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| **DW's** **NDE** |

**EXPERIENCE DESCRIPTION:

Dead is Just a Four Letter Word

WEBSITE:** <http://4herway.com/4letterword/>

**By DW**

**Dedication**

**This book is dedicated to;**

**The Creator that brought us all together.
The man that taught me true love is real.
Our children. I love them where ever I am.
My Mother, who walked the walk.
My sisters that I will dance with again.
The man that brought me back to God,
All of my caring and loving family and friends,**

**A Special Thanks:**

**To my dear friend, Richard, for his guidance, encouragement and faith.**

**Without all of you this book would not be written. My love for you gave me the desire to stay, Your love for me made me strong enough to succeed. Thank you all. I love you forever.**

**I will see you when we get there!**

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**Make the Pain Stop**

**In December of 1984 I killed myself.**

**I wanted the peace of death. I wanted it now.**

**Like any one, I had set my own path in my youth. Don't try to blame my parents or my family for the problems in my life. I know who made my decisions, it wasn't them. Pretty much, if you just pick something that humans call bad, I did it. If I liked it then I did it again and brought friends with me.**

**Like one little rock rolling down hill, my decisions had created an avalanche of events and situations that were beyond my ability to control. I didn't know what had gone wrong but I knew my life was not supposed to be like this.**

**Oblivion was a delightful thought compared to living any longer. I had heard suicide called everything from a deadly sin to the cowards way out but I didn't care any more. I hurt.**

**Those two words are so small they can not convey to you how deeply in my heart I hurt. This desire for death was where my choices had brought me. I could see no way my life would be anything but the misery and useless struggle it had been since I was on my own. I wanted out of it; Out of life, out of pain, out of hurt - OUT! I was twenty-nine and only wanted peace, whatever I had to do to get it.**

**Black funk, depression, despair, lost, friendless; I wish I could tell you how hopeless and futile any effort to move forward seemed. I felt betrayed, deceived by my own heart. I couldn't trust it again. Just the thought of love in my heart, only to have it turn to dust, made me wince. I seemed to be cursed in picking who I loved. This was just one time too many I had failed. I wanted the shame and hurt from it to stop driving me.**

**I could see no choice but to be alone forever or betrayed again. I had no hope of finding joy in life again. I could not bear that, the loss of hope. I could not see any chance of a happy future for me. All my experience with myself and my decisions led me to believe I would only hurt myself and others again.**

**My life was a trail of broken lives and promises not kept. I was so dark with the pain in my heart and spirit. No window or door appeared after the closing of this last one behind me.**

**I only wanted the pain to stop. Just stop. "Please let the pain stop", I chanted inside as I went through the days before this particular one. It didn't. I cried all the time I wasn't with others. I hurt all the time.**

**I was living alone in a small apartment in Nebraska. It was nearing New Year's Eve. On a Friday night I put together the things I needed, wrote the required note that told everyone I could think of that they were not guilty for my leaving and took the mixture that killed me.**

**I knew what I was taking would kill me. It was not an accident. I wanted what I saw as the gift of death. I reached out for it.**

**I Quit**

**I got woozy right away. The hallucinations started. Friends appeared to try and to talk me out of what I was doing. I sat on the couch, slouched against arm, and was amazed to talk with friends I had not seen in years. They sat in the chair beside the couch or walked up and down in front of me as they talked. They were as real as you and this book are. I resisted their every effort. I knew they were not there, that they were projections of my mind.**

**I told them I was done dealing with being on the bottom rung of life. I couldn't pick a decent man and I didn't want to be alone. I was out of here, thanks very much for caring. I loved them and would miss them but I wasn't staying. There were two in particular, that were persistent with me. They were my best friends. They took turns giving me reasons to stay and cajoling me but I resisted their every effort.**

**I understand what a hallucination is and how alive they can seem. I understand the differences between reality and drugged reality. I had done enough drugs in my youth to know the effect they had on my body and mind. I was drugged but could still discerning "real" and "not real". I know it was just me talking to myself using those that I knew loved me for help. It had to be worked through completely and I went with what was happening.**

**I had gotten up to try and eat a last meal. I stopped cooking after a small fire on the stove top. I realized it was a trick to slow the drugs down. My survival instinct was using it on me to try to keep me alive. I wouldn't let it.**

**I put out the fire, threw the pan in the sink and walked back to flop down on the couch. I lay there against one arm of it like a discarded doll. I could no longer make my body move to lay all the way down or put my feet up.**

**The drugs overcame me finally. My breathing slowed, I could hear my heart beat slowing, then it became erratic. I wasn't worried about anyone finding me too soon. I lived alone and it was Friday night. The hallucinations stopped. I couldn't get my thoughts together. They wandered without purpose. I was too relaxed to care. My eyes fell shut. I couldn't open them. I quit trying to open them. I quit trying to do anything. I quit on life.**

**I died.**

**Death?**

**Let me make this perfectly plain. I killed myself. I died.**

**I did not "almost" die. I did not "only think" I died.**

**The part of me that animates my body was detached from it. There was no power to make that body function. We call that dead.**

**I know I was dead.**

**There was a feeling, an awareness, of something like a tiny "click", a pull like a cork, a release like the tension taken off a spring, as I "died". The body let go of me or I let go of it.**

**I knew I was "dead". If you have ever handled a dead body you know something you can't describe is gone from it. If you have seen anyone die you know the difference between a live body and a dead one. I have done both those things.**

**I was dead.**

**That's a bold statement but I stand by it. I knew I had succeeded in killing myself. I hear you asking, "OK, if you were dead how did you know you were dead?"**

**The answer is what I have been trying to share with each person I think this experience might help. It is, to me, the point of sharing this story.**

**I did not "die". You will not "die".**

**My body was dead. "I" was still alive. I knew it then, and know it now, as a truth.**

**My body stopped working. The self I am did not.**

**I lived.**

**Life?**

**It was quiet; Complete silence. There was no apartment noise, no neighbor noise, no traffic noise, not even body noises - nothing. I liked that, it was so peaceful.**

**There was darkness all around me. In that darkness I was even more aware of the complete peace of the silence. It confused me that I was aware. I knew silence, dark and the meaning of the words. I knew they were words to describe something. I knew I was thinking them.**

**I also knew that "I" was "moving" through that dark peace. I felt no air over skin, I saw no markers, I heard no sound of passing but I felt I was going somewhere.**

**I continued on for what seemed a very short time in elapsed time. I had a million thoughts as I went. Having time for so many thoughts made it seem like it should have been a longer time.**

**That I had thoughts confused me. I tried to understand what was happening to me. "I" was still "me". I was, apparently, alive. I could not see myself. I could not raise my hand to look at it, but I was something - I still felt like "myself".**

**I was still thinking and feeling - but not in a body. I was moving without legs. I couldn't see any part of myself so I assumed I had no legs, no hands, no arms, no feet or anything you would normally look at to see if it was there. I felt surprise and wonder. I knew the meaning of those thoughts, too.**

**I floated "higher" or further. I lack a better word for the sensation or the direction. Still, I knew I was moving to someplace. There are no words that describe it well. I moved toward some other place from where I was. I was drawn there, not going there. It was not my power that moved me.**

**I was no longer in my body. I knew I was not on this planet. I knew that "I" was not dead, not the way we mean the word. I was not un-alive, not unaware. I was "dead", had no body I could see, but I knew I lived. I just didn't know why or how. I couldn't figure it out.**

**I felt alive but I knew I was dead in our way of believing in death. I probably can't explain it better than that. To discover that I was not dead , when I had just killed myself left the me confused and amazed.**

**A thought came to me. For one moment I was so sad my children and my mother would be grieved by my death. I regretted the pain my death would cause the family.**

**Then something changed in me. That sad thought faded away and I was overcome by a deeply peaceful joy. It was like I left all the cares and concerns that are so much a part of us with my body. They were gone from me.**

**It was a healing of my heart and a removal of my pain and grief so complete I felt it like a rock was lifted from me.**

**I was all done with the responsibilities we create here for the living. I had no fears, no shame, no pain, no broken heart, no thing left to do. I was released. I didn't have to pay the bills or go to work ever again.**

**All the hurt I knew in life was gone from me. I had no responsibility toward others now. They would be loved and cared for still. I would always love them. I had no shame or sadness that I had hurt them. It was gone from me and I was filled with the comfort of knowing they would be cared for.**

**I was filled with joy by that knowing. It was a joy that was real. I could have danced it, sang it. I had NO emotional pain, no physical hurts. What I had seen as terrible pain, shame, grief and lack of love on this earth were no longer were hurting me. They had no effect on me anymore. I felt only the JOY of the release from the pain, the shame, the feeling that I could never take care of the ones I loved right. It was all lifted from me.**

**How much of my life's pain was of my creating and how much of it was from others didn't matter anymore. Not one thought of what I believed was bad in my life hurt me. I could not feel a pain anywhere. I tried to remember the things that made me chose death and could not feel the pain of them. Like sitting down a heavy load after a time of holding it up, I was released from the pain of everything that ever hurt me. If I had had a way to do so I would have cried with the joy of it. I was Free!**

**Even though I knew these things had happened, I had the memories, I could not feel any hurt or shame in myself. It was such a relief! That pure joy filled me up. I can't tell you how wonderful that feeling is with words. I can only repeat myself trying.**

**Bliss; It's a small word. I think it is one we only feel here like a shadow of what it really means. Anyone who has ever been hurt and had the medicine take effect to stop the pain knows the relief that "absence of pain" can be. Something that to many here is not even a reality to be lost, just the lack of pain, is a treasure to someone who hurts.**

**When I began this I was in a deep, black heart hurt clear to my bones and now I was freed of that and bliss is the only word that even whispers of the feeling in me as the pain not only was stopped, but removed. The pain was gone and all threat of pain in my heart or body was gone. No one could hurt me again, not even me! I could hurt no one again, ever! I was so comforted! I didn't hurt anymore. I was at peace in myself. Finally, I knew the meaning of peace in my heart. I believe it was the first touch of the Love and Grace reaching out to me.**

**Arrival**

**As this feeling passed through me I saw, off to my right, a golden glow, a light in the darkness, like a city's lights on the night sky. It lit the way for me. The light was shining, just over there from me.**

**I say "I saw" but I had no eyes. It's another confusion with words and concepts I can't say well here. But I could see the golden light. It was like a candle behind a gauze curtain. Muted, but against the darkness, showing a vivid brightness.**

**I turned to face it but I had no face. I had no body I could turn. But I did what felt like turning to face it.**

**I looked toward it, wanting to be there and not alone in the dark. I was moved. Instead of feeling like I was moving toward it all of a sudden I was just there. Like the transporter on Star Trek; first you are here, then you are there. I arrived.**

**The curtain effect was gone. The light was crisp and bright now. I felt like I belonged. I was in the right place now. Whatever this place was it was where I was supposed to be. There was no fear, only curiosity and yearning.**

**In front of me was an opening in a barrier built of golden light. It appeared to be a low wall, that ran in front of me. It seemed to be built of glowing, golden rocks. Like a stone wall with a small opening for a gate it seemed to me. It was a border, not a defensive wall, it seemed. Too low for protection it just marked the boundary of what ever place this was.**

**I was aware of another, smaller "glow" behind me and to my left, on the same side of the barrier as I was. It stood between me and the dark I had come from. I didn't know what it was. It felt like a protector is the closest I can come. The being who stood behind me felt like it had my back, if I had one still. I never saw this one very well. It wasn't much larger than me, but it felt bigger and stronger.**

**Beyond the opening and over the top of that barrier I could see an immense, golden, glowing globe shape that seemed "way over there." I don't think it was a far distance but I had no way to measure. I just knew it was "over there" and I was "over here". It was golden and white with the light it gave off. It seemed huge yet far away.**

**There were more glowing globes, smaller ones, that gave off their light in the distance. There were some at the rear of the base of the large one, in a cluster or group. They were right up next to it but not part of it.**

**I saw some more "glowing globe shapes" off to my left. It was like a line of them approaching the largest sphere. They appeared to be different sizes, but that could have been distance. There was no way for me to know that, either. I had no concept of my own size except in relation to things appearing smaller or larger than I seemed to be. All these words are comparative, not absolutes. I had no way to judge.**

**It felt as if I remained by the place I call the gate for a short moment, taking it all in and processing it. Suddenly, I changed position. Again, I did not feel the movement of the change, only that the power that moved me was not mine. I went from where I was to another position without willing it myself. Something besides me moved me. I can't think of a better way to say it.**

**Think of picking up a caterpillar and displaying it on your hand in front of your face. Now be the caterpillar. It was something like that, I think.**

**The Meeting**

**I wasn't by the barrier any more. I could not see it anywhere. I had a feeling it was to my right and lost in the distance. All I could see was the huge, brilliant light now directly in front of me. I felt examined. I looked right at it, in curiosity.**

**I was right in front of and dead center (sorry, pun accidental) of the largest glowing globe of light I had seen. What I learned next amazed me. I discovered that the glowing, golden globe of light was alive. It was a "self". It was a living, aware, loving being.**

**We were the same! We were both living beings. It was huge, loving and powerful, strong and gentle all at the same time. I felt small and confused but I knew it was alive. It knew "self and other" the same way I did still. I wasn't dead, it wasn't dead, but it didn't look "human". It felt human to me.**

**I was aware that this being of light was aware of itself as alive and living. It was aware of me in the same way. It was strange to look at something I thought of as so different from me and find out it was not different. This felt like a surprising discovery; Kind of a "Hey, it's another soul!" Not so much that it was "human" and had been living on earth but I recognized it was another living, aware self.**

**When you meet a human you know it's another human no matter what the body that contains it looks like. A cat or dog is alive but not human. A flower or grass is alive but we don't see them as human, either, just another life form. Some animals push the line and feel "almost human" to us, but we know they are animals still.**

**That being was "human" or "like me" in feeling but powerful beyond description. I was fascinated by it. We were alike and alive but I was in awe of it. That Being was so much more in every way than I was that I felt small compared to it. I felt physically smaller. I felt my lack of my control over my self as less powerful.**

**The essence of it, the "self" or, rather, "selflessness" of it is so much harder to tell. I felt the power the Being appeared to create and that was sent out from it. It was like standing in the sun but instead of sunshine LOVE warmed you. It was like nothing and no one I have ever seen or met but I knew it only loved. There was no other word close to what I experienced. Pure Love came from that being.**

**The Power of Love created and sent out by that being was a force, like electricity is a force. I could feel it being sent out and touching everything around it. I try to write it and there are no experiences in my life to compare it to that captures the essence of what I felt. It was unlike anything on this world.**

**That being was composed of love; It created love, it emitted love, it directed love. It lived on love. It was Love; Love the Power. There was nothing in that entire experience with the other Divine Loving Being that was not totally "good" and powered by "love".**

**I have to use the words we know here. They mean something far more than I can express with them. There was nothing negative in all of that being, or in my self or anything or other one around me.**

**There was no "evil, wicked, mean or nasty", the ideas would not even work to show the opposite of love I felt. They could not be expressed. They were not possible there. Bad, negative, evil, none of that existed there. All I could think is "There is only Love. It is only good."**

**This other being was much larger and more powerful than I was. I felt no fear of it. There was only a complete acceptance of the rightness of the moment; I knew I was safe and loved. I only felt more curious. I wanted to understand what was happening to me. I wanted to know this powerful "other self" that held me.**

**As you gather information meeting a new person for the first time by seeing how they stand, how they speak and form an idea of them, we met. The phrase, "We stood looking at each other" is right but misleading.**

**Neither of us had a leg to stand on, a place to put it if we had one or eyes to see with as we know them here. I have to use the words I can find that fit best. It is not easy.**

**It was like forming a first impression in your mind but so flooding of my senses that I struggled to comprehend the completeness of this other entity. It was just too big for me to grasp, though I tried.**

**Communion**

**I knew that other self was what held me where I was. It was who had drawn me closer. Now I learned it knew me. It knew me in all I was, in all my life, in all my truth. I could not hide anything from it. I had no desire to hide anything. I felt no fear or shame that it "saw" all of me. Then came to me the first hint of truly understanding the meaning of the word "grace."**

**That being knew all of everything I ever was and loved me. Not just loved me but every thing that defined me as my self, unique from any other bit of creation, was wonderful to it. It loved the way I was made, it loved that we were meeting, it loved me with all the love it had in it. It's love over powered me. I knew that I was precious to it and treasured by it. I was perfectly what I was supposed to be and it loved me just that way.**

**If I was a diamond, I was flawless, perfectly cut, beyond beautiful. I could not be loved more by that being. Not one thing in me needed to be changed for that being to love me. I was perfect - in it's eyes - as I was made. I felt it think at me, "As I made you, I did you perfectly!" With joy, it loved me, as I was, completely.**

**That Being loved me so deeply that it would never hurt me. It only wanted my complete, loving self to be all the me I was created to be. I did not have to change. That which is my true and ever living self is perfect. I didn't have to be anything but just me. Truth lies there. Unconditional love sees only the beauty of the truth of love in each living spirit.**

**We began to communicate when I understood it was "speaking" to me. Then I knew it could "hear" what I wanted to share with it. It was not with spoken words but more like with complete thoughts with no possibility of misunderstanding. It was a true communication of perfect understanding between two spirits.**

**I would "ask" then would "know", the answer from the golden, glowing, loving being. I had no lips to speak and no ears to hear but I heard and spoke somehow. So did it. I reveled in that complete, pure, communication. There was no possibility of misunderstandings or evasions. There were no words to confuse the issue, only the truth of learning and knowing each other between us.**

**This is how we were supposed to communicate and understand between two people. It's that "heart to heart" talk taken to the ultimate level. I feel the lack of it here. Words are so bulky and awkward compared to just "showing" you how I feel or what I think. In every sentence I write here I feel the weight and awkwardness of these words.**

**I have little memory of all that passed between us. We "talked" for a time, in loving joy at being together. I was small and asking questions. It was "answering" me, giving me what I felt a need to know as fast as I could conceive the question in my thoughts. I didn't have to ask some things, they were just showed or told to me.**

**I "knew" (was told?) that being loved me just as I was. I did not need to change one thing to be perfect. I was perfect to it. I knew it felt a true joy in being with me. I felt like it was just bursting with happiness because I was there. It was beyond glad to see me, it loved me. It thought I was just perfectly made and was thrilled that we were together. I repeat this because it amazed me.**

**That huge and powerful entity made me feel like being with me made it's life worth living, complete. I was giving it joy by just being there. How could someone or some thing I never even knew be so loving of me? How could it be so glad to be with me that it seemed like it's shine brightened when I joined it?**

**I was so loved! I was loved completely and just as I was, as all I was. Small, confused, dead by my own hand, I was cherished and loved. I was precious to it. I responded to that with my own thoughts of my joy in the peace, love and total acceptance it was giving me. I tried to love it back with my little self.**

**The being knew I loved it and that I was thankful for it's love of me. Then it love me more. I loved it more. A cycle of pure love between us grew. It was like the most wonderful, perfect joining of hearts between two beings you can imagine. I call it perfect communion.**

**The Showing**

**There came a pause in our "talk". Instead of ideas passing between us there was a change in the way we communicated.**

**I had been seeing that other self as a large, white haloed ball of light with a golden, glowing center. It was all I could see. It filled my whole view. In the silence now between us there was a change in my perspective. What I was seeing changed but I didn't feel like I moved.**

**Now I saw a long oval of light with a pattern of tiny blocks in rows seeming to moving all along it's length. A glowing golden light came off it like a sun and the love you could feel was like the large Loving Being sent out. This one was smaller. I asked that being what it was that was so pretty and so loving. It answered me. "This is you."**

**I was seeing myself from it's own vision, some how. It saw me as a beautiful, perfect, shining, living being, full of love and peace, filled with joy. I saw myself, but I saw me as it did, a being of golden light and love.**

**There was nothing I could do that would make me better. I was perfect just as I was. I was so loving and beautiful, seen from it's "eyes". The self of us is made of love and the love we are shines like a sun there. Me! I was beautiful! It didn't just tell me that, it showed me. I saw me. I loved me for the first time I could remember. I could have cried with the joy of seeing I was loving, like it was.**

**I saw the truth of what I was in it's view. I was filled with joy in the knowledge that I was a loving self and I loved the being who showed me the love in my self. It showed me that, yes, we were alike, we are both living, we both are of Love.**

**I knew all of me the way that being knew me and I saw that each experience and person here was a part of me still. Each part of my life was needed to make me completely what I was; Perfect in it's eyes. I would appear to be perfect again today if I stood there, even though I have changed over the years.**

**That is the meaning of Love's grace. You are loved as you are; Not as what you wish to be, not as you should or could have been, not as someone else says you ought to be, but only for what you are now. It can show you that in the way it sees you. It's hard to see in your own eyes here.**

**In that Loving Being's view the truth of what you are is changed. You see only the loving goodness in you, as you were created. There is no shame or guilt because you no longer have a reason to feel it. It's gone. Your life and your spirit are changed back to what they would have been if you did everything right. There is nothing to regret or be sorry for any more. Grace changes it all.**

**I was at peace with myself. Nothing hurt. I could only see my life and self through that Being's Love. There was no negative in myself or from that Being for anything I had done, including killing myself. It was changed by the power of the Truth of Love with which it was seen. That Loving Grace, total acceptance, complete love and truth created a joy in me. I saw that love was in me, too, not just from the Being shining down on me, it was in me as part of myself. I was full of love and peace. I felt the joy in that truth. l have no right words for it.**

**I knew I was good. I saw I was good. I was not just "okay". I was perfect and I was loving and I was good, not just in it's view anymore. It let me know that in my own judgment.**

**To see my self as good again, like I knew I was when I was a child - oh, my heart, how I wish to keep that feeling with me here. How I wish I could give that feeling to you. Only the Divine Love can grace you with it. Each one can only find it, through that Divine Love, for them self.**

**The Seeing**

**Then I was looking back at it again, shining down on me. There was another feeling of change. I felt like I was moved closer to that being. I have tried to tell people how it appeared to me but words are inadequate. Still I attempt it.**

**Imagine a large, round, globe shaped zinnia. It's deep golden in the center and composed of many tiny petals. Starting at the center a small circle of golden petals appeared to come out from inside the being itself. There were four petals in this first circle. See each tiny petal as a moving, golden flame going outward from an ever refilled center.**

**Each petal seemed to stay the same size but each row of petals magically multiplied to increase the circle it was part of to a size that kept covered that rings area of the globe.**

**They were not expelled from it, like waste, but becoming, being created, from the power of the love within that Being. Creation as love made real, manifested. I believe each living thing has been created by the Power that is the Divine Love.**

**As the rows of petals or flames traveled to reach the visible edge of the "body" of that Being, the color intensified. Each petal changed from the golden hue it had at the center to a glowing white hot shade. The being was radiating an aura around itself so pure the color can't be named.**

**Yet the center never stopped putting out new circles of flaming petal shapes. The glow I saw around it I felt as a radiation of love on me. Like the sunlight on a hot day touches your skin, love touched me.**

**The whole being never moved yet it's apparent surface was constantly in motion. That is the closest I can get to explaining its physical appearing self.**

**It did not have to let me see it so closely that I could see the tiny circle of four petals burst forth from the center. It was an intimate detail of itself that it shared with me, a very close up view. I believe it not only loved me but it wanted me to know it, all of it, as it knew me.**

**That was the greatest gift it gave me. It loves me so much it wanted me, little ole' 'killed myself me', to know it better and to love it, too. It wanted my love given to it freely, knowing all of it. It wanted to be loved by me the same way it loved me, knowing all of me and choosing to love it, with no limits.**

**With a new friend we listen to them tell us about their life. We get to know each other better over the time we have together. Because we love we want to share all of ourselves and we want to know all of them. It "showed" or told me of itself.**

**There was more than the looking, there was a learning of that loving being that I have little remembrance of but I know it was real. I knew it like I know my mother or sisters. It had showed me it knew me. Now it let me know the unique self it is.**

**It didn't want to love me like a pet or like a possession, it wanted to love WITH me, like a friend. It WANTED me to know and love it just the way it was with an unconditional love. Being loved and loving was as needed to that self's joy as being loved and loving is to me.**

**As worthless as I saw myself, that I had killed myself, all that I had done wrong in my life, and still that being didn't just love me, it wanted to BE loved by me. It said and showed the truth of that to me, I felt it. It wanted my love. I was desired as a personal, loving friend. To love like that I had to really know it, all of it. That is what it showed me. It's true self.**

**I loved it, but it had loved me first and I loved it for loving me. I wish that I could explain how precious that was to me; To be wanted when I didn't even want myself. I had just killed me. To be told I was not only desired as one to love, but that it wanted me to love it. That I was sought out in such a way by one so loving was more than I could understand.**

**What greater love is there than a love that reaches out to you and says, "I will always love you", then shows you all they are, not knowing if, in the telling, something will make you judge them someone you can't love. It made itself vulnerable to my rejection. How could I not love a being that trusted me with all of it's true self?**

**That being already KNEW me before I arrived there. It chose to love me and wanted me to love it, KNOWING all of it. I wasn't asked to love blindly. I was showed the self that wanted me to love it. It wanted to be chosen by me as one that I would love. It had loved me before I was human, it loved me before I was born, it loved me being back with it, but most of all, it loved that I loved it, too.**

**It was joy filled that I loved it. I was in a state of bliss from the love we shared. So was my new friend, the Divine Loving Being. Our perfect understanding in complete Love was, and could only be, Divine.**

**I was HOME. That is what it felt like, the ultimate homecoming. I was where I was meant to be. I fit perfectly there. I was so glad to be there, loving with that being. "It was where I was meant to be" is as close as I can put it. To be together with that other, loving self was the perfect place for me to exist.**

**The Parting**

**I loved at the Being of Divine Love and it loved back at me. There is no other way to express what we were doing. While it was a sharing of thoughts it was cumulative. It just got closer and better as we went. We shined on each other.**

**Then came the blow I didn't know was coming. My loving friend had one more thing to tell me.**

**I had to go back, this was not my time.**

**I had no choice in this. It was not in mine to decide. It was in that being's power to send me back. That being had the power to return me to my life here. Whatever it was I needed still was more important than my need to escape my temporary misery. I had to believe this. There was nothing between us but truth.**

**It was only done of love. That self could only do what it felt was the most loving thing for me. To hurt me would be to hurt itself in a literal way I can't explain well.**

**I was going to have to go back. I had to live. It touched the heart of me with its love and truth. "I am sending you there now" came to me. There was no reason given that I recall. It was the way it was. It is the way it is. It was not in my power to change it.**

**I had been comforted and shown a Divine Loving Being and part of the place we go when our bodies die. I knew I was loved and that I loved and that we do not die. I had been given a gift in this experience. But I could not stay. I didn't have to choose. My new friend, in it's love for me, chose for me.**

**There was no sensation of motion. There was no concept like "good bye". I felt a severing of our direct connection. It's difficult to describe. We were joined together in every way you can imagine, talking, thinking, loving, learning... Then I was alone again.**

**I was back by the barrier and by the smaller light that had been behind me when I arrived. I was still looking toward the Divine Being, now "over there" from me again. Then it was all gone.**

**Unlike the perceived time it took me to go to that place through the darkness I saw nothing this time. It was just - Poof! - I was back. It felt that quick. I was coughing and gagging and back in my body. My body wasn't dead anymore.**

**Again, I lived.**

**Alive Again**

**I woke gagging and crying and gasping for breath. It hurt to breathe. Tears ran down my face to my chest. I started sobbing harder, in deep grief again. I still couldn't figure out exactly what was happening. I wasn't dead, I knew that much. I opened my eyes. I looked up to see a friend standing there, smiling at me.**

**This really confused me. I knew that friend was not in the same state with me. I knew it couldn't really be him. Who ever it was, he pulled me up, tears and all, from the couch. My legs would not support me. He put his arm around me to hold me up. He got me to the bathroom. I collapsed next to the seat. I grabbed on to hold myself up. It was all I could do just to hang on. I was still crying hard.**

**I heard the water run. He handed me a glass. He just looked at me, gently smiling and I knew I had to drink it. He had to hold it for me. I could not let go the seat. I would have slid to the floor. Just seconds later the vomiting started. He pulled my hair back, holding it out of my way. I vomited some more. Hard, violent spasms shook my body. My throat and stomach burned from the acid.**

**I finally choked to a stop, breathing in gulps, and tried to clear my sinuses. When he tried to get me to drink from the glass again I balked. Then I drank it all down. I threw that up, too.**

**I got my breathing under some sort of control, it was easier now. My crying hiccupped to a stop, almost. Tears still dribbled down my face. My sobbing stopped.**

**I crawled up from the floor using the sink for support and managed to get to my feet. I leaned heavily against the sink, one hand holding on it, too. My friend was still there. He stood watching me, staying near enough to help.**

**I began the ritual of brushing my hair then washing my hands and face with cool water. I felt a little less run over by a truck. My skin was cold and clammy. I was still very shaky. When I turned to go back to the couch I started to fall. My friend caught me. He helped me back to the couch. I laid down gladly.**

**He brought me a blanket and covered me. I hadn't been tucked in for along time. I tried to thank him but I was fading out. I saw him sit in the chair beside me. I pulled the blanket up to my chin. I felt safe and watched over. I slept.**

**I don't remember anything else until I woke in time for work on Monday. There was no one there with me. I believe there was no one there the whole time. I believe what I saw as my friend was an angel. By looking like my friend he wouldn't scare me. I know I wasn't afraid even though I knew the man I thought it was could not be there.**

**I don't know how long the experience lasted. Time had no meaning there. I don't know that I slept two complete days. If it all happened on Friday I must have slept that long. I only know that it was Monday when I woke up.**

**I can't say how I knew that. I just knew it was time to get ready for work. I started my routine. I showered, dressed, made coffee and grabbed the big travel cup. I wanted LOTS of coffee. Somehow I was ready when my ride got there. I let them know I wasn't feeling real well but went to work anyway. It's what you do, make it to work, no matter what.**

**I had what I thought were more hallucinations during the day but some of them have happened since then. That would make them visions, not hallucinations. I dreamed vividly for many nights. I wrote it all down in my journal.**

**I had kept a diary in my teens. When my life went sour I went back to writing for myself. In 1984 I had journals going back five years to the failing first marriage in 1979. I kept them all. Months and years later, when things I had seen or dreamed became realities in my life, I could look them up and read them as I first wrote them down. I could believe I had been shown things from my future by that encounter. It proved my sanity to me and it proved the truth of the experience. Those writings burned up in '89 when we lost our home.**

**I wish I still had them. If I could have scanned it in here with the worn pages, dates, errors and notes in the margin you would have been more likely to believe me. I would have had my first words and descriptions of how this seemed to me. I have only my recollection. I can only hope you can feel how true this is for me.**

**At work that day the most vivid thing I recalled and wrote down was watching a black and white plush cat give birth to four black and white kittens. She was under the machine stored across from me. I could hear her cries, then her mama talk to the kittens. I went to check on her and she wasn't there. I would go back to my machine and see her again. I couldn't see or touch her if I got close to her.**

**One of the dreams that meant the most to me I remembered in vivid detail. It was a dream of the boy I had loved in high school.**

**I dreamed I was riding a motorcycle. I hadn't ridden but twice in the last ten years. I looked into the round rear view mirror and saw him behind me on my left on his own motorcycle. His best friend, on his bike, was following both of us. We were coming up a hill on a two track road from a river I could see behind me through a shady tunnel of trees.**

**I had other dreams and thoughts in those days I wrote down. Some of them did not happen but after that I never looked at dreams quite the same way as I had before I "died."**

**Over time I slowly started to feel connected to the world again. I went right back to thinking I had to do something, pay bills, work, move, something, to justify my existence. I went on with being here, being alive as we know it. I forgot about this experience for a long time because I knew it was not going to be believed, I didn't want to be called crazy. I just filed it under "Forget". It proved hard to do.**

**rest available at** [**http://4herway.com/4letterword/index.html**](http://4herway.com/4letterword/index.html)**(dreams were visions)

Was the kind of experience difficult to express in words? Yes     Words are symbols for feelings and thoughts. The symbol is not the thing.

At the time of this experience, was there an associated life threatening event?          No       Unless killing myself counts as life threatening

At what time during the experience were you at your highest level of consciousness and alertness?    when I was dead. As I communicated with the Divine Loving Being of light.

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:            when I was dead. As I communicated with the Divine Loving Being of light.

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     No eyes, still saw. Vividly and in detail observed what I saw. Here you say "there's a fence" - there you say, "there are 48 boards in a boxed X pattern with 200 nails maintaining their position relative to the earth and defining a boundary"

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.)?              Yes     No sound for me. All internalized.

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

What emotions did you feel during the experience?            See book. From regret to bliss.

Did you pass into or through a tunnel or enclosure?          No       note gate in story

Did you see a light?           Yes     Brilliant, deep golden in center, white at edges, see book.

Did you meet or see any other beings?           Yes     The light was a "self". Saw more, met only One. Know him now. Much that we shared I have no aware memory of. I wonder about being hypnotized.

Did you experience a review of past events in your life?    Uncertain      No, I don't recall that, I recall a knowing that they shaped me as I am and were necessary to my existence as I am. Not a vivid review.

Did you observe or hear anything regarding people or events during your experience that could be verified later?          Yes     See story. Visions and dreams for days afterward that came true.

Did you see or visit any beautiful or otherwise distinctive locations, levels or dimensions?            Yes     It was beautiful as it was all created of the power we can only call Love. The word is right. What it means is too limited here.

Did you have any sense of altered space or time?   Yes     NO time there. Nice - can't be late if there is no clock! LOL!

Did you have a sense of knowing special knowledge, universal order and/or purpose?     Uncertain            If what I dreamed and saw in those days became real here then it seems to me that there is a force operating among us that we are not "normally" aware of. I was aware. I am aware still.

Did you reach a boundary or limiting physical structure? Yes     see description of wall with opening for gateway

Did you become aware of future events?       Yes
            Spine tingling, spooky accurate. See story.

Did you have any psychic, paranormal or other special gifts following the experience you did not have prior to the experience?     Uncertain      I always was good with tarot, even untrained. My empathy seems more accurate yet. If there is something to share I share it. I'm not 100% right.

Have you shared this experience with others?         Yes     Shared at the time with friends, a few close ones. Ignored until the mate died. Shared with many then.

Did you have any knowledge of near death experience (NDE) prior to your experience?    Uncertain            I did not study it but I read extensively. I have no recall of one like mine but I knew of it happening.

How did you view the reality of your experience shortly (days to weeks) after it happened:            Experience was definitely real    It didn't change. It doesn't fade. There are parts of it I never did get to bring back with me, I know that. But it's real. A real place, a real being, real other beings. We live.

Were there one or several parts of the experience especially meaningful or significant to you?            The bliss. The bliss is finding out you didn't just do "ok" or "good enough" but that each thing you did is made perfect for the world to become as it needs to be. Graced with understanding that there is no "wrong", only our perception of it.

How do you currently view the reality of your experience:            Experience was definitely real    see 40

Have your relationships changed specifically as a result of your experience?           Uncertain            Left one relationship before this and then grew into another one after. Am better now with others at expressing affection and love than I was before the mate died and this came back to me.

Have your religious beliefs/practices changed specifically as a result of your experience?            Yes     There is no wrong way to believe we live and are loved and part of the divine.**

**I don't have faith, I believe.**

**I have to have faith in Jesus, I (may not) have met Him. I have read about him and believe those touched by him believed in him.**

**I believe we don't die. I "know" we don't die. No faith required.

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?        Any more is available at the link at the end of the story.

Did the questions asked and information you provided so far accurately and comprehensively describe your experience?         No       Must be experienced. Can't be explained. I could use every word in every language in every dictionary in the world and throw in the fictional ones for good measure and the words still can not express it.**

**Paul had the same problem. Read Corinthians 13 from top to bottom and it says you will understand when you don't die.

Are there any other questions we could ask to help you communicate your experience?   What is the most important thing to others here that you would like to share?**

**Death is not to be feared. You will not die. Your loved ones are not dead. We just can't perceive them from here. Death is a change, not an ending. The change is good, not a punishment. You will all be together again one day.**

**How could life create us and then punish US for what it made us to be?**