

## Another Chance to Live

When I was about fourteen years old and in the fifth grade, I developed pneumonia. It was severe. I had been sickly all of my life, suffering with severe allergies and asthma. I was beginning to grow out of the asthma, however. (I wasn't going to let it beat me!)

My mother and her friend, who were both committed Christians, had gathered around me to pray. I recall that others were around my bed, as well. I did not respond, and I remember the doctor coming by; I remember seeing him. Finally, I ran out of function in my lungs, and I died. Now, as I go on, of course, this is what I was told....

The doctor had pronounced me dead, and ten to fifteen minutes passed after this. (Now when this happens, you are really dead!) After that, my mother's friend finally stopped praying. She declared, "We're not going to let him die." She was inspired to do as the prophets of old had done, and laid me flat on the bed and got on top of me and prayed for my life to return. As she prayed, I came back.

You should have seen the look of pure shock on their faces! You cannot even imagine this scene- I was dead! They were stunned. When I returned, I felt as strong as a healthy person. I wanted to jump right up out of bed! I was hungry, and asked for some food, and I ate. But they wouldn't let me get out of bed, and they forced me to stay down for a few days. Soon after, I went back to school.

Now this is my own experience of dying.

When I passed out, my spirit came out of my body and I went up near the ceiling and sat on a sort of cabinet. I sat there a while and watched. I saw the doctor there, pronouncing me dead. I wondered why everyone was carrying on so. (Remember, I was quite young; only fourteen!) Then I moved on. All of this that happened to me was completely out of my control. I went through the side of the house, up 100 to 200 feet in the air, and saw the neighbor's house, the field and my friend's house. Then I began to move very fast- it felt like a thousand miles an hour! Where I was going, I do not know. I began to slow down, and there was a big tube. I went in, down toward the center of the earth and popped out. I was sitting at the bottom of a hill. It was like a pasture, with comfortable grass. Then I took a path- it was like a dirt road. There were hills, too.

Then I saw a big structure, like a brick fort but it also had some kind of insignia on it that indicated it was "religious". I never got to go into it, though. Outside of it, there were a group of men that I thought of as prophets. They were waiting by something like a gate into a city, like of old. They began to question me. They asked things like, "Where do you come from?" One of the leaders suddenly said to me, "Stop!" Then he said, "It's not your time!" And the rest of the group repeated that to me.

Immediately I got into the tube, and was hurled back up into the air traveling at that fast speed. Then again I was back in my town, and I traveled to my house, my room and then back into my body.

*Now it came about after these things that the son of the woman, the mistress of the house, became sick; and his sickness was so severe that there was no breath left in him. So she said to Elijah, "What do I have to do with you, O man of God? You have come to me to bring my iniquity to remembrance and to put my son to death!" He said to her, "Give me your son." Then he took him from her bosom and carried him up to the upper room where he was living, and laid him on his own bed. He called to the LORD and said, "O LORD my God, have You also brought calamity to the widow with whom I am staying, by causing her son to die?" Then he stretched himself upon the child three times, and called to the LORD and said, "O LORD my God, I pray You, let this child's life return to him." The LORD heard the voice of Elijah, and the life of the child returned to him and he revived.*

(1 Kings 17:17-22)

*..so that at the name of Jesus EVERY KNEE WILL BOW, of those who are in heaven and on earth  
and **under the earth** (Phil 2:10).*

Hymn Reference: Have Thine Own Way, Lord

Words: Adelaide A. Pollard, 1902

Music: George C. Stebbins, 1907

Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!

Wounded and weary, help me, I pray.

Power, all power, surely is Thine!

Touch me and heal me, Savior divine!