

SHE HAD FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE



She had five minutes to live when she understood.

Not anything mattered.

Her *life review* was over and nothing in the world really
Made any difference.

Property? Possessions? Social standing? Wealth? Religion? Charity?
Not any of that.

She took a deep sigh and wondered, "***What's it all about?***"

Three minutes to live.

She stretched and yawned. "Well, I've had some great experiences," she thought.
Parents that loved me. Children that I love.

Loving the beauty of our sculptured Earth.

Thrilled to see Condors in flight,

Grizzlies caring for their young,

A thriving coral reef 70 feet underwater, and

Jumping out of a perfectly good airplane, just for fun.

Loving, over and over, all the sensuous beauty a body can experience.

Two minutes to live.

She smiled to herself, remembering the tough times.

First date disaster,

Divorce fiasco,

Car wreck,

Alcoholics Anonymous,

Bankruptcy,

Abusive husband,

Waking up in the hospital.

One minute to live, and she popped out of her body.

Looking down at the machines keeping her alive and

All her loved ones gathered around,

"Oh my goodness," she thought, and finally understood.

Life is about learning to love, and sometimes the lessons hurt.

She knew, because she was leaving as a very different person

From the one who had been born a hundred years ago.

The machines shut down.

She watched her body breathe four times, then take a final deep sigh—

As if relieved of a burden.

Zoom!

She was out of there, experiencing the thrill of Freedom, the blinding light of Bliss.

"Oh! So much better than a corporeal experience!" she thought as she Wrapped herself in a cloud of pure white, splendid, Divine LoveLight.

Snuggled and packed together with other cloud-beings, she wiggled Into comfort—and time passed, and passed, and nothing happened. She longed for activity, wishing that something could at least itch. But no. Nothing.

At last she realized that Life in a breathing, feeling body, Learning lessons—even painful ones—was entertaining. At least there were things to do, places to go, people laughing, talking, planning. And, nothing was as delightful as scratching. Not even Chocolate.

So she elbowed the closest cloud of splendid light. "When do we get to do it again?" she asked.

The cloud nodded at the long line ahead.

She stared at miles and miles of splendid clouds Disappearing into the future.

Then Truth thundered home.

"Patience. I must learn patience in Heaven, because I didn't on Earth." She giggled, and her personal cloud turned a tad pink.

"Who would have ever thought that the lessons never stop?"

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