

An Experience With Death

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Dearest Reader,

Before I share with you the story of my experience with death, I thought I would let you know the top five things I learned from that, and from other times when the veil between this life and the next have been very thin for me. Here they are:

- 1) As long as you have lived the best life you can given your circumstances, and are not wracked by well-deserved guilt and shame for your cruelest actions, it is a heck of a lot more fun on the other side of the veil than it is on this side. Over there you don't have to contend with gravity; you have complete free will to craft your environment; time and space are totally flexible; you get to hang out for as long and as often as you want with those you love no matter where they are; and you no longer suffer the effects of an ill, damaged or worn out body.
- 2) Death is nothing to fear. It is just a shedding of a body like one would let go of a worn out or damaged piece of clothing.
- 3) One's soul does have the ultimate choice as to whether to stay embodied or leave. Since it is one's soul that makes the choice and that soul is a Child of Love whom we call God, the choice to live or die is made for the higher good of all involved.
- 4) Although the circumstance of one's death can look like it is completely out of each person's control, that is not true. What is true is that our souls are outside of space and time. We can see the choices we and others are making that could and will lead to death. So, we do have ultimate control over how and when we die. And;
- 5) I have been assured that after death we have more influence than we do in life, and are able to be closer with our loved ones than we are able to while we are still embodied.

So, why did I and do others choose to come back from our death experiences? I and others come back because we have not yet fulfilled our life's mission in this body and at this time.

The Story of My Experience with Death

When I was 24, it was the year 1978. I was and had been married to a controlling and extremely jealous man for six years. I had gotten involved with him when I was 17 years old. I was completely at the mercy of my husband's various paranoias, his unpredictable bouts of violent anger, his rigid belief system, his intense need to completely control me, and his whims. It was like I was the sole devotee in a two person cult where he was the sole despotic leader.

One of the things my husband believed was that birth control was un-natural and therefore shouldn't be used. We were vegan macrobiotics. While being vegan, I was either nursing or pregnant for the entire seven years we were together. I would get pregnant within two weeks of dropping below nursing my babies three times per day. This generally happened when my babies turned about one year and two months old. Thus, in 1978, I got pregnant for a fourth time. I already had three children who were just short of turning two, four and six years old.

In 1978 we were living in Santa Fe, New Mexico. We had been in our current home for about one year. That was a record. We generally moved from place to place every three months. My husband ran a wholesale magazine business. He sold East West Journal, New Age Journal, and Mother Earth News to alternative lifestyle retail businesses in Taos, Santa Fe and Albuquerque. I raised my babies and figured out other creative ways to augment our household income. I took in boarders, sewed and sold futon mattresses, and gave macrobiotic cooking classes.

On the day I lost my fourth baby; my children, my husband and I were traveling to Taos to deliver magazines. I was 3 1/2 months pregnant. I started lightly hemorrhaging on the way. All five of us were in the car.

I said to my husband, "I've started bleeding".

He said, "I don't want to bale from the Taos delivery. This is the day we do it every month. Can't you find something in the car you can bleed onto?"

The idea of me ruining the seat upholstery with blood was making my husband angry. I didn't want him to get angry and start yelling, so I asked, "Will you please stop the car so I can look for something."

He grudgingly pulled over onto the side of the road. I rummaged in the trunk and found some towels. I put them on the back seat to sit on. I positioned myself on the towels and we continued our trip. I stayed in the back seat and bled all the way to and from Taos for those magazine deliveries.

That evening we got home around supper time. I was feeling really cold. I was in shock. All I could think about was warming up in a nice hot bath. I bee-lined to the bathroom and shut the door and shed all my clothes. Then I delivered my 3 1/2 month old dead fetus baby, as well as the placenta that had connected him to me, on top my bloody clothes.

My husband pounded on the bathroom door. He yelled, "Are you going to come out of there and fix our supper for us?"

I said, "No, I can't."

"Then since you won't cook us supper", he said, "we will go out to eat.". I heard him walk off to gather up our children to take them out to supper.

There was a vegan restaurant my husband liked to eat at that was about a mile from our home. I heard our front door open and close. Then the house became blessedly quiet.

I drew a bath and stepped in and lay down in it. I was still bleeding. The dead fetus of my blue color tinged baby lay on top of the clothes I had shed to get into the bathtub.

I lay in the bathtub. I looked at the water which had turned a deep pink color and at my body lying in the blood tinged water. I realized that I was looking at my body from the wrong vantage point. I was floating on the ceiling and looking down at my body lying below me.

From there, I skipped up to the roof of our home and up into the night sky. I looked down at the lights of Santa Fe. They were so beautiful. I could still see my body in the blood tinged bath water. It was like looking at it through a microscope. I had no attachment to it.

Then I looked up and out. I can't even describe the beautiful Light of Love I saw. Everything was bathed in this beautiful crystalline Light. I just wanted to float away into it for all eternity.

Then, I thought about my children. I could so easily float away, but, I asked myself, "Can I really leave these children of mine behind to be raised by my husband?" I loved and still love my children to the depths of my heart. I could not in good conscience leave my children in the hands of a person so damaged as to completely lack care, empathy and compassion for his wife. I had just personally experienced his lack of being able to care to the point that he was more worried about blood on the upholstery of his car, and of keeping himself fed at his exacting 6 pm suppertime.

I chose, out of love, to stay to raise my children to adulthood. Thus, there commenced a battle. This is the best way I can describe it. My soul was so much bigger than my body once it had escaped it. Think of this body as being a chrysalis and my soul as having emerged from it as a butterfly. Now, though, I had to force my butterfly soul back into its chrysalis. It was like trying to stuff a whole dish towel into a pint sized narrow-mouthed bottle. I just managed it.

Luckily, we had a boarder that knew Chinese medicine. He came home while my husband had taken himself and our children out to supper. My boarder called to me and I was able to answer and ask for help. He got me out of the bathtub, dried me off, and into the bedroom on my and my husband's futon bed. He burned a moxa stick over the acupuncture point on my belly that would stop the bleeding. Then he helped me into a nightgown and let me go to sleep. Between both my own and my boarder's efforts, my life was saved so I could continue being the mother and guardian of my three children.

From that point my memories become very vague until the day about four months later that my eldest daughter turned six. That was when my parents came to visit and took all four of us back home with them so I could recover from that and another extremely early term miscarriage. I remember very clearly, that day my parents came to visit for my daughter's sixth birthday and then fetched us to their home. It was not so long later that my husband and I divorced so, as he said, "I can go and find myself a better wife."

I completely lost my fear of death from that miscarriage in 1978 to now. I know that Beauty waits for me on the other side of that veil. I also get to, at times, experience the continuing miracle of life here. When I am awake and aware I get to look and see the miracle of Our Beloved's Loving Fingerprints all over this world. Those fingerprints manifest in so many ways: the unique beautiful shapes of each falling, floating snowflake; each dynamic ever-changing cloud in the sky; a child's innocent smile; the mating dance of newly paired eagles; the dawn chorus of birds in a forest in the early spring; the unfurling out of bud of a perfectly formed flower; multi-colored sunsets and

sunrises. That is just to name a very few of the many ways that the miracle of Love shows in our world.

The times I get to be aware and awake, and experience the miracle of life, is when I am done with being victimized by the cruelty of those humans who have intersected my life in unfortunate ways. I must say that I have floated back and forth between being an angry, depressed victim of cruel circumstances, and being in love with the world where we reside and with all that is in it.

Now, I am 65. It has been 41 years since I had that near death experience. Yet, I remember it as though it were yesterday. I get these days, thanks to some 25 odd years of dedicated trauma recovery, to stay mostly with a foot over that door of death and partially on the other side of the veil. That is when I am awake and aware, and am not being numbed by grief over the many heartbreaks in my life.

Being awake and aware is a beautiful place to be. I get to experience the world as fashioned by the miracle of Love. This is rather than experiencing the world as a place of cruelty of humans who often misuse their gift of free will to be mean, greedy and selfish.

I believe that those of us who get this gift of experiencing death can offer it freely to those who haven't yet experienced what it is like on the other side of the veil. Then, knowing that Beauty surrounds us on the other side of the veil, we can begin to let go of our small cruel and selfish ways.

Thank you for being willing to share your time in reading the story of my experience with death. I pray that it uplifts you and completely frees you from your fear of death for both yourself or for your loved ones.