

July 30<sup>th</sup>, Wed. 2014.

The day began early for me, around 3am. I couldn't sleep despite the sleeping pills that were prescribed for me. I was lying awake. Meditating on what I thought the Lord had in store for me. As if I would even know.

July 31 Thurs., 2014nebuli

I died today

After a set of pushups, and calisthenics, I readied myself for a shower, the first of many this week, at the hospital. I praised GOD every day for the shower. The water was off at my home. I asked my x wife, to let me have shower, at hers. She said no. She wouldn't allow me to use her shower, but she let her Sister, (the loafer), use the shower. But she wouldn't let the Man, she slept with for 11 years, take a shower in her new house. The pain was still there, I was still empty. But I know Jehovah loved me, I knew Jehovah cared for me. I could ask for anything.

The respiratory therapist arrives, with my regimental nebulizer treatment. (She was drop dead gorgeous). I was getting the treatments, 3 times a day with the advent of the Spinal Meningitis. What a situation to be in. What a situation for the Lord to work in. The Respiratory therapists begins the standard check of my vitals. She was ready to commence my treatment. But then after taking vitals, she hesitates. As she did, the tones over the intercom screams the announcement of a new baby. (Bing Bong Bing). Ironically, then it tones for someone's passing. (Bing Bong Bong). Almost simultaneously, with the announcement of someone passing, she said to me, "your blood pressure is way up"!!

I said, "really"? She said, extremely. You can't have Albuterol right now. I said, "I was just moving around, maybe that's what's gotten it up". She said, "we can't the med with your B.P, being so high. I retreated, I wasn't going to argue with someone, in her capacity. Besides, the Holy Spirit, told me to shut my mouth.

The next thing I knew, I had a team of 4 doctors, and a rapid response Cardio Team in the room. I wondered who they were all gathered there for? Then my G.P. said, 'how do you feel'? I said "fine" He said your heart was reported as 189 over 60. I said, "what chu talkin bout Willis". He said, "'lay down please, let me examine you". So I did. I didn't realize my heart was fluttering. I didn't panic, I rested in Jesus. Just like he was during the storm. The rapid response Nurse veered over to me, and announced her name. It was comforting, and her voice was calming. And in that moment, I wanted to kiss her.

She told me she was going to hook up some telemetry to me, and that needed to relax. I tried. At that moment, I thought of my life. I thought of everything good and bad; that I'd done. My life was before me. It was like in a movie. And there was a team of Doctors, standing over me, ready to defibrillate.

The rapid response nurse attached the wiring for the heart monitor, to my chest. I didn't panic, I knew Jesus was with me. My Doctor moved closer to me, and looked me in eye. I said nothing. Then he examined the papers from the Heart monitor. He reviewed them meticulously, looking for indicators. I'd seen this behavior before, with my Wife. Her blood pressure shot up really high, triggering an early birth of our daughter. He Doctor, reviewed the print out, over and over again. Just like the gyne', did my wife's', that night of September 8<sup>th</sup>, 2004.

Then he spoke me and said, “you are in a fib, do you know what that means”? I said, “kind of”. He said, your left ventricle, is overworking, for some reason. Then he resumed a conversation, semi privately, with the other Doctors. I had no idea, how serious the situation was. I was having a heart attack. And I didn’t know it. The Doctors, conferred together, they way they do when they working out a plan. The way they talk together, about the patient. Like the patient isn’t there.

I started to drift away in my thoughts, I felt no pain, only warmth and peace. I began to understand that I was about to die, and I was ready. I spoke to GOD in that moment, I asked him, if this was my Day. And then I told him that I was ready, and that I wanted to go on. Then, in that moment, I could see through the ceiling, as I looked up, with my body being inanimate. It was quiet, and peaceful. I began to float, above my body. I could see the team working on me, and doing all they could to help me. But their chatter, began to fade away, as I floated upwards, and past the room. Past the clouds, past the Solar system.

As I traveled, I came to a road of light, a celestial high way. That I knew lead to the Kingdom of GOD. There were cherubim’s, and cherubs singing all along the road. They gave Glory to the most high. “Hosanna, Hallelujah”, they cried endlessly. It was beautiful. The golden sparkling road to Glory, with in Glorious Chorus, in the background. I knew I was in the right place, at the right time. Everything in my life had been intentional, and I was heading to the throne of Grace, to receive my reward. I knew I wasn’t experiencing something to do with the mood altering drugs, I’d been given. I knew Jehovah loved me, I knew he cared.

Suddenly two Angels appeared, each at least 12 feet tall. Their wings, at least 9 feet in span each. They didn’t touch me, but the gravity of their wing spans captured me. I thought I was being ushered to the throne of Grace, where I’d meet Jesus, face to face. My spirit burned at the thought of seeing the savior. Then, I felt the tugging on my now transfigured body. The gravity of the Angels wings were persuading me to move along the road, but in the opposite direction. We were heading, back down road. I felt the impulse to resist, but then my spirit said no.

I relaxed, and allowed the Heavenly soldiers of GOD, to lead me back down the road. As the force of the Angels drove me back to the Hospital room, I could hear the sounds of the team working on my physical body. As I came closer, I heard the sound of the defibrillator. And the shock of electricity being jolted through my body. I then reentered my flesh. I was back, and I’d had a heart attack and been brought back by a defibrillator. But I knew it was the hand of GOD. And then I heard the Word, speaking to me, “be anxious for nothing”, he said.