

"MY CHILD, YOU ARE MOST BLESSED"

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In 1954, I had my first near-death experience at home, in Belmont, California. I was 26 years old and had contracted pneumonia. The doctor prescribed Penicillin, giving me a shot and tablets of the RX to take with me. When I got home I took two of the tablets per instructions. Soon afterward, I knew "something" was very wrong. I began to feel dizziness and nausea. The room went into a spin and I fell to the floor. My grandmother phoned the doctor, but it would be fifteen minutes before he arrived at our house. Meanwhile, my allergy to penicillin was causing anaphylactic shock in which my breathing became labored and finally ceased. After I fell, I started contorting painfully and uncontrollably. My last conscious recollection in my body was a feeling of spreading numbness from my feet to my chest. There was so much pain; I thought, "So this is dying." My heartbeat pounded in my ears erratically like a bass drum...then silence.

Suddenly, I was out of my body and up on the ceiling. The immediacy of being away from the pain was euphoric. When the realization hit me that I was separate from my body, my reaction wasn't one of shock or surprise, because the process seemed so natural. Overwhelmed by peace and contentment, I thought, "This is great!" Then I noticed my small sons crying as they stood by the doorway. Looking down I observed a grotesque form lying below. *It was me!* But yet it wasn't. It was a strange dichotomy. Here I was looking at this macabre event and I wasn't concerned about the body on the floor with its eyes wide open and its mouth agape. My attention shifted back to my boys and I was filled with compassion for them. Instantly I found I was hovering over them. There was no feeling of urgency, just a desire to comfort them that caused me to communicate, "I'm fine. Don't cry." But I wasn't heard.

While I was over them I remember looking down and asking myself, "Why aren't my feet hitting their heads?" It was then that I noticed I was a globe of light. I began to pay attention to "what I had become." I was a complete unit of awareness, my senses clear and sharp, uncluttered with mundane earthly trivia. I felt safe, protected and above all, surrounded by divine love. I had never felt SO ALIVE as I felt in my present state. I began to float into other rooms of the house. I then discovered that as a ball of light, doors were not necessary - I could go right through the walls! I also noticed that when I thought "I'll go into another room," I would do exactly that. Filled with curiosity and wonderment, I decided to go exploring out of the house. Just beyond the front door I saw the doctor rushing up the sidewalk. I tried greeting him, but of course, there was no response. Then I thought, "I'll go back inside and see what he does." What he discovered was that my body had no heartbeat and my face was cyanotic (dark blue). He slapped my face several times, gave me an injection of adrenaline and started crude CPR by banging me on the chest. As this was taking place I was thinking that maybe I shouldn't leave the children. I asked myself, "Who will raise them and take care of them?" There was an instant response in my heart. I knew it was my responsibility. Simultaneously, I found myself painfully back in my body, moaning and attempting to talk.

This event dramatically changed my life. Up to this point I had been a person without the ability to assert myself. I allowed people to take advantage of my meekness. Now I had personal proof of survival beyond physical death & that coupled with the love I felt, imparted to me a new found strength and a sense of my own unique qualities. I also realized that I needed to make better choices in my life. Two weeks later, still physically drained by pneumonia, I took the children and left, ending an eleven year abusive marriage and beginning a long quest to gain more spiritual understanding.

I had my second NDE in 1968 when I was taken to the Kaiser Hospital Emergency Room after almost severing two fingers in an accident. In pre-operative questioning, I informed the staff of my allergy to Penicillin, that I was a borderline diabetic, and NOT to give me any glucose. In the second hour of the operation, nearing completion, I began to feel light headed. My mouth was dry from the mild tranquilizer I'd been given in pre-op. When I attempted to ask the nurse for a drink of water, I could barely mumble. As I looked up at her, I saw an I.V. stand with a bag of 2% Glucose hooked up to my arm. A moment of "high anxiety" followed as I tried to tell them to "shut off the glucose." Unable to talk, I started shaking my head from side to side to convey a "no-no" gesture, but to no avail. They pulled the sheet over my face, assuming I was disturbed by seeing all the spattered blood in the operating area. After a few minutes I lost concern over the situation. I felt I was slipping away and thought, "Oh, boy, here I go again." Now I heard the nurses making clipped statements to the doctor, "She's getting shocky." "Her pulse is irregular and thready." "B/P is falling." Then a louder voice said, "We're losing her." The next thing I knew, I heard a sound like the "pop" of a champagne cork and there I was suspended about eight feet off of the floor, looking down at the frenetic scene below. I felt calm, peaceful and somewhat amused by such active concern over "that body" when the "real me" was up on the ceiling. I was elated to be free-floating and unfettered by such things as gravity and a physical body. I wanted to sing and dance with joy but how does a globe of light dance? Maybe bounce? I found that a funny idea and wanted to laugh. For a few moments I watched the doctor as he began closing the wound and issuing orders at the same time. "D.C. the Glucose." "Well, it's about time!" I thought. (D.C. means discontinue), "Get 4 cc's of Adrenalin, STAT! Move! Move! Let's get this girl back!" I watched for a few seconds and decided it would be much more fun to go and explore.

I became aware that my movement was in direct response to my thinking about the action. So my decision to look around was now sending me gliding down the corridor. As I passed the nurses station I heard a beeping sound on the intercom, and a voice said, "Code Blue in O.R. two." (Meaning, a cardiac arrest in operating room two.) I knew that was my body they were talking about, but I was no longer interested. As I moved along I saw lines and other markings on the floor, that seen from my height of 8-10 feet, struck me as humorous. I continued checking out the area, exploring several rooms on the same floor. Finally, I did an OOPS when I found myself in a patient's room and knew I was infringing on his privacy. Drifting through the wall, I returned to the hallway. Suddenly, I felt a strong urge to "go back." Instantly, I was in my body on the operating table.

One nurse was alternately rubbing my arm and vigorously patting my face. Another was calling out my vital signs, "B/P is coming up. Pulse is getting stronger. Cardiac arrhythmia stabilizing." Then a loud announcement, "We've got her back." As I opened my eyes the nurse looked down at me and said, "Welcome back, Sunshine!"

Later, when the surgeon came into my hospital room to review my progress, he observed in his fast, clipped, East-Indian accent, "Your hand is healing exceedingly well, but I must say, you did give us a bit of a scare." My response was, "Yes, I know. I watched the activities from the ceiling." His eyes widened in surprise. I elaborated on what had taken place while out of my body. He replied that he didn't think many Westerners would acknowledge that kind of experience, but that it was quite common in India. With a smile, he said, "My child, you are most blessed."