

"I will sing of the Lord's great love forever; with my mouth
I will make your faithfulness known through all generations."

Psalm 89:1



Carol
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Fifteen years ago in 1995 I was lying in my hospital bed waiting to be taken to surgery after my second heart attack, when the third heart attack overcame me. Two doctors and a nurse rushed in (I was unconscious) and after cutting me in the groin, ran a pump up into my heart to keep it going. My aorta had shut down. I was then swiftly pushed into surgery, still in my hospital bed, pump and all.

After surgery my heart was too weak to supply my body with oxygen, so I was attached to a ventilator which kept me alive. Slipping in and out of consciousness, I was aware one day that my whole family surrounded me. As I was trusted at that point to not attempt to pull the tubes out of my throat, I made a circle with my hands, then a steeple. My daughter said, "I think she wants a circle of prayer." My husband, son and daughter and I joined hands and my son said a lovely and loving prayer.

Sometime after this I felt "energy" under my body. This "energy" lifted me up and the ten IVs dropped off. I felt untethered to the earth and the feeling of absolute peace filled me.

Looking around, I saw the "legendary" entrance to the tunnel. I went over to it, how I do not know. The interior was a pale purple and seemed to be a "living color", color with movement like a cloud. I looked down at the entrance and saw me, in my bed, floating. I then had an idiot conversation with myself.

"There I am!" "No, I can't be there, I am here!" "No, there I am floating at the entrance!" "No, I can't be there because I am here." At that point I looked down supposedly at my feet and discovered that I had no body.

Overcome with emotion, I said aloud, "Oh, I must look closely because when I get back, I must tell people about this!" At once, I was embraced and overwhelmed with pure love, love from God, and embraced in every part of my body with this love.

At once I was back in my hospital bed and just knew, beyond any doubt, that I would live.

Upon being discharged after nineteen days, my husband told me that the doctors had given him notice of a 48-hour period. During this period it was a toss-up if I would live or die.

God was faithful. He embraced me and assured me that He was in charge and that I would indeed live to "spread the Good News!" God and Heaven are real. Believe.

Great is His faithfulness.