

Maria's Near Death Experience: Waiting for the Other Shoe to Drop

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Experience Description

It was in February of 1995 but I cannot remember which day it was.

On the evening before the event, I kept seeing a line, like a hair, in the peripheral of my vision. I asked my colleagues but nobody saw anything. I noticed that I was writing horizontally and couldn't control the line. At the time, the internet did not exist like it does today. Everything was written down in text and I couldn't search it.

I was dizzy with a headache, so I went to bed. In the morning, I was awakened by my daughter. It was around 10 o' clock. I woke up very dizzy with a strong headache. I made a little breakfast for my daughter, who would turn five the next month. Since the breakfast cereal box looked empty, I decided to toss it in the trash but I didn't have any energy. So, I dropped it to the ground to step on it. When I stepped on the empty carton, I was sucked out to who knows where.

All of the sudden, I saw myself curled up on the floor with my daughter at my side. I was near the top of the ceiling, looking at myself below. I was frightened because I was aware something was wrong with me. I went back into my shrunken and very weakened self. My daughter was leaning against me. I couldn't count the number of times I took off and returned to the body. What I did remember was one of the times that I was in the body, I felt myself reaching out my hand to my daughter. Her little arm was outstretched as I was slipping away. I didn't want to take her with me. I wanted to stay there with her.

All of the sudden, I returned to the body and when I got up again, I was sucked out again. But this time I was far out of the house. I was over the city in which I lived. I saw it from above like an eagle flying overhead. I was so shocked and scared, that I screamed. But, nobody heard me. I saw everything like the rooftops over the houses and the green gardens. I could have savored that moment, but then fear overwhelmed me. I asked whoever could hear me to get me out of there. I felt weak without knowing whether I'd ever get back to my body. I heard a voice that telepathically told me to be calm, that I would return, and that everything was fine. I was screaming in terror with what was happening to me. I got back to my body and I dragged myself to the phone. I repeatedly punched the number for what would be my last call. My husband picked me up and I begged him to help because I wasn't well and feared for our daughter.

I left my body, yet again, and shot off with such speed that this time I was already very far from home. I was seeing this beautiful blue planet, but terrified. I thought, 'This is getting worse and from here I am going to disappear from time.' I yelled for someone to get me out of here! As I kept rising, I saw that I was surrounded by darkness, as one sees the night. I watched my round, little planet with pretty hues. I saw everything beyond it. I pleaded, 'Let me go home, please!' I adamantly insisted, as if I were living a horror movie that was live. I heard that voice again telling me, 'Be calm. All is well, Be calm.' I heard this in my head. I asked what they wanted from me. I wanted to know why I was out there or if I had died and could never get back to my body. I cannot find the words for the sheer panic I was in. Suddenly, I was back in the body looking at my daughter with such overwhelming happiness. I thanked them for allowing me to live. I had let go of the torment and felt no fear at all.

Help came and knowing my daughter was safe, I went to the hospital. I was seen immediately but I did not manage to move well because everything was tilted toward the left. My tongue relaxed and I wasn't able to speak clearly. I said that I hadn't been well ever since the day before, and that I had been out of body. I wrote a short note to my husband to get me to urgency care for

24 hours to either recover or leave. Now that my daughter was safe, and I had help, I thought that this was my struggle alone. But it wasn't so. Upon arriving to the hospital, I was admitted and blacked out completely. I saw from above my listless body which seemed asleep in the dimly lit room. I saw a nurse taking notes from a device. I started to literally fly. I saw diapers and a tube that extended toward a bag beside the bed. I felt like I was fragile, vulnerable and fearing what they were going to do to me. The nurse would straighten the bed sheets very gingerly and gave me a warm pat on the hand. I started to calm down because I was in the hands of someone very honest, someone I could trust. I started my flight around the hospital corridors above and below, but always felt someone entering the room to check in on me. I saw all the professional doctors and staff of the hospital checking in on me. They raised me from the headboard from time to time, massaging the arms and legs. I saw the talking visitors, and from the ceiling I responded. Obviously, no one heard me.

In one of my travels throughout the hospital, I found a man of a certain advanced age who was cursing and shouting nonstop. He was confused. From the way he was dressed in normal clothes, I figured that he had just entered emergency care a moment ago. Since I understood his disorientation and saw that he was about to fly, I told him to calm down and that he was going to return to his body. I told him to get into yourself and get out of here. I watched the man leave until I did not see him any longer. It seemed like I was becoming an expert in out of body travels. I saw doctors in a meeting in a room around the corner of the corridor. There were five doctors, two women and three men, debating what to do with me. They said they could not find anything that could have caused such a state and all the tests results were good. They decided to do a lumbar puncture to get more information. I return to the room in full flight and saw myself surrounded in brilliant, golden light which didn't sting my eyes. I heard music, or what would be a strange sound, because I did not recognize a single note. It was pleasant not to be in a state of panic from being in an unknown state. I asked again, what they wanted from me. If I had indeed died, I thought I was gone for good this time. I insisted to be told. There appeared a voice that

told me to be calm and that everything would turn out well. I went back to flying around the hospital and rested. Soon, I was again in such bright, golden light that I was aware I was not alone. Yet I saw no one. I saw a quiver in the light's intensity. That voice returned to talk to me. I did not remember what was said because I woke up in my body. You can't even imagine the gladness I felt. I felt myself get up as if I was born anew with everything refreshed. But the worst was yet to come.

It seemed like the doctors were rushing about. I got fearful again because everybody seemed deformed, hideous, and all grotesquely disfigured. Everyone seemed distorted with their faces caving inward. I guess I've seen this in horror movies or something similar. In the meantime the nurse seemed normal and there was an assistant who also seemed normal. She was surrounded by doctors that seemed like beasts. I screamed because they were monstrosities, but no one heard me. I couldn't speak. They asked my name. They asked me to wink at them, and I did. This was a joy for them. Many more tests were done. I had rapid recovery afterward and had to learn everything anew: walking, eating, talking, etc., but I rebounded. Sitting there, I had an issue with my neck and it ached a lot. I must have been lying down for a very long time. The physical forms of the people slowly returned to normal. I never henceforth believed that we are what we seem. We have a mask layer to hide what we truly are. Thankfully I did not see myself nor my little girl.

This was my experience, which could have been amazing. But perhaps without any foresight or expanded belief system my part, it was a sheer nightmare.

As a good-natured individual, I made friends there and even got to see that meeting room.

I went back home to my daughter and read her some children's tales. Finally I was with my girl in the comfort of my own home.

I followed-up with the hospital for the next years. I was diagnosed with a Cerebral Vascular Incident (Stroke). I was prohibited from

taking any aspirin or its derivatives, which I never took any anyway. Notwithstanding, even after leaving the hospital I left the body but returned rapidly. I never stabilized well. I always had headaches, dizziness, and in the meantime wanted to escape, but now I control it.

Only a year after getting stronger after the experience, I started my life from scratch. Only with my daughter. My marriage, my friendships, my home, I started everything from ground zero. I never looked back, rather, I was grateful to the universe for changing me so much into the person I am today. I am more dedicated to the arts, since working is only one way of survival. Color is basis of my life. It's been twenty years of practice and I needed to learn to control myself. I still get physicals every year.

This experience changed my entire life. I'm still looking to find an answer for what I lived through.

Afterword: my vision in relation to belief-systems doesn't really fit because I'm very rational. As far as "gifts" that were new, I don't call them gifts because they harass my sense of peace. My dreams have become very technological and out-of-the-ordinary. I also have dreams that everybody else has. I hope to be helpful in dispelling any concerns people have.

If you'll allow me, I'd like to to leave the following words of wisdom: We are not aware of the place we occupy in a universe of immense universes. We are only but a part of a great family of constellations. The average human being lives day by day withough worrying about issues fundamental to me which extravagantly wasting natural resources without concern to future generations. We are constantly in genetic mutation and the reality is that the human being sees within a span of 10 years the differences in mental evolution and what is happening. That is to say, the disparity between the unconscious and the conscious ones. The middle-round no longer exists.

Religions blur the reasoning and alter the moral/ethical values of every human being. With politics the same happens. In

spirituality, you can achieve certain experiences but because people demand answers, the logical explanation is what prevails. I must emphasize that in many stories, there are descriptions that mold themselves to unquestioned/unsubstantiated beliefs than those that illumine and clarify.