

A while ago I had the opportunity to speak with a woman who survived a violent physical assault. The following is not an explicit narrative regarding her physical assault, but is her account of the mystical events she witnessed on that fateful morning.

“I awoke abruptly on the sofa, awakened by the 3:00AM chime on the mantle clock,” she started. “I remembered seeing moonlight streaming across the floor of the dark living room. As there was a clear night sky and since I was up, I thought I’d get my binoculars to view the full autumn moon.

I walked the dark stairway to the bedroom closet where the binoculars were stored. Entering the bedroom, I began to feel incredibly anxious and for some unknown reason the light switch on

the wall wouldn't work. I flicked it up and down a few more times and then heard a movement from inside the dark bedroom.

In the shadows, I could see the silhouette of someone lying on the floor in front of the open window. My heart raced, wondering who was there in the bedroom with me.

I then heard a crashing sound of broken glass and then an unfamiliar man's enraged shouting coming from one of the other upstairs rooms. Terrified, I fled the room and raced back down the stairs. The man's ranting continued as I then heard his hard footsteps following close behind me through the darkened house.

I escaped out through the open front door and fled down the damp, leaf-covered sidewalk to the road. I ran the untraveled road for what seemed hours.

Though it had been a cold, early October morning, oddly, I felt no discomfort walking barefoot along the road. And at the time, I believed the combination of fear and the rush of adrenaline surging through my body had amped up my stamina and somehow built up my sense of courage.

A while later, I heard a vehicle and saw its headlights coming from ahead. I sought to get help before the intruder in my house would be able to find me, so in panic, I ran out into the middle of the road in an attempt to flag down the speeding car.

I waved my arms urgently and yelled for the car to stop, but it wouldn't slow down. Instead, the car drove straight towards me at

full speed as though the driver didn't see me or simply didn't care.

At this point there was no time for me to get out of the way. The car was going to hit me.

What happened to me next is where my story takes a turn towards the mystical," she said and then looked at me as if she wanted to gently prepare me. "The car struck me and it passed right through me as if I were nothing but air. I felt no pain and even turned around to watch as the car continued on its way.

Bewildered, I stood in the middle of the road wondering what had just occurred. Clearly, I didn't get out of the way in time, I knew. How was it possible that I suffered no injuries from a direct hit? It was then when I wondered if I were in fact dreaming.

If it were a dream, I thought I could try to wake myself up. I closed my eyes and started repeating over and over, 'Wake up...wake up.' But when I opened my eyes, I was still there, alone on the road.

I then pinched myself on my upper arm as hard as I could. And although I could see my fingers pinching my skin, I felt nothing.

The terrifying realization suddenly hit me...it wasn't a stranger I'd seen laying on the floor of my bedroom...it was *me*.

At the moment I pondered the notion that I was in fact *dead*, I started to hear a crackling sound coming from above me. It sounded like paper being crumpled continuously or like thousands of tiny twigs snapping. Looking upward towards the compelling sound, I

saw a dark, cloud-like form hovering above me. Mesmerized by its immeasurable size I stood passively as it clearly seemed to require my notice.

The dark, round center of the vortex began to open. As it did, it felt like a vacuum-like pull reaching down upon me, drawing me into the center of the vortex. And it happened as quickly as a thought can cross one's mind.

The center of the vortex then closed behind me. I was guided, pulled and whirled through a beautiful, soothing, indigo-blue light. Numerous orbs of white lights danced around me. And the presence of someone there with me became clearer to my perception. This beautiful energy present with me, I believed, was my protector and guide. I don't know how I knew this, but I did and even more importantly though, this energy holding me was pure, emphatic Love.

Just when I reached out to touch the white energy, everything around me immediately went to black. And the next few minutes of my experience was met by agonizing physical pain. The peaceful atmosphere was instantly replaced with muddled sounds of emergency medical technicians talking over me as they resuscitated my broken body.”

As you can imagine, I was astonished, as well as curious after hearing her incredible story. But when I asked her if she'd

discuss the violent events that happened to her prior to the moment she died, she had this to say:

“It’s pointless for me to discuss the details of the physical assault,” she explained. “This tremendous experience was, for me, life changing and from this experience I brought back much enlightenment.

Now in the present, when fear attempts to immobilize my life or doubtful uncertainties attempt to over-whelm me, I remember this *one beautiful moment* when my soul literally soared with the Light. Tragedy, sorrow, earthly ties and pain have no authority over me anymore for I’ve seen my eventual, beautiful destination. This *gift*...this memory is like a video into my future that I will carry with me across life, rewinding and replaying every time a negative force tries to interrupt my journey.”

One of the final things she told me during our conversation was that, above all else, she’ll hold her near-death experience close, very close, until the moment she returns to Love and the vortex closes behind her eternally.

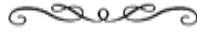
Although her story may sound too incredible for most people to readily believe as truth, when I spoke with her, it was evident to me that she believes that something amazing did happen to her

on that cold October morning. And for an instant, I saw a sparkle appear in her eyes that caused my own soul to pause and wonder.

To believe she truly had a near-death experience isn't imperative. What is significant is the ultimate effect one can gain by conceptualizing the function of a near-death experience.

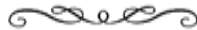
Believing in this truth might pave the way towards an encouraging manner of thinking that drives us onward, assuring us that no matter what tragedies or joys may occur to us in our lives, the final outcome upon death may all depend on one's undying sense of hope and of faith.

Could it be that simple?



My personal viewpoint regarding this subject is in no way suggesting that anyone dismiss his or her own personal beliefs.

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