

My first NDE occurred March 3, 1986. I was 27, married and having an affair. I was heavily into cocaine. My habit had escalated from casual use, to help me to work late hours as a musician, to daily use, to allow me to function. I had been to my father-in-law's funeral and was low. After work my "friends" took me to someone's house to party. One thing led to another and I was introduced to needles. I was instantly hooked and took a syringe home to experiment with. I didn't know the correct dosage or how to use the syringe so I guessed. I just kept sticking it in me, but nothing happened. After about 1/2 an hour of this I noticed a large bubbled area under my skin. I paid no attention to it and decided to try for "The Big Buzz." As I injected the needle I pressed on this spot on my arm, releasing into my vein an overdose of cocaine. As the coke hit my lungs it knocked me to my knees and my temperature shot up to 104°. My last conscious memory was crawling to the refrigerator to try and cool off. My heart was racing and pounding and I began to shake violently.

I felt a vacuuming feeling as I left my body through my chest, accompanied by a kind of rushing, whooshing sound. I floated up near the ceiling quickly and to the right. I was completely clear of the drugged sensation. All sense of time disappeared. Looking down I could see my body convulsing on the floor, turning blue. I felt confused because I didn't know what was happening. My husband, awakened by the sound of my fall, ran in from the bedroom. I watched as he called 911, then administered CPR until paramedics arrived. When one of them said I had "coded" (no pulse, respiration or heartbeat) I finally realized what was taking place. I had died. Then I got real panicky.

I was immediately engulfed in darkness, nothingness, a big black vacuum. Large Big Ben-like bells began to ring. Their pealing grew louder and I panicked even more. Now I heard the screams, shrieks, yelling and crying of what sounded like thousands of people. Faintly at first, and then with increasing volume, I also heard an authoritative voice call my name. This loud commanding voice, which I believed to be God's, then said, "Adulteress, stop what you are doing now lest worse things come unto ye!!!" I was overwhelmed with fear and began to pray fervently. I then heard, "This is a sample of Hell!" I prayed to be spared, for all I could think of was my 2 year old daughter, and the children I might have in the future. As I did this it got darker and darker all around me. I have no idea how this was possible, but it happened. The bells and screams continued. I prayed that someone would be sent to get me out of wherever I was.

Then a huge white being descended in front of me. Both his face and hands were made of a cloudy white substance, the face showing no details while the hands had enough to be recognizable. He was well dressed wearing a cream-colored, double breasted suit, a brown tie, white shirt and brown and white wing-tipped shoes. He emanated love and compassion. Saying nothing, he extended his large firm hand. As I took it I felt the vacuuming feeling again and was back in my body. It was several minutes later; I awoke in the hospital where I was told I had overdosed on cocaine. I was lucky to be alive.

I didn't remember my experience, but recalled pieces of it in dreams for the next 6 months. I was compelled to change my life. I quit drugs in August by going into treatment for a month (and as of this writing am sober and clean 5 years, 1 month, thank God) and split from my husband in October. I had a thirst for spirituality, and by November my dreams had stopped. I had also gained a sensitivity to the spiritual world that I have to this day. I spent the next year studying different forms of spiritual healing, as well as protection from the Dark side, which I was aware was still attempting to interfere with my life. I received an "exorcism" of sorts and felt cleansed of evil both physically and spiritually.

The man with whom I had the affair left his wife and cleaned up his act as well; we began our life together. It was a struggle, especially financially, as we were both musicians, but we eventually succeeded. I became pregnant with our first son and we got married. It was at his birth, April 25, 1988, that I had my second NDE.

Because my son's birth was overdue and breech we decided to have a caesarian section. After an anesthetic was administered, I had a suffocating reaction to it and started to panic. I remember hearing a doctor say "We'll have to start fast." As soon as they cut me open I saw two beams of light: one was white, that I couldn't see through, shining into my belly from above; the other was dimmer, almost grayish colored, and also went straight up from my abdomen. This beam, I knew, was Knowledge of the Universe. All I can say is that I knew this, and that every child is conceived with this inside it. Once the child is in the flesh, however, knowledge of the flesh body starts. Then I saw a misty disc shaped light come from the right and enter my abdomen. I knew this to be the soul of my son.

As they pulled the baby out, another shot of pain medication was administered. My breathing became erratic and stopped. My blood pressure also dropped. Again I felt a vacuuming sensation in my chest and found myself floating near the top of the operating room. I also felt very calm and clear. Below me was my own body, but I wasn't much interested in it. Off in the right corner of the room I saw my baby, small and purple colored. As I floated there I became aware of my mother-in-law's prayers swirling around me. I knew they were her's because these thoughts were in Spanish. I couldn't actually hear them with my ears, yet they encircled me with an energy I could feel, then went straight up.

I also became aware of two angelic beings to my right. One I immediately sensed had made thousands of visits to this plane throughout the ages to communicate messages. I was aware that this was Gabriel, with short, curly blond hair, a flowing white robe and a long, golden trumpet. I was in awe of this presence as the messenger of God. Next to him was Arch-angel Michael. He was huge, and when I say that I mean he was as tall as the operating room which I would guess had a 15' ceiling. He had about him more of an air of authority than Gabriel. His hair was dark, long and wavy, and he too was dressed traditionally, with a white robe and bright golden belt, which resembled a championship boxer's belt. As I gazed at them from close proximity I must admit that my first response was one of disbelief, thinking, "Wait a minute. They don't really dress like this! This is a cliché." Nonetheless, the presences were very real. I noticed Michael's hands. I smiled at him because I recognized them as the hands that took me out of the hell of my first NDE.

Although I never saw their lips move, I understood them. They informed me I had straightened my life out sufficiently so that I wouldn't have to return to that hellish region. They added that I had to be "taken out" to be told this, and that I had a choice to either pay my penance in purgatory or on earth. I choose earth and was instantly back in my body.

I was raised a Catholic and for much of my youth this faith had been an intense part of my life. Certainly this affected how God chose to work with me during my NDEs. I had also left the Church, walking a path which not only hurt other people but would have destroyed my life. I give thanks for my near-death experiences.