

## GIFTS

By Cindy Massey

I was asthmatic as a child and had a lot of trouble breathing. When I was about 3 years old, I had a near-death experience. I was in bed, concentrating on breathing in, breathing out, breathing in... and then...I didn't breath out any more. I found myself at the top of the room near the ceiling looking down on this body that was on the bed. The body looked kind of crumpled, like if you crumpled up a paper bag, only in the shape of a body. I realized that was me on the bed, but I didn't feel a whole lot of sadness or sorrow or anything, I just noted that it was small.

I turned, noticed what was in the room, and then all of a sudden I was in this tunnel. It was very dark except for these rectangular mirrors of different colors. I started going up the tunnel. I started out slow, then began speeding up, and soon felt like I was going at the speed of light. The little colored mirrors were pulled with my increasing speed and pretty soon formed a focused light.

At the end, all of the sudden I was in total white. I was standing on the steps of this cathedral or palace that was like crystal. It wasn't like buildings we know here, it was different. You could stand on the steps but you could put your hand through the building, and it pulsed and shimmered. I knew as I stood there that this particular building could be at any point at any place in time. It was odd that I would know that, but I knew it for sure. It could be here or it could be there or it could be anywhere.

As I stood there looking at this huge building (it was HUGE to me) there was this entity that was about 7 feet tall. He was dressed in a white-robe-looking-thing which was tied at the waist. He looked down at me and he said, "Have you come to see Him?" I said "Yes." Then he asked, "Well, did you bring your gift?" and I replied, "No, I forgot." The entity said, "Well, we have to go get a gift."

We went into a beautiful garden and we found a tiny little mouse to be the gift. I said that the gift had to be put in a box because if you're going to give a gift, it has to be in a box. We looked all around the garden and finally found a box, but the mouse was bigger than the box. The mouse kept popping up and I kept pushing it down, but it kept coming up. I could see these two little eyes over the edge of the box and a little puff at the top, but that was about the best it was going to get.

All of a sudden I was in a hallway with this entity. There was a floor in the hallway, but when he walked, he walked above the floor. He seemed very, very tall to me and my hand looked very tiny in relation to his. As we went down this hall, there were about 12 doors. As he opened each one, it created a vault-like echoing sound. They were big and rounded with a point at the top. As we got to the last one, underneath the door you could see light. When he opened the door, the light was blinding. It was white/yellow/gold and very bright, but it wasn't hot. I couldn't see the entity any more because he was drowned out as I was in the light. The light was warm, and very bright, and then it started to go down, something was making it dim. I noticed that we were in a room and in this room was one chair. He was sitting in it. (He was always referred to as Him and He.)

I walked over and He picked me up and put me on His lap. He opened up the present and the mouse sat on the arm of the chair. The chair was an old, carved wood chair covered with wine colored velvet and He wore white. The white/gold light that came from His body was constantly pulsing. The first thing I said was, "I want to come home. I don't like it there, I don't want to stay, it's ugly there." Talking to Him and looking into His eyes was not like talking to someone here, it was a total communication. It was a feeling that you know, and it was all encompassing. It was telepathic.

When I told Him that I wanted to come home, there was an instant recognition from Him. His words back to me were, "It's not time yet." "Oh, yes, it's time," I argued back. "Really, it is, it's time." I was negotiating at 3 years old and trying to make my point. "Look, you really don't understand what it's like there. It's UGLY and I've spent three years there, I don't want to go back, I want out." His telepathic feeling/message back to me was, "It's not over yet." I continued my negotiations and asked, "How about if I do it another time?" and the message back was, "You can't do it another time, you told me it was going to be this time, you promised me." I remembered that there had been a promise, and I took a deep heavy breath.

During this whole time of negotiating there was never any reprimand or blame. Whatever I chose to do would have been ok. There was only love and there were no conditions placed on receiving that love. I got the impression that no matter how well I negotiated, I wasn't going to be coming back yet. Whatever I had set out to do, three years wasn't enough time, and I had to return to complete it. I said, "I don't know what I am supposed to do, tell me, what am I supposed to do?" and He replied, "You will know when it is time. You will be told."

I said, "Well, I don't want to go back now." I wasn't ready to go back, but if I had to return, I wanted to stay there for a while. He called his mother and this woman came, and she was very tall also. She had a blue overlay garment and a rosary on one side, I remember because I touched it. We went into a garden that was like something out of a Walt Disney movie. There were dancing flowers with the most vibrant colors I have ever seen in my life. The flowers actually sang in harmony with their color. The lighter colors had a higher tone and the deeper colors had a lower tone, and they all harmonized.

We played in the garden for a while and talked, and then I knew I had to go back to my body. I knew it could not be sustained unless I went back, I had reached the limit. I returned to the room again, but He wasn't there, just the chair and two helpers who I knew were going to take me back. There was a door in the back of the room and I knew that once I went through it, I would be back in my body. I wasn't real happy about going back and I hung on to the door frame, trying to avoid going back to my body.

And then, I was slammed back into my body. I was again struggling for air, breathing in, breathing out. That ended the near-death experience.

Although I said, "You don't understand what goes on down on earth," because of the feeling of communication with Him, I knew He did have a total understanding of what goes on. The grief I saw in His eyes, not only for me but for how we treat each other, was phenomenal. It was like looking into eternity. I knew there was no getting around it and He did understand. The grief and pain He felt was for all individuals because we were all connected.

I don't see the world quite the same any more. Things are not the same for me. There is always that "to be kind is important" or "to love your neighbor is important," but after my NDE, it is true and necessary at a much deeper level. It is clear what is really important and real.

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