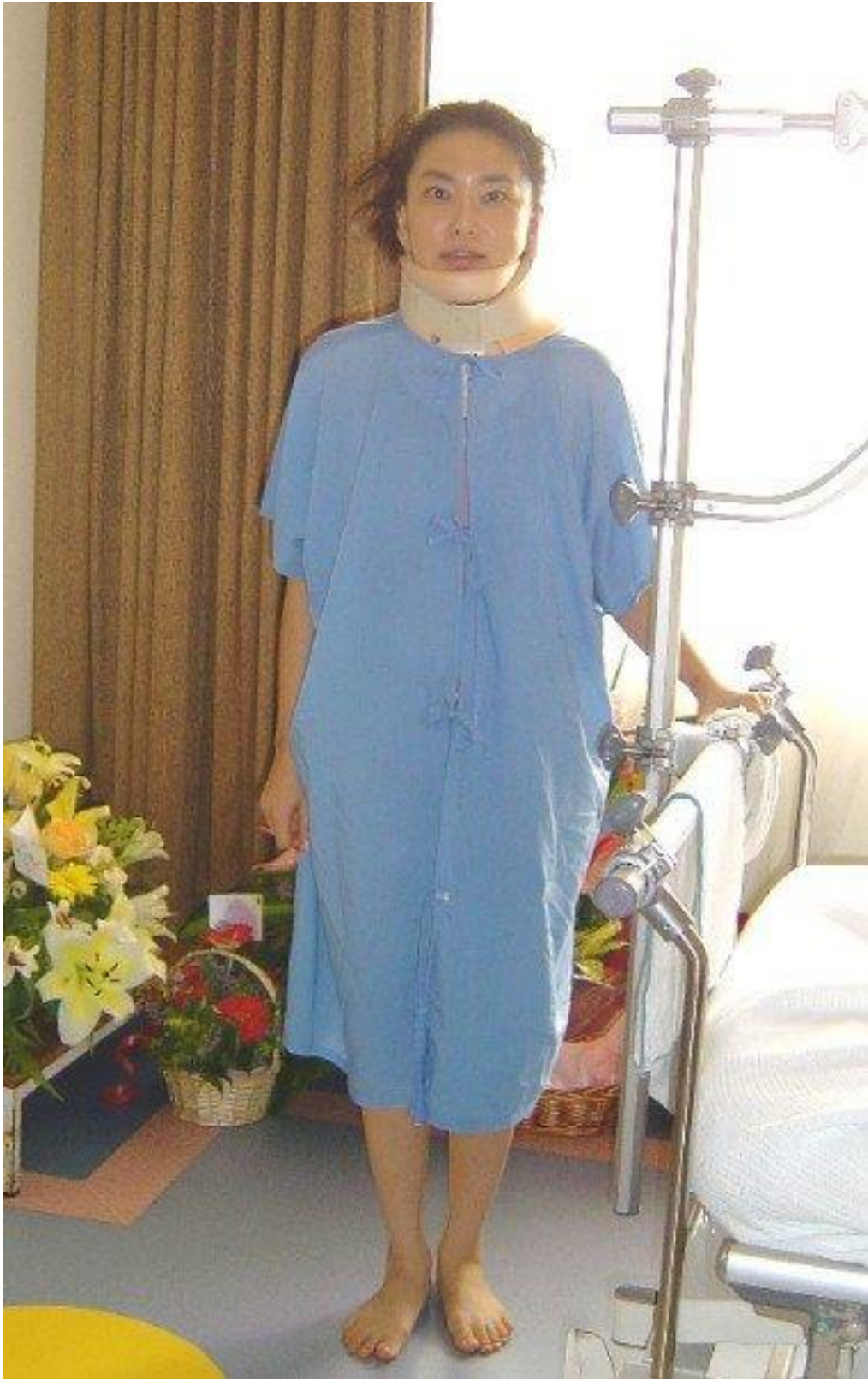


# My Near Death Experiences

And how it transformed me



A milestone. Standing up for the first time.

*Death is not the greatest loss in life. The  
greatest loss in life is what dies inside us  
while we live.*

## My Near Death Experience

The first thing that strangers usually ask me when they meet me is whether I have a bad back. I will then explain to them that my posture looks the way it does, stiff and bend because I had broken my neck in a freak accident. After some time, as I continue to struggle to stand up straight, to have my head position back to where it does not feel heavy, I get irritated when someone asks me or comment about my posture.

### SHARING IS HEALING

Then, it dawned on me that when I am invited by strangers to share my story with them, these people are sent by the Divine to heal me and for me to give a living testimonial to the power of the mind to heal the body. As a therapist, I understood that even though it is healing and necessary for them to talk about their trauma, those who have been traumatised tend to avoid and wants to forget the traumatising event. At a subconscious level, I was avoiding because the near-death experience (NDE) was so overwhelming and I do not know where to start to tell the story, and it just felt as if I would not do justice to the experience if I were to explain the incident without the details. The fact that my NDE also contradicts with some deeply entrenched religious and scientific beliefs also stopped me from engaging in too deep a conversation because

inevitably, the discussion will shift to God, religion and scientific dogmas. But the more I resist, the more total strangers would come up to me and ask if I was ok. I take this as a Divine intervention and surrender to it. Please read this without judgment and with an open mind. I am just relating what I had experience as accurately as I can recall.

## COINCIDENCES

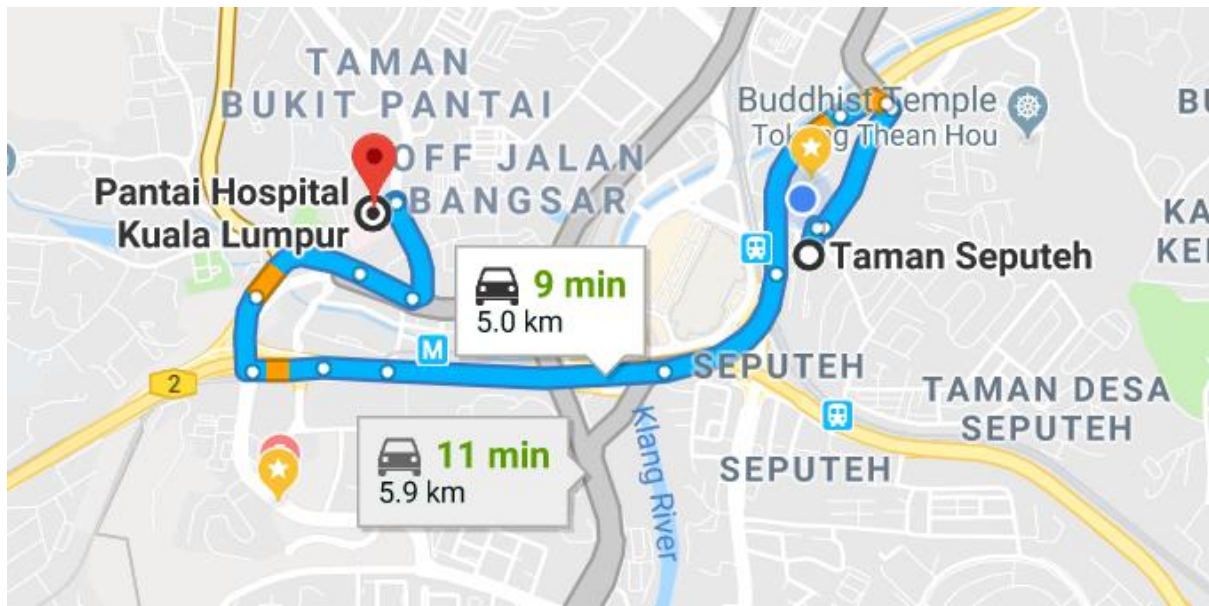
The story that I am about to tell you involves a lot of coincidences. There are so many fortunate coincidences in this story that events no longer appears coincidental and on the contrary, it seems to be predestined. The first coincidence relates to my diverse and unconnected interest in many fields such as math, science, psychology, new age therapies and metaphysics. As a hardcore course junkie, I have spent most of life whimsically acquiring knowledge and skills shifting where my interests took me.

## THE ACCIDENT

The accident happened on the 12<sup>th</sup> of November 2016, a little before midnight. At that time I was doing a refresher hypnotherapy course. On that fateful night, I was sitting on a Pilate ball, and for some reason, the ball rolled back while I was sitting on it. In less than a minute, the entire course of my life

changed. When the ball was rolling backwards, there was a time when it felt as if everything was moving in slow motion like I had all the time in the world to get off the ball or to roll to my side, but for some reason, I did not. The back of my head hit the door of the cupboard in such an angle that the inertia of the ball forced the entire weight of my body onto my neck and snapped my neck like a piece of dry twig.

Moments after I heard and felt my neck snapped, I started to lose sensation in parts of my body. Thus, through sheer luck and coincidence, the lessons that I had learned earlier about hypnotic catalepsy was still fresh in my mind. I immediately did a quick self-hypnotic induction and induced neck catalepsy. If I were taking any other courses at that time, the idea to effect neck catalepsy might not have occurred to me, and the damage to my spinal cord would have been too extensive for me not to have died. Today, I much more convinced of the power of hypnosis because having induced the neck catalepsy, I was able to walk down three flights of stairs with support from my husband, Chris. Get into the car, give Chris directions to Pantai Medical Center in Bangsar and survive the bumps in the road from my house in Taman Seputeh to the hospital. Check out the route we took on the map below. That ten mins drive felt so long and all the way my neck felt like it could no longer support the weight of my head. I remember bracing my head against the headrest of the car worried that it might fall off.



## PREMONITION

Perhaps it was an omen or precognition, but I always felt a strange vibe when I watch movies or see pictures of people who are beheaded. In fact, I remember being so fascinated by it after watching the movie *The Exorcist* in 1973. For weeks after, the image of the priest who was decapitated kept playing in my mind. Nothing in that movie impacted me as much as that scene. I also remember spending a lot of time in the library trying to discover whether the brain continues to function without the body, for how long and so forth. My favourite reading was the story of Marie Antoinette's biography and her post-mortem analysis. Perhaps it was this fascination with the brain that eventually leads me to study neuropsychology and the workings of the mind.

## AT THE EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT

When we arrive at the hospital, Chris parked the car in front of the entrance to the emergency department. By this time, I could no longer move parts of my body. My neck had a sourish and unpleasant feel to it, and the feeling that my head was going to fall off had gotten worse. But being in a trance, I must have looked calm, and the emergency staff wheeled me in without putting a hard neck brace on me. As they wheel me in, I felt myself shifting in and out of consciousness. My memory from here is spotty and vague. I do remember thinking that this could be the end and that I do not want to live as a person with paraplegia.

## THE DYING EXPERIENCE

I vaguely remember being wheeled to the radiologist room for an x-ray. As they lay me down on a hard surface to x-ray my neck, I died and saw my body lying on the x-ray table. The next thing I felt was as if I am flying through a tunnel towards the light. The experience was surreal. As I flew through this tunnel, it felt as if a whole library of universal knowledge opened up to me and I knew the answer to every question and problem. My mind became so engrossed in the existential wonder of what felt like unlimited conscious awareness. Time and space cease to exist, and I could have been in this state for



just a moment or an eternity, it all depends on how I want to perceive it. Part of it feels as if I am connected to everything in the Universe and have access to all the knowledge and wisdom of the Universe.

As I finally enter into the light, I found myself moving towards what appears to be a massive womb-like structure. I have become like a light filament. Entering the womb, I saw millions maybe billions of light filaments, like stars floating around this vast space. Intuitively, I understood that these lights were people who have died and for the first time, it occurred to me that I must be dead. I felt so connected to all the souls there and felt as if they are a part of me just like how I am a part of them. The sharing of thoughts are at the speed of light, and it resonates more like a knowing rather than communicating.

## THE HEALING STATION

I met many souls in this womb. Some had undergone the most horrifying human death. I met a few who were sadistically murdered, dismembered and burned. The souls of their murderers and killers were there too. Some of these murderers and killers had carried out horrifying deeds against humanity that can only be described as evil when they were alive. Also, floating in this womb were people who were saintly and who had done a lot for humanity. And the

entire spectrum of deeds between evil and saint. The whole place felt like a healing station where souls gather for healing before they continue onwards.

## THE MISSING HELL

The central realisation that I had from my NDE was that there is no hell or heaven for that matter, there is only karma, energy and consciousness. There is no evil, no wrong choices, just dramas that are produced by the higher purpose of our souls to acquire experience, wisdom and enlightenment. Murders and killers were not forever damned, and saints were not accorded special heavenly privileges. Instead, there is an unspoken knowing that the human life is just a drama and each player in the drama is acting out the scripts that are dictated by that person's soul. And once life ends, everyone is friends again and there are no residue feelings of animosity, hatred, revenge, resentment or fear. Instead, the mood is festive and infused with feelings of peace, forgiveness, harmonious resonance, love and abundance.

## THE ROBOTS

The next memory that stood out to me was the robots. There is a mechanical sense about them; it was as if the womb was an automated factory and these robots are here to heal our souls before sending our healed souls off

on another adventure. When the robot came over me, I felt the intense healing power of unconditional love. The experience was intensely overwhelming. I was swept up in tsunami-like waves of thankfulness, gratitude, love and acceptance. The feeling is so immense and profound that words cannot describe it. My conscious awareness kept on expanding as if there are no limits to the expansion. Again, there is no sense of time and space, and I could have been in this state of bliss for a mere second or an eternity; it is all expansively relative

## GO BACK

Somewhere in this bliss, I heard a thought that told me to “go back.” I remember feeling confused for a moment. The few minutes of Earth time that I had died felt like many lifetimes to me, and I have almost forgotten about my human existence. The thought brought with it feelings of unfinished business. I felt a reluctance to return to my body but also a compulsion to tie-up all the loose strings from my unfinished business and to clear my karma. The moment I decided to return, I instantaneous felt my human body and the sounds of the doctors and nurses around me and the heaviness of Earth’s gravity.

## GRAVITY AND WEIGHT

When I first came back, everything felt so heavy, and it takes so much energy to do the simplest things. And everything is so slow and ponderous. People who visited me at the hospital told me that I was glowing. For weeks, I continue to feel the connection with the other side and everything here felt a bit strange. Months after the implication of my disability begin to hit me. And as I lose touch with my higher self, I started to question why I came back and why have I not back to where I was?. I felt useless and hopeless. I stayed for a long time at the hospital going through one operation after another and later physiotherapy and occupational therapy to give me back some functionality.



Holes drilled into my skull and weights were use to elongate my neck.

I could not take care of myself. I needed someone to feed, wash and help me get out of bed. It was humiliating to sit on a seat naked while the nurse wash and shower me. I could not even defecate without help and had to urinate through a tube inserted into my urethra and then into a bag. Maintaining one's dignity in such situations is hard. I grief for the active lifestyle that I had once enjoyed.



The stitches.

## ADAPTATION AND LIFE'S LESSONS

The first few weeks when I was discharged and was back at the house, the house was in a mess and dirty. My husband excels in many things but not in housekeeping. I usually cannot work in a messy environment and messiness usually grates at my nerves. My first adaptation and life lesson were to learn to accept that which I cannot change and to let go of the need to change things or to control things. I also admit that it is not easy to care for me because, at times,

I can be quite the diva. After a tantrum, I would feel regretful, but the stress kept on building up.

## FEELING UGLY

My confidence, ego and self-esteem took a big hit after the accident and during the recovery. I have always liked to dress well, but after a while, I felt that nothing looks good on me and no matter what I buy to wear, it looks ugly on me. My interest in shopping went from ten to zero. I struggle to accept what I have become. Being in a wheelchair and doing just an hour of exercise a day caused me to lose a lot of muscle mass and I started to put on weight. My weight which was always around 50 kg ballooned up to 65 kg and all the clothes in my closet no longer fit me, and I could no longer buy clothes off the rack. I felt ugly, and it shows.

I felt like I had no control over my body. If I push myself to exercise, I would then need a few days to heal and in between would suffer excruciating sciatica pain and painful waves of muscle cramps that affected my sleep. Also, no matter how little I ate the weight kept coming. Movements were difficult and most times painful. I could no longer wear heels and even standing in heels brought excruciating pain and cramps to my feet.

## ANKYLOSING SPONDYLITIS (A.S.)

After years of thinking that these are the symptoms of the broken neck, my neurologist finally diagnosed me with stage four Ankylosing Spondylitis in 2011. I received the news with mixed feelings. On the one hand I was relieved to know what is causing all these strange symptoms but on the other hand, I am now dealing with another significant medical issue. The x-rays of my spine show that from my sacral joint upwards to my lower lumbar, my intervertebral disc had fused into a bamboo-like spine. A.S. also explains how my C4 could have shattered the way it did. I can also understand now the reason for my chronic pain, sciatica pain and plantar fasciitis pain.

I was prescribed Humira by the neurologist. Humira is a tumour necrosis factor, and I need to give myself an injection every two weeks. I was on Humira for more than a year. Humira to me was Godsend. A few minutes after each dose, I could feel the fibres of my muscles releasing, but after some time, the side effects of Humira begins to bother me. Humira made my skin crawl, and it made me feel as if there are worms underneath my skin. Humira does not stop the progression of the A.S. disease, it only masks the symptoms and stops the pain. Chris and I discussed it, and we made a conscious decision to cease the twice-monthly injections. I need a cure, not a temporary relief. I started to go on an anti-inflammatory diet and experimented with different supplements to help control the systematic inflammation which is a primary symptom of A.S.

## FAMILY MATTERS

During my long drawn out recovery period, I had time to reflect on everything that had happened. When I was growing up, I was closer to my grandaunts than to my parents who were young and who had their issues. I realise that part of the unfinished business that I had was for my parents to re-parent me, including feeding and caring for me like a baby again, so that we can have a brand-new relationship that is healing for them and me. My parents are lovely people, and I would not have appreciated them the way I do now if I did not return from my near-death experience.

My primary caregiver is my husband, Chris who took care of everything when I was incapacitated. Like a benevolent task-master, he pushed me to do physiotherapy, rigged up the house into a makeshift gym and research on supplements that could help me recover. He was my central support and a pillar of strength during this crisis. I have a lot of unfinished businesses with Chris. I hope to clear our karmic obligation in this lifetime. I also need to learn to let go of expectations and to accept. Once I did this, every day was like Christmas, filled with pleasant and sweet surprises.

There was a time growing up when I had wished that I was an only child. But in my time of crisis, my siblings: Melvyn, Carolyn, Jacquelyn and Selvyn was always by my side and cheering me up. My siblings and I have a special bond, as much as we communicate with each other with words, we



communicate more without. They know me well, and they truly accept me for who I am. My siblings are funny, talented, intelligent and fun people. They each have their funny quirks which became the family jokes. I am so blessed to have them in my life, and now, I cannot imagine life without them in it. Like all families, as siblings, we come together, and then we go a part, and I guess my unfinished business with them is to tell them and show them how I value them and love them. My childhood is fun because of them. In times of trouble, our family is our life jacket.

If our family are our life-jackets, our relatives and friends are the people who pull us out of trouble, to safety. I never realised how blessed I was to have so many kind relatives, friends and colleagues. Again, I feel so fortunate to have this second chance to repay my karmic debt to them. My hospital stay and recovery time were full of laughter and companionship because my relatives and friends were there to make me laugh, oil my feet and hands with essential oils, brought me nourishing soups that took hours to prepare, and turned my hospital room daily into a garden filled with great smelling fresh flowers. I really could not imagine a better support system.

## RECOVERY

I was bed-ridden after I broke my neck. The doctors were not sure if I could walk again. I was put on traction to avoid the shrapnel from the broken bones to cause further damage to my spinal cord. I was comforted by the doctors telling me that I am lucky to be alive. They told me that the reason I am alive is because I have an unusually large spinal column. This reduces the damage to my spinal cord. They also showed me x-rays of how lucky I am. In one of the x-rays, my C3 was perched precariously about 1 mm on some broken pieces of my C4. I was told that they will be doing an operation to remove a piece of my hip bone to be transplanted into my neck.



Where a piece of my hip bone was removed.

I had to go through a series of operations to fix my neck. I was in a hard neck brace for a long time. My worsening posture did not help my balance, and I suffered from post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD). For someone who used to ski down mountains fearlessly, I am now afraid to sit in a car without bracing myself. Whenever I am in a moving vehicle, I could feel every bump in the road, and there were days when I could not get myself out of bed because of the sciatica pain. My calves muscles were always going into a spasm.

I push to keep active. I started working again from home the moment I felt up to it. The hospital routine was getting to me, and I need work to keep my mind occupied. Like I have said, there is no coincidence in life. I have the perfect job for me. I can work from anywhere and continue to contribute despite my physical disability. Healing my clients, help me to heal too. Returning to work, the Divine keep sending to me people who have gone through the various type of trauma be it health, financial or emotional. The Divine had positioned me where I could witness to miracles daily, and I remember feeling so grateful and excited about seeing patients again after the accident. That first day back to work was memorable.

When I was paralysed, not able to speak well and was not able to breathe without an oxygen mask, I had a lot of time to think about how I had conducted my practice and my attitude as a therapist/healer. I wished that I could have taken more time with each of my patients and had cultivated a more rewarding

therapeutic alliance with them. I am grateful to have my wish granted and this rare opportunity to correct where I had gone wrong in the past. This experience had humbled me, and I am indebted to the Divine for its compassion towards me. It is my belief now that whoever that the Divine sends to me, it is the Divine's patient, not mine. And when I pray, I would usually say this to the Divine: *“The patients you send to me, are your patients and I am your vessel, use me however you see fit to heal your patient for the higher good of that person and me. Amen.”*

## GIVING BACK

I am blessed. I have another chance to discharge my karmic obligations. The Divine brought to me an extraordinary young lady from Bukit Mertajam in 2016 to hold a workshop for her. The training was called I-Create, and it shared the Hermetic concept of the 12 Universal Laws of Nature. After the workshop in Penang, a group of the workshop participants met in Kuala Lumpur, and the idea of forming Persatuan I-Inspire ([www.i-inspire.com.my](http://www.i-inspire.com.my)) to help and support people who want to fulfil their potential is born. Today, this organisation that was set-up by that small group of people have directly helped hundreds of people and many families around the country improve their quality of life.

I felt that the formation of Persatuan I-Inspire was another piece of unfinished business for me here. As much as the Divine had blessed and inspired me, I should now pay it forward and do what I can for others without any agenda and with nothing but unconditional love. Through the Persatuan I-Inspire community, I wanted to re-create the peaceful and abundances community spirit that I had been part of when I was in the womb, and I want to train people in the healing art so that they can channel the immense healing power of the Universe to heal those of us here on Earth. Please come and take a leadership role in the organisation and help me with Persatuan I-Inspire's vision and mission.

I am still recovering, but now I see my recovery as a journey and not as a goal. I will continue to improve my quality of life and continue to work on my posture and health. The chronic pain is now more manageable, and I have re-entered back into clinical practices. Join my Facebook or mailing list to be updated on my progress.

Of course, there's more to this story, but I will leave that for another time. Thank you for spending the time to read my story. To the divine within you,  
*Namaste!*

*Gently, you can shake the world.*

*~ Mahatma Gandhi*