

Below is a taste of the book “I Died Yesterday” a woman’s journey through the end of life and the awakening of her eternal self. Below you will find an excerpt of the book, in which get to know the woman, who you will notice, has no name on the last day of her life.

.....ExcerptAs the rivers flow into the oceans our souls flow into the afterlife, the end of this life as we know it to become one with the larger body and continue to live on. You might ask would I know this and I wouldn’t blame you. The answer is simple: *I died yesterday.*

YESTERDAY

- Chapter One

You heard me right. I died yesterday. Croaked, passed away, departed, whatever you want to call it. The fact is, I, stopped breathing, my heart stopped beating and I ceased living. The process wasn’t what I expected. Moments seemed like hours and hours like moments. All the questions I ever had, everything I ever questioned in life with a ‘why, what or how come’ was suddenly answered in ways I would have never imagined.

But the real miracle is that I have just a moment, one speck in time, to share my experience with you before it is all gone and wiped from my memory. I don’t know why I am being allowed to tell you what to look for in your own journey through this thing we call life, it is beyond my understanding. However, I do know it’s something any human with a soul has wondered about from the beginning of time. And by the grace of God I get to share what lies ahead. *Question is, will you hear me?*

You may wonder how, if I really died, I am able to write this for the entire world to see. It’s possible because of the powers that be bring us together in the beauty of a thing we call life. It’s not a miracle, it just is. An open soul is like an open door. I have found the perfect soul to document my journey. I encourage you to open your mind and heart and really hear what I am about to say.

I only have a short amount of time and need to share this with you as it’s already beginning to fade in my memory.

Chapter Two

I Was

To better understand me I want to tell you a little about my former life. I was not much different from half the population. I was a working class girl who would never break the glass ceiling. I lived paycheck to paycheck, had a tiny one bedroom apartment above an old hardware store with wooden stairs that moaned and creaked every time I walked up or down them. I lived alone, never meeting that one true love, if there is such a thing. My life was routine, hardly ever deviated and if it did it was by chance, not by choice. Get up, go to work, come home, repeat daily. *Same old, same old.*

I had nothing going for me, or at least that is what I thought as I ungratefully walked through what was my life. I did not realize what a bigoted, angry, racist, negative human being I really had been. The world was black and white to me, the cup never half full. I was incapable of seeing the beauty of the sunrise, hearing the music of the wind or even enjoy the babble of a creek. My only belief in God was there was no God because how or why a loving God put me through all the pain and misery known as my life?

I now realize I had forgotten my core, my soul and that the power of God is within me, as it is with everyone. How is it it's so easy to never acknowledge my soul, the very core of my being, the thing which makes me unique, which makes all of us unique? Why is it so simple to ignore all that is within us and live based on material things, ideals and rules that really don't apply to anything, choosing to be blind by not acknowledging the beauty of our own soul?

It is our soul which gives us the profound ability to see the real possibility of heaven on earth, *if only we choose to see it, live it.* Yet for some reason we choose not to see, to close our eyes and our hearts to the wonder of what we are, only to make us who we are - a world of lost souls.

Our refusal to see, to acknowledge our own self, is the reason for wars, anger, fear, hate, starvation and prejudice.

I say we, because this is about all of us, not just me. For every one of us who have forgotten what our soul truly is and from which it was created. I came to realize I had it all wrong from the beginning of my life until the very end. My life, my time on earth could be looked at as a waste of something precious that was made just for me. But it was much more than that and this is why I am here to tell you my story.

What I see before me is a clean slate and the only way to begin writing on it I must finish who I am so I can be who I am now.

I was an angry woman. Bitterness was my closest friend. I belittled myself time and again at my lack of education, my disgust in my appearance, the shame I had of my own family. There was also the disappointment of not knowing love and intolerance of those not like me consumed me. And what did I

think of the world around me? It didn't exist. I never cared about what plight was happening, who shot who, none of those things mattered to me. The only thing that did matter was that I was not happy with the life that was dealt to me.

Those feelings, thoughts, that anger that so consumed my soul is long gone a, nothing but a vague memory, and for that I am elated. I finally know my purpose and that is to let you know what belies you. Soon enough, I will once again become a fresh slate, with a new beginning given to me.

Our collective soul forgives the ignorance of my past and sends me on to another experience to learn, to grow, to be one with our soul. Because of the knowledge, what some would call faith, which has been instilled in me, I know by sharing my experience your experience in this life will be better and I will be able to move on. I don't know how or where I will be but I but I am so close to finding out.

At this very moment in time all I know is for sure is the old me is gone, the new me is just almost here. Very soon I will not remember my past, I embrace the fact though I may not remember, I am assured it has prepared me on my journey forward.

Chapter Three

My Last Morning

My day started out like any other. I am not a morning person so it doesn't take much to throw me off for the day. My old digital clock with the numbers that flip every minute with a quiet little click, sat on my night stand, like a fox, just bidding it's time, waiting for the right time to blast its alarm and startle me awake.

And so it did. Like a siren it damned thing screeched on and on as I tried in vain to silence it. As I blindly, but futilely, reached about my nightstand in the dark to hit the shot off knob, I knocked over a bottle of water effectively soaking a letter my mother had written me, a pile of Kleenex, a magazine, two pictures of my vacation and the candy wrappers which were strewn about from my middle of the night eating binge.

Cursing myself for my stupidity, I told myself once again to stop bringing water to bed as this happens most of the time.

Whenever I started my day like that I pretty much knew the day ahead wasn't going to be the best. Letting out a sigh I pulled myself up to a sitting position then wiped my dripping hand on the old quilt top bedspread, thinking to myself I could have gotten a towel, but then it really didn't matter if I wiped it on my bed, no one would care anyway, no one would ever know. I was alone. I didn't even have a cat to try to hide it from, if that is what cat owners would do.

I lived alone most of my life swearing to myself I would never share a space with anyone again once I left the comforts of home with alcoholic parents and abusive siblings. After my second sigh of the morning I put the thought of my family out of my mind and reached for my glasses on the night stand. Having been blessed with poor eyesight I once again proved to myself I couldn't see a dang thing without them.

I should have turned on the light in the first place instead of reaching blindly where I thought I had laid them on the nightstand last night. If I had I probably wouldn't have put my hand squarely in the wet, mushy pile of Kleenex from last night's allergy attack. In frustration I threw the Kleenex on the floor and turned the bedroom light on.

With the overhead light with the 100 watt bulb drenching the room with naked abandon, temporarily blinding me I shut my eyes tight and slowly opened them to let them adjust, then went to the nightstand to retrieve my precious glasses, my sweet vision, my eyes to the world. In short order I realized the eyeglasses were not where I put them.

Certain I knocked them off the nightstand as I was knocking the water over I got down on my knees crawling around like a whining infant, getting more frustrated with each forward motion searching behind the bed, under the bed, all the while scolding myself. How on earth do I could keep losing those damn things? Then suddenly the alarm raged its mighty call once again.

Startled at the unexpected sound I came up from under my bed, hitting my head on the nightstand, causing me to cry out in pain. In what could be considered well controlled rage, I grabbed the pesky alarm clock and pulled its power cord from the wall to ensure the alarm was silenced for good.

With that accomplished I continued my search for that piece of plastic that would allow me my vision. I searched the apartment, going from room to room; checking tables, counters, and my purse over and over again like the glasses would somehow magically appear. They didn't. After what seemed like hours of going in circles, trying to trace my steps from the night before when I still had them on, I realized I hadn't checked the bathroom.

I turned on the light and low and behold, there were my precious glasses, sitting innocently on the bathroom counter next to a half squeezed tube of toothpaste. I let out a small sign of relief as I picked them up and put them on, relieved that I could see, my vision was sharp and clear once again. I mentally scolded myself for a moment on my forgetfulness before continuing to start what would unknowingly be my last day of my life.

I pulled out my old black cardigan from a pile of clothes that were tossed in a corner of my bedroom and shook it out in an attempt to make it appear less wrinkled, then put on the plain white blouse with short sleeves that had just a hint of perspiration stains under each arm, followed by my black skirt, which never fit quite right, it hung limply from my waist to just below my knees.

I wore that outfit every day. It was what I called my work uniform, attire someone would more likely wear to a funeral, not for a job at the county library.

I would have preferred to wear slacks to work as all I did was inventory books all day and box up the old, dusty books to send off to some third world country who couldn't read them anyway. It would have made it so much easier to wear slacks with all the climbing and lifting I had to do instead of having to keep hiking my skirt every time I went up a ladder. There was a dress code and my boss insisted I follow it so I did in my own way. I wore this outfit every day, knowing it irritated my boss and her constant requests for something nicer. And then there were my coworkers. It seemed all of them couldn't help looking down their noses at me like they were something better than I and some had gone so far as to tell me how much my lack of taste bothered them.

So what if they didn't like what I wore? It wouldn't matter what I had on, I still would have been criticized. I knew I was the butt of their jokes whenever they saw me. Don't for a moment think I didn't

hear them whispering about me, mocking me for being who I was and what I looked like. In their eyes I was nothing but a clumsy, plain looking, overweight 32 year old whom no one wanted. I just took up space in their eyes. Everyone I worked with knew I was not married and there would never be a white knight on his great steed just waiting to sweep me off my feet. To them I was just the dowdy little woman with the cat eye glasses who stammered when caught off guard by students and library patrons, making it a game for those to find ways to sneak up on me, just to hear me stutter. So I am sure you can understand my wearing that outfit, day in and day out, looking like a woman in mourning seemed only fitting. In a sense, I was.

Once I put on some stockings I found a laundry basket I pushed the stack of papers that were residing on my couch to the floor and sat down and proceeded to put on my sensible shoes. The shoes were so sensible they had Velcro strips that held them snug to my feet, rather than strings to avoid repeating that mortifying incident of when my laces came undone causing me to trip while carrying a box of books, only to have books fly everywhere while I landed hard on the hard cement floor in the oh so quiet library. Don't think for a moment I didn't hear the snickers and hushed laughter of the patrons who seemed to close in on me as I scurried around picking up books that no one had looked at for years. That very night after work I went and got my first pair of Velcro shoes and have never had to relive that humiliating experience again.

I pulled up the shades in the living room to let in what I had hoped to be sunshine, but was instead greeted with a dull gray view outside my apartment window of the dingy street below me, blending into the gray lifeless sky above. The sun was nowhere to be seen. Rather it was deeply buried under the menacing haze of clouds which were just waiting to pour down the buckets of rain it struggled to hold.

Hoping for some protection from the impending rain I went to my hall closet and dug out the umbrella my mother gave me as a gift for my 30th birthday. I was expected to be elated when she gave it to me, but to be honest, I just couldn't fend excitement as I opened it up and saw it was nothing but a used, broken, lopsided excuse for an umbrella that had been given away to some charity to avoid being put into someone's trash bin. I can still envision my mother, so proud of her gift and of her telling me how she got it half off at the thrift store the day before.

But now I needed it so I told myself to be grateful she even thought of giving me a gift at all. And I had never had an umbrella before so even though it didn't fully open it just may help keep me somewhat protected from getting drenched today .

I checked the time on my watch and was a little surprised to see I still had time to stop for a quick cup of coffee at Joe's Java Cup, a little coffee shop across the street from my work. Even though it was frequented by students and the upwardly mobile white collar crowd who sat at small tables, talking on their phones without a care in the world or having their eyes glued to their tablets as they check the latest movement in the stock exchange all the while sipping their mochas and lattes, I knew I didn't fit in, yet still loved that place. I could go and be both totally invisible yet felt so welcomed at the same time

and that was due to the owner Joe. He was the kind of guy who could make anyone feel at home and saw everyone as someone of value. I kind of admired that in him.

Knowing I had to hurry if I wanted to get there and not be late for work, I grabbed my purse, locked the door and stepped out into the morning mist. It had already rained quite a bit the night before, causing the streets to be wet and puddle ridden. I felt as gray as the sky above me. I stepped out on the side walk and as I walked to the curb struggling to open my precious umbrella, a delivery truck seemed to sense my presence and hit a huge puddle, one I swear was the size of a small lake, effectively spewing dirty rain water all over me. I looked at myself in disbelief, then at the truck as it unapologetically drove off without a shred of concern about what it had just done to me.

I shot the truck a menacing look and cursed the driver as the truck rounded the corner and out of sight. Once my object of anger was no longer in sight, I looked at my clothes to assess the damage. My cardigan and skirt were both wet and covered with splashes of mud. It was then I felt my blood pressure soar, soaring much like when you go to the carnival and try to hit the bell with a huge hammer to win a prize. And when that truck drenched me the bell rang loudly and ruining my day when it seemingly made me its prize.

Defeated, I knew I didn't have another clean skirt to put on but even if I did I wouldn't have had the time to go back in and change anyway. Instead I looked up to the never ending gray dampness of the sky, struggling to control my anger while cursing God for such a horrible day, a horrible life. "*Why God? Why me?*" I pled in my head. "*What did I ever do to deserve this?*" I don't know why I bothered pleading; I knew there really wasn't a God to hear me anyway. Just the thought of a God was ridiculous. I resigned myself to the fact there was only one thing I could do and that was to go to on with my day, dirty, wet and soggy. It would be uncomfortable for me, but if it bothered anyone too bad for them.

More than ever I wanted that damn cup of coffee to at least bring some warmth to my insides. I pulled my cardigan tight in an attempt to block the evil wind that was only making the dank clothes stick tightly to my frame, chilling me to the bone. I continued my trek, walking the eight blocks to Joe's when halfway there the sky opened up and poured down buckets of rain with drops the size of dimes. I attempted in vain to open the umbrella for protection, only to find it was absolutely useless. Within seconds I was totally, completely soaked. I couldn't help but turn my face up to the heavens once again and this time, not caring who could hear me, shout out loud, "*Enough already! It's not even 7:00 a.m. This is not the way I want this day to go so stop punishing me!*" Again, I heard no response from the mystical God. If there were a God, why doesn't he respond?

I threw my umbrella in a nearby trashcan and thanked my Mother out loud for caring so much about me she gave me garbage for my birthday. I must have looked like a lunatic going on like that, but I couldn't help it. The day was already wrong in so many ways, I couldn't help wonder why did it have to continue this way? I continued to mutter to myself about how much I hated my life, not stopping until I reached door of the coffee shop.

