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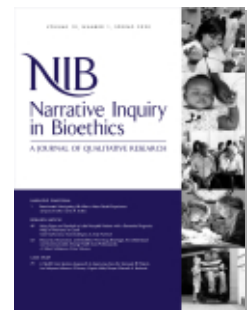
The Other Side of Heaven

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to be angels waving me to come with them, I told them I was going to wait right here. I heard voices saying, “don’t go with them, they’re not what they seem.” I wanted to break through that wall. I kept saying I have to wait right here. A man came to visit, and I couldn’t see his face. He had his hands in his pockets, talking to my husband, who had his head in his hands, ignoring the man. The man said, “I’ve come to tell you that your grandfather is tired and it’s time, he’s going now and wants you to know it’s okay.” I thought, how rude, he’s ignoring this man. I knew his grandfather passed away while I was in that coma. No one spoke of it in my room, but when I woke up, the first thing I told my husband was sorry about his Pap’s passing, and he looked at me like he saw a ghost. He said, “how would you know that!?” I said the man came to tell you he was leaving and you ignored him. He never saw that man, and that conversation never took place in my room. I was then told that I had been transferred to a teaching hospital in Gainesville, Florida. My admitting diagnosis was liver and kidney failure, (I was put on the transplant list), Disseminated Intravascular Coagulation (DIC), and septic shock. I had received 8 blood transfusions and potentially faced amputation of my feet. I had a very long road ahead of me, and I was told it was a miracle I survived at all.

After my NDE, I had an immense need to talk about it but was not comfortable discussing it with just anyone. I felt I had to be careful with who I shared my experience. It seemed to make them uneasy. I was living at a military base and had to use the military hospital for my healthcare. They were not equipped to address all of my medical needs, nor did they make me feel they wanted to. They referred me out to civilian physicians because “I was too medically complex for them to handle.” I was a dialysis patient 3 nights a week for 3 hours at a time and was told I was going to be kicked off my insurance and placed on Medicare because I was considered terminally ill. I struggled with this and thought, how am I going to be a mother to my children if I need a machine to keep me alive. Thankfully, my kidneys came back after I landed back in the hospital from congestive heart failure and a staph infection in my lungs.

I went off base to see most of my specialists. I also saw a licensed clinical therapist to try to make sense of what I was feeling. The therapist basically told me that whatever my perception of the afterlife is, is what I brought into my NDE. I honestly didn’t agree with her because the things I experienced could not simply be “explained” away by my own personal beliefs. I was having major difficulties with my relationships and anxiety from my NDE. The memories would overcome me, causing distress, anger, and fear. My husband said I was a different person, and I was. I was told that this experience will either make or break a marriage, and I agree with that. We sought marriage counseling.

Five years after my NDE, I went to work for a hospital in my home town for social services and spiritual care. I honestly felt my path in life, and everything that happened, put me right where I needed to be. I’ve become more intuitive, and my job required me to be a calming presence to distraught families that were experiencing the same traumas that my family and I experienced. I stayed in this job for over 17 years and loved it. Today I can say I am grateful for what I have experienced, and I have the capacity to see that this was an unfortunate life circumstance, but it made me much stronger than I would have been had I not gone through this.



The Other Side of Heaven

Peter M. Anthony

A blood-stained hospital gown that barely covers my naked body fails to provide comfort. Doctors and medical staff wear panicked faces as they attempt to save my life. A flat line crash cart pushed by a nurse is placed near monitors. A voice yells, “He has lost too much blood. His hemoglobin is below six!”

Another voice yells, “We’re losing him!”

Family members I knew before their passing persuade me to go through a tunnel of white light.

Their ghostly images call my name, guiding me to an elderly man who sits upon a tree. His hands are extended, as though he knows me. Brilliant watercolors spin like a rotating bicycle wheel, somehow encouraging me to enter this revolving tunnel. Melodic musical notes, along with my previous life choices, merge onto a large pictorial matrix of my entire life. Love is the over-riding message that hums in my ear. Over and over, this universal message consumes me with such velocity that I feel I will not grasp its full essence. Yet, I do. Something beyond my logical thinking allows a stream of future events to play before me. Writing books, workshops, lectures, traveling to distant shores, radio and guest appearances on television shows pertaining to my near death, seem perfectly natural. A voice speaks softly through this spinning wheel of light, declaring love and kindness are mankind's only keys to earth's future salvation. This I accept as my new truth to live by.

Vibrant colors linked to harmonious musical notes seem to amplify with a template of geometric codes and quantum physics. The next cycle of my life review begins to unfold. But then a faraway voice brings me back to the operating table. His distressed voice compels me to view my dying body from a place I call the other side.

"His pressure is dropping. He is going into V-tach! Give him another amp of atropine, now!"

"Stand clear!" Another voice shouts.

"Clear!"

Paddles thrust my torso upward. Seconds turn to split seconds. I see a surgeon's worried face. My physical body is on the O.R. table, but I am hovering above the ceiling looking down. Waves of white light descend upon me, thrusting my spirit back into the tunnel. Global intelligence encases my thought process at such momentum; I am amazed at my ability to digest its content. I witness all of mankind's injustices and promptly comprehend that we must make amends to those we have wronged. It is not what we have done, though critical, but how quickly we make amends for those we have hurt. Moments of human error are like dress rehearsals. Practicing daily kindness prepares us for opening night. Whether we believe or doubt, the law of

cause and effect are shaped because of what we do or don't do. Kindness is the *key*.

Flashes of insight continue to unfold as my life review plays before me. *Should have* and *could have* are common dialogues I know too well. These tête-à-tête thoughts are heard like a cosmic auditorium inside my head. My own voice says, "No one will see this but me." These haunting words were my ongoing life lesson. I witness all my selfish actions with the purest of compassion. I honor it, come to terms with it, and move on to the next life review image. Suddenly a burst of brightness consumes my non-physical form. Golden-white lights envelop me, and a voice says. "You are the captain of your life vessel. Navigate wisely." I know this voice. It's my voice. It speaks again. "Choice is a gift." Then everything that I see or feel goes into an in-between place. A male voice says.

"Mr. Anthony! Mr. Anthony! Can you hear me?" My eyes are heavy, and pain devours my upper torso. Someone stands over me. I feel his breath. But I cannot see him. All is shadowed in dark.

"Mr. Anthony. I'm Dr. M Are you awake? You have been in ICU for over three weeks. Can you hear me? Mr. Anthony?"

I know my eyes are open, but all I can see is darkness. There is no feeling in my legs as I brush my hands against my thighs. "Yes."

"Mr. Anthony, I have some unfortunate news for you. Your vision is impaired and lack of mobility in both legs is uncharacteristically odd. A series of radiation treatments . . ." His words fade.

Instead, another voice speaks into my ear. "Your vision will return. You will recover. *I am here.*" This enigmatic voice vanishes.

Dr. M's words become inaudible, and his sentences become background noise. "It took four units of packed cells to complete your blood transfusion. We almost lost you due to a perforated viscus. There is no cure for Crohn's but . . ." I slip into a deep sleep.

The aroma of roses awakens me. Darkness is still my enemy. I try to sit up in bed. I'm in pain. A voice whispers into my ear. "Do not despair. *I am here.*" Someone's hand touches my arm.

"Good morning Mr. Anthony," it's Dr. M. "Are you awake yet?"

"Sort of, no, not really," I say. "I won't despair. Thank you."

"Excuse me? I need to go over your labs. Is this a good time?"

"I still can't see? And my legs and left foot are in pain."

"You're having inexplicable reactions to some of the meds. Your joints are inflamed? The gout in your left foot is unexplainable."

"Cycle me off of Prednisone, Cipro, and Tramadol."

"How do you know which drugs I've prescribed? How? You're having abnormal complications with rheumatoid arthritis . . ."

I cut off Dr. M. "I will continue to have inflammatory side effects. These drugs are harmful to my new immune system."

Snickering occurs, then abrupt silence. Though I can't see anyone, I can feel their judgment. "Please listen to me." I realize at this moment that my speech impediment is gone. How is that possible?

"Doctor, I'm not stuttering. Wow!? What about my iron-deficiency anemia? What is my current hemoglobin level? I've been in ICU for over three weeks? Where's my doctor?" I speak effortlessly.

I sense anxiety in the room. Dr. M whispers something to someone. "Mr. Anthony, I'll be back soon. Nurse, please continue."

"I died in the O.R. You were there! I spoke with God. I saw numbers, colors, heard music, and saw my future while I sat in a tree. I'm going to write books, travel the world, and talk about my death." The room remains quiet. "You don't believe me? It's true!"

"Mr. Anthony, get some rest. Your doctor will be here later today. Nurse, I want to go over his diet as well as his medications."

I feel a needle poke my left arm. A thermometer is placed in my mouth. The IV in my right arm is adjusted. I smell perfume.

"You died and went to heaven, didn't you?" A lady's voice whispers.

"Yes, I did! I spoke to God! I've never believed in God," I say, biting the thermometer. "God said it was not my time yet."

Dr. M and the staff talk in low voices as they exit my room. I hear a voice say something that hurts beyond the pain I am feeling.

"He's having God-like hallucinations from the anesthesia."

"No! It wasn't a hallucination." I reply as the door closes.

"Don't mind them sugar. I had a patient tell me the exact same thing. She flatlined during mastectomy surgery. She died and saw God. No one believed her. Not one doctor or her family. I did. We tend to blame the anesthesia on patients saying nonsensical things. In most cases, it's true. She's now studying to become an ordained minister. She used to be an atheist. Explain that? I am Nurse Betty. God chose you for a reason, Mr. Anthony. You've been given a second chance. Get some rest. I'll be right back. Okay?"

Both my legs are throbbing. Within minutes my eyelids are heavy. I surrender to the medications within seconds. I fall asleep.

"Good evening, Peter. It's Dr. F. How are you doing, son?"

"What time is it?" My vision is blurry, but I can see Dr. F.

"It's just past 7:00 p.m. We need to have a chat about your well-being. You are suffering from multiple medical problems and are having inexplicable reactions to some of the medications." Dr. F pauses as he talks. "Another surgery is crucial, Peter."

"No, no. I spoke with God on the other side. My difficulties are due to the Prednisone and Tramadol. Get me off these drugs." I grab Dr. F's hand. "I can't move my legs? Why can't I see?"

"I can't answer that. Prednisone is prescribed as an anti-inflammatory for Crohn's. Your immune system has reacted abnormally to some of the meds. Both Dr. M and I are puzzled. Crippling rheumatoid arthritis can occur after prolonged use of prednisone—not several weeks. The gout in your left foot, along with the loss of your vision, is highly unusual. Your hip . . ."

". . . unusual seems to be my overall theme?" I feel hope as I see Dr. F's face appear. I know his next words. "There is no cure . . ."

"There is no cure for Crohn's. We need to get you in remission as soon as possible. We will tackle all

these medical irregularities one at a time. You rest. Try not to worry. Let me figure this out, Peter.”

“Promise me I will be able to run again after I recover? Please?”

“Let’s get you walking again.” Dr. F pauses but continues. “I’ve contacted an Internal Specialist in L.A., Dr. S, who is quite familiar with non-traditional therapies for crossover patients.”

“Okay? Dr. F, I died on November 11, at 11:11 p.m. in O.R. #11. I went through a spinning tunnel. I spoke with God while I was on the other side. I will regain my vision somehow. I can avoid crippling arthritis if you listen to me. I will travel the world and talk about dying on November 11, at 11:11 p.m. I also know that you play Bridge every Sunday night. You lost your son in a horrible car accident. Don’t you worry either, Dr. F.”

“How did you know about my son?”

Epilogue

Dr. F and Dr. S are the only two doctors throughout my entire medical life that believed my near-death experience occurred. Dr. F and Dr. S not only listened to my NDE story, but treated me with exceptional care, and remained open-minded to my insight. My vision eventually returned, however, not fully. I suffer to this day with severe arthritis from the high doses of prednisone. I can no longer run; however, I walk on a treadmill daily. I travel extensively, lecturing without a speech impediment on NDE’s atypical recovery, and uncommon medical complications that many NDErs undergo once they return from the other side. Dr. F and Dr. S called me their Miracle Patient until the day they died. I am no longer Agnostic. I believe in a Higher Power. It only takes one person who listens with an open mind and believes in your (beyond belief) near-death experience. I was lucky. I had two doctors and a nurse who believed. Whatever occurred on the Other Side of Heaven taught me to stand in my truth, no matter who believes and or doesn’t believe. “I was given a second chance,” as Nurse Betty said.



A Physician’s Near-Death Experience

Jean R. Hausheer

In the summer of 1977, an extraordinary event involving a respiratory arrest occurred, which forever changed my personal and professional life, and simply removed any previous fear of death. A brief glimpse of the amazing Glory of God has remained with me since the time of my near-death experience (NDE).

At the time of this event, I was a 20-year-old medical student. While taking a Saturday exam, I developed double vision, which progressed rapidly from intermittent to constant. My upper eyelids also became quite heavy.

Once I completed my exam, I called my dad, also a physician, whom I met in the local emergency room, along with several specialists. Hospitalized, my situation rapidly declined into a descending paralysis. Zika virus-associated Guillain-Barré syndrome, Jacksonian variant, was considered likely by the neurologist. Just prior to being transported to the pulmonary lab to measure my breathing, a physician performed a physostigmine challenge. Unknowingly, he administered an overdose using rapid sequential serial boluses. My situation deteriorated shortly thereafter to acute respiratory failure. I lost consciousness while in the pulmonary lab, simply unable to breathe on my own any longer.

Next, I found myself looking down, suspended about 30 feet above what appeared to be a young, slender brunette lying on the floor. As if watching a movie inside a theater, I could see through floors, walls, and ceilings clearly and in a 360-degree 3-dimensional fashion, yet was detached from the flurry of activities below, which I could audibly hear. Vision was everywhere, all at once, and in incredible detail throughout this entire event. I could not understand why the person below was trying to resuscitate the brunette, as clearly there was nobody inside its lifeless form. I did not, at this moment, connect that what lay below was my own motionless body, nor did it remotely concern me, as the body below was completely unimportant.