces of the explosive device. The NDE occurred two days after the accident while in hospital. I felt that I was falling horizontally "Down" a tunnel or long hallway towards a bright light. I seemed to want what was at or in that light. I told my parents that the light was something "sweet", something good and wonderful. I felt no fear, in fact I felt strong love, a wanting that was so incredible I find it hard describe the intensity of that feeling. Suddenly I felt I was going back, not back up the tunnel, somehow out of it. My next memory was slowly being aware of my surroundings, nurses etc. It was another week before I able to talk of my experience as until then I was on a respirator with tubes down my throat etc. The moment I could talk all I wanted talk about my wonderful light.

Katie B

I was in a dark moist place that was warm. I felt totally peaceful there. Then a man in a blue shirt showed up and picked me up, and we went walking. The further we walked the brighter the light became, and he did, too. He carried me over a void place, and I was given to understand that it was hell, because there was no God there at all. It was a featureless plain that the person carried me through, all the while glowing brighter and brighter and the road we were on glowed brighter and brighter as well. Finally we were out of the void spot and the person was so bright I couldn't look at him anymore. He carried me until we reached an area that looked to me like three windows onto heaven. There I was given to understand my place wasn't there yet, and I had to go back to my body. When I did, the pain was immense and immediate.

I am no longer afraid to die.

Fena D

Life has been difficult emotionally for some time....several years in fact. Events led up to me just wanting to die. I just didn't want to hurt any longer. I saw no way out of the pain. I had not planned suicide but the night, the moment, recent events....some alcohol and pills available....within moments my mind was made up. I had hit the wall. I had no intention of living. I wanted to die. As a matter of fact, when I was in ER and they were bringing me around...after the NDE, I fought them begging them to please let me go...that I did not want to come back to this side. Those were my exact words...."I don't want to come back to this side, I want to stay on the other side". Those were my first words.

So...I drank a few beers...ate a few pills...drank a couple more beers and then I remembered that I had not called my sister. I wanted to say goodbye to her without letting her know what I was doing. I had already written a suicide note explaining everything but I wanted to hear my sister's voice. During our conversation, she knew something was wrong. I told her that I was not feeling well. During our conversation, the pills kicked in quicker than I had thought...and I passed out while talking to her. She called 911 from Mississippi (I live just outside Chicago) and she could not get connected. She eventually called the Police in the town that I live in and convinced them to call an ambulance. It took 40 minutes for them to find my correct address and they came in through my bedroom window via a ladder. I am in an apartment on the second floor and they could not get in the main door so they broke through the window and found me unconscious. The next thing that I knew was waking up in ER. They were working on me. I remember all the people around me and fighting them to leave me alone so that I could stay in the place where I had recently been. I physically started fighting them because so desperately wanted to stay in that happy, loving, peaceful place that I had been.

Now for the experience:

The first conscious thing that I remember is that there was a swooshing sound...very light...sort of like when a parachute opens and the calm that follows while you are floating to the ground. There was a light....not blinding but like a soft light shining through a fog. The feeling was so peaceful...no pain, calm, happy and there were "people" or spirits of people that I knew. There was a feeling of happiness and laughter and camaraderie of all that were there. I saw no bodies but I knew some of the people and felt friends all around me. I can't say who they were but I know that I knew all of them and that they knew me. They were happy to see me. I was so very happy to be there. I was rejoicing and ready to stay. It is at almost the moment that I knew that I wanted to stay that "someone" said to me..."no, you can't stay...it is not your time". I argued that I didn't want to go back but the voice said in a commanding yet loving tone...."no...it is not your time". I remember being upset and starting to resist and the spirit repeated "no...you can't stay" and the light swooshing sound and light took me right back to the ER and almost as if in unison the voice on the spirit side said "no, it is not your time" the person working on me in ER, when I woke up after leaving the spirit world, was saying the same words at the same time, "No, it is not your time".

I heard the same words in two worlds at the same time. Leaving the spirit world and entering the physical world, the voices were saying that to me. That is the last thing that I remember before waking up a few hours later and looking over the side of the bed in ER and looking into

the face of my best friend Carroll. (she is the emergency contact in my phone and had been called). When I woke up and looked at Carroll, I said "what are you doing here?" and she smiled and said that they had called her. My next sentence was..."Carroll, there is life after death. There is another side, I was there." Then I slipped back into sleep. Later when I woke up again, I told her that again and I told her that I didn't want to come back. Weeks later, we have talked about that incident several times. Us talking about that has led us looking on the internet about NDE. This is how I found this web site.

My feelings about this experience have been positive. I believe that I was not supposed to die. The spirits indicated that I had more things to do and they were counting on me to do them. What...I don't know. I keep asking for direction. If I am supposed to live, then what is the mission that I am supposed to accomplish. In difficult times after the attempt, I keep asking for signs, for direction.

I have run a large social network for singles to meet for friendships, dating and charity. Many people are friends today because of the people that attend my events. Some are couples, some are friends and some are marriages. While having all these people in my life and around my life, I have been so lonely and apart from everyone. Everything that I do is scrutinized and if I blow my nose, everyone in the community knows it. I almost have a celebrity like status. I meet a lot of people and make a lot of social friends and help others make friends but I am probably one of the loneliest people there are in the group. I can't truly befriend many of the people that come to my events for many reasons. Business, personal and just not physically possible. My dear closest friends are friends that I made through my events some time ago when it was small. Carroll is one of those friends. I feel that the message that it was not my time, is that I am supposed to do something special...truly special for people. I just don't know what that is. Is it through the social group? What?? I wish that I knew. I know that a lot of people look to me for direction. Many people follow me and watch me. I have always been a leader. I feel that the message was that I am supposed to do something great.

First I have to get through the pain that I am in and then figure out what I am supposed to do. Over the last month, since the suicide attempt, I have spent a lot of time thinking about after life and how I am supposed to live the rest of my life and accomplish what I am supposed to do. I know that this message was very strong and I "FEEL" that something great is going to happen. I just don't know what.

I know that the feelings that I had when I was on the other side is where I want to be when I leave this world. I have to do the work here before I can go back to where I want to call home. I have probably another 25 years to figure that out. I know that this experience is going to make a huge difference in how I live the remainder of my life. NOW I know that there is no death after this life. I want desperately to go back to the other world. I just know that I can't go until it is my time.

Dove

I was training a horse and took a fall while jumping a creek and only remember falling but not landing. I woke in darkness and saw about 15 feet away from me a circle of beautiful light with 7 figures that I could not make out. They seemed to know me and did not talk to me but only to each other and without words. The one in the middle made the final decision that I was to go back and not come into there or enter the light. I consciously wanted to go there and begged with my mind to please take me. The light was glorious! I fought coming back and as I did so it was with lightening bolt crashes of painful light and I fought it and then it would go all black and then the lightening bolt of a little reality bit by bit over and over. It was PAINFUL coming back and I fought it the whole time to no avail. I saw the trees down the lane from birds-eye view and then quickly back into the spot where I laid. The people were pounding on my chest and breathing in my mouth and a lady was screaming to call an ambulance. NO ONE wanted to hear about my experience and still today people don't. They think I'm crazy to tell such a story!!! Oh well!

Daniel R

At the time of my experience I was a 4th year student at Picardo Palma University. One morning my mother came up to my room to see me because I hadn't come down for breakfast and I had to go to the university. She found me with a fever. I told her I felt ill. She gave me a pill to lower the fever, but it didn't go down. I had the fever for 2 days and nothing helped me feel better. They decided to call the doctor. He came and examined me and said I possibly had pneumonia. He gave me an injection but the fever stayed with me all night and got up to 102.2 degrees. That night my parents heard the dishes crash in the kitchen of our house and heard something walking around in my bedroom but I didn't make a sound or hear anything.

Well, they took me to the emergency room of the police hospital where they gave me blood tests. The doctors came but could find nothing. They didn't know what was wrong with me. The fever went up to 104 degrees and I began to lose weight very rapidly. I lost my appetite and they moved me to the neurology department where a wonderful doctor took care of me. He told me jokes. But I continued to lose weight. When the illness began I weighed 171 pounds but I was now down to about 77 pounds.

I began losing strength and my family and friends couldn't understand anything I said. They said I just made unintelligible sounds. I became bitter because they couldn't understand me and they gave me a pencil and paper to communicate with them. I lost so much strength that I couldn't hold the pencil. I couldn't eat by myself, either, or get myself to the bathroom. I was practically an invalid. I could only move my eyes.

My father worked a great distance from the capital, in the district of Moquegua, the port of Ilo, to be precise. He worked at the hospital of the American company that mined copper in Toquepala. They called him and told him I was getting worse by the day and the fever wouldn't go down from over 104 degrees. They put me in a room to die and that day I had a very strange experience. The medical supply room was about 65 feet from my room so I don't know how I heard my father's voice as he talked with a doctor. It seemed as if they were conversing in my ear very clearly. My father began crying and asked the doctor, "Why is this happening to my son since he is at the start of his life and has his whole life before him? I would prefer to die rather than my son. I have lived a long time." Tears came to my eyes. I wanted to be by his side and tell him I loved him. I felt very sick but at the same time I felt great love for my father.

A little while later my father came into the room with a big smile. He hugged and kissed me and asked how I was doing. He said, "I know you are going to get better." He didn't know I had heard the whole conversation with the doctor. I didn't want to cry and cause him pain but the tears got the better of me. The next day they called a priest to come give me the last rites. I groaned and wanted him to go away. It seems they understood my feelings and told him to leave.

I didn't want to go to sleep because I knew if I closed my eyes I would die. In the afternoon I tried to close my eyes and I seemed to fall into an infinite abyss. I opened my eyes and the nurse was at my side. I had urinated on myself without realizing it. This day, as a last resort, they took a spinal tap. The doctor didn't know how to insert the needle well and caused me a lot of pain and my face and hands twisted up. They called the neurologist but my father came in and smoothed out my face and hands and I was OK. They tested me by sticking needles in the soles of my feet. I reacted well. They called another neurologist to tap and I became tense

because of the trauma of the first attempt. I withstood the pain. There wasn't much that time. It was about 9 o'clock at night. I'm not really sure. There was a crucifix on the wall in front of my bed. I prepared to meet God and told him I couldn't take any more. My family members told me that during the last week my eyes went blank as I looked upward. I couldn't take any more and closed my eyes.

I suddenly felt absorbed into a dark tunnel that carried me upward. Below me there was what appeared to be a flaming cloth but I was traveling at high velocity. The strange thing is I didn't collide with the walls. Suddenly I saw a light that grew brighter and brighter as I slowed down and I got nearer. I closed my eyes but could see the light as well as when they were open. At first I resisted the light out of fear and dread but gave myself over to its power. It was as if a thousand atomic bombs exploded in front of you.

Suddenly I sensed I entered into the brightest part of a sun, then into the least bright where I gave myself over and became part of an infinite whole. I then felt transported to a world of light and I felt I was being carried in God's arms. The great light asked me how I felt and I said I felt fine. All this dialog was communicated in thoughts. My surroundings were warm and inviting like being in my mother's womb.

He told me to stay but I said "no." He then carried me to a paradise, a beautiful forest full of phosphorescent colors, yellow-blue waves. The colors were alive. I was a few feet in the air. I no longer had a body. I was pure vision. Suddenly, something like a butterfly came toward me. It wasn't a butterfly, it was a large angel. I don't know what gender it was. It was beautiful. It had large wings. It carried me into paradise for recreation. It also took me to a clear, transparent river. The truth is I didn't believe in angels at the time. Now I do.

Then I appeared once again with the great light and I could barely see some old men with beards observing me from on high. I told God I wanted to go back to take care of some things. He then took me to a kind of giant screen and my life started regressing back to my childhood and I was aware of some faults I had. I felt like an embarrassed child full of remorse. I believe those who have serious faults must feel like they are burning. That must be hell. I don't believe in a hell that burns people because God is love and He can't burn anybody. It is the conscience of each person that makes one feel whatever they deserve.

Suddenly I opened my eyes and I was in my hospital bed. I had the urge to pee. I pulled out the needles in my arms, the tube in my nose, and felt that my strength had returned. I tried to stand up little by little. I felt electricity in my legs. I grabbed onto the wall and left the room. Everybody in the adjoining beds were shocked and called the doctors and nurses. I wouldn't let anybody grab me. I got to the bathroom and peed, all on my own. On the way back I let them help support me. The next day I ate gelatin without help. The doctors were amazed at my recovery. Three days later I was almost normal except I had many dizzy spells. The diagnosis was that I had meningitis. I was unable to stand on one foot, and I was unable to pass some tests like grabbing the tip of my nose and others. After 7 days they discharged me. I told some people about my experience and they said I was crazy. My own doctor had me get psychiatric help because I said that I spoke with God.

After the experience I would leave my body at night when I would go to sleep. I couldn't get back and it was terrible. It was a nightmare for me. But over time and by researching what had

happened to me, I began meditating and started having many experiences outside the norm. It would take a long time to relate everything.

Please forgive me for all the typos. I'm writing as rapidly as I can because others are waiting for the computer. Thank you very much. If this helps anyone I will be happy and satisfied.

Daniel

Donni H

12/27/04, approx. 12:15 AM, was brought to hospital by ambulance having severe chest pain, vomiting, numbness of right arm, etc. Wheeled into emergency room and Dr. knew right away what was going on, hooked up to all the monitors and Dr. was speaking to Wife in hallway when, from my point of view, room began to spin and collapse into funnel shape. I mentioned this to Dr. and wife and then the lights went out in my head that is. From here this is my Missus account as to what went on as I was gone. I began to fall off gurney as I was sitting up at the time. Dr. ran in and caught me before hitting the ground, threw me back on bed, laying me flat and began CPR, all the while yelling "Code Red". My Wife was looking at the monitors and she tells me everything was flat line for quite some time as it took a bit for the hospital staff to even respond to the Code as we were in a room kind of out of the way and around a few corners so the Dr. voice didn't carry out to the nurse station very well. I'll also say we were in the middle of a good sized snowstorm at the time so wind noise was a factor as well.

Once emergency room staff got into the room, they zapped me a couple times before I came back and got things going as they should.

From my point of view, once the room started to spin, it was collapsing in a funnel shape and spinning faster and faster as it collapsed, kind of like sucking everything into itself. Then I was in a field of dandelions in full bloom with the Grand Tetons in the background. I remember walking through the field looking up at the Teton range thinking to myself, "What a strange view this is" as I've been to the Tetons a number of times and there isn't any field that even looks close to that for many a mile...I had also noticed all the pain in my body had gone and my vision and become very sharp and clear, but also I couldn't see much out of the sides of my eyes, some type of tunnel vision going on....

Then I guess they were zapping me and I remember my wonderful vision in front of me being destroyed and the vision was being stretched out of shape and focus, like stretching a rubber band around your finger to shoot. that kept getting more out of focus and then I remember opening my eyes with a whole crew of people hovering over me and a nurse calling my name. I went to try and sit up but they all pushed me back down and told me to be cool, lay still.

I then saw my Wife and asked what had happened, they let her come over and she told me and I said no way, to which she had the Dr. come over and he told me the exact same, to which a few of the nurses said the same. At that point, I had to believe them and one thing I'll remember forever is the Dr. asking me if I saw the white light, to which I said no but conveyed to him this story and he tells my wife and I that I was there, meaning the other side.

Marinda G

I was admitted on August 10th 2001 for surgery. (Hysterectomy) The next day, I experienced severe abdominal pains. The Gynecologist called the help in of a Surgeon on Sunday 12 August. I was sent for various scans/x-rays. By 13th of August I was extremely weak, could hardly even breath. My stomach was so swollen, I felt like it could burst. (I wished for it to happen, as I could not stand the pain any longer) The Tuesday around lunch time, my mom was visiting me in the hospital room. I saw my uncle's face, as if in a dream, but yet awake. Told her he had an orange glow around his face, and looked so good.

The next moment, I saw myself drifting out the hospital, over valleys, (could clearly see the Aloes beneath) then over the beach, the sea and the next moment I was on top of the clouds. The sky was beautiful clear. The clouds formed a white floor, (same as what you sometimes, on a clear day experience, when you are flying 20 - 30 000 feet high) Then I saw a sun ray, which looked similar to a spotlight moving from far over the clouds in a circular motion closer to me. I tried to touch it as it got closer to me, but it pulled away. In the right-hand corner of my scope of view, I was aware of two shadows. (Similar to when you are in a movie house, and you see the black silhouettes of the heads of the people sitting in front) I was not scared of them, but they did make me feel uncomfortable. I asked God to please protect me from them. I saw the sunray, and wanted to dive into it. I heard something similar to a choir of female voices, telling me/ singing to me, that it is not my time yet. I did not want to listen to them.

The sunray came passed me again, and I dove underneath it....

There are absolutely no words in ANY language that can describe the utter sense of peace/joy/contentment/happiness which I had experienced. I remember thinking, how could I not have realized how heavy my body was on earth? ..remember comparing my body's weight to a 5ton elephant! ..how light I felt! How fast I could move! I could think of myself/see myself as a ball of energy & moving so fast!

The feeling of peace, could be at best, described as follows: Try and think of THE MOST relaxed & calm state in which you have EVER been! I compare it to being totally alone, with my ears submerged under the water in a bath. There is no sound....you're completely relaxed.... well this comparison to that of the peaceful experience I encountered could be compared to still sticking your head in a bee hive!

I asked God, that if it was truly not my time yet, to please tell me what my purpose on earth was.. then I woke up in my hospital bed... for something that felt like hours, my mom told me I was just "gone" for about two minutes! I woke up smiling telling her, I know what my purpose on earth was! To find joy and spread joy! Sound so simple.... A short while later they pushed me back to theater.. (my intestine got perforated, during the initial hysterectomy and the leak caused my body to slowly being poisoned) Psalm 23 repeated in my mind over and over...

Approx. 2 months later....

Although I knew my purpose on earth now, I could not imagine that it was so simple.. In any how, I was a kind of happy/joyful person, so what? Then my husband, who have NEVER in his life, attended any Christian courses etc. decided one Monday night, to join a friend of ours, (whom we have not seen in close to over a year) on a disciples course. He attended this on the

Thursday and came home telling me about the part in the New Testament, where the rich man, who had everything, asked Jesus what he could do to inherit eternal life.. Jesus told him give up everything you had, and the man could not do that. somewhere in between all of this, my husband uttered the following words. And God said, find Joy in me, and spread it! I was stunned! This was God speaking to me so directly! I knew the joy I thought I had to spread, was not the same I had in mind! I was shocked.. scared as I knew this meant, I had to basically stop my life I was currently leading.. move back in to my "Father's house" and have HIM in the centre of my life.. Today, 4 years later, I am FAR from where I would like to be/should be.. still living a "normal" life, still getting drawn into the everyday life issues.. but every now and again, I realize, that I have to pull out.. not to become to part of the daily life issues.. and remember ... God is out there!

Rodney O

At first, it seemed like I had risen upward from myself lying on the floor of my bathroom and moving across this beautiful valley filled with green grass and flowers all over. It was like I was flying, like I don't know. Maybe like superman did. I felt like something was behind me. I was not sure if what was behind me was good or bad. I know I was very much at ease. Towards the end of it all I felt like there was something following me and it made me feel like I was being led to some other place or direction. Then, I was all of a sudden being pulled backwards at an amazingly fast pace. The field I was flying over was just a green blur. Then there was a really bright flash of light and then I was being shook. I was back in my house on the floor of my dining room with paramedics everywhere and my wife on the couch with her head on her knees crying. She looked up and then ran over to me.

Fulvia B

For precautionary measures and to ensure no internal injuries, I admitted myself into the ER after a car accident I was able to walk away from. Did not want to take ambulance because I felt fine immediately after the accident. However, 30 min or so later, I developed a headache and other minor aches and pains post accident. A Double city bus hit my car at fast speed. At the hospital, I was given a neck brace and told to wait until an available nurse was able to help me. The doctors and nurses wanted to take x-rays to insure no neck or spinal injuries and brought me to radiology. A series of x-rays were being performed when all of the sudden I didn't feel well. I told the radiologist I felt faint. He told me to hang on, and that there was only 1 more x-ray he needed to complete.

At that moment, I was in a space or entity filled with Golden light. It was peaceful. It surrounded me. I was in it. Although I did not have a body form, I was floating and moving forward and backwards and all around. Everything and Nothing was in this space which seemed magnified. I felt like I had been there before so I was not afraid at first. As I floated, I looked around and said to myself "WHERE AM I?" and "WHY AM I HERE?"(even though I had felt I had been there before) " SO THIS IS IT?" (Referring to knowing that I had died and entered this place)....Since I did not hear or see anyone, I felt alone and then became a bit afraid. I then said "I GUESS THIS IS WHAT I DESERVE." (Referring to accepting the fact I was alone in this light and had just died.)

At that moment, I felt a presence behind my right shoulder. Frightened and yet ecstatic, I had a great desire to see who or what it was. I said "Jesus?" and as I was turning to my right to see WHO or WHAT was behind me, it was then that I was instantly back in the ER hospital. Hooked up to IV's and monitors. Not knowing exactly what happened to me. The doctors later told me my heart stopped. They could not get a pulse for close to a minute. (from the time the radiologist tried awake me to the time the doctors were called in to do resuscitation.) I am not afraid to die.

Yvonne W

I had a caesarean section with my second child. Something went wrong three months after the surgery and I had a massive uterine hemorrhage which in the end required that I receive more than 100 units of blood and fluid. I know now that essentially my uterus ruptured and fell apart. The incident was so serious that for days after my survival nurses and doctors were stopping by regularly and frequently just to see the "miracle lady", as they called me. I was not aware of the seriousness of the nature of my illness until several days after surviving it when I learned that I had not been expected to survive the hemorrhage much less the surgery to treat it and I learned that I had gone into respiratory failure during the surgery. To this day I do not know whether I also went into cardiac arrest though I now suspect that I did because when I awoke from surgery there was a direct line into my heart for feeding medication directly to the heart muscle and having gained medical knowledge since then, realize that the most common reason for direct lines to the heart muscle is cardiac failure. I actually did not understand what had happened to me during what I now know as a near death experience (NDE) until years later when I saw a similar incident described on unsolved mysteries.

At some point during my surgery, and before the actual cutting began, something happened to me physically on the operating table and I felt a strong pull upward and the next thing I knew I was in a tunnel and it was somewhat dark in the tunnel, but there was a brilliant light at the end of the tunnel, which provided light all the way down to where I was in the tunnel. The tunnel slanted upward toward where the light was coming from. The tunnel was made of brown bricks, about the size of regular house bricks. I got the impression of wetness or shininess on the bricks in the tunnel but when I touched the bricks, which I did as I was advancing upwards in the tunnel, they were not wet. I remember as I was moving through the tunnel I looked up toward the light and I saw the outlines of several people, probably six or seven people, standing in the light. I recognized one of them as my grandfather, who had died the year before. There was one person who was a child of about seven and female. Looking back on the NDE I began to believe that she was my deceased sister who died before I was born, but during the NDE I did not know who she was beyond that I knew she was related to who I was here on earth just as I knew that the others there in the light were related to me somehow.

After that, I looked back toward the end of the tunnel I had come up from and I saw the operating suite. I saw myself on the table and two physicians working on me. I do not recall whether I saw that there were other medical personnel in the room. Until the time that I looked back and saw myself on the table I felt complete peace and relief while I was in the tunnel. When I looked back, I remembered my two children who were 4 years and 3 months old and I remember thinking that if I died they would be raised by their father and that they would never hear about God and that being raised by their father would be a bad thing for them. I knew that they would be abused by their father if he raised them alone. At that point, I remember hearing a voice telling me that I could choose to go back or to go into the light. I remember feeling anguish at having to make that choice. When all of this happened I was about half way up the tunnel. I backed up against the tunnel wall and slid down the wall to a crouching position and I remember deciding the kids needed me. I felt the same sucking or pulling sensation as I had felt before but in reverse. The next thing I knew, I was in my body and I could hear the doctors talking, though I don't know what they said. I remember feeling them cut me across my lower abdomen from right to left and then I do not remember anything else until waking up on the respirator.

Cynthia W

I had a tubule pregnancy that ruptured. I remember in the e.r. the nurse not wanting to "take a crashing patient" up to surgery by her self. I remember seeing my blood pressure drop on the monitor. I came to up in the surgery room

right before surgery. I was scared and crying. I told the doctor that I was afraid I wouldn't wake up. He said "you are very very sick and need to go to sleep so I can help you. I went to sleep but lost a lost of blood. I remember feeling like I was laying down but I felt nothing under me. It was dark around me but I wasn't scared. I felt peace. no memories of worldly pains emotionally or physically. There was like a door to the right side of my legs. Just beyond it there was a male being. I didn't see him but I felt him and heard him. Not The way we hear though. I still heard him and I knew it was male because the voice was deep. He told me I had a choice to stay or go. All of a sudden I felt this urgency. I said no! Robert needs me! I then felt like I jerked back into my body. When I came to one of the nurses came to me and asked me who Robert was. I told her he was my boyfriend. I asked her why. She got a funny look on her face and told me she and the doters were very concerned about me because I was very very sick, and suddenly out of the blue I yelled at the top of my lungs "No Robert needs me!" She said it startled them.

I recovered from this surgery very quickly. My doctor was amazed at how fast I healed.

Guan W

It was about 10 years old I had the first NDE. I was sleeping and felt go into another world, I like to call it as "Second Origin Space". It was a very black darkness (It contrast strongly with the castle in my another NDE). I think the appropriate words to describe it as the "windmill" and "black hole" visual effect atmosphere in the software "windows Media Player".

There were extreme disordered noise, images and feeling. I only say it was chaos. Then I shouted loudly: "Let me go! Let me go!!" (After the event my mother told me.) It was fearfully terror. My parents were impressed by my emotion and were scared. I am sure it was a near-death experience. At that moment I had a dyspnea and nearly was asphyxiated to death. I had similar situation in subsequent years.

When I was 20 years old I had a dyspnea again. I saw a very bright light and reviewed my life from beginning to end all at once. Time as I had known it came to a halt. Everything was uttermost beautiful, profound. They were beyond description.

Sometimes I could not move when I was in the ecstasy and found some strange things, for example, I found the things that were not in my room or still things were alive, I had acousma and heteroptics in daytime, I fly very fast to sky from the earth by an aircraft and I felt really the wind. The still things communicated with me and we didn't use any language. I found that we had common ground. The inner of us are chemical material. We all have souls and white light—very bright light, very beautiful. I felt very lost when I woke up. It seemed as if somebody had a lot of money in his dream and he found he had two empty hands when he woke up.

Here I emphasize that the different between these feelings with dreams is the sense of reality. Unlike the dim sense in a dream I had a strong sense of reality. I saw a big, brilliant, golden and colorful castle as if it was in a fable. How beautiful is it. Everybody should to felt this experience so that there is few fight in this world.

These experiences are really beyond description. It seems like that somebody fall in love and don't know how to express the sweet sense. Before that time I didn't know that people could experience the great sense. After that time I know many things easily as if I have a doctor degree and study in primary school. I am sorry I can't express the meanings well.

Give Thanks to the LORD who richly blessed me. After that time I often repent and think God's favor. Death isn't fearful. The anxieties about future uncertainties are fearful in fact. People should prepare for the death. A famous proverb says, "The meanings of life are what we have done and experienced." Love and knowing the truth are the most important.

God is light. God is love.

Ron K

PART 1

THE DEATH EXPERIENCE

A HIGHER GOOD (Also Book Review by Dave Woods)

Part 1, Chapter 1

DEATH COMES EASY

Dying sometimes is hard, but death comes easy.

My buddy, Ron, and I hitch-hiked to another small berg about eight miles from our hometown so that we could posture like adults at a bar known to serve minors. I was 15-years old.

At about 1 a.m. we arranged a ride home with a young man from our town named Richard. Drinking recently had become legal for Richard, and he was exercising his rights to the fullest extent.

I sat in the front passenger seat. Ron was in the back with Richard's friend, whose name eludes me.

Instead of taking the highway, where police might notice weaving, Richard traveled the back roads, speeding down a straight and flat blacktop. Fence posts became a blur as the car reached 90 miles per hour.

Richard's car was fairly fast for the late '50's, but it was old and loose, and at that speed the road noise drowned out our conversation and most of the radio. We all fell silent, and my head began nodding.

I'm not sure if Richard fell asleep, too, but he didn't see the T-road and never touched the brakes. I blinked and noticed it just as we hit the ditch embankment. This jolt took out a barbed-wire fence as we hurtled through the air.

The impact of the ditch slammed my head against the windshield. This knocked me silly, but not out. My head was buzzing as the car rambled and bucked across 50 yards of pasture. Everything seemed to happen in slow motion. We probably crossed that distance in a couple of seconds, but it seemed like many. I glanced at Richard, who was slumped over the steering wheel just as we crashed.

The car probably still was going 50- or 60-miles per hour as we slammed into an old and immovable hedge apple tree. In relatively slow motion, my whole body jerked forward, steadily gaining momentum as I approached the windshield. I remember my head tilting as my face met and smashed against the glass. There was no pain—just pressure. Then I blacked out.

Upon impact, my head slid up the windshield and behind the metal brace that held the rear-view mirror. Ron later told me that when he and Richard came too, they saw me hanging there, soaked in blood. Richard wanted to pull me loose, but Ron stopped him for fear they would sever my head in the process. They looked at me and thought I was dead already.

Both their injuries turned out to be quite serious, but they trudged off on foot to find the nearest farmhouse, leaving me hanging in the front and Richard's friend unconscious in the back seat.

When they returned with help, Richard's friend and I were gone. In the interim, this young man, probably confused and scarred, woke up and pulled me from the wreckage.

I don't remember being pulled free, but I do recall pieces of our journey. Like a fuzzy dream, I heard the car's horn blowing steadily as we walked away. I remember stumbling down railroad tracks and wanting to lie down and go to sleep, but this man kept insisting that I keep going. I think I did lie down, or pass out, and he must have carried me.

Still like a fuzzy dream, the next thing I recall was laying prone on the ground. Lights were flashing and people were standing over me in a circle. One of them said: "This one looks pretty bad. We better get him to the hospital quick." I thought it was raining, but was told it did not rain that night, so I must have been totally soaked in blood. I sank back into unconsciousness.

Suddenly I was totally alert—more alert than I had been in my life—more alert than life. I was totally free of worry and doubts and bothersome physical sensations and limitations. I was floating near the high ceiling of a room in the Breeze Community Hospital. At the time, this seemed perfectly natural and normal.

There are those who think of death as a long sleep or rest. Sleep is only necessary for the living. The dead are so energized by the overwhelming, self-perpetuating, and unlimited Force that sleep is not never needed.

I recognized Dr. Ketter in the room. He and two nurses worked feverishly on someone. Blood and fluid were flowing into one of his arms, and another jar of blood was flowing into the other. One nurse was doing chest compressions. The other firmly held his chin in one hand and pressed her other hand against the side of his neck to slow the bleeding. Dr. Ketter was stitching wounds with a dexterity and speed that was admirable.

It was then I realized they were working on my body. I had to look closely to be sure. A lifeless body without a soul has little distinctiveness. In fact, most of the distinctions we notice in the faces and body shapes of our fellow men are largely exaggerations of our minds. They are the ego's habit of isolating us from our fellows and of judging others based upon appearances. When we die and realize a universal connection to all mankind through the same life force, these distinctive features blend and blur into a general shape and look of man.

I realized then that I was dead, and that actually pleased me. I also gratefully knew that what the doctor and nurses were doing wasn't working. The last thing I wanted to do was go back. The body lying there meant nothing. It was just a lump of meat. The physical body is just a tool, and I could discard it with the same passion I would have for a broken hammer.

“Let the dead bury the dead,” He had said. And I remember thinking that a lot of prime ground and tons of money are wasted on funerals. Better to donate your organs to the living or your whole body to science.

Throughout my 15 years I had been in superb physical condition, but never had I felt this wonderful. There is no experience, or chemically induced state, on Earth with which to draw a parallel. The best I can come up with is this: On the best day of your life, you are in excruciating pain in comparison to this “out-of-body” state.

I felt a supreme sense of peace and an absolute lack of fear. I was basking in the glow of complete and absolute security. Simplicity and purity ran through me like osmosis. Everything evil, fearful, or confusing remained behind in that lump of meat. My true identity was intact, and I felt wonderfully humble and pure and loving.

Being dead blesses us with the absence of all sensory information. We are left with our true thoughts and emotions—our true conscience—without the overwhelming influence of the ego’s beguiling survival instincts. All human sensory stimuli, on the other hand, is confusing clutter. Ironically, the very things that make living real (our sensory perceptions) are the very things that make living hell. The Buddha was right: life is about suffering. While alive we are captors, chained by the pains and pleasures of our neurons. As long as we pursue sensory pleasure, we must endure pain. Spiritual peace, on the other hand, is the ultimate bliss that floats in the absence of sensory perceptions, ignoring the confusion of “good” and “evil.”

The way I just described it may sound like non-existence to some, but it is the only true existence of grand and unspeakable peace, security, and understanding. The ego’s perception of the world is a collectively reinforced illusion. To be without want or desire is not non-existence. It’s a state in which all our wants and desires are fulfilled.

As I hovered, I felt a wonderful force beckoning from above. I was going home. All I had to do was will it and follow the force, or, rather, let it draw me up. I thought about my brothers, my sister, my mother, and my father. I knew their pain, their problems, their confusion. I knew the simple solutions for each. But I also knew they would have to find their own way. Happiness is empty if someone simply hands it to you or leads you to it blindly.

So, I turned my attention and my will toward the force and started to rise. The ceiling dissolved, and there was a quick sound, like a large vacuum release, and instantly I was in another dimension.

Though I traveled into a brilliant light, I did not journey through any tunnel. The trip was like a blink. I met no one along the way. I knew the way well.

HIGHER GOOD

Part 1, Chapter 2

THE HEAVENLY PLAINS

What I’ll call the “Heavenly Plains” was full of loving peace. An infinite expanse of glorious light enveloped and permeated everything. This light was evenly distributed and seemed to undulate gently with a force field.

Directly in front of me, but slightly below, stood a group of spirits: less than 100, but more than 50. Each spirit had an identity of sorts, but they were part of each other—a single entity, a single awareness, all part of a single force. In the center of the front row were three oriental women. I realized that all of the spirits comprising the entity were my past lives, and that the oriental women were my most recent lives.

Their faces were clearly humanoid, but from their shoulders down, their forms blurred gradually. Their arms and legs dissolved near their ends. Hovering on the same level, in rows, they seemed loosely joined at the shoulders. Their identities were of both sexes and all nationalities. None were deceased relatives, and I recognized none of them from my recent life.

Each of the spirits had lived once, but the truth and experience and wisdom of each lifetime was integral to the entire group. When each soul returned, their lives were absorbed by all, so there were no distinctions between thoughts and attitudes within the group. Each of them shared completely every experience and every knowledge of every lifetime into a single conscience. Like spices and other ingredients added to a Mulligan Stew, each added to the mix, but the resulting flavor was one. I was them, and they were me. There were all of my past, and they were my present.

They communicated with me as one, not with words, but by a kind of telepathy. Every thought, whether it was one simple emotion or volumes of information, came packaged with instant and complete understanding. No message could suffer misinterpretation, the problems of syntax, or the variance of intelligence.

Words are primitive, unreliable, used more to deceive others and ourselves than to communicate truth. Language may be evidence of our superior intelligence on Earth, but on the Plains they are equivalent to grunts and squeals. We created words to label, distinguish, and separate everything. That's why we think of everything and everyone as separate. Words form the thoughts and communications of the world, but they are totally inadequate to describe or explain the emotional communication of the spirit world.

On the Plains only truth exists, but they are expressed not so much as concepts, but as emotions. Even the eternal truths are not known in a literal sense—they are felt in an emotional sense. This, I believe, is what is meant by "the unspeakable Tao" in ancient Eastern texts.

On Earth, we not only communicate in words—we think in words—and although we may be able to give lip service to the concepts of "oneness," "wholeness," and "the unity of all that is," we do so with incompatible words designed for separatism. It's like trying to see the bottom of a lake through turbid water. The solid reality of these hypothetical concepts can not be fully appreciated by a mind trained in the way of word.

The languages we have developed to create our separated, finite reality is the reason for our inherent loneliness, for in it we are emotionally and intellectually separated for a short time from other spiritual entity and the universal connection of Supreme Love. This separatism makes us fearful and judgmental. It leavens the entire culture and morality of the world. Because we place ultimate faith in our sensory reality, the capabilities of our own intelligence, and the sciences we create with it, we are doomed to live the reality of the life we create while on Earth. Because we believe it so strongly—it is our reality. We have, indeed, tasted of the proverbial Tree of Knowledge and have been cast from the emotional Garden of Eden.

On the Plains, everything is infinite. Knowledge of this and your place in the eternal moment provides infallible security. It is a place of infinite being and infinite joy.

On the particular Plain I visited, there was no need for rest. Nor was food or water or anything solid of Earth needed. Every need, want, and desire was supplied by the all powerful force of Love. This Love was so powerful, so extremely fulfilling—everything else was immaterial. This all-mighty power of Love goes well beyond our egotistical interpretations of the emotion. It is the very force of life and all creation. It is not neutral, but equal to all—the good and the bad—because everyone who still must endure Earth is a blend of the good and the bad. Only we make the distinctions of degrees. The ultimate spirit is an impartial force of universal and unconditional Love—A Higher Good.

This supreme Love flooded me from the entity as a whole, and I felt the same for them. This giving and receiving of truly unconditional love was indescribable. Nothing on Earth can compare. It is truth wrapped in total dependability.

Not only did I feel this tremendous force of Love from my entity, but from all entities throughout the Plains. There are many entities and many levels, but they are all connected by the same force field of Supreme Love—which also is the basic substance of the universe.

The ultimate achievement of science is not to insure immortality by discovering and mastering the basic laws of universal nature—its destination is to prove the existence of God and to insure the knowledge that immortality is ours in another realm of existence.

Instead of restricting the mysteries of love to psychological or philosophical studies, science will someday discover the all-powerful force of love and measure it as they now do electricity, gravity and geo-thermal forces. When science discovers the forces of love and learns how to release it from the bars of the ego, they will have the answer to every question and ill that has plagued mankind.

The love we feel on Earth is limited. We delve it out piecemeal to a few, with conditions. But on the Heavenly Plains, love is boundless. Male and female identities are equal because the human sex drive does not exist to complicate emotions. On the Plains we love our neighbor as ourselves, because our neighbor is ourselves. Every spirit everywhere, Heaven and Earth, is equally deserving of our love.

I was made to understand all of this in one flash of communication, in one emotion, from this entity, and I realized that my mother and father and siblings were no more important than the most distant spirit on the Plains, but neither were they less important. True universal love can't have favorites.

I remained just outside and slightly above the entity for a while, exchanging love. They had me to understand that they were waiting for me, and that I was returning to mentor them. They beckoned me to join them and share my experiences for the benefit and advancement of the entire entity.

The sole purpose of life is spiritual growth, and that, put simply, is the process of learning the wisdom and power of universal, unconditional love. All of the dogma of various religions just get in the way by infusing a judgmental and egotistical brand of separatism that satisfies man's archaic and barbaric disposition. In the end, the only things that matter is the people we help

and the people we hurt. This revelation is not fully understood until we return to the Plains and examine it under the light of absolute truth.

My entity stretched their handless arms out to me, and I started toward them, again floating through space simply by willing it. I would have entered them through the oriental women, but, just as I started, I felt the force of God beckon me.

The entity felt it, too, and dropped their arms. Instead of being disappointed, they were extremely excited and pleased that I was going to Council.

I turned to the left, willed it, and I was there instantly.

A HIGHER GOOD

Part 1, Chapter 3

THE COUNCIL OF LOVE

It is the center of everything seen and unseen. An unimaginable force radiates as a brilliant light in all directions from a trinity of spirits. This light is infinitely more brilliant than the sun, yet it did not hurt to look at it. The color defies a specific description, but a combination of white and silver comes close.

The three spirits were like my entity: separate, but somehow connected. They were one and communicated as one. They were of the same general forms as my entity, too, but they were without distinguishing facial features. The center spirit hovered slightly above those on each side.

Their first telepathic communication (I now realize) was the most important. I came to understand that this trinity is not God, exactly. They are more like the Godhead. They are the omnipresent embodiment of the Impartial Force. The Force they mastered is not a composite, but a self-sustaining whole. It is the "first cause." It knows no good or evil. It is neutral. Though tangible and pervasive, the Ultimate Force is not a being, but a principle. This is the spirit or principle that Sufi Muslims refer to as "Beyond the Beyond" or "Beyond Allah." It is perfect love—unconditional and universal. To describe it is difficult, because to describe it is to give it structure and anything structured can not be unbounded or infinite. So we err every time we try to define God within the parameters of our structured minds, using structured words and structured thoughts to imagine structured beings. Only the Trinity fully understand the Force. We only can feel it.

The Trinity came to understand the paradoxical powers of the Force and thereby became the intellectual manifestation of the Force. Call this trinity what you wish, but no name is appropriate, because by mastering the secrets of the Force, they lost individual identity. Only the three know who they are, or where. They are total spirit, total light, total love.

This Ultimate Force remains indefinable as long as we try to describe it within the framework of our experience. But I will try.

Imagine, if you will, that this formless force was vastly infinite and evenly dispersed throughout infinity. Though it is perfect, singular, and whole, for the sake of clear rhetoric, I must describe it as having three properties. It is universal, unconditional, and benevolent.

Being benevolent beyond our understanding caused the Force to desire other things to love, so it drew into itself with tremendous power and velocity, causing an extreme concentration of pure energy that caused an implosion which fused energy into molecules that we know as "matter". In this respect, everything that exists is like a shattered piece of this Ultimate Force. The rest, as they say, is history.

So, the simple answer to the grandest mystery of all is the common cliché "God is love."

This Ultimate Force of Pure Love can not belong to any spirit or entity of spirits, nor even to the Force itself. It is felt, accepted, and understood (to varying degrees) by every spirit, but the full knowledge of its exact nature is known only to the Trinity. The Trinity is the conduit of the impartial and partial application of Love. In this respect, the Trinity is God.

To describe God as a Trinity or entity, however, misses the mark. "God is a spirit, and should be worshiped like a spirit." It is the benevolent force of love in our souls and has little to do with our physical appearance.

On the contrary, we have shaped God in our image and assigned Him a pronoun. This humanizing of God is the reverse of how we ascribe human characteristics to a lowly mouse and call him Mickey. We anthropomorphize God. God is neither he, she, nor it. God is That which is. But, due to the restrictions of our languages and the frame of our reference, some pronoun must be used, so I use the common "He."

The image of God in human form sitting on a throne is a false idol, of the same ilk as a golden calf. A long, white beard, and all the other physical images we create to describe God are simply reference points. Why would a being who can shape the universe with His thoughts need such simple tools as hands? The only way we can create is with our hands, so we imagine God with hands. What man is doing in all these idols is creating an image to which man can personally relate. (The more I study religions the more I suspect that the only thing man has ever really worshiped is himself.) Could it be that the confusion and strife over the nature of God is caused by syntax, translations, and interpretations? Could the phrase "His image" originally have been "His imagination?"

I hovered in front of this Trinity, slightly below their level. In the presence of their supremely benevolent love, I felt no fear and was certain no harm could come to me. I was, however, overwhelmed with awe, like a child under the gaze of a perfect parent.

I was given a life review. This review is the climax of our present lives. It is where we glean the maximum benefits from our earthly experiences. During the review we revisit scenes from our lives and feel the actual pain or anguish, pleasure or love that we have inflicted upon others. We become the object of our actions. Understand, however, that these experiences last only a short time, just long enough for us to get the point. The purpose of the review is not for punishment, but for spiritual growth through understanding the ramifications of our actions, thereby gaining increased compassion for others. The ultimate irony, however, is that every time we hurt someone else, we eventually hurt ourselves.

We still have free will in the spirit realm, but, because total honesty prevails, our wills more closely resemble God's will. The darkness of doubt can not invade the light of truth. We know, or sense, the simple truths, and faith becomes fact. There's no need to intellectualize,

analyze, compare, rationalize, justify, or practice any of the fearful survival thought processes that make up our earthly existence.

In the light of absolute truth, we review our own lives for enlightenment. This “final judgment” that we all have been taught to fear has nothing to do with a decision between Heaven or Hell, though it is easy to understand how this misconception has been promoted by ego-driven people who lack full knowledge of God’s love.

The Trinity also gave me a viewing, like a newsreel movie, of past events and of possible and likely future events that I’ll go into later.

It should be noted at this point, however, that the events of the world are not predestined by God. There is a fail-safe law of eventual good (evil is a destroyer, eventually destroys itself, and only good remains), but what happens along the way is a direct result of the choices we make as individuals and as societies. Nevertheless, just as we have a limited knowledge of cause and effect, God has supreme knowledge of cause and effect on a universal scale.

Toward the end of the session, I was made to understand that I could affect the impact, maybe even the outcome, of these future events—if I returned to Earth. That was the only time during my death experience that I felt apprehension.

Flatly and firmly, I refused. After seeing the Heavenly Plane, Earth was the last place I wanted to be. Besides, I knew that what they were suggesting involved great pain—much greater than what I already had experienced. Couldn’t they send someone else?

They had me to understand that each spirit is important in its unique contribution to the scheme of things. They exerted no command, and I was made to understand that the choice to return belonged to me. But they counseled me further with truths I could not dispute, appealing to the enhanced compassion and love I had gained from the life review.

When I felt my will beginning to comply, I resorted to the most drastic measure I could muster. I was struggling with myself, not with them, and I sank to my knees and begged them to relieve me of this task. I wanted to stay.

They met this action with an overwhelming burst of love that permeated my being like a strong, warm wind, and they made me to understand that whatever I chose would not diminish their love for me.

Then, I am embarrassed to report, like a little child, I threw myself down, kicking and screaming in an emotional tantrum. The Trinity only smiled upon me and filled me with another burst of love. I was calmed. My choice was made.

I spent more time in their presence, exchanging the Force. They were patient with me to no end, because the whole history of the universe is but a blink of an eye in the face of eternity, and a council with God is like a time out, where no time exists.

After a while, I felt renewed and strengthened and brave. So I turned to the right, willed it, and left.

Instantly I was back on the Plain, back in front of my entity, hovering slightly higher above them than before.

I began to share with them what had happened in Council, but I realized that some of it already had been blocked. Maybe They had shared with me knowledge that either can not be retained or can not be understood, by anyone returning to Earth. Or, maybe they shared insights that I had yet to discover on my own. Such is the responsibility of free will.

My entity was disappointed by my departure, but they accepted my decision without reservation. Though I was aware that much of what the Council had revealed already had been blocked, I did not realize at the time that much of the knowledge I had retained from my death experience would make little sense once I returned to Earth. I was going back with knowledge that I would not be able to decipher for many years.

Worst of all, I was going back without knowledge of exactly what I was supposed to do.

This caused me to hesitate, but only briefly. I had made some kind of pact with myself and with God—there was very little difference—because when we are true to the deepest urging of our soul, we are true to God.

I turned my will below, and, with another large vacuum sound, I was back in the hospital room.

Helga

Before I had the experience, I broke down at my desk and I remember the arrival of the emergency physician and the ambulance. Then I remember a black tube which turned into a brick tunnel, and on the walls of the tunnel there were old oil paintings which depicted scenes of my life. While I was crawling through the tunnel "on all fours", I felt like I was being crushed by an unbearable burden. I could see a faint, but very bright light at the end of the tunnel. I was being pushed forwards by the thought that that was exactly where I had to be. The nearer I came to this light, the lighter the burden that was on me seemed to become. When I got to the light I reached into it with my right hand first, and it was pleasantly warm - in contrast to the tunnel which was cold as ice (I was sweating anyway).

As I stepped through the light everything became very bright, airy and wonderfully beautiful around me, and I lost the burden that was previously threatening to crush me.

I felt happy and free, as if I was lying in a fragrant meadow with a slight breeze on a warm summer's day. In the next moment I was lying in my grave, I could clearly see the walls next to me. My husband and my daughter were standing above the grave and were completely devastated. I called to them that they shouldn't worry, I was fine and I would wait for them. After that my husband tossed in the rose he held in his hands, but my (at the time) 13 year old daughter refused to cast hers in, even though I repeatedly asked her to. Suddenly I was back in the tunnel and another black tunnel appeared to my right. My consciousness slowly returned, and I could hear the doctor and the nurse saying excitedly, she's coming around again. Later they explained to me where I was and what had happened and that I should write down my experiences.

Catherine R

A skier came off a ski jump at a fast speed, screamed "watch out", & crashed on top of me. I remember feeling incredible pain everywhere, and then, 'it stopped' just like that.

My last thought was "So THIS is what it's like to die...." and I became this 'head'. Not a weighted down body, more like a light, free, thinking, silent-talking (no words spoken, but message understood), head. I went 'up' until I reached this white world. All white with a brighter white 'hole-like' opening off in the distance. From that hole, while I was 'stuck' as this 'head' just able to watch, two figures slowly came towards me.

They were dressed in long white robes, including hoods that covered their identities as they held their heads downward while they walked. When they were within 10 feet of me, they both looked up to reveal themselves as my deceased uncle John (whom I LOVED!) and my grandmother behind him. I was SO EXCITED to see my Uncle John. I wanted to run to him and hug him, but I was stuck where I was, just this head peering above this cloud of white. As I was screaming silently "Uncle John! Uncle John!" (because I admit I was confused and scared and quite relieved to see a familiar face to help/explain where I was), he stopped short of me, shook his head as if to say 'no, it's not your time". Slowly he turned with his head back down, while my grandmother followed. (I should note that they were the only deceased relatives that I personally knew at that time).

Next thing I knew I felt like someone was slicing my chest open with a knife. Extremely painful taking that first breath! I was "MAD"! I remember being ANGRY that I was SO CLOSE to hugging my uncle and they people must be the reason for ruining it. The first words I heard was my husband saying "Don't make Danny feel bad saying anything because he's been crying-he thinks he killed you!:" So of course, I didn't get to share my experience or get any medical attention! They bought me a beer for my headache and left me in the lodge to sleep while they went back to skiing. Nice friends huh?

Overall, yes it changed my life. I talk to people I don't know now. I love meeting people, helping people. You only live once. I enjoy my life more now and I'm NOT afraid to die and having love one's pass on is not so painful knowing they are all up there together.

I was told by doctors that I was clinically dead for approximately three minutes based on brain cells that were destroyed. I have been left with seizures, narcolepsy and no short term memory. I like to say I am eternally 28 since I haven't made a new memory since. But that day, being my last real memory, will be with me forever!

Richard H

It was August 1968 in Viet Nam on the DaNang River; I was traveling down river returning from a mission out in the bush. The am track I was riding on hit a large unexploded 500 pound round which booby was trapped by the Viet Cong. I regained consciousness about a week later. The story here is of the week that I was unconscious. From the time that I was blown up till the time I regained conscious, the Doctors explained to me that on two different occasions that I had clinically died. The first time I died for 21 minutes, and the second time for 24 minutes. Here is what I remember of this account.

I was sitting on top of the Am track and the next thing I remember is my soul is separating from my body. During the process of dying, I can hear as the doctors pronounce me dead. Then I see my double, a lifeless body, lying below me surrounded by doctors and nurses trying to revive me. This scene was quite a shock, for the first time I am looking upon myself from outside my body. It is at this point that I began to realize that all of my abilities, to see, to hear, to think, etc. continue to function, but now completely independent of my body and flesh. Finding myself floating above the people in the room, I instinctively tried to make them aware of my presence by touching or speaking, no one hears or notices me. At the same time, I am puzzled by his feelings of relief, peace and even happiness. There is no longer that part of "me," which suffers, which needs and is always complaining about something. Having experienced such ease, the soul did not want to return to my broken and shattered body.

This lasted a short time till I saw a bright light and soon after I was in a place that was extremely bright. I felt that I was joined by those who loved me, and a penetrating voice told me, I needed to change the way I was dealing with my life. The exact words do not come because I don't remember if language was used. But the feeling of knowledge was generated into my soul. The time of this experience was not of any consequence, because it felt like time no longer existed.

The second trip to the light was more instructive than the first. It had more purpose to it. This trip changed the very core of my being. From being hell bent on destruction to being creative, peaceful, and helping those who are unable. During that second NDE I reached that plane that many reach. Many people call it The Plane of All Knowing where you just suddenly know all things and all the puzzles of life unravel themselves and you understand everything and the why of things.

"Path into the light"



©Copyright Ira Binder, Luxembourg, Europe All Rights reserved.

NDEs - First Part of 2006

Robin G's NDE

When I was 19 years old I gave birth to my daughter Khrysta after 7 hours of excruciating labor. The doctor kept telling me not to push but I could not help it as the urge to push was too intense. After I pushed her out I heard the nurse tell the doctor that "she is bottoming out". I didn't know then but I now know that my blood pressure was dropping quickly. I then heard the Doc say "she tore her cervix and she is hemorrhaging". Then I heard the nurse say "she is going into shock and she is unconscious". This is where it gets weird.

I felt a complete calm come over me and I felt no pain whatsoever. I never felt myself leave my body, I was just standing at the head of my bed looking at myself and the nurse and Doc. I heard them talking about stopping the bleeding by stitching up my cervix. I felt no discomfort from being out of my body. It was very peaceful. I heard the Doc tell the nurse "try to wake her up". I then watched her walk over and pick up a little packet off of a standing silver tray. I tried to say "I am awake, I am awake". But my lips weren't moving. So the nurse walked up and tore the packet open and put this horrible smelling stuff under my nose. what's weird is that I smelt it before my body smelt it. All of a sudden I was back in my body slapping her hand away and telling her 'I Am Awake, I've been awake the whole time, leave me alone" Apparently they stitched me up and the hemorrhaging had stopped and I was stable. It wasn't until the next day when the doc came into my room to see my on his rounds did I have the chance to tell him what had happened. All he said was "Sometimes that happens" Not to me it doesn't I thought. This was a remarkable thing and it has never happened tome since. I wish it would because then I would know that I am not Crazy!!!!

Marion's NDE - Like

My best friend had discussed suicide with me on several occasions. We had many arguments over this. I believed that someday he would take his life. We also discussed communicating with one another afterwards. We both knew if it was possible to do so, we could. He knew I believed in progressive reincarnation, power of prayer and my faith in "Oneness". We made it simple. I was to ask if he was "OK" and if we communicated to never call on him again because he did not want reminders of "Living".

After his funeral, and all guests were gone, I sat on my sofa (about 3 or 4 pm) and shut my eyes.

It was very bright in my living room so I covered my eyes with the palms of my hands. I went in search of any traces, visions or anything to let me know I was on the path. At first, I saw some illusions of dark gray beings (???) and had the feeling they were trying to stop me or get in my way. Finally I said aloud to get out of my way. Instantly they would vanish only to come back. I went through that about 3 times. Then, I was seeing my hedges and yard as if I was floating and looking down at them. It seemed I was about 5 feet above ground. I seemed to hover over my yard and then my house. I was fully awake. I even laughed out loud because I knew I was on my way. The earth seemed to be a rust color. I saw large city freeway system with overpasses and all the exits and roads. I saw cars and tractor trailers. They looked like matchbox size. Traffic was moving and very busy like after work. Then I looked up and was being propelled. It was first gray then very dark. I was in a tunnel with motion. It seemed the tunnel had grooves and moving very fast around me as I was going higher.

After awhile, I saw bluish white light in the very far off distance. It seemed to be one light. The closer I got to the light, I realized it was lots of lights. I was not scared and wanted to keep moving towards them. I felt very comforted. I also had the feeling of being guided. In the darkness with all the lights, I saw another single light form in the far off distance and instantly I had the feeling this was the light I was searching for. I got closer and then I stopped. I said " Wayne " and watched the light move slowly towards me. I said " is that you Wayne?" The Light seemed to open up a little (like a star) and ray of Light came out of both sides. Again, I asked if it was Wayne and told him who I was. The Light opened so bright and out the sides I knew without a doubt I was in the presence of my friend. I asked the question we had decided on. Are you ok and the Light flooded all around me. Light was all I saw and felt. I was so excited to be there I was selfish and asked again. Are you Ok? The same thing happened. LIGHT. After a couple of seconds, the Light seemed to start moving away from me. I yelled, " Wayne, I love you! Teasingly I said "show me again" and laughed a like we did so many times with one another. All of a sudden (as his Light moved away) there were millions of lights opening up and out the sides that the universe looked like a fireworks show. I knew I had to leave him. I was so blessed to have been there. I was in THE LIGHT.

My return was quick. I felt very special. I was different in some ways because of it. I felt relief for my friend because he was finally at peace. I felt lighter and happier. I was awake and never had been to sleep. It felt quick but the clock showed 40 minutes had passed.

I never called on him again. One night, right after laying down, I saw those shadow looking things again. I laughed out loud and told them to go away. Just like before, they scattered. When they did, I was bathed in a million twinkling lights. It was brief. I knew Wayne had come to say goodbye to me.

Martha C's NDE

I was having fainting spells

Any associated medications or substances with the potential to affect the experience? Yes I was in tachycardia the ER doctor gave me adenocard to stop my heart for 30 sec. so that it

Was the kind of experience difficult to express in words? No

At the time of this experience, was there an associated life threatening event? Yes arrhythmia

What was your level of consciousness and alertness during the experience? Very alert.

Was the experience dream like in any way? No, it seemed very real

Did you experience a separation of your consciousness from your body? Yes I, my spirit, was golden light. I was still attached from my the center of my chest. My spirit appeared purple at the junction with my body.

What emotions did you feel during the experience? I felt awe at God's love for me.

Did you hear any unusual sounds or noises? The doctors in the background trying to bring me back.

LOCATION DESCRIPTION: Did you recognize any familiar locations or any locations from familiar religious teachings or encounter any locations inhabited by incredible or amazing creatures? No

Did you see a light? Yes A beautiful, golden light

Did you observe or hear anything regarding people or events during your experience that could be verified later? Yes I went back to the hospital later and asked the nurse that was trying to bring me back

Did you notice how your 5 senses were working, and if so, how were they different? Yes I was very aware of my senses before, during and after the experience

Were you involved in or aware of a decision regarding your return to the body? No

Did you have any psychic, paranormal or other special gifts following the experience that you did not have prior to the experience? Yes My voice was 1000x improved. I sometimes have esp.

Did you have any changes of attitudes or beliefs following the experience? Yes Stronger beliefs

How has the experience affected your relationships? Daily life? Religious practices? Career choices? They are more meaningful.

Has your life changed specifically as a result of your experience? Yes

Have you shared this experience with others? Yes Some believe me, some do not.

What emotions did you experience following your experience? Call me about this, my key board is giving me some trouble.

Following the experience, have you had any other events in your life, medications or substances which reproduced any part of the experience? No

Did the questions asked and information you provided accurately and comprehensively describe your experience? Yes

MF's NDE

First Experience: My friends and I were typical teenagers looking for an 'alternative experience'. We'd heard about hyperventilating while crouching, standing up quickly while someone held your tightly around the stomach. The end result is oxygen deprivation to the brain causing light headedness or in my case, blackout. A few moments after I blacked out 'I' was in the same room but hovering around the ceiling looking down on my body lying on the floor with my friends standing next to me. The room was the same, but entirely illuminated. I felt calm with a sense of 'knowing'. I was not in a physical form but was part of the light. I was the light. I was watching my friends panic as they realized I wasn't breathing after our experiment. I was watching them gently kick me as they tried to wake me up and I felt annoyed that they were doing this to my body. I felt like yelling to them, "hey, I'm up here and I can see what you're doing". Instead, I returned to my body to tell them 'in person' that they could stop kicking me, I was ok!

The second experience was during sleep. I thought I was dreaming, but I was watching myself, watch myself sleeping. Again, the 'I' that was doing the final observation of myself, was not in human form but formed part of the atmosphere of the room.

Steve S's NDE

I will try to make this short and to the point. I was having a heart attack the pain was excruciating. There was a number of people working on me and the last thing I remember a doctor ripped his mask off climbed on top of me put his knees on my shoulders drew back with a syringe two inches across with a needle about six inches long and stabbed me in the chest.

Then I heard that ringing noise that I've heard ever time I've been put asleep. The pain and fear went away. A bright light was before me not a tunnel or beam, just light. I was floating, moving with the light, with time to realize everything that was going on. I was completely coherent. Not drunk not drugged totally aware of my surroundings and how nice it was to be weightless. Next I realized I wasn't gasping for breath it was wonderful. No pain no fear no worries.

I started felling better and better as a overwhelming felling of love consumed me. Up a head I saw a large group of People no faces no bodies as such just gray silhouettes. There was one standing alone just below me to my right with outreached hands; I was about ten feet above them. Some say I had a choice to go or not, if that's so, God cheats. It was irresistible so as I am descending to take the hand of who I think was Jesus I heard a voice from beyond. It was my Wife, saying you better think about those boys. (I have two Young sons.) All of a sudden I was snatched away from there like a mail bag being grab by a hook on a locomotive. Slammed back in my body full of pain, fear, and hate.

Don S's NDE

It was roughly 12 hours since I was admitted in a hospital for injuries resulting from a auto accident. I was battered and bruised and had several deep lacerations that had been repaired. I was able to get out of bed, with the use of crutches, for a bathroom visit. My pelvis was cracked in several places so the crutches were needed to compensate.

The crutches were too long and rather than adjusting them, I simply stretched my arms up to reach them. Within roughly 2 hours after returning to bed, I woke up sweating profusely. I paged the nurse, it was about 2:00am. She checked my blood pressure several times and ran from the room. I later found out my BP was roughly 40/5 and falling and the nurse (only nurse on duty at this small hospital) went to call for help.

Sometime shortly after this event, I passed out/went to sleep. I have no chronology of events at this point in time, but I slowly began to very clearly see my hospital room from above. It's like I was high enough in the air to see all four corners of this small room clearly, along with it's contents, of course. This picture didn't just pop into view, it slowly became bright and clear, much like a movie will sometime do, very slowly fade from black to a bright and clear picture.

Along with all contents of the room I also saw myself laying in bed. I had no concept of time, it just wasn't a factor. I watched myself a while, then took note of how funny the nurse looked from above. She was wearing one of those little hats nurses seem to all wear in the 1970's. She was again taking my blood pressure and seemed to be very concerned since she was doing it over and over. This nurse happened to be the mother of one of my uncles and had lost a nephew only a week before in a motorcycle accident.

After a while I saw a male burst into my room. He slammed the door back, he appeared to be running. I recognized his face as a local doctor and friend of mine, although not my personal doctor. My personal doctor was a few paces behind him. I saw my friend the doctor pull the sheets from me exposing my bare feet.

About this time I saw a nurse run in with a bag of some kind of liquid. I later found out it was a bag of whole blood. I had never seen a bag of blood before, only the glass containers of that era.

My friend the doctor wiped one of my ankles with a liquid and made a cut with a scalpel. He inserted what I thought was a small tube, several inches in length. As he fumbled with the bag of blood, my doctor put a couple of stitches in the cut my friend just made.

Shortly, my doctor attached the bag to a tube that extended down to my ankle, I could clearly see this, I could almost read the time on the doctors watch but not quite. My friend the doctor then picked up the bag and squeezed it between his hands forcing the contents into my ankle rapidly.

It was at that moment, my clear view of the event began to sparkle. The sparkling became more intense and finally the entire picture was blank white. A few seconds later, the white began to darken and I was looking up at the ceiling and light fixture in my room from my bed. I could see both doctors standing at the foot of my bed still working with that bag.

Within moments, they began wheeling me down the hall in my bed, a nurse was shaving my chest on the fly. I was on a operating table within a few minutes, the gas passer put the mask on my face and I was out.

Later I found out that I had hit the steering wheel with my chest. My ribs had been torn loose from the sternum in the process. The ends of the ribs had hit together beneath my sternum when they broke loose and the ends of several were splintered, leaving sharp jagged pieces sticking out. It was one of these jagged edges that put an inch long gash in my aorta and ripped one lung. I had basically pumped myself dry and filled the chest cavity with blood. It took about 10 pints to replace all lost. This damage simply didn't show up in the x-rays taken. The ribs had jumped back into their normal position and the lung damage was at a weird angle and didn't show up either.

Karoline A's NDE

I was having gallbladder removed. I remembered, I was leaving my body and there were "BIG WHITE ANGEL" taking me away and when I turn around, I saw my body lying on the operating table as Doctor's were working on me. Angel asked me if I wanted to stay or go with her. I told her, I was not ready to go yet. Next thing I knew, I was waking up from the surgery and I asked my Dr. if I had stopped breathing on the table for little while and he said, yes. He asked me how did I know? I told him, I saw the whole thing when Angel came to me, and was ready to take me with her. I told Dr., I can see, exactly where everyone was, the instruments was used and the locations everything was set. Anyway, my Dr., told me, Penicillin was a fatal for me and to never let someone give it to me again.

Any associated medications or substances with the potential to affect the experience? Yes I was told to NEVER take Penicillin when I awake from surgery!

Was the kind of experience difficult to express in words? No

Did you experience a separation of your consciousness from your body? Yes It felt wonderful as I was floating away. Experience was like nothing I had every experienced in my entire life.

What emotions did you feel during the experience? Very calm and peaceful.

Did you experiment while out of the body or in another, altered state? No

Did you observe or hear anything regarding people or events during your experience that could be verified later? No

Did you notice how your 5 senses were working, and if so, how were they different? No

Did you have any sense of altered space or time? No

Did you have a sense of knowing, special knowledge, universal order and/or purpose? Uncertain

Did you reach a boundary or limiting physical structure? No

Did you become aware of future events? No

Were you involved in or aware of a decision regarding your return to the body? No

Did you have any psychic, paranormal or other special gifts following the experience that you did not have prior to the experience? Yes After this, I have had more experience with Angels and have more power connection.

Did you have any changes of attitudes or beliefs following the experience? No

How has the experience affected your relationships? Daily life? Religious practices? Career choices? More aware of my surroundings

Have you shared this experience with others? Yes Everyone I had told to, they all believed in my story as I have so many experience I share about other real life events.

What emotions did you experience following your experience? Peaceful.

What was the best and worst part of your experience? Best part of the experience was, it was so peaceful and I had a choice.

Following the experience, have you had any other events in your life, medications or substances which reproduced any part of the experience? No

Did the questions asked and information you provided accurately and comprehensively describe your experience? Yes

Arthur W NDE

I was playing pool with my wife in a tavern [she was NOT drinking, she was pregnant with our first child] There was an incident between the people we were with and another group. Somebody from the other group got stabbed. We Ran. As I was running down the street, I got hit by a car that was owned by someone from the other group. I flew over the car and landed in the street hitting my head and arm. Instantly I was 'floating above the scene' looking down. I noticed that there was darkness around me, the only thing I could see was the scene below. But I did FEEL a Supreme presence. I watched below as the car turned around and came back to run me over again. It was heading toward us way to fast to go around me. My wife was in front of my body, arms extended. Just before impact I cried, 'Please God, not now.' And I watched the car pass through us... Yes pass through.

Then I was back inside my body in the Worst kind of pain. My head was Gashed and bleeding, and I had a broken arm. There were, as I said, Witnesses to this event. The only one available is my Ex-wife Teresa. The Ambulance arrived and I denied medical attention. I went to the hospital myself the next day. Since this I have had an Unshakable belief in God. Though I am not in any way Religious. I feel my belief is more of a personal Relationship with God than any religious dogma.

Grace C's NDE

I had been rushed to the hospital early one morning hemorrhaging very badly. My mom did not know what to do to stop it, so phoned an ambulance to take me to the hospital. When I arrived there, I was taken in almost immediately and some doctors worked on me to get the bleeding to stop. Some where I was floating out of my body because I could see both my parents in a waiting room, and my mom was crying. The next thing that I saw was a tunnel with a bright light which I was being pulled into. I was not afraid because it was all so very peaceful. After a while I was stopped by a grand-mother that had passed on just about the time that I had this experience. She was a grand-mother that I did not like as she was always very mean to me. She was waiting for my and said that I must go back as I had a lot of things yet not done by me. The next thing I remember was seeing the doctors still working on me and then I was back into my body. One of the doctors some time later had asked if I had seen anything, and when I said that I had, he came to my bed after and asked a lot of questions.

Margaret B's NDE

I was in the washroom getting ready for bed when I felt dizzy so I sat on the stool, got my face towel, ran cold water on it and put it to my face and my neck. I thought I would feel better but sweat started running off me as if I had poured a glass of water over my head. I knew I was in trouble so I knew I had to get help. I made it to the bathroom door, got it opened and tried to call my husband. He was sound asleep on the sofa in the living room. I tried calling his name but it sounded like a whisper to me so I said, oh God he'll never hear me, but all of a sudden he jumped up off the sofa and ran to me. I tried to tell him t just help me to the bed and the only thing I remember is saying the word JUST, that's it that one word. My husband said as I was going to the floor I told him I loved him, and I was gone. My eyes were opened I wasn't breathing and he couldn't find a pulse. The next thing I remember is still being in the doorway of the bathroom watching my husband running back and forth from the bedroom to the living room. I heard everything he said, and saw everything he did. My husband tried giving me CPR until the ambulance came my b/p was 60/40 and they said I was coming back. I never saw my body but I felt the sensation of falling when I re-entered my body and that wonder peace, which I felt was gone. It took me about 2 weeks before I told my husband what happened.

Pat B

As above I had a outer body experience where I noticed doctors and nurses issuing orders all around me trying to revive me I remember floating above the table and watching what was going on and noticing the lights. I went through a dark tunnel and felt that I was carrying a weight on my back like a haversack. I felt there were people beside me but I could not recognize any body even though I seen the shape of people. I felt that the tunnel was fairly long walk and there was a pin point of light at the end of the tunnel and when I got to the end

I came outside and noticed somebody standing beside me with a covering over the head of the head and I was looking at fields of bright colorful flowers and felt that a massive weight had gone from my shoulders. It was extremely peaceful and I felt that I did not want to go back. The colors were extremely bright and beautiful. I was told by this other person that I had a son and it was not my turn yet. I tried to argue as I felt I did not want to leave but I had no choice every time he said I had to go back I felt that I was drifting back through the tunnel. I woke up about a week later in intensive care

Lizzette T

My family lived in Fresno, CA at the time and I was sent to Lancaster CA to live with my Aunt & Uncle. During my stay there, I became ill. My parents drove to Lancaster to see about me and immediately rushed me to the hospital. While on our way to the hospital, the coughing was so severe that I continually

lost and regained consciousness from not being able to take in a breath. When we arrived in the hospital parking lot, I remember the hospital staff there waiting for me with a gurney. When they placed me on the gurney & rushed me inside of the hospital I lost consciousness and that is when I had the near death experience. What was strange is that I saw myself in a dark tunnel. It was as if I was a spectator or on looker, because I saw the back of my entire self/body standing in the tunnel facing the light. Then, I was no longer watching myself, but being myself and walking toward the light. Once I got very close to the end of the tunnel, I was a little hesitant to go further because I didn't know what was happening or what to expect, but I was not afraid.

When I got to the very edge of the tunnel, I bent over sticking my head just outside of it to see what was there. I looked up and I saw the bluest sky. I looked to the right and saw the most beautiful green grass on rolling hills. Then I looked down at the grass just outside of the tunnel and stuck one foot on top of it and it was soft and cool to the touch. Then I looked to the left and there was someone sitting on a throne and he called me out. I came out of the tunnel and walked toward the being and I was not afraid. When I looked toward him this is what I saw. He sat upon a throne that was made of something that I've never saw before. It was solid and translucent at the same time. He wore a white garment that covered him from his neck down to his feet. His face was bright and radiating like the sun with rays extending outward. There was no face, but pure light. I could look straight into the bright light of his face and it didn't hurt my eyes.

To the left and to the right of Him stood several beings like men standing at attention. The one on the throne said to me, to my conscious/mind, that I had to go back that it was not time for me to come. Then he showed me an image or vision of myself as an adult which at that time I understood it to mean that I will have a full life. Once I understood, in an instant I was back in my body. I never spoke to anyone about this and I only thought of it as a teenager and adult on occasion. As a child I constantly thought about my and the world's existence. It sometimes frightened me that I was a living, breathing creature. I longed to know how we got here so I constantly asked questions to any adult who would answer. Also, most of my life I was able to see spirits. To dream about people's death. Also, I've had strange encounters with people while walking down the street that gave me messages about something that would take place in my life that came true, advice and just watching over me. Not until about 5 years ago when I saw a Dr. Moody's documentary on television did I understand what happened, the NDE. I ran out and got his book, then others. I also called my older sister and asked her about my illness during that time and she said that they almost lost me and I had to be resuscitated.

Jennifer N

I was in the hospital at the time for a serious illness. I passed out and had a sense that all of the circulation in my body was stopping; as I faded out it was as if every part of my body were "going to sleep" and losing circulation. Everything went unbearably dark and I thought I was losing myself. I felt as if I was being annihilated and while agonized then was just resigned.

When I "came to", I was lying in a light gray, softly lit room, on what seemed to be a velvety soft floor. It was muted gray but not the dull, lifeless unhealthy gray we often think of when we hear the color mentioned. The whole room was unearthly soft, peaceful and softly lit. It was like waking consciousness but in an environment I could not clearly define--my sense of time and place was ineffably different than natural, although it all seemed quite serene. The "room" I was in seemed decently large, and rounded--with a high rounded ceiling that seemed tall but not desperately far away. I was on the floor, looking up at the ceiling, into what appeared to be a round "stained glass" "skylight." It was a large rosette, letting in the light which filled the room. I call it stained glass because of the round rosette mandala pattern the light exuded from, but there was no sense of light diffraction through glass. The light was very white--not the blaring lights of a hospital or the dazzling light of the sun, but palpable and calming, almost cloud like radiance. Just a calm, and accepting, soft but bright, radiant glow unlike any light I've seen in normal life. I felt very peaceful looking up into it as it came down to where I lay. I remember a sense of calm and safety, and the place seemed very familiar to me, as if I had been there before and could remember all about it if I wanted to (but I was pretty much in the moment at that time and unconcerned with the past, so I didn't concentrate on that feeling much aside from the comfort it provided me).

My memory is muffled after this point; I sensed several presences--coach-like voices that they talked to me and urged me while I was there, but my memory is inexact; I only know that that they reassured me everything would be OK and that I would be going home. Things went dark again for a time but I could still hear them talking to me and guiding me, stating over and over again that I would be OK and that I would be going home (which was what I was most worried about at the time). After the pitch black I found myself back in my hospital room. It took a great deal of effort on my part to wake up again and bring the world back into focus.

I woke up to a very concerned nurse who was trying to get me to wake up. It took several long hours before I could see or hear correctly. My parents and a nurse discovered that I had been negligently overdosed on a medication.

After this occurred I began to pray, earnestly, more earnestly than I ever had in my whole life. I wanted badly to be well, and to be able to go home, but I didn't pray **for** anything, I merely prayed over and over again: "I love you God, Amen"--feeling a palpable presence of God being real, and "on my team" that I had never felt before. I put a lot of willpower into getting well. I was well soon and went home three days ahead of schedule.

Tarik

When I was playing with my young sister "to hide" I was running towards our home's roof to hide from my sister , while I was trying to go upstairs by the stair I thought to try to go down to the under stairs through the gutter pipes, and when I climbed the gutter pipes, it broke down and I fell from 8 meters high on my head and back, my breath was stopped and I felt I want to scream or to talk, but I couldn't, the world was in "cycles -rounding", I had a strange feeling as if in other different world, a world than can not be reached except by the dead ones. I lost my feeling of my my body, the darkness was overwhelming. I was unconscious for 2 minutes. I started screaming because of intense pain. There was a break in my back and hand, and now I am well, thanks to God.

Karen G

It all started Tuesday May 10th; I had been with a persistent flue and a bad-treated asthma...I went to the doctor because I caught a bronchitis and he prescribed a syrup, antibiotics, inhalator and a corticoid injection. On Wednesday 11th, I woke up as usual; I had my medicine and a lady came to give me the injection. After she left, 5 minutes went by and started to have breathing problems....I called my mother as I could...she was getting out of the shower and I told her I could not breathe.

I managed to dress up...and my best friend called me to have breakfast with me...she was near my house and I start work at 13:00... as I could not respond to her my mother does and tells her I need help.

We went down in the elevator and the last thing I remember was the face of my friend. Upon leaving my house I fainted due to lack of oxygen in my brain.

And here comes my experience, after my breathing stopped. The hospital nearest to my house is about a 15-20-minute drive, so I arrived the Santa María Clinic with a respiratory collapse and no pulse. I opened my eyes and saw myself en a tunnel of lights... diffuse and beautiful lights.. I was in something kind of a train... I did not see myself but knew that I was riding leaning back in a train at high speed.. I was very frightened of the speed, the lights passing by very fast by my side...I saw thousands of light spirals and thought..."I am dying" ...I felt my body glued to that seat and saw a very strong light with a golden frame at the end of the tunnel, I saw some roman columns with the infinite symbol. As I approached it the light became stronger. I was frightened because I knew that if I passed through the entry I would not be coming back... thousands of voices were talking to me at the same time...and I repeated to myself... "not yet....I am dying...not yet... Not Yet" and I was anguished because I did not want to go to the light....in the meanwhile I tried to hush the voices that talked and talked to me...I could not recognize any of them but they said let go, abandon yourself and I did not want to do it.... When they gave me adrenaline and revived me with electroshock the train stopped...and went backwards at the same speed until a voice told me (a voice coming from behind me) "Not yet...it is not your moment yet".. and the train started to slow down until it stopped completely. My whole body arched and fell back on the hospital bed. I opened my eyes and said to the nurse..."I died"...she took my hand and said "yes, but you are now here"...

Afterwards I learned that some "carabineros" (it is like police in Chile [Translator note]) escorted me to the clinic. If I had arrived 5 minutes later I would have passed through the portal...the light...

My mother did not see them as carabineros but as angels. In fact, everything happened in order for me to be here telling this experience.

IA

The experience took place during the summer of 2002 while I was in Afghanistan as a reporter covering stories for media outlets that I worked for. After the invasion of Afghanistan by the Americans, I was sent to Kabul as a correspondent from my country. I stayed for 3 months. One afternoon toward the end of August, while I traveled with a journalist friend from New Zealand to one of the encampments of the international peacekeeping forces (ISAF) to buy some beer and celebrate the birthday of my companion, we had a very serious accident that involved several vehicles. Our vehicle, an all-terrain vehicle, turned over several times (I remember 2). My companion was killed in the accident. Miraculously, the driver and I survived. Among other things I fractured my skull and was placed in observation for several days because of internal bleeding.

Regarding the experience, I must say that my memory of it has returned little by little and I am not sure whether my recollections are real or the result of my imagination. Beforehand I was very well-read in NDE studies and was aware of doctor Raymond Moody's work. What I remember for sure is that I was not in any tunnel. More than any memories, I have vague feelings that I would like to relive in order to clear up in my mind. I do remember feeling good, accompanied by someone who looked to me like Jesus although I didn't see his face at any time. He was a calming being who accompanied me flying above the accident scene while explaining things to me. I remember flying above the accident scene and seeing myself lying on the ground. During that time, feelings of total incomprehension come over me although I was guided through the experience wrapped in a secure, warm feeling. The first thing I thought about was what will happen to my family when they find out about the accident without having the opportunity of seeing me and prove to themselves that I am really OK. These thoughts seem to be read by my "imaginary" companion who tells me, "Look, there you are down there, but don't worry. You will return and will be OK." Or something of the sort. These are calming assurances with an archetypal power.

I am immediately overcome by feelings of guilt because I see my reporter friend and fear that he will not return. My "imaginary" companion responds by saying, "Don't worry about him. He has decided to remain here. You will return but he will stay." By his words I understand the message that there is no conflict with death. There is no reason to grieve.

Afterwards, my memories become mixed up because I regain consciousness and I see myself in an ambulance surrounded by doctors and cables. One of them notices I have become conscious and tells the others. He bends over me and while shining a light in my eye asks absurd questions, like if I know where I am, do I know what happened to me. What's curious is that I reply in perfect English (the doctor and medics were German soldiers from the peacekeeping forces ISAF) despite the blow to my head, the confusion, the sedative and the fact that my native language is Spanish and I am not perfectly bilingual. I remember that my first obsession was to see if I could move my fingers and toes. Once I proved that I could move them, I gave myself over to the situation with complete calm. At no time during my return to consciousness did I lose control. I had the absolute assurance that nothing bad was going to happen to me. Not because of something that was said, but as a feeling that wasn't even conscious. It was like living in a state of tranquility. With the passage of time, I have understood that this was surely because of the effects of the morphine. I also understood why soldiers always make sure to carry morphine with them into combat; it is a perfect artificial paradise in the midst of war.

Many things don't make sense to me about what happened. I think the experience can be seen as a modification of the effects of the tranquilizers. I also want to express that when someone spends two months in a war situation, this changes ones mental workings and perceptions very much. It's a form of temporary insanity. Life isn't the same in hindsight or at a distance. Even if you don't experience combat on the front lines (something also difficult to do in the computerized wars of this new century) your consciousness of necessity changes to assimilate certain things.

What I would like after relating this is for someone to who has had a similar experience to answer all the unanswered questions I have...so many I don't know where to begin.

What's certain is that I am no longer the same since having this experience, nor do I believe I would exchange my present life for my past although my life now is much more difficult and challenging...but also much more real.

Certainly I am grateful for having survived, but since that time I am more lost than ever, and no longer have the illusions of life that I had before. It's as if I have had to completely change the direction of my whole life and I resist doing so.

Carolina

In November of 1991, I was struck by a car which left me in a deep coma and was instantly unconscious. When the driver started up his car he ran over me (the tires left marks even on my underwear) and caused internal head injury, ruptured eardrum, broken pelvis, ribs, shoulder, my kidneys ceased to function. I tell this to put the experience into proper context.

I was transferred to a hospital, revived, connected to several machines such as respirator, etc. and was in a complete coma. I suppose during this time was when I had my experience. I felt a very strong pull, like a powerful shove that makes me think that was the moment when I saw myself in that place. This "impulse" as I call it was what knocked me into a large park. When I found myself there I was surprised but at the same time not worried. At that time I felt completely enveloped in great peace, a marvelous sensation of fulfillment. There was no sense of time or space. Everything WAS and nothing more existed. The temperature was embracing, enfolding... I looked around, curious, but without a feeling of curiosity (I can't explain it better). It was like accepting what was without any other reference. Everything was very green, with nature everywhere. Behind me was a great closed door (impossible to jump over it was so tall) with large bands the color of brilliant gold. In front of me was lots of grass with a straight, but not long, road in the middle that disappeared at the near-by horizon. There were a few people whose faces I never saw, but each one was in his own world. There was a fountain of water. All the people were dressed in white. The only sounds were those of nature and they were not loud. No one spoke, except when I grandmother appeared and met me (until this moment I remained in the same place I had been in since being impelled into the park).

She said to me, without uttering a word: "Hi! It's been a long time since I saw you. What a joy to see you!" I don't remember if I responded, but my joy and happiness at that moment were without measure, since I was seeing my grandmother whom I had loved so much in life (without relating to the fact that she was now dead). As soon as we met up we began to walk on the straight road that I mentioned before, but it was like suddenly changing position, I mean, from where I was standing we moved to where the road began but without moving. Then we began walking but it was like floating and slowly moving forward. She was at road level but did not touch it...I don't know. My grandmother never touched me. She was younger than when she died (89 years old), perhaps 30 years younger with loose long hair, white blouse, black skirt, barefoot, really, really happy to see me.

Suddenly, as we were walking along, she became very agitated and seemed in despair. She told me again without speaking words, "I have to go, I can't continue here" and at the same time she picked up her pace. I stayed behind not understanding anything while my grandmother very energetically and decisively, without ever looking back to where I was and without saying goodbye, continued on down the road.

I don't know if the great pain I later felt was because of what I experienced during my NDE and then brought back with me when I came out of my coma...a sense of great anguish and loneliness. I don't know for sure, but what I can say for sure is that returning from my "experience" has been, shall we say, a traumatic one, the feeling of abandonment is very unpleasant.

At that time my kidneys began to function and I peed (something I wasn't doing up until then) and, well, other things of a medical nature transpired that indicated my immediate and total

recovery from the coma. The doctors couldn't explain my recovery, but one of them approached my mother and told her that her faith was stronger than his own diagnosis.

I don't know how long the experience could have lasted, but when I was pulled into that place I was dressed the same as when I was involved in the accident which was about 7 in the morning on a Sunday (this coincides with the feeling that it was very early when I found myself in the park). I was in the coma for 4 days....and I DON'T HAVE ANY RESIDUAL EFFECTS.

Bobby H

fisherman/Cuba-Canada longliner, I jumped ship 2/18/2000, in Key West, my roommate's pet boas died, I'm from Alaska, so I skinned them out, the virus got in me when I skinned the snakes, 5/23/2000 I left on the bus for Alaska -via Seattle, I got to Seattle and was so sick, I took a room at the youth hostel 5/27/2000, -5/28/2000 I was so sick I called 911--7 pm,, 10pm I died, on the glass table,----shocked me back to life, died again-----, shocked back to life, came out of a coma 6/2/2000----while I was dead I sat next to a guy who looked exactly like ---Anthony Quinn in Zorba the Greek- in the closing shot where he's sitting on the fantail of his yacht----- we were in a 12-15 crater a pickup truck bombed out burnt up across the entire top, 9" of light could be seen all around I was on his left side looking right, he didn't turn to me he just said ----- --"you going to be ok" -----I didn't now I was not ok-----I was just there and he just said it to me--- that was all he said----I knew it was important but had no clue what was ok meant just that I new it was going to be ok -----god---or Jesus---or an angel----?????----said so--- I was shocked back-- I could see the room 7-9 doctors doing all kinds of things to me--- I could not feel-- like a funny haze-- I died the second time--- and was back in the hole- next to the guy- and we sit there outside its dark people are running to escape or find hiding or something--- he turns to me and just says ----- "look I told you your going to be ok" I had no clue I was not ok, they shocked me back to life---and I came out of a comma on 6/3/2000--dob is 6/3/60-- I always call my dad on my birthday, and came out of a comma to call-- I know I did it was me I was there, a nurse was there who tried to get me to sign a paper for release, so they could give me a new liver and kidney, I said "no I'm going to be o.k." she told me I was in a comma and was now dieing, my kidneys and liver have died and no one knows what's wrong, my time is up, I said no I'm going to be ok, she said I was crazy---who's my next of kin --- I said " don't cut me or gut me!!! I'm going to be ok!!! if I die that's ok --measure me --box me--bake me--and throw my ashes out to sea, and have a party with the cash in my pocket!!!" they said I was crazy and called my mom in Texas, she's a Baptist Sunday school teacher and will pray for in a drop of a hat!! the nurse told her I was dieing, and I would not sign the papers, mom asked what I said the nurse told her (on the phone next to my bed)-- she said " he's crazy --no one in their right mind would turn down a new liver and kidneys, he's almost dead and will be soon if he doesn't get the transplant, he said--don't cut me or gut me if I'm through I'm through, I'm going to be ok, and if I'm not jut measure me box me bake me and through my ashes to the sea-----mom said "HE'S NOT CRAZY !! DON'T CUT HIM--OR--GUT HIM, IF HE DIES,--MEASURE HIM ---BOX HIM--BAKE HIM-- AND THROW HIS ASHES TO THE SEA--- JUST LIKE HE TOLD YOU !!! SHE WAS SERIOUS---MOM CALLED SISTER CARROL (HYPER SPIRITUAL)---(DIRECT LINE TO GOD) SHE CALLED TO TALK--THEN SHE SAYS I'LL CALL YOU TOMORROW THE NURSE SAID I THINK YOU BETTER SAY EVERYTHING HE'S NOT GOING TO BE HERE TOMORROW, I TOLD CARROL GOD SAID I WAS GOING TO BE OK--TALK TO YOU TOMORROW-----THE DOCTORS FOUND THE ANTIVIRUS MEDS THAT WORKED---NO ONE COULD BELIEVE I SAID NO THANKS--- DOCTORS SAID I HAD NO MORE LIVER OR KIDNEYS---Dialysis TWICE A WEEK FOR LIFE----I DIDN'T BELIEVE THEM--I WAS TOLD I WAS GOING TO BE OK----WHEEL CHAIR ---AND IF I WAS LUCKY A WALKER---SURE--A LOT YOU KNOW--I SAID----XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX 6/14/2000 IT WAS OBVIOUS I WAS NOT DEAD YET, SOME NURSE LOST HER PAYCHECK IN THAT POOL !! THEY HAD A SOCIAL WORKER TRY TO SIGN ME UP FOR A HOSPICE (CANCER--AIDS--TUBERCULOSIS) PLACE TO GO DIE!! I SAID NO !!THEY ASKED WHERE I WANTED TO GO, ITS ALREADY COST THE STATE \$145,000 TO KEEP ME ALIVE THIS LONG, AND OTHER PATIENT'S NEED MAX CARE BED, I SAID TEXAS TO STAY WITH MY MOM--THAT DAY --THEY GOT ME IN A WHEELCHAIR ROLLED ME TO THE DOUBLE SLIDING

GLASS DOOR- UNPLUGGED MY 4 DRIP BOTTLES-PUT A TAXI TICKET IN ONE HAND A AIRPLANE TICKET TO TEXAS IN THE OTHER, I FLEW HOME TO TEXAS--ALMOST DIED IN SAN FRAN AIRPORT LOBBY---MADE IT TO TEXAS--NOW AS A FISHERMAN MY \$2000 BIKE FOLLOWS ME IN A BOX -- IT ENDED UP IN TEXAS ALSO-- EACH DAY , I WOULD STRUGGLE TO WALK OUTSIDE (WALKER HAD A HORN AND REARVIEW MIRROR--VERY FUNNY--)PUT A COUPLE OF BOLTS ON --AND STRUGGLE BACK IN- EACH DAY FURTHER AND FURTHER-5 TH DAY I STOPPED TAKING MY MEDS (A HUGE BAG THAT I NEEDED TO LIVE) I WAS SUPPOSE TO GO FOR DIALYSES 2 TIMES A WEEK--I NEVER WENT A SINGLE TIME!!?????I GOT BETTER AND BETTER - SOON MY BIKE WAS TOGETHER AND I WENT RIDING , CLOSE TO THE HOUSE --VERY WEAK--SOON SO FAR MOM HAD TO COME GET ME IN THE TRUCK--THEN ALL THE WAY AND BACK-----8/1/2000 I TOOK THE GREYHOUND BUS TO KEY WEST FLORIDA TO STAY WITH SISTER CARROL. RECOVERED IN THE GARDENS , 9/1/2000 I FLEW BACK TO BOSTON , AND WENT BACK OUT TO SEA FISHING ON THE SHIP --JACQUELINE L, FOR ANOTHER YEAR----JUST SO YOU KNOW I'VE SEEN A LOT OF BIG MEN BITE THE DUST FISHING, ITS THE HARDEST JOB IN THE WORLD--- I'M A 15 YR VET OF FISHING, I CAN NO LONGER DO THE JOB ---NOW I LIVE IN MAUI----AND BELIEVE IN GOD-----BEING A CHRISTIAN IS NOT ABOUT HOW MANY TIMES A WEEK YOU GO TO CHURCH ----ITS HOW MANY TIMES THE WEEK YOU ACT LIKE GOD WOULD WANT YOU TO (AND THAT MEANS KEEPING YOUR MOUTH SHUT ABOUT IT) THERE'S A LOT MORE TO THE STORY BUT THAT'S THE BASICS THANKS DaCPTN

Andreas SH

I was 7 years old, it was summer and I were as usual spending my summer holiday sailing the seas around Denmark in my parent self build sailing boat. We were laying in the harbor of Nyborg on the Island of Fyn. It was dinnertime. My father had made a sailboat to me of paper and tied some fishing line to it that we had wrapped around a stick.. I was eager to try it out and somehow I managed to leave the dinner table without a life vest on. Stepping up on the bridge (a rectangular long platform that all the boats are tied to) I got the idea, that I should examine how long the line were, before throwing the boat into the water. So I laid the boat on the bridge and walked backwards while I unrolled the line. The line was long and without knowing I directly towards the end of the bridge until there were know bridge under my feet. Splash.. Falling backwards as I did, landing head first I hardly uttered a sound until I was under the water (there were less than 2 meters from the bridge and down to the waterline). Under the water I screamed, surprised and, chocked and horrified. All the air came out of me creating bubbles and my scream was absorbed by the water. After the first chock I gained more control. I oriented myself and tried with the best "dog paddling" that I had learn to work my way up, ferociously fighting.. Then came a shift.. In an instant after fighting a while, I realized that I couldn't make it - I was not going up. having this realization I instantly calmed down, resigned, got peaceful. The fear left, peaceful silence arrived. I let myself sink to the bottom, where I sat looking around. I was a bit dark, but I could see the seaweed that sat on the bridge pillars waving and small swarms of little fishes (we call them "hundestejler") intermingling with the seaweed. I also noted the rippled sand bottom. Then pictures started to be imposed on me, like a slideshow of pictures, showing my family, our house, my cat Felix. It is difficult to say what exactly I felt, I was saying goodbye, knowing that I was now leaving these wonderful beings, but not with a lot of sadness, more a feeling of sympathy, maybe a bit of melancholy? Then I saw a light. like the brightest cloud. I kind of swept along the bottom of the sea towards me, in a rolling kind of motion. It embraced me.. It is very difficult to explain, the texture and the richness of this being. Like small vibrating treads of fire, the purest white. And the sensation.... Love. every molecule in my body melted into this being and I somehow became one with this vibration.. The moment it embraced me it was like it said.. Don't worry my beloved, while smiling to me, cuddling me, embracing me, but not with a face, with a penetrating presence. It simply did me all the best in an instant.. Writing it down now I start crying, just as I did the last time I tried.. In a state of deep reverence.

Next thing I remember is opening my eyes, I'm under my fathers arms as we go to as a surface as a projectile. I'm being towed to the bridge where some people has gathered, I'm bewildered and somehow angry. they turn me upside down and I puke out the salty water. they carry me down in the boat and put blankets around me, a doctor comes to check on me, I'm fine. I remember how my family, mother and father and brother were looking at me with love pouring out their eyes, somehow creating a golden glow in the boat and I felt so warm..

Next day I was happy, dancing down the streets of this little city. I was not the slightest bit traumatized, but on the contrary just eager to swim by the beach..

Francisco S

Because of the bite of a coral snake (*micrurus lemniscatus*), during the fifth day after the bit I suffered a breathing break because of the collapse of the left lung. The next scene I remember, was observing around me a blue color as the sky, very intense; while this happened, I was descending in spiral, slowly, until arriving to the bottom of a total darkness. At the bottom of this darkness, there was a "brightness" of a very brilliant light which was little by little getting more and more brilliant. The sensation of peace I felt is impossible to describe. Suddenly, I saw my grandfather who died in March of 2005 and he asked me with great tranquility (easiness) if I was fine in there and I told him that I wanted to come back and he responded "then, get out of here, this is no place for you". After that I started to turn around in a foggy environment and returned to my body, then I started to listen the voices of the doctors but unclearly and kind of hesitating voices, but soon they became clearer and I realized they were fighting for making me breath. Only at this moment I realized I had left my body.

Erick M

It was approximately 10:00 at night. For the past week I had been experiencing very strong pain in my head and body. On the day of my experience the pain was so severe I couldn't even speak or hear. The cause was a mystery even to the doctors, and my family thought I was just making it up or that it was something minor. But it became so intense that I called my family together and I resigned myself to the pain. Three hours later a doctor gave me an injection of serum but when he gave it to me my pulse accelerated and my body convulsed and I became immobilized. The next thing I remember was seeing my body lying on the bed with my family around me. I then found myself in a dark place without borders on the sides and I noticed that the pain had disappeared. I felt so light that I couldn't even feel myself walking. I noticed some shadowy figures that came towards me and behind them was the reflection of a light. There were 10 or 12 figures and I noticed a glow around them. My family later confirmed that I was without vital signs during this time.

Cecilia H

Death caused by hypobulimic shock. The Light attracts me as a magnet. It is so marvelous that I follow it but then retreat from it because I am listening to the crying of the people who were surrounding me. It is like if I turned to the right hand side i.e. I do not go up or down. It is strange. The feelings that surround me are as strong as ever. And that Light is white and catches me. I do not see nor hear anything else. I do not feel my body, or my head, nothing physical, only mental. It is all so beautiful that I do not want to leave the light. You know, even today I think about my experience and wonder why I did not follow the Light. When I followed the Light I suddenly came back and opened my eyes and it was so difficult to breath the same air again which I see is dark; I look at the rest of people who are crying and I think I'll be fine and at the same time I feel sorrow for staying but then I realize that my baby needs me .

Murray R

I sensed that I could move between earth and a sphere above earth as I wished.

Being able to move like this was wonderful. A feeling of total freedom was experienced. I could invite my wife to go with me at stages. (Anny and I are not legally married, but we have been together for ten years. I refer to her as my wife) When I visited earth, the daily life circumstances was experienced. When I visited the upper level, everything was so wonderful and perfect. If you wanted to go somewhere, you get into a car and you moved. Time was no factor. I then moved in a place that seemed to be a kind of factory. In this factory was state of the art electronic equipment beyond your wildest imagination. The main function of this equipment was to produce CDs and DVDs. There was a young fellow working there controlling these machinery. I was standing next to a shelf stacked with DVDs. (It seemed to be uncountable, there were so many). I coincidentally saw a DVD in front of me with the words on the cover, WHY NUMBER 28? I took it from the shelf and on the cover was a photo of myself. I then checked the back, and there was written, "Murray R was born 1962 and lived up to." There was no date. "He was a talented man who played music in various bands." And I was actually reading my own life story. All the detail will take a while.

I called the young man that was working there and asked him what this was all about. He replied that this was a DVD of my life.

"May I see this?", I asked.

Yes, and took the DVD from me and put it into a player, where after the video of myself was flashed onto a big screen. BEAUTIFUL.

There I saw myself standing on a stage with my bass guitar playing with a band when I was about 20 years old. I saw some other scenes as well, as I was busy with music all my life.

Excited, I called the young man and asked him whether I could have this DVD.

"No," he said.

"Why?" I asked.

Because your life ain't over yet. When your time on earth is done, the DVD will be released. Disappointed I turned away and left the factory.

Then came a new scene.

a Voice: Murray!

Yes, I answered.

Voice: You have been dwelling for long enough now, it is now time to make a choice where you want to go.

Surprised I was. A choice, want kind of a choice?

Voice: You have three choices.

OK I said, what is the first one?

I cannot remember the first choice, because I rejected it without giving it even a slight thought.

What is the second choice? I asked.

Voice: Your friend Len.

(Now, Len and I were friends for more than 20 years, But he passed away a month or two before I had my accident. He was the leader of a famous gospel singing group in South-Africa called Jubelatum singers, Almost like Dallas Holm, where he got his inspiration from.

Len? I asked doubtful. But how would I know if this choice is OK?

Voice: You may have a look.

O.K. I replied. How do I do that?

Voice: In front of you is a machine. You can go to the future or to the past as you wish, just push the FF or REW button.

I then FF the machine and it went at an incredible speed until I stopped it.

Suddenly I stood at an open field.

What now? I asked.

Voice: Start walking.

I walked for a while, then a bright light appeared on the horizon.

The light was like sunrise. You don't see the sun, but only the rays. It was a light with the most beautiful colors which I have never seen before. As I came closer it became brighter. I then noticed a wall. From the other side of the wall someone was playing the most beautiful music. I stood still and listened. Then I realized it is my friend playing his keyboard.

...But it is Len, I said.

Voice: Yes, it is Len.

Very excited I asked whether I may speak to him.

Voice: No

Why not? I asked.

Voice: After you made your choice you will be permitted to pass through the wall, then you may speak to him.

Disappointed I said O.K. what is my last choice.

Voice: Anny.

As I said, Anny is the one love of my life and we have been together for 10 years now.

Once again I had to FF the machine. A said to myself I wanna go to 14 November 2005, pushed the button and in a flash I was there. As if on a big screen I saw Anny and myself sitting at a table. We were chatting and laughing and seemed to be happy.

With this scene I realized Anny and I were still together, which meant I wasn't dead, I also looked for crutches which I didn't see, and that meant I wasn't paralyzed felt comfortable with the situation.

Voice: Well, what is your choice?

This was it, I thought. The time has come for me and where must I go.

If I go to Len all my suffering will be over and everything will be perfect with no pain? I asked

Voice: That is correct.

If I choose Anny I have to go back there. (I saw myself lying on the bed with all the wiring and monitors connected to me and a pipe in my mouth). Realizing that I have to cross a couple of bridges and walk a long road to recovery which gonna involve long term pain and suffering and it is not going to be an easy road to walk.

Voice: What is your choice.

Well, I said. Considering that it I am going to recover as I saw on the video, I am only 43 years of age which is relatively young, I do love Anny, and I feel that I still have a couple of chores to complete on earth, considering all these factors, I choose ANNY.

IN A FLASH MOMENT ALL WAS OVER. I then didn't experience anything further from there on.

It is now 22 Feb 2006.

I am still in the process of recovery, as my nerve system was damaged, because of a neck injury. My neck was broken on 3 places. I am thankful to be alive.

God must have a master plan for me. I think.

Leta C

Before giving birth to my son, the nurse informed me that I was dilated at 7 cm and that they were taking me into delivery. My son was 8lbs. 6 oz. and literally tore me to pieces. I was later informed that the doctor had to put 80 something stitches in me to put me back together. Obviously, I lost a great deal of blood, but nothing immediately was done. An hour and a half after giving birth, I was in my room when a nurse entered to take my blood pressure. I remember her calling the station and asking them to bring her another stethoscope because hers must be broken. When she got another stethoscope, she could not find any blood pressure or a heart beat. I was still conscious, because I remember her telling my mother, who was in the room, to please leave. My husband had gone home to shower. It was at this point that I was no longer conscious of the earthly world. I remember a falling movement through a black tunnel, then arriving at the most brilliant, beautiful white light. I have never since seen this color or type of light.

Once I reached the light a voice- I never saw anyone, only heard a voice- welcomed me. The voice was very warm, masculine. He said, "Welcome, Leta. Do you know where you are?" At first I was confused - not understanding where I was or what had just happened. I remember starting to say no, but then it hit me, and I told him, "Yes, I am in heaven, but I don't want to be here. I just had a baby and I want to be with him." I remember telling him frantically almost pleading, "I can't stay here. My husband doesn't know anything about babies and I need to go back to help him. The voice said, "So you don't want to be here?" I responded, "Someday I want to be here, but not now. I want to be with my baby." He said, "Okay." I then felt like I was going back up through the tunnel. When I came to, the doctors and nurses had the heart shockers in hand about to hit my chest. One of the nurses looked at me and said, "I've seen that face before. You have been to the other side."

Geoffrey

I was in the backseat of my mothers car and we were stopped to make a left turn and a truck (van) hit the back of the car at about 60mph. Myself and my sister, who was also in the car (backseat), were thrown from the car. I was thrown, by police reports, 180 feet. I know when I woke up I was under a snow plow wheel and dragged myself out from under the wheel then was out again until I reached the hospital. During the accident I knew nothing other than a complete loss of time and a floating experience as I physically left the body and watched as a relative (great grandmother) welcomed me. She said to me "you need to go back" I looked at her for what seemed hours then awoke in the hospital. Even though this accident was terrible, the car was beyond recognition, I was never scared. We all walked away. I had 2 stitches and a fairly bad concussion but that is all. I was let out of the hospital in just a few hours. No one could believe I or any of us walked away. My sister was thrown about 200 feet from the car but had no experience like mine. She was found face down in a snow bank and thought dead but quickly recovered with just a few stitches as well.

Bruce C

Early evening (dusk) I was traveling in light traffic at about 30mph an oncoming vehicle came round a bend and didn't correct her steering. She crashed into me whilst doing at least 50mph. I wasn't aware that I'd been hit, but I was aware that I wasn't where I was.

I didn't feel any pain, I thought I was totally conscious but I knew I wasn't. I tried to move but couldn't, I tried to talk but couldn't, I knew that I couldn't see but didn't care. I was so totally at peace that I expected something to happen so I stood, laid, sat. I wasn't actually doing anything but I was there. It's impossible to say for how long because there was no time associated in this place, I was there and I was enjoying myself.

I asked the question to myself or anyone who might be listening "am I dead?"

I was told by my Granddad (passed over 4 months previously) "No!"

I asked "What happens now?"

I regained consciousness and was laying on the ground surrounded by the people that had pulled me from the car, in tremendous pain and in shock.

Sandra C

The initial fall was about fifteen feet. Then I tumbled end over end for maybe another fifty feet, finally landing face-down, in the water. My friend, Linda was watching, screaming my name. I said "Linda, I'm O.K. that's just my body." Somehow this made perfect sense while I was out of my body. I watched as she started to pick her way down through the rocks to get to my body. I started to drift upwards, and suddenly I was surrounded by nothing. I was not cold. I was not hot. I was neither wet nor dry. I was. I was everything; but there was nothing in everything. I was love. I was peace. I had no beginning and no end. I was communicated to. One would say that I knew without being told, I heard nothing, but was given knowledge. I knew I was not supposed to be there.

I could stay or go, it was up to me. I thought of my parents and thought they would be disappointed if I was late for dinner. I didn't know what to do. I was worried about what my mother would do if I didn't come home, and then I was back in my body. I was wet, and cold, and floating. I put my feet under me and I stood up. Linda was there, just getting to the place in the lake where I was. She was crying. "I thought you were dead", she said. We walked along the lake shore until we found a staircase and we walked home on the road. I didn't have a broken bone, or any serious injuries, just a couple of cuts on my face and on my back. Linda and I have only spoke of the incident superficially, she lives in a different city than I, but we still keep in touch. She and I talked about it at my father's funeral, she said she would write an account of it from her perspective because I would like to see if she verifies my memory. My recollection that I was face-down makes me think I may have died (Why didn't I drown while she was trying to get to me? The shoreline was very rocky and hard to traverse, that's why I was going up higher--to see if it would be easier to make our way at a different level. It would have taken her a few minutes to get to my body from where I began.)

Steve S

I will try to make this short and to the point. I was having a heart attack the pain was excruciating. There was a number of people working on me and the last thing I remember a doctor ripped his mask off climbed on top of me put his knees on my shoulders drew back with a syringe two inches across with a needle about six inches long and stabbed me in the chest.

Then I heard that ringing noise that I've heard ever time I've been put asleep. The pain and fear went away. A bright light was before me not a tunnel or beam, just light. I was floating, moving with the light, with time to realize everything that was going on. I was completely coherent. Not drunk not drugged totally aware of my surroundings and how nice it was to be weightless. Next I realized I wasn't gasping for breath it was wonderful. No pain no fear no worries.

I started felling better and better as a overwhelming felling of love consumed me. Up a head I saw a large group of People no faces no bodies as such just gray silhouettes. There was one standing alone just below me to my right with outreached hands; I was about ten feet above them. Some say I had a choice to go or not, if that's so, God cheats. It was irresistible so as I am descending to take the hand of who I think was Jesus I heard a voice from beyond. It was my Wife, saying you better think about those boys. (I have two Young sons.) All of a sudden I was snatched away from there like a mail bag being grab by a hook on a locomotive. Slammed back in my body full of pain, fear, and hate.

Katie

I had a feeling of extreme peace and I loved being where I was. I was not afraid at all and I wanted to stay where I was. I then began to see what was going on around my body. It was as if I were looking down from above and behind my body. I watched things go on for only a few moments before I was instructed to go back, because it was not time for me to die. I never saw where the voice came from, but I felt the presence of a being beside me. I don't recall seeing anything, but I knew that where I was was a good place and I wanted to stay. I did not question the voices command. I just did as I was instructed. I went back and fought for my life.

Brian S

I have had numerous, but they almost always start the same. Your back opposite of your solar plexus locks up, and then it runs down your legs where you cannot move, followed by up your shoulders and then down your hands where you cannot bend them. Next, it runs up your head and squeezes your ears to a high-pitched shrill, followed by the squeezing out of light in your eyes. Once your eyesight goes, it is a very quick point to the release from your body.

I traveled up an upside down inverted hurricane tunnel that spun counter-clockwise that was filled with the brightest of bright neon colors from the brightest sunsets from clouds that were also wrapped in the bright of fire flames that did not burn. As I traveled up, the white light and aqua/royal blue colors increased. You could see your body prism/shadow, although you really had no body to speak of. You just thought it was there but it was not kind of like an amputee having to scratch their stub for an itch on their "foot." Once I got to the top of the hurricane, I was in the inside of a globe-like room that also spun counter-clockwise with 12-portals or "windows" that also let in light. Not that I am a Bible person, but I think those were the twelve gates. My life pictures flashed through the holes of the globe and also going up in the inverted hurricane that got smaller in width as I traveled upward.

The life pictures were divided into three categories with 18 good life experiences with respect to people and your life, 18 bad deed pictures that you regret, and 18 nature pictures of your favorite beaches, travels, sunsets, etcetera. My good pictures outweighed my bad pictures, probably because I had an NDE at such a young age and kind of knew the rules to that "game."

The globe or "judgment room" had walls that spun fast and seemed to be made out of water from the brightest colors of water from the best coral reefs on earth but far brighter. Up above or the ceiling, there was a golden triangle from which the brightest of lights came from, and there were these star beings that fly or swam in the densest of lights. As they collided, they made this reverberating love feeling like the ripple effect when someone throws a stone into water but this was love not water. It sprinkled down onto you and is the single greatest type of love that I have ever experienced. The remaining portion of the ceiling was created by the bright fire and cloud bank but did not burn and actually went sideways from the triangle to the "water walls." All the while, your life pictures are flashing brilliantly through the light.

It ends very abruptly and brutally with a very deep and painful fall back into your over-charged body. They seem to get more difficult to get over and not easier, and you become more detached from living on earth and not less each one you have. They are a "heavenly blessing" but an "earthly curse." It's never the same after that visit.

Nikki

I came down with bacterial spinal meningitis when I was seven months old. Fortunately my mother is a nurse so when we (her kids) got sick she paid very close attention to our symptoms and took proper care of us. If it hadn't have been for her I probably wouldn't be here today. At first it was very hard to diagnose me, and everyone told my mother that I had the flu, even some doctors. She visited 3 doctors in a matter of two days before she realized what I had because of the stiff neck and the extreme 105.8 fever that I had. The last doctor she went to recognized what was wrong with me immediately and put me in intensive care ASAP. He also told her I would either die in four hours or have a dramatic turn around. Thankfully my parents are very spiritual and prayerful and I know in my heart to this day that those prayers helped me tremendously. I was in intensive care for eleven days for my first Christmas. Being so young I don't remember the experience when it happened, but I can picture all the colors and everything else about it in my mind.

When I was 3 years old I walked up to my mom and just out of the blue said "Mom I died when I was little and you didn't even know it." she turned around and said "really? what did you see?" and I wouldn't tell her any more. 3 years later we were reading a spiritual book, and I blurted out mom! I remember what I saw! And I proceeded to tell her that there was a beautiful city and there were golden domes, and I was often in a room where little baby angels would race to Jesus' mother Mary on a throne and place flowers at her feet. I told her that her robe was red and trimmed with fur, and it makes sense because it was around Christmas time when I was sick. That's all I remember. I do know I was extremely fortunate because the illness often leaves disabilities, hearing loss, and brain damage and I am a studious student, athletic, and a lover of music. Today I am very spiritually sensitive and continue to have experiences, some of which are very frightening, and some very beautiful experiences.

Johnathon

I was a serving soldier in the 3rd Battalion of the parachute regiment, my regiment was on a military exercises for 2 weeks in an area known as Salisbury plain, my job entailed,.. was to drive a landrover. What happened is an exact recollection of events which I experienced and only very close friends know about this. Approx 2.30 a.m. I was driving from Warminster with a landrover full of rations, spare wheels the usual junk a landrover carries, I was very tired only having a couple of hours sleep when I remember the landrover steering wheel begin to vibrate. Due to exhaustion and needing my bed, I guessed I had about 1 hour to get to my location so I continued driving, a few moments later the landrover immediately took a sharp left turn throwing me to the right with my head hitting of the door, my hands came off the steering wheel and when I tried to brake I felt the vehicle roll over to the left sharply, what accounts I have during the roll was total fear screaming for my mum (yes, my mum strangely)

I remember been thrown about in the drivers compartment, grass coming through the window, darkness, pain all over my chest and sheer hell was what I experienced before blacking out. When I awoke, I felt the wind in my face which was nice, once I began to focus I saw bright lights, heard people shouting, the wind on my face was coming off the rotors of a rescue helicopter I presumed, the top of the landrover was gone, cut away by fireman and the lights were torches, I remember a woman speaking to me holding my left hand saying we will get you out, I recall crying but felt no pain then I felt myself began to drift which I thought was off to sleep.

I then felt myself slipping out of my body heading to the right hand side when I stopped floating I was about 20 feet away standing up watching everything happen in front of me, I felt no pain but totally confused then sheer terror came over me as I knew then that I died, I didn't want to die I was still too young, all these thoughts came over me, also there was no tunnels of light, no bright lights, angels singing which is usually perceived. But what happened then was I felt a warmth come over me, kind of like hot air all over my body and then I felt myself begin fade away, a bit like mist or steam from a kettle and then I awoke in the same place where the accident had happened but this place was totally peaceful, everything was clearer, brighter and I felt total at peace within myself.

I knew I was in the same place but not, if you know what I mean. I then began to walk about which felt like 5 mins, there was no buildings, nothing relating to any sort of civilization was evident. I sat down trying to gather my thoughts when I saw my dog Bruce walking over to me. Yes, my old dog who died when I was young. Don't know how I knew it was him but I just felt in my heart that it was him, the way he used to look, he came over to me and we cuddled for about a minute when this figure appeared a few feet in front of me. I didn't recognize him (yes, it was a him), he came over and sat down next to me petting Bruce. He was wearing a suit but from maybe the early 1900's era, about 40 yrs in appearance, black hair but I never felt any fear, or suspicion around him however my intuition said he is related to me in some form. His voice was so soothing, he said to me, "John are you happy?" Just, am I happy. "Yes" was the reply. Then he got up and went for a walk, don't know why. I felt like I needed to follow him. I could feel the grass, smell the air and feel the cool wind again my face. Even here birds sing, the sun was as bright as any a day I could recall, the grass was far greener, just everything was more

visible and everything felt alive, like I could feel everything's energy pulsating against my own which felt totally wonderful.

I remember walking with him stroking Bruce as we strolled about. He said he is taking me to a special place where someone is waiting for me. He spoke in length about life, stressing the importance of goodwill to all creatures, he also explained that there is more life in the universe than one can hope to understand and where we are going is a meeting place. About maybe a few moments I could see other people walking about, some were kissing, cuddling, people were laughing being happy and I could actually feel their happiness inside my belly, yes my belly. It felt so right, so strong and I know everyone could feel my love, sort of like everybody sharing their experiences with everyone around.

We stopped beside a large oak tree. Under the oak tree there was this woman sitting down looking at me. She was dressed like the days of the Roman Empire, long flowing white robe but of sheer beauty. Long red curly hair down to her knees. Bruce ran over to her and I followed. There were no introductions, but I felt like I knew her already. She informed me that I need to go back as my time is not up. I remember sighing and looking at the ground in sadness. Then I remember her waving at me and I also recall myself screaming for Bruce to come with me, I remember crying that I want to stay. When suddenly, like a dream, I woke up inside a helicopter with this huge needle in my chest.

I know what you have read might sound unbelievable what I truly believe in what I experienced. I know now in my heart and soul that there is life after death and I believe everyone experiences this differently from everyone else. I did recover from my injuries and later on was informed by the doctors that I was clinically dead for over 1 minute. I now look at life from a different view than what I used to. Life is so precious so try to be the best thing you can ever be. I know now that there was no angels, harps or cities in the skies but something even bigger, better awaiting us, and I know what my experiences were was only scratching the surfaces to what happens to all of when we die.

Julio M

Memoirs of My Death

Puerto Madryn, Chubut - Argentina

Winter 1976, very cold within the context of a very complicated family life and in my personal life I desperately sought some other way out. Always taking work with more responsibility and professionalism than necessary. As the one in charge of quality control for production of a factory, the foremen, with a directive from the management, wipe out my classification for materials to be discarded, reclassify them as good, and send them on out to market. They put a guard at the door to be on the lookout for me. To catch them in the act, I went to the plant on a Sunday at 2:00 a.m., walking more than a kilometer through fields, in the midst of a snow storm with winds at 180 kilometers per hour with gusts of 220 kph and minus 22 degrees Celsius. Of course, I arrived with my ears and extremities beginning to freeze...there is no clothing that can deal with such extreme conditions. The wind gusts blew me over several times and I returned to a standing position as well as I could my grabbing onto the scant vegetation of the area. I succeeded with my plan: I caught them erasing the red crosses and putting on the green marks...a crass mistake...the manager of the plant was the head of the gang doing this because his job was on the line because of all the defective material. The ultrasound detector did not fail nor did my sight...

To keep from freezing I went up to the furnace nearest to my office. The furnace had an internal temperature of 800 degrees Celsius and was probably about 50 degrees at the distance where I was at. I stopped next to it without perceiving the vast difference in temperature. At 7:00 a.m. I left with a fever, went to bed, and at around 7 p.m. my companions found me delirious in my bed. They took me to a social service clinic in the city that was famous for its cesarean births that took the life of several young women. A nurse checked me in and, frightened by my condition, called a "doctor." It seems like everybody who is a failure goes to live in the south... (Translators note: Chubut is in the south of Argentina and has a reputation as a place people are sent who are failures of one kind or another) The doctor said to the nurse, "This one is ready to die, he will not last the night." Give him a shot of Novalgina, a well-known antibiotic at that time, but whose name I don't remember now, and "give him serum." The diagnosis was "bronchopneumonia." Well, the doctor was pretty brutal, but he was on the right track because, truthfully, I didn't last the night.

At about 2:00 in the morning I "woke up," because of an insufferably loud whistling sound, and I saw a luminous silhouette, flawless white, that transmitted to me a beautiful sensation of peace. It was a very special light in that despite being intense, it didn't radiate, it was dense and concentrated... everything else surrounding it looked black in comparison except for some reason I was unable to see myself in the bed, as if I were outside the building, up by the roof. Submerged in confusion, I tried to ask for help... I saw the nurse in a room of a distant building I wasn't familiar with given the fact that I had come to this place in a coma at night. I could see everything perfectly. The nurse prepared an injection and I prayed it was for me...but she passed by my room and went to the next. One of the people in that room was about to die. I knew it and it happened a few hours later that same morning. I visualized whatever I wanted to see with an incredible mental and conscious clarity. I saw through the walls, simply by thinking about it. I saw my life pass by and felt the desire to stay in the midst of this immense peace.

Something told me, "If you want you can go. You still have a lot left to do. It's your choice"...and I came back. Immediately, my arms were free of paralysis. I lifted my hands to my ears but the sound had already stopped by then...

Starting from that day, my life changed 180 degrees. That was only the beginning of my out of body experiences... Today, among other capabilities I have developed, I pass through the veil at will. I travel throughout the universe. I learn information and give help to whomever asks for.

Marco C

I've been to hospital for a serious pancreatitis, it has been diagnosed with little life time left for me, my parents were at my bedside, about 02 am on 06/26/2002, I blacked out (everything has been reported by my father who was there). I entered some kind of pre-coma that was expected by the medical staff because of my pathology, and which I would not easily get away alive.

What happened in those moments (according to my father, I've been unconscious during 6 hours) is incredible!! I passed through a huge and dark tunnel with my body (but much lighter and almost brittle), but darkness was not scary as I was going towards a light at the end of the tunnel that was becoming closer and closer. I passed it lightly and smiling... lovely and warm air on my face and my hair (I particularly remember soft air waving my hair)! I turned my head forward heading to the light as I traveled towards it, quite lying, not as a position but because I was steadily determined to go to the light...The more I approached, the more I felt total well-being...I cannot measure time...There is no clock there and a minute may last several hours.. or hours may elapse within a thousand of a second, there is no humanly rationalized time! I only had a temporary disconnection from earthly life during the trip, I could see, from outside of my body and presumably from a ceiling corner, a doctor or a nurse bent over me... my travel was about to end... I felt incredible well-being envelope me, I was in the center of the light!! So much peace... so much love!! So much incredible sense of well-being!! In the middle of the door I recognized my grand-mother who had been dead for six years, and whom I still treasure!! She put her hand on my forehead just at the light entrance... She told me, "Go back...not yet! I'll always be there waiting for you...don't worry!"

I passed the tunnel back, I perceived that as a thousands of a second, and I opened my eyes...my grand-mother wasn't there, but my father was striking my forehead and he said to me, "You survived." I was happily serene and refreshed, during a few days I could not remind much of my travel...but today I'm able to tell you... I did it.

Thanks for your attention.

Jasun E

I had asked the nurse who was injection me with the Dye for the kidney x-ray to make sure my kidney was ok to Donate to my brother that was having kidney failure.

The nurse said we only inject people with 1/2 first to see if they have an allergic reaction. I could feel the serum like a warm track going right to my heart and I knew I was having a reaction., I felt a pain in my heart. and I no longer could move anything or say anything.

I heard the nurse scream and push a button on the wall,. Code red or blue?

I felt the nurses and doctors trying to revive me. They had put the paddles on me twice but my heart did not start. then the doctor climbed onto my body and tock a large needle and thrust into my check and pushed the plug down I then felt my heart start up.

The Amazing thing I was outside of my body looking at myself.

The first thing that Happened when I realized I couldn't speak was the I could not blink my eyes. The color went out of everything and turned to Black and white then I was outside of my body looking at myself. I felt like my life had flashed before me. at peace and no pain.

When My heart started up I could feel myself go back into my body. I went into a coma and didn't wake up for days.

This was the second time I had this happen to me the first time I had cut my arm and I had lost all my blood and my heart stopped, I was brought back to life when the gave me blood. I was hovering over my body. The only thing I remember is when I came back into my body. When the doctor had the nurse check my eyes and I heard the doctor say is he Dead yet?

Terry M

I, and a friend, had arrived within a couple of blocks to my home, when we had decided to explore what had then been a rough-framed home construction. The foundation was laid complete with basement and plywood flooring across what would become the first-level. A rectangular opening to the basement was the only visible void in this surface. We crossed the floor to further examine this opening. There was no staircase in place to reach the basement.

As we bent over to look, I had some vertigo and fell head-first to a concrete floor below. According to my friend, I remained still for about ten-minutes, or so. It was during this time, that an impression of light (I do not know how else to clarify it) came to create a complete sense of certainty and knowing. I still yearn for it today, that I come to greater understanding of its secret. For I know it contains all I seek.

Anyway, after my friend had descended by a stick-ladder that had been in place of a stair, and brought me to the surface, we went directly to my home to convey the incident to an anxious mother. I was reported to have made nonsensical remarks to questions asked of me. (Including, of my own identity.) I spent three-nights, and days, in a hospital for observation, subsequently released whole and in good working order. Although, my skull was fractured, as one can imagine, the skin was unbroken, and I had no recollection of pain. I remember the doctor declaring he did not know how I had survived the trauma.

It cannot be compared to ordinary consciousness, but only in its contrast does one find an idea of its nature. You are not confined to a localized consciousness we experience as sentient, physical beings. Instead, I was encompassed in a gravity of understanding that superseded the need for anything else. I cannot make a proclamation with any more weight than to state that this we accept as existence in a realm of time and space, is of no consequence to my, or anybody's permanence. This, unquestionably, is the effect of the light I found myself in, and as my self.

Kenneth N

After I suddenly passed-out without warning, I found myself in a black, silent void. I strained to see any light but there was none. There was no sound, no touch, no smell, nothing. I felt totally alone with just my thoughts. I remember thinking "So this is what its like to be dead!" I felt that I was still me but not who I was in life but rather the core essence of who I really am without any ego identity. After a short time I began to feel so lonely that I began to call out. "Is anybody there? Please help me!" I then began to pray to God, "Hello! God! Jesus! Please help me!" Almost immediately I began to sense that I was now moving thru the black void instead of just hanging in place there.

I could see a very small bright light in the distance and I was moving towards it. I felt that I was moving at an incredible speed but there was only slight breeze sensation on my face. I raised my hand up or I felt that I raised my hand up in front of my face to see if I could see it but I couldn't. I noticed two things at this time. One was that there was endless streams of little flickering, fluttering dim, little light things on either side of me that were also headed towards the light and #2: I seemed to be able to see 360 degrees in every direction simultaneously. I needed only to will my attention in one direction to concentrate on one thing.

I wondered what the flickering, fluttering little lights were so I began to force my will to concentrate on one of them that was closest to me. As I concentrated on it I could see that it was just a dim little light fluttering around like a moth or like Tinkerbell from Peter Pan except not as bright. Then to my surprise I heard or rather telepathically heard it say in the voice of a little girl- "Mommy what is he looking at?" Then the other little glob of light next to it said in the voice of an adult woman- "He's looking at us dear. "The little girl asked, "Why?" and the mother said, "He's just curious. He wants to see what we look like. "We were getting closer to the light in the distance and as we got nearer it got bigger and brighter. Then I began to notice that I was slowing down.

I also noticed that I could hear something. I remember thinking "What is hearing?" and relearning that concept. I then thought "I hear sounds!" and relearned what sounds were. "They're not just sounds they are voices!" and I relearned what voices were. They're not just making sounds they're speaking words!" and I relearned what speaking words meant. They're not just saying words, they're saying a name! and I relearned what a name was. They're not just saying a name, they're saying my name!

As soon as I came to that realization-BOOM-I was back in my body and opening my eyes. My body was soaked in a cold sweat. I was surrounded by nurses who were saying my name and rubbing my hands and arms. My reclining chair was reclined so far back that my head was practically on the floor with my feet in the air. My shirt was completely unbuttoned and there was some kind of clear gel on my chest. A doctor was standing next to me holding two shock paddles attached to a crash cart defibrillator. He said, "Whew! We thought we had lost you there. Your heart was stopped for 2 and 1/2 minutes. "As I gathered my composure, I looked around the room at the others who were there pumping out their blood and the looks on their faces were as if they had just seen a ghost!

I felt as if I could read their thoughts and the overriding thought being expressed was "Let me out of here! I didn't know you could die from this!" For a period of about one year after the event I felt like I had special psychic abilities. I could sense things before they happened. I felt I

could read and empathize with other people's deepest feelings. And I could sometimes, sense spirits and sometimes communicate with them. I also have the certain knowledge that there is a life after death because I experienced it. I was clinically dead for two and a half minutes. Your core essence continues on. No name, no identity, no ego but you do continue after this life. It's no longer a hope or a belief, it is a knowing. That is immensely comforting!

Christine E

I found myself walking in a valley.

I remember words coming into my mind - so this is the valley of the shadow.....

There was a white mist surrounding me. I was unable to see through it except that there was a brilliant white light - as if the sun was shining behind the clouds.

I floated into the air and looked down (at myself).

The words or 'voice in the back of my mind said we can't have this. There's a little girl I have to get back to / or words to that effect.

I was that voice, a 'still small voice'.

In my mind I somehow 'folded' into myself and was inside my body again.

I was never frightened at any time - just intensely curious.

Alejandro M

When I was 8 years old my parents decided to have some blood tests done on me to see if I was ill. We went to a clinic near our home and after they took my blood, I passed out due to low blood pressure, according to the doctors who attended me. After a certain time went by, I lost consciousness, but the magnificent thing was that during that period of unconsciousness I entered into an arc of light. It was like traveling through thousands of luminous arcs, extremely beautiful, their radiance seemed to increase during the time I traveled through them.

The landscape was illusory, it was a true delight to see that world. Everybody there was young. There were all races present, including some that had an orange skin, the color of bronze. But seeing those people wasn't the most surprising thing. Rather it was that their bodies seemed to be made of porcelain, not because of the color but because their skin was so soft and smooth. I remember this because my grandma had some small statues made of a material that was similar. But the people there even seemed to have a subtle shining light around them.

One person who looked like a woman of medium height asked me what I was doing there. I answered that I didn't know, that I had suddenly appeared from among some immense bushes as the pathway opened to me while trying to get to where I heard voices. At that point, with great delicacy and tenderness, she told me: "You don't belong to this world. At the time you have chosen you will come here like everyone else. We'll take care of this with the gentlemen you see standing over there." She pointed with her finger towards some men whose faces I could see. There were three of them. The three had an "M" carved on their belts and there were symbols on their ivory colored clothing I could not understand. From among them emerged a woman with impressive beauty. She shone with a unique resplendence. She was different from the others. She seemed to understand with a glance what had happened and what was going on there. She was indescribable, truly indescribable. Even today I can remember the quantity of lights that were given off by her clothing. Recollecting it well, the difference between the clothing of the others was that they were very light with pastel colors while her clothing gave off sparks. It was as if the sparks were suspended in the air with lights made up of thousands of colors around her. Little by little she approached us.

She was about 7 meters from where I was with the other person. She wore a jet-black gown that contrasted with the garments of everyone else. It was a long gown, like the ones worn by royalty during the 14th or 15th century. When she got closer, I could see that her gown shone with a special light. It was like black light. Her gown, seen closer, wasn't made of cloth. It seemed to be made of energy, something very special. When she got right to where we were I could see that her garment or gown was made of thousands of tiny universes or galaxies that got lost in the darkness of the black space of her garment. I think this is going to sound very crazy but that's how it was made. It was as if thousands of universes or galaxies were revolving and revolving around themselves. They revolved around themselves and at the same time a brilliant light emanated from the breast of that person. Her hair was the color of silver, and had extremely large blue-gray eyes and an extremely tender countenance. She didn't give the least sign of being angry.

She moved as if floating and when she got to where we were, she raised her hand in greeting. She didn't speak. She seemed to express herself mentally, everything arrived in my mind clearly

and I only remember her saying: "Little mortal, what are you doing in this place. You have commitments to keep in the worlds of time and space." I didn't know what to say. She was extremely beautiful. She seemed to know everything and this was infused into me. Everyone knew her and seemed to adore her, or rather love her. I was paralyzed, completely paralyzed. I didn't know what to say. She looked at me with much tenderness and taking one of her arms from out of the folds of her clothing which were more like strands of energy, she touched my shoulder and said, "Come. It is the will of the Highest that, for some reason, you have come temporarily to this place. Let's find out why." I asked her, "Who are you and what will happen to me?" To which she replied, "Don't be afraid my son. Some day you will return to this place and you, as millions of other creatures of this and other dominions, will begin a journey to know the person who has given you the gift of having your own personality." "Who is it," I asked? She answered, "you won't understand yet but I can tell you it is he who sustains us with a thought, he who gives light to the suns that they may sustain all created by and in himself." For my part, I didn't say anything. It is only now, as an adult, that I believe I understand that situation a bit more.

I didn't notice that time transpired. We were in what seemed like an enormous meadow with immense green fields. The colors, above all else, seemed infused with light that gave them an even stronger hue. There was no sun. I looked everywhere but the light seemed to emanate from somewhere or more accurately from everywhere. By taking the beings hand we arrived at a type of crystal structure. It was made totally of crystal. When I saw it I thought touching it would break it because it was a very thin crystal. When we entered, I could see that the rooms didn't have brick walls. They seemed constructed of energy or a type of gelatin that shone. They were translucent and I could see through the walls. Inside these walls were other people. They all looked to be adolescents gathered at a round table with one of the beings with the letter M teaching them something. Everybody we ran into in the the passages or corridors were very young people.

They seemed to know the person who was leading me by the hand. They all greeted her and I remember that they said to her, "Glory to the Highest who gave and gives your morning stars." She responded with a bow. As we were about to arrive at an enormous door, we stopped and she said, "By the will of the Lord we desire to know" and the doors automatically opened. These doors were also made of energy that looked like gelatin, but they shone brightly. They were the color of blue sky. I touched one of the doors with my hand and a slight shiver went through my body. When I looked at my hand I wasn't prepared to see through it. I remember that this surprised me so much that I released the hand of the person who was taking me. She immediately touched my head as if caressing me and I felt an enormous peace and comfort. I felt a gentle warmth and peace, much peace.

We went through the door and there appeared an enormous mirror. Very large. Just as we when through the entry I could see thousands of lights, millions of stars. It was as if suspended in space. When the door closed after us, the enclosure remained sealed and the lights began to shine more. Everything seemed to move. I could see that the person who had my hand began to shine more with an enormous intensity. That black light I described she had at the beginning began transforming itself into white light, an enormous white light and emanated from her breast and seemed to communicate with all the other lights. I could only hear whispers until a strong, clear voice said with seriousness, "The small mortal belongs to a mixture of the blue race and the bronze race and belongs to the universe of things created by Micael de Salgton. He should return." At that moment the person who held my hand said to me: "At some point in

your future you will see us here again. Nothing is revealed about your strange appearance in this place. We anxiously await the time when you will be embraced with love by your interior light. Return to your birth world."

At the moment these words were uttered I was absorbed by one of the lights and felt that I fell into a kind of void. All the lights shone with such an intensity that everything was white, brilliantly white, until I arrived at the place where I awoke. When I came to, I saw my mother at my side. I didn't know what had happened, I only felt my mouth was dry and was very thirsty. When I recuperated, about 30 minutes later, we left the hospital and I didn't tell anyone what had happened for fear they would think me crazy or that they would make me undergo some painful examination. Now, after years and reflection, I know that what happened was real and I anxiously await the day when my internal light will embrace me and carry me back there once again, but this time, I think, on a journey of no return.

Ruby L

I remember I was floating on the ceiling and I could see myself laying on the table at the hospital and the doctor and nurses were working on me. My husband and sister were there and I saw my sister take my hand and say, "she is so cold". She later said she did say that. I can hardly describe in words the feelings I had. I felt so good and I did not want to go back into that body. I felt light and wonderful, like a great weight had been lifted from me. I seemed to feel something or someone over my left shoulder but didn't turn to see because I was concentrating so much on not returning into my body. It is just impossible to describe the way I felt. It was not a long time before I was back in my body. I had six children at home that I loved very much and my husband I adored, but even so, there was no thought of them. I just wanted to stay out of my body.

Freda S

I saw beams of light and thought, am I dead? thought of and looked for a tunnel that everyone sees. no tunnel, but I walked to the light. seems like I walked for a long time. then I thought I was dreaming but I kept walking towards the light. saw my deceased father with his arms outstretched. my deceased niece was there also. She had been killed in an auto accident a few years earlier. A coworker was sitting down, smiling at me. She died from breast cancer. There was an older woman with her profile turned so I could not see her face. She was dressed in a long black dress with a full white apron. Period clothing from the 1800's. She wore a white bonnet. I walked towards her, wanting to see her face. When I reached out to turn her around, my experience ended. I woke up in neuro icu and remembered my journey.

Tristan Z

At the age of fifteen I attempted suicide. I drank a lot of alcohol and took bottles and bottles of pills. This sounds funny but I changed my mind and decided I really did not want to die. I called an ambulance about the time my mother found the empty pill bottles and started screaming. My dad, retired army, drove me to the hospital on the local army base.

I must have been going in and out of consciousness because the next thing I know I am on a table in a room. There are people all around me moving around. A nurse is shoving a tube down my throat. I am gagging and the nurse is screaming, "Don't bite me, you'd better not bite me." A man is screaming at me asking me what pills I took. Some time later a nurse is screaming at me saying, "What were the red pills. You have to tell me what the red pills are!" I wonder why everyone has to scream. Later I wake up to hear someone talking about kidney damage.

A man is sitting beside me. A kind looking black man. I tell him I don't want to die and he says, "Don't worry, you're not going to die." I ask him to hold my hand. He does. I ask him not to leave me and he says he won't.

At some point, I'm really not sure if it was before or after all this, I realize I am looking down on a scene. I see a nurse standing beside someone on a gurney. I have this surreal feeling. I am very calm...lacking any emotion. Everything is very clear and in slow motion. I see my mom, dad and sister standing beside the person on the gurney. I don't immediately recognize them as my family until I ask myself who these people are. I see the people talking but I can't hear them. I wonder to myself who is on the gurney and why my family is there. I hover there watching but I'm not sure for how long. There seems to be no sense of time.

I just remembered this. You know how you can feel the slight movement of air around your body? No matter where you are there is some movement of air or change in temperature. When I was floating above there was no air movement or temperature of any kind. There was a complete absence of those things.

Then several things happen simultaneously. I hear something like warning bells going off. A steady ding, ding, ding. I see the people looking alarmed. My dad is wringing his hands. The nurse starts to push the gurney. My first thought is, hmmm, this is interesting. Like watching a movie. Then I realize that it's me on the gurney and that I am above everyone. I think, I'm not suppose to be up here! The next thing I remember I am waking up in ICU hooked up to a heart monitor and all kinds of equipment.

Tracy P

On my way to a camping trip in the Smokey Mountains I had a severe front tire blow out. The car was going around a curve at the top of the mountain and the only barrier was a guard rail. This was the only thing between the vehicle and CERTAIN death. My best friend was in the passenger seat as I was driver. She is a devout catholic, I am not. Not even catholic. The blowout was loud and violent as we rounded the curve. I lost control of the vehicle immediately as we hit loose gravel. I knew this was it. The end. Certain death. I looked at my friend as she was busy w/the Hail Mary's and turned back to the road to see how many seconds I had left to live. I judged 2 maybe 3 at the most. As I looked at the edge of the mountain I was slammed out of my body. It was instant and it was real. The next thing I knew I was standing in what seemed to be a circular room with MASSIVE movie screens at a complete 360. All time seemed to stop however my life review seemed to take mere seconds. Everything I had ever done, good or bad. Every one I had ever know no matter how important or trivial. All my life experiences played out in a matter of fleeting seconds. In my mind I heard or felt a voice. A Godly voice. A Holy voice. I felt the kindness and was explained to me that judgment of my life was up to me. There would be no retribution. I was responsible for my life as I was for my judgment of my life. I'd been up to that a point a pretty good soul. Never hurt anyone or anything, always trying to help, to be the best person I could be. The review was surprising as it was pleasant. I remember smiling during this review for the most part. It past so quickly but I felt all emotions as I had originally felt them only in light speed. It was almost like watching a movie on fast forward,

As quickly as it had begun I was slammed back into my body. Time returned exactly where I stepped out. 3 seconds...2 seconds and then the most amazing thing happened. The car came to a complete stop. I couldn't understand. We were skidding on gravel. FAST. But it just stopped. I poured out of the car barely breathing on my hands & knees. I looked at the edge. The tires were less than 2 inches from the edge. Something stopped that car but it wasn't me.

JoAnn C

All I remember is that I felt my spirit leaving my body, I saw people around my body working on it and the nurses and doctors were starting CPR. I also saw a bright light and was drawn to it. As I got closer to the path I was on I was met by a woman that I felt that I knew. She talked to me in telling me that it was not my time to join her. I called her by name, and she was amazed that I knew her. She was my fathers sister, Ann who had passed away for many years. I remember telling her that I wanted to stay because it seem so nice and peaceful and that it didn't hurt anymore.

She told me that I needed to stay here with my Mother and Father, for God had a plan for me and that I need to fulfill this plan. I asked her what it could be and she said that one day, my daughter would come to me with a problem and that she would need me. Being 4 years of age, I did not understand that but she told me that I had to go back into my body, I had to see my Mother and Father again. She also said that I was to be comforting my Father when he passed on to the Other Side. I then felt someone or something pushing me into my body. I was arguing about the pushing and was trying to run into the light at the end of the path. No matter where I went I got pushed further and further until I gave up and returned to my body. The last thing I remember was that my Aunt Ann telling me that it will be many many years that will pass until I am able to make my journey on the path again. And not to worry, the next time that I will make the journey I will not be successful. As I remember this it is comforting that I am not ready to cross over. And, if and when I do, I know that it is a peaceful place I will go too.

Chuck B

I was swimming in cold, ocean water off La Jolla "Bird Rock" beach. My swim buddies were returning to shore as it was way too cold for comfort. Only one friend, Ted, had had the good sense to wear a wetsuit. As I attempted to follow, I was caught in a severe rip-tide. It pulled me both out to sea and north, rapidly. My swim buddies were already climbing up on shore as I tried and tried to swim toward them. Soon, I was completely exhausted, more than two hundred yards from where I had started to struggle and found I was unable to swim, paddle or even stay afloat. My friends were much too far away now to help me. I managed to yell "help" once and then realized I was done. I could not be sure they could even see me from where they were, much less hear my pathetic call.

I began to ponder the discomfort of drowning in the cold water. At first it hurt to swallow the water. In short order it became tolerable and then I began to sink, the waves breaking over my head. As I resigned myself to my fate, I found myself suddenly in this brightly lit tunnel.

I remained in a watery environment but, the water was no longer freezing and uncomfortable but, warm and natural. I was gently deposited on the edge of a smooth, cement-like, pool-side-like decking.

It was very bright, very warm, tropical but, also very foggy. I could not see beyond a few feet but, I recognized this place as home and knew home was just to the left of me, somewhere beyond the fog. I was aware that being on Earth was a mission, not the end-all reason for being. I was so relieved to be home. I anxiously waited to be contacted and knew my friends/family would soon appear.

As I relaxed on the edge of the deck, I was aware of a small voice, behind me, calling my name. I did not want to turn around and acknowledge it for fear that I might not be able to remain. The voice became more and more incessant. I knew somehow if I did not turn around I would not have to go back. I also suspected if I did, I would.

For some reason the voice finally compelled me to turn and face it. Wham! I was suddenly back in the cold, ocean water struggling for my life.

My friend Ted swam to where I was. For him to have reached me several hundred yards from the shore he had been on would have taken him many minutes under the conditions. That means I was underwater for over ten minutes. I was so angry at him for pulling me back from home.

I had no reason to have regenerated the strength to swim again, so it made no sense to me that I was suddenly able to swim back to shore. Still, with Ted encouraging me, I somehow swam back and collapsed on the shore.

Since then, I have no fear of death. I have faced many dangerous situations as a police officer both before and after without fear. But, knowing there is really no such thing as death does make a huge difference.

Lori L

Thursday February 27, 2003

My father was driving me to the doctor because I couldn't breathe. Impatient with his slow driving I asked him to pull over and use his cell phone to dial 911. The ambulance arrived and they began treating me en route to the hospital, my dad followed the ambulance in his car. I remember the EMT trying to hand me the nebulizer tube, which I had never used or seen I kept pushing his hand away saying it wouldn't help. Just before losing consciousness, I heard the EMT remark about my sweatshirt (St Louis Rams) I was afraid they would cut it (?) like they do on TV.

I was admitted into the hospital, without gaining consciousness, directly from the E.R. My father told me later that when he arrived at the emergency room, the hospital's Chaplain came out to sit with him. Apparently, this was rather unsettling for him. I had an "emergency intubation" and was connected to a ventilator in the ICU. My lungs were constricted and wouldn't function normally.

I had only one brief NDE. I was looking at myself, from above, there were no other people around me I saw the blue ventilator tube in my mouth. That's all! I remember briefly waking to see my daughter and boyfriend at my bedside. I couldn't talk because of the tube but I motioned, or so I thought, for a tablet and pen so I could relate my experience. The staff thought I was trying to remove my IV and restrained my arms. I went back to slumber land.

When they woke me up, five days later, there were no mirrors where I could have seen the equipment and when the nurse removed the tube she was very quick to get it away because I guess it's not a pleasant sight.

Donna M

During the delivery of my youngest child, I saw myself turn a grayish color, my Doctor instructed the nurses give me an injection, they couldn't seem to find a vein that worked. He asked them to put a page over the intercom requesting any Doctors in the hospital to come to the delivery room. Another Doctor arrived. My deceased Father, who passed away the month before, was on the left side and slightly back of my Doctor. My Father was also very concerned, I felt so at peace I wanted to go with him. I had a life review and knew everything in an instance. Then I was told that my children needed me and I should stay here.

Next I remembered the nurses saying hold your baby, hold your baby.

My Father was gone.

As the nurse wheeled my bed back to a room the asked me what was it like?

I felt it was a very private experience and did not answer them.

later I told my husband, and then my Doctor.

Anne C

I was rushed to the hospital. Approximately 1 hour later I whispered to my husband to take care of our children. Almost immediately I found myself floating on the ceiling of the room and looking down at my body on the bed. I remember watching my husband run out of the room yelling for help. Then I was floating in what seemed like a tunnel. I could see white light in the distance. As I got closer to the light I experienced a tremendous sense of peace. I don't know whether or not I actually saw friends or family but there was a vague sense that they surrounded me. It was a wonderful feeling and I remember thinking that it would be nice to stay there forever. A voice came to me then, and said it wasn't time for me to stay, and that I needed to "go back". The next thing I remember was lying back in bed surrounded by medical staff. They gave me oxygen and were pounding on my chest. Once I was fully conscious, they gave me several pints of blood. My doctor told me that he thought they had lost me.

Carol W

I was at work during a power plant overhaul, sandblasting and painting. I was on a fifteen minute break and stood up, when my left side went numb and tingled, I had trouble breathing and talking, the paramedics on site came and thought that I was having a reaction to paint or solvent. I was taken to the local clinic where it couldn't be determined what was happening, at that point I couldn't speak...it was gibberish and I knew it.

From there I started to deteriorate, so they transferred me to a hospital 35 miles away. By that time I was showing symptoms, some kind of overdose possibly from amphetamines, they assumed from my actions (excited, frantic, hostile) one minute and the next comatose. At the Price Hospital they gave me a syringe of valium to no effect. They gave me another and another. I started to crash...they put me in another ambulance to go to another Hospital 180 miles away saying there was nothing they could do. They said I would be DOA. Twenty minutes out in the ambulance I died, I quit breathing and my heart stopped. The paramedic in back with me was my friend and he freaked and yelled to the driver to stop. Together they started CPA and got my heart going again slowly 10 beats per minute.

At that time I shot out of my body like a roaring train straight up not stopping to ponder my body down below. I went to the light via a revolving tornado...inside was dark at first and I went through all the negative (bad) things that I had ever done in my life and was stripped of it. forgiven instantly and continued up toward the light. Negative deeds pulled me down and positive pulled me up. There, on a horizon were shadows that turned to shapes of people, my grandmother and aunt Carrie appeared and I realized how young my Aunt looked. I was eight when she died...she was twenty seven. Also my grandmother was young and not crippled. I was so happy to see them. They escorted me over to the crowds of people and I was crying...I was so happy to see them hundreds of them. I was telling them that I hadn't seen them for ages, How could I ever had forgotten them, etc. I later realized that I had never seen any of them before, except my grandmother and aunt. Then I found myself on the dark side of the light, there was a barrier of lace and on the other side it was so warm and bright. I heard in my head, "what is your answer?" I said, "no I can't go because of my kids, ages 9 and 14, they need me!" He acknowledged it...and gave me knowledge, that I would have to go back and suffer greatly but he would let me go back for a while. I next became aware of coming back into my body, my family was around me and I told them what happened.

Since then I have had both a good life and an agonizing one. I have had cancer twice and fifteen other operations for various maladies and illnesses, but have managed to be happy. I am not afraid to die, I have always longed for it when it comes. I am psychic and intuitive at times. I know that we are but cells in the body of Christ, we are truly part of God. All we do that is good is positive, no matter how small, and all that we do that is bad is negative. Positive energy never dies and continues to go on and on. That is what I believe.

Gary A

I was traveling towards an almost globe of light (a bubble) that I knew contained all that was known, it was very intense and attractive, there is nothing more powerful in needing to return back to this, in what I have come to believe is our, before and after life's home, a dimension of energy of all that is, and all that is in are universe. We are all as one, yet as singular as we are in this physical journey, though without the knowledge of everything and the ability of all conceivable and unconceivable conceptual knowledge. In other words, man in all of our knowledge we are not even yet infants in what I sensed from seeing into this light. As I was traveling through this very dark void I became aware of three other entities. The closet one was traveling beside me, though his being (upper self) was half way up to my waist and his lower extremities were below my legs. The second entity was just below this one close's to me and further out; the third entity was at least two to three body lengths further below the second entity. In my mind I was communicated to by the first close's entity, who spoke to me (telepathy) that it was not my time and that I had a very long life to live. The way this first entity communicated with me was so unbelievably loving, that the expression of his face that I cannot remember anymore was so kind and sincere that even though I wanted to continue towards this globe of light, the understanding of complete compassion of what I felt from this person overtook my urgency to travel any further. I will always remember this signature feeling of love when I meet him again, where time does not count.

Anyways I lived my life kind of reckless, not suicidal (I believe we are here for a purpose) what you expect if your told you would have a long life and boy have I taken those words apart and played with them many of times over the years. But when I had an accident in the early 90's, as I had many, that when this unbelievable accident was occurring (though I am not at all afraid of death) I called out loud "god don't let me die" three times, and I didn't. I learned from this last major accident (what happened, the odds of what I was destroying in this last accident could never be duplicated) that I was not being very smart, in that I was told I had a long life but what does that really mean, being a paraplegic, or without limbs. I guess it took a long time to get smart.

Jeanne

After being hit from behind by a drunk driver at 3:55am on hwy I-10 in Southern California, while laying on the side of the hwy and before the ambulance arrived, having been seriously injured...a very real and clear mans voice asked if I was ready to go. I answered no, I needed to say good-by to my 2 children and not put them through this at this time. Before I heard his voice: I was walking down a dark street, I kind recall seeing the area before. I felt lost and it was getting late," knew I should be home before now". as I turned the corner, I saw the cutest little house, all lit up and the yard, with a white picket fence was full of people, all welcoming me. They were so glad to see me. I felt my deceased father's presence, but not clear which person he was in the large group...there was so much love and warmth. a wonderful feeling. the best place I'd ever been/seen. and felt so loved. Then when I heard the voice, and answered NO, the scene was gone. Until I said NO, I felt no pain from my 2 broken femurs, broken hip, fractured ribs, arm partially torn off, cuts to face...from being ejected from my pick-up and thrown over 200ft from the impact. Was hit from behind by car traveling over 100mph with no headlights on. As soon as I answered the man's question, I felt no pain, was warm, secure, comfortable...then the pain started, couldn't move any part of my body. blood everywhere and the ambulance had arrived and was trying to move me...I was never scared

Sherry W

I was trying to tell the nurse that I couldn't breathe but, I couldn't speak. Everything went black and I could feel myself drifting away, like a sinking feeling almost. I heard a voice say "we're losing her." then there was a sound almost like static on a TV. with no reception. I found myself looking down at all the commotion. It seemed like I was about ten feet above myself. I could see the doctors and nurses hooking me up to monitors and working on me. All in a frenzy.

I began being drawn further up, until everything was black again. I found myself in a standing position, however it was more like floating. I could feel someone next to me. I didn't have to see them, they were there to guide me, and did so. I turned around and saw a light in the distance. I was unsure of where we were going but my guide was there and I was comforted by them. We began going toward the light at first I thought we were going through a tunnel but, I began looking around I saw silhouettes of people. It was pitch black and the silhouettes were of a bright purple. I thought look at all these people too many to give an estimate. I turned forward again my guide and I traveled closer to the light which was bigger and brighter than ever. We soon reached a point where we stopped. My guide stood next to me. This light was brighter than the sun. A wonderful glowing luminous white light. I stood there with a feeling, and the best way I can describe it is, the gut feeling you have when you are scared but, knowing you are not. I felt scared without being scared or afraid. I was calm. I knew that if I walked through the light I would have the answers to everything I ever wanted to know. This light was love, life, and serenity I could feel all this. I never heard a word spoken. You could feel what you needed to know, and what was being communicated to you. It was with feelings, not words. I had my choice. Without words I decided, I had a six month old baby I couldn't leave. I woke up a couple of days later in I.C.U.

Roger M

As a result of the rapid loss of blood, the amount of time that I remained conscious after the fall was only a few minutes. I have very clear memories of the moments leading up to and after my transition from this plane to the next. Miraculously I suffered very little head trauma as a result of the fall. I distinctly remember going into shock as the blood poured from the severed arteries in my arm. The feeling of my life slipping away became more apparent as I felt the extreme cold come over me as my breathing became more and more shallow. The people at the scene of the accident were all telling me to stay calm and keep my eyes open.

Oddly, I don't remember being anything but calm. I did feel an intense fear of the unknown that I was about to face and at the prospect of never seeing my wife and children again, but that feeling passed rather quickly. I remember taking my last breath and then instantly my entire spectrum of existence changed completely. All the coldness I was feeling while I lay there bleeding to death was replaced with the warmest feeling I have ever known. Not the heat that could be associated with Hell, but a warmth from within my being. I no longer felt dread or fear or any other emotion I had experienced in a physical realm. I can only describe it as a sense of peace and well being. It's amazing the pressures we feel everyday just by being alive in our mortal bodies. It's only when these pressures are completely lifted from our existence that our souls are able to experience real peace and tranquility.

At the same time I felt all these changes occur I also experienced an existence without the burdens of an Earthly body. The senses that replaced sight sound and smell felt like one sense of all inclusive awareness. There was no need for physical interaction as all levels of experience were not felt or spoken, but simply known. The function of sight did not exist as I had known while in my body. Everything that I perceived as existing could be experienced as the most intense light I could possibly imagine. I remember it as being a hundred times brighter than the sun, but it was not painful to experience. I had the sense that the light was responsible for everything I had been a part of since leaving my Earthly body. I don't know if I can describe this source of light as God or Jesus or any other divine being. It was far deeper than we can describe in Earthly terms or feelings. I had an awareness of this "source" that needed absolutely no means of conveyance or communication. I had become a part of this "source" to the extent of oneness. Maybe I had become part of this "source".

The thing I remember the most is how distant I had become from the physical body. When we express as humans the hope to one day be reunited with departed friends and family there is no way to explain how we will truly be together again. The reunion is not as Father and Son or as our dear friend. It's as if our souls are part of an atom that had been split with all the destructive force of the universe and then suddenly come back to form a single atom again. This atom somehow contained every experience ever thought felt or imagined. Nothing ever beckoned me to the light or tried to persuade me to come or go. Our souls just know where we belong. And as fast and beautiful this transition had occurred it was over.

My accident had occurred on Friday April 4th of 2003. I regained consciousness on Monday April 7th. Since that day I have felt an emptiness that I can only guess comes from having been exposed to this plane that truly liberates our souls from the rigors of mortal existence. Upon my return from death, I cried when I hugged my family, my parents, children, wife, and dear friends. I cried not because I had missed them, because everything I had gone through seemed to last

only minutes. I cried because I had absolute knowledge that there is a beautiful awareness that will follow this life and regardless of our experience in an Earthly body our souls will exist in way that human thoughts and words simply can't do justice.

Dan

When I was 16 years old I was driving home with my dad from the mall. When we got side swiped by a passing speeding car changing lanes to fast. We got pushed into a transport trailer and dragged under for about 200 feet. My dad was almost not injured the car hit on his side but we hit the transport on mine (3 lanes of traffic on the Queensway). I was pretty much in and out of it threw most of the time spent still in the car, emergency crews trying to get me out into the ambulance, my dad was already gone in another. Once I was in the ambulance on the way to the hospital I was more alert and talking to the paramedics. (this is why I now never forget to where medical alert) I was in a lot of pain and I remember one of the paramedics saying to me "you're a lucky kid you know that" and he then prepped a syringe and gave me a shot of medication, not knowing I have a very serious deadly reaction to penicillin, and the drug he gave me had some in it, (helps fight bacteria in the blood stream after one suffers from large deep wounds) it was only a matter of a few seconds when my vision went dark, and I could not breath, I could still hear the paramedics too. They where freaking out.

Suddenly I felt as if I could breathe again, no effort. And I could see a small white light in the center of my vision, kind of at the end of a tunnel with an orange glow. I started to move threw, I thought, I'm dead and that's it. I had no sensation of the pain I felt before, completely out of body, but 100% concusses. Then I remember seeing an image in my head, something told me and imprinted I guess, the know how of what I was seeing, and it was crazy as it is, the universe. Kind of like a giant bluish see-through egg, with millions and billions of light points, different colors, on the out side and inner. All connected by darker blue links, full of different kinds of life, I only saw this for a second or two but knew the "Scientifics" to it, its very hard to explain.

The next thing was that I was back in the "tunnel" all different colors now, colors I haven't see before, maybe not on "OUR" spectrum. There was also too a genital chiming noise, with a tune to it, it was comforting. The colors seemed to change with the notes. This experience at this point gave me a sense of energy, and happiness, not to fear anything, that all is going as its are suppose to. I also had the sense that I knew the answer to everything, I was aw struck that I knew "everything" but it made me feel more and more content. I remember seeing the silhouette of someone at the end of the tunnel. He was speaking to me in emotions threw thought, again, feeling more comfort and happiness. When I got to the end of the tunnel it was like a big white room with a bright glow to it, and there was the light close in front of me.

I looked at the person in this room with me and it was my old friend Brydon, that died 5 years earlier in a boating accident, but he looked my age. I remember him saying me again with thought, "mistakes are made... he made one, and he'll pay with his job. This is not your time yet Dan, I'll see you later". And walked into the light. Almost at the second I was "warped" back down the tunnel, this time I seemed to fall into one of the light points on the giant egg, it became difficult to breath again, and my normal vision came back, I could hear the sirens again and the paramedics. I remember hearing one yell " he's back, he's back" and seeing the other with paddles.

I've only disused this experience with my parents and my close friend Jesse. People look at you weird when you say these kinds of things. I would say that I have lost about 25% of the knowledge I gained in my experience most of that being the knowledge I seemed to gain surrounding "Time". My vision is sharper, I can see things more 3d like now as well I have a

heighten sense of hearing. On a few occasions I've have precognitions. Sensed a phone call, knew I was going to see someone that day, knew when bad things where about to happen, good things as well. The other scary thing about my experience is that following the accident. About 2 weeks later, I found out the paramedic that used the drug on me lost his job. As well clocks don't keep time around me anymore, it's a curse, I live alone in an apartment now, 5 clocks have to be corrected weekly. I'm sharing this with you after reading Kelly K's NDE, I'd like to get a chance to discuss more details with her.

Thomas R

I remember suddenly being aware that I was 'floating' above a bed and when I looked down it was me laying there. It was not in any way troubling. I did not see a tunnel or light or any other beings with me but I was totally at peace. It was very pleasant and comfortable. I watched as two medical personnel came in and began discussing whether to debride the wound with a copper brush or water. I remember thinking if I were still in that body I wanted them to use water! As this was going on I was floating slightly above them then I just thought about moving up and there I was, hovering just above the light fixture. I remember reading the little identification sticker on the upper side of the lamp fixture but I don't remember what it said. For some reason I thought it was really neat to be able to just float there and read such a dumb thing. I did not see any boundaries or objects around myself, just a sort of gray fog. But it was a friendly gray fog - not frightening at all.

The next thing I knew I was in the recovery room, back in my body and with my whole face bandaged up. I told the doctor that I heard what they were discussing about the brush or the water but he did not believe me. I also told him exactly where the little sticker was on the upper side of the overhead light and he just brushed it off and said I could not know that. He said I had come very near to not being revived and was just dreaming, but I know better. Before that experience I had always feared death more than anything else in the world. I never went to ANY funerals because of that fear. After the experience I have never again feared death. I do not want to die but I am absolutely certain that we DO continue and it is a very pleasant experience. I felt no pain during the experience and did feel great peace. It was also a lot of fun just being able to 'float' anywhere I wanted to.

Denny B

I was being dragged (my spirit) by my two personal angels, light beings, by both arms, between them. I did not go thru a tunnel of light, I was immediately there. They helped me across a long white bridge. To my left about halfway across the bridge was a large city made of light. The colors were silver blue, white, and silver. It looked like crystal light. I was getting better as we approached the end of the bridge, and entered into a large white dome at the end of the bridge. I sat there as my two personal or guardian angels communicated with the others seated on the circumference of the interior of the dome. The communication was telepathic. I heard the voices, but did not speak. I knew that they were talking about me. They were deciding if I should be admitted into the city and then into the heavens, or return to earth. The general consensus among the beings there, including my two guardians, was that I should stay. A leader among them stood and asked me directly "You have free will, and the choice to stay or return to earth is yours." I said " I have a daughter that must know who I am , and also earth is in a lot of darkness right now. They need as many people with good heartedness within them alive and on earth right now. For these reasons I would like to return and complete my mission."

Immediately I felt renewed strength. I stood and was guided by four guardian angels from the dome. As I passed the city I could sense all of them there. I sent love from my heart to them. I felt at least 10,000 other hearts return that love to me. This made me even more renewed as I left with my four guardian angels, two on each side of me. I woke up in I.C.U. after that. There were birds on my window sill there. The doctors said that it was unusual for them to be there in the winter snow and cold winds, but that they were there the whole time I was. I was then moved into a regular hospital room for three days of observation.

I could feel that I had angel wings on my back, so I sat up in bed for three days so I would not lay down on my invisible wings. They were the same color as the city I had seen. After three days, the feeling of the wings went away, and my wife came and picked me up for the trip home.

I still have diabetes, and three other diseases. I completed massage school but have been too ill after working for nine months at that position. I go up and down in my health but I did get to meet my daughter at her older age, and she knows who I am. I told her about my experiences, and her mother and her family think that I am crazy. My daughter is 12 this May, and she thinks I am crazy too . But I guess I am still alive to serve the greater good. I have a good heart and have always worked in service of others as a profession.

I hope that this helps others in facing their challenges in life. I am still in a lot of physical pain each day, but I believe it is serving a higher purpose. I don't know what all the answers are but this has been my experience. Thank you for allowing me to share it.

Brian H

I was drunk and in a black out. I drove my car to the drug house to get some crack. I remember getting out of the car and asking a Hispanic man for rock/crack. The next thing that happened I was punched from behind in the nose. I hit the dirt. I always carried a buck knife and he took it from me. That's all I can remember about the assault.

The next thing that happened, all of a sudden I was on a beach sitting on a drift log with a little girl that was about 15-16 years old. She was wearing dark blue shorts and a white sleeveless shirt. She was tan, green eyes brown curly hair and a killer smile. I was looking at her, she was looking at me smiling. This was as real as anything you can think of. I could smell the salt air, feel the sun on my skin, wind in my hair. For some reason I knew I was getting the s*&\$ kicked out of me so, I got up from the drift log, I was sitting on. I started to walk away from the girl that was sitting next to me thinking that I had to try to find myself because I was getting the s*&\$ kicked out of me. As I walked away the girl yelled out to me, BRIAN! IF YOU LEAVE NOW YOUR GOING TO SEE AND FEEL THINGS YOU REALLY DON'T WANT TO SEE AND FEEL! I stopped walking but did not turn around. Then she said in a nice voice, "You need to stay here with me and when its time to go I will let you know." I turned around and walked back to the drift log and sat down next to the girl again. She just looked at me and smiled and held my hand. The next thing that happened it was night time, the girl was standing, I was standing, looking at each other and she said, "Brian it's time for you to go."

The next thing that happened I was in the E.R. laying on a bed with my entire family standing around me. I asked where am I? My sister said that I was in the hospital, I had been stabbed 27 times and my neck slashed three times and that they don't know how or why I'm still alive! Some lady walking her dog at 6:00 am found me laying behind a dumpster In a pool of blood! That means I was stabbed 27 times about 9:00 pm and was not found until 6:00 am the next day! That's 9 hours! When the EMT people found me they said I had hardly had a pulse but that I snapped to and told them my name and my mom's phone number and then passed out. The doc told me that I had no blood In my body and that he doesn't know how I survived all that time and that I should be dead! They don't know how something like this didn't kill me. I feel totally blessed that I'm here. I have no fear to die now cause I know where I'm going. Also I'm left with a feeling that everyone that has ever been is there and that everyone that will ever be gets to go too. I love you all Brian

Missy B

In the late summer of 1994 at the age of 18, I was involved in a bad car accident where it left me with a head injury and a term of loss memory. It took me a whole year to finally gain most of my memory back. To be truthfully, there are some that I still don't remember. I was told that some would come back later in time on its own. The most recent that came back and remembering one thing was several months ago.

On the top of my head on the left side, there is a "Y" shape where it was stitched in total of 53 stitches. I went through what you can or could call it, a near death experience. It took me a long time before I finally where I felt ready to be open and more comfortable to talk or share about it.

What I experienced, near death experience was when I first saw a small white fluffy spot in distance as it grew bigger and closer like some "tunnel", but yet it was white and bright. The feeling during the near death experience is where remarkable and is hard to describe. I only could tell in words, but it is not how it is to be felt while on earth. The truly feeling was amazing where you don't feel any pain, anxiety, worry, suffering and any type of worse feelings that you experienced out in your lifetime. It was peacefully, joy, no pain and best feelings of all that you could even imagine...the best feelings ever! As the tunnel grew bigger and closer and I saw a small child in distance as the child was walking toward me. I recognized the child and her name was Teena.

Teena is a sister of mine who passed away years ago in the fire at our home at the age of 5 on the day of 21st of December in the year of 1977. Of course, it is impossible to remember her because I was only a year old when she passed away, but I have always seen pictures of her and would never forget how beautiful she was and even she looks a lot like me when I was a very young girl.

As Teena was approaching me and started to talk. The funny thing is that she signed to me the whole time. I was in awe because she never knew ASL and she died before I became Deaf at the age of 18 months old due to spinal meningitis. It is amazing that how "they" really do know how to communicate when they never knew any other language while living on the earth. As the conversation went on, she told me it was not my time and that I need to return back to earth to our family. At first, I wasn't sure why she said it and as I feel that I didn't want to leave her. She repeated said that it was not my time and that I need to go back. I asked her why is it that I need to go back and why was it that I see her? As her face glow with the most beautiful smile, she had told me I was involved in a bad car accident and that I was serve hurt. She pointed down as I turned my head back to look down. I saw myself laying on the bed at the hospital in emergency room. Here comes to shocking seeing my face was full of blood as my flesh was asleep struggling to stay alive. I could see several doctors and nurses were working on me keeping me alive. I turned my head back facing Teena and told her no, I do not want to go back and I want to go with you. Teena with her gentle smile said that I will one of these days, to return back and those good things are about to happen in (my) life where I will have a good life. Then she told me to tell our parents that she is ok, is happy and for them to stop blaming themselves for her death and to our mother not to feel bad because she was not able to keep her promise (the promise that our mother made to Teena was that she will always be safe and that our mother would not allow anything bad happen to Teena) and it was not her fault. She told me to tell them that she loves

them dearly and not to be sad anymore. She told me to take care of my parents and that she loves everyone in the family.

The time was running out and it was starting to fade away. We told each other that we love each other and told each other bye as she start walking back where she first came then it fades away. Here I come back to where I was at laying on the bed woke up screaming in a horrible pain as there was some confusion not knowing what had happened. At the time, my fiancé was asked to come in the room to where I was at as the doctors and nurses did not understand what I was saying. I was saying where was my sister and I wanted to know where she went. My fiancé thought I was asking for my other sister, Tammy (elder sister) and he said she is on her way. I went sleep as I was drugged. When my sister, Tammy arrived, my fiancé woke me up and told me that my sister is here. I reached out for her then I did not recognize Tammy and said that is not the little sister, the little girl. Tammy saw what I said; she burst into tears and knew who I was talking about. Tammy had told me that everything will be ok and that our Dad is on his way. Few minutes later, here our Dad arrived and the first thing I told him was that she is ok, is happy, not to be sad and that it wasn't any of his fault. Our Dad stood there and looked at Tammy. Tammy had told him what she had suspected what had happened then our Dad burst into tears, cried for whole half hour and comforting me.

Hilary H

I was at a friend's get together and everyone had been drinking at around 12:30 at night I was extremely hungry, everyone there was eating cookies. I have a severe allergy to nuts and can die within 3 minutes of eating one. I ate the cookie and right away my mouth swelled shut. My friend's house is out in the country and about 25 minutes away from the hospital as well as ambulance transportation. 30 seconds after my lips swelled shut my eyes and face swelled up completely so much so I couldn't see anything. MY body broke out in hives and slowly my throat began to swell shut. My friends called an ambulance immediately; I had no epi pen on me I was going to die. I collapsed on the bathroom floor my friends by my side talking to me, trying to keep me awake. I could feel my throat close more and more every second. Every second that passed it became harder and harder to breathe. I thought to myself this is it I am going to die here on this bathroom floor, I won't be able to say good bye to my family. I told my friends to tell my parents and sisters that I loved them. I told my friends I loved them too, that was how sure I was that this would be the end. Eventually my throat closed over completely and I lost consciousness.

I saw all black; I remember going through my life, each important event that ever happened to me, I relived it, from my first birthday to the last birthday I had. I remember saying I am only 17 in my head and trying to tell everyone that I was only 17 and I was too young to die. I felt extremely frightened and scared. Eventually I heard a voice in the blackness it belonged to my deceased grandfather whom I was very close to. He told me not to be scared and that I was going to be fine, and that I was getting a second chance. Suddenly I woke up on the ambulance. The paramedics were shocked they thought for sure I would not wake up and that they had been too late to save me. No one could believe that I had survived. My friends were crying. I am so happy that god gave me a second chance at life or else I would not be here to day. This experience has changed my life for the better.

Esteban Fr.

I had gone up to Madrid on work-related business and there, in my hotel, I started feeling ill. I had never been sick (except for the classic flu and colds) but I knew from the first moment that my heart wasn't working right. Pressure in my chest and rapid pulse. I took an aspirin and felt better, but I decided to go to a specialist as soon as possible when I would be home the next day... But when I returned to my office in Granada, at about noon, I started feeling ill again. They took me to the emergency room and hospitalized me right away because they diagnosed me as being on the verge of a heart attack. Because of the apparent seriousness they took me to the ICU at the Riz de Alda hospital and it was around 6 in the evening when neither the Nitro drip nor anything else helped me. It wasn't an intense pain, it was acute distress and my heart was firing in increasingly rapid bursts. I remember having to shift around in the bed to get comfortable...but I immediately realized that the time they had warned me about had arrived and the heart attack was happening. When I realized I was going to die, those first moments were painful thinking about the grief my family would experience at such an untimely end. But I am a man of faith and I began thinking that the serious moment of death had arrived and I centered my thoughts on my inner self. I was afraid of the unknown because although, as I said, I am a man of faith, faith is not certain and there is always a degree of worry about what is going to happen after this life. At a time of intimacy with God, something that helped me at that moment, I noticed that the heart attack had arrived and my heart stopped...and I wasn't even aware when this happened as I fell back on the bed and my back hit the mattress.

At that precise moment, at an instant so brief it can't be measured, I disconnected from my body and was overflowed with a sense of fulfillment and weightlessness. I clearly understood that I had died and that I was free from all bother and heaviness, and I found myself alive and feeling wonderful with a sense of peace and incredible well being. I was in a place of calm where I felt happy and euphoric to find that, yes, there is another life where death is no more. When images of my wife and children came to me, I wasn't bothered by them, neither did I feel sorrow nor anything...because if what awaits them is this eternal wonder, of what importance is pain and suffering in this life if afterwards there is only peace and well being? Such earthly problems and joys are seen as very insignificant from that realm. There is nothing to disturb the peace, and one feels love for all beings since there is no possibility of any rancor. It's a perfect state. So there I was, happy and awaiting events knowing that someone would come to get me to enter into this eternal life, when I felt that I was returning to connect with my body and I began feeling the illness I had forgotten about. The first thing I heard was a woman's voice with a Valencian accent saying, "He's coming back, he's coming back!"

"I know I'm coming back," I said to myself, and felt both grief and courage on returning here once again. It was clear that I had returned! If I left with much pain, I returned to my body with much more anguish. I didn't want to return, and I was filled with sorrow for having left that marvelous state where I had been immensely happy!

When I regained the ability to see with my eyes, I observed that I was surrounded by doctors and machines, among them the defibrillation paddles used to bring people back to life. But I didn't feel anything. I returned to my body through the paraphernalia of instruments and medical personnel surrounding me. And here I am describing this, "my great experience," that happened 11 years ago although it seems like I am reliving it anew it is so fresh.

I wrote a little book about this experience but it won't fit in the space allotted here, although I have no problem sending it to supplement my story since my only objective is to make known what there is in the next life before leaving this one.

Louise B

The experience that changed my life:

In March 1987, I don't feel well. My condition deteriorates, I'm hospitalized. I sink into coma. Two weeks elapse and the night when I went out of coma, just before, I see myself above my body. I am overcome by a feeling of fullness. It has such an intensity that I don't manage to describe it. I see myself in the bed, there is a being dressed in white on my right, he is moving air with his robe because my body is hot. As for myself above, I don't feel anything. I also see around my bed people who came to see me during those two weeks. I hear what they tell me, I can accurately tell what they wore and where they were around my bed. These are facts I could check with them afterwards. I see all this in a state of peace and serenity. All of a sudden, I realize that I don't see both my daughters. In a split second I feel myself go back to my body. It is much too small for me. I'm 21 and it's as if I were putting kid nightclothes. It is painful. I wake up from coma and!

I realize that I am in a place I don't know. Paralyzed, I can't move and barely speak. My sight is blurred. It is hard to come back to this life. I slowly recover and at the end of May I leave the hospital walking. Physically I recovered, but psychologically that's another story.

The experience has been informative for me:

- Ø If I'm here, that's because I have a mission to complete, as any of us has.
- Ø I had to have another child born
- Ø Work at body level (physiotherapist) for 12 years, so that today, in 2006, I am applying for a job, to work with people grappling with death.
- Ø I do not fear death anymore.
- Ø I know I have a soul.
- Ø I still look for this intensity, I feel it with people at end of life.
- Ø I feel lonely and I'll always be. I consulted therapists for years and I still do. It's as if I had a foot here and the other one there.
- Ø I am not able to integrate it in daily life. I'm on the way but I do believe that I will never make it totally.

I live in Sherbrooke region. Can you suggest somebody for help? Thanks for reading me, Louise

Jackie H

I was playing in my high chair and it tipped over causing me to hit my head on the floor my parents said that I stopped breathing, turned blue and was completely lifeless for about 5 minutes (I don't remember that part) I remember seeing from above, my mother holding me and my father slapped me really hard as they were rushing out the door to take me to the hospital. While I was "out" I remember being surrounded by dancing angels who were taking me into the most beautiful glowing light and I really wanted to go with them. I felt very secure and loved and wanted to feel that way always. When my father slapped me and I came "back" I was extremely unhappy about being taken away from the light.

Maria S

The car that was transporting us broke down in front of a small cemetery. My father was seated in front next to the driver, my mother and my grandmother were in back. My grandmother had a baby in her arms I didn't recognize. I felt the pain and grief of everyone. They were suffering because of me. They were broken-hearted and I didn't understand why. I was seated next to my father and the driver of the car and I told him I felt fine, that he didn't need to worry, but he didn't appear to see me or hear me.

Just by thinking about it I put myself right in front of my mother and grandmother, and I also shouted at them not to cry over me, that I was just fine. My grandmother said something I found really amusing. ("How funny. The car dies right in front of a cemetery!") I laughed a lot. My dear grandmother's sense of humor really amused me. I knew and recognized each one of them, I felt their feelings and read their thoughts, but it was impossible for me to communicate with them. When I understood that they didn't see me nor hear me, I decided to "return home." There was only one thing out of place; that baby my grandmother was carrying in her arms wrapped in a black shawl she had woven herself. I didn't know who it was. It said absolutely nothing to me and its presence there seemed absurd to me.

I left the car by the roof, floating--which seemed normal to me--and I paused looking at the countryside. It was dusk, the fields were in bloom, the rosemary and thyme and even the rocks were surrounded by an aura of pastel colored light. It had rained a few days before and the earth was wet and renewed. Everything emanated beauty and light and I was enthralled contemplating the earth. Of a sudden the sun, which was a golden color, began growing bigger and bigger and I "felt" that I could return home that way, to my place of origin, to the place I had come from. At the moment I tried to put myself into that enormous ball of light I heard and perceived a voice that said, "NO!" I couldn't continue forward. That voice kept me back. It had power and authority over what happened. It said to me sweetly, "You have to return." I told it--rather I yelled at it--that nobody saw me nor heard me, nobody was aware of my presence nor of my existence and, above all else, I didn't know where I had to return to nor how to do it.

It was then at this Presence indicated to me that the body of the baby was the place I had to return to. That inert body, unfeeling, that small and asphyxiated place...that baby was me!

At that moment I felt enormous pain and an oppression that extended to my whole BEING. I said to the Voice that returning would require forgetting, that I would have a long journey before remembering who I was and that it was possible I would never find out. It's the most difficult thing I have had to do, EVER.

The Voice, sweet but powerful, told me to return, that I could not return "home" yet and it made me a promise that it would always be by my side.

Now I don't remember anything more. What happened afterward has been told to me by my parents many times. They were able to fix the car, we arrived at the village and the doctor certified my death. But even so, he consented to give me a serum because my father, overcome with grief, threatened to kill him if he didn't. A few hours after dying, they say I let out a moan...

I should explain that during my experience I perceived myself as an adult, COGNIZANT, THINKING, SENTIENT AND WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR, just like I am now.

I have continued to have experiences "from the other side" the rest of my life and it took me many years to understand that it wasn't something that happened to everyone. I have learned to live with it, although it has been a lonely and misunderstood path.

Today I can say that I have remembered, that I remember who I am, and I'm glad they kept me from returning when I wasn't supposed to. Oh! And the Voice fulfilled its promise.

Petro B

I felt like having been thrown into space with a perfect vision of moving away from the earth and entering into a very bright light. At the same time I had a clear vision of my life on earth like being in a two dimensional screen; it is very difficult to express this in words. I was conscious of everything and thought about what I was feeling. There was so much happiness and endless peace, which increased while I was about to enter the light. I knew that I was part of the light. I didn't know why I did so but I knew it and I also knew that we're all part of it; at the climax of my experience there was something that transcended everything and I knew that entering that light would mean I wouldn't be able to return. I don't know why this was the case but I knew it for sure and that's something I can hardly explain but I'm not looking for an explanation, I accept what I have experienced as such. I considered my self-centredness and had very strong feelings not to return, I thought of my loved ones and of worldly things and I couldn't care less about them and such thoughts struck me deeply. Suddenly, I don't know why and how, I was pulled back into my body and my problem was why such a return into the body could be justified (as if it was necessary to justify a thing like that!!!!). I've had and continue having flashes of that experience; it's like putting the puzzles into the right place.

From that moment onward I know that definitely something is changing within myself. I know that very well but I don't know what will happen in the future. Now I carry on with my everyday life and with my relations as if I had a protective layer to shield me from ordinary things, which don't touch me as they did before. Now I also perceive people differently, I see into them and the sound of their voices is like a sound for me which may be false when they are talking about things they don't feel. That's very strange.

My life is changing now and I don't know where it will lead me to. I want to know the reason why I had to return but I'm getting weary of asking myself that question. Maybe I'll find out about it, maybe I won't, it doesn't matter. What is very important to me is to bring my studies to an end and create a place for psychic studies, maybe with the help of the shamans of superior Perù, to whom I owe a lot, understanding the value of life and the value of living in harmony with nature, of which we are a part. They teach us that everything is full of life and it's that teaching that I consider to be the biggest gift I've been given. I don't know anything about the rest and move on my path.

Finally I would like to write a book, I've been meditating on that for seven years but it seems to me that every time I embark on it something bigger and more profound has to be added.

Thanks for listening to me and I wish you much luck for your initiative. I think that each of us feels the need of sharing that type of experience with people that don't consider us to be crazy. Thank you.

NDEs - Second Part of 2006

Karyn T's NDE

After being in labor for about 11 hours, it was time for me to begin the pushing process. I did not attend any child birthing classes and was relying on the nurse to help me with breathing properly. I seemed to be doing fine until all of a sudden I found myself above my body, totally disconnected. I felt no pain, no sense of urgency about my current situation. I seemed to be somewhere high up near the ceiling off to the right near the head of the bed. I was able to see everything that was going on in a rather close-up fashion. I saw the doctor's face who although outwardly seemed calm, eventually did show a small twinge of panic right before I came back to my body. I was able to see my husband's face and his look of concern; and the nurse's face who was gently smacking me and saying "Karyn, come back to us. Come on, you have a baby to deliver here." I saw my own face, my head rocking off to the right as the seizure took hold of my body. It was as if I was able to see all of these things all at the same time, not really switching from face to face, just seeing it all combined together yet separate as if I had ten sets of eyes. I was very aware (reminds me of the last time I smoked marijuana and how utterly clear everything seemed to be; so clear that I never wanted to be that clear again.)

While still in this out of body state, I watched my self seize for a few seconds, not really sure how to digest seeing my body jerking around. It didn't seem to really matter at that point. I felt completely peaceful and at ease in my new state. It also seemed as though during this time when I was out of my body, someone was with me. I cannot connect the feeling of this other being with someone I actually know or knew, but this entity or spirit seemed familiar and comforting to me; the sensation of someone's arm wrapped around my arm, as if to help guide or steady me was definitely a strong sensation. I remember thinking to myself that this was the most wonderful feeling I had ever had; I had no pain, no anxiety, not a care in the world. Sometimes I feel this way for very short periods during dreams while I sleep. I had no sense of time at this point, it could have been a minute or five, could have been a year that I was gone, but at some point the conscious thought came to me that I was in the middle of giving birth and that it was important that I get back to the task at hand. I vaguely recall a voice saying to me that I needed to "go back." And almost immediately I was back, as if a ripcord had been pulled and I zoomed directly back into my body. I immediately got back to pushing. The doctor went back to his nonchalant manner, and the nurse looked a bit concerned. As it turned out, my epidural wore off and I felt pretty much the entire delivery, although there actually was very little pain. When my daughter's head was out, the doctor announced that the cord was wrapped around her neck twice and that he needed to do some quick work to take care of that. None of this panicked me whatsoever. When she came out and they placed her on my chest, that is when I knew that God existed.

I suppose it was the thrill of it all, but I didn't really focus on the out of body experience until the nurse came in again about a half hour after bringing me back to my room. I definitely got the sense that she was a little freaked out. She mentioned that she had never seen someone seize during birthing and that she almost went over the doctor's head to do something about it. She felt that he didn't give much care to my situation. She actually said "I thought you were gone." I know from experience that trying to relate such things as out of body experiences is not very easy, and this did not seem the time to tell her of my little journey. It really wasn't until about three weeks after my daughter was born that I actually sat down and thought about what happened to me. I mentally challenged myself to relive what had happened and to try to not

lose track of how it made me feel. I really liked the peaceful feeling I had. I didn't have one speck of panic during that time when it came to the idea of "leaving" and never coming back. I knew distinctly that what was ahead held peace and apparently a great amount of knowledge. I suppose that and seeing the miracle of my beautiful baby brought me to the conclusion about God's existence. Through the years my daughter has led me down paths that I believe I was meant to walk. She even led me to being baptized a few years back, where I finally felt like I had come to accept that God not only existed, but that He is fully aware of where my life is going.

Every now and again I conjure up that day and relive it. There are times when I have mentioned it to friends and I usually am given some sort of odd reaction. I hate feeling as though I'm a nut so I usually laugh and pass it off. Just the other day I mentioned it for the first time to my new husband, I'm not even sure what brought it up. He listened attentively and thought that my experience was exciting and believable. I loved being able to tell the story and feel as if he grasped what I was trying to relay. Occasionally I need another's vindication that I am not crazy in believing what happened to me was true.

Dr. Sahar's NDE

Last April, I felt a great pain in my abdomen. My husband carried me to the hospital and there I discovered that I was pregnant in my first month. I felt happy. My pain disappeared gradually, so I returned home. The next day in the afternoon, I felt that pain again. It was getting worse and worse like the delivery pain. I then fainted. My husband, who is a doctor too, hit my face quickly. I awoke at once. He hurriedly carried me to the hospital again. There they told me that my baby is out of the womb and the fallopian tube exploded which caused me to hemorrhage. They did an urgent operation. After the operation, I told my husband that I felt a very great feeling in my first faint at home. I felt that I went to another place where there is very good weather with a lovely breeze. I felt there is a calm and peace which I have never experienced in my life. I told him that I was talking with anonymous people for a long time as if months. I don't remember what we were talking about or who they were, but I remember that I was so happy with them, as if we were sitting there for months! I felt very angry and sorry when my husband made me return to consciousness. Coming back, I felt this life is narrow, dirty, and disgusting. I want to go back there and stay forever. My husband was surprised. He told me that my faint didn't last more than 2 seconds. I can't understand how all of this happened within this short time?

Craig B's NDE

Our judo club met in a gymnasium where we simply pulled our judo mat out onto the gym floor under the basketball nets. Our instructor, aka "Coach," was blind, and he was also a medalist in the Paralympics. On the night in question, Coach started grappling with a brown belt named Marc on the north end of the mat. I grappled with a brown belt named Andy on the other end of the mat, right beneath the basketball net. As we grappled, I quickly established the mount (the top position) and positioned myself to move into an arm bar, forcing Andy to tap out. Andy was not defending against a possible arm bar, nor was trying to escape from his inferior position; he simply reached up with his long arms, grabbed the lapels of my judogi, and used his knuckles to put pressure against my carotid arteries. Foolishly, I didn't try to defend my neck, thinking his attempt to choke me from a mounted position would prove futile. I almost had the arm bar, but then....

I'm looking up at the basketball net. I seem to be in the center of the mat. I hear Andy: "Coach! Coach! Something's wrong here!"

"What happened?" I wonder. "Did I break my neck? I can't feel anything. I must be paralyzed--I can't even feel myself breathing... But I can't panic. I can't feel anything. Oh, this is great. This is just great. What are they going to tell my girlfriend? Where's Andy? Why hasn't he run over here?"

I woke up, staring down at Andy. I was still on top of him, staring down. Andy was still pinned. "What happened?" I asked.

"Your eyes rolled back in your head and you just went out."

"How long?" I asked.

"Just a few seconds."

"You need to tap out sooner!" shouts Coach from the other end of the mat.

We started grappling again. This time I defended my neck, and I got the arm bar.

Andy tapped.

G M NDE

After just moving to Bournemouth, me and my partner went to meet some friends on their boat that was parked in the quay. After having a bit to drink, it was quite late. Me and my partner started arguing over something silly. He walked off the boat, so I followed him. Everyone else stayed in the boat, carrying on with the party. As I stepped off the boat onto the wooden walkway, I started to run since I had lost sight of my partner.

What happened next was the strangest feeling I've ever felt. One minute I was running; the next minute everything just went really dark. I didn't feel cold or even wet. I just felt like I was floating but sinking at the same time. Everything was pitch black, when all of a sudden I saw myself above me and a bit to the left. I was just staring. I looked so peaceful but I still had no idea what was happening or where I was. The next thing I knew I was laying on the wooden decking with everybody around me - soaking wet and freezing cold. My friends on the boat said that they had heard something and went to see what it was. They found me floating on top of the water, my lips were blue, and I was unconscious. They had to bring me back round. After 5 minutes, I was absolutely fine like nothing had ever happened but watching myself drown has always stayed with me and always will.

Suzanne R's NDE

As a child, I had an accident at the YMCA while running around the locker room. I bumped my head against the edge of a locker and passed out. I came to once as my sisters were dragging me out into the reception area. I remember the clerk starting to yell at me and then everything went black. the next thing I remember was the feeling that I was on the outside of my family car, looking in. I could see the road we were traveling and I looked into the car. I could see myself in the car, with my head slumped against the window. I remember that my hair was crushed up against the window and I could see that from the outside.

I never told anyone as a child because I didn't think it really happened. Years later, I heard of out of body experiences and realized that this is what had happened. (I still have the lump on the back of my head!)

Any associated medications or substances with the potential to affect the experience? No

Was the kind of experience difficult to express in words? Yes Didn't think anyone would believe me. I though that it was a dream and didn't know why I had such a vivid memory and picture in my head

At the time of this experience, was there an associated life threatening event? No

What was your level of consciousness and alertness during the experience? physically I was unconscious but my spiritual side was very alert

Was the experience dream like in any way? Well, I assumed that it was a dream but only because I couldn't explain it

Did you experience a separation of your consciousness from your body? Uncertain

What emotions did you feel during the experience? don't remember

Did you hear any unusual sounds or noises? no

LOCATION DESCRIPTION: Did you recognize any familiar locations or any locations from familiar religious teachings or encounter any locations inhabited by incredible or amazing creatures? No

Did you see a light? Uncertain I don't know- I could see clearly although it was night and I could make out fine details

Did you meet or see any other beings? No

Did you experiment while out of the body or in another, altered state? No

Did you observe or hear anything regarding people or events during your experience that could be verified later? Yes I knew where I was in the car and the route taken home. I knew who was sitting next to me in the car-although I had passed out

Did you have a sense of knowing, special knowledge, universal order and/or purpose? No

Did you reach a boundary or limiting physical structure? No

Did you become aware of future events? No

Were you involved in or aware of a decision regarding your return to the body? No

Did you have any psychic, paranormal or other special gifts following the experience that you did not have prior to the experience? Uncertain I was too young to know my capabilities

Did you have any changes of attitudes or beliefs following the experience? Yes I realize that there is a wider metaphysical world that cannot be ignored.

Have you shared this experience with others? Yes I don't know what they thought

What emotions did you experience following your experience? don't remember

What was the best and worst part of your experience? very painful- I had a concussion

best part- later in life when I realized that it did happen

Following the experience, have you had any other events in your life, medications or substances which reproduced any part of the experience? No

Did the questions asked and information you provided accurately and comprehensively describe your experience? Yes

Mel's NDE

First of all I studied Diploma in Nursing for 2 years so I have quite a good knowledge about medical conditions. I suffered a sudden severe depression and after I finished my 9 month course on Seroxat I was way worse than ever. After a long time thinking about my life before the depression and what my future holds (especially after I had been posted for 3 months to work in a mental hospital during my studies) I decided that if this is how life was going to be then I don't want to live. I knew it was going to be hard on my family but I couldn't cope anymore. The depression had taken over my life.

I stole some ecstasy tablets and counted them. I decided that if there's less than 20 I won't bother. There were 42. I took them all in about 10 minutes. I didn't feel anything for about 15 minutes then I knew I was overdosing. As I was mentally ready for what I've done I didn't try to fight the feeling. Eventually my boyfriend that I was living with came home. I didn't want him to call the ambulance I told him its almost over and I'm happy its better this way. Eventually about 3 and a half hours after I took the tablets I was seeing a lot of colors. I knew I was hallucinating. Then suddenly there was this bright white light and I knew it was so close to be over. I was drawn to the peacefulness. I just kept thinking this is it. Its almost over.

My boyfriend kept slapping me hard to keep me conscious but I just felt something numb on my face and couldn't feel my arms and legs anymore. I was floating up getting closer to the light. However every time my boyfriend shook me or slapped me I was back on the couch. I remember getting very annoyed cause the light was 'calling' me. Eventually my boyfriend decided to take me to hospital with my car as the ambulance hadn't arrived after almost an hour. I remember my boyfriend driving fast and beeping the horn constantly and the panic and shouting but I was above it going to the light.

Eventually I remember my boyfriend carrying me to the A+E then passed me on to a nurse and eventually was on a bed or a stretcher. The doctor was calling my name telling me to speak to him but I remember telling him to leave me alone. I just wanted to go to the light. Then I just felt peacefulness. The panic around me stopped. I was being 'lifted' to the light. 3 days later I woke up from a coma after I was on artificial in ventilation.

My parents later told me the doctors told them to start preparing for my funeral on my 2nd day in a coma. When I woke up doctors said it was impossible for me to be alive or have any brain damage. Basically they said it was 'medically impossible' since I was admitted to hospital more than 4 hours after I took the tablets it was too late to pump my stomach and had to go through the full effect of 42 ecstasy tablets.

NDERF does not endorse encourage or advocate for suicide in any way, shape or form.

Peter D's NDE

I was dizzy all day and I was asked by my teachers if I wanted to go to the clinic and go home but I suggested that I was ok and that I will be fine. After that everything got blurry and Then I remember being at Lunch My friend Jeremy was in line and his Brother Joe Was Right behind him. When they got out of line I was standing and I remember saying "My fourth hour teacher asked me if I wanted to go to the clinic and I said No" Then after that It went black. I can remember being hearing questions and seeing myself lying on the ground but I was just laying there. Then I remember them putting me in an Ambulance but seeing that from another point of view. Then I Was blank for a while and Then I remember hearing an unfamiliar Voice saying my name. I opened my eyes and found myself in an ambulance with oxygen hooked up to me I asked then what happened and they said I had a Seizure.

Ricky S

On Saturday April 4, 2004, I had a major heart attack. The main part hit while at the hospital with a full staff at my side. One second I was talking and in mid sentence, I was gone. When the heart attack took me out, they had the bed in the sitting up position. (you know, with the head of the bed raised). A nurse was about to start an I.V. when I went out.

The next thing I knew was that I was standing at the head of the bed, looking at myself and the staff. The Doc told a nurse to give him something, they turned around to a cabinet and when they turned back around they was handing him a really big needle. (I remember thinking to myself, ("I know what that is for and it's going to hurt like hell.")) as the Doc reached for it, everything went black. The next thing I knew, I was standing in what I call a black room. But it was not a room as we know it - more like an abyss, if you will. I had the feeling that there was something behind me, and there was something in front of me like a black veil, keeping me from seeing what was on the other side of it. I was transfixed on the blackness. It was not frightening at all. I felt the greatest sense of peace I have ever felt in my life. I stood staring at the black abyss. As I said earlier, I felt that there was something behind me, and was tempted to turn around to look. But it was like I had been told not to so, I didn't. After what seemed to be a couple of minutes, I was returned to my body. When I was returned, It felt like I was coming from the back of my head forward. As I reached where I was suppose to be, I could see, and hear everything clearly.

The Doc, just had told the person standing behind him to "give him 400." I see the two paddled in his hands and knew what they were and what he was going to do with them. And once again I thought to myself, "This is going to hurt." Using everything I had, I raised my hand to stop him. The Doc looked at me, the looked at the monitor then back at me and back to the monitor again, and said "Look at that! I don't believe it." I was still flat-lined and was stopping him. That is when he told me that they had lost me. They got me stable the best they could and transferred me to another hospital, where they put two stints in my left right ventricle.

Jared C

When I was five my family was visiting my aunt's cabin at a local lake. While running up and down a long boat pier in front of the cabin, I fell off the pier and into the lake. I recall at first floundering in the water (as I did not know how to swim) and then swallowing a large amount of water as I started yelling for my mom. I recall noticing that I was starting to float under the pier and I remember thinking that no one would be able to get me in time if I went too far under there. I don't recall being afraid but rather very calm, not resigned but simply not caring.

I then went totally face down into the water and suddenly I was outside of myself and BELOW my body. I could see myself perfectly floating face down in the water above me. I watched as I tried to shout again and saw the bubbles race out of my mouth. I knew that water was now pouring into me, but I couldn't physically feel anything and there was no sensation of fear. In fact, I felt quite dispassionate about what I was seeing.

Suddenly I felt myself being yanked out of the water, and at that instant I was back in my body and gagging and choking from the water in my throat and lungs. My brother, who was swimming near by, had raced over and pulled me upright and got my head out the of water. After a considerable amount of coughing and back pounding, I was subsequently hauled up to the beach by my brother while my mom and aunt raced down to see if I was ok. The total amount of time that I spent in the water was likely no more than 2 or 3 minutes.

I have never told anyone about my experience, and who knows if it has had any profound impact on my views of death and dying (I'm still scared of the prospect). However, the experience has stayed with me my whole life when almost all of my other early memories have faded. The event is as vivid in my memory today as it was 45 years ago on that hot July afternoon.

Oscar S

After arriving at the DIPRECA hospital for a lumbar hernia, the doctor decided to operate on me for a gastric bypass to help lower my weight. The first operation went badly so they operated a second time where I went into a coma from complete septicemia. My breathing, my heart, my kidneys, liver, pancreas, lungs, all stopped functioning. All my vital signs were bad and fell below acceptable levels. My family was notified that I was on death's door just in time for Holy Week. A few days went by and I was given the last rites by the hospital chaplain and my family came to say their goodbyes. During all of this I had been in the ICU and the ITU for 45 days. I then began a miraculous recovery, first by breathing without a respirator and then returning to consciousness. My family members told me things had gone badly and that I was very sick. I was so out of it I thought I had only slept for one day. Then my slow recuperation began because I was left with neurological problems that incapacitated somewhat the movement in my left arm and right leg. This is what motivated my retirement from the police force after 22 years.

I should tell you that I belong to the Masonic Order. They gave me the ability to look for truth by way of reason, but I proved empirically that it isn't really like that because the trip I took was truly marvelous and escapes all logical rationality. I remember that suddenly I was floating outside my body and was absorbed by a dark vortex that allowed a few rays of light to come through. I moved rapidly towards the end of the vortex or tunnel. I glanced at my side and saw I was being accompanied by my father who had died in 1991. This unsettled me and I felt fear and began to analyze the things I was seeing and I realized I was dying. Finally, I arrived at the end of the tunnel where I found a large door of magnificent proportions that slowly began to open from the other side. I could only see light shining so powerfully that I had to cover my face. At that moment my thoughts were very clear. I was dying and I thought about my little children and my wife, the suffering I caused them and that I wouldn't see them again. At the same time I also felt a profound peace that was broken when I heard voices saying to me, "Oscar, don't die. Come back." And almost without realizing it I began returning by the same tunnel I had arrived through.

When I realized I was back in my hospital bed, I had a vision I was surrounded by several men (6 or 7) who wore white tunics and were of advanced years. They were around my bed and spoke to me. Afterwards, I went back to sleep but when I woke up, I only remembered those two episodes to tell my family and the brothers of my Mason's lodge. Months later my wife told me she had made a spiritual connection with astral physicians to bring about my healing since I was healed so miraculously and known throughout the hospital. I asked about the men in white who visited me and I was told I was never visited by anyone in white, much less with the characteristics I remembered.

Well, this is the account of what happened to me that year during Holy Week. Events full of symbols and messages that I am still trying to discover. But I am absolutely sure of something and that is there is life on the other side, with beings who are higher and better than we are.

Anita M

I had cancer (Hodgkin's Lymphoma), and on this morning, I could not move. My husband rushed me to hospital, where, after doing scans, they diagnosed me with grade 4B lymphoma (the highest grade). The senior oncologist looked at my report and told my husband that it was too late, and that my organs were now shutting down. I only had 36 hours to live. However, the oncologist said he would do whatever he could but prepared my husband that I would most likely not make it, as my organs were no longer functioning. They started me on a chemotherapy drip as well as oxygen, and then they started to take tests, particularly on my organ functions, so that they could determine what drugs to use.

I was drifting in and out of consciousness during this time, and I could feel my spirit actually leaving my body. I saw and heard the conversations between my husband and the doctors taking place outside my room, about 40 feet away down a hallway. I was later able to verify this conversation to my shocked husband. Then I actually "crossed over" to another dimension, where I was engulfed in a total feeling of love. I also experienced extreme clarity of why I had the cancer, why I had come into this life in the first place, what role everyone in my family played in my life in the grand scheme of things, and generally how life works. The clarity and understanding I obtained in this state is almost indescribable. Words seem to limit the experience – I was at a place where I understood how much more there is than what we are able to conceive in our 3-dimensional world. I realized what a gift life was, and that I was surrounded by loving spiritual beings, who were always around me even when I did not know it.

The amount of love I felt was overwhelming, and from this perspective, I knew how powerful I am, and saw the amazing possibilities we as humans are capable of achieving during a physical life. I found out that my purpose now would be to live "heaven on earth" using this new understanding, and also to share this knowledge with other people. However I had the choice of whether to come back into life, or go towards death. I was made to understand that it was not my time, but I always had the choice, and if I chose death, I would not be experiencing a lot of the gifts that the rest of my life still held in store. One of the things I wanted to know was that if I chose life, would I have to come back to this sick body, because my body was very, very sick and the organs had stopped functioning. I was then made to understand that if I chose life, my body would heal very quickly. I would see a difference in not months or weeks, but days!

I was shown how illnesses start on an energetic level before they become physical. If I chose to go into life, the cancer would be gone from my energy, and my physical body would catch up very quickly. I then understood that when people have medical treatments for illnesses, it rids the illness only from their body but not from their energy so the illness returns. I realized if I went back, it would be with a very healthy energy. Then the physical body would catch up to the energetic conditions very quickly and permanently. I was given the understanding that this applies to anything, not only illnesses – physical conditions, psychological conditions, etc. I was "shown" that everything going on in our lives was dependant on this energy around us, created by us. Nothing was solid - we created our surroundings, our conditions, etc. depending where this "energy" was at. The clarity I received around how we get what we do was phenomenal! It's all about where we are energetically. I was made to feel that I was going to see "proof" of this first hand if I returned back to my body.

I know I was drifting in and out between the two worlds, but every time I drifted into the "other side", I was shown more and more scenes. There was one which showed how my life had touched all the people in it - it was sort of like a tapestry and showed how I affected everyone's lives around me. There was another which showed my brother on a plane, having heard the news I was dying, coming to see me (this was verified to me as when I started to come round, my brother was there, having just got off a plane). I then saw a glimpse of my brother and me and somehow seemed to understand it was a previous life, where I was much older than him and was like a mother to him (in this life, he is older than me). I saw in that life I was very protective towards him. I suddenly became aware he was on the plane to come and see me, and felt "I can't do this to him - can't let him come and see me dead". Then I also saw how my husband's purpose was linked to mine, and how we had decided to come and experience this life together. If I went, he would probably follow soon after.

I was made to understand that, as tests had been taken for my organ functions (and the results were not out yet), that if I chose life, the results would show that my organs were functioning normally. If I chose death, the results would show organ failure as the cause of death, due to cancer. I was able to change the outcome of the tests by my choice!

I made my choice, and as I started to wake up (in a very confused state, as I could not at that time tell which side of the veil I was on), the doctors came rushing into the room with big smiles on their faces saying to my family "Good news – we got the results and her organs are functioning – we can't believe it!! Her body really did seem like it had shut down!"

After that, I began to recover rapidly. The doctors had been waiting for me to become stable before doing a lymph node biopsy to track the type of cancer cells, and they could not even find a lymph node big enough to suggest cancer (upon entering the hospital my body was filled with swollen lymph nodes). They did a bone marrow biopsy, again to find the cancer activity so they could adjust the chemotherapy according to the disease, and there wasn't any in the bone marrow. The doctors were very confused, but put it down to me suddenly responding to the chemo. Because they themselves were unable to understand what was going on, they made me undergo test after test, all of which I passed with flying colors, and clearing every test empowered me even more! I had a full body scan, and because they could not find anything, they made the radiologist repeat it again!!!!

Because of my experience, I am now sharing with everyone I know that miracles are possible in your life every day. After what I have seen, I realize that absolutely anything is possible, and that we did not come here to suffer. Life is supposed to be great, and we are very, very loved. The way I look at life has changed dramatically, and I am so glad to have been given a second chance to experience "heaven on earth".

Anita E

I was in an extreme emotional state. I had periodically suffered bouts of depression but this time I was unable to work myself out of it. I was not on any medication, nor had it ever occurred to me to seek professional help for it. I understand now that possibly heredity and a traumatic childhood contributed to my illness. Anyway, I had secluded myself in my apartment, stopped going to work, couldn't eat or sleep. I just paced and paced with my thoughts racing. At some point I thought, I want to die and I said aloud, "Please, God, don't let me die like this!"

In that instant I was somewhere else. There was darkness, I think somewhere to my right but before me was this incredible Light. So very bright, inviting, loving. At the same moment I felt an all pervasive sense of acceptance, love and warmth, I experienced a life review. Every moment of my life and everything I had forgotten or was not particularly aware of at the time.

The voice from the Light was speaking to me, not in words, rather like transferred knowledge and assurance. At the time I thought of myself as a damaged person and did not like myself. The Voice told me I was perfectly fine and that all the things I thought were flaws were illusions and "negative stuff" simply laid over my true being like a dirty coat. The Light loved me unconditionally. I felt I was "Home."

I was estranged from my father at the time. I remember seeing my father in my life review and understanding that he had behaved the way he did because of a continuum of actions in his life and before his life. I understood where other people were coming from, right, wrong or indifferent. At the same time I also understood that everything happens as they are meant to. I knew the "Why". That is one of the things I can't remember. But it made perfect sense and I thought, "Yes, of course, how could I have forgotten?" It was so SIMPLE! I was shown what was important and what was not. Love above all was the purpose of the Universe and that we are all interconnected.

In the next instant(?) I was back sitting on the edge of my bed. I felt light, happy, blissful. I also felt like God had picked me up by the scruff of my neck and shook the nonsense out of me. I was AWAKE! In the experience everything seemed to have happened all at once. The Light, the voice, the life review, the imparting of immense knowledge. I had not left my apartment in days but I immediately went outside and marveled at everything I saw. I just walked up and down the streets feeling so happy and relieved. This feeling lasted several days. I eventually went back to my "normal" consciousness" but I have never forgotten the experience or the lessons I learned.

I've had many more lessons to learn but I believe if I had not had the gift of this experience I would not have survived. I do not know of any specific purpose for any of us other than the injunction that we help each other and that self-absorbed selfishness is a waste of opportunity or worse.

I feel the Voice, "God" is with me and all of us, always, and I have no fear of dying. I firmly believe we will all go Home.

Jill

I was around 3 - 4 years old. My older sister and I were jumping on the bed in our parent's bedroom. I remember almost in slow motion being in mid air and her pushing me. I flew off of the bed hitting the floor. The next thing I knew I could see everyone around me crying and shaking me. They were saying "she's blue, Jill wake up, somebody do something!" I remember thinking, "what are they talking about?" I could see everything they were doing. I heard everything they said but I couldn't do anything about it. I tried to make my body move but it wouldn't do what I wanted it to do. Then in an instant I remember being in the corner of the bedroom underneath the ceiling. I seemed to be floating there watching everyone run around frantically trying to get me to regain consciousness. I remember feeling a very comforting female presence even though she never spoke to me. Then next thing I knew I was back in my body. I remember my aunt going to the bathroom to get cold washcloths to apply to my face. I remember her putting them to my face and then suddenly being able to move my body as I wished. When I awoke, everyone was very upset and crying. I remember telling them then that I heard them but I couldn't move. I never knew what to even call it until years later when I heard of a similar experience on TV. It was then comforting to know that I was not crazy and that these things really happened to me. My whole family remembers these events. My aunt remembers me being blue and not breathing. She remembers going to get the cold washcloths and my return to consciousness.

Florence O

I knew I was dying, seconds before I actually died. My husband was there. I hit the floor and he grabbed me. I looked at him from way above his head, he was holding me and screaming at me. He looked at my body and yelled my name, and then yelled get back here right now. I watched him from way above him and laughed. I thought, "Does he think that's doing any good? Yelling at me and I'm not in there, I'm in....." and then I realized where I was. I was in a tunnel, going in backwards. I thought to myself, please, don't let me die like this. Not like this. It was then I tried to turn around to face the tunnel, but a woman in a yellow dress grabbed my shoulder and my waist and pushed me back into my body. I opened my eyes, and I was looking at my husband. It wasn't until almost a year later, that my Uncle showed me some old photos that he had in a shoe box. One of the photo's was of the woman in the yellow dress. She was my grandmother's sister, Maggie. My great-Aunt.

Lloyd P

I was in a dark void or space like in the universe without the stars in the distance was a light no definite shape similar to a puddle of spilled water.

The light was pulsating as if alive, I began to move toward the light, was being drawn, all of a sudden it was like I was moving at the speed of light.

The light was like a boundary but it was transparent, I passed through into the light: it is hard for me to find the words to describe the feelings one encounters. I was blinded by the light unable to see anything but the light did not hurt your eyes. It was like looking into the sun a million times over a pure white light. I felt warm, safe, peaceful, and in the presence of pure unconditional love. It was like the light was absorbing me, my life was being shown before me, I got emotional, maybe I cried, I was ashamed, but I felt the love and knew everything was alright. I know I was in the presence of God.

Catherine R

I had been married one year. My husband Bruce, 3 friends Kimmy, Glenn, Danny and myself went to ski in St. Anton, Austria. Our last day, Kim and I were following Bruce, but decided to find a friendlier slope. While traversing across, we heard Danny scream "Watch Out!" We looked up to see Danny, mid air above us, flying off a ski jump. We tried to get out of his way. I had my back turned when he came crashing into me. The pain was everywhere. As suddenly as the pain hit, it stopped. One of the most memorable parts of the experience was the KNOWING that I had just died. I went from pain everywhere, unbearable, only lasting a few seconds, to "Ahhhhhhhhhh, so THIS is what it's like to die!", a peaceful, calm, release as soon as the pain just stopped.

I went through every possible emotion. The first being fear, seeing Danny and knowing what might happen if he hit me. Pain, when he hit. Calm, peace, release when the pain stopped and I had the realization that I was now dead and how I "KNEW" that 'this is what it's like to die'. Then, I entered a void of nothing, not really being anywhere, but I was still aware of me. I became scared, not knowing what was going on, or where I was or was going. Not a real sense of movement, just a void and an upward sense.

The next feeling was of not knowing where I was. I felt like just a head, or that only my head was above this layer of white. I was in an all white world, just my head peering above this cloudy layer separating me from below. Frightened. Quiet. Nothing anywhere. I couldn't talk, find my body to move anything. It seemed like several minutes went by while I waited, just scared, alone, unable to do anything but 'think' with my brain.

There was a 'condensed' white area of brightness, far off in the corner of this flat level. To understand, picture your head chopped off, sitting on top of a layer of white cloud. You can't turn it, but you can look around. From that condensed area, two figures emerged. It appeared as if they were the length of a football field from me. They were dressed in long white robes with hoods covering their faces. They moved as if they were on a moving sidewalk. The sidewalk came out straight, then turned at a corner and head toward me. I was scared, frightened, had no one around to comfort me, just felt really scared and alone.

When they were within 20', they stopped. The first figure lifted his hood and revealed himself to be my deceased Uncle John. Behind him, my grandmother. They were the only two close relatives at the time who were deceased. My uncle and I were very close. My grandmother and I, not so much. Truthfully, my grandmother and I never got along, she scared me. Seeing my uncle, however, I was soooooo excited. I wanted to run to him, to hug him, to tell him I loved and missed him. I couldn't do anything. It was extremely frustrating trying to get any part of me to 'listen'. Instead, you 'think' your thoughts. It's like your body is below this layer, frozen in concrete, but your thoughts are happening. After what seemed like a minute of trying to get to him without success, he looked at me with this calmness, shook his head slowly side to side, pulled his hood back down and did a 180degree turn. My grandmother pulled her hood down and followed. I note the turns, always at right angles. The way the sidewalk came out and turned at a 45degree, the way they turned and left. Precise.

My next emotion was total hurt, frustration, angst at not being able to hug him, watching him leave me, being left alone again. The next feeling was intense sharp pain, like someone had taken a knife and slit my chest open side to side. I looked up to see my husband leaning over me, one of the friends standing above, the others, just standing around. I was MAD!!! I was mad, angry, wanted to take out my frustration on these people who had, in the way I felt, been the reason I wasn't allowed to go with my uncle.

The first words I heard were from my husband, who whispered in my ear so no one else could hear. "Shhhh, don't say ANYTHING to make Danny feel bad. He's been crying because he thinks he killed you."

Here I just left this all white surreal world, and now my brain is trying to process what he's saying to me. Confusion. My head, my body, it all hurt, but my main feeling was "What just happened? Where was I?" Being a new wife and not wanting to upset my husband, I said nothing to anyone. Everyone was acting really strange. Quiet. No one was talking. Just a really awkward feeling. I felt like an outsider.

They kept trying to get me to stand up, but I kept falling over. My husband decided we should go to the bar at the top and have a beer till I felt good enough to ski. The five of us sat at this large table, sipping beer. No one mentioned what had just happened. I wasn't allowed to mention what just happened. Instead I was being made to feel like I was keeping the gang from skiing their last day in Austria. My husband kept leaning over whispering "Do you think you can ski yet?" My head hurt SO BAD, but I felt guilty so I said I'd try. I stood, I fell. Repeat. My husband offered me his ski poles to help me stand and ski since mine had snapped in the accident. They didn't help. Meanwhile my brain is still running through this video in my head of my NDE, unable to tell anyone because 'I would upset Danny.'

After several failed attempts, my husband decided to send me down to the ski lodge to take a nap while they finished skiing for the day. So, curled in a ball on a chair, I tried to sleep. Don't remember much about that, just bad head pain. The next day we were awoken by our tour guide banging on our door at 6am telling us we had 10min to get on the bus or we'd miss our flight home. So everything you can do wrong with a head injury, I did. No medical, drank alcohol, slept, drank more that night, then got on a plane and flew from Austria to NY. Interesting to note, when we arrived at JFK, on the news was the Shell gas station across the street from our hotel in St. Anton, buried from an avalanche. If we hadn't been woken up, we would've been buried. I feel like death was chasing me or something.

In 1994 I had 7 seizures in one day. The doctor did an MRI. I will never forget this. He asked me if I had ever had any near death experience or major head trauma. I turned, looked at my husband who never believed me, and said "YES! St. Anton!" He said I had an area of dead brain cells in my left temporal lobe, about the size of a marble, indicative of clinical death for 3 to 5 minutes. I turned to my husband and said "I TOLD YOU I WAS DEAD!!!" To this day, I think he lives with guilt. No one will talk to me about it. Not even my girlfriend Kim. Part of me thinks they all feel guilty. Knowing my husband better now, I think his main concern at the time of the accident was with the laws in Austria. 'If I was really dead, what was going to happen to Danny?' I think that's what they were all standing around trying to figure out when I came to. No one was doing CPR, etc. No one even spoke about medical attention. Danny knew I was dead. He had me laying on his lap, rocking me back and forth screaming "I killed her! I killed her!" (This is about all I could

get out of my husband, who said he had to take his skis off and climb up this steep slope when he heard Danny screaming.)

Since the accident, my memory doesn't store. I am eternally 28. I can remember things that I repeat, talk about over and over, write down (like this). I remember things or people that happened prior to 94ish. It's an ongoing, constantly trying to figure out what I do remember, can, why, etc.

Lynn R

It was toward the end of the second year of college in 1972. I was a single parent who was going through a messy divorce and putting myself through school to be a counselor. I had three children, ages three, four and five, was carrying a full course load, running a boarding house and had a job as a group home parent on the weekend. By the time March came I had run myself into the ground and became sick. I had pneumonia, mononucleosis, and pleurisy all at the same time.

I was in bed with my illness while one of the boarders looked after the children for me. I don't know if my experience happened during the day or night. I just remember being so very sick that I couldn't think of anything and didn't care what happened to me. I just lay there almost like a zombie.

All of a sudden, I was out of my body and in a tunnel. The tunnel was smoky grey and there was a man I had never seen before standing beside me. He was holding my hand and dressed in a priest's outfit. I was fully aware that I was dead and that the man was there to take me to wherever I was to go. But, I couldn't understand why a Catholic priest had come for me as I knew no priests, and was not Catholic.

Anyway, we started to move up the tunnel and we were up far enough to see a dot of light at the end of the tunnel. Just then, a voice came down to us and the words were directed to the man beside me. The voice said, "Take her back, it is not her time."

The 'priest' responded by saying, "But, she died."

Then the voice came back down and said, "Take her back, she has much left to do." The next thing I knew, I was back in my body on the bed. Throughout the whole experience, I didn't feel any fear or confusion. I was quite content to follow this man even though I had no idea who he was.

Sadly, it isn't much of an NDE, but that's all that happened. One year later, I had an STE experience that I told about in #64. I sometimes wonder if I had that experience to make up for the fact that I didn't get to go to the light and learn from it.

Michelle R

This experience happened when I was 18. It was the weekend before I started college. I was a "raver" at this time and took "X". At this time some bad pills were circulating in the area (I later found out) and I took 3 "bad pills". An hour or 2 after I took the pills I realized that something was wrong. I hated the way I felt. I do not remember what happened before the experience, just after, but all of a sudden I was at the "gates" of Heaven. At this time in my life I was becoming less of a believer. Science made lots more sense than religion. However, during the experience I knew what was going on, there was no confusion about it at all. I no longer felt the effects of the drugs even, but soon remembered that I had taken them and that that was why I was where I was. I could not see much, just white- not light but more like clouds or fog- and there was a grayish "blockage" which was to be the "gates" of Heaven. There were no dead relatives to meet me (I had none at this time that I had been close to in life) but there was an Angel. His image was clearer than the surrounding area but not totally clear. He was in white. God was also there but not an Image of God, just a presence. It was like he was beyond this blockage. I could hear him, but it was not sound I heard, the communication was all in my head. There was no reason to use words here and I understood that. I also understood that I was dead. I accepted it, but then felt guilt. I didn't even think I should ask if I could get into Heaven because I was facing judgment while on drugs. But I didn't have to ask to be let in, God already knew what I was thinking. And I knew he knew. It was almost like the questions and answers happened at the same time- there was no time there. I felt shamed but also calm, there was no fear, just the shame and guilt of my circumstances. Then I was asked the question, "Why should I let you in Heaven if you are on drugs?" And I knew I did not deserve to be allowed in. Then my whole life flashed before me in what seemed seconds. But then I even saw the future. I saw how sad my family and friends were. They were all crying. I was upset for a moment but then felt that I had to accept it. Then all of a sudden I was back in my body- my boyfriend, who was also on these bad drugs, was holding me up and I was trying to walk but couldn't. All of a sudden I realized I was alive, but felt so bad that I almost wished I wasn't. But I realize I must have been given a second chance and knew the drugs would eventually wear off (10 or so hours later) I then became too messed up from the drugs to think about what had happened until I was sober. For years I believed this was all just from the drugs and what I experienced was something my brain conjured up from things I had heard from other people who had NDE's, but lately I can not stop thinking about it. I recently read some info about NDEs in a book and it listed things that happened to me that I had never heard from others before. Now I do not know what think about my experience. I try to tell myself it was not real, but when I do I feel pressure on my chest and feel like I am almost forced to believe it was true. Like something wants me to believe it is true.

Jesse N

It took place in my flat in London, UK on late February of 2001. After an exhausting day at work I decided it was time for some release, went home with my friend and his girlfriend and a lot of drugs. I went to the bathroom where I shot a lethal injection of cocaine and morphine. It was an instant death. Although I didn't realize at first. I thought I was kind of sleeping.

So I tried to stand up and I literally came out of my physical body! The sound of that music I can not possibly describe with words cause it simply can not be heard with that clarity in this world! It was breath taking! It was so beautiful. I was ready to explode from joy! I could see both worlds at first. Although the physical one resembled a black and white movie in comparison with the world in front of me! The colors were out of this world; so deep, so luminous, so beautiful! There was a door in front of me and I could hear joyous laughter coming from inside the door coming from too many people! I had this uncontrollable desire to step inside the door and meet all those souls!

My perception increased on levels I didn't thought existed on a conscious level, although always knew them on a deeper level, locked inside of me! HOME! That was HOME! That's the word rung in my ears so loud and so clear! I'm outside time I thought. Time doesn't exist! I was ready to cross the threshold when I heard footsteps coming from the inside the door. My hearing was so acute, I could sense every little detail.

This man comes from the door. I don't think I can find the right words to describe him here. His eyes was like an endless sea of love; too bright to look at his eyes I thought. However I started to get used of it! I know him, I thought! I KNOW HIM! I've been knowing him for 1,000 years! a thousand years is nothing here, too short! No, I've been knowing him for 10,000 years!hmm,10,000 means nothing here, time doesn't exist! He smiled at me while having those thoughts, nothing is hidden here, everything is revealed. He knew exactly what I was thinking with immense clarity and I love him, I love him so much, so much love. I couldn't take it any more, I thought I would explode like a balloon. He was gazing at me with this infinite love, infinite compassion and infinite peace. I clearly sensed that everything I've ever done in this life was recorded and he knew every little detail. He knows me and he loves me beyond description and he knows I am trying to remember who he is, because I forgot, as if I am waking up from a deep dream trying to adjust to reality.

That's what it felt like, waking up from a dream, waking up to who I truly am and this life was nothing but a dream! in that glorious moment, I had one desire and one desire alone, to come back to this life and have this experience of rebirth while on a physical body. So he touched me on the forehead, smiling that compassionate smile, a smile of unlimited love deeper than any ocean you can think, knowing we'll meet again and probably...again, sending me back to my physical body I just left for about five minutes of our earthly time. I found my friend resuscitating me. I was back! I am back, knowing we all live forever, joined together by this great LIFE that orchestrates all physical life to the tune of LOVE! The tune of spiritual evolution that everybody takes a part; everything that we meant to experience we do...eventually! God bless!

Dr. Ralph H

I tell this story to you with some reticence; because I've had some Christians imply to me that they believed that my "vision" could not have been of God. I'm going to use the word "vision" in telling this story, for lack of a better word. I do not mean a vision that carries connotations of new revelation or talking face to face with God, or any such thing. I would call it a dream but it was decidedly different from any dream I've ever experienced. I was THERE! In real flesh and blood, standing in the meadow and experiencing an emotional sensation that is not describable in any language that I know. But, I'm getting ahead of myself...

After coronary bypass on Thursday I was doing well until Saturday evening when I suffered my first cardiac arrest (the heart quits beating). I had had a couple of major heart attacks, but this was my first arrest. I was on lots of various medications, my heart had begun to fail and my blood pressure had dropped to critically low levels. I had also developed pulmonary edema (fluid filling the lungs) along with the heart failure. Consequently my mind was filled with pain and thirst, fear, and confusion. My family had all arrived from four different states expecting a deathwatch.

I was staring at the ceiling with all this noise and confusion around me when I heard a distant bagpipe! There was a PA speaker that I could see on the ceiling and I was curious and even a little amused as to the source and reason for bagpipe music in the rooms of the Intensive Care Unit. It started very distant but slowly I could hear it clearer and realized that there was also some singing. (At one time I knew the melody and some of the lyrics, but when I tried to tell my family and asked them to write down the words, they became agitated and frightened. They thought this was just the hallucinations and ramblings of a dying man. It was three weeks later before I could convince them that this was much more, but by then I had lost the tune. It was an Irish-sounding melody that was neither a jig nor a dirge. It was lively, a fun kind of music. In fact, I first described the man that I saw as a traveler. As the music filled the room, the room faded away and I was standing, fit and strong, on the top of a small hill within a landscape of rolling hills. I was looking down the slope of the hill over a broad meadow where a small man wearing kilts was walking away from me playing bagpipes and singing. I never saw his face and he never stopped walking. As I stood there I was overcome with an emotion that is made trite by any descriptions such as love, peace, contentment, hope, joy, etc. But that is the best that I can do. I remember on one occasion as I stood marveling in this peace and joy I thought to myself that this is what I've been pursuing all my life. Everything that I had done, good and bad was ultimately trying to come to this sense Happiness.

Along with this emotion was the desire not to leave and I felt a very strong desire to follow the man down into the meadow. But I knew that if I did that I couldn't come back. About the moment when I was ready to follow, thoughts of my wife and four teenaged children would come to mind and I knew that they still needed me. I made a conscious decision to stay each time. On one occasion I told the man that I couldn't come now but would come later. I later learned that one of my nurses (Janice) said that when they shocked me back once as my heart began beating and I came around again that I mumbled something like "I'll come later."

As mentioned this happened virtually the same way ten times. The scene on the hill was what I would imagine Ireland or Scotland to look like. Other than being the most beautiful scene that I've ever seen, there was nothing unnatural about it. There were rocks and clumps of grass and

a blue sky with scattered clouds. It was very real to me. I've never been to either country and have no recollection of ever seeing a picture that resembled my vision. I was standing on the top of a small hill looking out across a meadow that continued to roll into the distance. To my left was an ancient stone fence that descended across the meadow. The small man was about 20 yards down the slope from me. To the distant right was a rocky shoreline with waves breaking over the boulders.

What is it with this Scot-Irish stuff? My maternal grandfather was John McDonald and I was very close with him as a child. My grandparents lived very nearby and I spent a lot of time with them. Grandpa was a hard worker and a good man, and raised 10 children. He did enjoy a wee bit of whiskey from time to time. I never saw him drink at home, except maybe a beer while we listened to the Cardinals beat the Cubs on the radio. But on Saturday night he would walk two blocks down the street to Baldy? Tavern and drink beer and shots of whiskey. He would come home about midnight and would usually be singing some of the old Irish songs that he had learned in his youth. I can still hear some of them. I loved my Grandpa and still miss him. He died when I was about twelve.

Anyway, although I am genetically only about one third Irish, that's the heritage that I claim. I'm not sure what that has to do with the vision, but that is the only connection that I can make. My Mother, an old school, pre-Vatican II Catholic, is sure that I saw my Grandfather welcoming me to heaven. I don't know; and furthermore, I don't care! It is not the vision that matters. It is the effect. Although a nominal Christian I was very caught-up in my career, success, material wealth, etc. These experiences showed me that God loves me and my family. I was asked by one skeptical Christian how I knew that this vision was from God (he was troubled by the Celtic imagery) I answered that if it were from Satan it sure as hell backfired! Jesus truly came into my life after this (when I finally let Him in). The trials that were ahead of me were just too much for me to handle alone and God saw to it that I would have the Holy Spirit with me always. I was to spend 320 days in the hospital, on life support for over six months, then a heart transplant, followed by numerous serious complications before returning home. It was seven months more before I returned to some part-time work. But my family and I came through it all and we are all happy, content and SAVED! Praise our Awesome, Loving God!

Filiesha L

This document was written in 1992 by Filiesha at Honolulu Community College. The assignment was to write about our selves as an identity label. The accident happened on march 14, 1994. (Dr. Jeff note: other information provided indicates the accident actually happened March 14, 1984)

Whether consciously we realize or not, I believe everyone in the universe is a truth Seeker? It is not an identity label for a select few. What is meant by truth Not until approximately two years after my life time assignment was sent to me, (and I might add in a most unusual and illuminating way), did I finally accidentally stumble on the key word truth I found it in an old beat-up book sold to me at the swap meet for a quarter. I thought it was about fishing since the title was The Big Fisherman. Yikes! I was wrong. The book was about to be tossed, when the phrase, Jesus says, "I am Truth," jumped out and grabbed me, sending a chill down my spine. My search had begun. I didn't know at that time how powerful and enlightening one little word could be. What is truth

Can you imagine floating and hovering weightless over what is supposed to be you? The feeling of detachment and repulsiveness were overbearing. Did I actually have to go back into that body? Well being that I'm still here, the answer was undeniably "Yes." Truth the reason I must return, was communicated to me like lightning and thunder. When the recovery room nurse did her wake-up call, all I saw brightly lit, flashing in my mind was the word truth Can you imagine that? I had been given a label for life, truth Seeker? I now consider it a very special gift of Grace.

After my surgery, I began to piece all the events together. I realized a great two-by-four had literally hit me over the head, changing the direction of my life 180 degrees. I still did not realize the full impact of the two-by-four, though, until a couple of years down the road.

I was riding my bike to work early one morning, not knowing the drastic change that was about to occur. Up till then, I was happy with my life; after all, I was doing everything I loved to do. My home was on a ranch in the middle of a crater, where almost everyday I was either working or playing with horses. I was also a diving instructor and part-time Oceanarium show diver. Whew! I was going a hundred miles an hour, with no a minute to spare, not even for myself. CRASH!! My whole world just shattered around me. I lay sprawled on the ground, my bike all mangled and a truck almost on top of me. Recovering consciousness in the ambulance, I knew my head and face had got the worst of it.

In the Hospital, on the surgery table, is where my fascinating, indescribable journey began. The doctors had to reset and wire together fractured bones in the left temple area and under my eye. The nurse, thinking I was asleep fro the general anesthesia, jammed a tube down my throat. I remember not being able to breath, panicking, knowing that the nurse was too slow. Red lights were flashing all around. The next instant I was floating over the surgery lamp watching and listening to the doctors and nurses. It was fascinating to see their change in character, when they thought the patient could not hear.

I don't know how long I was floating above my body, or how I was actually transferred to another dimension. I did know that I was now Home, my (out) Real home. The nature of this Reality is so completely different; there is no language adequate to express the emotions and

surroundings. Time and language, as we know them, don't exist there. Love and compassion are the only words I can think of, and they barely scratch the surface of what I felt and perceived around me. The vibration feelings are so strong and yet totally incomprehensible at our physical (or perceptual) level. It was a perfectly normal feeling not to be in a physical body. The real I AM is a Spiritual Being. The Spiritual eyes that surrounded and seemed to be a part of me were filled with an overwhelming Love and Awareness. I know without a doubt I was where I belonged for Eternity. We are all a part of the same whole Family. We are as ONE, like a drop of water in the mighty ocean. But, alas, this drop had to go back for some unfinished business.

Where I went to next can only be described as a Huge Black Hole. It was totally empty black space, void of any type of vibration consciousness. Total lifelessness and an unbelievable sadness surrounded me. The powerful perception I received was that we, everyone on Earth, was needed desperately to fill this empty void. Not one single solitary soul was to be left behind. In order to get there we all must learn Love, Compassion and Forgiveness toward one another. We must all leave our sinful nature of unawareness. Then, the seemingly never ending spiral towards Home or heaven will be completed and we will all finally graduate from our Earth schooling.

I received many messages; some of them are cloudy in my memory. Their expression of the word FEAR is one that remains very clear, though. Fear is a very negative and totally unnecessary emotion that destroys our Eternal growth and life.

Transported back to our dimension, I traveled through the galaxies, Milky Way, stars and planets on my way back to Earth. I seemed much bigger than the stars and planets, and within me I held all the power and knowledge of the Universe. Earth looked so tiny, like a grain of sand against all the vast sands of the world.

Suddenly I was back as an etheric soul looking down at my body of flesh, with total detachment. I felt claustrophobic knowing I had to be trapped in the physical reality once again. Soothingly, my Guides helped me transform back into my body and left me with a key, truth. Instantly I was awakened by the nurse.

My mixed emotions kept me bottled-up about my experience for several years. The twenty-five cent book was the key clue to this big puzzle. After reading *The Big Fisherman*, I was starved for more material to read. The Bible was next on my list. Every time the word truth popped up, a surge of excitement would bolt through me, leaving me with Goosebumps. I still get zapped, even though I've read hundreds of books.

Religion was not introduced much to me as a child, nor did I have any interest in it as an adult. That's probably why some time passed by before I was able to connect truth to my experience. My beliefs about Life, Religion and God have changed drastically. Church was not exactly my idea of a good time. To me, church attendees were all a bunch of weak kneed, denominational hypocrites, who follow like sheep worshipping a manmade god. My feelings have now been reversed, similar to those of Saul? when he changed to Paul (Bible). I am beginning to see now, that we are all striving upward to Heaven, God and the Light. We are not all at the same level of awareness therefore each of us has our own path to follow. Some organizations have different beliefs from others, differences which throughout history have caused fear, ending up in destruction and war.

Enlightenment and awareness are expressed in many different ways, but these are all headed in the same direction. No matter what name you give it, when you are ready, somehow the doors will be opened and the veil lifted. And sometimes, as is the case with Love, it may happen when you least expect it.

Lavona F

The summer I was 8 years old, I was wading in a nearby creek at a family outing, as was done on a fairly regular basis. I could not swim but moved along the edge of the bank into deeper water, using the bank to hold on to, occasionally checking to see how deep the water was. At one point I was aware of choosing to hold on with one hand to see how deep the water was.

My next awareness was of being submerged and cradled in a warm, wavy wafting motion at the opening of a tunnel. The tunnel had billowy soft sides and was well lit, with the tunnel dimensions decreasing and brightness increasing as it got closer to a single bright light. I heard this wonderful soft music. There was no sense of fright or anxiety. I was very curious as to where the music was coming from, but the end of the tunnel was opaque and I could not see. The light seemed to be just out of arms length, and I was aware that I just had to reach beyond the opaqueness to get to the light. The source of the music was at the light as well and seemed to be approaching more clarity at the light source.

The next awareness I had was of laying on the rocks on the shore of the creek, in extreme pain as I was being resuscitated. My sister had seen me and pulled me out of the water.

I was aware of being very cold, with water totally filling my nostrils and lungs, and hurting as I tried to cough it up. I longed to be back in the water in the warmth, hearing the music and going to the light.

I could never express my experience, be taken seriously or be understood as a child. It wasn't until I was an adult and heard of other experiences of NDE did I realize what I had experienced.

Andrew S

I was 15 and in the 9th grade. During the afternoon of April 15, I noticed my lips and ears felt swollen. The swelling continued into the evening, when my parents took me to the Emergency Room. I was given Benedryl and sent home. By the next morning my entire body was swollen. I tried to get dressed, but kept passing out. I was in and out of consciousness as my parents rushed me to our doctor. The last things that I remember were being carried into an examining room and put on the table and hurting very much.

I heard a rushing sound and then became aware of the room around me. I was looking down at myself and my parents, who were holding one another and looked frightened. I remember feeling an indescribable sense of peace--it was so profound and complete it seemed as if I was swimming in it--as well as feeling very alive, with no pain. I realized I was dying, but I felt so calm and relaxed about it! I thought for a moment that Mom and Dad would be very sad, but I knew that they would be alright, and that we would be together again. I became conscious of presence near me; it felt feminine and very, very gentle. It, she, spoke to me, but I don't recall much of what she said. I remember becoming aware of how much I knew, as if I understood the workings of the universe. I heard the presence tell me that all things would be plain to me. I then felt as much as saw a light ahead, intense but not painful. I felt an overwhelming desire to go into it. At the same time, I was aware of the doctor coming into the room and telling my parents he was giving me a shot of adrenaline to keep my heart going. Everything faded, and I became conscious of being in my body and in pain.

Brian B

It was January 1972. I was living the life of a hippy with its associated drug-taking. Four of us rented a house together on the outskirts of Birmingham, England. After work each day we spent our leisure hours in taking drugs, but only the 'softer' versions like cannabis, speed, mandrax and LSD. Sometimes with alcohol.

I only took LSD on three occasions and all three were 'bad trips'. It was on this last occasion that my NDE happened.

I was in the house in the evening and had taken a LSD tab. I was left unsupervised. (probably due to my Friends all being high themselves)

I had wandered around the house during my nightmare 'trip' and eventually fell down the stairs top to bottom.

I have no memory of this. This was told to me later on.

What I do remember is finding myself in the midst of a wonderful light. I realized that I did not have a flesh & blood body anymore but I was still enclosed in 'something' - a kind of spiritual body. My eyes told me I was floating in this light and that hundreds, maybe thousands ,of other entities were also there floating in this beautiful, warm, comforting light; though I was too far away to communicate with anyone. There was this amazing feeling of love all around me. I felt just wonderful and blissfully happy. I wanted to stay there forever!

Then I heard a very sweet voice which seemed to come from inside my head.

This voice felt very, very special to me. I had this intuition that I was hearing the voice of God. His voice was so wonderful to my senses and the only word I can think of is beautiful.

He said only three words - "Come to Me".

I wanted to do just that and go with Him! But instead I found myself back in my earthly body and lying on a hospital trolley all alone in a corridor. I just got onto my feet and went home. I never told anyone about his wonderful event in my life until about 3 or 4 years later. And then only to selected people whom I thought might understand my story. I never told my parents nor my other family. My parents have both passed on and today my brothers & sister still have no knowledge of this.

Roberta

I was at the beach with my family one summer. It was a small and crowded beach, one section of this beach, on the west side, was closed due to a "drop off." My mother had instructed me NOT to go near this side because of the drop and the fact that I did not know how to swim. When no one was looking, I decided the beach was much too populated and proceeded to the closed section. I remember deliberately testing the water beneath my feet, inching as close to drop off as I possible could. Somehow, someday (I cannot remember) I went past the drop off and this is when my drowning experience began. I remember thrashing and going under the water, I was panicking at first, but suddenly I felt peaceful. I was out of my body, watching myself as I tumbled around and around. I did not experience a tunnel, however, I did experience an intense ray of light that wrapped itself around me, it felt so incredibly warm and comforting. I remember Jesus (or a higher power) speaking to me, I had a conversation with a voice, however, I did not see anyone but my own body. I cannot remember the entire conversation but I remember speaking of our purpose (love) and being told it was not my time (I felt very sad about this because the feelings I had were so comforting and incredible I did not want to go back). When I came to, my mother had pulled me out of the water (she had seen someone drowning but at that time had no idea it was me) I felt such a loss. All I could think of was regain the feelings I had and I wanted to go back into the water.

I cannot even begin to express the emotions I experienced so many years ago.

Barbara J

I was at my friends going away/birthday party. and she had a pool so it was a pool party. so we were doing this game under water to see who could hold there breath the longest. well I can hold my breath for about 50 sec, so I went first. so I dived into the pool and the pool sweeper was down there. and I had a lot of time left so I tried to bring the pool sweeper up out of the pool. but the cord got stuck on the drain, and I couldn't get loose. then my friends Shelby and Lizzie dived in to see if I was ok. well me and Lizzie know Sign Language so I singed to her H.E.L.P. so they found out and tried to help me. so I was running out of air and then I past out and then everything turned black. when I woke up I was out of the pool and eveyone was jumping in the pool. when they came out Shelby and Lizzie were holding my body! at this point I was freaking out! then Shelby put her ear next to my moth and said, "she's not breathing!" and Sarah (the birthday girl) stared crying. so Lizzie said, "go call 911!". Sarah went into the house then came back out into the back yard and said, "the phone is dead!". so Lizzie said, "go next door!". then Shelby and Lizzie started CPR. then I turned around and saw this very bright light, and then I was in what seemed like a tunnel but it was a white, white, white color! after all this happened I looked in paint stores and I couldn't find it anywhere! it was a white color! and well I'm going up this thing my hole life flashed before my eyes! after that , BOOM I was standing before a golden city! you see I am a Christian, and I believe in Jesus Christ. and now I know that he is real! because in the Bible, it states that heavens streets are so pure gold that you can see through them! and you can! but I can't say how beautiful it is in words! so, I was waiting in line at first, behind all these people. and then it was my turn. and I was standing in front of this BIG guy, who I think was an angel. and he was holding this BIG book, and I think it was the lambs book of life. cause if you let Jesus come into your life by asking him, your name will be in the lambs book if life, and nothing and nobody can take it out. so the angel guy asked me for my name, and I told him. when he looked for it he said, "I sorry but it is not your time." so that got me kind of mad. so I said to him, "why is it not my time?!?! I'm ready to die! my life sucks!! my best friend died three years ago!! why is it not my time?!?!" and then he turned around as if someone was talking to and turned back around to me again and said, "someone wants to talk to you."

Then he pointed to the gate with the city behind it. but someone was standing there. at first I couldn't see who it was but when I got close I couldn't talk, cause it was Jake. you see, Jake, my best friend, died in a car accident five years ago. we were both seven years old. and when I saw him there I ran to the gate as fast as I could! and when I got there, we both reached out and grabbed each others hands and cried. he looked my age, but I knew it was him. and I fill stupid in saying, this but he got cute since the last time I saw him! ha ha ha! then we talked for a while, about things that happened, about each other, and then the angel said, "its time for you to go back." so I turned to Jake and said, "bye Jake." Jake said, "see you soon." "I hope so." I said. so I went back down the tunnel and watched Jake get smaller, and smaller as I went down. then I was back on earth! Shelby and Lizzie still doing CPR. but then Sarah came back to the backyard and said, "nobody's home! we looked on the WHOLE street and NOBODY is home!!!" "how is that possible?!?!" Lizzie asked. "I don't know!!!" Sarah said.

then out of nowhere these two paramedics came to the backyard with a defibrillator, and a breathing mask and took over! Sarah was asking them, "who are you guys?!?!" they did not answer! they were just doing CPR and did not say a word the hole time! then they shocked me with the defibrillator, 18 times by my count. then they did it again but this time I felt it! and it

did NOT feel good!! it feels like when you prick yourself with a needle, but ALL OVER YOUR BODY! then they did it again, then one more time then I started breathing again. I was spitting out water, I couldn't breathe, I was just scared! then Sarah said that right after I started breathing, paramedics took off! so she went after them! she said that she was so close that she could have grabbed their shirt! so they closed the door behind, but since Sarah was that close, she opened the door right after that but they were gone! she looked everywhere! but she could not find them! so we all got together to talk about it and we all guessed the paramedics were angels, and we didn't think anyone would believe us so we all agreed not to tell anyone. but I won't forget that day, and I don't think the others will either.

Cathy M

May 1984

The doctors were working on me. They were removing my kidney to take to my sister in the adjacent surgery room. All I can remember is that I was floating over my body. Not really paying attention to the fact that the Drs. were having problems with my punctured lung. All I saw was the light that was holding me over my body. It was peaceful and wonderful! It was comfortable climate wise and I was just looking down. Waiting for something, I did not know what. I felt the warmth of the love and the peace of just floating without a care. Suddenly, I heard the cry of my baby girl. I had just had my daughter Elizabeth on January 16th. The Drs. were waiting for me to re-cooperate from the birth and to re-do all the necessary test for the transplant. I had gotten pregnant and did not know and find out until we were ready to have the transplant. My sister and I were in the hospital admitted and waiting for the final blood work that would tell the Drs. that everything was ok and that they could perform the transplant. I remember the Dr. coming into my room with a very worried look on his face. He told me that my blood test did not match/where not compatible with those of my sister. I told the Dr. that there was a mistake. He told me that they could not re-do the test in time for us to have the transplant and that the surgery had to be post-poned until the test matched and where ok. He told me that if they went ahead the transplant might not work and my sister's body would reject the kidney. I knew that they were wrong.

As the days went by, I started to have nausea in the mornings. I found out that I was pregnant. The transplant had to be put off until after the birth of my baby. I know why the transplant had to be put off. I know why I got pregnant. It was because the transplant would not work with the team that they put together the first time. When I was hovering over my body all of this came to light. I also knew that I wanted to die because my husband was not supportive of my decision to give my sister the kidney. God in his all mighty power showed me that I could go to heaven and leave everything behind. I would not have to deal with my husband and the pain of his neglect. Then my baby cried and she brought me back to life. The moment that I heard her cry, I knew that I had to take care of her. It was as someone had snapped their fingers and I woke up from the anesthetic. I was asking questions about complications during the surgery. I was told of my lung having been pierced and the fact that the Drs. could not wake me. I knew right there and then what had happened and I knew that I was trying to escape from the pain of my husband's neglect. I knew that God sent my daughter to us so that the transplant would be successful and so that I could find a new life with more knowledge and a better awareness of what is important to me, my children. My life changed dramatically after that. My belief in the higher energy grew; my intuition became more in tune. I am now a practicing Psychic. What I learned on that experience is the love and compassion that we need to survive and help others survive. Yes, our energy and our thoughts are what create who we are. We become what we believe and think. Our body, spirit, mind and soul are affected by our thoughts and belief.

If I close my eyes, I can go back to that time and place and I can feel the wonderful feeling of being free. It is an incredible feeling when we know that we were given a new opportunity to live our life in a better way. I know that it is because of that experience that I am now able to feel and see things that others may not. That is why I am now able to help under the practice of a psychic and a more loving individual. It was as if I had all of a sudden gone to schools that

gave me the knowledge to help people with the many and various problems that they face. I sometimes amaze myself of what I know without having gone to school.

I thank God for his blessing every day

Udon

I had lost a lot of blood from Liver failure and had to be rushed from Lao to Thailand in an ambulance and by the time I arrived at the hospital I was in a very bad way. I was put into ICU and they started blood transfusion but I was losing too much blood. I was conscious but in extreme pain and tried to doze on and off while they kept putting tubes in and out doing tests etc. etc.. This went on through the night and more blood was flown from Bangkok the next morning. I remember the Dr saying that a specialist was going to use a scope that they would enter into my stomach and that it would be uncomfortable and hurt but they needed to stop the bleeding as I was fading very fast. I was already in extreme pain like I had never experienced before and it seemed that every hair and atom in my body just screamed with pain.

I remember being rolled on my side so they could place the tube into my mouth and then I blacked out. All of a sudden there was no pain and I remember distinctly a humming noise like the sound of very powerful electrical current that was the most beautiful sound I have ever heard. It is so hard to explain but it is like a hummmmm but as if it was played by the most perfect orchestra in the world. You probably won't understand that part but it was very distinctive.

The next I remember was seeming to become part of everything but moving with huge fluorescent light structures that formed waves and were perfect in size and movement and the light was perfect. For some reason everything seemed to all of a sudden make sense the world myself everything was answered in an instant and it seemed I knew everything. There were no beings but energy like myself that was part of everything and there was no coolness or heat or wind or anything just perfect fluorescent lights that controlled all the structure and gently everything moved in waves . I then just remember coming back and the Dr and everyone was standing over me panicking and the pain started to come back again

"Transformation"



©Copyright Ira Binder, Luxembourg , Europe , All Rights reserved

NDEs - First Part of 2007

Sandi T NDE

The simple gist of the experience is that my soul left my body---I was in ethereal form with the extreme alertness that I had separated from my physical body and shot up into the heavens with a speed unknown to me here on earth. The sensation left me breathless, exhilarated, and in wonder. I remember vivid colors of reds, oranges, pinks...cloud swirls, and then realized that I was coming into the presence of a Holy energy. Words cannot describe but the knowledge was vivid that this energy was of God given the AMAZING love, compassion and warmth that enveloped me. No other experience on earth has ever matched that energy in the 'heavens'. To my surprise, I passed this energy (every thing was at lightning speed) and became aware that I was coming into the 'energy field' of my father who died in 1986. I remember the Knowledge that I would be meeting him and the emotion of joy...at the nearly the same time of this recognition I came back into my physical body remembering the words to the effect of 'not time'. I am a psychotherapist that works in oncology, often assisting people in passing over. Shortly after the dream I experienced a vivid awareness and sense of knowledge and the awareness that the energy that I was 'bathed' in the dream offered healing properties in this earthly realm. I sought out experts in churches, metaphysical arenas, dream interpretation, etc. and still am at sea as to what happened to me. My awareness of this experience is with me every day. I have no fear of death and long for the connection in the other world. This is my dilemma. I have trouble with electrical gadgets or computers but they seem to 'short' out unpredictably. I have become a spiritual director since the experience but am quiet about the actual 'dream'. I continue to work with people who are dying as well as other persons with cancer. I recently went to Bhutan for a month of solo trekking in the Himalayans and this is the closest I come to the experience....the spiritual nature, etc. I am in a bind now as I long for the freedom offered me out of my body> I am fairly aimless and see little purpose in earthly goals, etc. I am in need to have a 'place' to go with this but feel awkward completely identifying with NDE's as I wasn't declared clinically dead or there were no witnesses to whatever happened to me.

Mathilde M's NDE

Mid-May 2006, I had a meningitis.

I refused to be transferred to the hospital as I felt the need to remain in silence, interiorized, and as conscious as possible, without any morphine drip.

I took this decision knowing the risk it entailed and the pain I would suffer. I have no rational explanation for that, I was just intuitively confident and I've not been scared any time.

During the first night, suffering very high fever and unbearable headaches, I understood that my body would not stand this shock for long.

Then calmly, through conscious action of my will, I decided to let go.

As soon as I intensely wished to go, to see this other reality that the mystiques are telling us about for centuries, I instantly entered in infinite energy, as if I was sucked by a very bright vortex. At incredible speed, I went through cosmos, passing by planets, stars...

Then, everything stood still around me. I had entered a bright and calm universe, where I felt myself floating.

For a moment which I cannot assess, because time does not exist in this other reality, I know that I had no thought anymore, no more personality (while keeping the memory of my identity), no more body, which I had left, and I did not suffer at all anymore.

Silence had engulfed all.

Consciousness remained, totally alert, linked to this luminous flow to such an extent that it dissolved in it.

I was this refined, sublime consciousness. It bathed into cosmic energy, and simultaneously was wide open, limitless, as if it had contained the universe space. It perceived, felt, had all properties of a living being, but acted in a dimension located out of matter and out of time.

The feeling was tender, peaceful. The light I saw, through non sensorial perception, located at another level, was intense, radiant but not blinding, not dazzling.

A golden color illuminated the immensity and allowed my consciousness to embrace the whole scope of it, making everywhere visible in the universe.

I had a feeling of lightness. Never mind the ill body because there was nobody who could suffer...

Fullness, freedom, instant out of time.

My consciousness had left space-time limits, it had entered another plane of reality, extending infinitely, whence this feeling of openness towards universe, up to wholly containing it. In that moment, my consciousness was this bright space.

The light freely went through my consciousness which had found its source, it was its very substance, nourished it, plunged it in bliss.

I immediately felt loved by this supreme Consciousness. I understood that this light was the absolute Love I felt.

It was very beautiful, very sweet. True tenderness came from this light.

I felt pure love, unconditional acceptance, great compassion too.

“Somebody” outstretched their arms to me. However, there was nobody who loved and I had nobody to love.

There was just understanding, respectful, unrestrainedly open, unintentional... Love

This immersion in total love brought to me endless joy, immense gratefulness to be loved, and flood me with peace.

This feeling cannot be accurately described as it is situated beyond anything we may know in our terrestrial existence... It brings an absolute safety feeling, a well being certainly close to the one felt in motherly womb.

During this experience, I did not see the tunnel which most people who experience near death relate. I did not meet any light being, no dead beloved who would come to welcome me and talk to me, with an appearance that would have made them recognizable to me, no guide. I did not see, either, a fast review of my past life. No memory, no scene of my life came to my consciousness.

I was out of the body, but I did not see myself looking at it: it did not exist anymore to me.

I just bathed, I would say “eyes wide open”, in the bright energy that enveloped me with its love.

Should we consider that this reality in which I was immersed was adapted to my consciousness level, or was it the ultimate reality and there is no other?

I know that I desired to extend as long as possible this indescribable happiness feeling.

I was indeed aware that I was in a state very close to death, at life end. I heard me saying to myself that I had to go back to earth. I do very well remember that I hesitated (Through which process does the brain make itself an accurate receiver for all this experience, while it suspended its activity?).

I felt so well! I lay inside this bright reality; I then desired that this bliss state would last...

Coming back meant suffering, and indeed the return was harsh, terrible.

I could make the decision. Its love for my loved ones Earth which made me come back...

Vivid memory of my identity, the certainty to be me, kept me related to my loved ones who stayed on earth.

This direct and spontaneous perception of the light gave me the ability to deeply understand what the Life which goes through us is.

It enabled me to know (because this experience is the very knowledge: to know is to unify one's consciousness, not to comprehend the objects through thoughts, concepts and language) the unique source that generate us all, human beings, animals, plants.

All living beings are part of this light, it goes through us all.

During my recovery, sitting in front of my garden, I felt life acting in blackbirds that joyfully answered each others, in wasps flying in to drink water in saucers, in euphorbia the gracious tiny flowers of which grew in a spiraling movement...

It's the same energy that supports everything, the same all encompassing Consciousness.

I understood during this "trip" the significance of the universe, which I perceived as a very consistent whole. I could access absolute knowledge, and this, instantaneously. Since then, this understanding gives me an intense feeling of life and the certainty to be part of a harmonious whole, to belong to a meaningful cosmic unity.

That comes after 30 years of quest, sometime tinted with anguish, for the meaning of the existence, 30 years during which, undergoing strong inner tensions, being supersensitive, I looked for answers by reading the Christian, Hindu, Buddhist mystiques.

Those books guided me along the path.

I also wrote two books, about Queen Saint Radegonde, and Mary the Egyptian, they helped me enter more deeply into myself.

During that quest, I met an enlightened person whom I consider as my spiritual mother. Born in 1913, possessing a vast culture and a higher spiritual level, a psychic, she taught me what is essential, somehow sowed in a soil that was becoming fertile thanks to my readings.

Also, through intuition flashes since childhood, visions of deceased beings, dreams, I could learn that different levels of reality do exist.

I thank all these teachers who taught me...

This long inner reviewing and harmonization work made that, for some years, I have felt better prepared to the steps of my existence, with a greater understanding of life.

Just before my illness, I had the feeling to be at the end of a cycle that began 30 years ago, and to be at last ready to live a deep inner transformation.

My receptivity allowed me not to be upset, confused by the experience offered, and to fully live it as a true spiritual revelation.

I have the feeling that this experience is indeed part of my life path.

From there I brought a great peace back, an ongoing feeling of total love, wrapping me up as a warm coat.

I keep a wonderment feeling, an immense gratefulness for life.

I stopped mental concentrations to understand, discursive thoughts, meditations and introspections, multiple readings to find the path. There is no path to follow towards what we are for all eternity. There is nothing to tend to.

All trying and failing have been swept by this light which radiates Love.

So many errors, so much pain could have been avoided for so long...

In my everyday life everything remains just as it was before, because I came back with a full understanding of my experience. So, I don't have to struggle to adapt my daily life to my new consciousness, inasmuch that I never, since childhood, intended to be part of society at any rate.

I just pay less attention to thoughts, feelings, moods that come and go, leaving no trace.

Now I know, through direct experience, that the original consciousness is empty, it is just conscious of self. It does not project in time, in action, it is not spread by attention and identification with objects as our ordinary consciousness in daily life is.

Original consciousness may only extend in the void that exists between two thoughts, two feelings. The mind is suspended there, the object is absent there, and time is no more projected there.

This unintentional openness is our true nature, there, where consciousness is left to itself.

Consciousness self consciousness has nothing to do with the coming and going of the ego, fully absorbed by contingencies and driven by events.

Consequently, all conditioning set for immemorial times, all aspects of personality may freely come and go. My consciousness does remain bond to supreme Consciousness, in the very heart of daily life.

The mind is not continuously agitated anymore by these parasitical thoughts which usually take over the entire consciousness field. The racket of thought ended.

I feel lighter, more relaxed, bondless, in harmony with my deeper being, needing not to relate myself to a forged identity that has no genuine reality.

Natural consciousness of the absolute persists each day, within usual tasks, on a background of serenity and inner silence.

I know that each moment in life is grace.

Before, life seemed simple to me, and uselessly complicated by the human beings; it seems even simpler to me now. I see it in life lightness and beauty.

Of course I still see disorders in our world, its chaotic play of good and evil, but beyond that, I sense its bright essence.

I feel more painfully the cruelty imposed on other human beings and animals, as well as nature sack. Our origin is common. Its an illusion to believe we are separate. When we hurt another living being, we also hurt ourselves.

Life is a whole. How beautiful it is!

I am not homesick for this other dimension I have known, neither do I feel hurt, nor difficulty to live everyday life, because I understood that there is no difference between this world and the other side.

Since my experience, I do not feel distant from human beings, on the contrary, what life gave me to see linked me more consciously to all that exist.

I intensely feel the energy that flows through me as it does through us all on this planet. Everything is saturated with cosmic essence. Everything comes from this source and goes back to it.

This energy in which we bathe, its Love that continuously goes through us, whether we want it or not, whether we are conscious of it or not.

Our task here is to relate to this Love, to place our consciousness in this perception of continuous presence, in this vision of non-separation from the absolute.

There is nothing to look for, nothing to be avoided, but all is to be accepted in our presence to the world.

Because of that, there is neither good/evil duality, nor inner/outer separation.

These differentiations are only visions of the mind intending to differentiate things.

All is equal in essence.

The spontaneous awakening induced by this experience does not belong to time, Because the source exists at this very moment. The awakening always existed...

I understood at last, after this 30 year quest, that there is nothing to be reached, nothing to get.

Everything is already there, because all is this vibrating energy.

The light is for all eternity, full of compassion. No method is indispensable to know it: we already bathe within; we are this reality, since the beginning.

Nothing ever separates us from our essence, except our mind that generally makes distinctions between the innumerable forms of existence and differentiates!

The light towards which I felt sucked is the essence of my consciousness and of the consciousness of each being.

Indeed, we are in everything, and each thing is in us.

I feel the consciousness of each living being, including animals, as my own consciousness. The same energy goes through each thing, viewed as an infinite fragment of the big cosmic All.

Life resides in consciousness, and this consciousness exists for all eternity, besides our personality with its convictions, aspirations, regrets, memories.

In this state, that I have known, so close to death, we cannot identify ourselves anymore to our body, of course, neither to our social role, our culture, our job, our passions, our hobbies, our sex, our character, our persona on the scene of the world, all this confused catalogue which we believe to be our personal identity.

Consciousness does not depend on this empirical ego. It possesses a sense in itself.

This understanding frees from all anguishes, all fears, particularly from death.

Death is no more an end but a mental creation which, just like others, goes back to the space from where it emerged.

Unlike what the philosophers assert since the 18th century, death is not the end for everything including consciousness. It is not total annihilation.

There is no break, only a passage from one state to the other. Our consciousness continues to live, to sense, totally integrating itself with cosmic energy.

This consciousness, which some people call the Self, always at work during this experience of another reality, if you can sense it, eternally present under the garment of personality, then fear from death vanishes.

I know now that the border between life and death has no meaning there. There is only Life, that flows through us all.

This certainty, only given by the experience, that some day I'll find again the grace to be so much loved, is a gift.

I feel that the ego gradually stretches, that the ties to this ego, with its memory, its desires, its expectations, just naturally vanish...

Consequently, why should this experience lead me to separate from the world, to leave my job or even my family, my friends?

There is nothing to give up, nor to flee, or to grab so as to identify to something, with an image of oneself, or to reach a situation which the mind believe is pleasant.

Its only the mind that projects in the past so as to compare it to the present, or to the future, to create duration and invent a distance, a need for a path to be followed. There is no path to go to Self.

There is no answer outside. Now, events have lost their fascination power.

Touched by a truth that never can be reached through thought, but by direct experience, I set myself free from the confusion and the oppositions generated by the mind.

This awakening to unity of all things sets me free from the idea: this is my thought, my emotion, my feeling, I am this ego. It sets me free from this body to which I do not identify myself anymore and the pain of which (nerves of my right leg remained inflamed for over six months

after the meningitis) does not impinge my joy. The body also seems to be penetrated by this consciousness, this cosmic essence. After all, it has been the instrument of this experience...

I am willing to accept what is, with no fear or rejection wish.

I got a deep feeling of being, needing not to project myself in a future I would imagine, nor to relate myself to the new person I became, even if that one is at peace.

Indeed, the one from today, transformed by her experience, does not exist more than yesterday's one, with her errors and her quest so clumsy.

Both are personalities, envelopes, covering the consciousness that does exist for all eternity.

I indeed lived a mystical experience, in the sense that my own consciousness melted into supreme Consciousness.

Ancient time prophets, spiritual masters most certainly lived similar experiences, they are the source of their teachings.

I know that the elements which usually feed our consciousness, thought, feeling, emotion, action will, were not active during this experience, leaving the light spread into that void.

We generally reduce our consciousness to all these elements, the effects of which we see on our personality and our existence. Psychological time applies all its power thanks to the omnipresent thought which ceaselessly projects and objectifies each state, each experience.

We usually equate our consciousness to the objective universe which it deals with.

The absence of object is even considered as a "loss of consciousness".

However, my consciousness was silent and inactive at phenomenon level during this experience, and indeed present though. It was, I would say, a consciousness conscious of itself, and therefore, somehow an undifferentiated, impersonal consciousness.

What this experience brought to me is the capacity to deeply understand that a part of consciousness does exist which cannot be equated to our mind, to our action capacity or to the objectified universe which it usually deals with. It is located at another level, to which we do not access through the materiality of our terrestrial existence, the space-time dimension in which we think and act, which creates like a separation wall, and through our mind often inattentive, superficial, seldom intensely in deep thought.

Nevertheless, each being is free to set their consciousness at strictly human level or to open it on the immense space, in order for it to reintegrate its essential nature.

It is differently arranged in each of us, according to the room our ego leaves it.

It always brings reality to the place it is located.

It is the very Life, located in itself, united to the light significant of Love.

Mathilda M

B V NDE

I've been in surgery in 1993 for a tympanoplasty under general anesthesia. After surgery, I vaguely woke up, and heard I was in the wake up room. Then I fell "asleep" again. And then, at some point, I felt as if I went through a "doorway", a sudden light bathed each and every of my cells, as if I didn't leave my body, but its nature would change, from a body made of matter cells, it became a light body, each cell being as a sun, warm and radiating all my being. A more than physic light, a light of love. I feel well in my body and my soul bathed in warmth and love. A beautiful being invites me to come with him. People come to me, greet me, welcome me and express their joy in seeing me. Everything took place around a magnificent and radiating oak tree. But, it's not time for me and the being just takes me away. I had to see and feel all of it, to pluck up courage and resume the path of my life. It was as a gift granted to me to embolden myself. Then, back to my material body. The nurse shook me and yelled me to breathe, I still hesitated a moment, then I resumed breathing. I cried a lot, I wanted to clear my body from all the tears I did not shed until then, set the counters to zero. The nurse stroke my face to comfort me. I would have loved to stay there, but it wasn't my time. I am happy to share this experience with many people through the internet. Kind regards, BV

Jose M's NDE

I served with 101st airborne division in Vietnam from April 1969 to May 1970. May 21 we came against a well fortified enemy. We attack a hill next to a wall by the rice paddy. Just before it got night we where told to get our combat gear to charge the hill. I was pretty scared cause I knew that maybe I get kill. As we attack the hill a mortar landed behind and I flew thru the sky. First thing I did was pray for forgiveness then all of sudden I could see myself laying the ground. I had no more fear but Peace. I wish I never came back but as I laid there all night they came to pick me up. Once someone touch I came back to my body.

Damien M's NDE

I was at a party in my hometown Manchester. The party was being thrown by a friend called Liz who I had a bit of a crush on. I was about sixteen years old (Liz was 18 and, alas, way out of my league). The house became very crowded and I went outside with my best friend at the time and we sat on a wall chatting. There were other people outside in the street and a fight broke out between two boys who were a little older than we were. We sat and watched the fight and I remember commenting to my friend that it was a bit pathetic - "handbags at twenty paces" – as the two boys wrestled pretty ineffectually for several minutes. We carried on chatting. Suddenly, one of the boys ran past us into the house, slamming the door behind him. The boy who had been fighting with him so lamely suddenly seemed far more aggressive - he and his friends (there were two or three other boys with him although I don't think they joined in the fight initially) began wrecking a picket fence between my friend's house and the house next door (it was a row of terraced houses typical of Manchester, there was a short path outside the front door with a wall and gate leading onto the street. There was a similar row of houses opposite). Anyway, the boy who had been fighting took a large plank of wood and, using it like a battering ram, charged at the front door and smashed through one of the two panes of glass in the upper door. I was astonished and angry and jumped off the wall to confront him. In hindsight I should have tried to be more diplomatic but, without really thinking, I told him to "fuck off". He turned towards me but, meanwhile, one of his cronies hit me from behind with another plank from the fence. My friend had tried to warn me and I had turned my head to look behind but it was too late. I staggered towards the front door with blood pouring from my head and, thankfully, the boys ran away. I remember putting my hand upon the one intact pane in the door, smearing blood on the glass, and then turning and flopping down onto the front step. Suddenly I could see myself from above, sitting on the doorstep with my head in my hands. My consciousness was 'floating' approximately twelve feet from the ground. I felt incredibly calm and strangely disinterested in the commotion carrying on below me. I could see people running around and I could hear people shouting. I especially remember Liz, the girl who lived at the house, crying "Damien, not Damien" in a very distressed voice, which I recollected later with some satisfaction. I had no idea what was happening to me as I had never read about OBEs. Beyond the initial separation of consciousness, I'm afraid that compared to many of the experiences described on this website – and those in books I've read since – my OBE is remarkable only for being unremarkable. For whatever reason I suddenly became fascinated by the arched brickwork above the front door. I found myself drifting towards the arch and just stared at it, oblivious to what was going on below. Then I was back in my body. I remember the feeling of blood pumping between my fingers and the heat of the blood. My friends walked me to the hospital, which was not far down the road, and a half dozen stitches later I went home.

Dr. M. Ghalabi NDE

Abstract from the book "sorry the Death refused me!"

By Dr. M. Ghalabi

I feel It is a duty to tell the people my own story, it is real, I feel it's contains lots of lessons and deep meanings. I don't aim to let this article be teaching message, as I don't know many details or religious information though my follow up of the philosophical and religious books for improving my own knowledge, as I always feel keen towards the spiritual articles, especially which concern the miracles of Quran and Bible, and other stories of the religious books which concern the universal and physical phenomenon.

The events of the experience are not special or rare, as there are many experiences going on the same way, but I see as it happened to me I have to tell the people who are interesting in it, as I feel there is a connections between the events of this experience and the entity of the universe, specially with my specialization of the space mechanical engineering, above my concern of cognitive knowledge and parapsychology in which I say modestly that I have some special abilities.

Though I expect my writing in this article would have scientific touch!

Time and Place of Experience:

This experience happened in the mid of eighties in the last century, in a hospital in European capital, during a surgical operation in my face (nose Deviation).

Steps of events:

1-Doing the operation, and failure in anesthesia

2-total paralyzed body, as a result of anesthesia, at the same time feeling very severe continuous pains as torture, which means the decrease of the general anesthesia is going to its lowest, (I became semi conscious).

3-entering a repeating flow of feeling "heard feeling only", which transferred to be "every single stimulus turns to be a sever torture input datum."

4-the continuous and connected of severe pain, as a result of (The Ascending Repeated Torture Cycling, which caused a stopping of blood circle (the heart and breath for about 3 minutes, so I entered a stage called The symptoms of clinical death, and about this points the discussions still going on, whether it is brain death or a case of temporary stop of the heart "which followed surely by stopping of breath"

5- at this point many views are flowing of events by vision and voice, as If it is a film tape, of every thing happened to me since my entity as a complete baby in my mother womb, till my arriving to the hospital and on the operation bed!, which called NDE and there was no any confusion of the events chronology and it happened so fast in unbelievable degree!, and the most strong thing is that my mental Discernment was following every things "published" by my brain, through this film in every little detail and very meticulously that can not be measured!..

6- my pulling from my “body wrap” to go through the roof of the hospital building going towards the outer space and very abnormal fast, afterwards my speed began to be lower.

7- clearance of knowing that there is a supreme reality, the comprehensive brain for the entity of both visual and unseen universes.

8-entering a dark cylinder space looks as tunnel.

9- appearance of white ghosts stretching its hands towards the center of the tunnel and some of them tried to touch me, one of those ghosts was of my mother who died when I was 5 years old, and then I saw a light in the end of the tunnel.

10-going out of the dark cylinder entity to the out space, and I was about to leave our universe and I could see through mental discernment .

11-some voice from ambiguous source ordered my discernment to be faster than the speed of the light.

12-as I am going to be faster than the light some important and scientific notice occurred.

13-the impossible mission to go to get the speed which has no limit.

14-telling me a decision of the ONE God that I have to be the “container” of the people pain.

15-Landing on the Alabaster Planet which surrounded by huge entities, and seeing the most beautiful creation of the powerful God for every people without exception which is “LOVE..!”

16- ordering me to go back, I was told this short phrase “your time is not yet, go back to where you came from, and I returned to life , for sorrow, again..

Danielle B NDE

When I lapsed into a coma then coded during the emergency c-section of my daughter I saw myself floating above my body. I could see them standing over my body and blood was everywhere. I turned to my left and there was an extremely bright light. I started walking towards it but the more I walked, the farther away it seemed. I couldn't make it there no matter how much I walked. Then I felt a force, not actually seeing it. It spoke to me and told me that I needed to turn around and go back because it wasn't my time; I was needed for other things. I never saw this person with the voice but I felt the force pushing me back down towards my body. Before I went back into my body, I heard the doctors saying that they couldn't get a pulse or a heart measure and that they had tried it all. I was watching them shock me trying to get me back to life. At that point the force told me that there were many things that I needed to do still and that I had a baby fighting for her life needing me. I remember going back down to my body and it was like a strong, steady vacuum.

Lala NDE

Ok, it was almost 4 o'clock in the morning I woke up with a sharp pain in my head and chest area, I went to bathroom I got out AND I PASSED OUT FOR ALMOST 20 SECONDS IF NOT MORE I SAW MYSELF FROM THE CEILING AND MY BODY WAS LAID ON THE FLOOR. THEN I CAME BACK TO MY BODY AND CALLED 911, IN THE EMERGENCY ROOM I WAS LAYING ON MY BED I FELT SOMEONE IS TOUCHING MY HAIR I OPENED MY EYES IT WAS MY GRANDMOTHER THAN SHE PASSED AWAY LONGTIME AGO, AND SHE TOLD ME TO LIGHT 5 CANDLES. WHEN I CLOSED MY EYES AGAIN SHE WAS GONE I EVEN FELT HER WEIGHT ON MY BED AND WHEN SHE LEFT I FELT THE BED MOVED.

Any associated medications or substances with the potential to affect the experience? No

Was the kind of experience difficult to express in words? No

At the time of this experience, was there an associated life threatening event? Yes It was the night that I had A heart attack

What was your level of consciousness and alertness during the experience? I WAS AWAKE TOTALLY

Was the experience dream like in any way? NO

Did you experience a separation of your consciousness from your body? No

What emotions did you feel during the experience? LOVE AND I DIDN'T WANT TO COME BACK HERE

Did you hear any unusual sounds or noises? NO

LOCATION DESCRIPTION: Did you recognize any familiar locations or any locations from familiar religious teachings or encounter any locations inhabited by incredible or amazing creatures? No

Did you see a light? Yes

Did you meet or see any other beings? Yes

Did you experiment while out of the body or in another, altered state? No

Did you observe or hear anything regarding people or events during your experience that could be verified later? Yes

Did you notice how your 5 senses were working, and if so, how were they different? Yes

Did you have any sense of altered space or time? Yes

Did you have a sense of knowing, special knowledge, universal order and/or purpose? Yes

Did you reach a boundary or limiting physical structure? Yes

Did you become aware of future events? No

Were you involved in or aware of a decision regarding your return to the body? No

Did you have any psychic, paranormal or other special gifts following the experience that you did not have prior to the experience? Yes

Did you have any changes of attitudes or beliefs following the experience? Yes I AM CALMER AND NOT SCARED OF DEATH ANYMORE

How has the experience affected your relationships? Daily life? Religious practices? Career choices? LIKE TO PRAY MORE

Has your life changed specifically as a result of your experience? Yes

Have you shared this experience with others? Yes THEY WERE AMAZED

What emotions did you experience following your experience? I CRIED

What was the best and worst part of your experience? BEST WAS WHEN I WENT OUT OF MY BODY THE WORST WAS THE PAIN I EXPERIENCED THAT NIGHT

Is there anything else you would like to add concerning the experience? NO

Did the questions asked and information you provided accurately and comprehensively describe your experience? Yes

John D

I awoke one night feeling utterly dehydrated. I got up to go the kitchen and it seemed that with each step I saw flashes of red. I made it to the kitchen and noticed that the clock read one in the morning. I suddenly realized that I was dying and became very frightened and I remember saying, "Please God, no."

I remember falling against the refrigerator and then against the stove. I immediately saw my body laying on the floor. I was not afraid and was curious at best.

Everything seemed to happen at the same time. It seemed as if the house had no roof, I kept rising and my body became smaller. I wanted to say goodbye to my parents and my brother but realized that it was not important, that everything we consider to be such a trial on Earth is so trivial that it is laughable. I could hear what I can only describe as a combination of music and singing, it was the most beautiful music that I have ever heard. It seemed as if I had complete knowledge of the universe. I can't even explain how wonderful I felt, words can do no justice to that feeling.

All of a sudden I returned to my body and got up. I was very angry that I came back. I looked at the kitchen clock and saw that it was now four in the morning. In what seemed nano-seconds, three hours had elapsed.

Harry B

I was 16 at the time. I went to a party for New Years Eve. My friends had rented a motel room. I drank a lot of beer, vodka and gin. I passed out in a corner of the room. Someone called the police and they came to break up the party. Everyone there ran away and the only person the police found was me unconscious in the corner. They could not wake me, so they called an ambulance. They found my i.d. and called my parents who met me at the hospital. I was in the hospital for two days and nights detoxing. The doctors told me that I was very lucky to survive.

During the time I was unconscious, I found myself without a body in the middle of black, misty darkness. The darkness was infinite like space. The blackness was of a color that I had never seen. It had a density, but also clarity. I could see in all directions and move at any speed in any direction. I was hovering in the middle of space without a body. Even though I didn't have a body, I could see as if I had eyes. I didn't need to breathe. I felt perfect peace, love and happiness. In the distance I saw a big light...the size of a door. I didn't go to the light because I didn't feel the need to go to it. I didn't feel the presence of other beings.

I awoke in the hospital and felt the weight of my body, like I was held down. I felt awful. I left a place of no pain and entered a body of pain. Before the experience I didn't know if there was an afterlife. After the experience, I knew there was an afterlife. Looking back on the experience, I could have stayed there forever.

Kathleen D

I never had a whole lot of belief in a divine power mostly because I found it all to be hard to believe. Sunday school was a weekly social event and I enjoyed the stories the teachers told us every week, but that is just what they were to me—stories. Following the teachings of the church, I took my communion when I was twelve. Sunday school ended and I started going to the church service and junior high school.

Junior high school uncovered the scientist in me, but I still had a strong allegiance to God and prayer. I soon found that I needed to have a cause or reason for everything. Darwin's theory became more believable than the Bible. It was more logical and made more sense. The more I studied science, the more I moved away from the church. I stayed on this path until I was nineteen years old and my beliefs were rattled to the core.

My mother passed away after having three operations and suffering in severe pain for almost a year. That merciful God that I was taught to believe in had abandoned her. She never once gave up her faith in God. How could this maker of miracles let her suffer so? I prayed for her healing. How could he take her away from me? I wasn't ready for her to go. How could he let me down? It was then that I gave up what little faith I had left.

I had no use for the church, God or prayer any more and was an unbeliever. My sister-in-law was a strong Catholic and she wasn't going to give up on me. She would pray for me and my soul every day. She even had her priest visit me in the hospital.

The up coming surgery was no big deal to me. I had an operation when I was about four or five years old and really don't remember much about it except that I had a sore throat and I had been promised some ice cream. This operation was a little more serious, but routine at this hospital, with little chance of complications. As a matter of fact, Linda, the lady next to me in my semi-private room, was having the same surgery by the same doctor on the same day.

Linda was just a little more concerned than I was. She started to bite her fingernails and then she stopped and showed me the little white rim on her nails.

"It took me six weeks to get my fingernails like this," she said, holding her hands out to me to show me the little white rims on the tips of her fingers.

"How did you get your nails to grow so nice?" She held my hand and examined each nail, one by one.

"I didn't do anything to them." "They just grow." I told her not to worry. My Aunt Ruth, who worked in the Emergency Room, and said that our doctor, "Doctor 'T' was the best in the hospital."

Father Tim came into my hospital room just as they were prepping me for my operation. I told him, "I didn't believe in God anymore," and that, I needed proof.

He said, "When the rain falls, it makes streams and then rivers"

"You can see it and feel it." As he poured some ice water into a glass, he continued, "You can pour the water into a glass and drink the water." Father Tim smiled and handed me the glass.

“Why you can even freeze it and make it hard or you can boil the water and it will evaporate.” Then he asked, “When it evaporates, you can’t see it anymore, is it still there?” “Is it still water?”

“Yes,” I said.

“But how do you know?” He was looking straight into my eyes. “You can’t see or feel it any more.” Father Tim came a little closer, “How can you believe that it will be water again?”

“I don’t know.” “ I just do.”

“That’s why it is called blind faith, “and he turned and looked at me again. “I don’t know how or why,” he said, “but I believe you will find your way back to God.” Father Tim put his hand together as said, “Your sister-in-law asked me to come and see you.” He took a deep breath and asked, “May I pray for you?”

“OK,” I said, “Knock your socks off, I guess a few prayers won’t hurt.”

In his prayer, Father Tim asked God to heal my soul as well as my body. I didn’t think much of it then, but I have been thinking about it ever since. As soon as he finished, an orderly stuck me with a needle and rolled me down to the operating room. The last thing I remember is someone telling me to count backwards from a hundred. I wasn’t feeling any pain as a warm sensation when through my body and I dropped off into a deep, heavy sleep.

When I opened my eyes, the first thing I saw was my room mate. Linda was sitting on the edge of her bed biting her fingernails. She was so happy to see my eyes open that she rang her buzzer for the nurse. The nurse came in and checked on me and then I dropped back off. It was like I was in and out of a deep sleep.

The next morning I awoke to find myself connected to tubes and bags. That is when Linda told me that I had been out of it for three days. I really had her worried as I just had the same operation that she had.

A severe infection had set in, I didn’t know it at that time, but I had Lupus and my body was fighting itself. At one time, I had flat lined and shocked back. That is why I had all the extra medication, tubes and bags. I had blamed the medication and my semiconscious state for all the weird dreams that I had at the hospital. The dreams were my little secret.

Linda left the hospital five days after her operation, but I had to stay for two weeks. I didn’t see her again until a year later.

A year later, Linda decided to find me and celebrate the anniversary of our operation. We went out to dinner and then I got a baby sitter and we went down to the local bar for a few drinks. We had a good time talking and laughing. Then she told me how scared she was when I flat-lined in the hospital. Some of the things she told me were just like it was in my dream.

The dream where I felt like I was in a deep sleep then I was floating toward a woman. There was something familiar about her. I couldn’t see her clearly, but she looked like an angel. My attention was drawn to the room below me. The curtain was pulled around the one bed. The nurses and doctors were trying to revive the body in the bed. Linda was sitting on the edge of her bed biting her nails.

Then the spirit and I were gliding down the hall toward the emergency room. People were walking in the hallways. Doors were closed, but I could see into rooms. Unnoticed by the people in the hospital, there were spirits or angels all around. I wondered, "Are these God's messengers at work?"

When we arrived at the emergency room, I could see everything that was happening. My Aunt at the Nurses Desk. A young paramedic was asking for Doctor 'T'. He said, "One of the doc's three sons was bitten by the doc's three dogs."

Before I could think about it, we were back in the semi-private room. The doctors and nurses were still busy working on the woman in the bed. I remember as I looked down at them, I said to the angel, "Why don't they just let her die?" I did not realize, at that time, the body that I was looking at was mine.

"She must live," she said in a soft calming voice. "She has a son to raise." Then in a commanding voice, she said, "You must go back now."

I turned to look at her. It was my mother. Since her death, I always dreamed of her pale with bed sores and bandages, but this time it was different. It was the first time I had seen her looking so young and healthy. Mother looked like a beautiful twenty-two-year-old woman with a perfect body.

Just then, before I could say a word, I was pull into the lifeless body below. I felt pain.

It was a weird experience, but I often think about it and tell people about it when I feel they need to know that the loved one has moved to the next level. And that death is not to be feared, it is just the passage that we must go through to discard our bodies to go to the next level. The next level is where we are met by the spirits of those who have gone before us.

Jim L

When I was in second grade I was stricken with Rheumatic fever I was only five or six years old at the time and living with my foster parents. This was due to my mother's suicide. I was young at the time but found over the years since that she had blamed herself for my father's heavy use of alcohol. But anyways the Rheumatic fever caused me to have a very high fever and I had missed most of the second grade and remember that I had to repeat it after I was better.

But sometime during my illness I left my body (OBE) and found myself across the street in a wooded area that opened into a beautiful meadow, with a small pond in the center of it. Around the pond there were other children at or around my same age. The children were laughing, and playing cheerfully around the edge of the water and they seemed not to have a care in the world as they invited me to join them even though they never spoke a word or made any eye contact with me. I just knew that somehow I should be part of this new found happiness. I remember watching a boy and a girl on the opposite side of the pond skipping and running and there seemed to be traces of glitter or gold that trailed off them only to quickly fade away when they stopped to investigate a flower or frog that they would see on the pond's edge, but quickly reappear once they moved again. The colors in the meadow were very brilliant and there seemed to be a warm yellow glow enveloping the whole area. There were also lots of animals and they too seemed to be caught up in the sheer love that encompassed the whole area. Just as quickly as it began I was out of the meadow and found myself looking down at myself standing in front of my foster mother. She had both her hands on my shoulders. This is all I remember. I was told a few years later that the fever had caused a heart defect and I would need to have open heart surgery before I reached the age of eighteen but when I was about to have the surgery at the age of seventeen the doctors and cardiologist found that my heart had healed itself. I wonder to this day if the good lord had started healing me the moment that I stepped into the meadow. I returned to the wooded area as a young man and found that there had never been a meadow or a pond there. The experience has stayed with me for forty four years now and it seems as clear today as it did when it happened and it never fails to lift my soul when I reflect back upon it. I've never spoke of this experience until now and only felt compelled to do so after reading some of the other testimonials on this web site. I guess I kept it to myself because to me it's been like a treasured gift that only I could appreciate and would find it hard to explain to somebody who might be closed minded or shallow in nature.

Sally F

I was in the hospital in labor. I had an epidural that didn't seem to work so the doctor gave me another large injection of the medication. As soon as the injection was given, I felt like I was going to pass out. I told to my husband "I don't feel right, I don't feel right - call the doctor". The heart monitor machines that I was hooked up to started alarming and the doctors came running in to my room. Within seconds I went from frantic (I tend to be a more anxious person than calm) to sluggish and then sort of removed from the scene. I was there in my body but I didn't seem to feel anxious that I was fading out. The doctors were running around the room and then trying to get epinephrine into my IV to bring up my crashing blood pressure. They were jabbing me with needles and missing. I would say I felt about 50% there.

This is when I saw a vision of Jesus and an Angel off to the right above me in a vision. It was as though there was a window into the heavenly and I could see what they were doing although I wasn't standing next to them. Jesus had his hands stretched down to the angel and he had his hands stretched down to me directly under Jesus. The interesting thing is that I consider myself a Christian without a denomination and the vision of Jesus and the angel looked exactly like the paintings/window panes you see in a Catholic church. Jesus looked like the Catholic Jesus and the Angel looked like a Catholic Angel - not a cherub but a tall, strong, man looking angel. The colors were amazing. I tell you all this because I thought that If/when I ever saw Jesus he would look plainer. He was very radiant. Also, I can tell you that I instinctively knew what they were doing (my friends laugh at me when I try to explain this). Jesus gave the angel and then the angel gave me the "whammy to live". I know it sounds weird but it was like they were throwing down whammy vibes or something. They both looked very serious and intently busy with this project of theirs. I remember thinking "Hmmm, this is interesting...they are giving me the whammy to live so that I don't die". It was a very calm encounter even though the physical circumstances were intense. Immediately following this scene, the doctor found my vein and gave me the epinephrine and I came back 100% fully into the scene in the hospital room in my bed. All of this happened in a matter of 30 seconds.

Andrea C

I went to a place that's pretty much indescribable , but I'm going to give it my best shot , here goes :

I was in a place which was underwater and I was going round and round unable to breathe. This went on for what seemed like an age. I was panicking and knew my time was coming to an end. I thought I knew what it was like to be "frightened" but now I really know. Suddenly everything went very calm and peaceful. It was the most wonderful feeling I've ever felt. I felt like a feather image of myself, so free and light. If I could have described myself at that moment in a word, it would be "whisper". A man appeared in front of me, chanting happily for me to go with him. He knew my name. He seemed familiar but I didn't know him. This man did not scare me in any way although I knew if I went with him that would be it for me. A force was pulling me towards him. I had to stop myself by wading in the water with my hands. I loved the place I was in and could have stayed there forever, life stresses and all known reality was gone. I had many experiences through my experience in hospital but I can clearly tell apart this one from all the other drugs related hallucinations etc....

David A

I had a surgery to repair a ventral hernia in my abdomen. The surgery went fine but the doctor never did tell me and never did advise me to stop taking my birth control pills before or after the surgery. The days following my surgery I had noticed that I would be awoken at night by and uncomfortableness in my side. So I dismissed it as being related to just having surgery, so I would take the pain medication prescribed to me; and the pain would go away. For a few more days I started experiencing shortness of breath and once again thought it was due to my body recovering from surgery. I remembered what the doctor told me on my last visit to him. He said to call if I have any unusual experiences and I did. When I called his office I left a message and my call was returned. The receptionist or nurse who returned my call was very defiant towards me calling and wanting to see the doctor and she told me that I just inhaled too much pollen while I was outside and that I just needed to rest instead of coming to see the doctor and to call another doctor. I was frustrated cause I knew something was wrong with me so I called my family doctor.

He asked me if I could come into his office. So I got dressed and started driving to his office. All the while there was a white and grey bird flying in front of the car as if he was guiding me to the doctor's office. I was so weary and tired from being short of breath that I don't remember how I got there except for following the bird. My family doctor looked me over and asked if I could drive myself to the emergency room or did I want me to call someone. I said I would drive. When I went back outside and started driving again, that same bird was flying in front of me again leading me to the hospital. When I got near the hospital the bird landed on the side of the road and looked at me and I looked at him and watched him as I drove onto the street of the hospital and then he flew away. At that hospital emergency room I was treated very coldly and was told to go to another part of the hospital to get my test done. My family doctor told me to go to the emergency room and have my test done there and to show them his request on the paper that he had gave me.

I was walking and everyone (doctors ,nurses) passed me like I was nothing ..I lost my color and was leaning on the rails of the walls trying to walk and was very very short of breath and no one looked my way to ask if I needed help. I felt so sad inside and worthless from how they looked at me and wanted to just die and give up. Then all of a sudden 2 ladies who worked at the hospital (not nurses or doctors) came up to me and asked me if I need help, and made me stop walking. One stayed with me while the other went to get me a wheelchair. The one who stayed with me pushed me to the place to get lab work done. I remembered her face and knew she was sent by God to help me. Long story short, the people who did my lab work said they couldn't see anything on my chest x-ray and that I was fine and just needed rest. I went home and rested.

Later on that night I felt I had the need to burp cause of the feeling of fullness in my chest. I tried to burp the feeling away but it became more pressure. I went to the restroom and was feeling so heavy and weird while I was walking back to my room. I looked over at my mother in her room and slurred to her to call the ambulance. I sat on my bed and the pains began so sharp so intense. I could hear my mother calling my dad to come and he was talking to me shaking me trying to undo my arms from twisting distortedly from me being in pain. Everything started going black and white. Then in slow motion and I could see as if my soul was pulling backwards from out of my body, like I was looking through my eyes but being pulled backwards. I was looking at my mother and tried to reach to her, but she was looking at me in awe like she saw

my soul leaving me too. Then all of a sudden everything went normal, like I was thrown back in my body and I could now smell apple cider vinegar all around me's didn't even know my dad had ran to the kitchen and poured it around my nose and body. Why? I never asked him why. I guess something in him told him to do that.

The ambulance was called and I was on my way to a different hospital. They diagnosed me as having 7 blood clots ;some in my upper and lower lungs. While I was in the hospital I didn't feel any pain at all's stayed alone at the hospital every night by myself. But every night I would feel the motion like I was being rocked to sleep and the feeling that I wasn't in my hospital room alone just knew Jesus was there with me...a feeling of comfort and peace beyond..and in the mornings the birds would come to my window and chirp melodies of peace. One day while I was laying in my hospital bed. I got this message or feeling if u will ..and it was like it was just in my head ..The message was to tell the priest and churches that they should not get paid for preaching words that aren't their's and that they should not receive any money for preaching God's words...and that the seven blood clots in me represented the 7 churches in the book of revelations. I didn't know what that meant until I later read revelations when I had gotten back home from the hospital, there is so much more to my story but I must end now.

Anthony R

It was as if I was seeing through a kaleidoscope (again, not precisely what really happened, but as close as I can get with words). The things I was experiencing (and truth be told, using the word "seeing" isn't really even accurate, but I'm limited with words) made no sense at all at first, but after a time, I seemed to be able to make a little bit of sense out of all the whirling images/impressions. After an even longer time, I slowly began to realize that some of the shapes and colors I was experiencing were a "landscape" of sorts...but then I became started when it dawned on me that some of the collage actually represented a sentient being. Not long after realizing that there was someone there with me, I knew without a doubt that it was my grandfather on my mother's side. Now, my maternal grandfather died before I was three years old, and I have no conscious recollection of the man at all. In fact, at the time of this experience, I probably hadn't even had a conscious thought about the man in well over a decade. After more time had passed, I was able to determine that he was indicating to me that I couldn't come to him yet. I tell this narrative like there was actual verbal communication, but in reality, it was nothing like that at all. Everything was just a series of osmotic impressions. It's just so hard to describe. I do remember at one point believing that there was a sheet of some sort of glass-like substance between us...I was definitely on one side of this barrier while he was on the other. Soon after this encounter, I felt the most unpleasant tugging sensation that you could possibly imagine. It happened two or three times (can't really remember), and that's when I woke up in an ambulance to find a group of paramedics looking very relieved that my eyes were open. I remember being very angry at first that they had brought me back. Although I really could not make a lot of sense out of the things that I experienced in the short time that I was "gone," I did know without a doubt that wherever it was that I had been had been a MUCH better place than the painful reality of having tubes in my lungs, needles in my arms, and air forced in and out of my chest due to the fact that my bronchial tubes were severely constricted.

Anthony K

I was in so much pain, so scared, so helpless. I remember the doctor saying "Hang With Me Buddy", "Anthony Hang With Me" over and over but it got fainter each time, the room light faded, I began to feel colder and colder. I fought for every breath and every breath hurt. I started thinking "What have I done that I shouldn't have", "What did I not do that I should have". Have I made a good difference during my time here? I'm not going to say it was like a movie but I remember a lot of good and bad times. I was scared that I would die and go to Hell. My thoughts were also like they came all at once yet I wasn't confused. Other than forgive me my main prayer was to allow me to die with a smile and a pleasant look on my face so nobody would remember me and be sad. I had a friend die that way and I still remember the look on his face.

Suddenly the breath I was fighting for wasn't there, it didn't hurt, the room darkened and all sound quit. Then without breathing I was breathing and I could see not only the doctor and nurses in the room but the room facing the Cath Lab behind glass looking at me. My wife was next to last standing to my left. She is a cardiac nurse and had barged her way into the room. She and the other 4 in the other room had distressed looks on their faces, so sad, so afraid. I never looked down where I was and wasn't aware anything physical had changed. I wanted to tell them all, especially my wife that I was better than great not to be sad. I felt perfect, no pain, warm, loved, complete, and peace. While I looked at everybody it was through different eyes, not like we see in our bodies. A non judgmental, peaceful, complete and equal love but not love as we know it, a higher level I don't think we can achieve here on earth. I can't explain it but I have longed for it ever since.

I remember thinking of my 2 daughters still at home, my wife, my parents, my older daughter, my grandkids and either thinking or was told I needed to go back. I remember thinking if I do this is going to hurt like Hell and to this day I'm not sure if I went back willingly or was made to go back. When I went back I was right, immense pain, guilt, separation, heavy feeling was back again and cold all over again. Scared but no longer of dying but of living, truthfully I wanted to stay so bad. I think I freaked the staff out when I started telling them where they were standing yet all sound was gone.

To this day I seldom tell people, except the ones I feel compelled to tell. When I do I tell then I never saw a tunnel, never saw the light but better, I felt it. The worse part of this is not being able to explain. We hear about Heaven, God and all that but until you experience Them, words can not describe, imaginations can not imagine.

Irene L

I'm in a "tunnel" that's ox-blood red, it's narrow or sort of "close", I kind of float ahead through windings and curves, but I never hit anything, it feels warm, peaceful and pleasant and it's just like "everything runs smoothly". There's someone there with me, I presence I can only feel. Suddenly I know and understand everything, I know what everything is like, and I know I'm in the realm of death. The "journey" continues and I'm a small child and my "current" self all at the same time. I just AM, it's impossible to describe. We get to this enormous light and I feel that my companion gets there before me, and I just know it's a boy my age: 17 years. We are greeted by a "being" that is light, it's like a glow coming from it, I don't know if it's a she or a he. But it radiates so much love and safety it's indescribable. The boy "disappears" into the light, but for some reason I'm not allowed to come along... I so much want to come too, it's so wonderfully comfortable, I feel so absolutely great... I stay by the light being, I can't get past it, I'm told it's not my time yet. Then everything goes black.

When I wake up later I feel such an enormous sense of loss and disappointment because I couldn't go too, I'm almost angry about it. I'm aware that for a while I "knew everything", but can't get hold of that knowledge again in my "waking" state.

Darlene K

I was asleep. Then I was floating above my body. I observed the shine on my hanging copper pot and the pretty colors of my quilt. I watched my body but I don't recall seeing Mom in the room with me at that time. I floated up to the ceiling.

Lucy entered the room with the bright rays of sun through the window. She had no body, like me. We greeted each other happily and played, spinning and twirling in the air. It was fun.

When we stopped, she took me up through a dark tunnel with an intense light at the top. When we arrived, there was no top or bottom. There was nothing there but love. It was pure love. Intense love. Everything was okay. Everyone there was okay. They were all happy, loving beings. They were expecting Lucy. They talked with her and laughed with her. I watched them and felt the love all around me. They reviewed Lucy's past. Suddenly, I felt a being communicate, "You're not supposed to be here."

As I awoke, I felt pressure on my chest. I felt lips on mine. When I opened my eyes, Mom was leaving the room with her pillow. I never slept with one for obvious reasons. I noticed that my arms were folded across my chest like a dead person. She seemed angry with me and said it was because I wouldn't wake up.

I told Mom about the dream I had. She didn't think much of it until later that day when we got a call from Aunt Barbara telling us that Lucy had died that morning.

For years, I believed I had a psychic experience. I was wrong. It wasn't ESP. It was NDE. I was killed and revived by my mother. It has taken most of my life for me to come to terms with what Mom did to me and the rest of my family. We all suffered abuse from her.

RF

I heard wonderful music, and saw a tunnel of light that I traversed at a dazzling speed. The tunnel ended in a sort of entrance with various entities, known to me, with whom I communicated through a sort of thought. They were like guides and helped the "souls" across a river (Styx?). There was also a basin from which a sort of bubbles rose up and floated into the universe, all of them filled with something. Suddenly a beautiful bright light passed by and everybody fell to their knees and praised that Light. I was about to go through a door of sorts (beautiful music came from behind it) when my name was called and I was allowed to return. Right before I arrived, I had a vision of blinds closing and I knew I was stone-deaf. I am sure now that there's more than our current world. Scientists are busy researching our consciousness, also in quantum physics people are trying to solve the riddle of "Life". It is quite logical that the great avatars spoke of God and related subjects. Imagine that back then they were already talking about quantum leaps and nanotechnology, among other things. Nobody could have understood that then, but science and religion are converging more and more now. Our thoughts are faster than 1000 times the speed of light (300.000 km per second). So we can "find" everything in our universe, even God.

James E

I don't recall when I crossed to the other side, but I believe it was right after my exploratory surgery.

I woke up on a ledge, a ledge no wider than 1 to 2 inches.. my feet felt as if I was standing on the edge of a cliff, with very little purchase to keep me up. I felt a wall behind me, and flattened myself to it as best I could. I was in a void, completely black, but yet.. it felt endless, I saw nothing, only black, but yet I could feel there was a down, there was a up, a ledge, a wall. I did not know who I was, or how I had gotten there, all I could think of was " DON'T FALL" I repeated this , over an over an over, I shuffled along the wall, no idea where to go, I just didn't want to fall into the darkness. I was scared, but also calm. As I shuffled along the wall, I thought to myself.." how did I get here?" " where did I come from?" and as I progressed, still repeating "don't fall" the ledge beneath my feet began to widen. I felt a bit more secure,, safer as the ground seemed to offer me more stability, although I was still in eternal darkness, I "felt" the ground under me was stretching out. As soon as I felt I could walk normally, I felt safe, and I asked myself " where do I go now". And all of a sudden, in the distance, I saw a star, a small speck of light, and began walking towards it. As I approached the light, it got bigger an bigger, and I began to walk faster an faster. As the light got brighter, I noticed it began to shoot lines out, I saw them simultaneously coming to the light, an from the light, instantaneous it seemed.. and they were laying down all around me, very much like a "bit map" on a computer,, just lines an squares forming what seemed to be a landscape. As I kept getting closer,, the land began to fill in,, I saw green grass,, rolling hills.. and just before I stepped into the light.. I saw from the corner of my eye,, the land seemed to stretch on forever, green hills and grass.

Then, POOF, I'm in the light. Its golden, its beautiful, the pain from the 3 years of my life gone, the laughter, the love, every emotion I had had in life, was gone. I was one with everything that ever existed, or ever will be. I knew at that moment, the why of all whys. I had no questions, I had need for no answers. Everything was known in that instant I entered the light. Then it spoke to me, as if I was speaking to myself through the voices of everything that can, does, or will exist. It simply said " you have to go back" and it was me telling myself I have to go back, but yet.. I am all, so who was talking to whom??? ha-ha. So, I did not question, I already knew why I had to, why life existed, why everything happens. After it told me I had to come back, that was it. I woke up in my bed, my mother laying next to me, 5 days had passed, the cancer that was eating me alive, that the doctors had said they could not cure, was completely healed. They tested me, found I was completely void of cancer, and sent me home.

Cory P

Went body surfing with buddies. I got caught in a current and started to go under the pounding surf. I was having a hard time breathing. I started choking, Water rushing in my nose and mouth. DROWNING! I'M GOING TO DIE! After fighting to get air instead of salt water I began to relax and feel at peace. Slowly sinking so peaceful, Then I looked down and saw myself below. I wanted to close my eyes and sleep.

Please try one more time Pat, one more time. Something was making or forcing me up, UP!

When I hit The surface, water choking water exploded from my nose and mouth. Right next to me I saw this boy with blue dark blue eyes. Can you help me get back? I'm so tired. He looked at me. Put your hand on my shoulder. I ended up on the beach on all fours coughing my guts out. Looking around all I could see were my friends pointing at me. I wanted to thank blue eyes but I couldn't find him. After talking with my friends they said I swam in alone. I went back a couple of times after that. I never saw the kid again.

William S

Age Five: I remember our family living in Bartow, Fla. on a piece of property belonging to my Grandfather. I remember being sick with some childhood illness and my mother putting me to bed. My sleeping arrangement was a small cot by a south-facing window with sunlight streaming through the glass and casting a brilliant glow on the floor.

I felt very weak and tired and was lying there watching the dust particles dance in the light. I was paying particular attention to the color of the suspended dust particles. I noted that they appeared a silvery color eventually turning to a golden hue. The golden glow begins to fill the room with its radiance. Within an instant I am outside standing in our backyard at the edge of the orange grove. I had no clue that my body was still in bed within the confines of the house. I looked at myself and I had my natural five-year-old body. From my perspective nothing appeared unusual I had been in our back yard many times and there was nothing unusual about this moment.

As I began to look about I noticed something out in the middle of the orange grove that was out of place. Growing up out of the grove was a great mountain with beautiful inlaid steps ascending to the heavens. This stunning sight captured my attention and I had to explore this fascinating feature.

Within an instant I am standing at the base of the mountain finding myself starting to ascend the stairs. As I climb upward I look to the top of the peak and see a most remarkable sight. Flowing from the top was an array of light beams. They were filling the starry heavens with the most beautiful light. I was so caught up by this sight that all I wanted to do was to ascend to the top and join the light.

As I made my way upward I noticed that people were positioned on each of the steps. They were dressed in beautiful flowing garments that constantly changed color. The people were beautiful to look at but paled in compassion to the radiant light above. I felt I had a mission to make it to that light. As I reached mid point on my way up, the people formed a V shaped wedge, which blocked my progress.

At the apex of this configuration a man stepped from formation toward me. He looked at me and told me that I had to turn around and go back where I came from. I told him I did not want to go back. I want to go to the top of the mountain and into the light. Again he remarked that I must return to where I came from. I became frustrated and made an attempt to run through his legs. He knew my intentions and blocked my passage. Very firmly the man remarked that I did not belong there yet, that I had to go back where I came from. With a deep sadness I descended the stairs. At the base of the stairs I again looked up toward the light. I so longed to be with that light.

Age 10: Saturday the 19th of October 1957 my family along with the Gresham family decided to have a belated birthday party in my honor at Lake Jackson State Park. This park is located outside of the city limits of Lake Jackson, TX.

The weather was beautiful and all the children were having a great time running free in the park. Previously our parents had warned us to stay away from the main road that cut through the park. We all promised our parents that we would not go near the road. We went out

through the park exploring all that caught our attention. After awhile we found ourselves near the road we had been warned about. One of our group suggested that we should crawl through a large drainage culvert that ran under the roadway. We agreed on this approach and began to crawl through.

We all made the trip through the culvert without incident. However on my way through I caught sight of a spider, which frightens me. I had a dread of spiders as my mother often told us children of the time she was bitten by a black widow spider. We stayed on the other side of the road for a few minutes and decided to return back through the culvert. The other children did not share my concerns about the spider and effortlessly made the trip back through.

I knew if I ran across the road I could make it to the other side before the others. I thought it the correct plan of action since I was afraid of crawling through a spider-infested culvert. I took off across the road without looking for traffic. Bam! I was hit on the left side of my body by a force so powerful that in an instant I was knocked out of this world. The instant I was hit, my field of vision went from one of trees and sky with beautiful clouds to that of solid white light. My world went from natural to divine in an instant.

After the accident I came to, to the crying voices of my friends and family. And in route to the hospital I came to in the ambulance to the worried look on my mothers face. The several times I came to provided my consciousness with a sequential series of events that stayed with me even while I was in the world of white light. The series of events left the impression in my mind that my family did love me. Up until the accident my brothers were mean and cruel to me and I felt that they did not want me in the family.

Later I learned I was in a coma for 11 days and during this time I remained in the place of light. I felt complete and at home there. It was not a static place, there was much activity. I knew I was loved and cared for. Some may think that my childhood description of the place of light would represent the final resting place of the soul. It is not! I eventually moved on to my life and family, knowing someday I will return to the splendor of light.

Age 44: I had been living and working in the Fort Worth, TX area for just about a year. I entertain myself on the weekend by going down to the local airfield to practice flying. With over a hundred flying hours I felt fairly confident in my ability to handle a Cessna 152. It had been the plane of choice for practice.

It was late march and the weather was still cool and pleasant for north Texas. I prefer to fly in the cooler air because it is denser and supports flying better. My job was a 4-10 arrangement. This meant we had off on Friday and I liked having more time for flying. I went down to the airfield around 9 am and rented one of the Cessna 152 for flight practice. My flight practice schedule for the day consisted of doing departure stalls at altitude (usually conducted at 4500 ft AGL).

I took off and departed the field for the practice area. I had climbed to 2500 feet and decided I would slow the plane from 100 to about 60 mph. This speed was to be the rotation speed to use when making a departure stall. To achieve this speed I had to use 10 degrees of flaps to increase drag to slow the plane from its original speed.

Pilots practice departure stalls as a rehearsal for the actual event. I am using the term rotation very loosely in this narrative I believe it is a word reserved strictly for the rotation that occurs

when the pilot is traveling down the runway for takeoff. Rotation occurs when the pilot reaches the design speed, which allows the plane to overcome drag and achieve liftoff. For the Cessna 152 this speed is 54 knots. When this speed is reached the pilot pulls back on the yoke and the plane lifts off.

The definition of departure stall is when on takeoff the plane leaves the runway and on climb out the angle of attack on the wing is so great as to lose the air flow over the wing. When this occurs the plane is said to stall. Quite simply if you don't take immediate corrective action you are about to fall from the sky. The corrective procedure is to push the yoke forward causing the nose of the plane to point earthward. If you have enough altitude for recovery the increased airflow over the wing will put your back in control of the aircraft. With God's blessing hopefully you will live to fly another day.

For this reason that is why pilots always practice departure stalls at safe altitudes. As I was saying I had slowed the plane to the rotation speed of 60 mph. Once I was at this speed I pulled back on the yoke to spill the airflow from the wing producing an immediate shudder of the wing and then the stall. Instead of the planned stall the plane snapped hard to the right with the nose falling earthward in a corkscrew spin. Without hesitation I employed counter rotation as the corrective action to recover from the spin. However my procedure did not work and the earth was racing toward me at 120 knots.

Instantly I developed the most intense headache centered in my forehead. The pain and pressure felt the size of a quarter and in that instant the pain exploded and I heard the following words "Let go you don't have enough reaction time for that." Upon hearing the words I concluded my subconscious was informing me I had bought the farm. For a nanosecond I resisted the notion to let go of the controls. In the following instant I let go of the controls, and laid my hands in my lap and waited for the impact.

In the few microseconds I had left on the earth I realized I had for the first time truly surrendered to forces beyond my control. The only recognizable regret I had in that moment was for the well being of the plane. I thought what a shame to damage such a wonderful machine.

My thoughts were moving faster than the speed of light and at this incredible speed I knew with certainty that my life was over. As I gazed at the earth rushing up at me I could see the birds flying around in the tops of the trees that I was about to impact. As I continued to gaze upon the unfolding drama I noticed the rotation of the plane slowing. Eventually the spin gave way to a slowly increasing arc, which eventually reached a straight-line geometry.

Immediately after the plane entered straight and level flight it began to climb to an altitude of 850 feet. It was at this altitude that I again put my hands and feet back on the controls. Once I was back under the control of the plane I looked around and realized for the first time what had caused the snap roll. I looked down between the seats and noticed that I still had 10 degrees of flaps on the wing. Immediately I cleared this error and regained control of the operational surfaces of the plane.

I continued to practice stalls for an additional 30 minutes. Tiring of this I decided to return to the airfield to land and secure the plane. Additionally, the second mistake was to be at the unsafe altitude of 2500 feet instead of the required 4500 feet.

I walked into the flight office and talked with the chief flight instructor and explained what had just happened. The chief instructor remarked that I am lucky to be alive. He said because of the low altitude of 2500 feet that I am fortunate that the plane was able to fly out of the spin. The FAA requires pilots to be at an altitude of 4500 feet before practicing stalls.

Walking to my car I noticed my legs trembling. Opening the car door and easing into the driver's seat I turned on the ignition to the car to let it warm before taking off. As I sat there I realized my legs were incredibly weak. I was concerned about my ability to drive the car. I felt alert like being on caffeine. I realized I needed to relax; maybe a few cold beers would calm me down. After about 10 minutes I drove out of the parking lot and headed for the expressway.

I stopped at a convenience store and picked up a pack of beer. I drove on to my apartment in Fort Worth and parked my car. With my purchase of cold beer in hand I walked to my residence unlocked the door and entered and locked the door behind me. I put up all but one beer and walked over to the sofa and sat down. Opening the beer I turned it up and took a long drink then another and another. Finishing the first I returned to the fridge for another cool brew and returned to the sofa.

After several beers I felt calmer, but still very alert. My mind was racing back and forth pondering the events from earlier in the day. I began to see the events in a different light more of a philosophical reflection. I viewed the events from the point of view of control, how we humans go about our lives thinking we have control and that in an instant our control is gone and nothing we can do will provide us the certainty of our actions we desire.

I thought about how people do lip service to the word surrender. Religious people are always talking about surrender to friends and neighbors and the ultimate surrender to God. No man can surrender until our Creator is ready for us to surrender. If a man thinks he surrenders he is mistaken because it is not God's view of surrender. Only God can bring about the surrender that is required for a soul to be humble before its Creator.

In the plane when I had no control over my life I was brought to surrender by the circumstances of the moment. In that moment I surrendered to the idea of my death and in that special moment, God granted me a new continuation of life. In a way I felt as if I had actually died and was resurrected.

Never in my life have I been so alert. It took three days for me to calm enough to get restful sleep.

Della M

They had just moved me into my room after having had surgery. The nurse was checking my vital signs when she could no longer get a pulse. My soul left my body. I (my soul) was up against the ceiling in the south east corner of the room. I could see the body on the bed. The nurse keep pumping up the blood pressure cuff as another nurse went after the crash cart and help. There were by now 3 doctors and 5 nurses in my room. I though the nurse with the blood pressure cuff was funny. She would pump it up, listen, pump it up again, listen, pump it up again. I saw 1 doctor & 1 nurse fill a syringe with a very long needle that they were going to inject into my heart. I knew I was dead. I had no fear, I felt very much at peace. I was more than willing to go on. BUT at the very last second I thought what would happen to my 4 young children in my absent. It was like SLAM I was back in my body and I heard the nurse say I have a pulse. I have told others it was like the hand of God slammed me back into my body much like you would slam a handful of mud against a wall. I started laughing which no one understood. Since that day I have had no fear of death. I am far more easy going and at peace.

When I went in to the doctor office 6 weeks after my release the doctor said I have to know why you were laughing as he told me he was "scared shitless as I was clinically dead". I told him "from where I was it was like watching the cartoon of the Key Stone Cops".

Janice

I lived in Oklahoma City with my son of 2 years while I was attending college. I became ill and called my parents in the small town of Grandfield 2 hours away. I asked them to come get me and my son, as I was too sick to care for him. My dad and grandfather arrived about 2 hours later and loaded us in the car for the 2 hour ride home. I don't remember the ride at all or being taken into the house.

My paternal grandmother had passed away when I was 9yrs old. I was very close to her and was devastated by her passing. I had found her dead from a sudden death cardiac arrest when I came to her house after school.

In my NDE:

I became aware that I was in the backyard of my grandparents home. It was the same but somehow very different from my childhood memories. I felt safe here, and had a great sense of happiness. There was a huge mulberry tree I had played under and behind that a garden with a fence separating this yard from the neighbor's yard. I remember the dog house and the way the grass smelled after being mowed. It was a place I loved.

The surroundings again were the same but appeared somehow different. I looked around for a while and wandered to the garden area. I saw my grandmother standing on the other side of the fence in the neighbor's yard. I ran to the fence, so happy to see her. I wanted her to hold me like she did when I was a child. She had a wonderful laugh and was happy to see me too. We talked though it seemed that we communicated by thought rather than words, about general life things, she told me she was very proud of me. She told me she was sorry she left me when she did and was glad that I had acted so responsibly when I found her body. After talking for a short while, she said it was time to go. I wanted to cross the fence and go with her, but she told me no. She said it was not my time, that I still had things to accomplish. She told me that she would always be with me and close by at all times. She told me I should never feel afraid or lonely because she was there. I cried and wanted to go with her. I remember crying like a small child, but also with the grief of loosing her again. She came to the fence and touched my cheek and told me not to cry.

I awakened from this experience to find my parents and the physician standing by the bed. The told me that I had frightened them badly as they thought I had died. But then could hear me calling to my grandmother.

Larry B

We had a large tank of helium at work to inflate balloons for sales and other special events. Of course goofing off is involved when that gas is around.

It was the end of the day and I had clocked out. Most everyone had left at that point except for the supervisor doing the days tally, the person that was car pooling with me, and me. I was taking "hits" from the helium bottle. More like clearing my lungs and inhaling from the bottle instead of what I was supposed to be inhaling. Took quite a few breaths doing this. Kind of like hyperventilating. I figured I had overdone things a bit when I notice that I was exhaling a large amount of helium with each breath. Kind of feels like your pushing rubber out your mouth and nose. That and I was extremely light headed. I quit doing that at that point and figured I should stop goofing off. I cleared out the pockets of my shirt and undid the first button and was working on the second when the world went white. The rest is somewhat confused.

I was holding onto a lighter in my right hand as I was taking off my shirt. I vaguely remember hearing it hit the floor. The next thing I noted was that I hit my head. I noted I hit it hard but it didn't seem to concern me. Then I was standing in this place. I guess I could use the word beautiful to describe it but it was more of a mist and a feeling than anything. I was alone at first. But then people started appearing. I recognized them all. Some relatives and friends. The others, well I knew them somehow. They were all happy to see me but somewhat concerned. I remember the overall feeling from them as I wasn't supposed to be there. One of them pulled me aside and asked me a few questions. I answered them. He then said that someone was going to come and talk me out of staying. I replied something to the effect of I have no intention of leaving. A little while afterwards a man stepped out of the crowd. He said that he wasn't going to make me leave and that I had earned the right to be there but I put him in a bind. There were things I was supposed to do and me being where I was put a kink in things. He said what they were, though as I stated before I can't remember the exact conversation. He also said that he could get someone else to do these things but time was short. He also implied that my wife and children would miss me. At that point I felt bad about things. Suffering and misery at two words that can describe it though not adequately. He saw my state and asked what was wrong. I told him I couldn't do these things as I had screwed up. At that point he smiled and put his hand on my shoulder and said "Now is not your time". And this is the only thing I can say verbatim.

My vision returned and the first thing I noticed was this "wet rag" feel of something under me. I glanced at it and said out loud "Oh. It's my body". Got up of the floor and dusted myself off. Took off my shirt. Then went outside and asked the guy who was car pooling with me as to how long I was gone. He said only a couple of min. No longer than five. I got into my car and just went about business.

I have blacked out and hit my head before so I have a reference point. When I hit my head I felt it and saw "stars" even after I had blacked out. After I came too I spent the next half an hour regaining my balance and the next six trying to figure out what had happened and how much time I had lost as I was extremely disoriented. None of this occurred. I don't know what it could be or what else it could be if not one of these.

Diana R

I've suffered from Chronic Kidney Failure since I was 5 years old. I'm now 53 and 3 years post transplant after 6 years on dialysis.

With no cure or treatment available such as dialysis until left with merely 10% kidney function (the guideline at the time--it's now 16%), I was a really sick lady having lots of problems due to end stage renal disease. At 10% function, a renal patient is really knocking on death's door without dialysis. My event surrounds my problem with uremia and sleep apnea episodes at this point of my illness.

During most of my sleep apnea episodes, I would just stop breathing and my heart would kick start back up immediately and then I'd immediately wake up from the jolt of the heart starting back up again. It became almost routine and I didn't worry about it too much.

But then I had the bad one. I stopped breathing and my heart stopped but instead of waking up immediately, I found myself in front of a being of light in a heavenly place of light.

During the event, I thought I was in the presence of Jesus. We spoke and I was shown a life review. The review was very fast but I seemed to comprehend everything easily despite the speed. After the review was over, I had lots of questions esp. the meaning of life, lots of scientific questions and the meaning of the universe, etc. type of questions. I was given all the answers and remember that it was all so easy and so clear and why didn't I understand that before. I was told why I was born and my mission or reason for being and then told that my work wasn't done yet and that I had to go back.

I was really hurt that I couldn't stay because there wasn't anything that I wanted more than to stay. Pure love is the best way to describe the being and place that I would be leaving. Under protest, I was sent back.

Next thing I recall is being plunged back into my body. I actually entered it with a thud. I immediately woke up and felt like I was being strangled. I gasped for my breath and couldn't stop coughing. It felt like somebody had run over my chest with a truck and I had severe pressure and pain.

After calming down from the attack, I remembered the entire experience but not all the important details. I thought about it quite a bit and felt that it must have been an angelic being that I saw since why would I be met by Jesus himself. I felt strongly that I had an actual NDE but couldn't be sure since I've always been a bit of a skeptic (my scientific background).

That morning I went straight to Kaiser Permanente, my medical doctors. They did several tests, EKG, etc. and I can remember the doctors talking amongst each other running from room to room and the concern on their faces but I was told that everything was ok and they adjusted my medications and added some new ones.

A few years later while being examined for transplant by the Transplant Team at Hartford Hospital, I was asked if I had any of my old records from Kaiser. I did since it was a habit of mine to get copies of all my tests.

When the Transplant team reviewed my EKG from my NDE event, the same scenario occurred where the doctors and nurses ran from room to room all talking with each other in conference in the hall.

Three of them came into my room and asked me if I had ever been told that I had a heart attack in the past. I told them no since that was my knowledge. They showed me and my husband the EKG and told me that on that night, I had a heart attack.

It was nice to have the validation that my experience was an actual NDE. Before that, I knew in my heart of hearts that I had an NDE, but this was the proof and I couldn't believe that there it was. Before that validation, I never felt I could talk about my experience with any confidence.

I've always felt that if I could be put under hypnosis that I'd remember many more of the fine details. There's nothing that I'd like more, but living in poverty due to the expense of so many years of illness, I have never been able to afford it. I'd really like to know why I was sent back and since I'm more often ill than not plus totally unable to work, I wonder what work here is it that I need to finish before I'm sent back.

The most striking thing about my NDE is what it has left me with. I am now profoundly psychic, a medium, precognitive, etc.

Cameron H

When I was 6, my mother gave me chewable children's aspirin due to a fever. This caused the fever to go up and the doctor suggested giving me more. Finally In was at 106.5 degrees and was rushed to the hospital. I went into a coma dues to being diagnosed with Ryes Syndrome. During the coma, I was on life support and an ICP bolt was put in my head to measure brain pressure. My mother finally needed to leave my side to go to the restroom and when this happened, my life support dropped to "0" and the doctors tried to bring me back to life. They were successful but I remember passing down a hallway that had no doors that was a soft grey tone. At the end there was an open door with an immense light emitting through it. I felt like I was floating down the hallway straight to the door. I passed through it and was in this vast space that was like a giant Styrofoam sphere, that I was stuck on. I could only travel round and around. I then heard crying and beeps and turned to look where the sound was, and I was back in my hospital bed surrounded by beings that were floating around me. Ever since then I have the repeat visions just described that happen to me many times a month that come with a very bad feeling. Through out the years now I have learned to shut of the visions but the feeling still comes. As a result of this experience I have premonitions that come true and have never steered me wrong for my self or others around me. I can sense the outcome.

Connie L

I was an young mother of three small children and was in the hospital for an d and c (scraping of the uterus) under general anesthetic. I suddenly woke and heard the doctor and anesthesiologist talking about the Lumen Christi High School football game. I was not able to open my eyes or move anything on my body and realized I was not able to breathe. I could feel the endoscope tube in my throat was blocking my airway. The anesthesiologist was not paying attention to me or what he was doing still busy talking about the football game. I struggled and struggled trying to move anything to speak and could not. I realized that I was going to die, I didn't want to die, I had a husband and three children that needed me. all of a sudden a very calm feeling came over me and I was surrounded by a white light very cloud like. I felt myself floating and weightless it was a great feeling and I wanted to stay there. I desperately tried to move up and down sideways anything and I heard him still talking about the football game and saying, she is blue, then yelling at me to breathe. I don't remember ever breathing and the next thing I knew I woke up in recovery and able to move and talk. When the anesthesiologist came back in recovery to check on me I told him what he had done, of course he said he would never block anyone airway.

What I got out of this experience was I am not afraid of dying I think the peace

Marlene K

It was around the first of June in 1966 that I took a lethal dose of Phenobarbital, then went to sleep reading my ex-husband's grandmother's Bible that she willed to me after she died three month's earlier. Her notes alongside passages in Proverbs referred to my then husband's evil traits horrified me because I knew she knew what his flawed character traits were. I was staying in my in-laws' house in Amarillo, TX and was facing a divorce I didn't want.

The next thing I remember is hovering above my head in an ambulance and watching two male attendants work quickly on my body - I wondered why I couldn't hear the siren. Then I turned around 180 degrees and saw my ex-husband's grandmother standing in a long white gown holding a beautiful bouquet of daffodils - they were gorgeous, as was she - she was in her 20s or 30s and I couldn't get over how beautiful and YOUNG she looked. I felt she communicated in some way that if I took the bouquet of flowers (which reminded me of my own grandmother - daffodils were her birth flower and always her favorites), I could leave with her -that she would take me somewhere. I looked back at my body and perhaps at this time is when I re-entered - because the next memory I have is waking up in a hospital room five days later, feeling like I'd failed, that I was "still here" and a nurse's aide came in to comfort me - I told her about the experience, described the attendants and she looked frightened and left the room. A few minutes later, a nun came in and told me to forget it and that I was "crying alone" - she was rigid and not comforting and left me to fend for myself. I felt very confused, and a angry that I didn't choose to leave.

I grew to understand I had work to do here - I have worked in the psychology field and also done many years of hospice service which allows me to support and comfort survivors, the patients and staff in a unique way, although I have never told about my experience in a profession capacity - rather it's what I bring by helping folks interpret/process their dreams, feelings, fears. The experience added depth to my being and hopefully, I have made a difference to those confronted with their own departure from this earth experience.

Roy F

I do not know if my experience fits any of the other choices. I was diagnosed with Spinal Polio at the Hospital in Texas by the doctor. It was a late afternoon. I was transferred by my parents to another clinic because the doctor said the Hospital was not set up to care for polio patients. When we arrived in Houston it was already after dark. I can barely remember this. However, I do remember wanting a hamburger. The doctor at the clinic, said, "We'll get him one". I could not swallow it. He then did some other tests and re-diagnosed my condition as Spinal/Bulbar Polio. The rest of this, I do not conscientiously remember because I became unconscious.

I do have a scar from a Trachea tube. What I now know to be a NDE, happened during the surgery to open my windpipe. I have a vivid recollection of being near the ceiling in what looked like a hallway of the hospital. The Dr. and 2 nurses were working over my body furiously. The bed was slanted downward with my head lower than my feet. I was not fearful. I just waited...My brain paralyzed. I was in an iron lung when I did regain conscientiousness. My dad was there. I was later told that I was unconscious for several days.

After my recovery, which in itself is a miracle, I remember telling my mom about how the surgery was conducted. In fact, I told her and my dad many times while growing up. I would tell it in front of friends and visitors. Their response always was, "Baby, there is no way that you could have known that, you were in a coma." So, I finally gave up trying to get anyone to believe me.

Many years later, married, five children, one grandchild, living in Dayton, Ohio I was home sick.

I had the flu. I was so very sick at my stomach that while I was lying there in the bed, I was thinking, "I have never been this sick before." Instantly, I was back at the clinic, in a hallway with a Dr. and 2 nurses.

I began calling for my wife who was down stairs. She came frantically up the stairway to get to me because she thought something terrible had happened to me.

When she got to my room, I was laughing and crying hysterically. Of course she wanted to know what was the matter. Since I had talked with her many times about the experience, I told her, "I've had an out of body experience." She first thought I was delirious. Then I was able to remind her of the experience when I finally got my composure back.

At that time, I was about 46 or 47.

The thing about this, that is so amazing to me is that it still is so vivid in my memory it is as if it only happened yesterday.

I was in no pain. I only can remember "Being there". As I have stated earlier, the memory is so very vivid that if I were a good artist, I could paint the scene. It started with the doctor and nurses working with me. The nurses were moving more frantically than was the Dr.. He was bent over me, close to my shoulder on the left side. His back was to me (in my state of conscientiousness). The nurses were at my right side and one was by my right ear. I could actually see their faces. They were being very attentive to the Dr. and what he was doing. I could not see all of my head because the Dr. was in the way. However, he did reposition himself several times where I could see how I was positioned on the bed/table.

There were no strong lights. It was as if I was in a hallway. The area was narrow. Too, my head was close to a corner, like the hallway turned left there and or at least another hallway intersected the one that I was actually in.

The bed I was on had a sheet on it but my body was not covered. I still had on the clothes that I had on when I arrived at the Hospital.

I too remember the traveling experience from Conroe to Houston, about 40 miles. I was wrapped in a blanket because I felt as if I were freezing. My fever was very high. However, during the experience, I felt nothing except comfortable.

Dave A

I had an accident that left me incapacitated. During this time I was slipping to a physical failure where bodily functions were ceasing. Several people were taking turns monitoring me in a bedroom on the second (top) floor of the house. I was on a mattress, pulled to the floor, and could see the bottom of the hallway light bulb through the door. The lights were off in the room. They left me alone for a prolonged period as I seemed to be resting comfortably. I was very at peace and concerned for my well being, but very focused on that light...as I type this part the song from Ghost where Patrick and Demi danced came on neat anyway when suddenly the light rushed away at tremendous speed and I stopped breathing. I was fully aware and very at peace. I thought of the people I was with and was there on the main floor instantly. Some of them saw me and remarked something like 'Look who's feeling better.' I just smiled. I went from room to room in the time it takes to think about going and then was back upstairs watching one of them hit my chest. I woke at that point and was able to relate that I was OK. After a few minutes I was alone and slipping away again. I found myself in a dark expanse. I was not alone but saw nothing and no one. I was not afraid. It was understood that I was safe. As easily as anyone understands when it's time to blink, I understood what was expected of me at that moment. A basic translation is as if someone said, "See." as an instruction to be followed. I saw and understood everything, the nature of the universe and how it applies to everything from the beginning of our universe to how we are part of it. It took many years and many moments where I would seem to 'zone out' while a flash of my experience in it's entirety would wash over me and I would get a headache from the amount of knowledge involved. Each time I would retain more and each time the amount more grows.

You have a lot of questions about things like the tunnel, why we see relatives and pets and so many more questions. I can answer them. Part of the experience was the frustrating understanding that I would be heartbroken trying to get people to comprehend and understand what I've been shown. That has come true time and time again. I also know that some people want the truth and will listen to me. I will answer any questions you have about anything. Why are people clairvoyant where do UFOs come from what is that music people hear during these experiences most of all your questions are 'why'. I heard you with George Noory and you related peoples experiences and responded to many of his questions with '(I or we) don't know why...'. I know why.

Gwen P

In the 6th month of my pregnancy, I KNEW that something was going to go wrong. I was well, in good health, yet I started marking off the days till my due date. My husband said that I was crazy, that nothing was going to happen. I told him that either my baby was going to die, or both of us would. A month later, in late Dec. of 1968 - I got the flu. I called the doctor, he prescribed meds. I had a raging fever for 3 days, the flu had turned to pneumonia. My baby was born 6 weeks early, he lived two days.

I remember going to the hospital, and being put on a cart, then given meds. Then I remember being rushed down a hall with lots of people around me. Then there was nothing. Suddenly I was jerking, and my body being lifted off of the cart. This happened 3 or 4 times. My cousin's wife told me afterward that 8 people had been working on me, that my heart had stopped.

Sometime between the efforts of those to start my heart - I found myself in a tunnel. I believe that I saw figures on my right, and left sides as I went down this tunnel. And then I saw this light, like the sun's light, but buffered. A beautiful white light with touches of gold. A wonderful warmth radiated from it. He spoke to me, not verbally, but I heard him in my heart. The thoughts were loving and kind coming from HIM, but I do not remember what was said. I begged, and pleaded to be allowed to return. I had a 4 year old daughter, and was concerned about her future without me. So I didn't say "please, please take me", I said "please, please let me return". And I did.

Now it's strange because I did not experience the out of body experience before dying. I was laying in bed in my room. I was also up on the ceiling looking down at myself. Two men walked into the room. One of them told the other that they thought they had lost me. The other said "Well What did you do?" The first man said "We didn't give up - we just kept working on her". I then returned to my body. Neither of those Doctors even suspected that I overheard their conversation.

I have had trouble with my blood pressure for years, since that time in fact. When I went to the doctor last year, they took tests. She later told me that I had had a heart attack in the past, I just shrugged my shoulder. lol I never speak of that time to anyone. I have told a few people about the experience, and they would just look at me like I was nuts. lol

I did learn some wonderful lessons from my experience. 1. I had doubts about life after death till that time. I was a believer in Jesus, but couldn't accept life after physical death. 2. I have been more sensitive to those around me, given an extra measure of Mercy since that time. 3. I do not fear death now. There is pain and suffering in disease, but death is just a doorway to the Warmth, Love, and Acceptance of the LORD.

I was not ever suppose to have more children, I had 2 more healthy babies. I could not get life insurance when I was 30, because I was not suppose to live long. I am now 64, and have been blessed with more years of life than many others who were born in the same year as me.

I guess that is all to my story. It's not fancy! No angels, no heavenly music - BUT the LIGHT - and HE is more than enough.

Mark M

One of my earliest memories;

"Drowning" (Washington)

When I was about five years of age, my oldest sister Cherline took myself and my younger sister Lori to a local swimming hole in Pasco, Washington. Lori wanted Cherline (about age 16). Lori was going to go out into the Columbia River and get her. Lori was only about three. I remember telling her, "You're too young! You'll drown!"

I said, "I'll go get her..."

I walked out into the water, walking toward my sister and cousin, Cheri. I hit a drop-off. I was bobbing up and down, drowning. I heard Cheri say, "Isn't that your brother?"

Now I was floating above the water, looking down at my body laying on the beach....a lifeguard was bending over me, giving me mouth to mouth, I assume. The next thing I knew, I was back in my body, I spit up, set up, he asked me if I was OK, and I said "yea".

When I was young, I was always afraid of the water, but didn't understand why. I had this memory, but I didn't know if it was a dream from my childhood or not. In my late Twenty's, I asked my older sister about this...She was shocked I remembered the incident...she told me it happened. This was my first out of body experience and the beginning of a very strange life.

Andy B

It was a normal night like any other... I went to sleep to my room at around 11 PM...shortly after of sleep (I do not know how long was between I went to sleep until I opened my eyes), when I opened them I knew I was death... I knew that if I were sleeping I could be waking up in the other edge...I knew I was a spirit, I felt it real...and the first thing I thought was...after all I am death!...I felt in that moment a big scare due I always wanted to die... I had never clung on life or fear the death.

When it happened I thought "Now what do I do? Where do I go?"... I did not see anything...I was just into a kind of emptiness with light...I did not see any paths...I did not see people, anything...it was when I asked God to help me to not take the wrong way...and if it was possible to send me my deceased sister to welcome me and to show me the way...According to my beliefs I was sure that our relatives or familiar people come for us and guide us where we have to go...but nothing or no one appeared...so I started to "walk alone" and just by thinking I was going to where I wanted...

All was like mental...I knew I did not have a physical body...I felt so light...However, I started feeling a thirsty sensation...and I was anguish because I did not know how long I had to "walk" and I thought "As I walk God will give me more thirst"...In that instant I started to feel anguish for the thirsty sensation...I started feeling when...a crystal-clear water stream appeared at my feet...transparent...that I could see the bed of the stream...it had rounded stones all in the bed instead of ground...When I saw the water so clean that I knew it was fresh, in that instant the sensation of thirst disappeared...and I just thought in following that stream to see where it went.

When I thought about that like transporting with only wishing that with my mind...I arrived at the end of the stream that was very narrow and I bumped into a strong ray of light like an intense white ray...I even had to close my eyes until I was not dazzle...Before I opened my eyes I was thinking that God was that light...and while I was opening my eyes...until I could penetrate that light and... what I saw was the Virgin of Guadalupe like made of pure gold...she was shining like the light of the sun.

The starts of her layer were like light sparks...her rays were shining intensely all around...it was pure light, really beautiful!... I was standing there just looking at her for a moment until I saw her at her face for a moment...and without telling me anything...I remember that I turned down...to see what I had left in life...my fellow beings...and I saw the image of my Mother with my two sisters together...and I started analyzing them to know what could they be feeling with my death...In that time I had some issues with my Mom because she was so hard with me and when I saw her I was telling myself: "she does not love me so I do not want to go back and live for her"...then I saw my sisters and I thought..."they are nice and they love me but I know they are going to be fine without me"...

I felt the same for my two sisters ...in that moment I turned back to the Virgin of Guadalupe...I saw her face to face and she told me looking at me so tender and with a sweet voice that I had to go back because there was not my time...and I told her NO, NO, NO please I am here...and I told her "tell him (referring to God) to let me stay here, I do not want to go back, please!"...and she repeated me "you have to go back, this is not your time"...and I continued with my No, No, please!...when I started to listen like if I were moving away and the echo of the voice of the

Virgin and my voice...like going away...I felt like attracted inside of a tunnel...and suddenly I opened my eyes where I was sleeping...but when I opened my eyes I was still looking at the golden light...I was like dazzle...like when someone looks at the light bulb for a long time and then looks at the darkness and stills looking a light...In this way I woke up in the semi-darkness of my room and I started to cry of the emotion.

I felt so excited...I felt a lot of peace and tranquility...and when it was getting light...my sight was more perfect, all I saw was clearer and cleaner than normal...I felt so much peace...happiness...love...I felt other person so able to forgive everything and to do not get angry for nothing...The only bad was that I forgot to see the exact date...what day was...so I could celebrate all the years of that day like---the date when I was born again.

After 3 years of the experience my Mom died...we fixed all our differences...thanks to God I had the opportunity to be okay with my Mom and to show her how much do I loved her...we forgave each other and we were in peace...and for that, I give thanks to God for the new opportunity to live that He gave me...to letting me be with my Mom and take care of her in her last days of life by my side.

Diane N

I was being worked up for symptoms of light headedness. This test had you strapped to a "stretcher". The first part was lying flat with electrodes monitoring the heart. Blood pressures were taken a minute apart for 3 minutes. Then the stretcher was raised vertically and pressures were monitored every 5 minutes. At the seven minute mark, I started feeling very strange and said I was going to pass out. As blackness engulfed me, I heard the staff say "she's going out". The next thing I remember is that I was in this wonderful meadow with brilliant light, warmth and such beautiful flowers. I had such a sense of happiness and love. I saw forms but not faces. The next thing I remember was waking up and having a hard time breathing and feeling sick to my stomach. I later found out that between the time it took for them to lower the stretcher flat, my heart has stopped twice. Ever since then, I haven't been afraid of death.

Norma H

I was the only one in my car that hydroplaned and slid sideways into the path of an oncoming car, which hit my car in the passenger-side front door. I heard the crash and some screams, then immediately I was in a different place. There was an older woman on my right side who was "escorting" me, or "introducing" me to this new realm. The very air was of a golden-peach color, and I heard music of a genre I'd never heard before, and couldn't identify the instruments playing the music. Some distance away from us, I saw a large group of people who were facing us, and I "knew" they were there to welcome me. I felt such peace and joy. Suddenly, I was told mentally that I would be returned to life for another "season." It was then that I heard a distant voice calling me. I definitely did not want to return to the earth plane, but the voice kept calling me. It was an employee from a nearby store who was beside my door, saying, "Miss, are you alright? Miss, are you alright?"

In the emergency room, the doctor (a lady) asked me if I'd blacked out at the scene. I told her that I had not blacked out, I'd been somewhere else. This was something she didn't comprehend, and rather curtly told me that I had blacked out.

Russel W

I entered Lichfield and was riding my motorbike up the road when a car pulled out and hit me at 50 miles per hour. I got flew to Selly Oak hospital where I had an emergency operation (I was told all this by the police, helicopter pilot and the medical staff). All I remember next is waking then going to sleep. the next thing I remember is propping my self up against the wall in a long dark tunnel (the walls of this tunnel was like the sides of a cave damp and cold), the next thing I remember is looking at the floor and it was like stone paving (big stones like the old roman roads), I then saw this bright light at the bottom of the tunnel so I started to walk towards it I remember being in more pain that I have ever been in before, I was falling over and banging it to the side of the tunnel. I then was about 10 yards away from the bright light (which was warm and felt nice), around this bright light was a arch way. I then walked into the light and felt no pain at all I felt like it was ok to be there, so peaceful so right, I then heard a voice (I know this voice but to this day I can't work out whose voice it is) and the next thing I remember is looking down on myself with my mom and dad holding my left hand (my mom crying it really upset me). I started to move around the icu ward and I can remember that there was 10 beds all with very ill people in and a nurses station in the centre, in front of me. The next thing I remember is floating up towards the roof and that's the last thing that I remember. When I started to explain to people what I saw, the doctors started saying that what you saw was a reaction from the drugs. I later found out that I was clinically dead for two minutes and when I was in the icu I had a pipe down my throat to help me breath. to this day I know what happened to me and no one can tell me different. Were very lucky to have a second chance but sometimes I feel like I wish I could be in that light forever.

Jennifer

It was about 10:30 Sunday night- I was in my backyard with my dog. It was the final potty break of the night. My husband was inside, he works nights and was supposed to be at work, but took this day off. After being outside for a few seconds I heard some rustling in the live oak tree (it was over 200 years old). I noticed my dog looking up in the tree and I also noticed some of the little branches moving around. It was dark outside and I got a panicked feeling. I opened the sliding glass door and yelled for my husband to get a flash light. A few second later, he came to the door and I repeated that something was in the tree and to get a light. I shut the door and looked at my dog (a dachshund). He looked back at me, and then I heard two popping noises. I realized at that point the tree was going to fall. At that same point my dog looked up at the tree and I yelled his name. I ran into the yard, scooped him up and starting running to get between the two houses. I didn't know which part of the tree was going to fall- I just knew it was going to happen. As I was running with my dog (granted at this point I only made it a few feet) I heard the terrible noise of the tree breaking. I repeated to myself with fear- I've got to get between the houses. At that point- about 6 feet from my goal- it happened. I was hit by a portion of the tree. I felt several things at once. But the first thing I felt and saw when the tree hit my side was being in the middle of a bright light. It was around me and the edges were yellow and red. At that moment I felt the presence of my granny and my grandpa and felt that they were there with me. I felt that they moved me to where I wouldn't be directly hit by the tree- like they saved me. I then thought "wow, there really is a white light" and "this isn't how I'm supposed to die-I've got too many things to do". It's as if time stood still b/c when I was back in my life, I saw the remaining part of the tree fall, hit the swing, and I watched it continue to fall on me. The actions were freeze framed, piece by piece- but my thoughts moved so fast. All the sounds and smells was frozen as each section moved. Once it all fell, all I heard was crickets and I remember looking at the sky feeling panic and pain- wondering if I was dying and all the things I would leave. My husband came out and found me under the massive tree limb. I could hardly speak- was getting cold and sweating. I whispered to him after I asked him to call 911- where is Lucky? (my dog) I thought he was crushed. My husband called for him and he emerged, unharmed, from the side of the house. I had further experiences in the ambulance and at the hospital. I can further explain. I will say that while at the hospital being wheeled into surgery- I made an effort to look at myself in the mirrors that cornered the walls. It was it I said good-bye and wanted to see if I looked how I knew I did. Dead.

Mary P

I was in a small hospital away from my parents and very concerned for myself. They could not take me to surgery and I have rare blood type that they did not have on hand. It seemed like when I would pass I was in the most beautiful place with green and a river and all these people were so glad to see me. I did not know anyone who had died in my family at that time. The person that said he was waiting on me was wearing a straw hat, bib overall's with a white handkerchief in the pocket and had the most amazing blue eye's. Also, there were other period people there that were helping me. It was so peaceful there that I could of stayed very easily but I was begging them that I had a husband and a little boy to take care of and I couldn't stay he said OK but not sure your body can hold you.

I would wake up in the hospital bed convulsing and I would slip back to the same place with the peaceful people and we would go through the same thing. Not sure how many times I went back and forth but the last time I heard the nurses say there is no pulse and no heart beat we need to call her husband. I was immediately able to talk and said please don't call my husband he has to go to work this morning. They looked like I had shot them and said I had really given them a scare. For five years I couldn't talk to anyone about this but had such a feeling of peace about life and death I know now that it is a choice and we are here for certain reason's. Two years ago my brother blue up a 1920's picture of my Grandma and Grandpa on horseback, he died when my mother was only 12 yrs old and he was the man helping me on the other side.

Christopher R

I was trying to unplug a record player. It was plugged into a extension cord, I put it in my mouth and tried to pull it apart. That's when I got electrocuted. My eyes rolled back into my head. I could see the electricity going through my body. Then I left my body, my brother was on the bed. I was looking down on him, I could see the hole room. It was like being in my body but I was not. Then I saw a tunnel. It was made of bricks, just like a brick road, only curved like a tunnel, I went through the tunnel. At the end, there was a bright white light. When I went through the white light, there was a man. I say man because it was a mans voice. I saw this person in a white robe. I did not see a face. I did not want to go back through the tunnel. It was so peaceful. I wanted to stay but was told I had to go back. There was a lot I had to learn yet. Then I went back through the tunnel and was back in the bedroom. I saw my brother on the bed, and then I slammed back into my body. I pulled the plug from my mouth, went into the bathroom, looked in the mirror, then went and showed my parents. They took me off to the clinic.

Jean K

I was at a local state park lake with Douglas, my 4 year old son and a girl friend of mine. I was walking back to our blanket and felt like I was gliding down to it - maybe passing out. Then my mind was blank. Then I remembered a man carrying me up to the Medical building, then going blank again. I felt being laid down on a hard bed and someone's voice asking if I was with anyone. I guess my son had followed me and told them my friend was with me. Then I went blank again but I heard everyone talking. Mentally I was trying to talk to them to say I was okay but, I couldn't talk there was no voice. I felt as if the air/sky around me was a beautiful, light blue and so very clear, no clouds. I then heard someone say;" I can't feel her pulse and there is no heart beat." And, then I heard a girls voice say the same thing. During this time I was trying to tell them that I was really okay but, yet I wasn't in the same level as they were. I felt my body move up to a sitting position and saw a beautiful light or brightness in the sky and I felt so good and safe. Then next thing I remember was being in an ambulance and the medics trying to give me oxygen, then it seemed like a few minutes later I was awake. Years later in life I had taken a course "Death and Dying" for college, it was taught by Sister M. I told her about my experience and her knowing Elizabeth Kubler Ross had me write down what had happen. Elizabeth confirmed that I had a near death experience.

Francesca DB

Pain, and fear of something that was happening inside me. I have never lost the senses after a congestion, I laid on the ground but I have never lost the senses before. I had to make a choice, to stay or to go to see what was there. I saw a hot light while I was bearing in mind about it. I decided to go to see the light because I felt very well, a relaxation, a wonder, a light never seen, something that was inside me and that came out of me and it continued telling me "what a beautiful, what a marvel" that one does not die and ask what are we worried on the earth if there is continuous life. It is necessary to enjoy laughter and rejoice as in the light. We continued to talk to each other here even though I was in coma. I remembered the light telling me what happened. I was home the day after my nextdoor neighbour found me on the landing. When she found me, I was doing the thought and was becoming the thought. I was in wonderful, very green gardens. I still have feelings of immense joy and the absolute certainty that the life goes on ...and when I got back in "earth" I was not scared. I thought at once that the light was the big mystery called God all here

Eugenia

That day, Wednesday the 14, they did a corrective rhinoplasty on my nose and by itself the surgery and recovery went without incident. After my hospital stay, I arrived home and began feeling definitively bad because my legs and arms were asleep and my hands began going numb to such a degree that they were completely hard which was painful. The doctor asked my husband to take me back to the hospital. When I arrived they diagnosed me with a toxic reaction to medication and immediately gave me an antihistamine, which made the reaction worse. My blood pressure shot up. I remember at that point I could hear things around me but couldn't see anything. Everything was dark. I asked myself and then the doctor if I was going to die and he told me he didn't know. In that state I heard the alarm of the monitor continually. Nevertheless I tried to see and there was nothing around me. There was a moment when I felt panic because I knew I was going to die. But afterwards I felt peace or serenity...I'm not sure what to call it.

At that moment, I'm not sure exactly when, someone or something began giving me an examination of conscience and in the blink of an eye images from my life began passing before me beginning with my childhood. Each image had its counterpart, or as if the actions of my life were being put into a balance. I could see my house, "alone and sad." I don't remember exactly hearing a voice, but I did understand everything that was said (as if my mind translated it). They made me see with clarity that my husband wasn't that being who I had judged so harshly and that my son would be just as well off in life without me. At the end of this "judgment" there is the option of deciding whether one goes on towards death or stays on earth. At the end of the review of your life, they give you the option of choosing between life or death.

I didn't see any light, only darkness. At first I felt fear...afterwards I felt peace. Before the judgment I was conscious. During the judgment I didn't hear anything and I'm not sure if I saw images or not. Neither can I ascertain whether the person who accompanied me during the judgment was a man or a woman because it was a narrative without a voice. In the judgment they showed me how small and fragile I am in this world and how insignificant one can be measured against this "something" that is everything. Afterwards I wasn't afraid and thought: "Lord work your will through me and if it is that I should die, take me with you." I began to pray and returned to listening to the doctor who was once again asking me questions. I now listened to him up close as if he were yelling. Little by little I began feeling better.

Wayne R

I was traveling home from work in the fog in a car driven by my work mate Mark. I was sitting in the back seat of the car without a seatbelt when a car appeared out of the fog and struck us head on. I was thrown violently through the car and impacted the door which burst open and I landed on the road face down. It all happened in slow motion and I do not remember any pain at the time. I remember feeling the ice cold stones on the road sticking to my face and I remember just standing up and immediately thinking what a wonderful feeling of no cold air and the temperature was exactly the same as my body. I remember looking down because I couldn't feel the road below my feet and yet I was standing there. I looked at the body face down and did not know that it was me. I had no fear and concern about this person and yet I was starting to wonder what was going on as people were running around a car accident. I tried to ask a person if there was any one hurt and they ignored me. They placed a blanket completely over the body on the road. I remember wondering why I had a droopy sort of monk shirt on. As I walked forward I moved through the car body in front of me. I wondered that something was very peculiar about what I had just done but could not put my finger on it.

I then felt a magnetic drawing on my face and had no power to stop it dragging me into the body under the blanket. I felt sudden pain as the road stuck to my bleeding face was so cold. I again stood up and this time asked about the person under the blanket. Again no one was seeing or hearing me and I was now becoming frightened. I walked without again feeling the road over to the person lying in the grass at the side of the road. It was Mark and I was asking if he was alright? I looked around and saw the Morris' steering wheel lying down the embankment.

A voice from my next door neighbor who was still alive at the time was in my right ear. He said do not look at the light. I could feel what I thought was the sun behind me but knew instinctively not to look at it. The pull of the light was great and at that time the same old magnetic pull on my face and upper body was throwing me back into the person under the blanket. Again the pain and cold from the reality of the road and this time I heard a voice saying " he's not dead take the blanket off him. I was put into the ambulance and after a couple of days I was considered medically all o.k. but very bruised. I went and saw Mark in hospital and we talked about what had happened. He said that they cleaned up the wreck but could not find the steering wheel that he had ripped off on impact. I told him where it was lying and he laughed saying that he heard that I was thought to be dead and covered up. I then told him my story and later we went back to the crash site and I went straight to the place where the steering wheel was. It was there.

William W

The first thing that I recall was leaving my body and seeing the doctor and nurses working on me. I then began to float out of the operating room and seeing my father holding my mom as she was crying. I recall the color of the chairs they were sitting in, it was very 60ish, blue, orange, yellows and tiles on the wall were also different colors.

Then I went through what seemed like a tunnel and I was moving very fast, I remember my stomach was turning, but I wasn't scared and seemed to be at peace, just a strange sensation. The next thing I can recall I was kneeling down on a small dirt road picking flowers and hoping that I didn't have to go back. As I was picking flowers I saw 2 people walking up the road towards me and remember thinking "I hope I don't have to go back" This was very prevalent throughout my whole experience. They were wearing brown robes (like a monk) and carrying a staff, I could not see their face because the hood was hiding it from me. As I recall they never said anything to me, but I knew I was about to find out if I had to return. We walked until we came to what appeared to be a very large house, I entered and before me was what I think was God, or someone who had the power to decide if I was to return. Then this being told me to "Be Good" and pointed to my right, as I turned I saw about 5 or 6 round shapes that looked like planets sitting on top of pedal stools, then I immediately went straight into one of the objects and again felt the same feeling of moving very fast until I could see my body on the operating table.

I can remember this as if it happened yesterday, It was many years before I told anyone because I thought people would think I was crazy, but I remember seeing a movie about near death experiences in the 70's and realized that I wasn't the only one. I told only a few people since then and this is the first time ever writing this down, but I feel it's important to let people know that death is not the end, and we should be "Good". It sounds simple and you would think if it was God he would of said more, but that is what he said. I've also heard that the brain may do weird thing when you are dying, but I was only 3-4 years old, I don't even think I knew the world was round! But I know the truth and have tried to be a good person, that doesn't mean I'm perfect, but when I stand in front of him again the good will outweigh the bad and I hope that will be enough to stay this time, God bless everyone and do your best to lead a good life and make God proud of what he created.

Caroline S

During the caesarian I dreamt that my father was just up ahead of me on a slight incline and he was exactly as I remembered him, I was trying to walk towards him but he turned around and waved me away and he said "no go back go back its not time yet" I can remember feeling slightly disappointed but the next thing I knew I was being woken up by my husband to tell me that the baby was alright. The next day a doctor came to see me and said that during the operation I had hemorrhaged very badly and that they had nearly lost me my husband confirmed this when he came to visit he said he was told to prepare for the worst. this happened on 22nd June 1982

My second experience concerns the friend of my son she had been diagnosed with bone cancer and despite extensive treatment she died, on Monday the 13th June 1994 I dreamt that I was shopping at our local shops when I saw Lisa running towards me I can remember feeling delighted because her cancer was in her leg and her last few days she had used a wheelchair, as she was coming towards me she was saying "look I'm alright now" and she was smiling and I felt so happy for her. The next day I returned from work at around four p.m. and I met my son who told me that Lisa had died that morning.

My third experience occurred when my mother was dying she had had a stroke and on the Tuesday had fallen into a coma all my family were at the hospital but I had just had a nervous breakdown and found it very hard to accept that my mother was going to die, I refused to attend the hospital somehow thinking that it would all go away and she would get better. At about 11pm my husband and I had gone to bed and I was having trouble settling as I lay there in the dark I felt a sense of urgency and I also felt someone blowing gently on my face, I suddenly felt that I had to go the hospital to say goodbye I got my husband up and we drove to the hospital and although I found it very hard I said my farewells to her this happened on 11th November 1997

Aurora N

WELL THE NURSE TOLD TO COUNT TO TEN. IT SEEMED LIKE I HAD JUST CLOSED MY EYES YET OPENED THEM. LIKE MY MIND WAS WIDE AWAKE. I WAS GOING THROUGH A DARK TUNNEL. IT SEEMED LIKE A PART OF ME WAS SCARED LYING ON THE BED. I LOOKED LEFT AND RIGHT BUT ALL I COULD SEE WAS THE FAST SPEED THAT I WAS GOING THROUGH THE TUNNEL THEN I SAW SOME LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL. BEFORE I KNEW IT I WAS STANDING THERE IN HEAVEN. I COULD HEAR THE ANGELS SING IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL VOICE ONE CAN'T IMAGINE. THEN I HEARD THE VOICE OF THE LORD, LIKE HE WAS IN FRONT OF THE ANGELS AND I WAS TRYING TO GO THROUGH, BUT GOD SAID IT WAS NOT MY TIME. BUT I WANTED TO GO IN. THEN GOD SAID TURN AND LOOK. (It's a voice you obey), SO I TURNED AND I COULD SEE ALL THE DOCTORS THERE WORKING ON ME, LIKE WHEN YOU LOOK OUT A WINDOW AND SEE THE FULL MOON SO CLOSE, I TO SAW MYSELF. WHEN I TURNED BACK TO TELL THE LORD I WANTED TO STAY. I WOKE-UP BACK IN MY BODY, I WOKE CRYING, THE NURSE THOUGH I WAS CRYING BECAUSE I HAD LOST MY BABY. SHE TOLD ME THEY HAD LOST ME FOR A MINUTE AND WAS GLAD I WAS ALRIGHT.

YES I CRIED BECAUSE I LOST MY BABY LATER THAT SAME DAY. BUT I WOKE CRYING BECAUSE I WANTED TO STAY UP IN HEAVEN WITH GOD.

Sandra R

There was the accident. While in the ER I could not be moved to ex-ray or given pain medication because (I was later told) they could not get my heart under control. I was a person who believed she had nothing to live for, so death would have been welcomed, although, never intentional. As I laid there, I began to feel very light. I felt as if I were floating on clouds, but not. I looked around and saw what appeared to be a sort of fog. It was the color of storm clouds, you know, some light, some dark, and soft. I looked down to see my hands, and they weren't there. Then I looked for my body, but it wasn't there either. I was there, but not there. The thing that stood out most to me at the time was how peaceful it all felt. There was no pain, or sorrow. No happiness, no sadness, no tears, no laughter, no hot, or cold, no anger, no nothing.

I later began to loving describe this as "a place of nothing". I don't know how long I floated, but it seemed a long time to me. So long that I became antsy. At one point I felt as if I were walking on a balance beam. The kind used in gymnastics, although I never saw it. I slid my feet along it for fear that if I picked up the right foot, or the left, somehow, it would determine what was to become of me...Heaven, or Hell. Screwy, I know. Finally, I came to the end of the beam and stood there in the fog and looked up toward Heaven and cried out, "Help me! Please help me! Either bring me back, or for pity's sake let me go but please don't leave me here.". The next thing I saw came quickly, like the next scene in a movie. I was sitting on the floor of a cave. It was pitch black behind me, and the floor was cold and damp...jagged granite. I could hear water trickling down the wall behind me. And in front of me there was an opening. I couldn't look directly at it because the light was shining through it so brightly.

As I sat there I looked at the spot where the light faded to an end, there was a man standing. He had his hand held out to me, and he spoke to me so softly that I really had to listen or I could have missed his words. He said, "Come, take my hand.". I remember giving a half hearted attempt at reaching him and realizing somehow that I couldn't feel anything from the waist down. He stood about 8 ft from where I sat, and I knew I couldn't reach him. So I began to cry and I said, "I can't reach you.". His voice got firmer as he in more of a demand than a request repeated, "Take my hand!". This time, I tried as hard as I could to stretch my upper body enough to reach him, but I lost my balance and fell to the floor and hit my face. Then I began to sob and I said, "I can't! I can't reach you, you've got to help me. Please help me!". Then he said, very calmly, "You've got to try. You must never stop trying.". The next thing I saw was a series of bright lights passing over head as I regained consciousness and they were rushing me to ex-ray.

Barbara R

I had already lost a lot of blood when I was on my way to the hospital. I had asked my husband to go with me just in case I passed out. At that moment I wasn't bleeding profusely, but I felt well enough to take the train instead of the ambulance, I just wanted to go to the hospital of my choice which to me was closer than the hospital that EMS had chosen, besides they had my medical records. I got to the train station which was only a block away and we went up the stairs and paid the fare...when suddenly everything started going black and I couldn't hear anything, so I sat down and laid my head on my husband's lap...after a few minutes I felt fine so I got up and started toward the double doors leading to the platform...I cannot say at what point I passed out but I remember dreaming of a dark space and I saw people dressed in bright white and the feeling of I had a job to do...a job that was important in the grand design of things... a job that God gave me...but I had so many questions.

I then felt like if someone was pulling me by the back of my shirt and I felt like I was falling and I heard my husband calling me, but he seemed so far away...then I felt him smacking telling me to wake up...when I opened my eyes I asked him why he woke me up, I was dreaming and he yelled at me and said that I was in the train station...I know that I was in and out of consciousness because every time I awoke there were firemen and police around me... they said I went into shock and I had convulsions and I hit my head when I fell....after they managed to stabilize me by giving me oxygen...I was taken to the emergency room and when a doctor examined me I was bleeding like an open faucet...the doctor took me up for emergency surgery called a d&c...they prepped me and I remember dreaming again the same thing but this time instead of darkness, there was an infinite white light and I remember seeing faces with white clothing and what looked like wings but everything happened so fast and again I felt someone pulling me by my shirt...then I remember hearing the voice of the anesthesiologist calling me but he too sounded far, far away and I felt him pull the tube out of my mouth and he started smacking me till I opened my eyes... I have had a d&c done before but they didn't put a tube in my mouth to do the procedure...I had to get 2 blood transfusions and I was given iron through iv and it still wasn't enough... but for a few days after the whole trauma I had lost the concept of time and I felt peaceful and I had a high sensitivity to loud noises...it's like having a migraine without the migraine

Cynthia R

At first I heard what seemed to be a train going thru my head...a brief darkness and I climbed up a Golden stairs. Once I reached the top I began floating on pink iridescent clouds. I liked that park cause my head didn't feel as if it was going to explode anymore. I didn't see any of my relatives but I did see ones from the elderly couple...Her sister and his brother, but they told me I couldn't stay with them that I had to go ...that's when a Guide took me I wanted to stay with them but I wasn't allowed. We ended up in what I called a library, but there were no walls, floors. But in my mind I ran to the wall and began reading...Then the Guide flew me (about a foot off the ground) and I saw The Garden Mary, Joseph, and Baby Jesus were there waving at me. Next, we flew over a river where tulips were alive at the bottom of the water and you could hear angels singing and the tulips sang along. Next I saw a beautiful woman on the side standing. I wanted to go talk with her but was not allowed. The Guide then took me to a room (no walls etc) there were around 11 people walking around in a circle pacing as if they were following the first guy. He came up to what seem to be glass wall and said help me. So I tried to go there but the Guide said I was not allowed only he can save himself.

Then we returned to the library...I heard Jesus speaking in the room to the side. I quickly ran to him but could not go thru. I was very angry not allowed to be with Jesus. As I stood there Someone grabbed my wrist and when I turned my head I saw a huge figure standing as if made up of golden energy. They don't talk non of them did but you can hear them in your head you know what they are saying. I then knew the figure to be God. He was very loving yet very stern.

I told him I was very angry that I couldn't go with Jesus. God said if you go thru there you cannot return. Then he asked me do you want to go there and I said yes. He then said but you cannot return...I said I don't want to stay here I just want to see Jesus. But God told me I must return to Earth. He said I will tell you 2 things then you decide if you want to stay. All of a sudden I woke up in the elderly couples kitchen. My memory was gone I didn't know anyone. The second NDE I was in a car wreck and had a head injury I passed out and plopped in the room with 7 people in a circle with one of the 7th as the guide...He looked at me and said what are you doing here go back its not your time.

Augustin

I found myself on active Military duty in the city of Melilla. At that time, I had a cold and high fever. I was very weak-- trembling--so I sought relief in the infirmary. There, they decided to inject me with penicillin which produced a fading of consciousness and then a lack of consciousness. This I found out later, because the liquid entered my body at the same time that I fainted.

Without feeling pain, nor wanting it to happen, I began to see myself as if dissolved on the floor. The orderlies were alarmed. They picked me up and placed me onto the cot, making at the same time comments about my backside and wanting to revive me. Then, the room folded in from the ceiling and I started rising, each time faster and higher, until I was no longer in the place where this had occurred. I started to feel an extraordinary liberation of my soul from my body. It was as if I had been released from a lifetime sentence; as if my body had been my jail (WITHOUT BEING CONSCIOUS OF THIS UNTIL NOW). Everything that connected me to it was heavy and burdensome: having to breathe, having to move my body, etc., as if the bonds from childhood carried family, friends, acquaintances, the town, etc. FINALLY I RELEASED EVERYTHING THAT TIED ME AND I RETURNED HOME, TO MY MOTHER'S ARMS, TO UNITE ME TO THAT EVERYTHING OF WHICH I WAS PART, WHICH I HAD SOUGHT SINCE BIRTH.

I soon found myself in a space and place unknown to me, having arrived there at a velocity I was unfamiliar with, with a force of attraction like that of metal to a magnet. I entered a place where it started to turn dark as if I was inside of a cloud, and it was becoming denser and darker, and in that darkness, which became almost total, I glimpsed a tiny star or light, which, from the exact time I noticed it, attracted me without hesitation towards it, with the same breakneck speed and velocity. At the same time, my love or the most marvelous feeling that can be experienced, was becoming larger, the closer I got, my exultation overflowed, the light each time larger or it was emanating from someplace...I don't know. The idea is that I found myself in that light. So brilliant, so white, but without disturbing me; it was pure energy, the force, the love, the life--I was already home. The sensations are indescribable as we are very limited in this life; over there, was an unknown world of new sensations opening up--of understanding of what, up until then, has not been understood by you, and you do love, my God, how you love.

And then, I felt as if someone approached to receive me, until I felt his presence directly in front of me. As if with a human form but without a physical body, everything was light and energy and love, and we communicated perfectly, not speaking but with thought and the mind. I started to be aware of more beings like him that surrounded us and received me. I could not be contained in my joy and contentment; everything was peace and harmony and I began fully to inhabit that space which was mine.

But the way was denied me by something; they did not yet expect me, and this unique being said that I should go back and there was no other option; it was not my decision, but the most convenient, much to my regret. I began to hear other voices, to note how I closed my eyes without wanting to, and accepted what was said: "YOU STILL HAVE THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR LOVE"--which is the bargaining chip; it's the only thing that will let you stay there; not only that you love and that you love a lot, but also that you are loved, and loved much, as that will be the telling sign.

All your acquired liberties start fading and you start to become conscious that you have to enter once again that body, that you must return to breathing, you become conscious of who you are, all over again; you feel the voices (of the nurses). You don't want to open your eyes; you want to return. You do everything to return, but you are once again in the infirmary, desolate, sick; you can't believe what you have lived, what you have felt, and the worst thing...now you know it, and you must live until you don't know when, but with the happiness at the same time of knowing that I will return and that they await me and I will do everything possible for that to be the case. And it is so easy and it is so easy and simple.

Only LOVE.

Douglas D

I was raised in a fundamental Christian home always being told that your name had to be in the book of life or you would spend eternity in hell. Because of both fear and desire I professed to be a Christian around the age of nine but by the time I reached thirteen I told my parents that I did not want to be saved anymore, hoping that I would then be able to join my peers and be “normal”. However by the time I was twenty I had started on a path that would lead to fame and riches for all the wrong reasons and after twenty-five years of this, I had succeeded in accomplishing most of my goals. The way up the ladder was not always easy nor did my survival have anything to do with my own design. It seemed that my curse was that I was as untouchable as I was unhappy no matter how the stories and wealth accumulated.

Dec.15th 1995 is the time that stands out most predominately among the warnings and callings that God sent to me. While traveling along in morning rush hour traffic at approximately 65 mph and placing a cell phone call, I drifted off the freeway and onto the shoulder. When I looked up there was a stalled semi with a large piece of earth moving equipment on its trailer fifty feet in front of me. With no place to go I hit him so hard in a large car that I reduced it to the size of a compact. The spectators could not believe that I was still alive let alone continue to talk to them while the paramedics immobilized me and prepared me for the trip to the hospital. All I could think was that they had no idea who was lying there in front of them and that this was just one more time that I had cheated death. When they wheeled me to the back of the ambulance I got the biggest shock of my life when I suddenly realized that I was about to die and that I had only seconds left to live.

My first thoughts were about how and when my family would find out that I had died and how would my dog get fed and taken care of. Then it got more serious as I realized that it did not matter whether I was wealthy or poor or whether I was driving a luxury car or a junker because I was about to leave this earth. I did not feel qualified to pray for my life at that time however I had a one-way conversation with God and I acknowledged to him that my life had been one of foolishness. I told Him that I no longer had the strength to live and if I was to do so it would take his direct intervention in one way or another because it was now all up to him. At that time I flat lined the monitoring equipment and the call went out to the highway patrol that they were losing me and at the same time and for the first time in my life I had peace and was grateful that dying wasn't all that bad. Keep in mind that I was totally immobilized and could only look straight up had I still been able to see. However I was soon looking at the paramedics eye to eye and at face level as they tried to restart my heart. Their attempts were futile and I was hoping that they would slow down before they ruined the best thing that had ever happened to me. The next thing that happened was that I was taken up into a large area where I could not see anyone else but could sense life around me. I was then “brought” up to a large table that had a very large book on it that was open but was placed in such a manner so that it could be read only by someone on the other side whom I could not see. I knew that this had to be the Book of Life that I had heard about as a youth and that if my name did not appear in it I would have to go to hell. This was very serious indeed but as I stood there the book closed. That did not seem to be a very good sign and I resigned myself to the fact that I would have to go to hell because I had had plenty of opportunities to change but now it was too late. I knew that it wouldn't do any good to cry and beg but that I should at least take it like a man because there would be plenty of time to cry where I was about to go.

Before any sort of trap door opened up to send me to hell I was taken to a second table just like the first one except this book was closed. I was somewhat confused as to what this second book was all about when suddenly it opened up and this scene was a repetition of the first scene. This entire second book made no sense at all as I had only heard of one book but it at least seemed to be a delay in what I already knew was about to happen. Then all of a sudden my name was found in the second book and I thought to myself "great" I get to go to heaven. Before that happened I felt something really good in my throat and thought that they had just given me oxygen temporarily forgetting that oxygen was one of the first things that they had given to me back at the scene of the accident some miles distant. I didn't understand all the uproar that was going on about me at the hospital. It seemed as if the entire hospital was involved around me and I was worried that somehow they had found out who I was. People kept on pointing to me and one of the nurses said she couldn't look at me and ran out of the room as if I was something evil and people kept on asking me if I remembered anything at all while I was unconscious. I told them they were mistaken and that I had been conscious the entire time and wanted to know when I could be released. An investigator from the highway patrol showed up and told me that she was there because they had been told that I had died and then had heard that not only was I alive but that I wanted to go home. She ended up getting rather upset with me and told me I didn't know how lucky I was and that in fourteen years she had never seen or heard of anything like what she was seeing now and that I should be more grateful.

To me it was just another close call but by the next day I started to tell people what I have just shared with you. I couldn't deal with what I had been through as it had affected me emotionally and when I would try and tell people about it and that there was life on the "other side" they would tell me to get some more rest and maybe I would be ok. This should have been a turning point in my life but it wasn't and I remember asking God why he had done this to me. Far better that he had kept me because now I had something else to hide and I decided to do whatever it took to try and put this entire incident behind me and before long it was "business as usual".

I told this story a few more times over the next five years but nobody ever pointed me to the truth until shortly before I was to go to prison. Right before that happened I had made the news in a big way and this time I started the walk that I had been called to take some forty years earlier. A Christian neighbor that had been present at my recent baptism listened to my story with interest. When I was done he told me that he had heard of other out of body experience stories before this one and that even though they were rare mine was not the first. However this was the first time he had ever heard of anyone speaking about a scene out of the Book of Revelation. This really got my attention since I had always known in my heart that I had been in the presence of God during this experience. It didn't take me long to find the passage in RE. 20:12,15 where the scripture states exactly what I had been through.

Some people have stated that I am wrong about this because in verse twelve the books appear as plural before the Book of Life is opened meaning that I should have seen more than just two books, if where I had been had been the same place where the Apostle John had been. This discrepancy is easily explained since I was present as a participant and not as an observer as was the Apostle John and therefore did not see the books of other persons works, just my own. Even today as then I still feel that God had shown me that I was acceptable to him through my confession as a young child but my works were not acceptable as one of his and for this reason he sent me back so that when this scene is repeated something may be stated for my benefit.

First I had many important personal issues to deal with that were a result of a long time spent following the desires and temptations that I was surrounded with. In all actually I had become a product of my environment. Every one of my friends had betrayed me in order to save themselves no matter how much I had done for them in the past. Some of them even owed me their very lives as I had protected them from violent elements of society that preyed on people such as themselves. At the very least I had put them in big houses, successful businesses and their children in private schools along with large sums of cash to allow them to continue in a business that I had retired from. Somehow for some reason I thought there was truth in their words of professing loyalty and felt honored when they would say such things or have their children baptized with my name as their godfather. This proved to be very foolish of me as in the very end they planned their future around trying to seal my fate for as long as possible.

As this became evident to me a new problem arose, anger and animosity with hopes of vengeance ruling my thought process from the time I woke up until I went back to sleep. At the same time this was going on I was trying desperately to change who I was and what I had become but as hard as I would try, I could not escape myself. For me to make a successful change I had to undergo a complete metamorphosis like a leopard that wants to change his spots but by myself this was impossible.

By the time 9/11 happened my hope of forgiving others for what they done to me was another impossibility and the word "forgiveness" would get stuck in my throat when trying to recite the Lord's Prayer, I couldn't even finish the prayer. My "walk" towards God had hit a roadblock and there did not seem to be anyway for me to find peace. I was trying to approach God without Jesus Christ even though when I had made my profession forty years earlier I had done so through John 3:16. I felt a little guilty about it, like I was now trying to leave Him out of it and deal directly with the Father but my neighbor said it was ok since it was all the same.

The same neighbor invited me to a weekday evening service that was soon after 9/11 so as you can imagine the place was packed. I wasn't there because I was afraid the world was coming to the end, all I knew was that if I couldn't get past this problem of forgiveness I wasn't going to find the peace that I needed to find. The service was interesting and the Pastor's personality drew affection from the people that were gathered together and when the service was over an altar call was announced for those who felt inclined to come forward. There was no way that I was going to walk to the front of a large gathering and openly pray however since everybody else was praying it seemed like a good time to ask God for help with my problem. So with my head in my hands and sitting in a church I began to pray to God asking Him for help in becoming able to forgive those people who had wronged me.

While praying a shiny area appeared in front of my eyes with a mound of earth, blue sky, clouds, and a cross with Jesus Christ. This surprised me so I opened my eyes and while I could then see the pastor and the congregation the Cross of Jesus Christ still remained completely visible. When I would shut my eyes or open them again Jesus and His Cross were always there in front of me, about ten inches away. I suppose you can imagine how completely shocked I was but since it wasn't going away I decided to study it in detail for as long as it remained.

The first thing that stood out to me was the color of His skin. It was nothing like the pictures I had seen. His skin was quite dark in color sort of an olive-brown about the same color as the wood that he was nailed to. The other thing was that I could only see His Cross and not the ones to either side of Him. This continued to last for several minutes and then it gradually faded

away. Shortly after the pastor finished praying everybody started to lift their heads and I told the couple that I was with what had just happened. When we went out for dinner afterwards I tried to take part in the conversation but my mind was fixed upon what had just taken place.

By the time I went to bed that evening I realized that what had happened to me was a vision and while I was both grateful and happy, I didn't really grasp the significance until I woke up in the middle of the night. I had been reading the Gospel of John at the time and what I now understood was that God was showing me that I as a person I never would be able to forgive. It is not the nature of a human being to forgive. People make compromises such as, for this reason I forgive you or we are sometimes willing to overlook events just to obtain some sort of goal. The fact is that people do not forgive and I was probably the least forgiving person of all. So what God did show me was that even though I myself (the old man) never would forgive, Jesus Christ existed in me as a new person and had done all the forgiving that has ever needed to be done.

However He was also telling me that I had to allow him to become me. Much easier said than done and to explain that to people back then as I have just explained it to you brought a lot of blank looks from people who were supposed to be able to help me in things relating to the Bible. At that time there was no one then around here that really grasped the total meaning of Spirit. So even at that time I had an elementary understanding of "Him in Us" but it was far short of comprehending "Us in Him" as in passing through the veil of His flesh so to speak.

Many times I have crawled back to that Cross of Christ seeking relief from the fiery trial and especially so when total failure seems imminent. At other times it has been to seek forgiveness for failure to follow the Spirit and yielding to whatever nature of the flesh that I had allowed to have dominion. Through the experience that followed my car accident I have been able to gain an insight into the three distinct separations of body, soul and spirit. I have also gained a comprehension of the Apostle Paul's statement as to whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell (neither could I).

As the same as the Apostle Paul I have had a continuous battle with the thorn in the flesh as a price to pay for this knowledge but through learning to overcome failure by not frustrating His Love in me, He may have a place on earth to rule from.

Peace and Blessings

Douglas

Connie V

Even though I was only five years of age when this NDE took place, I can still see the intensity of the bright light of the room. For years I discussed this with my mother, wondering if it was just the brightness of an operating room but it was so very intense that I have dismissed that aspect.

I went into the operating room in Dodge City, Kansas, 1950 for a tonsillectomy.

It was to be a simple surgery and a short stay with a promise of a very sore throat. Note: tonsillectomies were very common in the 1950's.

Sometime during the surgery I found my self on the ceiling in the corner of the room watching the doctor and his surgery room staff frantic about "stop the bleeding," and "we are loosing her," statements. I was only 5 yrs. old but I can still hear the words and see the intense bright light and the red blood on the little body below as I watched them from above.

It was only a short time for my experience though I understand later that I was in surgery much longer than expected because of a "few" complications.

I didn't see Jesus, a higher power, relatives or go through a tunnel but I thought it was a strange being up in the corner of the room at the ceiling.

Note: I was a child that believed in Jesus as my parents were Roman Catholic.

The next thing I remember is waking up with a very sore throat and telling my mother this story. The physician thought it was a great imaginative story until I told him what he spoke out loud to his surgical staff. He stated that yes, there had been some problems with a nicked artery but that it wasn't life threatening.

My mother told me to never tell anyone of this occurrence. Dodge city is a very small town and I belonged to a Roman Catholic church.

As I grew up, I investigated everything I could find on anything of this nature and found nothing until Dr. Moody's publication - "Life After Life." Even though I didn't go through a tunnel, see relatives, see my tiny short life passing before my eyes, or a sense of GOD; I knew that this had happened to me and can see the scene in my minds eye as if it were yesterday. I have always been open to "more" than hard facts and know that there is "more" for us after we die. That death is not a horrible, bad thing to experience and that we go on to another dimension.

No one will ever get me to say it was just a dream or that I imagined the whole scene. It's as real today as it was 57 years ago. And at my age...I don't really care who believes me any longer.

Connie

Ruud L

On September 10, 1975 I fell 10 meters (30 feet) from a rooftop where I was working as a plumber.

On the street below, I struck a cauldron of tar. A wave of hot tar spilled out over me. Lying there on the street, I was conscious and felt no pain but very warm. I cannot remember the ride to the hospital. At the hospital the doctors started working on me right away. Because they thought I was in tremendous pain, they gave me a shot of morphine.

I remember quite well that they called the hospital in Beverwijk, specialized in burn treatment, asking for advice. Dr. Hermans sent an assistant with a quantity of wrappings and flamazine (ointment used to treat burns, ed.)

Lying at the first aid station, I had the first out-of-body experience. I saw myself lying on the table and heard the nervous yelling of the doctors and assistants. What I said earlier about the morphine, because they thought I was in tremendous pain – I wasn't, because I was not in my body.

They were wrapping up me in a sort of net, like a sausage, when Dr. Hermans' assistant entered. He got very upset and told the others to unwrap me. They were also trying to take off my T-shirt, but because it was stuck to my skin with the tar, they also tore my skin. I had truly never seen anybody get so angry, I almost had to laugh despite the fact that it was my own body.

After I was treated as best as possible, they brought me into intensive care. They brought me in a glass-encased sterile room and put me to bed.

The first week after the accident they injected me literally full of morphine, to keep me in a sort of coma. Afterwards a doctor and also my parents told me that I had not been conscious for one moment during that week.

The funny part is that I can remember everything that happened at the intensive care. I know my parents came to visit, that my father had to throw up when he saw me, that my mother did not know what to do and could not stop crying.

There was also a nurse that came to sit by me whenever she could manage the time. I knew she was taking courses in surgery assistance. I saw her and her colleagues working the whole week, with me and other intensive care patients. One given moment, I knew precisely what patient was given which medication and what time.

When I still had not died after one week, I was given penicillin. Because of the lack of morphine, I suffered withdrawal symptoms. I slowly regained consciousness and that is when the pain also started.

When I told the nurse what she was studying for and how far she had progressed, she was incredulous. Afterwards I never saw her again, she avoided me as if I were some sort of pariah. Another nurse I told of the medication patients were getting and she also reacted very strangely. After this, I did not mention it again.

Five weeks later I was released from hospital. I spent three months at home to heal from the burns and the concussion. I did not have any more out-of-body experiences afterwards.

NDEs - Second Half of 2007 - part 1

Anthony W FDE

I was traveling down a city street in a compact rent-a-car at about 40 mph when my car blew a tire and the vehicle I was in spun out and ended up on the other side of the road facing the wrong direction. As my vehicle came to rest a semi truck was approaching me, the truck was in another lane of a two lane street and proceeded to slam on the brakes. While sitting there in the rental car I actually saw things and people that occurred in my life flash before me. It seemed like years of events and people I loved the most all appear before my eyes in a matter of 10 to 20 seconds. Right after the flashes I saw the semi pass right in front of me and miss my vehicle by a matter of inches, at that point I realized that had he struck me that I would have probably died.

This event was unlike anything I had ever experienced in life, I heard of things like this happening to people but to have actually experienced it just further reinforced my belief that there is a higher power whether it be God or any other name one might use, I just happen to believe it's God.

Donnie H NDE

I was little at the time, I think 9 or 10, could have been younger. I was playing at a buddies house, just behind my own house. In the yard was a semi truck. Me and the other kids was running around and jumping off the truck. I don't know if I was pushed or just fell, but all of a sudden I was above the yard looking down on myself. I could see the other kids still running around and playing, unaware I was hurt, but it was peaceful, warm and quiet. I was laying motionless, I could see I was above the a large tree that was in the yard. If I had to guess how high I was out of my body, prob. 70 to 100 ft. maybe higher. Anyways, in a matter of seconds, I was back in my body. I jumped up holding my arm and started crying, it was pretty clear after a second that I had broken my arm. I never told my parents or anyone until later on in life. didn't want to sound like a nut. Later on in life I was watching a special on TV about it and that's when I decided to share my experience. All I know is that, if that's what heaven feels like and I hope it is, then I have no problem with death. It was truly a beautiful and peaceful experience.

Alice S NDE

I had been at a party at my boyfriends house and Passed out from a drink one of his friends gave me. I slept the rest of the evening. When it was time to go home, my boyfriend came and got me. As we were getting into the car he was behind the wheel and passed out. (this was his 21st birthday party.) I went around to the drivers side and moved him over and drove the car. After about 1/2 mile it started to rain and as I was looking down for the windshield wiper switch, I started to run off the road. I looked up and saw we were heading for a how of mailboxes. For some reason, I reached over and held on to my boyfriend around the waist and said "Honey, this is it". The car left the road and rolled over again and again. I was tossed up and down. I could hear glass breaking, metal tearing, and could see the lights reflected in the trees as I flew around in the car. Something hit my right thigh at one time.

I was not aware of my boyfriend being in the car. All of a sudden someone pulled me out of the car. I started to cry and remember saying " I know you wouldn't let anything happen to me. I didn't know who she was, but I knew "her". She was me and I was her. I felt such joy being with her again. It sounds crazy but we were going through each other. It was if we were invisible, but I felt such love as I went through her. We looked down at the car which was upside-down in a little gully. I could see my body lying there and my neck was at such an angle that even at 18yrs old, I knew I was dead. (I felt no connection to the body as I knew "I" was not there. I could see my boyfriend laying half out of the car and knew he was all right. I remember saying, "Boy am I glad I didn't feel that".

The being, who looked like someone whose name I should know started talking to me. She mentioned my sisters. (I am one of 6 girls) we are all very close. She said here we were together again. Different names but all together. I loved being wherever I was and being with her. She told me that although we had planned for me to leave at this time some things had changed. I was going to have children. My son was important and when I was an old woman I would be doing something special. She did not tell me what I would be doing or why my son would be important. I of course didn't want to go back. I had never felt such love and wellbeing as I felt with her. The next thing I remembered was sitting on the ceiling of the car looking up at the dashboard lights and thinking, "I'm supposed to be dead, my neck is broken". I was suddenly aware of severe pain in my neck. After that I could not wake my boyfriend and I called and called for help, but non came so I had to go for help. I had to crawl on my knees up a hill as my right leg would not hold my weight. I somehow got to house, got help and went back down the ravine to get my boyfriend. On the way to the hospital in the ambulance all the pain in my neck went away. (The car had rolled 6 times end over end before it stopped . All doors and windows were gone and the roof was mashed flat to the backseat. The only part of the car not destroyed was the front seat and the part of the roof over it. We were saved by a small gully.

Karen B NDE

First Person Interview

Karen's NDE was in the summer of 1975. She was driving in their car with her ex-husband on a vacation near Durango, Colorado, traveling with a cat without her seat belt on. The cat got down by her feet and Ms. Berry was trying to get the cat away from her feet. When she looked up, she was on the wrong side of the road, the car spun on some gravel and flipped. Ms. Berry was thrown under the car. She doesn't actually remember the accident

but others told her this is what happened. Her then husband said he could only see her feet from outside of the car. Some people stopped and got the car off of her. She wasn't breathing, but then later spontaneously started breathing again.

She states that her experience is hard to describe, there really are not words for it. But, she found herself floating in black space, floating up towards a bright light in the distance. There were "beings" there to help her so she wouldn't feel alone. She didn't actually see bodies and she didn't recognize any of them. She had the sense of being in a wonderful place. There were no words communicated to the "beings", it was more like they were communicating by thought such as "don't be afraid, we're here with you". As she got closer to the light, it got brighter and brighter. She had the sense that the light was God. Up to that time, she had no religious background when growing up. But, she felt she was going to God and that there was nothing to be afraid of. Then, she suddenly felt herself being pulled back. She felt she had something to do in this life on earth and that her life wasn't over yet.

Since then, it has been her life's work to figure out what it is that she needs to do. She is not afraid of death. Before the experience, she never really thought about death. She was in the hospital for one week after the accident. Her mother thought her experience was "strange". Then she read "Life after Life". She herself felt the

experience to be strange but very REAL and that coming back was not as real. She had strong dreams afterwards, mostly with religious content. She started studying religion and eventually went to seminary at Iliff School of Theology. She found that 50% of the people in her class had had a near death experience. She became a Christian and has attended church since. She's a gifted dreamer and prays to get dreams and dreams a lot about death and fire.

Fifteen years ago, Ms. Berry was in another car wreck which scared her badly. She believes that the unconscious memory of her first accident came to the surface.

Valerie K Other

It was January or February 1968. I had been visiting with a friend of mine that lived in the apartment three doors down from me. It was just a typical Saturday afternoon. My friend's boyfriend came to see her and brought a friend with him. He wanted to know if the two of us would like to go to the stock car races with the two of them. We decided it might be fun so I went to my apartment to get a jacket while they waited for me. I was just at the doorway of my apartment, when suddenly I found myself walking in a thickly forested area. Looking around me I realized I was in a jungle following a small group of soldiers (American). The two soldiers at the end of the line stopped and turned when I stumbled over a vine and helped me through a thickly wooded area. They did not seem surprised to see me (a civilian) there although they acknowledged my presence.

After walking a ways with them I realized I was in Viet Nam. I talked with the soldiers quietly as we walked along. Then I realized that a very close friend of mine was the soldier in the lead. (He was the only soldier there that I had known.) I excused myself from the companionship of the two soldiers walking with me and started to walk to the front of the line to talk to my friend. (This friend and I were very close in high school and I was glad to see him again.) As I neared the front of the line another soldier grabbed my arm and restrained me just before I reached him. Just then we heard the click. My friend had stepped on a land mine. The force of the explosion threw me backward against a tree. I screamed as blood splattered my body.

The next instant found me again in the doorway of my apt. and I heard the sound of feet running as my friend and the two boys waiting for me came to see what had happened. They found me standing in the doorway with my hands braced against the door jam on each side. I had blood and dirt splattered on my clothes and face and my right shoulder was painfully swollen and turning black. It had been dislocated when I hit the tree. Needless to say, we did not go to the races that day, it took some time before my friends could calm me down. I have had many such experiences and wasn't upset about that, but the fact of what I had just seen happen with my dear friend.

The problem with my shoulder, although it was reset, has persisted to this day. The doctors can not understand the problem with it! It had been a normal day, I was under no stress, nor was I ill in any way. I was wide awake when it occurred. I was not taking any medication or on any kind of drugs and was not attempting to have any such experience. I used to think my experiences were some sort of OBE but as I've heard other people talk I think my experiences may be more like Astral Projections. They happen often. Sometimes with physical evidence afterwards and sometimes not.

Mary L

My heart stopped and I left my body through my head. I had no pain then I left my body. If you can't breathe you must come out from your body. But I was a new mother and wanted to see my little girl grown up. I don't wanted to die. I wanted to come back in my body and be with my newborn daughter. But I couldn't. I tried to go back in my body. I was drawing away with a force not of this world. I was looked out and couldn't of own force go back into my body. I cried to God to let me live. I promised God to do thinks that I haven't done. I don't gave up. I tried again and again and again and again...

Suddenly God let me go back. I was sucking or drawing back through my heart and not by my head as I left my body. I had to help my heart to breath. I held attach with my little girl. But I felt that if I died once more I couldn't came back again. I wanted to come to a mirror to see if I had a head.

I saw light on my right side and heard noise on my right side when God let me come back to life and to my daughter.

Thank You for listen to me testimony that we share. The true believer will desire to witness to what God has done for him/her. I am assure of Gods presence and his love. God call people into closer walk with him. But Jesus said that blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed in John. And God bless you abundantly.

Felicity W

I was almost eight months pregnant with my first child. I'd had my 34 week check and although at the time I was told everything was fine, looking back it's obvious I had signs of pre-eclampsia. At around 35.5 weeks my husband and I had been out visiting, and I felt unwell on the way home. Mostly my back was aching, but I also felt a bit nauseous and my head felt odd. I ended up lying down on the back car seat.

I got home, went to bed, but was tossing and turning because of the back pain. I rang the midwives at hospital, but they weren't concerned, just suggested a hot water bottle on my back. I did fall asleep, then woke at about 2am feeling strange. I turned on the light, and noticed that my cream colored bedroom wall looked like it was covered in a rainbow of flashing colored lights. I'd done some work for an ophthalmologist, and knew that wasn't a good sign, usually it signal the onset of acute glaucoma. So I staggered out of bed, went up to the spare room (my husband was sleeping there because my tossing and turning had been keeping him awake), woke him up and explained what was happening. He suggested ringing the midwives again, so I went back to the bedroom and tried to dial the number. Apparently I had actually picked up my glasses and was trying to read the phone number on them, but I don't remember them. Seconds later I collapsed, unconscious, and stopped breathing.

My husband revived me and phone for an ambulance. The first thing I remember is being wheeled out to the ambulance and it was raining. But I wasn't actually lying on the trolley, it felt more like I was floating slightly above the trolley but still experiencing the rain. I floated into the ambulance, and I remember moving along with it, feeling when it turned a corner, and having a general idea of whereabouts we were. I have a vague impression of having looked down at myself on the trolley. Then there's a gap.

Apparently I arrived at the hospital and had another seizure. The only solution was to have an emergency caesarean section in the hope of saving both myself and the baby. It was a few hours before the medical staff felt I was going to be okay, up until then I was touch and go.

Anyway, I don't exactly when I felt like I was moving, but I became aware that I was traveling rapidly through darkness. It wasn't quite a tunnel, but it did seem to have a form and direction, even though it was dark. Gradually I became aware of a light far away in the distance, and realized that's where I was heading. As I got closer, I began to feel as though there were people all around, just outside my "tunnel", but I never saw or spoke to them. They were loving and welcoming, and it's hard to explain the incredible sense of joy, happiness and acceptance that I was feeling. It's not a sensation I've ever felt on earth. I got closer to the light, to the point where the darkness disappeared and I was preparing to join the light. It felt wonderful. Then a loving, caring voice said quite clearly, without words "It's not your time. You must go back."

It all disappeared, and at some point after that I regained consciousness. I still remembered everything with incredibly clarity.

Rebecca E

I awoke in the light experiencing all the emotions I had caused others to feel in my life here. this is very important, the feelings are very strong. I had almost lost my life once before and I felt the feelings my mother felt equally as other emotions great and small. without realizing it you may be setting yourself up to feel terribly by not being considerate, or impatient or being curt with people you don't even know or expect to see again. this to me is what heaven and hell is and governs how I live my life. I was at perfect peace during and after this found myself in the presence of God now understanding the alpha and omega the beginning and the end. how he is the word and the word was with him. he communicated by injecting complete thoughts in my mind and retrieved my answers similarly. there was no spoken word. no misunderstanding or waste of time. I did not want to come back he instantly knew this by my extreme joy at being home and lack of interest in anything else he let me know I had to come back. almost the entire time I argued that the body was too broken and painful to return to he tried to explain logically how it was possible for me to return. at the end of two weeks he showed me my children's entire lives and let me feel how they would feel if I didn't return and by my choice I did I slammed back into my body so hard that it moved a nurse seeing this began running at me with the syringe she was carrying and knocked me back out with medication. it was not the same.

Ken D

Happened Friday night... last thing I remember was riding behind the art museum in Philadelphia then I was awakened on Tuesday morning by a doctor who was pinching my arm... the travel time from the point I last remembered to the point of impact was approximately 5-10 minutes through the city to 21/22 & market... according to companions the wheels got caught against a curb and I left the bike and traveled approximately 10-15 feet to a brick wall... anyway, the place which the doctor brought me back from was wonderful... calm/peaceful... I was full. I was floating... it was dark but everything I "saw" was clearly defined (not hard to see). The people who I was seeing/feeling/experiencing were strangers but loving... in retrospect it's like the love of a parent to a young child... full/unequivocal... and it was able to flow both ways... I was very happy/content being in that place... I was thinking through(???) like in a semi dream state, but it sorta felt like I was insulated (a big surrounding cocoon of fullness)...safe... immune from anything I didn't want... when I finally started to feel the doctors pinching my arm it was like ...shit-leave me alone... the pinching was sorta like drawing me away from feeling the fullness... it was like the cocoon was shrinking down to my skin and things were coming into focus with the voices which I had been hearing (the sounds on the inside were soft and soothing and as I was being drawn out of the absolute peaceful state back into the light the sounds became recognizable words... I DIDN'T WANT TO COME BACK to the light and I hated it... I told the doctor to leave me the fuck alone (in front of my parents who were standing by...) but back I came and lost most of my teeth... split my head open (was told that short term memory would be affected) multiple lacerations... massive swollen neck ... but I was young and was ok... funny thing I never felt ANY pain...

James M

My Uncle Carl (who had just returned from the Korean War) was living with us and offered to take us children swimming at Percy Quinn State Park, Pike County, MS. I was just learning to swim and we were at a beach on the West side of the lake. My brother Mike (two years younger than me) could not swim and he stepped in a hole under the water - he started yelling for help and I was close by and did not realize there was a hole. I went to him and as I approached, also stepped in the hole. Mike had panicked and as I went down he climbed on top of me. I tried to fight him off but he was pushing me down and I could not get free. At first I saw the bubbles float before my eyes that must have been wide open. Shortly, I realized that I was going to die. With that thought and acceptance, everything changed: all the pain of coughing water went away, and I was floating up to a light that seemed to be pulling me; then I seemed to turn and I could see the beach where we had been swimming - there were people there and one was sitting down and I realized it was me; I was pulled back toward my body but it was like I was but a wisp of smoke drawn to my physical body; as I approached my body, I turned to slide into the body and the pain came back.

Uncle Carl had pulled us both from the water and I don't think he did anything to revive us other than a slap on the back to expel water. He told us to not tell our parents for fear that they would be angry at him. I never talked about the experience with brother Mike and we tried to forget the incident.

I did not think of or talk about the experience and did not know of anything like near death experience till there was a book published on the subject.

And I did not experience a tunnel or other people (deceased) so wasn't sure if I had a true NDE.

Nancy M

I had a stint placed in my coronary artery to open a severe blockage. The procedure was uneventful. The nurse came in at about 0200 AM to have me stand up for the first time. He told me that if I felt sick or faint to sit back down. I stood by the bed and that was the last thing that I remember. Three people, two men and one woman appeared in the upper left corner of my room. I could not recognize their faces. The men were dressed in suits and the woman had on a coat that came just below her knees. They didn't speak but only were there.

It is hard to describe the feeling of coming back to this world. I can only compare it to how a ball must feel if you throw it as hard as you can against a wall. This was the next thing that I was aware of. When I came back, I saw the code team standing around my bed preparing to do what a code team does. The nurse had given me epinephrine and restarted my heart so the team left me alone. I do remember saying, "what the hell are you all doing in here." I am a nurse at that hospital and had been on hand for several codes. I was very awake and aware at that moment, but shortly after, things were a blur. The next morning the nurse gave me the monitor strip showing my a systole. I can't remember when I understood who my three visitors were. It wasn't too long because I went to medical records after my first doctor visit to look at the medications I had been given. I had only received the appropriate dose of IV epinephrine. I had not had pain meds for several hours and no sleep meds.

Barbara H

I had tried on a new mascara that day, November 4, 2002. It made my eyes sting and tear all day. it was not possible for me to leave my post to remove it, so all day, I waited. then at the end of the day I got into my car and realized I had a throbbing headache. I went across the street to the McDonalds. I wanted to get a soda to wash down the ibuprofen I was going to take.

I rounded the parking lot as I had done countless times before. seeing I had cleared the concrete light post, I made my left hand turn. I felt I had run over a median of some sort. and so I whipped my head backwards to see if a new one had been installed. nothing.

Then when I faced frontward I realized I had hit the post I thought I'd cleared.

Now in-between the time that I looked back and looked forward I had hit my head really hard on the hood of my SUV. (Mazda even stated in my book that instead of lunging forward in my SUV, people tend to shoot up to the roof).

Anyway, my body stayed in the car, but my soul/mind definitely when for the trip of a lifetime.

I was laying prone on the softest stairs I had ever lain on. they were very much like clouds but sparkly white and sharp as can be at the same time.

it was then I realized I was being discussed by others. and at that point I realized just what I happened to be laying on. and I caught my breath in surprise.

At that point, the others realized I was aware of my surroundings but they didn't immediately address me in anyway - just let me sort of lie there.

Then as things became more clear - I realized who they were - I'm not one to suppose the man in the middle who was so tall was Christ himself. I don't want to presume that I would be one of the people so specially chosen. so I instead try to believe it was my grandfather Ellis. facing them on the right I believe is my grandmother on my daddy's side. she seems very anxious/nervous. while on the left of him stands the person I believe to be my mother and she's whispering rather loudly into his ear.

I realize I'm about to be in trouble. oh my goodness the stuff I've been doing lately. overeating so much, being so despondent, not praying enough, etc. all that kind of stuff went through my mind at that moment.

Then they realized how hysterical I was getting, because I knew my actions in the last several years would probably not get me into heaven. and when they saw how upset I was they kind of ... I don't still know how to describe it ... all at once they all looked at me and I just felt immediately calm and I could feel a love I'll never know the touch of in this life. and without a word spoken between us they told me essentially that I was okay. that I would be alright.

I remember feeling like a little girl with a big grin of her face who's been told she's really going to get that pony for her birthday!!!

well, next I remember they were heatedly still discussing me and now that I knew I was okay, I decided to listen to what they were saying. and then I heard the one to the left suggest they take me with them.

Not knowing what the future can hold for you, you tend to make some really rash decisions in the heat of the moment. such was this. I didn't lament leaving my children or grandchildren. sisters and brothers never entered my mind. I didn't want to leave my husband. I shouted with my mind BUT NO, I CANT LEAVE GEOFFREY.

And the very next instant I was scraping at the windshield with my right hand begging them to wait a minute let me think. but it was too late. I flinched at going Home and they were gone like that. that's my story.

Alice S

I had been at a party at my boyfriends house and Passed out from a drink one of his friends gave me. I slept the rest of the evening. When it was time to go home, my boyfriend came and got me. As we were getting into the car he was behind the wheel and passed out. (this was his 21st birthday party.) I went around to the drivers side and moved him over and drove the car. After about 1/2 mile it started to rain and as I was looking down for the windshield wiper switch, I started to run off the road. I looked up and saw we were heading for a how of mailboxes. For some reason, I reached over and held on to my boyfriend around the waist and said "Honey, this is it". The car left the road and rolled over again and again. I was tossed up and down. I could hear glass breaking, metal tearing, and could see the lights reflected in the trees as I flew around in the car. Something hit my right thigh at one time.

I was not aware of my boyfriend being in the car. All of a sudden someone pulled me out of the car. I started to cry and remember saying " I know you wouldn't let anything happen to me. I didn't know who she was, but I knew "her". She was me and I was her. I felt such joy being with her again. It sounds crazy but we were going through each other. It was if we were invisible, but I felt such love as I went through her. We looked down at the car which was upside-down in a little gully. I could see my body lying there and my neck was at such an angle that even at 18yrs old, I knew I was dead. (I felt no connection to the body as I knew "I" was not there. I could see my boyfriend laying half out of the car and knew he was all right. I remember saying, "Boy am I glad I didn't feel that".

The being, who looked like someone whose name I should know started talking to me. She mentioned my sisters. (I am one of 6 girls) we are all very close. She said here we were together again. Different names but all together. I loved being wherever I was and being with her. She told me that although we had planned for me to leave at this time some things had changed. I was going to have children. My son was important and when I was an old woman I would be doing something special. She did not tell me what I would be doing or why my son would be important. I of course didn't want to go back. I had never felt such love and well-being as I felt with her. The next thing I remembered was sitting on the ceiling of the car looking up at the dashboard lights and thinking, "I'm supposed to be dead, my neck is broken". I was suddenly aware of severe pain in my neck. After that I could not wake my boyfriend and I called and called for help, but non came so I had to go for help. I had to crawl on my knees up a hill as my right leg would not hold my weight. I somehow got to house, got help and went back down the ravine to get my boyfriend. On the way to the hospital in the ambulance all the pain in my neck went away. (The car had rolled 6 times end over end before it stopped . All doors and windows were gone and the roof was mashed flat to the backseat. The only part of the car not destroyed was the front seat and the part of the roof over it. We were saved by a small gully.

Jewel H

Was at the beach, body surfing for about 30 minutes. I was exhausted because the surf was very rough and there was a very strong undertow. The waves were getting larger but I couldn't get out of the water because of the undertow. I dove under a huge wave hoping that it would carry me to shore. Inside the wave was a tremendous wall of water that hurled me around like clothes in a washing machine. I had absolutely no control of my body as the water slammed me into the ocean floor, I didn't know where the water surface was. The force of the water had knocked all of the air out of my lungs, so I decided that I was not going to make it. At this thought a voice in my head said that all who have died have lived. So I began to relax and realized that I didn't need to breathe anymore and the pain of my lungs sucking in water had stopped. I began to feel very warm and sleepy and was floating in a grey space. I was overwhelmed with a wonderful sense of unconditional love and such a sense of wholeness, being connected to everything, everything being equal to everything else. Then I was floating just below the waves as a point of consciousness. I felt super-aware and could see farther and think faster. Then I thought about how my father, who was on the shore, would react to my death. Suddenly, I was above the water surface looking at my father who was scanning the water to see what had happened to me. I knew that he would continue his life just fine without me and that he would get over it. Then I was below that surface again and wondered when my life would flash before me. I felt that there was an invisible someone with me. It was communicated to me a vision of the activities of my short life. It was like it was all in a book with pages flipping by except that the pictures were like little movies. It was a disappointing movie as I was only 17 at the time.

I felt that I had not accomplished what I had come for in this life. It was communicated to me that if I chose to leave my life at this point that I would have to come back and do this all over again. This invisible someone did not have any judgment to offer and I felt that the judgment would come from myself. In fact, I have come to the conclusion that this was only myself, a higher version of myself. At some point I asked what the purpose of life was and the answer I received was "to help other people". Then I began to hear wonderful music, not like any that I have heard in life, I could not identify the instruments or the melody. Next I could hear some far-off school bells, the sound of which was luring me off to the right and into another dimension from which there would be no turning back. I did not hesitate at this barrier, I had no regrets of leaving anything behind from my life. Without warning I was suddenly and violently sucked down toward my body, still face down on the ocean floor. On the way down I was told "It's not your time yet". Once I was back in my body I still had no idea where the surface of the water was. Then I actually felt a pair of physical hands, one under each foot, push me to the surface, where I was able to stand up in chest deep water. How very angry I was! I felt so cheated. I did not want to leave that place to come back to this life. It took me many years to finally get over that anger and forgive God for sending me back to my life. How silly, huh? It was never my life in the first place, he was the one who gave this life.

Nanci D

My near-death experience was unlike any I have ever read about. It was far more intellectual: filled with “knowings”, understandings about the “truths” of the universe, and insights. And I delved deeper into life after death than I had thought possible in an NDE, ultimately evolving through higher levels of existence beyond anything I had ever dreamed possible.

My body’s death on March 14, 1994, was occasioned by some type of reaction to a needle-localization procedure designed to show my surgeon where to cut to remove three potentially cancerous lesions in my breast. The procedure had taken much longer than expected, and had to be repeated in order to get the wire marker deep enough into the breast tissue. It was painful, and emotionally traumatic for my body. I was alone when I died, because the radiologist and radiology technician both left me to perform other tasks, including getting their eighth set of mammography films developed.

The early stages of the NDE were fairly standard: I left my body, went into the Light, experienced overwhelming unconditional love, peace, joy, and acceptance, met Beings of Light, and had a life review. What was dramatically different about my NDE was what I learned during these stages, as well as what happened to me during and after the life review.

When I first entered the Light I saw nothing but Light, heard nothing, and smelled nothing. I was alone with my own thoughts. Those thoughts, however, were dramatic revelations. Chief among them was the realization that I am not a human being; that what I had been calling my soul is in fact who I really am. And who I really am is not human, but rather a separately existing spiritual being who only inhabited a human animal’s body. Moreover, the human animal I had inhabited has her own life, thoughts, emotions, and personality, and is perfectly capable of living out the rest of her lifetime without me inside.

Many more “knowings” invaded my mind while I was in the Light, filling me instantly not only with knowledge in the academic sense, but also with the deep understanding that only personal experience can give. I “experienced” these truths as deeply as though I had lived them. One of the topics deposited into my mind was about how time does not exist in the universe at large, but only for beings that mark time, like humans do, by measuring intervals of experience.

At one point I observed my body, still sitting in the chair in the radiology department mammography suite, at a distance below and behind me. I saw it out of the back of where a head would be on a human body (like having eyes in the back of my head). Seeing it, and feeling no attachment whatsoever to it, made me question for the first time whether I had died. To myself I said: “Nah, I can’t be dead. I didn’t go through a tunnel into the Light, and I’m definitely in the Light.” Immediately I was surrounded by an earthen works tunnel in vivid, vibrant color and detail, with the proverbial light at the end. Though the tunnel was just as real as anything I have experienced on Earth, I knew for a fact that I was not in a tunnel. So I wasn’t fooled by its appearance. Upon realizing that I wasn’t “fooled,” a flood of “knowings” about manifesting reality inundated my mind. I realized that we all constantly manifest what we call physical reality just by virtue of our thoughts, and that the only reason we are fooled into believing it is real is because of the limitations of human senses. You can imagine how flabbergasted I was by this information, and why I was not inclined to believe it. So I experimented with consciously manifesting some more to test its truth. I proved to myself that we do indeed have the ability to

manifest what humans perceive to be physical reality by focusing our attention and intention on doing so.

After I realized I was dead, I looked outward again for the Light, for at this point I was back to the belief that we must go into the Light to enter the afterlife. I had forgotten that I was already in the Light because the strength of my belief system overpowered my sense of where I was. I then saw five Lights of different hues in the distance. I thought to myself: "Oh this figures, I'm supposed to go into the Light and I get five of them and have to choose the right one." A voice not my own entered my mind with the words: "Just pick one and follow it." I instantly understood that they all led to the same destination—the Source of our universe. As I looked again at the Lights, five Beings of Light appeared to have come forward from within them. I recognized these Light Beings as my most cherished and beloved friends and soul mates, and knew for certain that I too am a Being of Light, and that I was HOME. These friends communicated with me by mental telepathy, and primarily in emotions. Their emotions could be interpreted into English as: "Welcome home." "We ran ahead of the 'rest of us' because we couldn't wait to see you." "Tell us everything [about human life]." And, of course, they communicated intense unconditional love, joy at seeing me, and acceptance of and curiosity about my adventure into human life. My sense was that they were extremely anxious to observe my life as Nanci. In response, I replayed every single second of Nanci's life events and sensory input all at once for them, not for myself. These Light Beings actually entered into my life events, as me or others around me, and lived those events as though they were actually me doing it. I thought it odd at the time, but later learned how normal this is at higher evolutionary stages.

While my friends enjoyed my life review, memories of my eternal life filled my mind. They included hundreds of physical lifetimes, in humans and other species, as well as thousands of what we would call years spent living in what I was calling "Light Being society," and what might also be called "life between lives." I was astounded that I could possibly have forgotten all of it. "Knowing" informed me that when a Light Being like me enters into a human as its soul, only part of its total Energy does so. The rest of the Being's Energy stays in the Light and continues to evolve as it observes the soul part's experiences. The reintegration of my memories as an eternal being with those of my just passed human life completed my transformation back into my natural state as a Being of Light.

Soon, I realized that I had access to all of the knowledge of the universe (what I call Universal Knowledge) just by focusing my attention and intention on what I wanted to know. My thought processing was accelerated so greatly that I was able to absorb phenomenal amounts of information instantly. I wanted to know the answers to all my most pressing spiritual questions. So I searched Universal Knowledge for the answers to: what is Source/God? What am I? How was the universe created? Why? What is the purpose of life? Of life as a human? What does source expect of me while in human form? Where is heaven? Hell? What is the correct religion? The answers fill my first book, *Backwards: Returning to Our Source for Answers*. Upon receiving "knowing" on all these topics I was very upset that no one had told me before how simple life and death are. I wanted to know why religion had failed me in this regard. In response, a "documentary" of the development of religion among humans over the course of three Earth epochs, the third of which constitutes mankind's future, played out in my mind. My manuscript entitled *Backwards Beliefs* sets forth what I remember of this documentary.

After receiving my fill from Universal Knowledge, I realized that I could enter into my Light Being friends and live their eternal lives as they had just done my life as Nanci. So I merged my Energy into theirs as we formed a collective being of six. I could at one and the same time experience myself as the personality I had always known as “myself,” as well as experiencing one of my friend’s lives as though I were my friend. Or I could experience what it was like to be a collective being. I understood at the time that living in this manner was an evolutionary stage beyond that of Light Beings, whose lives we would perceive to be as discrete, individual beings with spiritual bodies. At this stage of awareness there was no “beingness”—only a mental or conscious existence.

Ultimately, my soul mates and I decided as a collective being to rejoin “the rest of us.” I understood this English term to mean the Source of creation, the entity humans call “God.” For the first time during the NDE I experienced movement similar to how we feel it as humans. Up until this point everything seemed to transpire within my own mind. But now our merged entity of six seemed to move forward deeper and deeper into the Light to rejoin Source’s core. As we neared it I understood more and more about the universe and our place within it, as well as my own nature as part of Source. It became excruciatingly clear to me that the whole of our universe transpires exclusively within the mind of Source. There is only one being in our universe—Source. All things that we perceive as physical reality are really thoughts manifested by Source within its own Energy field. And, most importantly, none of it ever leaves the Source. So, I intimately experienced the “knowing” that I am literally part of Source’s thoughts, and the illusion that I am separate from it is a gift from Source to itself in order that Source might fully explore its own personality and creativity.

Sometime during this process I decided that I “could do it better.” I could live Nanci’s life better and give back to the experience more than I had before I died. And, I passionately wanted to share with my fellow Light Beings in soul form the truth of who we really are, and the simplicity of life as part of Source. These emotions apparently impelled my return to the body in a traumatic process of leaving the Light. But as I whirl wined back into human flesh I did my best to remember as much as I could so that I might share it with others in my books.

Kristie T

I remember looking down on myself, whilst in the resuscitation room at the hospital. It was Like watching TV. I watched the doctors working on me. Cutting my clothes to expose my chest. the noise. the brightness of the room. the energy, intensity of the situation. I saw them shock me with the machine (can't remember what its called). I recall the look on a couple of the doctors faces. all the time I was floating above myself (ceiling level) feeling peaceful, released, calm....GLAD!

They decided to try shocking me again, they worked on for (approx - my guess)10mins, and as the time went by the image of me on that table gradually got smaller & smaller.

I wasn't aware of anything / anyone, above me / behind /in front/ to the side of me.

I remember them (not sure who) saying my time was running out, they would have to declare me dead if I didn't respond to the next shock. as they said this my Grandfather Dennis, who passed away nearly 4 yrs ago, and who had never ever shouted at me in my life!, shouted into my right ear "NO! GO BACK! ITS NOT YOUR TIME!" - The shock of him shouting at me, made me 'jump' back into my own body.

I was in a coma for 4 days after they brought me back, and in hospital for a further week.

Marney M

I was speeding through a black tunnel, but I was traveling through the tunnel horizontally and not vertically like I always thought (going up to heaven, that sort of thing).

The tunnel was also in sections. Not anything that I could see, but felt. It was like there was a thin layer of something, and every time I "broke" through this, I could feel it. The vibrations in my body increased and it felt like I was turbo-charged and went faster and faster through every section.

Then I heard this sound, it was far off but at the same time it was inside my head. It sounded like insects buzzing, and it was very annoying and irritating.

Then everything stopped. The tunnel, the vibrations, the noise.

I found myself standing (I still had a body, but it was more of an awareness, not substance) in my own piece of blackness. It was nothing and yet everything to me. There was no noise, worries or fear. I was amazed and fascinated by how black the darkness was, yet it felt like a big security blanket. I was comfortable in my space and made up my mind to spend eternity there.

That's when I heard this voice. It came from behind me and just over my head. It was gentle, rich, and familiar, yet to this day I don't know who he is. When he "spoke" he communicated not just (telepathic) words but also emotions and knowledge. His words, really, meant nothing, but they were powerful.

He said, "Do you see the light?" and without even thinking I instinctively looked up. There before me was a white pure light. It was small, about the size of a dime, yet I could not judge how far away it was. It could have been miles or I could have reached out and touched it (if one could touch light). At this time I was no longer aware of having a body, I just "was".

I had time to see the light, to comprehend the situation, but yet at the same time the "instant" I saw the light everything was over. Time and space is simply something that humans experience. I'm still not sure I got banished when I became aware of the light, the light became aware of me, or the light became aware that I was aware of it. I defiantly felt that the light had a (or was a) conscience.

That was the end of that, but a few weeks after I got out of the hospital, I was bound and determined to go back to "my place". I bought all the necessary supplies, and that was when I had my first OOB (I don't know what else to call it).

I was laying down but I don't remember falling asleep. I experienced the vibrations and insect sounds again, but not the tunnel. Then I heard that same voice. Not words, but emotions. What it conveyed was that it would be one of the worst decisions I could make for it's not meant to be, it's not part of the plan, it's not supposed to happen. It didn't feel like he was saying don't do it, for the choice was mine. Just caution and sadness felt if I did follow through.

That was 24 years ago but it might as well have been 10 minutes ago.

Jessica B

I was in a coma for seven days suffering from encephalitis during this time I had my NDE I was still quite young and knew nothing of what was going on in the hospital. other than what I have been told to this day.

My NDE started with the Tunnel it was a bright soft white light calm and serene(I still have yet to experience this type of serenity again I think I'm still looking for it) I met my Brother at the end of the tunnel and he greeted me and explained who he was (he had died 5 years before my birth) I remember him wearing jeans and a red sweatshirt.

I was thrilled (I had asked for a brother since the age of three) we sat in a place I'm not sure where but we were using white garden furniture we talked for a while I asked questions like does God exist? he said he did, I don't remember what else we talked about but I was given a choice I was asked if I wanted to visit for 6 hours or to stay forever I have to say that I was tempted (after going eight years asking for a brother and finding out I had one) and the serenity oh it was wonderful my parents fought a lot! so I needed some serenity just after that I thought of my mom and I got a bit scared that I would never see her again but I was not afraid to die. I wanted to say yes but instead I said no Mommy needs me(I have no idea why) then I was asked to promise my brother that I would name my first born son after him I agreed. (my second child was a boy and as a second name I gave him my brothers) I asked my brother if I would see him again he told me I would and he said that I was to be a good little girl. this was the end of my experience. I unfortunately have no recollection of coming back except I was sad to leave I really did want to stay. after regaining consciousness I had lost my memory except of that and I had temporal lobe brain damage.

Roland D

My near death experience was a two fold experience, allow me to explain...

It was exactly my twenty years in the military, I had just returned to my former Unit of assignment (that I work for fulltime).

Our Battle Group Training was in water survival, (that I had practiced for over twenty years.) Towards the end of completion of the course, I had what I thought was terrible heart burn. A little embarrassed, I approached my Commanding Officer and other NCOs' so that I could lay down for just a moment.

Due to the quick response of a Warrant Officer, an ambulance was dispatched.

As the NSA police officer was questioning me and as the Paramedics arrived, I would "black out" due to heart failure caused by a piece of plaque.

Immediately before blacking out, I would feel a being laying shoulder to shoulder with me, (on my right) and see HIM in shadow. I remember at this point the sound was my last sense to go.

As the Paramedics' defibrillated my heart (one or two times) the sound returned in the blackness or void. As I regained consciousness it was if I was under the street and someone slowly slid open the manhole cover above me. I could look up and see the Paramedics faces working on me looking down.

As documented, I said "that feels better" although I only remember asking if I had a heart attack? I was told not to try and talk, so I said "being as no one said that I haven't, I must have!"

The second experience I had was much different... In transport to my requested hospital my ambulance became stuck in traffic, I could hear Donny, (my Paramedic) saying that we must get on the highway and find a different route to a different hospital. I thought to myself, "this is not good" and only wished I could see outside. Immediately afterwards I could see a "birds eye view" of my ambulance moving "in slow motion" towards me, the clarity of that moment was perfect, I remember seeing everything looking down on the highway from the tan brick wall abutments to the puddles in the street.

My ambulance raced toward me with headlights and strobes flashing.

However, this time there was no sound! Sight was all that I maintained. Oh yes, this was the "best mood" I have ever remembered being in! My mind was very sharp and I was still very much aware of what was happening to me. I knew I was Married and in transport, I could have even given you my social security number, I had forgotten nothing about my life, but when you are in such a good mood nothing can seem to bother you! All that I can remember thinking two myself was that "this is really cool, and amazing".

The next thing that I remember was being stabilized for airlift to Washington hospital center, I remember seeing my wife, the commanding officer, and my buddy the Platoon Sergeant standing by the door as I was made ready for flight.

My wife asked if she could fly with me, but she could not. I remember being laid on the deck of the helicopter, trying to stay awake so that I could remember the flight, but could not.

I awoke briefly in intensive care, later my wife would tell me that she tried to hide behind my door, but they shortly removed her. I also found out that I was not expected to survive the night as my lungs filled up with fluid.

One or two days went by and I awoke again first seeing my elderly parents clutching each other and staring at me. Then I saw my wife and brother beside me. When I told the story of the ambulance to them, my mother asked me how I could have seen that event.

Immediately, I told her that it must have been looking out the back doors and saw my ambulance in a bug eye mirror along the highway. She looked at me strangely and asked how that was possible?

I thought about that for a second, and realized this could not have been possible as I was strapped down facing the front of the ambulance with no windows, and now just realized that it would be impossible to see the front of the ambulance from the rear anyway! But the whole experienced seemed so natural that your mind doesn't know any difference anyway.

I feel it is my duty to add that; later when I returned to Church about three weeks later, a fellow deacon approached me with eyes as big as silver dollars.

I asked him what was the matter, which is when he told me he expected never to see me again. It seems the hospital told my Pastor I was not expected to pull through. The sermon that Sunday was the "Good Shepherd" lying down with the lamb. I had the sensation of having water poured over me as I thought about the "being" lying next to me shoulder to shoulder in my original experience. Why do I believe in this "Christ" so intently you may wonder?

It is because many times on this side of my existence, I have met Him also!

Death is only a continuation of the spiritual life that I already possess.

Please allow me to ask you a question, why is it that so many scientific minds are closed to the idea of an "intelligent design"? Is it because we must have physical evidence? That is not very scientific as quantum mechanics do not apply to the physical laws we are familiar with. In fact in my humble opinion it would most likely be opposing to anything that we would understand.

It is my belief, that faith like gravity in the natural realm must be applied before we can start to comprehend a place that is infinite rather than finite.

Could it be that mankind is naturally hostile towards the recognition of a God, because than he would be held accountable to a "higher power" than himself? This is what the Bible tells us is so. Please allow my comments in your study as this is my "new position" as a Chaplain.

Mitch R

15 minutes after taking a new diabetic injection, I was driving to work at the VA hospital in Fayetteville, NC. 40 miles away. While en route, I began to have a medication allergic reaction in the car. I notice my face, tongue, hands, feet began to swell very large, like nothing I had ever experienced before, I was becoming very scared, and knew this was much worse an event than I thought it would become due to the reaction I must had been having.

I diverted my drive to work to the nearest hospital ER at Southeastern Regional Medical Center. I was not breathing very well and was afraid as I turned around on I95 to head back to Lumberton, because I knew I would not make it to the VA hospital 35 miles away, and I was steadily becoming more sick with each minute that past. I don't know how I was able to make it the last 3-4 blocks to the hospital ER parking lot, but I did and parked my car slowly. I got out and started trying to walk towards what I thought was the entrance, everything around me looked gray, my eye's were swelling too. Halfway from my car to the entrance, I realized I was not going to make it and I said "god please don't let me die like this today", and that was the last thing I remember. I was found in the parking lot unresponsive with no blood pressure a faint pulse and not breathing. What I vividly do remember was not feeling my body at all, there was no sense of pain, discomfort or sickness that I had been feeling at the time let I seemed to have left this world. I remember that I had a sense of knowing and awareness that I was in a light blue mist or cloud. And while I was briefly there I had the most wonderful and peaceful feeling of well-being and comfort like nothing I had every known before. I was mentally aware, but I did not feel my body at all. I seemed not to even have to breathe. I thought I was in a place between the body and spiritual word of the afterlife, but I did not have any concerns or fear like I had while I was experiencing my medical event. It really seemed like a place of sanctuary, beyond the physical boundaries of the flesh. Like a place were the a persons spirit goes when it first leaves the body. The next thing I remember was a faint voice of a young lady, it seemed distant and then came closer to me. As I heard her, I wanted to respond but could find a way, so I took a few breaths knowing she might see this if she was looking at me, and suddenly she sounded much closer and I heard her say "he has a faint pulse, and he is breathing. I realized I had left the bluish mist, however I could hear people now, but I could not move my arms and legs could not be felt. I wanted to go back to the mist of peacefulness and tranquility, but I could not fully return to it. I next felt myself floating in the air and moving. It was when I was lifted up, but I could not feel and hands, only the sensation of floating. I was taken to the ER trauma room and the doctor rub my chest and I could mumble but not speak. I could hear people taking in the room. Then I pressed my self the speak as best I could to the doctor to tell him of the medications I had taken earlier that morning. He told the nurse to given me epinephrine IM, Solumedrol IV, and a few other medications to reverse the severe anaphylactic shock which I was suffering.

Nancy S

Was in a head-on collision while coming home from work as a high school teacher on a Friday the 13th, full moon evening before the start of a major blizzard. A pregnant young woman, wanting to commit suicide was driving at high speed on the wrong side of the highway and took me head-on. Her car burst into flames, but she escaped with a bruised knee and the baby intact. Apparently she had taken drugs and/or alcohol and went into the accident in a relaxed state. I, on the other hand, going about 60 miles an hour, could hear myself screaming and tightened every muscle of my body as I tried unsuccessfully to prevent the crash. Other vehicles were present; there was no place to go.

Everything went into slow motion as my car flew in the air and landed in a field. I remember reaching with my one free hand to turn off the engine, then drifted in and out of consciousness as fellow motorists and emergency workers came to my aid. It took more than an hour to cut me out of my car. My head was cracked open like a watermelon, my chin was flapping on my throat, so blood was everywhere. Later, my injuries were additionally listed as: all ribs broken in multiple places, all bones in my left foot from the ankle down broken as a result of my toes being jammed against my heel, my right knee and jaw were fractured and my right wrist was broken. I had neck and spinal hairline fractures and whiplash. Internal injuries were bladder and kidney and my entire body was bruised and swollen. I don't remember much of the ambulance ride, but in the emergency room begged to be given something for pain. I heard a doctor say nothing could be given me until the full extent of my injuries were known.

I started humming and as I heard myself humming I also heard a nurse say "we're losing her; her blood pressure is down to... she's dying. I remember thinking "someone's dying in this room - I wonder who it is?" I wanted to lift my head to see, but couldn't. Then suddenly the pain stopped and I remember thinking "thank God, they gave me something." Slowly I started floating backwards off the table. I could see the big clock on the wall and all the doctors and nurses around me. There was frantic activity. Every detail of the emergency room was crystal clear. But I didn't see it for more than a few seconds because as I was floating backwards I was also heading diagonally up; I went through the wall where it joined the ceiling. Instead of being outside in the cold or ending up on another floor of the hospital, after going through the wall, I was enveloped in a tunnel and kept swiftly but with no sense of motion going backwards. I was in a horizontal position on my back.

This is where it gets very difficult to describe what I happened, because I can't find words that fit the experience. I was calm and filled with utter and total peace. There was a light that defies description. It was so beautiful and seemed to be in complete harmony with sound and other sensory input that also defy description. It was not of this world. I felt content and loved, but this feeling was not separate from the light or sound or floating. Everything was all one experience. That's why I have a hard time describing what was going on. Nothing was separate from anything else. Then I heard encouraging voices behind my head saying so gently and lovingly "come on; it's OK." I thought the voices belonged to my dead grandparents, but at the same time they seemed other-worldly.

Then, without warning, I was slammed into my body on the emergency room table. The big clock on the wall marked that roughly an hour had passed. The pain was excruciating. Through my mangled mouth I begged for more pain killers. I heard someone say "we didn't give you

anything yet and can't..." When I woke up it was the next day and I was in an ICU room. I saw blinding whiteness and thought I was dead. Then I realized I was in a bed next to a picture window and a raging blizzard was going on outside. I was in terrible pain and couldn't move. Someone entered the room and then ran out. Soon my room was filled with doctors and nurses. Someone smilingly said "you know we lost you last evening." Then I drifted for days in and out of consciousness, had a couple of code blues, but no further tunnel experience. It was discovered that the inside of my cheeks had been blasted with windshield glass only after pieces started to slowly fall out. I don't know if that was a day or days after the accident. I didn't mention what happened to anyone, because I thought people would think I was crazy.

During a follow-up visit with one of my doctors many months later he asked if anything unusual had occurred while I was unconscious in the emergency room. He was very kindly, so I decided to tell him what I experienced. He was delighted to hear my story and said it was not unusual for someone who had been dead for over four minutes, but that I was right not to talk about it.

Jim D

Driving a TR-3 sports car with a cloth top and with a fellow bow hunter, we were rushing to get a hunting license before the country store closed. It was dark when I passed a car on what I remembered as a long straightaway. Instead there was a right angle curve and I skidded on the gravel and flipped over into an orchard. The convertible top trapped us upside down and the doors could not be opened. I had the presence of mind to shut off the ignition and headlights and my buddy said he could not budge the door. I could barely breathe as my chin was driven against my chest. I suddenly notice liquid pouring down and figured it was blood from my jugular vein. (Instead it was gasoline from the ruptured tank in back of the driver.) I always had thought I would fight death with all my might, but I felt my self slipping and I said, "Clark, I'm going..."

I heard his fading voice from a distance....."Hang on!.....And then it was almost oblivion, except I had slipped into a void in a fetal position, rocking to and fro, and hearing a sepulchral voice saying "Now you are dead!"

It seemed that our going on a wild boar hunt and the rest of the situation had caused to fall into place the end of existence and I was destined to continue through eternity in solitary, rocking in a void. And then came a sequence of the roar of a generator starting, a kick to my thigh and a squeezing of my right hand. This pattern repeated over and over until I decided to try to change things and squeezed back with my hand. It was Clark's hand. He had been helped out by the motorist we had passed. He was able to raise the side of the sports car just enough so that Clark could scramble out, uninjured (thanks to his seat belt.) I regained consciousness and was also unwound from the tight quarters to emerge from the nearly totaled vehicle with a new lease on life. I no longer was immortal and had realized that it was time to seriously consider marriage and a family. With only a bruised forehead, I spent the night in the local hospital with no other physical consequences.

Two weeks later in a dream I was in a small boat on a choppy sea. Suddenly the boat overturned and I was trapped underneath. And then came that generator sound and the smell of gasoline. I awoke abruptly, with my heart pounding in fear. Fortunately, that scene never reoccurred in a dream or in reality.

I married Jan in 1966 and now we had two children, one granddaughter and are soon to have our first grandson. I now have no fear of death but am still convinced that I will fight for life with all my might.

Postscript:

A few years after my experience with solitary immortality, I read of a solitary car wreck in Northern California where the motorist on drugs, came to in darkness and was convinced that he represented the end of the universe. He headed for the distant light of a farmhouse and was re-assured that he was not alone. My own experience was without benefit of any alcohol or drugs, but the result was similar.

Joan D

I had an allergic reaction to an antibiotic I was taking. I thought it was due to some lotion I had put on, so I got in the shower and tried washing it off. I did take a Benedryl beforehand, not realizing that it would take awhile to work. While in the shower, I started having trouble breathing and was getting a bit dizzy. I then knelt down in the tub, then I sat down facing the water. My 9 year old daughter had come in once before and wanted to get my fiancée'. I told her no I was ok. She then came in while I was sitting down in the tub. She took one look at me and ran to get my fiancée' Tony. Tony came in and very calmly said to my daughter, "Go and get me the phone". My daughter started to panic, and my fiancée' calmed her down and asked her again to get the phone. She ran to get the phone and brought it to him. He immediately called 911. I had to lean forward in order to get air and breathe. I did not know it, but at the time, my lips were blue, I was extremely pale, and my eyes were bulging. I actually did not think I was dying, I was just basically trying to lean forward and concentrate on getting air into my lungs. My fiancée' kept talking to me, trying to keep me conscious and awake. He would say, "Stay with me Joan, stay with me". He repeated what the 911 operator told him to say. He told me to lean back, which was just so that I would not hit my head on the tub. However, when I leaned back, I could not get any air so I leaned forward again. I could barely talk but I managed to get out that I could not breathe when I leaned back. My fiancée' kept saying to me, "Stay with me Joan, the paramedics will be here soon, just stay with me". I knew I was losing consciousness, but I held on until I saw the male paramedic.

Everything went black then. I came to, and I must have been in the ambulance. One of the paramedics was sitting on the side of me, and there was another paramedic behind me. I couldn't move anything. My eyes had popped open, but I could not move them. I had peripheral vision and I could see forward, but I could not move anything. I could hear the paramedic behind me say, "I'm not getting a pressure. The paramedic on the side of me said, "What?!" He then said, "I'm not getting a pulse. Then everything went black. It seemed like I was standing in total darkness. There was something, or someone standing on the side of me a few feet away. I felt nothing bad, I was actually quite happy. It felt like I had no problems anymore, like the weight of the world was lifted off of me. I turned to look on the side of me. I could not see anything, but I knew someone was there. I looked up at what I thought was the sky. I could see all these stars and they were so beautiful. I continued looking at them and reaching out towards them and saying how beautiful they were. The stars were so bright, but I could look at them without being blinded. Then some of the stars started coming towards me. I turned to the presence on the side of me and said how beautiful they were and that I wished they would hurry up and get closer. When I turned back to look at the stars, they were in the forms of crosses. I thought they were the most beautiful things I had ever seen and I was so happy. I really felt as though they were angels coming for me. The next thing I knew, I was coming to and was in the hospital on a respirator.

Maria S

I was at the hospital for delivery at no time I had thought of me being in danger. I am 32 and have two other kids no problems with the deliveries of them two. I had exercised until a week before I was due and worked until that day that I went to the hospital, I even drove to the hospital. I did not know what was going on with me since I fainted. I just remember me being in this bluish/whitish bright light. I was walking and saw my deceased grandmother and aunt. They were standing in front of me as I was walking towards them, there was no tunnel I was in the light, there was no end behind them only light. My grandmother and aunt were both wearing gowns they looked like the color of light I did not see their feet. They gently smiled at me. As I was walking towards them I felt in peace and I was happy to see them no worries nothing. Then two names came to my mind Julian and Paola they are my kids. As I thought about them something dark pulled me away from my aunt and grandmother.

I was sent to the hospital to deliver my baby I was supposed to get induced since I was already due. I went to the hospital they started the medication I started feeling the worst pain ever I remember asking to get the epidural for pain. I started seizing then I fainted, my baby had to be pulled out because he was not breathing. My heart and lungs failed, finally I started bleeding. The doctors could not stop the bleeding. My family was told that they were going to perform surgery but they did not know if I was going to live. After the surgery I got a massive blood transfusion 29 units of blood. I was in ICU for 4 days miraculously I survived and came back to my family. This condition is called Amniotic Fluid Embolism. Supposedly I am the first survivor in El Paso know of.

Phillip G

I had gotten into an argument with someone that I've known for about a year while he was driving, his friend was in the passenger seat, I was behind the driver in the back along with another friend of mine.

Anyways, he pulled the car off the road, got out of the car, opened the back door, put his .45 caliber pistol flush on my chest and shot once. Him and his friend took off running and my friend ended up driving me to the hospital (Presbyterian Hospital) which was only 5 minutes away. I was in and out of consciousness through out my short stay there and then I was transferred to Parkland Hospital and this is where my NDE happened.

I remember them asking who they should contact and I was able to give my girlfriends name and her cell phone to the nurse. I kept asking the doctors in the ER if I was going to die, and all they could tell me is, "we're doing our best". I also remember holding the nurses hand and telling her to pray for me. I've never been more terrified in my life. I then started coughing up blood and the doctors told me to try my best to stop coughing so the clotting process could start, but I couldn't stop.

The next thing I hear is, "we're losing him", from one of the nurses and then the doctors and nurses voices started fading off in the distance and physically I felt no pain or discomfort as I felt myself floating up towards the brightest pure white light that I've ever seen--almost indescribable how bright it was, but it was by no means blinding. If I was to put a time frame on how long this lasted, I'd say several minutes. It was several minutes of complete peace. There was nothing but the light and the next thing I remember is waking up 2 days later in ICU. The doctors told me they lost me (all vitals) a couple times.

Karen D

The day it happened I remember writing a note to my husband's parent's pastor telling him to watch over my husband. I knew the end was near. I remember looking at my husband and seeing the anguish on his face, it hurt my heart. Then I was in what I can only describe as a hallway but it seemed fluorescent white but no lights were in it. I sensed my mother, not like seeing her here but the best way to describe it is like she was all around me and through me, like a mist but more real. A very wonderful feeling of peace, no stress, no worries, no pain, no issues but this enormous peace words fail the experience. It was like we communicated without words, just a knowing, and I knew I had to come back, I did not want to. I felt assured at that time that, and the way that I have said it to any one I tell, it was like we are (visualize a large spot, then superimposed over that spot the same spot) here, but also here! That God IS..... I to this day am ready to go back!!! Now for the real interesting Part! I saw my husband when I came back, the first words I said to him was I had to come back for you. I have to tell you part of his life for you to truly understand this. My husband lost his son to a drunk driver who hit him on a bike and has been terrified of death. Last year my husband was diagnosed with stage IV cancer, he is terminal and has months to live. I believe with all that I am that I had the experience to share it with my husband and others to help them to not be afraid.

Karie

I was driving along highway 290 going about 70mph, when I saw a quick flash of a pick up truck in front of my car. I remember screaming and feeling my car hit the truck, swing around and hit the back of the truck, and land in the ditch on the side of the road. It was during this time I became unconscious. Suddenly I was up high in the sky, looking down and I could see my car and the pick up truck both in the ditch. There were two angels there with me. There was a beautiful bright light surrounding us. The angels were beautiful and I felt a sense of inner peace, that no matter what I do in life, there are beings up above who love us and watch us over us and are waiting for us to come Home. I wanted to go Home then. The angels told me that I still had a purpose to fulfill, lots of people to influence, that I had someone whom I was supposed to marry and have a meaningful life. They said it would be hard, that there were lots of trials, but that I would get through all of them with success. They said the world needed me right now. I was sent back into my car, into my immense pain and anguish. In my NDE I had experienced love and peace and after being sent back into my life I felt pain and anguish and sorrow.

Melvin H

It was a very wet morning and we were going to change out electrical transformers at bldg #445 and replace with new type of transformers. Our work leader instructed us to kill the voltage to the transformers we were going to work on, my tool buddy asked why we couldn't kill all the voltage in the transformer enclosure, and our work leader said no, just work it more carefully. Into the change out about 15 minutes, my tool buddy dropped his wrench, and I told him I would push it out to the other side with my hot stick and at that time I was hit by 7200 volts going thru my middle finger on my right hand and exiting thru both feet into the concrete, burning my foot prints into the concrete. I was slammed into the side of the bldg so hard that the paint of the bldg was impacted into my work jacket. My tool buddy removed my body from out the work area and started giving me CPR, he was raising up and asked the rest of our crew for help, and my work leader told him what's the use he's dead. all of this was going on and I was looking down on him and my body and then I started out on a journey, I went over the top of Bldg #100 which is referred to as the Taj Mahal, and I was able to describe the very elaborate roof tile on the roof. At this time I went back thru my life seeing people I loved very dearly but were already dead. I went back to a time that my grand father was holding me and he died in 1943, at that time I was brought back to life as I was fixing to enter into this very brilliant light are fog that I had been traveling to during my journey. Everybody started saying I was crazy when I would tell them of my experience, this is a very short version of my experience during this time, I would gladly fill anyone in on the rest of my story if they were interested, I was clinically dead for around 5 minutes.

Stephen C

I was accosted, stabbed repeatedly and shot twice in the spine. Made it to the emergency room. Then, as I was signing the "consent" form, I "left"... My first recollection was at the top of the emergency room. I could see myself on the table, several doctors and two policemen. I heard the doctor tell the cop to take my personal belongings to "property", cuz "He won't be here in the morning". Then, (and there was no relative "time" frame...my next vision was above the hospital looking down..

The next "moment", I was in a space of light. No tunnel of light...just a space. I "learned" later that time and space only exist in the 3rd dimension, and once one leaves it; there is none. There was no "here" or "there". There was no definitive source of the light.. The "space" just WAS light. Then...here's where it gets kinda weird.... 3 beings appeared to me. (Now it must be said that up until that time I had no understanding or knowledge of E.T.'s...afterlife stuff..NDE's...any of it.. I was just an out of control, bike riding, drug using "hippie" from the 60's. OK.

Anyway, Now I guess I should explain that after these events, and I awoke 5 days later in ICU... It was another 15 years before I "awoke" and accepted what had happened to me. During that time I thought I was totally insane, because I had a second "voice" in my head - which I will explain later. In 1988, I chose to enter "recovery" and quit drinking and using drugs. Within weeks of accepting "Spirit" into my life, everything, and I do mean everything, changed.

Now, back to the "experience"... Soooooooo, There "I" was, in this "space" of light, with these three "beings" appearing in front of me. We had a "conversation"..and later (*15 years)..when all of this came "clear".. I was given a choice..AS IS ALWAYS DONE...to stay "gone" or to go back. "They" told me that they wanted my "form"...(the physical form holds the cellular memories of all of ones experiences) and "they" wanted to send me back with a "new" spirit. A "healing" and "teaching" one. But that "they" wanted it in a "form" that had the ability to survive until the "time" was "right". I must have agreed.

The next thing I remember was waking up in ICU with tubes and wires everywhere. I should have had a colostomy...and many other surgeries., BUT, since no one expected me to make it..All they did was remove one of the bullets and sew me back up. Well... within 5 days of waking up I was walking around with the bottles on the racks...The doctors couldn't believe it..and with in a few more days I left the hospital.

Well I now had this "new" spirit... but didn't know it consciously..SOOOOOOOO, my "abuse" went really out there...trying to quiet this "new" voice.

Long story short:...Once I accepted Spirit, (1988).. everything changed. I knew intuitively most of the healing arts (Reiki, Acupuncture, Tai Chi, and others) I could see peoples "restrictions".. I had an instant connection to peoples "higher selves" (Spirit) when they got within 3 feet of me. I instantly knew many of the teachings that were published years later.

When I "touch" someone, their Spirit tell me their "truth"...behind their "cover story"... Made me a very good therapist... I also knew of the "other inhabitants" of the universe... Don't "go" there much anymore.. Not the reason "we're" here.

In 1996 I moved to Colorado..The Rocky Mountains..Grounding... I've worked the 8-5 thing; which I'd never done before...I needed to understand "normal"..doubt I ever will. Today I own a real estate appraisal business, and my closest friends know "who" I am, and know they can "ask" when the "need" arises. I've learned balance, peace, empathy, unconditional love and spiritual ethics from my "walk" these past 19 years...

Several "writers" have wanted to do my "life" story...but I've always said..no one would believe it...As for this writing, there is much more than is written here. This will give you a glimpse into ME.

Patrick L

Some time after I went "under" for the surgery--"I" experienced a focused perception of being both just above and out of my body--at first simply a feeling of hovering and watching. My body lay on the surgical table but the "I" I was was not in the body and could not even identify myself as "that" body or even be aware of an identity as "I". This perception remained in focus for what seemed a very long time and then rapidly shifted away from all familiar objects into a zone beyond boundaries. I became aware of figures in a light with me (but not comparable to "light" as we would know it--sun or otherwise) who I've later identified as my future daughter and son in their unborn states as souls, for lack of a better word; there was a sense of communication but not words within the communication. Another figure of light (which I later felt was "Jesus") communicated the following distillation that I was able to formulate fairly soon after my existence in this world resumed. The gist of it was that I could "leave my present level of experience if I wanted to but that there was still things left undone that I had come to the earth to do". I next experienced a kind of "asking" from my future children to return and not let death take me. In brief, the experience was beatific, extraordinarily peaceful, and beyond pain and pleasure of any describable kind.

After coming to consciousness in the recovery room, my wife said I had been in surgery for over four hours and that I looked "ash gray" upon coming out. She said she thought I was dead or was about to die and she was very very frightened.

The next 3 years, culminating in 1979, were extraordinary. I found I could switch "levels" with my mind; that is, I could move from the very specific things of this world to the highly abstract non-specific experience I tried to describe above. Some of these experiences I would term as "revelatory" in contexts that have since informed my written work. There was a "price" for this, however. That price involved a high degree of confusion and uncertainty in terms of my functioning in this world. A profound sense of "meaninglessness" overtook me about the senselessness of the world as it was and remains with me to this day. Sometimes I just wish the whole thing would just get itself over with so I can return to that sense of limitless space and peace I had experienced then. It is not that I have had the desire to commit suicide (the thought has come up) but that I totally realized suicide doesn't solve a thing. From that experience a total Otherness has from time to time dimly and not so dimly occupied my waking and sleeping existence; I am not particularly "religious" and I don't wear any of this on my sleeve nor have I tried to found a new religion because of it. I intensely dislike any discussions about God because I don't feel any human being on this planet knows what God is or is not. It was clearly an Experience that revealed to me that there were levels of Experience beyond this existence that we are just not in touch with. All I can say is that the NDE totally screwed me up but my wife is still with me despite my failures and shortcomings since.

Patricia S

We are having a picnic at the river. My cousin who is two days younger than me, waded out into the water. We were both so young that as we waded towards a tree or twig raising out of the water, we tried to reach it to hold on too. Neither of us were able to swim. I don't know if it was she or me that went under first, but, all of a sudden I could see her fighting to get up. I remember as I watch her kicking working so hard to reach the surface, I seemed to see myself watching from outside my body, and I just seemed to be slowly and gently going deeper. Next, I do not have a vivid recollection of time, but, it seemed that my whole little life circled before me like an old time movie. In such detail, that even to this day I can remember the swirl of my life. The next thing was that the wonderful unexplainable colors surrounding me was about the most beautiful thing or place I had ever seen. Then this being was with me, I don't think I knew if it was Jesus, God, an Angel or whom was with me, but, I do remember the overwhelming love and sense of well being. I think the old joke of the life review, where I was so young that I had to ask for a "rerun" however, even being 6 or 7 I was shown each and every word I had uttered at anyone, each thing I had done to hurt any person by word or deed was and still is embedded in my mind. I also remember this wonderful being not being angry with me, but, I REMEMBER that I felt that I had somehow grieved Him. That seems to be closest human word that I can come up with to describe what I felt, not condemned, but that I had grieved the wonderful. I do not think we have human words to describe the colors or in indescribable feeling of being in His: presence. Then I remember, and this doesn't seem as clear a memory, just that I DID NOT WANT TO LEAVE, as I was yanked out of the water It seemed to happened so fast, coming back. All o a sudden I was on the back of a stranger who swam me back to shore. It must have taken me awhile to realize what had happened, my Granny was so upset, I don't remember telling her anything, I think I couldn't have explained it if I wanted to. Recently, I finally shared what happened with my sister and cousin, the one that had been in the water with me. I asked her if she had experienced anything likewise, she said not at all. But, every detail is still and has always stayed in my mind, and I think always will.

Sherri A

I was walking upstairs from our apartment to go outside. My boyfriend was there and I put my arms around his neck, told him to hold me because I was going to pass out. He thought I was joking, let me go and I fell backwards and slammed my head against the frozen concrete walkway. This is what I experienced

I became conscious that I was in complete darkness and alone. I had zero sense of body but a complete sense of self. I was me (sense of humor, intelligence etc) I was suspended, just there, I perceived a spot of color wayyyyy off in the distance like a small pinprick of color on a jet black blotter. My thought was "oh what is that" the moment I thought it, I moved forward, almost like my curiosity propelled me. I knew I had no body so it was like floating forward, I remember thinking "wow this is cool" and I wanted to see what the color was. The more curious I got the fast I propelled forward, like flying, it felt incredibly freeing. I really liked it and the more I wanted to go faster, the faster I went. As I got closer to the color, I heard faint music and smelt an incredibly intoxicating scent. I focused my mind and I was really ripping through space now and I found myself skimming over this all encompassing landscape of such colorful flowers (colors that I have never seen before and I realized that was a sad thing), the smell of them was so incredible and the music was so loud and sweet. I was in total control but couldn't stop, I kept going faster, the faster I went the more colorful the flowers, the more powerful their smell and the louder and sweeter the music until everything reached such a crescendo I was throw into a stunning moment of light/clarity.

I remember thinking "So that's what it's all about" and I felt like I had thrown my head back (if I would have had a head) and let out such an incredible belly laugh (didn't have a belly either). The truth is incredibly funny and it is a living thing.

The moment that I though "so that's what it's all about" and laughed, I woke up on the ground to see my boyfriend white as a ghost hovering right above my face. He said that I was out for over 10 minutes but he thought I was fooling around because he said that I had the most beautiful smile on my face that he had ever seen.

The lesson that I took away from this event is the following:

1)Do not live in fear. Fear will keep you stuck in a dark space/void.

(If I would not have wanted to see what that speck of light was and if I would have been afraid to go, I would still be suspended in darkness)

2)Never lose your sense of childlike wonder and curiosity, it will take you/lead you where you need to go.

3) Do not lose your sense of humor, I believe that the truth is funny and we need to lighten up a little.

R.L.S

I fell, suffering a spinal injury which was reactionary. After five minutes from the time of the fall my motor functions ceased, my heart stopped and I stopped breathing. I was in the Mexican jungle at festival called Cumbre Tajin in which many schools of healing medicine are practiced both ancient and modern. My Uncle, who is a doctor in the US was beside me at the time of the fall and witnessed and documented the event along with several other doctors and non-traditional healers. CPR was maintained for approx 20 minutes, during which periodic in-field coma and nerve tests were performed. I was pronounced dead those there and by a Mexican paramedic but an argument ensued between the those working on me and the governmental personnel who were trying to remove me by helicopter. During this time I saw mental images of landscapes and things I had recently observed in my travels there, I then only perceived what you have referred here to as 'void', this felt to me about 2 minutes but was around 25 minutes of total unconsciousness as I was told. I began to come to as the people performed several procedures on me; they were using many techniques unfamiliar to Western medicine. The first thing I remember as I came to was liquor being spewed into my face repeatedly. That seemed to be the reviving impetus. I regained my hearing first but could not speak, I remember hearing arguing over me being flown out of the jungle. I then recall hearing that I had a heartbeat and then I was asked my name for several moments until I could speak. My motor functions did not come back completely for almost an hour. I suffered residual after effects from this event for approx 2 months.

Jonathan R

Going into the operating room I had an unusual amount of peace. I was joking with the staff and doctors. I had no fear at all. I remember counting backwards from 10, but don't remember what number I got to. It was several days later that I began to remember what happened during the operation. And only a few days ago I first shared it with my wife in fear of being considered a nut.

I remember standing about 10 feet up and 10 feet to the side of my body on the table. A person was standing next to me, but I didn't look at him/her. I had no fear, or questions to ask, I just observed.

Around the table were at least a dozen nurses and doctors. But what was so emotional was the presence of white people that I can only describe as angels. Each angel was guiding the hands of the staff they were standing next to.

I heard no noise, no voices, no music. It was peacefully quiet.

I don't remember details to specific, such as what tools were used, or the exact position of my body, but only because I was focused so much on the angels guiding the staff in everything they did, from walking, to the use of the tools within my chest cavity.

Even after the operation, I still had an unusual peace and no fear. The doctor said it was the best operation he had ever gone through, there were no problems at all, and he was impressed at my rate of recovery.

I was released from the hospital only 14 days after having my chest opened, deflated lungs, and patched esophagus.

Vallia Y

I was talking to my sister in Montana & we were talking about the anthrax letters that had just been sent in the states. All of a sudden my whole body started getting rushes under the skin & then erupting thru the skin (like bee stings), hundred's going on at the same time. When they felt like they came thru the skin ,it would explode & become terribly itchy. I hung up the phone walked to the wall unit in my family Room 4 feet. Took an antihistamine, felt horribly hot & nauseas. I peeled off my sweater & went to the bath. cause I felt like I was going to throw up. The next thing I remember is lying on the tiles in the hall by the bath & thinking how nice & cold they were. My son came down the stairs with his friend & sees me lying on the fl. he calls Mom, Mom, but I can't answer or move (luckily I had a sports bra on as I had taken off my sweater) He called my other son who came up They said: "She doesn't look very good, she's all red & blotchy, meanwhile I'm lying there thinking no kidding, I can't move, say a word-So they decide to pick me up &take me to the hospital. 5 min. away. I heard the Dr. screaming I had no blood pressure- I still can't move ,blink an eye but I was aware of everything-saw everything even though my eyes were closed. I left the hospital AND WAS FLOATING IN THIS BLACK VOID :NO LIGHTS, SOUND OR PEOPLE. I WASN'T SCARED. I had an inner peace I've never felt before or since I came back , NO PAIN & I had pain when I came out of the coma. I had a bowel movement, when I don't know, I never felt a thing it took about 2 hours to come around out of the coma. When I was in this place I always thought I would be a fighter & do anything to live, but I didn't worry about my family, I saw their lives & just knew they're were going to be ups & downs but that was ok, it was their life & they were meant to go thru it-their destiny ..I never wanted to leave this place, afterwards I look back & think why no lights (this is the scariest, cause I've never heard of a "NDE" which is in a void & black.). My husband got to the hospital about 2 hrs. later he's talking to me & I'm thinking go away ,cause he was calling me back & I didn't want to leave this peace. We have been married for 25 yrs. & the 1st thing I could say to him was go home, go home, cause I felt if he left I could stay there longer. Can you imagine if I had died that was my last words to him. "Go home!" Any way when I came back I was in horrible pain, I had fallen against the stair banister & hit my eye which became a huge black eye

my breast hit the dn. banister & I feel on both my knees & they were in pain for 6 months.

James T

I was in the hospital with my mother....I was suffering from asthma attack and rushed to emergency. As I lay on the bed ,my breathing was becoming more difficult. As I observe my mother talking to the doctor, I became very sleepy. About 15 seconds before I, what I thought was falling asleep, I suddenly did not have difficulty breathing....The suffering ceased. I then found myself walking through what look like a long tunnel and at the end of this tunnel was a large white ,bright sun glowing. The funny thing about this light is that it did not hurt my eyes or cause any sensitivity to my eyes. I did not feel a sense of fear or extreme happiness...there was no emotion. As I walk toward the light, I remember calling for my mother..." Mom"...I then stopped and a voice behind me said "Walk toward the light". I did not recognize the voice ,but it was calm. I started to walk again and just as I thought in my mind to turn around to see who this voice was, the voice said "Don't turn around...walk toward the light. Everything will be alright". I continued to walk toward the light. I asked the voice where was my mother? The voice said "Everything will be alright...Walk to the light. I then woke up with the doctors performing chest compressions on me. Upon awakening I experience a jerking body motion. My mother was crying and the doctor said "He's back"...The doctor said to me "son, we almost lost you". I was not having the difficulty breathing, but the doctor gave me a shot. My mother through tears began to hug me and I ask her where was she, she said 'I was here"...This what I remember of that EXPERIENCE.

Flora S

I was on medical leave from work and just had my 3rd knee surgery because of an infection and because I was out of work for a long period of time I had lost my job and was on medication for depression that I stopped taking because I ran out and 14 days later I decided that life was not worth living and decided to swallow 470 blood pressure pills. I received by mail order and you had to order 3 months ahead so I took Hyzarr clonidine and toprol and ended up in the ER and I had only told them about the Toprol so they started an IV and called poison control and they were told to give me depacoat and monitor me I don't remember anything that evening. I then was taken to CCU where I was in kidney and liver failure and they told my love ones that I may not make it through the night. I stopped breathing and coded and they were trying to tube me and I aspirated and now had fluid in my lungs and as time went on I had a fever of 104. I don't remember anything except a man standing next to my bed leaning against the wall with his arms folded and he showed no emotion just stared at me I now know he was sent to watch over me.

Then the next thing I know was I was standing by a gate with other spirits and looking at my hands and arms realizing I too was in spirit form. We did not speak to one another we just waited and it was so bright and blinding but it did not hurt my eyes I knew if I went through the gate everything would be final and there would be no turning back. I then heard a voice of a female in my head telling I must return that it was not my time. I then woke up on life support and the doctors telling me to take a deep breath so they could remove the tube. I couldn't take a deep enough breath and was struggling to pull the tube out, so they placed me in a drug induced coma and restrained my arms I was like that for 2 days.

I then was taken out of the coma and they were able to remove the breathing tube, there was a male nurse sitting next to me and he asked me if I could speak I whispered yes and he then asked me what I remembered. I told him I was aware that I was dead and told him everything that had happened, he told me I was dead and they couldn't get the tube down my airway I suffer from sleep apnea so it was a struggle and then I coded. Every doctor that came in and saw me in intensive care said I should have died and they didn't understand how I made it. After 14 days of intensive care I was able to go home. I can only say when I was dead the feeling was wonderful and unexplainable and the love I felt was unconditional I walked away without any brain damage or any ill effects. As strange as this may sound it was the best thing that could of happen to me.

Dan W

After receiving the injection, within a few seconds two things happened. The first was that my sight was completely obliterated and instead, I was rushing down - at very high speed - what can only be described as a tunnel of red blood cells. Red corpuscles. I was moving very fast although I had no sensation of propulsion. Also I heard a very loud and distinct buzzing in my ears - it was like a huge wasp or laser beam buzzing from ear to ear. It was never in both ears at the same time. Shortly after that I was in fact aware that my body was dying. I was in neural shutdown and my body was fighting to stay alive. My heart beat went up to over 200bpm and I was paralyzed from the hips down.

The doctor's face was torn in half with one eye on the ceiling and one eye on the wall. I was conscious of the fact that this was death and that awareness, not the actual act of dying, scared me. However, amidst the confusion and chaos, there was very serene part of me. It was surveying the event, not quite out of body but definitely as a separate source of consciousness. It was doing so almost in a vacuum where there was no sound, no chaos, no fear - just observance. Like watching a storm on TV with the sound turned down. This part of me was very calm. However, the other part of me was still in the midst of the fury and very strong was a sense of fire: not burning, searing, hurtful fire, but the fire of life. The fire of what I describe as my spirit. It was truly alive, as if almost literally roaring into life, although my body was doing the opposite. Also, above me was a strange window. It was made of brittle frosted glass I couldn't see what was on the other side, but it was bright and white) and I knew that all I had to do was agree, and I would be lifted up and would smash through the glass to the other side. I knew that in doing so I could not come back. But very strongly and very clearly I knew that it was my choice. I could stay or I could go. There was no pressure, no lobbying: it was simply what I wanted to do. The part of me that was calmly observing things saw my mother in the corner of the room (she had driven me to the doctor due to an infection in my leg) and I knew that leaving her would break her for good.

It was then, very calmly, that I decided to stay. There were no words spoken with anyone, just a decision that was received and accepted by whatever was in overall control. With that I yelled out "God, please save me" and instantaneously the event ceased. I came to with the nurse standing above me with a huge needle ready to inject my heart, which was just about to stop. End of experience.

Mark D

I drew the baddest bucking bull on earth at the time in the bull riding event winter rodeo indoors he roared out of the chute with a really high jump when he hit the ground the force threw me forward as he was coming up for jump 2 knocking me with a blow to my chest he then began to spin on the 3rd spin I was beginning to fly towards his outside and hit the chute gate with my head . my dad said I went straight down the gate like jumping out of a moving truck into a brick wall . next thing I know I'm up on the ceiling at least 40 or 50 feet looking down I watched my equipment being taken off of me and worried that it was all going different directions I watched the ambulance back into the arena and watched them put me in the ambulance . as I was up there looking down there was tremendous light behind me I knew I was up there with the lights but this I knew was brighter than lights and something told me not to look back into the light so I didn't . I woke up 3 hours later in the hospital.. rode the next night in a different event . I don't know what my signs were but I know it was never death because I was not in my body and my arms and legs were out and I was just floating and seen everything going on below

Jill F

I was informed that I had the choice to die or continue living. I was also told that there would be no turning back upon my decision.

Afraid at first, I was hesitant to leave my body. A spirit guide told me to breath deeply. A sweet perfume scent filled the air, which made it easier to relax and let go. We went through a powder blue - white light. I was shown a glimpse of my future.

I continued on to a library of sorts. (I've since been to this library three times). There were small groups of people or spirits (?) in individual rooms called "pods". In these rooms the spirits or people, were planning their next life or reincarnation. I continued on with a (person, spirit, being ?) who was dressed in a monk gown. We went into the library where he proceeded to show me where the volumes of books were located that contained information on my various lives. He started to open a huge book called "The Book of Knowledge", when a higher up in the chain of beings came forth. He informed the individual with whom I was with, that I knew too much. And that he was to stop, and not open this book. The monk said that he wanted to show me where I came from, as well as three other members of my family. The picture was of a galaxy. And, he did point out were we came from. All different locations in fact. The elder monk told him to stop at once.

I've since returned to the library, and the grounds around it. In fact, I did not want to return back into my body on my last visit. I've never known such a wonderful and loving feeling. Nothing like here on earth. I so look forward to returning.

Melinda R

I saw the hospital room that I was in (ER department). I did not want to come back, but eventually understood that I had to. not sure how I knew that, but later after I recuperated I remember knowing that I would never be afraid of dying. I also, at 18, was very sure I had to do something for other people with my life. I tried to convince my parents that I HAD to join the peace corps, something I would have never wanted to do before this happened.

It totally changed my life. My mother died 2 years ago. I was with her when the doctor told her she had a month to live, and was able to tell her that I was SURE she would be okay.

Juanita M

I was shown my newborn baby boy-felt love for him- then I blacked out - I could hear the doctors and nurses talking in echoes - and I felt very cold! The echoes stopped and a terrible very unpleasant shrill but rushing noise filled my ears. The noise frightened me, it was unbearable, and I wanted it to stop - I could not determine what was happening to me. I was "in a dark place" and then became aware that I was in a tunnel lined with multi-fine concentric circles (gray colored) and that my body was moving rapidly down the tunnel feet first (I was aware of my feet (I was barefoot) but they were not solid - more of a filmy nature. My eyes focused on the beautiful golden light at the end of the tunnel where I was headed!

Before I came to the light (I never entered the light!) what I presumed to be an "angel" appeared at my side. By this time the terrible noise in my ears had stopped! "He" had no wings but had shoulder length light brown hair and a plain white gown. I had never seen this being before in my life. I recall now seeing him at my side from waist up only. I do not recall if he "glowed". As I picture him in my mind now, he didn't. We communicated by telepathy only - not in words. I did not ask the angel who he was - I just surrendered to the "experience" whatever would happen next. The "angel" being showed me a rapid movie of my life me as a little kid playing, then school, adult. Nothing remarkable, no scolding for "sins" I surely had done, or any lessons mentioned I needed to learn -only a very quick look. This quick look at my life didn't seem important, and later as I recalled the whole experience I wondered WHY I was even shown this movie! What was the point? Then the angel asked me, "Would you like to go back or continue to the Light? (I interpreted his words "the Light" as being Heaven and God). You can go there if you choose to!". After he said that I thought about my "difficult" (alcoholic) husband, my 2-1/2 year old firstborn son, Tommy, and the wonderful little baby boy I had just given birth to. There was no hesitation - I told the angel "I want to go back. My husband needs me and I feel so much love for my two little boys who need me as their mother".

Immediately, I was aware of being back in the world, waking up full of energy and a most wonderful inexpressible feeling of joy. I remember trying to raise myself up off the bed - full of energy as I told the nurse (who was smiling and pushing me back down)"I feel so good!" The nurse replied, "You feel so good because we are putting blood back into you. Look at your arm" and then I saw that I was receiving a transfusion. "We almost lost you" she said, and doctor verified that they had endeavored to resuscitate me and were successful as I was "gone" for a few minutes. The wonderful feeling soon left but not the experience of being "somewhere near the next world". This was not a dream, a "real" experience!

Rob D

I had massive heart attack on side of highway. The nurse stopped after 5 minutes, did CPR until ambulance arrived 15-20 minutes after event. I was shocked 7-8 times all told roadside, ambulance, Emergency Room, operating room before I stabilized. have been told that survival under these conditions is impossible. I have had short term memory problems and problems focusing but brain has been re-circuiting itself, much improved. I have no memory from the time I opened the door on my truck until 6 days later, but remember being on the other side clearly. This experience is described below

Dead friends told me what had happened. All communication was telepathic. I asked where my dead stepson was. I was told he had gone back. I asked why they had not? I was told that time and space do not exist here. 1 second, 1 year, 1000 years, all the same. I was told we all go back many times, until we have learned what is needed to ascend to a higher state of being. We are all a part of a greater being, he experiences what we experience. All things, the grass air, trees, everything has a living force and is of as much importance to the creator as are we. The planet we live on is alive, and should be as revered as human life. They told me they were unsure if my body could be revived. If it was, I should be willing to speak with those who would listen about what I had been told. I was told that I would experience things that would give me opportunity to review how I had lived. I was told that all is forgiven, all spirit is eternal, all can be redeemed

Christine R

An old man driving a camper turned left in front of us; we were doing 55 mph at the time of impact. I broke the rear view mirror with my head and flew through the windshield. I remember waking up to my friend screaming that she killed me (she was driving). I don't remember how I got into the ambulance, but once in I fell into a deep sleep, no pain. Suddenly, I was out of my body looking down at the EMT trying to get my pulse and saying "we're losing her" over and over again, and my friend screaming, "she's dead, don't die Chris."

I could see every detail of the ambulance, my body position, my friend's posture, the EMT's movements and instruments he was using to try to get my pulse back, even the color of the blanket that was wrapped around me. And even though I could see myself, I knew it wasn't me. I had no feeling of panic or fear, just a passing interest of what was occurring.

Within seconds of observing my lifeless body, I found myself traveling through a tunnel of sorts at lightening speed, sort of like the Star Wars movie "time warp." It was as though all energy of the universe was passing by me, and soon there were specks of bright white light converging into a glaring white light. It felt like a rocket-propelled orgasm. This feeling was like no other I had experienced and like no other I have experienced since then- it was as if providence was holding me. Then, I heard the voice of God in my head, and all at once he asked me, have loved enough? have you learned enough? and have you experienced enough? I suddenly realized that I had not done the things he had asked of me, and I screamed "No" I need to do more time. And just like that, boom! I was back in my body moaning from the pain.

George R

I was involved in a major auto accident at a much younger age. I went head-on into a palm tree. going about 50 to 60 mph(sole person in the accident; fell asleep at the wheel).

As I laid in emergency at the Riverside County Hosp.. Being treated and getting stabilized. While I lied on an operating table I first experienced a sense of flying (or being weightless) Going nowhere in particular. In and out of what seemed to be unconsciousness. Than I actually sailed above my bed, enabling me to see down on myself on the operating bed and actually seeing the tops of everyone else's heads. Doctors, nurses, family members... What seemed to be about 15 to 20 feet high above everyone. And simultaneously, having a clear sense and mind of what was happening. Entered a real feeling of unbelievable calmness and sereneness, and peace. I was faced with the choice of going beyond (death). Or coming back and surviving the trauma and near death. I believe I chose not to go, or the choice was made for me, I'm not too sure of that part. Saw a bright light appear ahead of me, but never reached.

The best way I could explain it would be in a capsule of some sort, with no air (maybe vacuum sealed) and sailing at a real calm and weightless speed. And having a number of thoughts (about family, myself and so on-real spiritual sense) And a feeling of such peace and tranquility. It never gave me a feeling of fear whatsoever. Once the choice of surviving was done I never had anything even close to that type of experience whatsoever. And one I could never forget!

Rusty S

I was in a black space on a black nothing it was kind of like a path because it was lined with small lights close to ankle height that outlined a "path". As I proceeded down this "path" (not really walking but just kind of skipping from light to light) I would look into the small lights and see significant happenings in my life. I saw my birth, a few other things that are vague to me then I saw my enlistment into the army, my marriage and the birth of each of my daughters. I was not present at the birth of my first daughter because of military issues, but I saw it starting from a position to the right hand side of my wife about the waist area, elevated approximately 7-8 ft. The feelings that I had while proceeding down this path is one of accomplishment.

Each light was like a level or stage in my life that I had completed or conquered. Many of the lights were small events that I cannot decipher if I recall them from this memory or from my cognitive memory. I reached the "end of the path" and in front of me was a large light entrance? It was a light that wasn't really giving off light this is where I have a hard time putting words to my memory the accurately describe what I was seeing or felt. I stepped into the light with no hesitation when I got to it. I was instantly surrounded by the same light. at this time I felt nothing physically. Actually now that I am writing this I didn't have any physical feelings during the whole thing, everything was emotional thought related. I wasn't floating or standing or lying I was just "there" surrounded by this light. At this time I had a overwhelming feeling of completion like I had accomplished some great feat or game. I was feeling/thinking "you did it. you won. you beat the game.

Then I remembered my daughters birth that I saw for the first time just moments ago. I felt the joy, sense of accomplishment and realization of a task unfinished and experiences that were still available to me. I had the feeling that I don't want it to be over I don't want this to be the end I want to experience more. Then it was all gone, the light the path everything I "woke up" three days later. I say "woke up" because I was awake off and on but I was being given Versaid. And every time I went to sleep and woke up I would have forgotten everything that had happened to me each time. From the time I was intubated at work shortly after the accident, to the time I was taken off Versed three days later the only thing I was able to remember was the path and light.

Rhonda J

I awoke around 5am after falling asleep in my lounge chair the night before (very unusual); I got up and let my dog out. I became very aware that something was very wrong although I was feeling no pain. As I headed for the bathroom I picked up my phone and carried it in with me (something that I never do). Almost immediately after entering the bathroom, I knew that I was going to lose consciousness and with only great effort was I able to dial 911. Within 2 to 3 minutes a policeman was in the bathroom with me, followed by firemen and paramedics. At that point they started trying to get my vital signs which they reported as being unable to obtain either a blood pressure or a heart rate. I was still in my body and drifting in and out of consciousness and did not consider myself dead.

They moved me from my bathroom onto a stretcher and into the ambulance for the 20 minute trip to the hospital. As they loaded me into the ambulance I asked for ice water and was told they had none, so then I asked for water and again they told me that they had none. I told them that if I could not have water I was going to die and I proceeded to die. My initial response was of blackness and then I re-emerged and the ambulance was filled with bright light, light so bright that it should have hurt your eyes but instead I could see very clearly. The paramedics were working furiously on my body and one of them was yelling "Randy stay with us, Randy" and I thought it was funny that he thought my name was Randy when my name is Rhonda but I also thought it was perfectly okay for him to call me anything he wanted.

They were working so hard yet I was at total peace and without pain, floating, safe, comfortable, joyous. The sensation that I was feeling at that time goes beyond words. Then I became aware of a voice that told me that it was not my time, that I had things to do which were not completed, but that I would have the choice of dying or returning to my life. At that point it was as if my abilities to experience time were accelerated and together with this voice which I did not recognize nor could I even say it was man, woman, human or god, was with me as we reviewed my life. Then together we began to look at the things left undone. I was able to see that others who depended on me would be okay. In the background I could hear and see the paramedics working on my body. They were working so hard and not getting any results - they were screaming that they could not get a heart rate or a blood pressure and that I had not responded to the medications that they had put into my body. I felt badly that they were so upset when I was in such a wonderful state of being which I did not think that I wanted to leave. And then they hit me with the paddles again and I moved back into the world of the living with all its pain. But I wanted so to return to the serenity of the other place...

I was moved from the ambulance to the ER and then directly into surgery. I was aware of the conversations going on around me (i.e. doctor yelling at technician because my knee was elevated). At some point in the surgery, the doctor told them to administer more morphine and then I went into a state of unconsciousness and awoke in the CCU with my surgeon sitting at my bedside. He said "you don't know me..." and I interrupted him and said "yes, I do" and proceeded to tell him who he was and what had happened. He was obviously stunned that I could tell him about the ER and surgery when he thought it would not be possible.

Diane S

When I woke up in the morgue, I was naked and paralyzed. The only available light came from the opaque glass window in a door. Two people stood in the doorway, a nurse holding the clothes I had had on and my brother in law. He said "do dead people cry". The nurse looked at me and said "oh, my God". I passed out. I came to again and was being wheeled down a corridor with signs above me saying intensive care. I passed out again.

Then I became aware that I was semi-alert. Not awake but aware of something happening to me. I felt like I was a smoky being inside my body. This smoky being was curling up. First I curled up inside my feet, then legs, then arms, then body. All very, very slowly. When all the smoky being was inside my head I suddenly felt a big pop and I was outside my body. I could look down on my body from above. I wondered if I could go through the wall. I did. Outside of the room was a long corridor.

My mother, sister and brother-in-law were there. My sister said I wonder if we should stay. My brother-in-law said I will do whatever you guys want. My mother said well you know I don't like hospitals. I felt annoyed with them. I decided to go up the corridor to see what was there. Around the corner was a seating area. I got nervous about being away from my body. I decided to retrace my path. Back in the room I was amazed to discover the body was talking to two police officers. Describing an accident but not in any way the one that I had been in. I decided to go back into my body. I saw that there was a bright light outside the window. Outside the window was a parking lot. I had seen it when I left the room. Now I could not see any parking lot, just the bright light. I thought to myself, I am not ready to go. Immediately I was inside my head and the smoky being was unraveling slowly. I felt that someone else was in the body. I felt that someone had a name "Cathy". I thought Cathy you do not have to go. You can stay too. I felt that person was frightened. I did not talk to the police. Cathy stopped talking. I passed out again. I spent weeks in the hospital.

Pat P

My first NDE (accidentally, I have had a couple) occurred when I was a child of seven. I did not go through a tunnel. I was vaulted into the sky. I had been ill most of my childhood with strep throat and tonsillitis. That was back in the 1950's when doctors were using large injections of penicillin. As a result of receiving far too many shots, my body developed a resistance and finally went into anaphylactic shock. My temperature went off the scale of the thermometer. Over 108 degrees.

When that happened, "I" went up into the sky. I had been feeling quite awful, lying on the couch at home when suddenly I found myself in the sky. I didn't question the fact that I was there. I just enjoyed it with the delight of any child. I found I could make any kind of movement I pleased and had no restrictions. I still had a sense of a body, but I could freely twist and turn any direction I choose. I was doing barrel rolls and big swoop turns, sky dancing. I came to a place of opalescent color all over the clouds. It was wonderfully pretty. Gold, lemon yellow, rose, orange, lime green, sparkling like pearlescence. Then a being came up to me and I must confess, in retrospect, that it looked exactly like the image of the father god I had been taught in school, but at the time I didn't think it was God nor know who it was. That's just what he looked like. He came up to me and in a kind of mind to mind transference of thought he rather shouted into my mind, "WHAT are you doing HERE NOW!?"

I stopped like I had been collared by the principal at school and wondered how this man knew who I was because I had never seen him before in my life. He was waiting for an answer so, in pure child fashion I replied, "I don't know." And, I didn't. I had no idea how I had gotten there. I hadn't even thought about it. I was just having fun. Then he got real concerned and said, "You're not supposed to be here yet. You better go back down right now." Fortunately for me I was a well behaved child and it didn't occur to me to do otherwise and the next thing I knew I was opening my eyes to see, of all things, the face of the family doctor pulling away from with his hands flailing and an expression of pure shock as if he were scared out of his wits. (Maybe I should try to paint that some day) He must have thought I was dead and was trying to figure out what to say to my mother when I opened my eyes and looked at him. He was really, honestly, scared.

I haven't told the experience to very many people (until now). It seemed too personal and not exactly the kind of thing one would relate in casual conversation. Usually I mention it to people who are fearful of death or who have lost a loved one. I tell them about it because I really do believe there is a place we go to. It sure felt like it to me. And, the thing that really makes me think the materialist analytics are wrong when they say that these experiences are only physical and have no other basis is that the person I met was a complete stranger to me and I was really stunned that he knew who I was. I didn't think it was god. But, in my memory I have to admit that he looked like the image people make of the old father god. The thing is, however, in the midst of the experience I didn't put that together. I just wondered how the heck he knew who I was and I wondered who in the world he was because I had never met him before. Anyway, that was when I was a child.

Later in life, I must admit to being quite stupid. "Out of your cotton pickin' mind!" one acquaintance has said regarding a second accidental near death experience.

I have a friend who is a doctor and back in the early '80's he was into this idea of "exercising the autonomic nervous system". I won't tell you what we did because I don't want to give any kids stupid ideas of things to try that are potentially fatal. The end result of my particular foolhardy exercise was to go into hypothermia. Convulsions, the works. It was pretty darn awful. At the start of it, when my body began shaking uncontrollably, I felt a serious sense of nausea overwhelming me and the thought went through my mind, "Oh, this doesn't feel very good at all." The next instant I was face to face with infinity. A huge ball of light, out of which came god zillion number of the finest red filaments, like laser lights shooting out to every single atom in the universe, and, what's more from every single atom to every single other atom all interconnected entirely to each other and back again to the source. My poor brain could hardly fathom it. It was huge. It was immense. It was beyond belief. To look at it felt like 10,000 lightening bolts were exploding all at once in my brain. It hurt. I screamed, "STOP! You're breaking my mind to pieces!" The image softened and then turned into something I could look at. (A few years later I saw something that looked like it in China Town. It was called the Chinese God of Destruction. It very nearly destroyed me!)

Then everything went black and I could feel myself lying on the ground. The horrible shaking had stopped but I had a sickening sense that all the energy that was "me", all of my "life force" or what ever you might call it was draining out through my stomach. I thought, "I'm dying." I didn't want to die there. It was stupid. I was stupid. People would get into trouble because of it. I had things to do. I pulled back on the energy. I sucked back with all of my will power and pulled it all back into myself and held on to it. Then I realized that I had to stay awake. That I couldn't pass out or go to sleep because then the energy might slip out again and "I" wouldn't be there to pull it back in again. Oh, let me tell you, for 10 hours I kept myself awake until all the symptoms subsided. Excruciating head ache. Terrible nausea. A feeling of nearly passing out at any moment. Holding on by my fingernails, so to speak. There were no doctors where I was. There was no one to look after me. I had to simply stay conscious. And, I did. Finally, the symptoms began to wear off. I began to feel semi normal. I think "solid" would be a good word for it, and, I decided that I could safely go to sleep.

I wrote to my friend and described what had happened; that I had felt like I was dying. He wrote back that what I described was classic hypothermia and it is usually fatal. He said, regarding my sense of dying, "You probably were."

From these two near death experiences I have learned a couple of things. From the first, in good child form, I got the impression that there were lessons I needed to learn and that if I learned them quickly, I could play the rest of my life. It seemed that there was a certain amount of time allotted to this lesson learning and if I was astute, I could get through it and then play. (I do not believe I have been very good at the lessons. However, quite a few folks have said that it looks a lot like I'm playing all the time these days. Who knows, maybe I am?)

From the second experience I got the impression that we are baby beings in the universe. That our bodies are sheaths for our consciousness. They protect us from perceiving "All That Is". We have five senses and they are dampers on our perceptions. Giving us only the amount of information that we are able to assimilate and react to. I am very grateful for that.

As a result, I paint clouds. And other things too. I have just begun a series of landscape paintings and am working to capture an essential "Light". It's an intellectual/emotional thing; paths (on

the path) bathed in sunlight. Intense sunlight. On the Path Toward the Light, Archangels, thresholds and doorways.

"Elevation"



©Copyright Orit Martin all rights reserved worldwide

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/-תיר-צירת-טיר-אורית-מרטין-1430061693883873martin/>

NDEs - Second Half of 2007 - part 2

Evan K's NDE

First thing I experienced was a large flash of light (figured it was impact of guard rail), then darkness (unconsciousness). About 1/2 hr later walking around dazed then entered a seizure type fit. I saw myself on ER table but couldn't feel or hear anything, then everything turned into a great void of light with a sense that I cannot explain. Have never yet felt that feeling. When finally woke up over 4 Hrs. had past and was being told that during that time I didn't know where I was, who I was or what the date was. Shortly after I discovered bumps or scars on the palms of my hands which look like round half pea size dots, one is outwards and the other inwards. If I scrape them off they come back the next day.

Steven C NDE

I had my brothers fishing net in my right hand & I was trying to catch a dragonfly & I kept reaching over the water & I fell in. I was in a different world looking up at the surface. I had no idea I was in danger & I started breathing in the water; it felt good in my lungs & on the 5th or 6th breath of water I was dead.

I was in this void of darkness & without hope, & I spoke.

I said "where am I", I could hear the words.

A great love came down & saved me & lifted me up; I was going to perish;

I was in deep, deep trouble. All I had to do was except it, in your wildest imagine you cannot believe how good JESUS is. He spoke and said to my ears

"Do you believe I created the universe?" & I said "yes".

I was taken above the water & ground & I had the mind of CHRIST; I was in the family of the FATHER. His mind guided me to look at my corpse & we watched as my older brother breathed air in the strange dead flesh & it was so weird, I've never forgotten that sight, I can't get it out my thoughts.

I trembled and screamed suddenly realizing I was created by the very words that proceeded out of the mouth of GOD, & JESUS spoke, he said "GO BACK"; & on way GOD said "BLACK PEOPLE HAVE BEEN WRONGED".

I rose from the dead & I could feel millions & millions of eyes watching me. I never heard GOD again.

I've always found it fun to speak & think to JESUS about the thoughts of others; it seems I'm the only free person on the face of this EARTH.

It seems so strange people think about the black death plague & then watch a person die in a race car.

I call it "GORY GLORY".

Orson H NDE

Asthma attack with closure of the breathing passages which occurred just as the ambulance I was in arrived at the hospital. I remember the ambulance attendant slapping my face and saying "Come on boy! You're going to make it" Then everything went black.

In the urgency department I still heard a nurse saying "Ha mais um batimento para suportar a vida" = "There's still one more beat supporting life. Here comes the spooky bit...I was in a fast-moving stream just approaching some rocks at the edge of the falls I was about to go over. I could see the vegetation on the opposite bank in vivid autumnal colors. The water was warm and I was very comfortable and not a bit scared. Then it ceased before I was about to go over the edge.

I still feel a slight feeling of disappointment that I did not "shoot the falls"!

Cindy M

I was riding behind a boat on an inflatable tube. This other girl and I fell off. I remember being underwater and my head hurting and was afraid I had hit my head on the other girls hip. My head hurt so bad I new I didn't want to pass out cause I was under water but all I could think about was the pain in my head. The next thing I remembered was seeing a crane and thinking someone had drowned and they were pulling them out of the water. When I was closer I saw a beautiful bright light. I looked into the water an could see the body and recognized it was me. I thought I couldn't of drown cause here was, I looked toward the light and saw a angel an she said it was time to go back. I didn't want too, I felt like I dropped down into my body. I thought the image was close to the top but I had to swim up a long ways.

Cynthi K

In 1973, at the age of 20, I was in a serious automobile accident. I had been in a tavern, drinking with friends which had become a regular habit of mine on the weekends during that time of my life. A good friend of mine had insisted on giving me a ride home, but for some reason, I made a life changing decision to take a ride home with an acquaintance, Dennis, that I had known through other close friends of mine.

These are the things I knew about Dennis:

He had attended the same schools that I had for as long as I can remember.

He was a kind, quiet young man.

He loved his muscle car.

He loved his girlfriend with whom he had recently broken up.

From the moment I got into the car with Dennis, he began talking about the girl that he loved so desperately. I was sensitive to his situation because I had recently broken off a bad relationship that I was still emotionally connected to. I remember that during those few minutes before the collision, I felt so very sorry for Dennis as he began to cry.

We approached and then passed through the intersection where we were supposed to have turned. As the engine revved and then screamed, I remember thinking how depressed he must be.

My next realization was of being in a void - traveling through space - being pushed and pulled at the same time. I was traveling at such an enormous rate of speed that I could feel friction on my body. This wasn't the body that I was used to. But it was a body of some sort - an element? - or an energy maybe?

The speed was increasing continuously. I don't know how long I traveled because time was no longer relevant. I was aware that I was being directed toward something important. The light was in the distance.

Before I could reach the light, I came to a plateau. On this plateau there were people of light, transparent, in long flowing robes or maybe they were not robes but part of their "bodies".

I knew that these beings were my ancestors, people that I had NOT known in my lifetime but that were connected to me nonetheless. They were all smiling and happy to see me as though they had been waiting for me. They were glad that I was there so that they could tell me the secret that they all knew.

One of them came forward to greet me. She told me that she had something to tell me. I don't remember her speaking actual words, more with thought. I DO remember her speaking one word though. It was a simple one syllable, two letter word like "ib" or "er" - a word that I had never heard before. I remember wondering how there could be such a word - so simple, yet undiscovered by man - only two letters.

At the very moment she said this word, I knew the reason for everything. It was as if I was connected with all of the other beings - the ones I saw there on the plateau - the ones that I did not see but were somewhere in the distance in the place that I had not yet traveled, near the light - and the ones that I had left behind on earth. Everyone. Everything.

I looked back over my shoulder away from the plateau and I could see it all. I realized the reason for everything. I had all knowledge. I turned back to look at my greeter and she was still smiling at me. I saw everyone standing behind her and felt a sense of wonder and awe that can't be described. They were all smiling and nodding. They were happy that I understood. I felt an excitement, happiness and love that can't be expressed on this earth.

I knew that I had to return to my life. I had no choice. There was no question about it. I could see what had to be done.

When I became aware that I was in the hospital, my body hurt with such a pain that it was almost unbearable. I was later told that while I was in the emergency room, they thought they had lost me more than once. Even after I was conscious during my two week stay in the ICU my friends and family thought that I might not pull through. But from the moment I was aware, I knew that I would live.

I spent two months in the hospital and had many ups and downs. I found out that Dennis was killed in the wreck. I overcame many emotional and physical scars caused during this time in my life. I have lived my life between then and now and have made mistakes and wrong decisions. I have experienced happy times and made many good decisions. In other words I have experienced life.

I have tried many times to remember the simple word that explained everything, but I know I never will. The knowledge that I had briefly is not meant for this life. When we pass over, we will all "understand" and become part of the light. I know this because I was allowed a glimpse of our afterlife.

Misty G

It seemed to be a usual day. I went to work, nothing special happened. MY cousin had picked me up to give me a ride to my boyfriend's house (DAVID). I had planned to stay the night. When I got there two of our friends was there to stay also. We were going to smoke some weed and hang out. Shortly after I arrived David decided he was going to go in the bathroom and shoot up some of his prescription. Keep in mind he was only 19 at the time. He had been doing it for at least 2 or 3 weeks. I on the other hand had never, and had always said I would never. I still to this very day can not figure out what changed my mind. Curiosity maybe??? David had been in the bathroom for about 30 minutes. Our friends were in the living room while I am in the master bedroom of David's trailer and he's in the bathroom. I decided I was going in the bathroom. I remember being angry at him for many different reasons as I was going in there with him. Well seeing as he had been in there for a while he was quiet high, drugged whatever you wish to call it. I remember asking him to give me just a small dose to see what it felt like. And he did. Then I asked for one more small dose. That was all I said.

It hit my small 85 pounds hard. So hard in fact when I stood up I fell straight backwards. The friends and David put me in the bed to sleep it off. The two friends went back to the living area while David went back to the bathroom. I was told, later on one of the friends got worried and went to check on me. When she looked at me she found David shooting me up while I am past out from before. She threw in a rage at him and looked me over. The two friends determined something was wrong. They threw me in a cold shower to try to slow the drug. It did not work. This is where it gets hard to know what happened. Piecing things together here is what I got. One friend called 911 while the other did CPR, but I was told when the ambulance got there no one was there but David. I was took to Rutherford hospital DOA is what I was called coming into the emergency room. You know that time they give everything into and then they say ok we tried there is no coming back and pronounce you legally dead.

I was told I made that mark and the female paramedic that picked me up refused to stop trying. She continued for I not sure of time, evidently she could not quit and it worked I am here. I was stabilized and moved into ICU. The doctors said It was a miracle I am alive but I was in a coma and they could not explain me being alive. They said I could be in a coma for a few hours, days, years or forever. Also if I did wake up I could have brain damage or worse for my brain being without oxygen and my heart stopped for a extended period of time. I spent 3 days in coma before I woke up then 2 weeks in observation and 2 weeks in the psyche unit. What I remember is standing up and the next thing I was in this pitch black void, all I could see was a slight appearance of my body with a yellow/gold aura. I felt this overwhelming sense of peace, I can not find another word that fits better. Kind of like everything has been took care of and you do not do anything but go along for the ride. There were no lights but my aura. No angels, stairways, friends, no sound at all, absolutely nothing to the point of fear only with peace. I know strange. Nothing but this black space with me right in the middle.

I remember thinking where am I and right when I did (keep in mind this void also had the feeling of no time) It is hard to put into words I Sort of woke up and caught a blur of a female and what appeared to be a the inside of a ambulance. Then every thing went dark again until I woke up in ICU and found out what had happened. I am not sure exactly when my heart stopped and I was in the dark place. While I slept in coma the doctors just kept giving me the antidote because they had no way of knowing how much he shot me up with. No brain damage or anything else

to say I died and came back physically or mental. But IT HAPPENED. I am eternally grateful to the paramedic. Also the boyfriend who tried to murder me is long ago out of my life. I also will never forget the feeling of peace, I carry it with me always.

Bonnie B

When I was six years old I contracted diphtheria, was taken to hospital where I stopped breathing and died. I had been sick for several days, with a terrible earache in my left ear, and then it started in my right ear also. My Mother had been trying to treat me with drops of warm oil, but it didn't help. I became sicker, and less responsive, and I remember Daddy leaning over me as I lay on my bed. He tried to talk to me, and tried to get me to talk to him, but I felt disconnected, and unable to focus on him. I must have lost consciousness because the next I remember he was carrying me into the doctor's office. The doctor took a swab of my throat and Daddy carried me into an exam room and laid me on a bed while the Doctor looked through a microscope. Suddenly he yelled at Daddy, (who was standing next to him) "Get her to the hospital immediately! She's got diphtheria!" I remember only part of the drive to the hospital, and then I woke up in a bed covered with something I didn't recognize. Mother later explained this was a canvas tarp, used to create an oxygen tent. Since I was so young, I didn't know what oxygen was, or why I was in a tent I couldn't see out of. I thought that tent was what was keeping me from being able to breathe, and started to fight to get out of it.

Nurses came in and gave me many shots of penicillin (I'm very allergic now) but I kept getting worse, and felt as though I couldn't breathe. I was in fact breathing; I was gasping in huge deep gulps of air, but somehow it felt as though I wasn't breathing at all and that I was suffocating. I wanted to lie down, but every time I did I would be unable to breathe and would feel as though I was going away somewhere. When this happened I would jerk up to a sitting position again and try to breathe in enough air. Mother, who was sitting in a chair beside the bed, would tell me to just lie down and I would be fine. I told her repeatedly that I couldn't breathe, and she would tell me again to just lie down and I would be fine. I have no idea how long this went on, with me gasping desperately for air, sitting up then lying down, then jerking up again when I would stop breathing. But gradually I got weaker and it grew harder to sit up and stay conscious. I must have finally gotten sick enough that I could no longer fight, because at one point I lay down on the bed and stopped breathing and that's when I died. It was not a "near" death experience, it was death.

I heard a loud buzzing and felt that I was in a total darkness and then I left my body. I didn't know at first that I had left my body; I was aware that I was floating above the bed, and that I was somehow very, very different. The first and most vivid sensation I had was that there was someplace I wanted, HAD, to go to, and I knew I had to get out of that room to be able to go. I went up, trying to go, but I was stopped at the corner of the room where the walls and ceiling met. I looked down and saw the bed covered with the canvas tarp, and Mother sitting on a chair beside the bed. Her purse was on the floor beside her chair. Her hands were folded in her lap and her head was down. I wonder if she was praying. I realized that I had no physical body, but I was still me. And I wanted desperately to go. There was a "place" I wanted to be...a light; a beautiful, golden, brilliant light of pure love and acceptance. But no matter how I tried, I was unable to get out of the room. I could "feel" the solidity of the walls and ceiling against my back, and knew I was supposed to be able to go through it and beyond, to the light, but I couldn't. I don't know how I knew I was supposed to be able to go through the solid walls of the hospital, but I did. I also knew that the place I wanted so badly to go to was "HOME." I was allowed to keep some memories, but there are others I can't quite grasp.

I think I may have left the room and went on to the light, but was not allowed to remember all of the experience, because I retained memories of a total love beyond any earthly love, and being embraced in it, music that was unlike any I had ever heard, and smells of flowers sweeter than you can imagine. I saw Earth as if from space, and saw what looked like sparks from July 4th sparklers coming from it and going to it in a steady stream. From all over the Earth there were uncountable 'sparks' leaving it and just as many coming to it. There was no sense of time or space, and no regret at leaving my body or my family. I felt only complete joy and happiness. I have no idea how long this lasted, and I'm not positive that I was prevented from going to the light. I may have, but was not allowed to remember anything except being stuck there in that hospital room.

But suddenly I was back in my body again and it felt as though I was awakened from a very deep sleep. I sat up in the bed and had to vomit. There was a sink beside the bed, and Mother helped me to lean over the sink while I vomited what Mother later told me was a large amount of phlegm. As soon as I had finished, I laid back down and went to sleep. It was at that point that I began to recover. I no longer had to gasp in huge amounts of air, I was able to breathe normally. I still had to spend a lot of time in hospital, but I got better from that point on. I believe God took my soul from my body long enough for Him to put a healing hand on it, and cause me to get well. And he let me remember enough of Him to know for a fact He does love us beyond measure, and watches carefully over each one of us.

John H

I was extremely sick. I was brought down from the University of Kansas in Lawrence, Kansas and was taken to the ER. I was examined and I was diagnosed with the following: Nuchal Rigidity, Pyrexia 109F, Abdominal Rigidity. Was taken to the operating room and a laparoscopy was performed. Removed my appendix (acute focal resolving appendicitis, also spleen and liver were greatly enlarged. The surgeon had a terrible time closing me but finally did. Moved to the surgical ICU and was there for two days. Moved to the Medicine floor where I remained acutely ill. Next day threw the fat embolus and arrested. I watched myself from the ceiling as they moved me from my room to the elevator up to surgery and then waited for them perform my tracheotomy. I saw them take me back to my room where they proceeded to hook me up to a breathing machine which I remained on for three weeks. The next thing I knew it was April and I was in the hospital. The biopsy from my liver came back as Gaucher's disease.

Larry S

I experienced a massive heart attack that started at a near by golf course (5 miles from hospital). I was clutching my chest in my car realizing this was a heart attack probably from smoking and genetics. I decided to drive myself to the hospital. The pain felt like a pick ax being struck to my sternum and I remember about half of the drive to the hospital.

At the time I was a State Police officer and was familiar with the ER and drove into the lot, locked my car and staggered into the waiting room. I collapsed in a chair and announced I was having a heart attack.

I was rushed into the ER and several people were removing my clothes and putting IVs in and asking questions like when did this start. I gave them the phone number for my wife and could hear a person saying your husbands having a heart attack.

I remember being wheeled into an elevator and being rolled down a hallway. I was apologizing to the doctor for not answering his questions but that this really, really hurt.

The next instant I was standing in a hallway or a breezeway. The lighting was dim and I could see a man ahead of me wearing a very nice business suit and overcoat. He was also wearing a nice hat like a successful business man would wear. I was sure I did not know this person but started to walk towards him. As I walked I remember telling myself, "don't forget this". Approximately half way to him, I had an uncontrollable urge to open my eyes. When I did, a nurse was in my face shaking and shouting, Larry Larry Larry. When she noticed my eyes open she told me in a relieved voice that they had lost me and had hit my chest and then shocked me twice to bring me back. Because of my police training I was aware she had shaken and shouted to an unconscious person. My response to her was "cool".

I had no pain after I lost consciousness and after being revived, course a demorrall drip helped.

Apparently A major artery to the top of my heart was blocked and the clot buster blew 30% of it out and I went into Fib. I had burn marks on my chest and back from the shock. I also received a damaged left rotator cuff from the shocking.

Patricia M

Arrived at the emergency room with such an intense headache. As I got placed into a bed, I was awake but everything became black. I heard someone yell for the Atropine. The next thing I know, I'm hovering at ceiling height, looking down on myself lying on the hospital bed. I could see I was wearing a blue and white hospital gown, and one of my legs was folded under the other. I felt myself drenched in a cold sweat. I appeared to be asleep or unconscious. I didn't see anything else in the room. but a calmness was with me. I don't know how much later I awakened, admitted into a hospital room. You must understand that before this experience I had a history of depression and anxiety, and had episodes of being homebound because I was so scared of everything in general. All that stopped with this episode. To say that this experience changed my life is not an exaggeration. I am very grateful. I feel very fortunate to be one of few that know that after your body stops, something (consciousness) continues.

Theodosia Q

I was still bleeding and dizzy, but I had to get my husband out the door. I had to be alone. After a superb acting job on my part my husband left for work and I collapsed against the front door. I could feel the presence of my dead child. My womb was rotting away and there was nothing I could do. There was a dull throbbing ache in my belly, but it radiated throughout my body. It was unbearable. I thought how the doctor had nicely told me not to try and get pregnant again and I cramped even more. Unbearable. I headed for my medicine cabinet and began swallowing various cocktails of pills, hoping I would pass on rather than pass out or vomit.

It didn't take long before I slumped to the bathroom floor, but by then I was looking at my own body. The pain was gone and the sadness was gone, but I certainly didn't feel happy. I can't describe how I felt--out of balance, maybe. The visuals were extreme. My bathroom melted into a whirlwind of red--my blood, I think. Something took my hands gently and guided me through the maelstrom of colors. There was sound like music around me. I felt that I was one with the universe, walking through solar systems and galaxies. But in a final spin of lavender, I felt myself slipping into this mortal reality. I was on my back on the floor outside my apartment. My landlord who was also my friend had stopped by--apparently my husband had asked her to check on me--and found me in the bathroom. A strong effort by the EMT squad had gotten my heart beating again, and the paramedic closest to me said I had been gone for a good two minutes.

Sammy O

Tunnel (really just circular black border) with small pinpoint light in center. Scenes which I recognized as being from my youth, etc. being vividly portrayed - really in a continuous (sometime circular around the small light) fashion. I frankly thought that I was dreaming (being in the hospital bed) and was consciously trying to analyze what was happening. I thought it was an unusual dream with a very weird format (circular boundary). I mostly stopped paying attention to what was being portrayed and puzzled about the strange format. After what seemed a considerable time, the tunnel collapsed inward and the light exploded toward me. This apparently was when the code team shocked me. I then awoke to find 20-25 people (code team) in my room, and immediately realized what must have happened. Because of the potassium deficiency, when I was revived, my heart was beating with an abnormal rhythm, and I kept slipping into unconsciousness. I was placed in a medial coma for 8-10 hours and the potassium deficiency found and corrected. It was probably at least 5-8 minutes from the onset of vfib until I was revived.

Lonna O

I was told (after the fact) that I was given a cocktail of drugs (Thorazine, Demerol, Scopolamine). I didn't remember having been given the drugs. I must have had a violent reaction to them immediately. My baby had not been delivered yet. I remember being up high in a corner of the hospital room, watching all of those people serving me being in a panic state. I saw myself lying on the bed, but, although I knew it was I, I wasn't the least bit concerned about it. It was in no way a part of me anymore. I kept saying, "please don't worry about me. I'm fine." I realized that they couldn't hear me. I felt so bad that they were in a turmoil when I was feeling fine. I felt free of all care, and yet I didn't feel dead although I didn't feel separated from where I would have preferred being.

Two days later, I awoke inside of an oxygen tent. Just before I woke up, I was having a satellite kind of dream, with rockets, stars, everything ethereal flying around me. I felt "wow" -- not afraid but overwhelmed by all of the confusion. It wasn't a pleasant dream and not a place I wanted to be. I was told at that time that my baby had been delivered and that I had had a girl. I wasn't aware of anything connected to the delivery.

Later, when I was telling my experience to my RN friend who was with me at the hospital, I told her if I were an artist, I could have drawn the exact scene I was witnessing from above -- even to the people there, whom I had never seen before or since. I saw everyone flying around my hospital bed and heard everything that was being said. I remember glancing at my body on the bed. I think I realized it was a dead body, but it didn't seem relevant to me.

Peter M

It was a sunny day. we were in a kindergarten which located at the roof of the building. it was breakfast break time. we were playing and my cousin told me that I can fly. I stayed in my place thinking while my 2 cousins and my brother went away and I climbed the wall and jumped. while I was falling I saw a very fast movie for what I did at that time. after I hit the ground I didn't feel anything then suddenly I saw myself falling down in a tortuous well. it was dark and I couldn't see anything but I was able to hear other voices. some voices was laughing or crying or speaking. some of them were falling faster than me. I was frightening and was trying to find anything to catch. I moved falling for a while. it was long well then I exit from the well to find myself standing at the beginning of a tunnel. there were someone who exit with me but it disappeared. I stayed at my place thinking for what to do. it was a long tunnel and the end of the tunnel there were a door without a door and outside this door there were a very bright light that shining the tunnel. there were nothing to hear or to see. it was just me inside this tunnel and that light. I thought to go back. I looked back and saw darkness I said no way and I thank to stay in my place but for how long I will be staying so I said to myself there is no other way. it is better to go to that life than to stay here. maybe I find someone or anything. I start moving slowly until I reached the middle of the tunnel and everything gone.

there is another thing I would like to add. I had remembered something about my past life. the vision of my past life is not clear enough but I remembered that I was in a very dark place. there were nothing to see. I was able to hear voices and I was able to see a light coming from a far but I was unable to reach it. there were no felling for time. it was a quiet place, the darkness was everywhere. I had all my feelings with all my senses. I was able to move around but I said it is better to stay in a place where you can hear voices it is better that to go afar. someone came from the light and said there is an empty place so I start to move to reach that light but someone was faster than me so I said next time will be faster. this time I stayed a longer time than the first one then someone came and said there is an empty place so I start moving until I reached the light. the light surrounded me and then found myself in a very narrow place after a while I start pushing to get out of this place. that explain why babies push their's mothers stomach. it is inconvenient place then I came out and start crying. I start crying from the light and from the noise which it was unusual things in the place that I come from. the baby can remember his past life for a very short time after burn and it gone after that. if someone experienced a very dead injury he or she may remember something.

James W

I have never thought of these experiences as near death experiences. Nothing like a health situation or traumatic life threatening event ever occurred at any time and certainly not at the time these events, which I have called mystical experiences, occurred. I am compelled to write to you, however, because the little bit that I have read about the subject of NDE has shown me that many people describe their near death experiences that resulted from heart attack, car accident, et cetera in a way that closely resembles the way I describe experiences I have had beginning in May 1961.

My intentions, prayers requesting God to reveal Himself to me, and all the information I had received about God from the adults in my life left me completely unprepared for what occurred in May of 1961. I wasn't thinking of anything different that morning and I could never have imagined the nature of the experience that was about to come to me. I had been praying for several years for God to visit me, imagining an experience much like my grandmother's Jesus who showed up at the foot of her bed in the middle of the night with a comforting message. For me, this was not to be.

"Okay everybody, hustle out to the field and divide yourselves into your groups," Mr. Drego yelled from the locker room door. It was springtime in New York and we held physical education class outside to take advantage of the beautiful weather. I was thirteen years old and this was a beautiful day to be alive. The sky was clear and bright blue, the air was possessed of that clean, indescribable smell of freshness as new life sprang forth all around.

"First two squads get on the handball courts, everybody else take a seat here by the fence and rotate onto the courts to replace the losers." This was the second year that Mr. Drego taught my physical education class; I was in the eighth grade. He was a good teacher, but I didn't like "gym." I didn't like the perceived dangers of athletic endeavors. I still had to be here, dressed in my red shorts and t-shirt. I remember talking to my friend John "Fitz" Fitzpatrick for a few minutes and then I leaned my head back against the chain link fence and breathed in the smell of the grass wafting up through the warm air. I looked out at the handball courts and momentarily observed the action of the players smacking the ball against the wall with their open palms. I moved my eyes upward to the clear blue sky.

In this very moment of observing the sky and feeling the simple beauty of the soft breeze blowing across my face, my life changed. Something shifted that forever altered my perception of Life. The experience was ineffable and I am unable to describe the moment; I can only interpret the experience into words in an attempt to communicate something meaningful about a profound insight into the nature of the very ground of being.

This was a non-experiential experience – the experience had no content so there was nothing to have an experience of in the classical sense that we understand "experience." Something happened and according to outside observers it took time for it to happen. In the classic understanding of experience, I experienced nothing. I became purely subject and no thoughts exist in this Oneness. There exists only One and no other; this One always is and this One cannot be explained, understood, or experienced by the rational human mind.

White light is what I remember and the simplest way I can explain the moment is to say, "I saw God." This is what I ultimately came to understand as a mystical experience but at the time, I

had never heard of such a thing. This is what Siddhartha Gautama, Jesus Christ, Meher Baba and many others were talking about. This is what Meister Eckhart wrote about only I didn't know about Eckhart at the time. It is what I have referred to as a non-experiential experience and there is nothing to be remembered. The moment is eternally now and memory serves no function. I am, however, left with impressions. I sense that in some way I was exposed to pure information at a rate that far overloads the capacity of any physical entity. It was all that is all at once and it is Love.

I remember that immediately upon regaining some sense of what we know as normal waking consciousness I felt loved, immersed in love, carried by love. I perceived that I was made from Love and that everything else was made of the same stuff. My first impressions upon coming back to objective experience were filled with unconditional love and a sense of complete well being. I knew that all of us were one being; not parts of one being that were somehow connected, but all of us are that One being. I knew beyond doubt that we each contain within us all the creative power of the universe and that the world can occur for us in any way we choose. I felt like I was dreaming and that what I was experiencing was being dreamt and I was part of some great being's dream and I perceived that both were true all at the same time.

Then I realized that time was passing. I was part of the temporal world again and things were happening that I may want to know about. It was simply a fleeting realization and I was in bliss so I forgot about it. I realized that I had no weight that I was floating around freely without a body and it was great. Then I thought it rather unusual that I would have no body and I thought perhaps this issue warranted further investigation. I had no good reason why I should think about it but I started to think about it and realized that I was in a reality totally different from the one at the handball court. I didn't know where or what it was and I was not afraid. I knew that everything was perfect, better than ever, although I now understood that I was not in my body.

I was not in my body and I had a choice about it: I could remain out of my body or I could go back into it. It was a free choice and either way was perfect. My immediate desire was to remain where I was, it was beautiful. Then I realized that making that choice would give people on earth the impression that I was dead; indeed, my body would be dead and I would never know what I was going to be able to get into in my future on Earth. Then I regained a sense of direction and looked down and saw the scene I had recently been part of. All at once my awareness shifted from the ineffable white light of absolute oneness to floating 300 feet above my body with the entire scene at Plainedge High School in full view that May morning. I was not frightened or even surprised by this amazing view. It occurred to me like this is one way to perceive our world but most of us don't know how to see it like this.

Everyone was down there by the fence gathered around my body and everyone looked very small. Mr. Dreago was right in front of my body looking very concerned. I was pretty far away but I could tell by his nervous, rapid motion that he was concerned about something. His concern was wasted on me I thought because my life couldn't be better. Then I knew that if I chose to stay in my body, I needed to get there right now and if I didn't, I would not be going back to it ever – I would be dead. There was no fear attached to the thought, simply the reality that this is how it was and it was up to me – as it always is.

The very next thing I knew I was damp, cold and heavy. I looked out of my eyes once again and Mr. Dreago was happier. I heard him tell someone to help get me into the nurse's office. I tried

to move but nothing happened. I tried to talk to tell them that everything was perfect but I couldn't get words to come out. My thoughts were clear and I was conscious of the fact that I couldn't get the thoughts to come out of my mouth in spite of my efforts. I was not sleepy, dizzy, groggy, or in any way mentally incapacitated. The connection between my mind and my body was not functioning like it usually did and I noticed it and could do nothing about it.

Some of the guys carried me to the nurse's office and sat me in a chair. I felt coherent in my mind but my body occurred as a huge mass of cold, heavy clay. This sensation was confusing – part of me knew that I was in great shape; another part of me was beginning to fear that something out of my control was going on. The nurse asked me what my phone number was and I could speak it in my mind but I was able only to mumble unintelligibly. The nurse pushed the phone closer to my side of the desk and with much difficulty I finally dialed the number. My thoughts about the whole situation were changing rapidly and I wanted to get up and walk out of there but could not even speak and could barely dial the telephone. I had to focus on moving my finger from one number to the other in the dialing ring: Pershing (PE) 5–2453 and it was only with great difficulty that my finger made the movements necessary to dial the phone. The nurse had to do the talking and asked my mother to come to the school right away.

I was pretty spaced out for the next couple of days and I was examined by our family doctor twice – on the day of the event and again the following day. He came to the house with his black bag both times. Dr. Fassino told my mother that he could find nothing unusual with my health and nothing that could have caused the kind of symptoms I described. Dr. Fassino finally suggested that perhaps I was bitten by a poisonous spider of some kind. I told him that I was not bitten.

After 3 days I was fine and my body worked and felt like normal. I was excited and wanted to tell the world what I now knew about God and I did. I knew that God was not a judgmental man sitting in heaven sending some people to hell, others to heaven and still others to purgatory. I knew without doubt that God was simultaneously IN and through everything and ABOVE and around everything. I knew that what I called God was always with me, never left me, and lived inside me. I knew that in some sense, I was this God and God was me. I knew that the rules and regulations of my religion were not God's word. God gave me a completely different way of conducting myself on earth and he asked me to talk with people about what He had shown me.

The single most prominent thought I came away with was "Everything is One. There is only One something and everything is that. This experience became the central focus of my life and consumed most of my time in the study of physics, anthropology, geology, archeology, and ultimately earning a Bachelor of Science degree in philosophy and religious studies so I could better understand and connect with the reality of the depth and truth of this experience.

As a 17 year old freshman at St. Norbert College in West DePere, Wisconsin in 1965 I started reading Meister Eckhart, St. Theresa of Avila, St. John of the Cross and other Christian mystics including Theilhard de Chardin. They described experiences that resembled mine and I started to think that I was not crazy and had actually experienced what I thought I had – what I knew as God.

Then I got interested in the Eastern mystics, then the religions themselves: Buddhism, Taoism, Hinduism, Sufism, Jainism, Shinto and then Zen which had the biggest impact on me because of the notion of direct experience right now. Zen removes all concepts, all words, all judgments

and goes directly to experience of true nature. Zen states that this reality, right now, whatever one's experience in any given moment happens to be, is all there is. The ultimate experience of what we may call God is possible only here and now.

In the fall of my sophomore year at Norbert's I had my hair cut at my usual barber just off campus. Just before getting up out of the chair I flashed into the eternal One just as I had five years earlier. I sat there in the chair for some period of time that seemed very short to me based upon what was happening in the shop and then I came back to normal waking consciousness. I was not "paralyzed" this time nor did I have an out of body experience. The shift from the state of pure subjectivity and unity to normal waking consciousness was smooth and apparently instant – just like it was when I went from material reality into the non-physical One.

I was a little shaky when I got up and by the time I had walked down the block and was across the street from the Catholic grammar school my head spun and I vomited on the ground. The kids and nuns were out on the playground but I don't think they noticed me. I went to class about thirty minutes after this and was not really present to the situation or to any situations until the next day, a Tuesday.

The third time this spontaneous experience came upon me was when everything came together for me. I was in the U.S. Air Force, in Ubon, Thailand. I finished my twelve hours on the flight line at 6:00 am, pedaled my bicycle home, walked upstairs out onto my balcony into the beauty of a new day, looked up at the white clouds in the blue sky and was One once again and then heard myself say: "This is exactly what I experienced at 13 and again at 18 and this is God."

I taught myself to meditate at 19 and practiced it for 40 years. I have had many such experiences and many other different ones during the years. Many spontaneous insights over the years are confirmed by quantum mechanical theory and empirical evidence.

Now, and for the past few years, all of day to day experience has slowed down and smoothed out. The presence of the God Self is always available and generally perceived right here right now as I move through the amazing day to day moments of life.

Terre D

It was night. About seven of us kids were playing this game of breathing hard and fast and holding ourselves tight around the chest. The goal was to pass out, and when/if you did, the other kids were supposed to count to 10 before trying to revive you by slapping your face. I don't know who introduced the game, but I bet they never played it again because my reaction was so scary for them.

I don't remember actually passing out or falling to the ground. I was just suddenly up about 10 or 12 feet looking down on the scene. It was like I was floating face down, though I wasn't directly over my body. I don't know where north really was, but if my body lay north-south with my head at the north end, I felt my location was perpendicular to it and about 10 feet back, or 'east' of my body (and 10+ feet up).

I saw my body lying on the ground and the other kids circled around and counting. It was night-time, but it seemed like the scene below was lit up with the edges soft and feathering into the night. It was like everything was in shades of gray, no color.

I could see everything within this lit area very clearly. My first thought was that the only thing up there was me and my eyeballs. I knew there was no other physical part of me there, but that it was me up there, and the body below was not me. I could hear the kids counting, eight one-thousand, nine one-thousand... so I may have been unconscious for about 10 seconds by this time.

Where I was it was dark. I was aware that there was a layer between me and the scene below, like a two-way mirror, and another opaque layer about 10 feet or so above me. Everything between these two layers seemed infinite. I felt drawn to the right, though I was not aware of any lights or spirits or anything else. All the other directions in this plane seemed darker than dark. Nothing there. This direction off to my right, in relation to the scene below, would be the direction my body's head happened to be.

First there was amazement that I was there and looking down through the only physical element I thought I had, my eyeballs. I thought of them briefly as a floating pair of eyeballs.

There was this great, great feeling of unconditional love. I totally understand what religious people say about God's unconditional love, this feeling that death is going home and being embraced and loved absolutely. We never belonged anywhere when I was a kid because of all the moving we did as a military family, and my parents really weren't affectionate or attentive. None of that mattered up there though, except that I felt thoroughly loved in that place. More specifically, I felt I was part of that love, that energy.

I also felt very wise. As I looked down I thought, "Don't worry! It doesn't matter, it's OK." I remember feeling amused when the kids started to panic, but in a compassionate way. Sort of, tsk, poor kids, they just don't know. I didn't think of my family at all, and how it would hurt them if I died. I didn't think of death at all, really. Though I knew the kids were freaking out because they thought I had died.

Then suddenly I was whisked away, and felt simultaneously that I was caught in a stream of energy flowing around a planet below and to my left, and also within a giant tree on a hill and all

its parts, from roots to leaves. At this point I knew I was pure energy. Infinite, because I could see the planet and was part of this powerful stream of energy, at the same time I could feel myself part of the peaceful, gentle energy of the tree. This stream of energy was fast and powerful, and looked like lights in a wide bright band out in space but curving around the planet, which was reddish. I could see other planets and stars, and the space between was black. As part of the tree I could feel every leaf rustling in the breeze.

Then suddenly I was back in my body. Now I could see through my eyelids. I remember marveling that I could see through my eyelids at the kids bending over me, but I could not open them or otherwise move. A few seconds later I was able to open my eyes and sit up. The whole thing must have lasted only a minute or two, and some kids who were just leaving to find an adult came back when I woke up.

I tried to explain what had happened, but everyone thought I had faked the whole thing and got mad at me. We never spoke of it after that, and I didn't tell my parents, and soon we moved again. A couple of the kids were cousins of mine, but I didn't see them again until I was in my 40s.

Judy P

I had my NDE after giving birth to my son. I had problems throughout the pregnancy. I was told in the beginning that I had miscarried. Then 6 weeks later through an ultrasound I found out that I was still pregnant. The ultrasound tech said there is a heart beat. That was a miracle in itself! From the ultrasound I found out that I had placenta previa and that I may have miscarried his twin. With Placenta Previa, if you start to bleed, you have 1 hour or less to get to the hospital before you bleed to death. I was put on complete bed rest for the entire pregnancy.

During my pregnancy I had this profound feeling that I was going to die. I just knew. I told my husband and friend about it. It was an overwhelming feeling that came over me on 2 different occasions. I wasn't afraid. I just knew.

I made it to the 32nd week of my pregnancy. One night I got up to go to the washroom and noticed there was blood. I woke up my husband and he called 911. I was off to the hospital. I arrived at the hospital and was assessed. The bleeding was actually minimal at the time, so they decided to wait till my dr came in the next day. The dr decided to hold off delivering as long as he could because it was still somewhat early to do so. I went into the hospital June 22. On July 1, Canada Day, my Dr came into the room and said we are going to deliver the baby today. He was leaving on holidays and was the only OBGYN in the area. He didn't want to take the chance of sending me to another hospital.

I was prepped for a C-section and then taken down into the OR. They started the epidural. That's when things started to go wrong. They gave me too much of the epidural and my blood pressure dropped. I started to feel like I was going to pass out and get sick. Through out this though I felt very calm and peaceful. It felt like there was presences with me helping me through this. My son was born. I saw him for a brief moment before he was whisked away. His lungs were not developed and he could not breath on his own. He had lost a lot of blood too. The Drs worked on me and thought they had got the bleeding under control. I was taken into the recovery room. My husband came in to see me. I looked at him and said there is something very wrong. I knew that there was something wrong. The nurse looked at him and said " oh she's ok". My husband left to go upstairs to see our son. The nurse came over to check me. She found that I was lying in a pool of blood. I saw her run to the phone and heard her page the Dr to come back to the recovery room stat. I watched the Drs come through the doors. It seemed as though every thing was happening in slow motion. Next it felt like I was falling backwards out of my body. It happened very quickly. I found myself in complete blackness but I could see. I felt a peace like I never felt before. There are no words to describe it. I remember thinking to myself I'm really here, you do go on. I was still me, exactly who I was on the physical side. Then out of the corner of my eye I noticed the light. Oh there really is a light, I was so happy to discover this. I knew I had to go to light. As soon as I thought that, I started to move towards the light. As I got closer to the light, I could see a tunnel. I knew I had to go into this tunnel. The light became brighter and brighter, but it didn't hurt to look into it. It surrounded me and comforted me. I had absolutely no worries or fears. Just absolute peace. I started to move through the tunnel. I was looking at the tunnel, noticing its color, shape and texture. Also I was aware presences at the end of the tunnel. Before I could reach them, I thought to myself "I better catch myself". At that point I came back into my body. I was surrounded by Drs and nurses working on me. I started to go again, but I immediately came back.

Once they had stabilized me, one of the nurses asked me if I had a NDE. I was sort of speechless. Yea I said, not realizing what just happened to me. They moved me up to the ICU unit. I had three bags of blood being transfused into me at one time. One in each arm and one in my neck. I was loosing it as fast as they could give to me. I ended up having 14 units of blood and 2 units of plasma. As well as bleeding profusely, I was vomiting just as bad. I had allergic reaction to one of the medications they gave me. It got to a point where I wanted to die. I was praying to God to please take me. I had no more fight left. I started feel that slipping away feeling, I was going. At that moment my nest door neighbor walked in and said Judy don't go, think of your kids. Don't leave them. It's a miracle that the nurses even let him in to the ICU, usually its immediate family members only. He saved my life!

My son Dillon had to be revived twice, they didn't think he would make it through the night. He was airlifted to another hospital, to the special care nursery. The Drs and nurses never let on to me how critical he was. He was put on ventilator and he was having seizures. He had to have transfusions as well.

During this time, my Dad ended up in the hospital over on the mainland. We live on Vancouver Island. My Dad passed away July 14, 13 days after Dillon was born. The amazing thing is, even though Dillon was so sick, he was take on the ventilator after only 5 days and he was taken off the seizure meds. Dillon was sent back to July 13th, the day before my Dad died. Thank God he was with me. I was very close to my Dad. My Mom passed away when I was sever years old, he raised me on his own. I truly believe that part of this experience was to see where my Dad was going. Even though I was very sad he was gone, I knew where he was and I was happy for him that he was at peace.

Dillon was my strength through all of this. I feel very blessed to have had this experience. Thank you for letting share this with you.

Valerie H

The first time this happened to me I didn't really understand what was happening. I was very ill and I had not yet been diagnosed with my heart condition. I was lying in bed with my husband and I was feeling very sick, my ears started to ring and then I was looking down at myself and my husband and I did not feel sick anymore at all. I had no bad feelings only good ones. Then I was back in my sick body feeling sick again.

The second time was different because I knew what would happen. I had to go for a test to diagnose my condition. They had to cause the episode to see how my body would react. I was afraid because I knew I was going to die and I didn't know if they would be able to bring me back. I was not afraid of being dead but I was afraid of dying it is the most horrible feeling while you're still alive but on the edge. I was also afraid for my family. I made sure they all knew that if anything ever happened to me, not to be sad because I am OK. I also prayed.

The Episode: At first I feel very, very sick, then I start to go numb from my hands and feet all the way to my tongue. My body becomes completely saturated with sweat. Then my ears begin to ring and I can't see anymore but I can still hear and think. I feel sick and scared, I have no strength to breath. Then I cannot hear anything. Suddenly I can see again, but from a different angle, both episodes I was above to the left of my body looking down.

I feel very different, I do not feel sick at all, I had no bad feeling what so ever. My mind thought HMM...HMM, HMM...HMM, HMM. I did not realize bad things were happening, I was like an innocent child humming. Even though I was looking down at my body and saw people working on me, I was not afraid, nor was I worried about my family. I could here the nurses calling my name but, I paid no attention to them, I didn't realize I was "VAL". I began floating backwards toward the open door to the hallway and into started into the hallway. There were two men walking in the hallway saying did you see any cables for this... I remember wishing I could help them. Then I could hear someone calling "VALERIE" and I recognized my name and started to listen to them say "come back to me, breath" and I did, then I was back inside my body and I felt sick again.

Raven R

AS MY BODY WAS SEPARATING ITSELF FROM MY SPIRIT, I COULD ACTUALLY FEEL THE WARMTH OF MY SURROUNDING AS I LOOKED DOWN ON THE EMT'S TRYING TO REAWAKEN ME I POPPED UP IN TO A SURROUNDING THAT WAS WHITE MIST CLOUD, I SAW WHITE GRANITE STRUCTURES ILLUMINATED BY THE INSIDE OUT. I SMELLED ROSES, HONEYSUCKLES, VANILLA ORANGES, CINNAMON, MYRRH, AND MORE ALL ROLLED IN TO ONE FRAGRANCES. THE FLOWERS WERE SURREALISTIC, LIGHT AND BRIGHT OR DEEP AND COMFORTING.

THEN IT HAPPENED. I FELT A HAND ON MY RIGHT SHOULDER, AS I TRIED TO TURN TO LOOK, THE VOICE WAS A MANS VOICE THAT WAS SOFT, CALMING AND CREAMY HIS HAND WAS LIKE A AURORA BOREALIS, LIKE IN ALASKA, YOU COULD SEE THE SHAPE BUT THE SKIN WAS CRYSTALLINE OF ALL COLORS, LOOK LANKY FINGERS, MEDIUM WRIST HE SAID, RAVEN, YOU CANNOT STAY THIS IS NOT YOUR TIME, YOU NEED TO GO BACK NOW I SAID I JUST GOT HERE, WHO ARE YOU? HE SAID "YOU KNOW WHO I AM" I SAID "GOD", HE SAID YES. I THOUGHT GOD WAS A WOMAN, MY HEROES AND WARRIORS WERE ALL WOMEN, I BELIEVED IN THE SACRED FEMININE BASED ON MY CHILDHOOD. THOUGH MY MOTHER WAS CATHOLIC, I WAS RAISED BY MY GRANDMOTHER AND AUNTS SEPARATE FROM MY SIBLINGS TO BE A MEDICINE WOMEN. HE THAN SAID, YOU MUST LEAVE AND YOU MUST LEAVE NOW. I SAID I DON'T WANT TO GO.

YOU RAVEN HAVE MUCH TO DO, IT IS NOT OVER FOR YOU. THE NEXT THING I KNOW IS THAT I WAS PUSHED BACK INTO MY BODY, THE BODY THAT WAS IN PAIN, FROM THE DEFIBRILLATOR POUNDING ON BY HEART, I WAS FREEZING AT 31DEGREES, I WAS BEWILDERED WHY GOD DID NOT WANT ME. WE ARRIVED AT ST MARKS HOSPITAL IN SLC, UT AND I AM HOOKED UP, PUMPED WITH STUFF I CANNOT EVEN PRONOUNCE. FINALLY, STILL IN AFIB, WITH THE REAL FACT THAT THE DRS WILL HAVE TO STOP MY HEART AND THEN RESTART IN THE MORNING IF THE DRUGS DO NOT WORK. BUT A WEIRD THING HAPPEN, I COULDN'T CLOSE MY EYES, I THINK THE DRUGS WERE JUST TOO MUCH FOR ME TO HANDLE AND THE SENSE OF NOT KNOWING, NO FEAR, JUST NOT KNOWING WHAT THE MORTALS WERE GOING TO DO.

A NURSE, WITH A WHITE ANGEL WING CRISP HAT, STARCHED WHAT UNIFORM, WHITE SEAMED STOCKING, WHITE BRIGHT SHOES AND GLOVES A BLUE WOOL CAPE WITH RED LINING AND NURSE INSIGNIAS ON HER LEFT AREA ABOVE THE BREAST AREA. SHE SITS DOWN AND THE SMELL OF ROSES, GARDENIAS, HYACINTHS ALL FLOWERS BUT NONE SEPARATE. IT LINGERED AROUND HERE AND CAME TOWARDS ME THE ROOM WAS BRIGHT AROUND HER. SHE REMINDED BE OF CLARA BARTON OR WHAT SHE COULD LOOK LIKE. SHE ASKED IF I WOULD LIKE TO LEAVE WITH HER. I SAID GOD DOESN'T WANT ME YET HE SAID I HAD A MISSION. SHE SAID THAT GOD HAD CHANGED HIS MIND AND THOUGHT PERHAPS I WOULD GO. I SAID I WANTED TO SAY I DO NOT KNOW WHAT GOD WANTS, BUT I WILL DO MY BEST TO FOLLOW WHATEVER HE DIRECTS ME TO. I SAID I LOVE HIM, HIS SON AND THE SPIRIT. SHE SAID GOD LOVES ME TO. I CRIED, I REACHED FOR A TISSUE AND SHE WAS NO LONGER THERE

Catherine A

I was up in the air in the operating room. I could see the doctor and the nurse anesthetist down below me and I knew that was my body down there on the operating table. I was going around in circles. They would get smaller and smaller. When I got to the center of the circle, I would pop out and start another circle. I got up in the corner of the room. I wanted to go out of the room and see what was on the other side. At that point a male adult voice said to me, "You better get back down there ." That was all I remembered. My mother told me later I came out of the anesthetic that I almost bled to death during the operation.

Karina M

I went into insulin shock, convulsions and then nothing (no movement) (This according to my ex-husband). I could see a hard to describe 'void' because I could 'see'. I saw no light, no deceased people (known or unknown). I somehow 'received' the understanding (the message? It was not a voice.) that if I died right there and then, my 8 month old son would be okay and that my parents would be okay in the long run. I had the certainty that the world (my world) would be okay without me. That my son would grow up healthy and well (he did), and that my parents would survive the pain of my loss. I accepted dying and was willing to let myself go (that's when I felt a weight lift). As I was 'returning' (my ex-husband shoved about four tablespoons of sugar in my mouth), I felt a 'sucking' pull taking me back (I did not 'see' my body from the ceiling or anything that was going on around my body). As I returned (after the pull (strong tug), everything seemed to be moving in incredibly slow motion. I could hear my ex-husband yelling my name in slow motion from a very, very far away place and I began to see his hand moving across my face repeatedly (and very slowly). He later told me he was slapping me to wake me up but I never felt his hand touch my face.

Pat H

One night I was experimenting with a drug that a friend brought over called Angel Dust. We were doing this drug along with beer and marijuana and after a while I felt like I was going to pass out so I laid my head back.

The next thing I knew I was floating among the clouds in a blue sky. I remember feeling so free, content and happy like being born again. I knew everything that was around me although I didn't see any limbs or torso or even eyes, I just knew. Also I remember that at the time I had no memory of who I was or what I was and that all I wanted to do was to continue to fly among the clouds. Then suddenly I saw a large circle of light in the distance, I was curious at first but as it drew closer I had a recollection of the sun which if I look directly into can damage my eyes and I turned away from it which seemed odd because I didn't know where that came from. My curiosity got the better of me and I looked directly at the circle of light. The circle was getting bigger and was drawing me to it. I got close enough to see shadowy figures moving around inside the circle of light and as I was thinking of entering, a shadowy figure in the lower right side of the circle of light began to motion to me. I couldn't tell if it was motioning for me to come or to go and as I was about to move closer to find out something began to catch my attention.

At first it was just a feeling but it gnawed at me until I began to pay attention to it, the gnawing became a sound which meant nothing to me, it got louder and louder and then suddenly I recognized the voice and the name the voice had been calling. When that happened, I was pulled away from the circle of light and pulled back along the path I had traveled among the clouds all the while my speed seemed to increase until the rooftops were in view (it was like being attached to a rubber band) and then suddenly I was waking up with my friend leaning over me and shaking me. I have never been so disappointed because I have never been so at peace before or since.

Michele W

I saw the other vehicle hit and was conscious long enough to hear my ex-husband say that my 9 day old daughter was dead (she was not) After that, I felt I was outside of my own body. I was not dead and I knew that, but I felt no pain and no worry. It was like I was assured by some one unseen by me, that even though I was hearing the EMTs say that I was not going to make it, that I was going to make it. It was like a thought in my head but it was not my own. I was in total darkness with a weightless sensation. I was flown by helicopter to the trauma center and during the flight I felt like I was half in and half out of my body.

Once I was in the emergency room of the hospital, I felt further from my body. I remember looking at my self when they were trying to get my families phone number.....at first I was more than 4 feet from my body, towards my feet and above the heads of the staff, then as my body was trying to remember the number, I got closer to myself, like I was whispering it in my own ear. Sometimes I was there with my physical body, other times I was floating in the darkness (maybe I did not want to see what was going on). I do not remember seeing my body after they got the phone number from me. I floated in the darkness with my own thoughts for a few days then I woke up in my own body.

Ray V

I remember walking and being outside looking at myself but not really knowing it was me and a warm light that almost seemed to caress me and I was not afraid nor did I want anything or was I in any pain. at the time I was being life-flighted to San Antonio or was all ready in the hospital but had 4 broken ribs a broken neck, shoulder and arm, pelvis and sacrum, head trauma and internal injuries. I was not in pain. In fact, I felt the best I ever had with a presence of peace I've never known before. Two weeks after coming home from the hospital, I passed out from a blood vessel bursting in my frontal lobe. In the brief time I was unconscious I had the same feeling. Later, doctors were unsure about the vessel rupture; maybe I had just fainted. I spent 15 days in a coma, 21 days in i.c.u and 54 days in the hospital. I will spend the next year trying to recuperate.

I saw my paternal grand father in heaven. He was horseback and saddled another horse. It was a solid white horse, a beautiful beast. Though my grandfather didn't speak, I knew it was for me. I felt a presence of others, though I don't know who. They were all familiar and happy to see me. I was very pleased to be there. It was like being at a party for me and we were all gathering to go some where. I don't remember going there. But I remember waking up in the hospital with my family around me and wanting to go back. If I could just go back I wouldn't hurt. I went back to sleep and dreamed I was at the lake fishing. Lake Texhoma a place my family goes every year I had been at the lake the weekend before. I tried to dream of the lake every time I slept in the hospital.

Bonnie S

I was experiencing my first panic attack, which at that time I thought was a heart attack, so I drove myself to the nearest hospital. They admitted me due to heart disease running in my family.

They found something abnormal on the right side of my heart which they wanted to do the cath procedure, as I was having it done that is when I had the near death experience. It was so amazing, I felt the warmth and seeing the light so bright I think it would blind the human eye. I wanted to go see my kids to let them know everything was ok, I saw my son he was sleeping, then I went and saw my daughter, she was at work, I saw she was sitting at a long table doing envelopes in a medical office. I know she felt my presents, I touched her shoulder, the sad thing is I felt no sadness, all I felt was love and warmth.

I then saw my Mom standing there smiling at me she did not have her hands out to welcome me.

I was still able to see everything going on in the hospital, I saw the doctor using the paddles and my body just lying there, I saw the nurse moving fast around the table (she was screaming in my face Bonnie Breath, Bonnie Breath) and then the same nurse's surgical cap fell off her head which she ended up kicking under the table.

I was told by a male's firm voice to go back, and that is when I felt the last shock to the chest, which was very painful.

Jools G

I remember the suffocating feeling of the asthma and next thing I realized that the panic surrounding this feeling had gone and I felt totally unaware of my physical body. I was falling down a well lined with the most strikingly white soft material I'd ever seen. I remember the wonderful feeling that there was nothing I could hurt myself on. I have no idea how long I was in this blissful state Before I got to the bottom I saw that the ambulance had arrived outside the doors to a & e. As I became aware of this I had this instinct to return to my body. As I looked at everything as back in my body it was like everything was made out of mercury....it was truly bizarre. As they took my body into resuscitation I was aware of the wall to the cubical and as they fought to save me the wall was fragmenting into pieces like a sort of jigsaw puzzle and I knew that if I really wanted to get back to my body for good I had to solve the puzzle and think the pieces back into the right places before 'time ran out' as I did this I then experienced a feeling like my entire body was on fire which I assume now was the point when they injected me with something and I was back in my body once more. I had a brief moment of wondering whether to face the pain or try to return to the white tunnel. I have no idea if at that point I would have had any choice in the matter but here I am today. I have mixed feelings about this whole experience but feel blessed to have had it in a sense as It made me realize how much I had to put right now I have a second chance.

Renee

I was at the neighbors house with my sister in the backyard. We were all out in the DoyBoy swimming pool. No adults were present. I was around seven and neither my sister nor myself knew had to swim. If my sister was wearing floaters is uncertain. I wasn't. I had to hold onto the side of the pool due to it being deep enough to if I did there was a feeling of bottomlessness or fear for that matter. I did know that if I did the water was the obvious guardian as I knew it was bigger than myself.

I felt more and more excited as I did with more time in the pool I was more comfortable with my ability to be in the pool. I remember I was jumping as I was hold on to the rail of the pool. Suddenly I slipped from the slickness from the floor of the pool hard enough that I lost my grasp of the side and fell under the surface of the water.

Experience: I was comfortable but I knew consciously I was unable to swim so I questioned myself at the time and thought "How could this be?"

I felt as though I was breathing because there was no effort to do anything but feel . As if I was out of body but still looking from my own eyes. I was unable to feel temperature. I remember the blissfulness of the blue and mixed forms of a lighter warped like. I felt like a I was a fish. Happy . In wonder as if I was privileged to be experiencing it.

It wasn't until I saw the movement above me from the surface of the water that waves of another environment was there . I saw the images of two people which were my sister and Lisa our neighbor. I awoke from that form of experience from the reality of knowing who those girls were and knowing it was where air was water wasn't and then I heard my sisters voice screaming " Where's Renee?" I was then pulled up by my hair and coughed that's all I can basically remember.

Since then I've been thrown in pools many times and sunk and rescued but never experienced anything but panic. In high school I wasn't going to graduate unless I did know how to swim. So I had to take an independent course after school with the coach. I was 17 and still the only one I knew my age who couldn't swim. I had a hard time. I learned to float and I can swim a little bit but not under water.

Today Im 40 and I can say that one experience I had under the water was as vivid as my own reflection. I'm glad it happened. I'm still putting together what it all means from time to time, thus why I'm entering my experience I had so long ago.

John H

I was lying on my stomach on the examination cart in the clinic. A nurse was giving me an injection of penicillin. Prior to this injection I had never had an allergic reaction to penicillin. Within moments after the nurse began the injection I started having a reaction. A buzzing sound began in my ears and kept intensifying. My heart started to race and kept intensifying. A border started to form around my vision field. The border was brown with pale dots and it narrowed toward the center until I lost my vision. My tongue seemed to swell and fill my mouth. I had been chewing on a piece of gum and spit it out as hard as I could because I was afraid I would choke on it. I was banging on the side of the metal cart with both my fists as hard as I could trying to stay conscious.

I heard the nurse shouting the words code blue. I heard someone say my heart rate was 180. I sensed my chest heaving as my heart seemed to be giving out. I heard someone say "were losing him". I was terrified, I thought to myself I was dying, I remember either saying or thinking the words "save me Jesus" over and over. I experienced being in a condition or state where everything around me was a chaos of swirling brilliant reds and whites all of the while I was screaming out "save me Jesus". Suddenly from across this space, like a pool, appeared a being of incredible light, standing with arms down but out. I saw no features, just incredible light.

Suddenly, I was in a lightless void, except for the piercing white dot that seemed so far away, like a distant star in what would otherwise be a starless black night sky. I felt the sensation of moving toward it at incredible speed and almost instantaneously arrived at a point where, while still being in this dark void, a whiteness appeared in front of me. Imagine being in a dark theater in front of a white screen. Although there didn't appear to be edges around the whiteness. It was just there. I on the other hand was not aware of having any form, I just was there. I was also terrified because of the experience. I either experienced or heard the words "do not be afraid". I couldn't tell you where it came from but it was real. I also experienced what I can only say was total awareness. I didn't see my life flash in front of me as a series or chronology of events, it was more like, "oh yeah", I get it. That however, did not diminish the importance in what I realized. I realized how vain a person I was. I also realized the effect that my death would have on my family, most importantly my father. We had lost mom a little more than two years prior to this happening to me. I experienced a terrible sadness and either saw or imagined my brothers carrying my casket. My father was destroyed in emotion.

The whiteness in front of me had a depth to it. From this depth I could make out what appeared to be a large boulder. As I 'stared' into this depth at the boulder the mist or whiteness seemed to recede a little. The boulder was large and its color varied but was mostly grey. I saw moss on it. I could see depth behind it but it was more like looking through a fog or a glass block into a lushness. Far off to the left of the boulder, my attention was drawn to the silhouette of what looked like a person with this foggy white mist slowly receding to reveal a person. As the image became clearer I could see that it was a woman, dressed in a chocolate brown colored robe closed with a cream colored cord fastened around her waist. Her brown wavy hair fell across her shoulders. As the mist disappeared from in front of her face I could see she was smiling. Her arms were down and slightly away from her body and were slight forward. I was aware that the lower part of her form was still surrounded by the misty white fog. She did not speak to me either in voice or thought. She was just there. She was beyond what we might call someone here on earth physically beautiful. I sensed a presence of total and perfect peace. At first I did

not recognize her, but then suddenly I did. It was my mother. I had never seen my mother look anywhere remotely like this, yet I knew it was her. She appeared ageless. You just can't explain it, it does seem to need explanation. The last time I had seen her, her body had been devastated and wasted by the effects from cancer. Yet here she was, beyond beauty, beyond anything I could experience. I sensed that she was there waiting for me, that's all. I did not have the urge or the wanting to rush to her. It was then, in a moment that I knew that if I willed to go forward, I would cross over and never return.

Two things welled up in me, first, I really had not done anything with my life and had hardly would you say, experienced life, the second and the most compelling was I couldn't bear the hurt that it would cause my father to experience to lose me on top of losing mom. I sensed that he wouldn't survive it. So I prayed, "please Jesus, send me back". Instantaneously, I was back in the examination room and heard talking voices. I had a sense of being frozen in time. There is no way I can explain that sensation but I can feel how it felt now as clear as when it happened.

That sensation passed and was replaced by the face of the doctor who had ordered the shot. The first words out of my mouth were "am I in hell". He laughed and said "I wouldn't call it that". The reason I said that was because of the ugliness of the doctor's appearance. The closest thing I can compare it to is that he appeared to be made out of clay, like a clay-mation figure, only the defects like moles and scars and wrinkles seemed to be accentuated. There were several people standing in the room some in the open doorway to the hall. As I looked at them they all seemed like clay-mation figures. As time passed by they appeared more and more normal and less frightening. I asked someone to call my sister and ask her to come to the clinic. It wasn't until she arrived and I recognized her that I knew I was alright.

CJL

I remember most everything that happened when I walked into the ER. The people started rushing around, the charge nurse kept talking with me, I told her that I was tired and just wanted to close my eyes for a moment. She said not to do that or they would have to put tubes and such in places I wouldn't like, we all laughed nervously. I remember asking them to save my Rockies shirt! They did! A tech was going to insert a catheter tube. I remember closing my eyes and letting out a breath.

Then I found myself very alert thinking it doesn't sting, I felt very much at peace, it was dark and I could feel I was moving to my right, kinda like floating fast, I thought at first to yell echo, then thought it would be inappropriate. My next thought was, this is it! I Prayed the Lord's Prayer, and I don't remember the other Prayer, I recall thinking.. Now I get to sing!! At that moment I had a rush like when you fall in a dream. I was upset about being taken away from there! I sat up and looked around saying do you have heating pads under me it's hot take them out! It was the electricity from being shocked back. I know now that I (coded) on the table for about 30 seconds.

I was also told , I did not just close my eyes, I grabbed the nurses arm and gave her a look they call The death stare! I let out a gasp and fell back on the table. I do recall at some time I could feel my left arm and right leg hanging off the table but I couldn't lift them. like I was not connected to them. I don't recall when that happened. Every thing is different now! I'm glad to know I'm not alone in my experience.

Stephanie R

I don't know why or how but I was in a white place where you couldn't see any thing, and then I saw this white bridge with my dead uncle Nick (he was my favorite family member who died when I was in the 4th grade) standing there, I went up to him and he spoke to me, telling me that this was the "family bridge" where everyone in our family goes after we die and one member is there to greet us, that after we cross it there is no going back, but that I didn't have to stay that I had to choose to either go back and live and suffer in many ways but find what I've been looking for, or stay with him but I would never be able to go back to my life, I remember not believing that I was really there thinking that he wasn't really there either and asking him to let me touch his face but he wouldn't let me, then he asked me what I wanted to do and I said "well if this is heaven then I'll go back" I'm still not sure what I meant by that but then he spoke to me but I don't remember what he said other than his last words "every thing will be ok you will find what your looking for we will meet again" the next thing I remember is being in the hospital.

Sarah M

I was hemorrhaging blood (I thought it was ketchup but I knew I couldn't have eaten that much ketchup!) I told my parents and they looked at me with something in their eyes (fear). I ran back to the bathroom and I heard my mother scream in terror and cries and moaning. I was tired and laid down to rest on the floor--my back to the floor and I looked up and saw myself on the ceiling. I wasn't scared at all. I felt someone holding me so tight yet so gently and could feel wind and bright light and words exchanged (I couldn't hear the words but suddenly I felt myself thrust back into my body.) I felt then that life is precious and it is much easier to "die" than to be born. I was told later that I was on "the critical list for 6 days".

Patrick B

It was a January day in Michigan, rather cold and snowy. There was a coating of melted snow that had been left behind by the snow plow in the parking lot, as the wind blew across the lot it froze all that was left behind. At some point some associates and I were outside enjoying the snow like children. A game of football was started with a frozen ball of snow. I received a pass and was tackled by one of the guys. I slipped on one of those patches of frozen snow and fell backwards hitting my head on the ice and pavement. I was out cold. As I can recall I remember seeing myself lying there, I could hear everyone around me freaking out because I wouldn't wake up. At one point one of the guys said "his lips are turning blue" we better call 911. All this time I can hear and see everything as though I was standing in the crowd. The EMTs showed up and began working on me and as they were doing their job I remember feeling a rush of warmth come over me, but looking down I could see how cold and lifeless my body looked, I really thought nothing of it I was completely comfortable just seeing what was going on. The really freaky part came when they put me in the ambulance I actually went with my body to the hospital all the while being able to hear everything around me and see it very clear. I remember what seemed to be emotions although it felt as if I was being pulled in two different directions at once. One saying stay and the other saying I must go. No sooner than that I was back in my body in the When I was at the local hospital.

Sheri G

I had been out with a girlfriend and had come home. I snuggled up to my husband and he said, "Do you feel this?" It was the knife pressed to my throat. He raped me at knifepoint, tried to get me to take a bunch of pills. All the while saying things like "Now you'll call the police" or "I'm going to kill you". I had asked for a divorce a couple weeks before that and he'd asked me to wait till after Xmas because of the kids. We had three, two of which were his from a previous marriage. Any way, I had started calming down and getting pissed and I scooted to the end of the bed to get up and the first stab got me in the back. We fought over the knife and he finally plunged it into my chest. He then hugged me and I said "You've killed me". He left the room and went upstairs where I could hear the girls screaming.

I kept thinking I have to keep my hands closed because both of my thumbs were just hanging having been cut to the bone while fighting over the knife. So I laid down and covered up with a quilt. I was getting cold and having a hard time breathing because, I found out later, the first stabbing had punctured my lung. When the ambulance attendants came downstairs they checked me over and I wouldn't let them take me till they put on me a clean pair of underwear. I guess my Mother's warning stuck in my head. When we got into the ambulance I started getting SO COLD! I still to this day, can't take the cold. I found out later I went into shock.

The next thing I knew I was in the ER floating above watching the doctors shock me back into my body. They took me into surgery and the next thing I remember is someone pushing on my stomach and the pain was excruciating. Someone said "Rebound" and we were headed back into surgery. I was in a coma for eight days, so I'm not sure exactly "When" but at some point I found myself traveling a dark tunnel with a bright light beckoning. The closer I got to the light the more love I felt. The light got bigger and bigger and I could see all kinds of loved ones who had passed on. My grandma Jessie had her arms wide open to hug me and the closer I got the more overwhelming love I felt. I heard beautiful music and saw angels all lined up across the sky behind my relatives. I was so happy!! I felt SO MUCH love through every pore in my body. All of a sudden I heard my Mother saying "Think of Tina" (my daughter) "Think of Tina" and the light started getting farther away. I came to.

Jason C

I had gone to a park with a friend of mine. We always went out and swam in the river. It wasn't deep just wide. There were old bridge supports made out of rock towers going up about 30 to 35 feet to the forest. The base of these towers were in the river. For whatever reason I decided I would free-climb (without a rope or harness) one of these rock towers. I was up about 25 feet when I got stuck. I knew where I needed to put my hand next to pull up. I only had three points of contact at that point on the rock tower (my feet and left hand) I sort of leaped/reached for it. I grabbed hold of the rock jutting out with my right and let go with my left hand. I still had my feet firmly planted in the holds when I reached this point. Physically I saw the rock fly out of the rock tower and I fell. I fell like one would be sitting up in a lounge chair. I hit tail bone first on a rock (shaped like two hands praying with the fingers pointing up). I was washed downstream came to while I was breathing water (drowning) with my head under a rock. Now I said that is what happened physically.

This is what I saw. I remember seeing the rock fly out of the hold and thinking "oh no". All of a sudden I was knocked out of my body. It was like someone pushed me hard but instead of my body going with the push it was just my soul. I saw myself fall down to the rocks below. At this point I got confused. I thought "Well, If I am up here who's down there". I remember bring my hands up or where they should've been and seeing something like a static light where they should've been. Right at this point for whatever reason I started noticing my surroundings. The river below me looked like a liquid crystal. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. The leaves on the trees were bright neon green. Then everything started getting extremely bright.

All of a sudden there was this brilliant flash of light. Then it went completely dark. I wasn't scared, I was still trying to figure out what was going on. Then I heard all these people talking (men, women). It sounded like I landed right in the middle of a cocktail party. I said "Where am I?" It was strange here because when I "spoke" this I thought it the same time. It was also strange because I felt like I here was for quiet sometime. I lost all sense of time. I heard a women tell me that I had a choice. Her voice was very peaceful and calming. I asked her what my choice was. She said, "You can come with us or go back and finish your work". I had no grasp of what was going on still. I said "Well, I need to get back because if I miss supper my mother is going to kill me".

As soon as I said this I felt a tug and "Wham" I opened my eyes and realized I was drowning. I pulled my head out from under the rock and pulled my self halfway out of the water. My friend helped me out the rest of the way. He asked me what had happened. He never saw me fall. In conclusion, I went to the Dr. who was surprised I was alive one and two still walking. I told him how I fell He said I should been killed instantly or paralyzed for life. Needless to say I couldn't walk real well if at all for about 4 weeks.

Kerryanne M

Sometime during the operation, I became conscious and was freezing cold. I could smell a strong antiseptic odor, could hear a continual beep (which I guess was the heart monitor) and could hear conversation above me as people worked, and was aware of a tight clamping feeling over my abdomen. I tried desperately to let the staff know I'd awoken, but could not open my eyes or even move. So I just lay there hoping I'd sleep again when very suddenly the beeping sound started to quicken then leveled out - I knew what was happening and very calmly & clearly thought "I'm dying" and felt no fear which was surprising as up until then I'd always been terrified of death. Just as this happened I felt the most incredible feeling of everything just coming together inside me and it was the most beautiful feeling of warmth & joy. I felt myself rising upwards and was surprised that I could hear that level ringing sound so clearly though I was not in my body. I didn't see anything or go through the tunnel, but do believe this will happen next time.

This was all very strange, because at that time I had just become involved with my current partner, was deeply in love and ecstatically happy with dying being nowhere my desire, but that happiness does not compare with the very deep feeling of joy and totality I felt during this experience and I would give anything and everything to feel this way again.

Andrew P

After experiencing angina pain which I mistook for bronchial pain for about a month, I was examined by a cardiologist on 24 June 2004. Not liking what he "heard" and the results of echocardiogram he scheduled me for a nuclear stress test to be performed the next day, 25 June. After failing the test miserably he admitted me and scheduled me to be moved to a hospital that specialized in heart disease for an angiogram to be performed. I remember being put on the cold table for the angiogram at about 6 PM on June 28.

Finding my Aorta 100% blocked and two other arteries 90% blocked they told my wife to call the family as I was moved (still unconscious) for cardio bypass surgery.

Although I was unconscious, I somehow knew what was going on and felt myself "leaving" only to find myself in a dark void, convinced I had died and wondering where the light was that I had heard about and totally lost as to what to do next. I felt as though I were floating in this voice in a confused but very peaceful and serene state, almost happy to be there and anxious to find my way to "the other side". I remember calling out for help "mentally" and a figure appeared which I knew to be my father who had passed on 4 years earlier.

I remember wondering why he came and not my mother who had died in 1964 but had told me a year before she died that when she left (somehow she knew from a vision or something that she would die sometime around her birthday) and suffered a fatal cerebral hemorrhage a year later, that she would always be there for me.

I asked my father why there was no light or tunnel and if he was sent to guide me on my future journey "across". I felt sad and angry when he told me that he had come to send me back to the land of the living. When I objected strongly he told me that "I still had more to do and that my job on Earth was not yet finished" I asked what he meant by that and he raised his right arm (although he was not in a clear human form he was able to point to a direction behind me).

When I turned my head to the left to see where he was pointing to I suddenly felt myself being drawn away and opened my eyes to find me in a hospital room with tubes down my nose, throat and various parts of my body. I was then frightened as I could not use my lungs to breath but was assured by a hospital staff member that I was being oxygenated and he would remove the tubes soon and I would be breathing normally and more comfortably.

Many say this was a dream, but I have never had such a real dream before or after and never dreamed of my Mom since she died and only dreamed of Dad twice since that experience. There is no doubt that I was in a spiritual waiting room.

Later I asked why a procedure which I was told normally took 4 hours took nearly 8 hours. The only response the doctors ever gave was that there were complications.

Anika S

I had Lupus, and at the time I was in the hospital for a kidney infection. I had been in the hospital two weeks when one night my hero Dr. E came into my room and told me and my mother that I have a blood disorder known as TTP and I had to be transferred to the Cardiac ICU immediately. After that visit, everything seemed to go into warp speed for me. I remember waking in the CICU with a huge oxygen mask blowing in my face, I was like a child again who didn't want to wear what their mother put on them, I wanted that thing off fast. My consciousness was scattered at best, I do remember an Asian nurse yelling at me most of the time, telling me to get back into bed and leave my oxygen mask on. I wasn't having it. In my hazy defiance, I got off the bed again and went toward the toilet area. That's when it happened, on my way there I recall turning around looking up as if God was above me and I had my hands up towards the heavens.

After that, all I remember is seeing flashes of things happening. I don't remember if this is the order of the actual events happening but I will try my best to put it together. I remember being in an operating room by myself and wondering where is everyone, then there was a metal tube down my throat and me trying to take it out, I blacked out. I was tied down to the bed, I tried to get out, black out. I saw a nurse standing above me, and I clearly asked her if I had died, black out again.

The most profound part was when I found myself falling, falling and being very afraid, unsure of what was happening and just confused. I was in the blackest place ever, it was like being out of space without the stars. As I'm falling, I hear a voice telling me that everything would be alright and in that instant I felt the most amazing peacefulness, stillness and genuine love I have ever felt. It felt like my soul was touched by the Holy Spirit. After that, I saw in the distance a tunnel, all this time though I'm floating/swimming towards the tunnel, which is made up of spheres, the brightest colors I've ever seen. I'm swimming/floating through them. I remember being guided, and being told things (unfortunately I don't remember what was said, I just remember guidance).

The next thing I remember after that was waking up and my dad, proclaiming, "Sofee, you're alive!!".

Anthony D

I WAS IN A RESTAURANT IN UPSTATE NY GETTING SOMETHING TO EAT WITH MY HUNTING PARTY .WE HAD BEEN HUNTING DEER FOR 5 DAYS CAMPING OUT IN THE WOODS I WAS PRETTY TIRED AS IT WAS PHYSICALLY HARD .I FELT LIGHT HEADED AND DECIDED I SHOULD GET UP AND GO TO THE MEN'S ROOM TO THROW SOME WATER ON MY FACE AS I WALKED TOWARDS THE REST ROOM I STARTED TO GET DIZZY I MUST OF PASSED OUT AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS OUT OF MY BODY AND LOOKING DOWN AT EVERYONE STANDING AROUND ME .IT TOOK A MINUTE TO REALIZE WHAT WAS GOING ON .THEN SUDDENLY I FELT THIS GREAT FELT THIS GREAT FELLING OF PEACE AND I FELT I BECAME A PART OF THE WHOLE UNIVERSE TOTALLY FREE OF WORRIES AND CARE. I WANTED TO STAY THERE. BUT SOMETHING SEEMED TO BE PULLING ME BACK . ITS TAKEN MANY YEARS TO EVEN TALK ABOUT THIS.

Erika K

I had come to realize that I was developing more as a female in my thoughts, emotions, and areas of my body. Unfortunately I was in the Marine Corps where I was enlisted by my Father when I was 15. I was actually inducted on July 8th, 2 days past my 16th birthday. I wasn't to learn until later that I was actually inner-sexed. My depression had grown to the stage of giving up on the notion of life and I took a bottle of sleeping pills.

I would like to first add that I came into this life with a memory of before and choosing this difficult life path that I was to accept. In my near death experience I remember leaving my body and suddenly being in a place surrounded by the purest form of love which permeated everything and being with loving beings. One spoke to me and began to show me the importance of the future of my life as a human and how each of us played an important part in the development of each of us as a whole. I was shown how we were all connected to each other and if our life's plan is not fulfilled how it impacts the whole. I was then given the choice to stay or return. I chose to return. But what I can never forget was or is the divine love, the creation, the creator. I somehow knew that we are reincarnated many times and that the plan is for us all to evolve into that pure love here now.

Tabhita B

I hope this makes sense. It was about eight or so. I was going to take a shower and make some coffee. I decided to call my friend Jessica because she was suppose to stop by, and I was going to make enough for her too. I remember taking off my shirt, and dialing her name. I guess my seizure started then in my hallway outside of my bathroom. I didn't have any warning, no aura. (I always have an aura before a seizure). Jessica said I didn't say anything on the phone so she got worried and came over. I was still seizing when she got there. She said I was sweating profusely and it was very violent. She called my fiancé Brandon, and my neighbor Dave to come help because she wasn't sure what to do. I was going in and out of consciousness having seizures minutes apart with post dictal activity. My seizures were continuous so I was taken to the hospital to be treated. That is a combination of what I was told and what I could piece together.

During that mess, I remember looking up and seeing my fiancé staring at me holding my head. I couldn't understand what he was saying, but he was crying. I could feel what he was saying. I remember feeling what Jessica and Dave too. They weren't close to me. Dave was repulsed. I remember him feeling weak (he denies this by the way). Jessica was cold and scared maybe. She denies that too. The emotion was so dark and so moving that it was kind of beautiful in its own still way. I was feeling an enormous amount of pressure and sharp pain, and something happened the stillness went away. I was hurting like I could feel what was going on. (I never remember my seizures) So I let go, I just let go. The stillness came back. I got up to comfort Brandon, my fiancé. I wanted to tell him that I was fine. When I did, I saw myself choking. I wasn't choking myself like my nightmares. I was just choking I couldn't breathe. I was on top of myself watching myself and all these shapes were moving like people or animals around me. I wanted to go back inside, because I was worried about Brandon. He was so sad. I could feel his worry and sadness, but I couldn't feel my own. There was this plasma thing between me and me. I guess I fell through it I don't know. Then I went back to feeling everything in my body. All the pressure and tension and pain. I guess I passed out again. I

The next thing I remember is waking up in the hospital.

Kathy A

I was 41 and had my 3rd child. After the baby was born I was diagnosed with an arterial vein malformation in my brain. I had to go through 3 separate embolizations and after that I was to have brain surgery. I really didn't think about the actual surgery, I just knew I wanted this thing out of my head.

When I awoke from the surgery I began telling my mother that I had been on a path made of light that was what appeared to be a night sky with stars all around. The path zigzag and at the end of the path I could see a very bright light. I remember just standing in the path and a small girl who was like bright light was standing next to me and also a very tall man dressed in a green suit. In front of me were three beings dressed in black robes that had emeralds around their hoods. I could not see their faces and I was not afraid. I felt very calm and peaceful. They spoke to me with their minds and told me that it was not my time yet. That I had to go back and love Him. I did not understand what that meant. When I described the little girl in the bright light my mothers face just went white. She later told me that I had described my grandmother when she was about 12 years old. That white light remained very close to me even after I woke up. I kept pointing to her and telling my family that she was right next to me protecting me.

After I got home from hospital I continued to see other dead relatives in my home and was very tuned into other peoples feelings. It was not until I had to go to therapy during my recovery that my therapist, who is Jewish, helped me realized the three beings were the Trinity and that I had to go back and love Him, was God. From that love, love just flowed out of me. It took me 2 1/2 years to recover from brain surgery and the whole time I was very close to God. Since I have been back to work, I don't have that love and peacefulness that I once had and I desperately want those feelings back!

Padraic R

I poised myself sitting upright against the wall near the glass pane I had just broken, I rested my right arm in my lap and each time I took a breath my arm would gurgle. I figured if the ambulance was called at the time I broke the glass they were over 15 minutes away from me, when I knew I had about 8 minutes left.

I thought to clamp the wound but a voice in my head said "lie still, your fine!"

I tried to keep track of my breathing which I lost count, I could no longer keep my head up or my eyes open I fell into a gentle sleep, this was when I was aware that I was dying. I was not frightened by this thought. I had no direct fear of the death awaiting me, I embraced it with warmth and recognition.

I knew that I was still conscious but I didn't know how, I could think in 5 different directions at once, the expansion of my experience was greater than I've ever experienced in life, death became a new experience to me, this was an experience I wanted, I could talk to trees and ants on the ground, I experienced a "life tone" of the earth that I felt on one level.

I stood in a field by a river by a bridge and a man walked past me that I tried to get his attention, he walked about 10 feet away from me, it was daytime although I knew it was night in the building I was just in.

I said earlier that I knew that I was but I didn't know just what I was, I could see and hear and feel and experience, experiences came to me with lightening speed and clarity. As my consciousness expanded I moved physically, at one moment I was above the earth and began to forget my family, my own name, that I had a finger on my hand. I passed through 4 dimensions about as thick as a piece of paper.

As I moved away from the earth I could feel "life tones" of space and of other planets, I then came in contact with a "life force" not as advanced as our own, they expressed the emotion "love" to me both individually and collectively. I hope to return to them after my second death.

As I moved on, I met a friend, dark haired, he was a friend who glowed yellow light from himself, as I tried to approach me he stopped me, I was frozen in space now and in conscious experience. He said to me "As you believed in me, I shall believe in you and thou shalt not die." This I didn't understand because I was more alive than I've ever been in 33 years.

Next, a cop was kneeling over me telling me that I can't go to sleep that I have to stay awake and keep talking, the paramedics were about to hoist me to the gurney, for the next year I had mini death experiences that would come into my life at odd times. kind of like going blank for the moment.

Debbie E

I was out drinking with my ex-boyfriend and we were driving in his car after we left the bar. An argument took place during a heated discussion. (3 years later I still can't remember what we were arguing about)!

After this took place I found myself in a dark tunnel with a bright light gradually coming toward me. I then saw my mother who passed away in the year 2000. She was in front of the light. We were communicating through each others minds, not verbally. We can understand one another I remember, but I don't have any memory of what was said. I just remember me feeling a floating sensation, not being in my physical body. I didn't like the look my mother had, it was a look of fear. I got that same look when she was alive at times she had worry and disappointment in her eyes. (she tilted her head down and kept her eyes staring straight inline with mine.

When I woke up, I was never dead. I was in a coma for 3 weeks with a crushed skull, brain injury, tracheotomy and a fractured 5th vertebra. The fracture was 1 centimeter from cutting into my spine that would have paralyzed me from the neck down. Four months in the hospital, four surgeries and physical therapy. I went to Illinois to stay with my father for a month.

The doctors told my father that I would never be the same, they all said I would be retarded. My dad then got guardianship over me and I recovered back 100% mentally over a period of time. Physically you wouldn't see any flaws. I have a dent the size of my hand on the left side of my head, only it is not noticeable. I have a tracheotomy scar, scar in my stomach from the feeding tube and once right handed...now left. A quarter size piece of the fine motor skills part of my brain had to be removed. It effected my writing, eating with utensils and typing. I had to train myself to do all of those things with my left hand.

It was told to the police by my ex at the scene of the accident that I was so mad I jumped out of the moving car (Corvette) going 40mph. They couldn't find proof after investigation that it was attempted suicide. His insurance wouldn't cover my medical expenses and I was 3 weeks shy on my new job collecting any medical benefits. It cost me to file Chapter 7 Bankruptcy with just under 1 million dollars that I owed.

After I moved back to Dallas, TX, got my job back and moved in with my ex...I started piecing together that he was cheating on me, that the argument the night of the accident was about that. I still don't know how I ended up where I did, but I think he had something to do with it. A doctor interviewed me after the accident and reported I wasn't suicidal. The seating in a Corvette sits so low, you have to step up and then out of the car. I was heavily intoxicated at the time, so I know there was foul play.

Cindy S

NDE at age 2

All that I remember because I was so young is seeing my daddy on the ground holding me in his arms, it was like I was standing above him watching. I do know from my parents that I was run over by my mothers car, I feel out after knocking the car in reverse, she had gone in the house to take some groceries in before we had to go pick up my brother and sister at the movies. I know that after the car ran over me I had tire marks across my head and back. I was totally blind in both eyes and when my parents went the hospital the next morning to take me to UAB. hospital I was riding down the hallway on a tricycle, totally blind. the doctors at UAB. told my parents I would never see again, they even used me as a case study, but after 2 weeks by some miracle I got the sight back in my right eye, the doctors could not explain it. the accident also left a scar on my brain.

Charlene P

Right before the experience, I was rushed to ICU. I had a collapsed lung, and was severely septic and dehydrated, this was six days after the original surgery. I was in the ICU, and I could feel myself slipping from consciousness. I recall there were at least six people standing around me. The next thing I recall is that I was above myself watching them work on me. I recall feeling so at peace.

My direction was quickly drawn away from what they were doing to my body, to a longing feeling and a light. It was so overwhelming and I felt this love that I remembered but never felt here. I was drawn toward it, feeling so much love and acceptance. It was bright, but it did not hurt. I felt I was actually part of it. I knew whatever I wanted to know, although I cannot remember it now. I seen others there, that I knew and knew me, but I do not know how I knew them or they knew me. I was told by telepathy that I am done here if I want to be done here or I could return. It seemed like I was there for days and days, like in some sort of "holding room". The feeling I got was that they were waiting for my decision. When I told them my decision, it seemed to take days and days again. Something that kept coming to mind was something of a "re-write", I am not sure what that is. As soon as I said I wanted to return to be here for the ascension (this is one thing that I didn't forget...out of everything...it was this), all the beings present seemed to be so exuberant. I was told that at first return I would struggle and it would be difficult, but as I progressed it would become easier. I wasn't sure what was meant by that, but I am beginning to see the picture now. I was told many things of which only a few I still recall but cannot share. On my return, I felt lost and alone and unloved.

That day I awoke from my coma, on life support with my family in tears of joy around me... I also seen what appeared to be the people from the "holding room" and what looked like angelic beings (the very tall long haired people that I could not tell if they were male or female). I sometimes feel that glimpse of eternal love and light when I am depressed with life. I regretted coming back for a while (about two years) and constantly felt that I was going to die again. I don't fear death, I actually look forward to it again. I am glad that I am never alone, although at times I feel that way. I know they are there watching me and cheering me on. I take great comfort in knowing that. In my life now, I feel so different than I did before. I feel like an alien here, and the mentality of most people hurts me. I feel this twinge on the inside, I just wish others knew what it feels like to not belong to this world but to be living in it. It is hard to explain in words, I guess you just have to have been through it to know.

Walter G

I was immobile, in the rain, on the lawn, I didn't feel cold or pain. I circled above my body, I looked at myself there, nobody else was with me. I thought: I feel good though I see myself inert and I am not afraid! To the contrary, I was happy that I felt so good. And then I realized that I was outside of my body. I knew what it felt like to not have to breathe and to not feel the cold. I remember well the sensation of what a wonderful state of being this was. I began moving along for what seemed like a long while, though the amount of time that I spent moving was difficult to determine. I was still out of my body. I heard my wife at home who knew nothing of what was going on with me, I passed through the walls of our house and heard her voice. She was speaking softly, quietly with her mother, they were in the kitchen, but I heard her very well even from where I was at one hundred meters away in the rain. My wife and her mother didn't see me and didn't hear me.

I realized then that I was dead. But that didn't bother me. Slowly but surely the meaning of the physical world became irrelevant. And it was as if I was forgetting who I was, who I had been. In an instant something happened. I saw myself in my mother's womb two months before my birth, I had a desire to eat fruit, I remember very well my life review, it went on until my death, aromas, perfumes, sensations, forgotten memories, when I was suckling, everything in a short moment. It seems that in that state time does not exist. I was definitely in another spiritual dimension. My life since then has totally changed. I know that our souls use our physical bodies to enact Mysteries. I was given a great gift, this superior knowledge and freedom from fear of death. Then I saw the tunnel of indescribable intense light, I was a drop of light in an ocean of light. The mind disappeared. Then a name came to me, "Luca" the name of my son. I returned to my body, there I was on the ground, pain piercing my shoulder, torso and feet, terrible pains. And here I am with you.

"Transition"



©Copyright **Orit Martin**, all rights reserved worldwide

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/-אורית-מרטין-ציירת-tiro-1430061693883873martin/>