

Dana's Shared Death Experience

Glimpses of Eternity, Raymond Moody, MD

“It was on my husband Johnny's fifty-fifth birthday when the doctor told us that Johnny had lung cancer and had maybe about six months to live. I felt like somebody had hit me with a baseball bat. ... The next day I just walked into the bank and quit my job then and there. From that day until Johnny died, we weren't separated from each other more than a few hours. I was beside him the whole time in the hospital and was holding onto him when he died. When he did, he went right through my body. It felt like an electric sensation, like when you get your finger in the electrical socket, only much more gentle.

Anyway when that happened our whole life sprang up around us and just kind of swallowed up the hospital room and everything in it in an instant. There was light all around: a bright, white light that I immediately knew — and Johnny knew — was Christ.

Everything we ever did was there in that light. Plus I saw things about Johnny ... I saw him doing things before we were married. You might think that some of it might be embarrassing or personal, and it was. But there was no need for privacy as strange as that might seem. These were things that Johnny did before we were married. Still I saw him with girls when he was very young. Later I searched for them in his high school yearbook and was able to find them, just based on what I saw during the life review during his death.

In the middle of this life review I saw myself there holding onto his dead body which didn't make me feel bad because he was also completely alive, right beside me, viewing our life together.

By the way, the life review was like a 'wrap-around.' I don't know how else to describe it. It was a wraparound scene of everything Johnny and I experienced together or apart. There is no way I could even put it into words other than to say that all of this was in a flash, right there at the bedside where my husband died.

Then, right in the middle of this review, the child that we lost to a miscarriage when I was still a teenager stepped forth and embraced us. She was not a figure of a person exactly as you would see a human being, but more the outline or sweet, loving presence of a little girl. The upshot of her being there was that any issues we ever had regarding her loss were made whole and resolved. I was reminded of the verse from the Bible about ‘the peace that passeth all understanding.’ That's how I felt when she was there.

One of the funny things about this wraparound view of our life was that we had gone to Atlanta in the seventh grade, to the state capitol, where there was a diorama. So at one point we were watching this wraparound and watching ourselves in another wraparound—a diorama—where we stood side by side as kids. I burst out laughing and Johnny laughed too, right there beside me.

Another thing that was strange about this wraparound was that in certain parts of it there were panels or dividers that kept us from seeing all of it. I don't have the words for this, but these screens or panels kept particular parts of both of our lives invisible. I don't know what was behind them but I do know that these were thoughts from Christ, who said that someday we would be able to see behind those panels too.”