## Going On

When I got back on my feet, physically, and saved up some money, I left Nebraska and went to Florida. I stayed there with my friend that couldn't have been there with me. I shared the experience with him and his friends. They let me stay with them but I had trouble finding a good job. Things just seemed to go from miserable to worse. I worked in an ice cream parlor in a mall during the day. I played music in lounges and sang for tips in the evenings. I ate the treats they put out for happy hour and called it meals. I wasn't getting anywhere.

I wasn't feeling any better about my life. I was still sad and now I was sad and broke and hungry. I finally gave it up. I called my Mom. She helped me get home. I came back to where it all began when I was just a teen. I was searching for the wrong turn I took. I wanted to get my life straightened out. My family and children all lived here. I started seeing my kids again. That was a joy for me. I loved the lakes and land in Michigan. It was a comfort to be in familiar places again.

I found old friends and made new ones. I got a decent job. I met again the boy I had loved when we were in High School. We knew from the moment we first spoke that there was love still between us. There is another story there.

In 1986 he helped me find the first motorcycle I bought for myself. Dad always got them for me, before. It was a little CB 360 Honda. It had been a long time since I had ridden. I had to practice quite a while to get road ready again. I passed my test and got my cycle endorsement. I was legal.

One day my old BF called and said he was off to meet a friend who was riding down from up north. Did I want to go along? I did, oh YA! You have probably guessed the rest, but I'll tell it anyway.

The two of them and their friends had ridden the same routes for years. They had regular places to watch for each other on the road and meet. We pulled in to a gravel two track about half way there. We saw his friend was already parked and waiting for us.

It was really my first long ride and I was still unsure on the bike. As the beginner, when we went to leave, they had me go first. They could keep an eye on me going up the pot holed road and the hill. That was when it happened.

I was almost back to the black top we had come in from. I glanced into my mirror. I felt the dream close around me. The de jevu was so strong I felt kind of "lost between". I hit a little pot hole and had to put a foot down to catch the bike. They teased me about it at the top of the hill. I didn't even defend myself. I was too lost in my thoughts. I knew what had just happened to me. I was riding in the time of the dream. I just dropped back behind them and followed them south. It was all I could do to concentrate on the ride.

When I got back to my place, I dug up the journal from that time. I went through until I found what I wanted. Then I asked my friend to come over. I was pretty shaky as I handed it to him. I just said, "Would you read this, please." He did.

It was in much more detail than I have shared here. I knew the colors of the bikes, I knew who rode them, I knew the angle of the sun. He was disbelieving but could see it was the true. He knew it was the afternoon we had just shared from the description.

He tried to find ways to discount it, but neither of us could come up with one that worked. It was written months earlier. After that I let him read the rest of this as it was in the journals with the dreams and visions I had seen. God bless the man for loving me still. It scared him more than a little. He was a believer in God, too, but this is a lot to swallow in one bite.

We moved in together in 1986. In 1987 the cat I had named Butch when he brought her home, had her first litter of four kittens under the edge of the bed, where I could see her but not reach her. She was black and white and not a short hair or a long hair. I called her a medium fuzzy. I showed him that entry again that night. Each kitten was described. He just closed it when he finished and handed it back without a word. But his eyes told me he believed. I needed to remember that later.

We married in 1988. Life for us was close to the bone. It never mattered what we had or where we lived, to us. That we were together every day was all it took to make us happy. We were in love. We were friends joined at the heart.

There are many stories of our life and love I could tell, they are not really a part of this one. Whenever we rode on the motorcycles I followed him like a shadow. That might be something you should know. Every one else did that rode with us. You risked your life to cut between us. He was almost always my trail breaker and I had his back door.

We did almost everything as a team, he was "Boris" to my Natasha, John to my Yoko, he would say. I went through my days safely following him. Then it ended.

[(to Index)](http://4herway.com/4letterword/thebook.html#top)  
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## Us Do Part

I loved that man and he loved me the best we knew how every day. I had a speaking relationship with God in my joy through the years. I would pray for the kids and the family and friends but I mostly thanked Him for my mate. I called blessings down on him regularly. I thanked Him for the joy in my life.

From the year before I met the mate, when I just wanted to die, I was now content in my days and life. While it was life and had it's messes and pains, it was good. Our love was truthfully deeper every day we were together. True Love wasn't a fairy tale anymore. It was something real for us.

In 2006, on a winter day, I was just getting up for work. I heard him running water and doing chores as I pulled on a shirt. I heard the breath whoosh out of him as he slipped, gasped, and then fell so hard the boards under my feet shook. I was sitting on the side of the bed at least twenty feet and a room from him. I knew what had happened as if I had seen it.

I didn't stop to finish dressing, I ran. I slid into first at his side. He wasn't breathing, he wasn't seeing me, there was water all over the floor from the bucket he was carrying to fill the humidifier after watering the dogs.

He fell so hard he broke the hinges out of the bottom of the door. The door was jammed between his neck and shoulder on the main artery, I thought. I had to decide if his neck was broken before I could move him out to do CPR.

I made the call, moved him out and started, as I had been trained. I thought I had gotten him breathing on his own again. I ran for the phone, called 911. While I answered stupid questions, he stopped breathing. I threw down the phone without disconnecting.

I continued with the CPR. I knew that I was losing him. There was no real response to anything I tried and I tried everything I knew. I was doing strong chest compressions then, with two small death rattles, he left me. He went on, ahead of me again. I got up, took the phone and went into the next room. I made two calls. One lasted the longest eight minutes I have ever lived as I waited with a friend to see if my mate would live.

It really was just, POOF! He was gone. It was a hard way to start a day. I hadn't even had my coffee yet. It was a strange thing to think but I knew he had his. There was the cup by the sink.

Every night before I went to bed I made a pot of coffee for him, with a timer, so it would be ready and fresh for him. That first pot was gone. He had made a second pot for me so I would have enough to take to work and still a cup apiece to share before I left for the day. It was part of how we loved each other, in these little things we did. I could see there was a cup for me in the pot. The rest would be in the carafe.

As I spoke with the medics and police I drank the last pot of coffee lovingly made just for me by my mate. The coffee in the carafe we used was hot and rich. My mate was gone.

I was lost. But he left me a pot of coffee. I never could use that carafe again without thinking of him filling it for me. I had to get rid of it later. It was too much of his love for me to see every day and move into the future without him.

It was a blow to my life that no one who knew us thought I would get past. Everyone that knew the love we shared thought I would follow him, even our children. Many of them hadn't known me before the mate. I had experience in being alone and doing for myself. For years I followed where ever he lead. Now I had to walk alone again. I didn't try to follow him, but I had lost my balance, my happiness and my contentment.

Nothing I tried stopped the grief of losing him. I struggled with it everyday. I cut my hair and I wore black. I had promised him a year and a day. Through every one of them I made it. Somehow I stayed. I held on when I was with others and flew apart when I was alone. I made it through the first weeks one hour at a time. One more chore, one more call, one more piece of paper to file, the tasks led me into the future. One little effort at a time I got further into a world with no love in my days anymore.

[(to Index)](http://4herway.com/4letterword/thebook.html#top)  
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## Repeat After Me

At work one day I got a phone call from a vendor in California I have sent some customers to on occasion. He said he didn't need anything but felt he needed to call me all morning. He finally did so to get it off his mind. I know he is a believer and I knew what he said was truth for him. At that time I just thought it was coincidence. Later I felt it was directed, I know he believed that, too.

I told him that I had been dealing with a lot as my mate died 30 days ago. That was how it felt, like I had done 30 days in jail or something. Then I choked up. He left a long pause while he digested that. Anyone that has known me more than ten minutes knows I love my mate. It was just one of the things in my life that always came up in conversation. I loved that man and he loved me and I loved talking about it.

The caller is a very kind man and a strong Christian believer with a loving marriage and good partner. He was really saddened by the news. He offered pretty standard but very sincere condolences and shared that he had lost his son about 4 months ago and his brother just before that. One of them went just out of the blue with a massive coronary. I could feel his pain and grief. I wanted to comfort him and his wife if I could find the words. He touched my heart in his own grief and made mine look small for the first time. It would not be the last.

This event came back to me as clearly as if it all happened the day before. It was like a connection just got power back to it again and a light came on in the dark of a storm. I remembered it fully as I experienced it and I told him, "Listen, I want to tell you about where your son and your brother are and why I know they are okay." I told him this story. I felt moved to share it to try to comfort him.

When I got off the phone I realized it had taken quite a long time. The boss had noticed I was tied up with something. I went to explain why I had been on the phone so long without a sale. I told him the man had lost his son and brother and I tried to comfort him. I started to tell him what I had shared. Then he says, "That sounds like this book." He got it out of his briefcase and hands it to me. It is on a woman's experience with death. I didn't even look at it. I just handed it back and said, "Does it go something like this?" I told him the story. He and I were both touched by the phone call, my story and the book by another woman. The "coincidences" were just beginning.

He closed us up early as I was upset. It was a kindness to me. I had planned to go to town that night. I needed to get a permit to purchase a pistol so I could put the mate's in my name. The woman behind the desk and I were getting off on the wrong foot. I was trying to be funny and she was taking everything seriously. I said, "Whoa, back up! Can we start over?" Then I burst into tears and tell her I am only getting the pistol legal because I am a woman alone in a rural area with a high crime rate and just lost my mate.

She and her mate were true lovers, she is still here and still single after 12 years alone and knew all my pain as a widow. She told me to be comforted and shared that she had a near death experience. Hers was different than mine but only in setting, not in what she believes from it. I told her the reason I couldn't even wish the mate back is I know where he is and I always wanted what made him happy. I told her mine. We saw the matching truths in them even though they were not identical in what we saw and did. I got the permit and we parted friends. This was the third repetition and I am getting a little freaked out. Puzzled isn't the right word for it, mystified is closer. What was going on?

When I walked in the house the phone rang as I came in the door. It was a friend who had left me a gift. They were calling to see if I had found it. They had left it near the back door on Tuesday and this was Friday, I hadn't called them to thank them. I had to say it was because I hadn't seen it. I walked out and found it still there. We started out discussing gifts and I learn this friend also believes in God. I had not known that.

I started to share my day and tell them I feel like a kid that has to write "I will not slam the door" a hundred times. I don't know what it is that I am not getting. I shared this story with that friend. Their comments were comforting and helpful. I got off the phone feeling better. It meant a lot to me that they listened as I got it off my chest.

I thought it would be all done then, but it wasn't. My mom called with some information. I had to tell her the story just to tell her how my day went. It was getting late by now. If I had had the journals I would have just gone back and gotten it out to read over.

There was something I wasn't getting, I knew it. I just didn't know what it was. I knew I had to blog it. After telling it so many times that day I wrote it down again. I went to copy it before hitting publish and hit just the wrong key by mistake. It was deleted.

I freaked but knew it meant something wasn't right. I had to write it again. Seven times in one day I had to repeat it. I was officially freaking out about it by now. The second time it published okay. I finally went to bed.

My experience with my own "death" was being compelled from me. I was forced to examine it, think about it, remember it again. I tried to see why I had to repeat it. That day continued into a weekend of meeting grieving people and sharing it with them. I can't even say now how many times I had to tell it. It kept coming up in the conversation. Usually whoever I was talking to said something about death or dying and then I would offer it for what comfort they could find in it.

All that first long year I had to refer to this event in my life. I tried to comfort people that felt separated from their loved ones, myself included. I had to remember this very personal experience as clearly as possible. I had to share my belief, my KNOWING, that there is life next, not death.

[(to Index)](http://4herway.com/4letterword/thebook.html#top)  
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## Starting Over

This didn't change my grief. The light and joy had gone out of my days. I spoke no more in prayer. I spoke in tears if I spoke of the mate. I could not shut up some times and some days I did not speak at all. I could not see love anymore, even when it was poured out on me. But this story was drawn from me over and over again as I tried to tell others that grieved we do not die, we live. I was being made to remember it for a reason. I still believe that.

I kept going over this trying to get my heart to heal and put the spirit in me back in one piece. There was a time just after the mate died that I felt a physical absence in the meat of my chest next to my heart under my left breast beneath my ribs. I realized one day it was where I had looked to know if he needed me or something from town or if I should give him a call. It was the place in me that we were bonded, I believe. It was just a gaping hole for days and days. Slowly that place in me healed.

Without the love showed me here by others I love, I would have followed after that man that held so large a part of my heart and life and soul. Trying to begin a day without him was like waking up in the wrong world. I didn't belong where he wasn't with me. I tried to keep "on the planet" but I was losing my grip and it hurt because I could see it.

I could see what I was doing and I understood I was doing it badly. I was looking for comfort and help and there was no one who felt they could give it. No one could see a way to help and I could not find help in myself. I was all in pieces inside and "falling apart" doesn't even begin to describe it. I would be screaming "No, don't say that, don't do that" in my head but my body and mouth were going on without me. I am pretty sure that means I was clinically crazy. I could only keep it together with my family and a few close friends.

Every one else was dealing with me as kindly as possible but I felt driven to keep seeking help. It was just all the me that was left. There wasn't much left except the panic driven, hurting woman. One who thought she had let her man die in her arms because she wasn't good enough to save him. One who couldn't even comfort her children.

I kept thinking he might have lived if I could have done CPR better or I had called the EMT's sooner or if I hadn't moved him or moved him faster or if I had woken up earlier and called his name...the list of "ifs" was long. None of these were true, but I tried to find a reason he was taken from me with no warning.

We always think it is because we have been bad, or at least not good enough. We feel like we have been punished. If I had been so bad God took the mate, I must really need to be punished. I was doing it to myself. I couldn't see it was not punishment to lose the best friend I had ever known. I sought for answers every where. I finally got a break. There was one other thing that kept me here; A friend prayed me back to God.

I know my friends and family prayed for me. I couldn't talk to them. They all hurt in grief, too. I didn't want to hurt them more so I avoided that as much as I could. This one friend made time for me even though it was not easy for him at that time in his life. He was grieving and I was so blind I never saw it. Still, he forgave that and let me call when I needed to talk. He started sharing books that sent me back to the right path.

One day he plain out told me, "Give it to God. Love God with it." I was speaking of my shameful hurt that I wasn't good enough to save my mate. I got off the phone with him and stood right there in tears and prayed. God changed it from a shameful memory to one I could live with in peace, almost as fast as I prayed it out. He showed me another way to see the same event that I could be sure I had done all I could and it was not my fault the mate died.

How could I regret having a love that lasted and was kept in faith? It only ended at the "til death us do part" and I didn't see that as a limit anymore. I was going to live and so did the mate. I know the truth of it. We don't die, we are changed. The black shame and grief in me was finally lifted.

I still have times I miss him. I have walked as a partner so long I don't think I will ever be all the way happy walking alone. But the pain of the loss doesn't drive me now. When I hurt I turn to God again, to my Divine Loving Being. I talk to Him. He loves me and He shows it in many ways. He makes them small enough I can see them, even here. I have been comforted. I am never really alone.

Love here is always going to have a temporary parting in it. From going wrong or death or just because it fades away, we love and move on. It's part of loving here to have to let go. We can't just love and express it between humans here as we can freely do as spirits. I felt the pain and the truth of that with the loss of the mate. I found the joy again in my knowing that we really will be together again, totally loving, forever. I will be with everyone I ever loved with nothing but love between all of us. That thought is a joy.

I can choose to love on while I am here or I can stop loving because the one I loved is gone. Is that living? Can you live without sharing love? I believe you have to love to live. I believe life is love. It's not just loving a partner, it's loving to dance or sing. It's loving your family, loving your friends, loving to create or mend or build or write. It's love being expressed when you love what you are doing. I think even loving the things you have and the place you are is expressing the One Love. Do it because you love to do it and you are creating more love .

You always take the chance down here that you will get hurt in loving another. If you never try you might miss the joy that a love lived in faith and truth can be. I don't want to miss a chance to love again because I loved well and deeply once. I want to share love here again and show that it is always love that brings joy to life. I will, if I get the chance.

Why? Because living lovingly is the way this world is supposed to be. If you have love then your days are lived in awareness of love. The One Love spreads love to all we touch and the more we have, the more we can give. Then, one precious love at a time, the world is a more loving and caring place.

That is the point, Love God, Love yourself, Love your neighbor. Do no harm willingly to any. That's my goal, to live lovingly each day and remember to love myself, too. Just the way you are and I am - we are loved. You can't help but want to share it. It comes out of you like your breath.

How can you be sad if my body dies and I am once again released to be free of everything except the love I carry with me? I have the love of so many and I love them in return. I will catch up with them later or they will catch up with me. This is my truth - I will love all that I love forever. Eternity is ours. We do not die.

You will not die. You will be changed. Each of you is just what you are supposed to be right this minute. If you turn your heart and thoughts to the One Love of the Creator He will guide your steps. There is no other thing needed except to say, "I want to believe, show me how, please." He always will. He loves you so much more than my attempt here can tell you. Trust him to show you. Just ask it with the voice of your heart, not just your mouth, and he will hear you. You only have to choose to want to believe and He will teach it to you.

I will not swear to the identification or location of the place I went or the beings I met and saw. I will say I did not die, but I was dead. I was changed. I was alive in a way I can't really ever explain. I was somewhere that was a real someplace. You will have to know it yourself when you get there.

Death is a transformation, a changed state of being. Like ice becoming water or rain becoming snow, you are changed. The body remains here where it was built to be and the self of you becomes a being of another kind, but still your own self. I feel it is like shedding an out grown skin, coming out of a cocoon or hatching out of an egg. It's a new birth as a new type of being. You no longer belong here, you belong with others like you and they wait to greet you.

If the fear of death and dying can be removed from your hearts I will have done what I wish to do for you. If the pain of separation can be eased for you I have done well. I want each of you to know that the parting from your loved ones is truly is only a temporary parting. You will be with them - welcomed and loved as you always have been - just down the road of your life a little further. If I can comfort you in some small way with my experience, even one of you, it will be worth the effort to do this.

I know this is such a very short tale. I have stories of what has been going on in my life as I have been guided but this is the meat of it and I want it out there for you. I have come to believe that there is a healing love in this event that can be shared with those who read it. I would try to help you heal your pain, as mine as been healed, because I care that you hurt. I grieve that you suffer thinking you have lost your loved one forever. It touches my heart each time I meet someone in pain from what we call death touching their life.

For me, "dead" is just a four letter word. It only describes what happens to your body. Death does not touch the self of you. You live on in a way that is different from life here. You will live, those gone ahead are alive and loving you still. Love the ones you are with now, while you can still take them by the hand. The love between you never ends even in what we call death. The love you shared will always bring you back to each other again.