

BASED ON A TRUE STORY BY  
M. K. MCDANIEL

# MISFIT IN HELL

# TO HEAVEN EXPAT

Lessons from a Dark Near-Death  
Experience and How to Avoid  
Hell in the Afterlife

# **Misfit in Hell To Heaven Expat**

*Lessons from a Dark Near-Death  
Experience and How To Avoid  
Hell in the Afterlife*

A Novel By  
**M. K. MCDANIEL**

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*Some names and identifying details have been changed to protect the privacy of individuals.*

*This book does not deny or promote any religion.*

Content Warning: Please be advised that certain portions of this book contain disturbing events that may trigger a reader who has experienced physical and/or sexual trauma.

This book is dedicated to my family, friends, the countless kind souls who continuously supported my transition to a more purposeful life, and to my number one Soul Mate, who inspired me during his life and beyond, and who is saving me a place in heaven.

“This was the power of evil, he thought before drifting off to sleep. Nothing need be actually done to you, just the idea of it, the rumor of it, the sense of the possibility of it. That was enough.”

Once Night Falls by Roland Merullo

“The three most important  
words in the  
English language:  
God, Love and Home.  
They are all the same thing.”  
*The Stupidity Insight* by Allen  
Johnson Jr.



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# Preview: It Begins

I didn't feel dead, only confused.

Total darkness and absolute silence, my only references.

Not daring to move, I waited.

The blackness morphed into a reddish glow, dragging with it a stinking heat. Acrid fog, muffled moans, and ungodly shrieks.

*This can't be good.*

Something was staring at me.

Like a blow, a voice thundered, "*Do you know where you are?*"

My mind raced, searching for some rational explanation, but part of me already knew. "*Hell?*" I whispered.

To my horror, the answer was an earsplitting, maniacal laugh.

The evil crept closer as I clamped shaking hands over my ears.

Panic surged in me, triggering the requirement for fight or flight.

Fighting was not an option.

I turned and ran.



# Introduction

Accurately verbalizing the ecstasy of heaven and the horror of hell is impossible.

Most people are joyfully attentive as I attempt to share my sense of oneness with God and the treasure of interacting with my deceased friend. But, when inviting that same soul to accompany me on my lengthy sojourn in hell, the experience for my companion shifts.

Following my release from the rehabilitation hospital, I felt compelled to put my extraordinary experiences on paper. The positive and negative memories of living in other realms haunted and depressed me.

I reasoned that by airing my overwhelming feelings, they would fade with the passage of time like a bad dream. Maybe a return to my old life was possible.

It didn't work that way.

Since my prior spiritual structure had produced unsatisfactory results, I continued to search fervently for a better path. At my "final death," I desire a straight shot to God's presence without unpleasant detours.

After countless hours of prayer, introspection, and assistance, I have gradually emerged from my nightmarish cocoon into a lighter space. Still, evil is jealous and relentless, and the haunting continues to this day.



In preparing this written account, I found my current earthly existence to have been greatly influenced by prior relationships over many generations, and thus began the deep dive into my family tree.

With the assistance of a genealogy website along with family memorabilia and stories, I gradually spotted tendencies, such as alcoholism and physical abuse, ingrained in some family groupings and staunchly avoided in others.

Similar challenges appeared in each generation, and I was mesmerized by the myriad ways they were met, some more successfully than others. These challenges even carried over into my life, to my children's lives, and to their offspring.

Conclusions led me to accept my family's flaws and strengths as the overall human condition. Our human nature tends to lean towards negative addictive behavior, but the spiritual component of our universal makeup often seeks redemption.

If this life is a learning experience, as many people who brush up against death claim, and eventually we return to our heavenly home for feedback and encouragement, it puts a different spin on everything we do.

Understanding we are actors in a universal play, with an ultimately happy ending, may give us the hope and courage to forgive our ancestors and encourage our future families to implement change for the better.

PART I:  
FAMILY TREE



## Pilot's Story

My nineteen-year-old future father, an avowed atheist, negotiated a pact with God as he hung upside down in his crashed fighter plane on a Philippines' battlefield in 1942. The first time he shared his story with me was on his ninety-sixth birthday:

“Tacloban airstrip; my good luck ran out. I took a bullet in the oil tank located in front of the cockpit canopy. The windshield quickly covered with hot oil, and I was unable to see directly ahead.

“I opened the cockpit canopy and looked out the side. I noticed one of our own F6F Hellcats had landed ahead of me and was stopped dead in the center of the runway, blocking the landing area.

“With my engine overheating and starting to sputter, I turned to the only other place to land—the sandy beach. As I touched down, my landing gear dug into the sand and the plane tumbled through the air. It came to rest upside down on top of me. My head was buried in the sand, and I was unable to breathe.

“Sensing I was soon doomed to die, I thought, *Lord, get me out of this mess, and I will become a Catholic.*”

“Miraculously, the airplane lifted off me, and my head came out of the sand. I gasped for air. Some of our soldiers had left the safety of their ‘fox holes’ and shifted the tail of the plane so that the cockpit raised above the sand. I grasped my seat belt lever, gave it a tug, and dropped into the arms of my rescuers. I did survive and I did become baptized into the Roman Catholic faith.”

Another pilot had contemplated landing on that same beach behind my father’s plane. He changed his mind after witnessing my father’s aircraft crash and cartwheel three times over the sand before landing upside down. At the time, the pilot assumed Dad had been killed.

These two veterans met at a WWII reunion years later. Dad was surprised to learn of the triple cartwheel, and the other pilot couldn’t believe Dad had survived.

Dad’s scalp and ear were torn loose in the landing. He fractured three vertebrae and suffered a concussion. The jungle medics stitched his scalp and ear back in place but spared no time for further attention. At the makeshift hospital, Dad met another crash survivor, a pilot being treated for serious burns to both hands and his face.

In addition to suffering ill-treated horrible wounds, my father and his new comrade found themselves stranded on the war-torn beach in

the Philippines. Both men attempted to leave the area on a departing Navy vessel but were not allowed to do so without written "orders."

Although injured and in shock, they were simply instructed to return to their base in Hawaii. They carried no identification cards or money and were clad only in ragged, bloodied flight suits.

When I asked Dad how they managed to return to Hawaii, he just smiled and said they "hitched" and boasted they arrived at their appointed base just as their assigned ship pulled into the harbor.

Like most World War II participants, my father never received any assistance with his post-traumatic stress. He, like many others, decided to put his war experiences behind him and wouldn't talk about them to anyone. However, his horrendous memories remain fresh in his psyche decades later.

Dad served a total of thirty years in the Navy before retiring as a captain. At ninety-six, he still suffers the severe back pain that remained with him since his trauma at nineteen. He never complains about it and is still an avid Catholic.