

Filled with Love and Peace

I was admitted to the hospital after driving myself to the ER due to difficulty breathing, Asthma. I was in the hospital for approximately one week prior to my life-altering event. I went for a walk to stretch my legs, rolling my I.V. pole along with me to the nurses station. For some reason, I had the intuition to ask the R.N., "Would you watch me tonight?" She responded, "Are you feeling alright?" I said, "I don't know. She said, "Honey, you keep your door open and I will be there for you." I always kept my door closed because of the high foot traffic and light, but that night I kept my door open.

I climbed into bed. My head was up in a 45 degree angle because I had difficulty breathing when my head was flat. I was in and out of sleep when at midnight my respiratory therapist came in to give me my breathing treatment. I was pretty sleepy and I had a choice to take the Albuterol. I chose not to because it was going to make me very jittery and then I would be awake. So I passed on the treatment and opted for one at 4 a.m. I was sleeping soundly when all of a sudden I heard a voice of urgency telling me, wake up now and push the call button! Now, I must tell you that I do not hear voices in my head, unless it is my own voice of reason and a little self talk. But, this voice was different. I responded instantly to this voice. I can recreate the movements and sounds I made but to write them eloquently I feel may be difficult.

My body was not moving the way I wanted it to. I was trying to reach the call bell light, that little blue nurses head on the railing. I was struggling to reach it. I could barely make my arm work properly and I could feel my head dropping down. But I pushed that call bell. Then I realized I was in trouble. With as much air as I could push out of my lungs I very weakly said, "I...can't...breath, I...can't...breath." I was fighting my legs, my chest, and my arms were flailing. I was trying with all my life to inhale. I couldn't. I was suffocating! I heard and saw the nurse run into the room yelling, "Honey are you having a night mare." I then stopped struggling and heard her yell, call a code blue! I saw her, but I could not respond to her or anyone. Then I heard the respiratory guy yelling at me to breath, breath. I knew he was rubbing my chest. His hands were on my face. I could see the look in their eyes; it was very serious. I then lost the ability to see, but I could hear so much noise...breathe come on you can do this breathe. And I could not breath. I then had a thought in my mind, "Is anyone going to be able to make me breath?" I then asked myself, "Am I dying? Is this what it is like to die? Am I dying?" And then all of a sudden instantly, I did not hear anyone.

I was in my own thoughts and swoosh into this unbelievable, most beautiful, brightest light and ever golden. There is no describing it. You have to see it; it cannot be explained by words. But, it was not blinding light. You are part of it moving. I get chills, tears, goosebumps when I relive this. As I tell it, my heart beats fast and I feel the incredible peace and love every time I share this, which is not often. This is the first time I have ever written about it. When I saw Dr. Sam Parnia was doing a study, my heart started pounding and I so wanted to hear about other people with like experiences. I did not see a tunnel, although there may have been one. I was traveling in the light at an amazing speed/absorption where I came to this space, open space of light and I could see all of these images of people outlined in light. There were no clothes on anyone, and I could not make out faces as male or female. There were no boundaries; it was as open as the eye could see and I could see images of people and their forms as far as I could see. I instantly had no fear. I was filled with love and peace that I can only describe and can never do it justice. I was so loved and accepted. I had never felt so loved in all my life. The peace, serenity, joy, and no pain was unbelievable!

Note that prior to this, my body was contracting and contorting, I was fighting for my life to breath. I was in pain. Not now, it was just peaceful. I then began to have a dialogue with myself, not moving my lips but talking in my brain. It was lightening fast of my life, how beautiful this all was, and how I could not believe this was happening and how lucky I was. I went on and on, not enough room here to write it. I began to think, Oh my God I did not tell anyone I was going. I was then shown my present and current life at that moment. I was watching from above. I was not in the room, but I could see this action picture of me in the center of the room. The respiratory guy resuscitating me with the ambu bag; ER doctor controlling the code; the nurse in the room; a nurses aid holding my hand; and a nurse at my feet. The room was a wreck all with me in the center on my hospital bed.

I remembered that I never got to tell anyone that I loved them or that I was going. I needed to tell people I was going to

miss them and they were going miss me. I was talking again at lightening speed. And then in that instant I was talking I felt like I was being swooshed back but this time I could feel something like a puff of air was being pushed into my lungs and my eyes opened to blinding light from the room. Everyone was looking into my eyes. The pain was excruciating. My whole body was burning. I tried to talk but couldn't. I began to struggle and then like a wave of calmness, physically my body relaxed, no struggle. I knew my family had been called. I could feel their touch. I was pretty much out of it for the next couple weeks.