

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 at all what I expected; not at all.

Moments seemed like hours and hours like minutes. All the questions I ever had, everything I ever struggled with in life, every "why," "what," or "how come" I ever had would be answered in ways I would have never imagined.

The most astounding thing 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 allowed to tell you what to look for in your journey through this thing we call life, as 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. By the grace of God, I get to share what lies ahead. *The question is, will you hear me?*

You may wonder how, if I died, am I able to write this for the entire world to see. It's possible because 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 human to document my journey. I encourage you to open your mind and heart to hear what I am about to say.

I must speak quickly as I only have a short amount of time to share this with you, since it's already beginning to fade in my memory.

Chapter Two

So you may better understand my journey, I want to tell you a little about my former life when I was still breathing. I was not much different from half the population. You could say I was a working-class girl who would never break the glass ceiling. I lived paycheck to paycheck and lived in 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. I doubted there even was such a thing.

My life was routine, hardly ever deviated, and if it did, it was by chance, not by choice. Every morning: get up, go to work, come home, eat, stare at the meaningless television, go to bed, repeat daily.

I had nothing going for me, or at least that was what I thought as I ungratefully walked through what was my life. I did not realize what an angry, negative human I 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 enjoying the babble of a creek.

My only belief in God was there was no God, because how and why would 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 the power of God was within me all along, as it is with everyone. How is it that it's so easy never to acknowledge your soul, the very core of your being, the thing that makes you unique, that makes all of us unique?

Why is it so simple to ignore all that is within us and live our lives based on material things, man-made ideals and rules, which, in actuality, don't apply to anything, yet choose to be blind by not acknowledging the beauty of our souls?

It is our souls that give us the profound ability to see the real possibility of heaven on earth, *if only we choose to see it, live it*. For some reason, we choose not to see; we close our eyes tightly and shutter our hearts to the wonder of what we are, only to make us who we are – a world of lost souls.

The refusal to see, to acknowledge our 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 has forgotten what our soul truly is and from where it came. I now realize I had it all wrong from the beginning of my life until the very end.

My life, my time on earth could be viewed as a waste of something so precious, a gift that had been 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 now see is a clean slate and, for me to begin writing on it, I must finish who I am so I can be who I will be. So I can move on.

In this life – now I guess you could say “my past life” – I truly was an angry woman. Bitterness was my closest and dearest friend.

I belittled myself time and again at my lack of education, my disgust in my appearance, the shame and disdain I had for my family. There was also the disappointment of not knowing love and intolerance of those not like me, not understanding me – all which I had allowed to consume me.

And what did I think of the world around me? It didn’t exist. I never cared at all about what plight was happening in the world; who shot who in the daily murders that never failed to occur each and every moment somewhere across the world, even the one that happened in my neighborhood.

I didn’t care who was starving now or who was begging for money or food; no, none of those things mattered to me. The only thing that did matter was the fact that I was not happy with the life bestowed upon me.

Those feelings, those thoughts, the overpowering anger that so consumed my soul is now long gone, now nothing but a vague memory, and for that, I am elated.

I finally know my purpose, and that is to let you know what awaits you. Soon enough, I will once again become a fresh slate with a new beginning given to me and I hope you will have that opportunity when it’s your time to move on.

I have found our collective soul forgives the ignorance of our past and sends each of us on to another experience to learn, to grow, to be one with our soul.

For the first time in my existence, what some would call faith, is a part of me. Telling you my story and sharing the experience of my death with you may just make your journey through this life a better one.

I will share with you everything I went through and how it allowed me to unburden myself so that I could move on. To be honest, I don't know at this moment where I will go from here, but I am so close to finding out, I can hardly contain myself.

For now, for this moment in time, all I know is for sure is the old me is no longer with you, and the new me is just beginning. Soon, outside of love, I will not remember my past at all, and that is just fine. I embrace the fact that though I may not remember, the life I am leaving has prepared me for my journey forward.

Chapter Three

My day started out like any other. I must admit, I am not a morning person – never have been – so it doesn't take much to throw me off for the day. And so it was on my last day on earth.

My old digital clock with the numbers that flip every minute with a quiet little click sat on my nightstand like a fox, just biding its time, waiting for the right time to blast its alarm and startle me awake.

It seemed to come so suddenly when, at 6:30 am, like a siren, the damned thing screeched on and on. Not wanting to wake, I tried in vain to silence it. Blindly, I reached about my nightstand in the dark in an attempt to hit to snooze button to end the ever-annoying sound coming from it.

I should have turned on a light to see what I was doing, but in my groggy state, I didn't think it necessary. I reasoned that though the bedroom was dark, it wasn't nighttime dark, more like a gray dawn seeping through my window blinds, seemingly just enough light for me to be able to see what I was doing.

The fact is, there wasn't enough light to clearly see anything. I am as blind as a bat without my glasses, and that was my downfall.

In my attempt to silence the beastly alarm, I failed to notice the bottle of water sitting precariously on the edge of my nightstand, a silent sentinel waiting for a catastrophe to happen.

I blindly reached out and knocked the bottle over with my hand, effectively soaking everything on the nightstand. As the water spread across the nightstand, I put my hand squarely into a huge pile of used Kleenex, now drenched by the bottle's water. I should have tossed them out a week ago. I cursed myself for not throwing away the remnants of last week's head cold.

Worst of all, my clumsiness caused the water to pool around my precious iPod, surely seeping into whatever crack or crevice it would find.

I sat up in disbelief, repeatedly demeaning myself in my head for what I had done, and outwardly scolding myself for not turning on the light first instead of just blindly reaching out in my futile attempt to silence that annoying sound.

If only I had known then that, within the next hour, I wasn't going to ever need that gadget or my precious glasses again, it might not have mattered so much to me.

But I didn't know dying was on the agenda for the day, so I was angry over my never-ending clumsiness. After further inspection, I noticed two pictures of my vacation that had lain on the table were also wet.

In frustration, I picked up those pictures and cursed again. I made a futile attempt to make up for my sloppiness by grabbing a handful of soggy candy wrappers that had been strewn about the table from my middle-of-the-night eating binges and threw them in the direction of the little trashcan I kept in my room. I missed it by a mile, leaving the candy wrappers strewn all over the floor.

I scolded myself for bringing water to bed in the first place; I knew no matter how hard I tried not to, it was a given I would spill whatever liquid was within my reach. I used to joke that clumsiness was my only talent, but really, it wasn't funny.

Whenever my day started like that, which I hate to admit it often did, it became evident the day ahead wasn't going to be the best.