

Death Not Terrible

I had quit smoking three months prior and of course I gained weight since everything I put between my teeth tasted so very good. My "47th" birthday came and I told myself I needed to loose weight. Well, I put my running shoes on and off I went.

My son accompanied me on his bike the entire time. I don't recall how far or how long we were gone. When we returned my son went to the kitchen to finish off some more of my birthday cake from the day before. I grabbed some water and went into the living room to cool down before jumping into the shower. My son told me that I complained about severe pain in my chest, but I insisted that it would pass and for him not to call the paramedics. My son went back to eating his cake in the kitchen. My daughter was taking a shower. And, when she came into the living room she heard me making strange noises as I lay in the living room chair. When my daughter told me that, it sparked my memory.

I was trying to breath with all my strength and that is difficult when breathing is not automatic. My child called the paramedics. Whew, good kid I thought. In my mind, thoughts were racing - how can I keep from dying? I had to keep breathing...my brain needs oxygen! I knew how to resuscitate somebody, but I couldn't instruct my kids. I couldn't communicate anymore. The thought came to me that my heart, which was not beating anymore, could not transport blood to my brain. Therefore I didn't have to try to get oxygen into my lungs, since my heart was not transporting blood anywhere. So, I stopped trying. There I was dead, but my mind was so very much alive. I faintly remember neighbors coming into our apartment living room. They were starring at me.

I was upset that nobody was trying to help me come back to life. I know I experienced quite some things while dead, but I just can't retrieve the memory. I don't think that anything can spark the memory, since nothing can come close to what's on the "other side/the next dimension." I have told a lady with whom I do Nordic Walking with that when you have leave your body for a while you're observing happenings/life with an "emotional distance." Watch an anthill for a while, that comes close to what it's like when your dead and you are watching "life" from afar. You are not "attached" to this world anymore.

I have had almost two years of psychotherapy. I remember telling my doctor that I did not have emotions anymore. That I didn't miss having them. It seemed ok. In the meantime "my emotions" have completely returned. I know why we have the; this is one way to "feel" life. We are human; therefore, we have emotions. If we didn't have emotions, life wouldn't be lived the "right" way. I remember seeing people from above at a grave yard somewhere. They were moving toward a grave with the casket. I remember not understanding why these people were "crying." It didn't make sense to me. I thought it strange. What a waste of energy, I thought. No feelings of loss or any regret of not being on earth anymore.

Death is not terrible. It is quite nice. I have the feeling that I must have "gone further through the world on the other side" while dead, but unfortunately I don't remember any details. One thing is for sure, I will have to stay here for a "while" yet. But, I am looking forward to leaving this "dimension" when my time is up. It is good that we don't know what is "on the other side." People wouldn't go on living, but suicide will not get you there. That much I know for sure.