

## **ROB CUCCIO - THE NIGHT I DIED**

in Rob's own words

*I had been pronounced dead after 30 minutes without a pulse or oxygen to my brain. In all, I was dead for 43 minutes on my wife's 43rd birthday.*

I know my guardian angel was with me because I had an experience that is really hard to explain, but I will try as best I can.

I went on a journey—a journey like no other journey I have ever been on before. I kinda get to go on that journey over and over again some nights in my dreams or déjà vu—not really sure.

It was so peaceful where I was. I don't remember "floating" over my body and watching the hospital staff work on me as my family prayed for me to return back to my body, but instead I was kinda floating in this peaceful place looking to my right and seeing long flowing blond hair of an entity holding my right hand real tight and not looking at me. She was looking to her right never looking me in the face and not letting me let go of her hand.

I am referring to my angel as her. However, I still don't know what gender if any my angel is and I want to be clear to "her" and you the readers not to piss "her" off in case I need her again. For real. Anyway, I remember a very tight grip on my right hand and beautiful long flowing golden blond hair. I grew up in the 80's with the "hair bands" and sometimes, as I am sure most remember, couldn't tell what gender a person was by the side or back and sometimes even the front. Those were the days of still great music.

Anyway, a tight grip on my right hand in the most serene place I have ever been with this beautiful entity on my right side and I remember hearing a song playing in the background, which I will get to that later. We were kinda going up, but not to a white light as I have heard other people say, but to this bluish kinda place. My favorite color is blue and it wasn't like any other shade of blue I had ever seen. I remember it taking a long time to get there and I never really got into the place.

It seemed the faster we were going, the further it was, weird I know. However, I remember seeing a lot of people all with their backs to me. No one would turn around and look at me. Kinda strange I know.

Just as we reached that place, that blue lite place, the one we were heading to, we hesitated. I looked over at her to see why we didn't go in when we finally made it, taking my eye off the place in front of me. When I looked back to the front, it was gone. Just like it appeared it just disappeared. Freaky, I know. I do remember seeing that place a few more

times, but I was never as close to it as I was on this day. I know it was my angel that made me wait to cross over to it, to cross into what I now believe to be the afterlife. I don't know what it was (that blue lit place) or if you would be able to come back once you entered it. It is still something I think about at times—what if she wouldn't have hesitated and we just entered like I guess I had wanted, would I be here today?