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The Day I Died

By Avalon De Witt

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The happiest day of my life was the day I died. I was three years old and living in Richmond, Indiana. It was a sunny day and my dad decided to take me fishing. We went to a nearby river and my dad chose a spot next to a small bridge where he cast his line and relaxed into a folding lawn chair on the riverbank.

I scurried off to explore. Under the bridge, just a few feet above the water, a large pipe ran across the river. I was born a curious child and that pipe looked enticing. I would make a game of crossing the water by straddling the pipe and scooting back and forth.

I was playing contentedly like this when suddenly, I slipped and fell in. The water engulfed me and I began gasping for air. I didn't know how to swim. With each gasp, I sank deeper and deeper. As my lungs filled with water, my instincts kicked in. I knew what was happening to me, and I fought desperately to reach the surface of the water. Darkness closed in around me as the sunlight above me slipped further and further from my grasp. Soon, I was weak and going limp. I could see only darkness. There was nothing. No thoughts, no feelings. And it was eternal.

But only for a moment! Because suddenly, directly in front of me, in the midst of this darkness was a bright, sparkly sunbeam. A voice within me said, "BREATHE!" I knew this was it: my last breath, my last chance to escape the darkness. With all of my might, I inhaled as deeply as I could.

The inhale propelled me forward, into the sunbeam and I began rising to the surface. The inhale continued. I reached the surface and kept on rising.

Several yards above the water, I looked back down and saw my dad running over to the pipe. I could hear his thoughts like a mantra, "Get the baby, save the baby..."

"But, Daddy, I'm over here. Everything's, okay," I thought. Perfect, actually. Beautiful, so peaceful... Then, I realized that I could see in all directions at once. I was no longer contained and I could feel myself beginning to expand across the sky as I eased into this infinite breath that was now me!

The Day I Died

Beautiful music, like a million wind chimes enveloped me as I sailed toward a brilliant white light, surrounded by many shimmering, smaller ones. The Light beckoned me and the smaller lights reached out like arms, pulling me in for a great, warm hug. In an instant, I was one with my Creator and I was filled with the knowledge of all things. I was Love and all was perfect!

I looked down and saw my dad again. He was pulling my body out of the water. I was dead. But I was more alive than ever before, or since. My dad threw my body over his shoulder and started for the riverbank. It was a beautiful sight to me and I was filled with compassion.

I don't know what made me go back; maybe it was that compassion. But for whatever reason, I was compelled. I floated closer, as my dad laid my body in the sand and started administering CPR. He was silent and focused. I was at peace and knew what to do. I came down and found a place on the

sand to "sit" behind my head. I looked into my dad's face as he pumped diligently at my chest.

Suddenly, water shot up like a geyser from my nose and mouth, and WHOOSH! I was sucked back into my body through the top of my head. I "awoke" in my body, gasping and choking, the force of the water burning through my nose and throat. The harsh contrast of being thrust from Heaven back into the pain and confinement of the body hurt more than the dying experience, itself. It was like getting tossed off the best carnival ride ever, and I wanted back on!

Years later, when I asked my father about this experience, thinking maybe it had been a dream, he recounted every detail as clearly I had seen it from above. The Love and bliss I experienced in that place of Light has been my driving force, ever since. And from that day forward, my life's goal has been to bring a piece of that Light back to earth. That little spark from "the other side" remains with me to this day.

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Avalon De Witt has practiced as a professional psychic and spiritual counselor for over 10 years and has studied the Tarot and other forms of divination for over 21 years. She has worked successfully with thousands of clients world-wide. Avalon believes that the Light of Divinity resides in us all, and she is devoted to revealing that Light in your life. Her focus is to show you how to tap into that source of unlimited power and knowledge within YOU.

**Memorial Day Tribute**

## The Day I Died

**By Steven Boaze**

Memorial Day is their day, isn't it? It supposed to be the day a grateful nation pauses to quietly thank the more than one million men and women who have died in military service to their country since the revolutionary war.

Or is it the day the beach resorts kick into high gear for the summer season, the day the strand is covered by fish-belly white people bastings themselves in coconut oil, the day the off season rates end and the weekend you can't get in a seaside seafood restaurant with anything less than a hour wait.

Or is it one of the biggest shopping center sales day of the year, a day when hunting for a parking space is the prime sport for the holiday stay-at homers?

Or is it the weekend when more people will kill themselves on the highways than any other weekend and highway patrol troopers work overtime picking up the pieces?

I think the men and women who died for us would understand what we do with their day. I hope they would, because if they wouldn't, if they would have insisted that it be a somber, respectful day of remembrance, then we have blown it and dishonored their sacrifice.

I knew some of those who died and the guys I knew would have understood.

They liked a sunny beach and a cold beer and a hot babe in a black bikini too. they would have enjoyed packing the kids, the inflatable rafts, the coolers, and the suntan lotion in the car and heading for the lake. they would have enjoyed staying at home and cutting the grass and getting together with some friends and cooking some steaks on the grill too.

But they didn't get the chance. they blew up in the marine barracks in beirut and died in the oily waters of the persian gulf. they caught theirs at the airstrip in grenada in the little war everyone laughed at. they bought the farm in the drang valley and on heartbreak ridge, phu tai and at the hue. they froze at the chosin reservoir and were shot at the pusan perimeter. guadal canal. they died in the ice and snow of the bulge and the vosges mountains. they were at the somme and san juan hill and at gettysburg and at cerro gordo and at valley forge.

They couldn't be here with us today, but think they would understand that we don't spend the day in tears and heart- wrenching memorials. they wouldn't want that. grief is not why they died. they died so we could go fishing. they died so another father could toss a baseball to his son in their backyard while the charcoal is getting white. they died so another buddy could drink a beer on his day off. they died so a family could get in the minivan and go shopping and maybe get some ice cream on the way home. they died so that the same family could worship in their own way in a church of their choosing.

They won't mind that we have chosen their day to have our first big outdoor party of the year. but they wouldn't mind, either, if we took just a few minutes and thought of them.

## The Day I Died

Some will think of them formally, of course. wreaths will be laid in small sparsely attended ceremonies in military cemeteries and at monuments at state capitals and in small town squares. flags will fly over the graves, patriotic words will be spoken and a few people there will probably feel a little anger that no more people showed up. they'll think no one else remembers.

But we do remember. we remember smitty and chico, and davey and the guys who died. we remember the deal we made: if we buy it, we said, " Drink a Beer for Me "

I'll do it for you guys. I'll drink that beer for you today and I'll sit on that beach for you, and check out the girls for you, and just briefly, I'll think of you. I won't let the memory of your tragic death spoil the trip but you'll be on that sunny beach with me today.

I will not mourn your deaths this Memorial Day, my Friends. Rather I'll celebrate the life you gave me.

SEMPER FIDELIS

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Memorial Day Tribute

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