



# Beyond The Wall

A True Story

By:

Dr. Cyrus Ershadi



# FOREWORD

I feel honored to have the privilege of reading the unedited prepublication copy of Dr.Cyrus Ershadi's *Beyond the Wall*, and am really glad that his courage to put his experience into writing has opened a new door for researchers, psychologists and the general public. For the past two thousand years we have been taught not to talk about death and consider it a taboo which should remain an issue of blind faith. Culturally we think that talking about something may bring it closer, that is why I highly appreciate his efforts. This book is not based on research or laboratory findings and is simply author's own experiences and what he has touched and firmly believes in. Today our scientific means are inadequate in many fields including death and beyond. In psychology we believe that the power of human mind is not understood yet and many

aspects of this wonderful entity is beyond our comprehension and even imagination. I have known Dr. Ershadi for almost thirty years and am totally confident that he always says what he thinks and his emotions or religious beliefs do not have a role in preparing this book.

In my practice of psychology, I had encountered many patients telling me of their odd experiences of feeling to be here for the second time or having visions of being dead, looking at their bodies from another points. As I was not familiar with the literature on -this kind of paranormal phenomena, I was rejecting their stories politely. But when Dr. Ershadi returned back from Paris around twenty years ago and told me about his extraordinary experience, I became more curious, researched different sources and manuscripts and found out that his “trip” to the next world was not the first in its category. In our old culture, we the persians believed that when a man dies his soul crosses over a bridge called “Chinood” in a period of three days. Over this bridge good and evil spirits are struggling to possess the new comer. By winning the battle good spirits lead the soul into “the boat of songs” and evil spirits, if they win, put the soul into “the hell”. The first manuscript that I found during my research was a very old writing written many centuries ago at the time of Sassanides named

"Ardaivirafnamak", explaining that at the time of our great philosopher and prophet ZOROSTAR (1500 BC.) as the king of Persia did not believe in life after death, a trip to the next world was arranged by Zoroaster, when the messenger came back and gave details of his discoveries, the king accepted and became a follower of Zoroaster.(\*). Old Persians were not the only people on the earth accepting the idea of life after death. The Egyptians had the same beliefs, thinking that the deceased required food, drink and his armaments. Tibetan Lamas practice departing soul from their own bodies and their holy book gives a very long description about various stages that the soul passes to reach the "Green Gardens of Heaven", feeling peace and contentment. Another old culture which attracted me was Greek culture. They were somehow more advanced, believing that the soul remained immortal and some pure souls would return to the earth as wise men. The Greek philosopher "Plato, 438 BC" strongly believed in physical body and spiritual body. He was looking at the physical body as a temporary vehicle for the soul, indicating that the soul of a man is subject to fewer limitations than the physical body. He describes about a soldier named "ER" who was killed in a battle and his body was supposed to be burned along with other dead soldiers. But while on the pile of the

dead soldiers, he opened his eyes and survived, then he explained that after his soul departed from his body he saw other spirits and also saw what he had done in his earthly life in a glance.(\*\*) I do not intend to describe my own research and results here, that may be the title of another book. But I would like to encourage the reader to read this book with an open mind and believe that with all of our significant improvements in the material world, there are still many subjects that we are not aware of.

Iradj Soheili, MD. Phd.

\*- This old manuscript was translated to Arabic, then other languages in the middle ages and according to many researchers became the main basis for The Divine Comedy by Dante.

\*\* - The tenth chapter of Republic by Plato.

**W**hat you are about to read is the absolute truth. I'd like to share with you a tale of an unbelievable journey, a journey to another dimension, one that can never be fully understood and is contrary to all medical facts. I actually died and after traveling to the other world witnessing unbelievable realities, totally new person came back.

All of the names, places and people are real. No names are changed; no detail are altered. My story is not fiction, it is my one in a lifetime experience. It is an experience that can be proven beyond a shadow of doubt.

Since coming back from my pleasant journey, many of my friends have encouraged me to write down the details of my traveling to the other side of life, explaining the unbelievable. My experience was not traumatic at all and so

pleasant that I considered it as a gift of grace. During this trip, I felt immensely safe and secure, connected to everyone and everything, even being a part of the flowers in my garden at home. There was nothing to be afraid of or even concerned about, so I enjoyed every second of it in total absence of fear and anxiety. Though there was no seconds and minutes because the time seemed to stand still. I kept it to myself for more than 19 years and shared it only with some very close friends and relatives. I hesitated to talk about it because I did not want to be ridiculed. That is why I do not blame anyone who finds my claims incredible and dismiss them. If I had not experienced it myself, I would have the same reaction.

My death was really a blessing for me, a gift of grace, because before it happened I was a very aggressive person and always worried about the future, all of the time I was busy planning and trying to secure the future for myself and my family. In a way I had forgotten that we are not alone on this planet and “Someone” is responsible for our well being, so I was losing the joy of the present. But, after being back, I have a much different way of thinking. Now I firmly believe that our life is in “His” hands and am sure that “He” will provide all of our needs.

I have decided to give a short story about myself with the hope that maybe by reading about my religious and educational backgrounds and the fact that after surviving a sever heart attack three years ago, my days are numbered, hopefully those suspicious and dubious readers may believe in what I am sharing with them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Though I was born in a Christian home, please bear in mind that I was born, raised and educated in an eastern country. In our very old culture which is a combination of Zoroastrian and Islam, faith in immortality is one of the basic facts. We believed that at the creation we departed from “God” as a drop of water from the main ocean and someday we have to join the “Sea” again.

Many of the philosophers of my native homeland believed that each of us, having been a part of God, are manifestations of his characteristics and power, so we are bound to his rules and commandments. Thus it would be blasphemy to commit what he does not permit. Some others like “Mansour Halladje” were so absorbed in this idea that they were claiming to be God.

In our old Arian culture, death is considered as “The Gate” to eternity or as we say today to

another life which is everlasting and according to our deeds in this world gives us eternal peace and pleasure or pain and punishment. As far as I know no one from my home country has ever written or published his explanations (if any) about life after death, because they believe that everything is explained in the holy scriptures and the rest belongs to our superstition rather than reality. Therefore they keep it for themselves, reluctant to relate it to others. On the other hand talking about death and metaphysical extraordinary experiences are only discussed in the close circles. No one likes to acknowledge that there is a phenomenon called death for everybody and considers it a taboo.

Coming to the Western world and hearing stories about a situation called “Near Death Experience”, encouraged me to start these notes. My experience was not Near Death but I actually died, passed the barriers of death and came back by the grace of God. This is why I am trying to prove that there is life after death, a life filled with happiness, pleasure and peace. This is the reason that as I mentioned before all of the names and places are real. Furthermore my medical file is opened to anyone who wants to be sure that what I say in this book is real and actually happened.

Herewith I grant permission to any skeptical or doubtful reader who wishes to see my original medical file in “Clinic De L’Alma”, Paris, France.

Dr.Cyrus S.Ershadi

# WHO AM I

I was born Thursday, April 5th,1933 in Hamadan,Iran, a town of fifty thousand. I was the twelfth child from a family of twenty seven. My father, a Christian Physician, was very religious and did not believe in prevention of pregnancy. After his first wife passed away, he married my mother. I am the second born to her.

We lived in a small town with only a few thousand population. He was one of a very few who could speak several languages, including English. People would come from other cities,some traveling for days, to be examined and treated by him. His office was often so full, some had to sit in the street and wait. He cared so deeply for each of his patients, taking the time to know them personally, and they loved him for that. I often followed him to his office.

It gave me great pleasure to watch him heal the sick. People who had come to him with little or no hope, would leave his office healthy and looking forward to the rest of their lives. He had a lot of knowledge and I felt I needed to learn everything I could from him. I used to attend the surgeries he performed, study the medical observations he made, and learn about the medicines he prescribed while I was only twelve years old. These observations helped me a lot during my medical and dental school years as in my daily practice today.

Both of my parents had firm beliefs in Christianity. My father often preached in church on Sundays, and translated English hymnals that are still sung in the Iranian churches. They did their best to educate us, the children, accordingly. Therefore, we grew up in an environment with a small circle of Christian friends. Our daily prayers, Sunday School attendance, and later Sunday services were routine. Although I did not have strong religious beliefs, I participated in the daily routine of family prayers. Growing up, I had everything I wished for. Nothing was out of reach.

Our small town was the center for the American Evangelist Missionaries. When new missionaries were sent to Iran, they would be brought to

Hamadan. Since my father was well educated and highly respected, naturally the missionaries were invited to our home for orientation. There they were officially welcomed. On Thursday evenings, we had Bible study gathering, which would include prayers, teaching, question and answer and finally fellowship. The new missionaries would attend these fellowships as part of their training in the field in an Islamic Country. I am proud to say that those gatherings have given us some of the most dedicated and devoted Christians today.

During the second world war, the American Army base was in a village six miles from Hamadan, where we lived. Once a week my father would go to the camp to perform surgeries on local employees and give them necessary medical care. As the result we were invited to all of the camp parties. There, my dad had a very close friend by the name of Chaplin Barker, who was the Pastor of the American Army. I remember him very well. He visited us often, and every time he brought me chewing gum and Life Savers. On one of his visits to our house, he gave me a small flute which I learned to play easily.

One day, Mr. Cady Allen, an American missionary invited us to his house. For the first time I saw a Piano. Being a child, I tried to play a tune I had learned with my flute but it was very difficult. I played and played until I could play my tune. Mrs. Allen who was standing next to the piano asked how I knew that tune,(I remember now, it was My Darling Clementine) I told her that Chaplin Barker had given me a flute so I learned to play many tunes with it. But this one I had learned in the camp. I liked it so much that I memorized it. She turned to my parents and said “Cyrus has a talent in music, I will be glad to teach him notes and piano”, My parents agreed and I had piano lessons twice a week for many years to follow. Today, more than fifty years later, every time I hear a piano playing I remember her kindness. She was really an angel, though afterwards as I explain in the future pages, I actually saw her as an angel with shiny face.

My childhood passed. As the rest of my brothers and sisters I registered for higher education at the University. I got married at the age of twenty two, received my doctorate in Dentistry at the age of twenty three, and after military service, I started my private practice, with a teaching career at the University of Tehran,Iran. In the

meantime as medical school had accepted some of my credits, I registered and studied medicine as well. Within a few short years, I had established myself and became very successful.

In 1963, I invented a new technique in dentistry, which was published in the dental magazine of the United States. Two months later, in March of 1964, having successfully passed the examinations, I was invited to the United States and stayed in the east for three months. In this trip I was honored to be the official guest of President Lyndon B. Johnson. The examination was formed by the educational attache of the American Embassy in Tehran. We were tested on our English skills and the history of the United States. At that time I had many patients from the American Embassy who told me about this special scholarship. All those from around the world, who passed the test, were to be guests of the President of the United States.

One of the States which I visited was North Dakota and the city of Grand Forks. While visiting I took advantage of my situation, and since I had been experiencing some abdominal

pain for a few months, I decided to visit the best medical center of Grand Forks. There I was examined by Dr. Harold Tarpley Jr. One month prior to my visit to the United States, I was examined by two specialists in Tehran:

1-Dr. Yeghnazarian, who believed that I had kidney stones and needed an operation.

2- Dr. Fotouhi, Who had received his training in England and was very famous in Iran. He believed the pain was due to a gastric tumor. I can still hear him when he said “Why do you work when you only have six more months to live? Go close your practice and travel the world. Remember there are much worse things in the world than a tumor.... like fire, accidents, earthquake or being crippled”.

I told Dr. Tarpley of my prior diagnosis and presented him with my medical file and X rays. He arranged for me to have new X rays taken, then he diagnosed my situation as gastritis, which result from severe exhaustion. He prescribed some medication, changed my diet and told me not to work more than six hours a day. I did not have any problems until ten years later. I am glad to add that I have located Dr. Tarpley after almost thirty years in Fresno, California.

I was the first Iranian to visit Grand Forks and that was why the local radio station interviewed me. I said then, and I say now, Mrs. Tarpley was an angel from heaven, who was sent by God to take care of me while in a foreign country. I hope if she ever reads this book she will accept my gratitude and deep appreciation.

## DOWN THE SLOPE

Some years passed. In 1972, I became a professor at the University of Tehran. The pain and discomfort which later caused my death started in 1973. The pain started gradually, and at first I paid no attention to it and continued my work. As it got worse, I was forced to use different pain killers. I was referred to the best specialists, most of whom were trained in Europe or the United States, to find a cure for my pain, which by now was unbearable. All the X rays, examinations, blood testes and different diets did not seem to help. Although I was under the supervision of the most skilled doctors, the pain was on a daily increasing curve, and I had to have injections of pain killer every four hours to be able to work. My life seemed to take a turn for the worse every day. Feelings of depression were very strong. I felt the world had come to an

end for me, and my only choice was to commit suicide. The only thing which kept me going was my sense of responsibility towards my mother, brothers and sisters and of course my wife and children. I knew the church teachings were against suicide, referring to it as “unforgivable sin”, I knew I had no choice than to tolerate the excruciating pain and look for a cure. I always carried alcohol swabs, disposable syringes and ampules of Novalgin with me. I was afraid to move without them because I thought I might die. From the corner of my office, to my house, to my office at the University, and even in the dashboard of my car, I was prepared.

\* \* \* \* \*

In August 1974, I knew I was addicted to Novalgin. Intramuscular injections of Novalgin were no longer enough. I started (IV) injections. My older brother who had studied in England and believed in British doctors advised me to go to London and seek treatment. He arranged everything and accompanied me to London. There, I was examined and treated by one of the Harley Street specialists, named Dr. Westaway. After many different examinations, tests and X rays, he confessed that the cause of my malady was obscure. He thought it may be due to my work

load and severe exhaustion, so he put me on tranquilizers. After one month in London, I went back to Iran and continued my life. I will never forget November of 1974. The pain was so excruciating and severe that I was breathing with great difficulty. I called Dr. Westaway from Tehran to arrange another visit. He advised me to see Dr. William Harold, Professor of Internal Medicine at the University of London, and gave me his direct phone number. I got in touch with him and arranged to be in London within one week. In the meantime, The Queen mother of Iran had had an accident and Dr. Harold was invited to Tehran to treat her. One of my close friends and patients, who was in the Royal Court of Iran, gave me this news and added that Dr. Harold would be staying with his old classmate, Senator Sheibani in Tehran. I found the phone number of the senator, called and asked to speak with Dr. Harold. In a short conversation, I introduced myself and with reference to my next week's appointment in London, I asked him to do me a great favor and examine me in Tehran. He accepted and after going through my medical file and examining radiographs, he told me that he could not find the real cause, but gave me more sedatives and tranquilizers to temporarily ease my pain.

Dear reader, I know you are asking why I am giving these stories and explaining my personal

problems. Please bear with me. To give details of my death, I have to explain how and why I died. Moreover, now I firmly believe that everything was planned for me to regain my faith and have a new and prosperous life. So continue and let me go on.

I had heard many stories about the miracles of the Israeli Physicians. Now that no treatment was available for me in Iran and England, I decided to try the physicians in the land of miracles.

In December of 1974, I went to Israel and was hospitalized in Hadassah Hospital in Jerusalem., to be examined by Professor Benbassad and Dr. Benishay. Though I did not get any results from that trip and the pain was still the same, I found many good friends in that country and since then have kept correspondence with them.

Upon my return to Tehran, with suggestions of friends, I referred to some traditional Iranian doctors and followed their prescriptions. Nothing helped, the pain did not change but rather it continually grew worse.

My friends became my emotional accomplices in pain. One of my very good friends, Bozorgmehr, who used to call me every day came to see me one Friday morning and invited me to go over to

his house the same afternoon. He told me that “someone” who is a super-doctor would be his guest that afternoon, and he thought I should be seen by him. At least it might put an end to my wandering around the world. Although I had many questions about this mystery doctor, he would answer my questions with a smile. He said not even the “Man” knew of my invitation and I should see for myself.

That afternoon after we had tea and usual complements, A tall man with a dull face entered the room and sat on a chair. He paid no attention to my wife and I who were in the same room. My friend pointed out that he was deaf and dumb. He touched the deaf man on his shoulders and pointed to me, while putting his hands together as a sign of brotherhood. The tall man moved his head to right and left and smiled. He imitated the moslem movement for prayer, pointing at my friend, to make him understand that he is a Moslem, he then crossed his fingers as a sign of Christianity and pointed at me and then locked his index fingers together to mean that we are very close to each other.

I should add that there are many people in the eastern countries who have the power of

clairvoyance. These people do not use their power for their own benefits but rather for the benefit of others. This deaf man was one of them. During the years that followed I heard many predictions from him which were like miracles.

I had a peaceful feeling about him. After he had his tea, he gazed at me for a while, then he stood up, walked over to me and put his hand on the exact location of my pain and nodded his head in question asking me if he was right. I should mention that even my host friend did not know the exact location of my pain.

I was overwhelmed by his power. He took out a sheet of paper, grabbed a pencil and started writing. He wrote “You have had pain for a long time.... you have gone to England and Israel but you have had no results.... you will go out of country again, in three months.... not England... not Israel... not America.... you will go out.... you will be cured in France, (The only place that I had not thought of going or had any plans to go was France!). He continued... you will return from France and will go back after five or six months you will remain in the hospital for seventy five days and during that period....” He stopped writing, frowned and gazed into my eyes, then looking very tired, wrote “I can not... should not continue”, He closed his eyes, put his

hand on his forehead wet with sweat and after a few minutes wrote “You will be back with a very sever condition.... and start your work within two months, but it is temporary because in a very short time you will loose everything, you will close your office and escape to a very far country you will remain there until you die”.

I still have his writings, but on that day, though I knew my friend was trying to help by inviting me over to his house, I thought it was a waste of my time. I did not plan to go to France, much less to leave my royal life to live in a far country and start from scratch. I thought this man must be crazy. However the first part of his predictions came true very soon and the second part proved to be true as well. I had to choose self exile to the United States, when Moslem Clergies took over the government and I, a Christian millionaire with links to the Royal Court and the foreign Embassies, was to be shot by the Communist-Moslem Revolutionary Guards.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had continuous pain-The week after my meeting with the deaf and dumb man, I was seen by Professor Adl, who was the personal physician of the Shah of Iran. It took him two hours to examine me thoroughly. During the

examinations my pain was so much that I started to cry and said “Professor, I believe in you and will accept whatever you tell me. Please, if you think there is no cure for me, give me something to kill me, I am Christian and can not commit suicide.... but can no longer bear the pain.... Please.....” Professor Adl said “Eventually I will find it. You are a doctor and you know that in medicine two plus two doesn’t necessarily equal four. You should give me time.... even if my teacher, Professor Caroli, was here, He would have given you the same answer”. He gave me a prescription and told me to come back the following week. This was the first time I heard the name Professor Caroli.

I was confused. It seemed that no one in the world could treat me or even give me hope. My pain increased daily and so did my dosage of medicine.

Three days passed since my visit with Professor Adl. One of my friends, who was also a doctor, came by my office for a visit. In our conversation, I mentioned my surprise at the medical world. After all, with all of the technological advancements, why should I suffer from such an untreatable and obscure

disease?. I told him the only way I was able to work is with the help of Valium and Novalgin shots. I knew that sooner or later I would become totally dependent to drugs and then what?, why mercy killing was not approved for patients like me? He smiled and said “Because your malady and proper treatment may be discovered any minute. Maybe another physician can treat you with the first visit. You can not claim that you have seen all of the specialists of the world. Do not be disappointed, I have seen some patients with hard to discover diseases, but I think there is only one doctor in the world who knows how to treat you.” Then he told me about some difficult cases which he had seen during his trainings and added “The problem is that I have not heard from the doctor who diagnosed and treated those cases for years. I do not know if he is still alive or not.” Again he started to tell me about this doctor. He had met this doctor when he was studying at the University of Paris. All the untreatable patients from around Europe were referred to him and he usually diagnosed and treated the illness on his first visit. It was believed at the medical school, university of Paris that “He” had a “Saint” treating his patients.

I could not and did not want to hear all the magical stories about this wonderful doctor, so I

interrupted him and asked, Who is he? He answered “Professor Caroli”, Chairman of Internal Disease at the University of Paris. He is nick named “Saint Caroli”. I am convinced, my friend added, “if he is still alive and accepting patients, he is the only one who can treat you.”

I thanked him, and although it was late in the evening, I immediately went to the French Embassy in Tehran and knocked at the door. After a few minutes, which seemed more like a few hours to me, the door opened and one of the members of the Embassy who was the educational attache, living in the same building, asked me what I wanted. I explained shortly and considering the time difference between Tehran and Paris, I asked him for a great favor, to tell me if Professor Caroli was still alive and accepting patients. Considering my hopeless situation, he called Paris three times and finally gave me the good news. Professor Caroli was working in the University Hospital as senior consultant, but he does not have his own office anymore. The following day I was in a plane, on my way to Paris.

Before I move on, I'd like to mention an experience I had a few days prior to my travel. On that day I was working in my office, my pain felt like an explosion in my abdomen. Valium

and Novalgin could not help and I was nearly dying. I called my daughter “Fariba” and gave her the address of one of the professors of the Tehran University, whose office was very closed to mine and with whom I did my internship in internal disease, Dr.Mehdi Azar. I asked her to find out if he was in his office. My daughter came back within ten minutes. She said “I do not know if he was the doctor or not, but a very old man opened the door and said if you want to see the doctor come back tomorrow, then shut the door in my face”. As I knew Dr.Azar and was familiar with his very rough attitude, I could not stand the pain any longer and went to his office. On ringing the bell, he opened the door himself,remembered my name and said “What do you want? He even did not let me in. I was crying with pain, with stuttering words I said “I am dying, it is very sever, please help me”. He responded with a sarcastic smile and said “But I see that you are still alive.” It is to your benefit to go to a notary office and write your will. Go soon before they close. My time for today is passed, come back tomorrow if you stay alive till then, if not you have done something positive and your next of kin will not have problems”. Then without any more questions, he shut the door in my face. That moment was the worst time in my life. I went back to my office,hopeless and crying but not because of

pain. Tolerating the pain was much easier than requesting help from an imposter, who called himself a doctor.

In Paris, I rented a room at “Hotel Primavera” in Rue D’Alesia. It was eight in the evening, (midnight Tehran’s time) and I had to sleep. All of the disposable syringes and Novalgin ampules which I had taken with me from Tehran, were confiscated at the Orly Airport as tranquilizer drugs. Even though I was a doctor, as I was not registered in France, I could not prescribe or buy medicine. I had no other choice but to tolerate the pain. That night I felt what the hell must be like. (Afterwards when I saw hell personally, I found it much worse). The only incentive which helped me stay alive, was the hope of visiting professor Caroli. Time passed very slowly. Minutes passed like hours. Finally the morning came. I took a shower, dressed and left my room at eight o’clock. I arrived at the hospital within an hour and waited for the offices to open at ten. The office of professor Caroli was on the second floor. When the office opened, I introduced myself to the secretary and requested to see the professor immediately. The secretary moved her thick glasses and looking up from her glasses said “Put down your phone number, we will notify you when it is your turn”. I said “I am a doctor myself and am in a

miserable situation with sever pain. How long shall I wait to see him?”. She answered “ Between six to eight months, then added You must know that the professor is too old and comes to the hospital only two hours a day”.

I felt the world was crashing on me. My God, What should I do ? Will I be alive in six months to come and see him ? What should I do for the pain ? I had come with great hope thousand of miles and survived last night only in the hope of seeing him today and beginning treatment. I counted the minutes before night turned to day and now I have to wait six more months ? Who pays my expenses? Impossible !. I asked the secretary to let me talk to the professor on the phone. She dialed a number and handed me the phone.

I had studied some French in the secondary school, but I was not fluent. I took the phone with two hands and repeated the sentences which I had prepared on the plane and last night in the hotel. I explained that his student in the medical school has suggested that I should seek his help. I said “I did not sleep last night and checked my watch hundreds of times till morning with the hope of visiting you today, please....” and unwillingly I started crying.

I was so frustrated and emotional that I could not understand him. After a few minutes I heard him say “My son, get my address from the secretary and come to my house at two thirty. My house is very close to the hospital”.

I knew he was old and not accepting new patients. I could not believe what I heard and with so much kindness and humanity. specially with the experience which I had previous week with Dr. Mehdi Azar. I was amazed. I said “Thank you very much for accepting me but I still hesitate to bother you at your residence. I will wait until tomorrow morning and will be much obliged if you accept me in the hospital.” I will never forget his response, which was a sign of what they call “Grandeur” in France. He said “My son, please come to my residence at two thirty, if I know that there is only one patient in the world that I might be able to help, and I don’t I will lose my peace of mind and can not rest. Please come., I will wait for you”.

I got his address from the secretary and left the hospital. Time passed very quickly. The hope for a cure and his encouragements had given me strength. I found his address easily. The last few minutes passed and I pushed the door bell. A short and chubby man which afterwards I came to know as Professor Caroli opened the door and

invited me in. He showed me to the guest room. After thanking him several times, I submitted my medical file and explained my history. He only asked me two questions, then told me to take off my clothes and lay on the couch. He started to examine and very soon gave me all of the signs of my malady and complaints. He said “If Iranian, Israeli and British doctors were not able to find the right diagnosis, it is not their fault or their inability. Your case happens one in fifteen million. It is a very rare disease which a doctor may work fifty years without seeing even one case of this malady”. Then he asked me “Do you have anybody in France to take care of you if you remain in the hospital for a long time?”. I answered “My brother is in Paris but does not know that I am here”, I continued “Easterners have special beliefs and feel closer to God when they have problems, seeking his help and support. I believe in God and I trust you, I do not need anyone to stay with me in the hospital.

Professor gave me a note to be hospitalized in “Clinic De L’Alma”, and told me that he would confirm his diagnosis under general anesthesia while exploring internal organs.

I spent that night with hope and quietness, calmly in the hospital. I was calm because I hoped to find positive results in the morning and put an

end to my wandering around the world and the pain. Around seven o'clock in the evening, the door opened and professor Caroli came in. I tried to get up but with his gesture I laid back down again. He had brought me some tangerines and told me to eat all, then advised me not to eat or drink anything, even water, after midnight, so as to be prepared for a probable operation. Then he spoke about different countries which he had visited and his experiences during medical school and added that maybe someday he will visit Iran as well. Our conversations led to the cause of my pains. He said "I think your pain is because of some disturbances in the function of the Pancreas and explained that he has worked and studied on this gland for more than fifty years. As it is a very rare disease, its diagnosis is impossible for somebody who has not seen it. Though his visiting with me in the hospital was the sign of compassion and better than any pain killer, before leaving the hospital he called the nurse and told her to give me a very powerful sedative, then kissed my forehead and left me with my sweet dreams for tomorrow.

At nine o'clock in the morning, the nurse awakened me to take me to the operation room. There, Professor Caroli and his assistants Dr. Hatchuel were waiting for me. I laid down on the operating table, before commencing general

anesthesia, the Professor asked me if I wanted to say a prayer. I answered “I have already prayed. Please start sooner”.

I do not know how long I was under anesthesia, but the same day Dr. Hatchuel came to my room in the evening. I could not say a word because my throat was scratched. I could not even swallow my saliva. He explained for me what they had done in the morning. As I would like to explain how I died and came back to life again, I need to go back and tell you about the situation which caused my death in detail. So, if by any chance you are one of those people who do not believe in anything unless you touch it, here is another clue, please go to my medical file at “Clinic De L’Alma”. According to Dr. Hatchuel, the diagnosis of Professor Caroli was one hundred percent correct. One of the internal canals of my pancreas was obstructed and that obstruction was the main cause of my syndrome. Unfortunately the operation on this canal (named Wirsung Canal) was very dangerous. So, they deemed it advisable to open the blockage with the help of special instruments sent down from my throat. This procedure had taken four hours ! I stayed in the hospital for four days. After my release I was ordered to see the doctor every two days. I was feeling so well that I had forgotten the pain. I think one of the blessings which God

has given us is forgetfulness. Sixteen days after the operation, I went back home and started my daily routine work. On the day of my release I was given a special diet and instructions to return to Paris if this process did not work.

I was feeling good and healthy. I worked twelve hours a day for almost two months, and then the pain came back with all of its power. I was back to using sedatives and tranquilizers again. On those days, my pain was so great that I would purchase syringes and ampules by the dozens, in the fear of running out when I was in pain.

I could not tolerate the pain and left for Paris the following week. This time my wife, Rosie, accompanied me. The first night I did not sleep. At first light I went to the hospital to see Professor Caroli. He did not expect to see me so soon. He was very astonished and told me that he did not want me to have another operation. He suggested I use stronger medicines like morphine or metadon and promised to write a letter certifying that I needed those drugs as treating medications. He said that with my situation, the prognosis was very poor, and I had only fifteen percent chance of surviving the operation. He explained to me that the pancreas is filled with different canals and blood vessels. One of the canals was closed at the worst place.

They had to open the gland, which had the danger of hemorrhaging. In which case they had to remove the gland totally. If this was to happen I would need to inject insulin every four hours and take other medications and enzymes regularly for the rest of my life. The other option was to cut the gland at the point of blockage and graft it over the small intestine which might bring gangrene, peritonitis and death. I did not want to be addicted to morphine, taking medications for life or die at forty two ! So, with all of those discouraging options I asked him, Sir... when do you operate? I accept the outcome. He moved his hands in the air and said “Do you want to tell me that there is no difference between life and death? I should mention why I was not afraid of dying at that moment. Tolerating such a pain was out of my strength. Christian teachings were ringing in my ear, forbidding suicide so operation was my only choice. If I could survive, I had my life back and if not, without committing the unforgivable sin, there was an end to pain and suffering forever.

In answering his comment I said “I have not slept last night and have had no breakfast today. I am ready for the operation. Moreover, as I do not have pain now, I want to take a nap”. Professor Caroli smiled and said “If you are so cold blooded, go and sleep if you can ! The

operation would be arranged for two o'clock." Then he called his secretary who came in and forwarded me some forms to be signed. The first form was my consent for the operation and accepting the probable complications, In the meantime, the secretary asked "If you die during or after surgery, do you want your body be cremated or to be sent to your home country, Iran." Under the consent form I made a note and added ; If I die, send my body to the Iranian Embassy to be transferred to Iran.

I was so glad that I can not explain. This way or that way, whatever the results, I was not obliged to live with excruciating pain anymore. I thanked both of them and left the room. My wife, Rosie, was sitting in the waiting area, she excitedly asked me the conclusion of the visit and the outcome of my conversation with Professor Caroli. I said smiling, "I will have a minor operation at two o'clock today, he believes that everything will be O.K., do not worry, we will go back home very soon. The thing which is very important for me is that now I do not have pain but am very tired and want to sleep."

I had not slept last night and was very tired.

Even if I was told that only four hours were remaining in my life, still I preferred to go to sleep sooner. What difference could it make to see the world four more hours?

I was led to my room, got changed, lay on the bed and within three to four minutes I had a deep sleep, I even saw dreams which I had forgotten. My wife was sitting beside my bed and was supposed to awaken me when they came to take me to the operating room.

At one thirty in the afternoon, Rosie woke me up, pointing to four nurses who were there, she said "See what they want". Rosie speaks English but her French is limited to the words that she learned during my hospitalization in that country. I laid down over the brancard, they took me to the elevator and to the sixth floor. There, Professor Caroli, his surgeon Dr. Lagadec, two other surgeons, anesthesiologist, radiologist and the personnel of the room were waiting for me. I was transferred over to the operating table, The anesthesiologist came forward telling me that he will give me a "very small" shot to prepare me for the surgery. Maybe he had seen many patients who were afraid of surgery and was trying to calm me. He did not know that I had been impatiently waiting for this minute for months.

I opened my eyes few hours later. Everything in the room was double. It did not take very long before the effects of the anesthesia vanished. Then tiredness, thirst and severe pain warned me that I was awake. My hands and feet were tied to the bed, there were nine tubes placed in my chest and abdomen, two bottles of serum hanging over my head, and a catheter was placed in the upper portion of my chest, under the clavicle. Whatever it was, the operation was over and I was out of surgery alive, hoping to get free of pain. Though I had pain and tiredness all over my body, what a sweet minute it was.

Thirst was worse than pain. My lips and tongue were dry, and I felt I was completely dehydrated. Professor Caroli and his team were consulting around my bed. His smile was the sign of his satisfaction. He examined me two times and spoke with Dr. Lagadec, prescribing some medications. I could not remain silent, and with all my strength I shouted “I am thirsty... I have pain.... water...morphine... water...” but nobody paid any attention. When the doctors were leaving my room, Dr. Lagadec called the nurse and gave her some instructions. After a few minutes, the nurse came and emptied a drug in one of the serum bottles, then started wetting my lips and tongue with swabs immersed in water. I was still thirsty, my tongue

was sticking to my palate, but I felt calm. The worst had passed, and I was looking forward to the future. A few minutes passed and I fell asleep. A sweet sleep that I had not had during the past few years.

Four days had passed since the operation. On the fifth day, Dr. Lagadec on his daily visit told me that “The tail of the pancreas which was calcified due to Subacute Pancreatitis was removed and sent to the pathology laboratory, as there was severe bleeding during the operation, we had to remove your spleen as well; The operation took eight hours”. The pathology report showed some giant cells, which is usually translated as malignant tumor !

Eight days had passed, and I still had severe pain. Everyday, I had blood analysis and different medicines plus serum and sedatives, nothing else, but the only improvement in my situation was releasing my hands and feet. The tubes were still there and I could not move my body freely. The “Clinic” did not have air conditioning, though the weather was very hot and humid and really bothersome, I had not lost my hope and was trying to think positively. Was it possible to live without pain? During the past two years I had suffered enough and now I hoped to enjoy life by leaving the hospital. Everyday I

was asking my treating doctors about the length of my stay in the hospital and the date that they were going to remove those drains from my abdomen and most importantly, would they allow me to drink a glass of cold water. The answers were all the same, a friendly smile and “When appropriate”. During these days and nights my wife was sitting beside my bed, doing needlework. I am sure that her concentrated attention was on me. In two or three times that I called her once, she was always ready to assist. During the days, my brother was on the other side of my bed, telling stories about German Concentration Camps during the Second World War and his experiences there. He was coming to the hospital at eleven in the morning and staying there till eleven in the evening, repeating this exact schedule for seventy five days.

\* \* \* \* \*

# **Sweet Experience of DEATH**

## **How I died**

Nine days had passed since the operation. My slight fever had ceased and everything seemed promising. On that day I was allowed to drink three spoonfuls of water !.

Around midnight a sharp shooting pain awakened me. It was so severe that I felt the surgical site might explode. I could not breathe freely because each movement of my abdomen or my chest was enough to hurt me. It was like inserting a sharp knife into my pancreas. I asked Rosie to call the nurse and as she entered the room, I asked her to give me something to stop the pain. She came back after a few minutes and

emptied the contents of a syringe into the catheter which was inserted under my clavicle. I felt immediate relief but high heat covered my body like a heat wave. I touched my face with my right hand, it was wet with sweat and the temperature was rising. I asked Rosie to give me a thermometer and put it under my tongue. Within a few minutes my body temperature which was at thirty six centigrade, had gone up to forty three. A strange sense of fainting was covering my body. With the touch of my body I could feel burning sensation, and the temperature was rising. I told Rosie that if this situation continues, I may not be able to speak tomorrow. There were two possibilities; maybe infection had entered my circulation or the last injection that the nurse gave me had something to do with it. I told her to call the doctors immediately and explain the situation before it was too late, and if I die, I wanted her to know that I loved her very much. I told her to take care of herself and the children. I hoped they would have a good and prosperous life.

Poor Rosie was bewildered. Until eleven when my brother was there, we were chatting and everything was hopeful. Now she was alone with me in a disappointing situation. She grasped the ring button beside my bed, pushed and held it until the nurse came in and tried to

communicate with me and her. I could not hear what she was whispering. It seemed that she was talking with me from far away. Deep faint, high fever and tiredness did not let me breath. I could not show any reactions at all, even my hands and feet were not under my control. My body was burning and I was like a dead person motionless, laying on the bed. I did not know how much time elapsed. When I opened my eyes with great difficulty, my room was filled with doctors and nurses, running around. One of the doctors, Dr. Lomaire, was leaning over my naked chest, pushing it down. Though I could feel pain under his hands, I could not resist or show reactions. One nurse was aspirating blood, while two other nurses were covering my feet with ice bags. One was giving me oxygen and another one was connecting me to a monitor. It was amazing. I was burning in fire-like fever and they were putting a monitor on. Dr. Lomaire spoke with another doctor and instructed a nurse to do something. I could not hear his voice but saw the nurse leaving the room only to come back with a table filled with different instruments, which she placed it next to my bed.

My wife was crying while asking questions from Dr. Lomaire. There was no voice but her lips were moving, I saw Dr. Lomaire take her hands and send her out of the room. She did not want

to leave me, but she had no other choice. They had not used any of the instruments from that table yet, all of a sudden I felt a special sensation. I had no feelings in my feet and ankles. For a moment I thought that it was because of the ice bags on my feet and tried to shout and ask them to cover all over my body with ice bags. I could not make a sound. The new sense of painlessness felt very good and amazing. It was like moving in a wave filled with pleasure. Within two or three minutes this wave reached my knees, still moving up. In the midst of pain in my abdomen and severe heat in my upper body, I thought “Buddah” was very wise, he explained about heaven and said “Heaven is absolute nothingness”, could I reach his Nirvana? The wave of painlessness came up even further. It passed the place of the operation and reached my throat. The pain ceased and now high temperature was the single element bothering me. The pleasure of painlessness extended and passed my throat. I tried to move my hands and feet and touch my abdomen or give a sign to Dr. Lomaire in order to attract his attention. Somehow I wanted to make him aware of my new state, but I could not move. For a minute I thought I was paralyzed. Then I remembered the causes of paralysis and told myself that I must have fainted and these were the signs of high fever. Then I thought that this

was septicemia and my brain was attacked by microbes and that was why I did not have pain. But, if that were the cause, how was it still possible for me to think, and my brain not affected? Another interesting point was that before feeling this pleasure of painlessness, I could not hear the voices of the people in my room and it seemed to me that they were whispering in a far distance. When the sensation reached my upper body and passed my throat, everything changed. I could hear every body clearly. I even knew what they were going to say, and what decision they were going to make. I was able to read their minds!

For me the most important point was that I was not feeling anymore of the pain or the high temperature. Not only pain and panic had left me, but I was experiencing a blissful euphoria. It seemed that a warm and pleasant wave of peace and calmness was engulfing me over.

\* \* \* \* \*

I could see amazing views which at first I thought were signs of hallucination. It was really strange. It started from my childhood when I was a little boy in the arms of my nanny. I saw myself playing in the kindergarten, surrounded by other children, when I fell from my tricycle and my

face was covered with blood. Then I saw my father putting stitches in my scalp. I saw myself being shy and crying, asking not to be sent to kindergarten. The images continued. I was in elementary school then in junior school and the day that I had my bicycle. I saw scenes from my family life, Sunday school, and I saw my father preaching at the church. I saw the first girl whom I had kissed and then the years in high school and my graduation day. Flashbacks continued and I was in the dental school and got married. Then I saw the day that my father died and the month later that I passed my thesis. I saw the days of my military service, birth of my children, treating patients in the hospital and my own office, I even saw the first day of pain and traveling around the world seeking cure. I was not alone and knew that somebody else was watching my life scenes with me, but there was not any accusation in any form. The whole journey through was very odd. I was actually seeing myself from my birth on in an unbelievable way because it was too fast, yet slow enough that I could take it all. When I came back, I remembered and could tell about my life in detail. I cannot say how long it took because all things flashed across my mind very quickly, maybe it did not last but a split second, but so vivid and so accurate that I still remember it.

I tried to come down from my bed or move myself, but instead of feeling the ground, I found myself over my bed, floating in the air. I was weightless and could move freely. I looked down and saw that my body was on the bed, looked very pale and lifeless. It was really a pity! I did not look at the lifeless body on the bed for long. Pain, anxiety or obscure future and terrible thoughts of death had left me. Rosie was crying. She was standing in the hospital hallway next to my room. Her thoughts disturbed my peace. She was thinking about; How to face my mother when she goes back to Iran how to face our children tormented her even more, how to tell them that their father was dead. Then she came into the room and grasped Dr. Lomaire's white coat telling him " Do not let him die... call other doctors to the hospital I do not want him to die I will pay whatever you ask....our children are waiting please please.

Dr. Lomaire, who in his mind was thinking that accepting this patient was a mistake, answered her *Malheureusement c'est tout, nous avons fait de notre mieux mais cela n'a pas marché, Il est mort.* "We did our best but it did not work. Unfortunately it is over. He is dead".

\* \* \* \* \*

In Paris the month of August is the vacation month and everybody escapes from hot and humid weather. Professor Caroli had gone to Normandie. On that special day, before I was pronounced dead, after a brief consultation the doctors decided to inform him by phone. They did and he was in the hospital within two hours. Before his arrival, one nurse was working on my body, pushing down the sternum and giving me CPR, while another was watching the monitor for my heart beat. When I saw the straight line on the monitor from up there near the ceiling and over my bed, I understood that I was dead.

I looked at my body, it was motionless. As I mentioned before I was floating in the air and was weightless. To my surprise then, for a very short while I felt like having hands and feet. I was astonished. I could not believe that death was so easy and pleasurable. If this was all that death was about, then why are people afraid of it? There was nothing terrible or horrible about it. While I was looking around, I saw my late father with his long white jacket that he used to wear in his clinic, entered the room. He had passed away twenty years prior to this incident. He did not enter the room through the door but came through the wall. He bypassed the doctors

and the nurses and stood beside my bed. He raised his head, looked at me floating in the air, then my lifeless body on the bed. He did not say anything and left the room in the same manner as he had come. I could not believe it because he used to hug me so much that it bothered me at times. Now that I was seeing him after twenty years, he was not paying any attention to me. I tried to call him, and as I used to do until the day he died, kiss his hand, but he did not stay and left me. I felt like a dumb person, I could not make a voice. I could think but could not explain myself or show any reaction.

My room was crowded. On the top of the table which was beside my bed, there was a unit which they connected to an electrical outlet. I saw the passing of electricity to that unit. Two white circles were illuminated by receiving electricity. Dr. Lomaire grasped them by their handles and put them on my chest. My body moved up and I felt falling down. Before they brought this unit into my room, everywhere was filled with turquoise light and I could hear lovely music. The light was extended to eternity and was brighter and brighter as it got further and further in the distance. I could gaze into the light and it was not bothering my eyes. I was looking into

the light with intensified curiosity. It was very bright and leading to something which at first I could not recognize, but when I concentrated, I found out it was not “something” but “someone” with open hands, radiating joy, warmth and peace. On the other hand there was a continuous buzzing sound like the sound of the bees. But when he gave me electric shock by putting those white circles on my chest, every beauty was ceased and I felt like I was falling down into the darkness. He repeated the shocks several times and I was still floating in the air. I tried to ask him not to disturb my peace by giving me electrical shocks, but I could not make a sound. I even tried once to stop his hands, but “my hand” went through his hands and crossed his flesh and bone like a wave. I could think but did not have any anxiety or sorrow. I was in another dimension !

Instead of “I”, I should write “We” because I was not alone. My room was filled with people whom I loved and knew that they had passed away years ago. We were not talking to each other as normally on earth, but did so through our minds, telepathy. One of those people who was smiling at me was Mrs. Allen, the missionary who had been my piano teacher. Her face was shining with a bright light. I do not know how all these things happened. I saw all

phases of my forty two years of life in a second ! Time was not an element to be considered because there was no limitations as we have in our lives here. There were many other people with shiny faces and white robes that I did not know. Two of the shiny people were looking at me with interest. I saw another shiny and bright person who had a golden aura around his head. I do not know how I thought that he was “John”, the beloved apostle of our Lord.

I found myself standing at the beginning of a tunnel of light which got brighter towards infinity. The man standing far away was brighter than the light, with a gesture of invitation. Though I never saw his face and never reached him, now I am sure that he was my Lord and Savior “Jesus Christ” himself. Words can not explain the joy and pleasure I felt inside the tunnel of light. I was flying towards him, I loved him with all my heart and wanted to reach him, but I could not. I was filled with joy, love and happiness and did not have any negative thoughts. I did not need to ask and my thoughts materialized in front of me. Everything was happening so fast in an organized manner that I felt that time had stopped.

As I mentioned at the beginning of the book, I was born and raised in a Christian family, with

close ties with the church. When I entered the light tunnel, I remembered whatever I had heard in the church and the Sunday School. I saw my Savior and felt the everlasting joy of His presence. I came to know that all was the truth. I strongly believe that God created man and sent us to this world for a purpose. He is the one who will call us back when our mission is over. Blessed are those who with completing their mission, hear the voice of their “Shepherd” calling them and saying “Well done thou good and faithful servant, Thou.. faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou unto the joy of thy Lord”.

I understood that after completing our earthly mission, we will be welcomed by many heavenly people. I understood that we will see the deceased in a better condition, in a better and more beautiful world and live with them forever. The love, pleasure and joy of that eternal world is everlasting and much different from what we take as joy and pleasure here. The greatest happiness and real pleasure is being in the presence of the Lord, and there are no words to describe it.

The man standing at the height of the pillar of light with extended arms, knew my thoughts. He had the right answer to my every thought and

questions. All of his answers were positive, promising and filled with love. I could not hear his voice but communicated with him through telepathy. The only voice that I still could hear was the sweet sound of music and the continuous buzzing sound.

What I was witnessing was opposite and contrary to what I had learned in my childhood. In my home country, religious teachings had been part of our school curriculum in the elementary and secondary school years. According to those teachings, which were well engraved in my brain, I knew that when somebody dies two angels by the names of “Nakir” and “Monker” would be present. They would hold burning maces and with a blow of the club to the deceased’s head start asking questions. The deceased had no choice but to answer them all or suffer the blows of the club. The first question would be “Who is your God” and the next one “Which prophet did you follow”. They would want to know if he had prayed five times a day and had accomplished the necessities properly!

What I had learned was that all the people would go to hell and would remain there for forty thousand years, then by the request of “The Prophet”, God almighty lets the believers follow

him to paradise. To make it short, torture, darkness and pain were promised in a world which was more like “The Divine Comedy” by Dante, and contained nothing else than punishment. To my surprise, everything was different. There was light instead of darkness and love instead of hatred and punishment. Instead of the angels of hell, my beloved deceaseds welcomed me to a world of brightness, happiness and sweet sound of music. Nobody asked me any questions and there were no accusations. I could feel love, peace and compassion in that atmosphere. The faces I saw were all shining, smiling and joyful, and the “One” at the far end of the pillar of light with extended arms was inviting me to his kingdom.

The situation was really overwhelming. It seemed like I had different personalities. During the same time that I was flying through the pillar of light, I could see my room in “Clinic De L’Alma”. On one hand flying in the tunnel of light with incredible speed, while on the other, I was in the hospital in Paris. I was thinking about the sweet future and my other “Self” was traveling between stars.

Since my childhood I had always loved to fly. Even before going to medical & dental school, I

registered with the Iranian Air Force but cancelled out due to my father's disapproval. Now in a state of weightlessness my dreams had come true. I was flying higher and faster than any man-made satellite. Those two people whom I mentioned earlier in white robes, were with me in all phases of my journey, taking care of me.

Rosie was still standing in the hallway crying. My brother was standing beside her, leaning on his walking cane and thinking. Rosie was remembering our sweet life together and reached the conclusion that from now on she had to bear the responsibilities of the family, alone. The fear of life without me had engulfed her. Many "if's" were going through her mind such as what if we had not come to Paris, what if we had accepted Professor's advice ? She could not think about a subject constantly and her mind put forward a new thought every few minutes. I was still in the center of her thoughts and concerns. My brother was thinking about who could help him out financially now that I was dead. He was not thinking of me and his only concern was finding another financial source! I should add that a few months prior to my death, I had consented to pay for his living expenses and each month I was sending money

on a regular basis. I could not believe what was going on in his mind. He was not missing me at all and was concerned about his new means of financial support. Then he thought of something else and made a decision that I cannot write about. But when I came back, I told him about it and he confessed that I was right!

The doctors and the nurses in my room were hopelessly trying and doing whatever they could to stop my death (though I was pronounced dead). Dr. Lomaire was so tired that he was soaking wet with sweat. I saw an aura around his head which was golden in color with many dark lines ! I had no problem or sorrow and my mind was crystal clear and could think very well. I knew that in the next room an old lady was hospitalized who had carcinoma of the pancreas and her gland was removed totally. She had had the operation in the previous few months and most of the time was in a coma-like situation. As soon as I thought about her, from the same height in my room, I passed through the walls and went into her room. She was sleeping, dreaming of her only daughter. I felt that she was going to leave her body very soon and was very afraid of death. I wish I could tell her that not only was there nothing to be afraid of in the world I was in, but instead of horror stories, there was an everlasting joy and peace of mind.

Almost all people are afraid of death. I was not an exception and had always dark ideas about death. When I died I found out that death is not terrible, but is calm and peaceful. Since I am in the medical profession, looking at it with that view brings me to this conclusion that those frightful and painful reactions which are seen at the time of death in some people are purely physical reactions towards fast changes in the chemistry of the organisms and have nothing to do with the soul. The reward of the soul is getting rid of the injured and the disabled body.

I was floating over my body and from up there near the ceiling I could see everything. In the meantime I was flying towards the “Man” at the height of the light tunnel. “He” with extended hands was inviting me under “His” grace and that was what I could feel.

In the midst of light and joy, I thought of my children. I thought now that I am free of pain, if they are told that I have died what would they do ? Do they understand that I am enjoying my new found state and can they be happy for me? Naturally they would be sad and miss me but I did not feel despondent, and did not seem to make much difference to me at all. All of a sudden the buzzing sound increased and the next second I was in my house in Tehran. Please do

not take what you read as hallucinations or imaginations of a dying man. I am sure that if in the last century you were told that one day you can sit in your house and watch the moon and mars on your television screen, you would think that it was impossible and foolish. Accepting my experience is the same, difficult but true. I am not a fiction writer and write what ever I have actually seen to the extent I remember. I want to prove that death is not the end of everything and there is a most pleasant life after death. A life without worries unlike that we experience in this short earthly life. A life of immortality.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few months before my death, I had gone to London seeking treatment and I had bought presents for my children on the way back home. One of those presents was a violet blouse and black slacks for my daughter, Fariba. The day that I died and was looking at my house from the sky, my friends who used to come to my house maybe once a year, was sitting in the balcony close to my study with his wife. My daughter, Fariba, was wearing the same blouse and slacks and was talking to them. My other daughter, Hydeh, had her red dress on and was smiling. My third daughter, Maryam, was busy combing her doll's hair and was thinking about the

presents which she was going to receive from Paris. My son, Farhad, was reading a book, but he was thinking about his car which needed repair. He was thinking whether he was going to take the car in to get it fixed or was going to wait for me to come back, so that he can use my car. Then he decided to wait and use my car. He had not shaved and had a nice beard! My children were all preparing sentences to tell me at the airport. The only possibility that they were not thinking of, was that I might already be dead. My friend, Karimi, had brought some money for my children and had told Farhad that if they needed more, they could call him. In my house in Tehran we had different sets of china for different guests and occasions. On that day, Fariba had brought the white and green set which was used especially for very dear friends. During my stay in France, my mother in-law had consented to take care of my children and supervise the servants. I looked around and did not see her in the house.

On one hand I was looking at my house, beautiful flowers and familiar environment, and felt being connected to everything even the flowers in my house. On the other hand I was free from everlasting pain and floating in the air.

I was really enjoying myself but it did not last too long. I felt very heavy bonds on my hands and feet and a powerful traction backwards. I tried to shout, Leave me alone, but could not make a sound. Those two shining people who were protecting me were still there and though they were aware of this new disturbing element, they were doing nothing to help me. In less than a second the heavy bond vanished and free floating in the air continued.

I thought that I was in heaven. In a blink of an eye I found myself in a very beautiful garden filled with such beautiful flowers never seen before. Was in this garden that God created man? I heard a voice from the end of the garden. I went to that area. The voice was more clear. It was like crying and moaning voice. The garden did not have walls, but was surrounded by a barrier of something like glass and I could see the other side of it. There were many people who were on the outer side of the “wall”, condemned to live in darkness. Those shiny people whom I call my guardian angels told me by telepathy that these poor creatures are those who have insulted the Holy Ghost and will never be allowed to enter the eternal calmness. They will dwell in darkness forever. Their evil and black thoughts during their earthly life was now given back to them

in the shape of darkness and will forever be with them.

I was looking at my house while witnessing heaven and hell and traveling in the pillar of light. I saw my room in the hospital and flew like a free cloud in the sky. The time had stopped and distances had been eradicated. I could see many people with shining faces. I searched for familiar people who were deceased and found many of them. Now they had happy and shiny faces. Even those who had passed away after many years of being confined to a bed or ones who passed away as a result of old age, were embraced by light. I looked around to find my brother who was four years younger than me and had passed away while at the age of twenty. One of my guardians got my thoughts and pointed to a place. I saw that my dear brother has returned to the earthly world in the body of one of my very dear persons, maybe the extra love and affections toward this “person” was that I had my brother in that body. I can not mention any names but whenever I see(...), I feel like I am with my brother. My guardian angel understood that I knew where my brother was and through mind waves told me that: We ourselves could choose where and in what situation we live on earth. As soon as the soul

comes in to this world, we are able to see our earthly life and decide what kind of life we should have, to be holy and clean. This decision is based on absolute neutrality and nobody can escape from the truth or ignore some committed actions, and it is justifiable. Then after considering the circumstances, family and environment, once we see our future life, we have the opportunity, if we choose so, to accept or reject it with all its temptations and difficulties. Once we have accepted it, we return and start a new life to try more and purify our soul to be entitled to live the eternal life. By combining this thesis and faith in the grace of God, I have reached the conclusion that: It is true that we as Christians are under grace and it is only through his grace that we find salvation, but being under his grace is very difficult because against what many believe, being under the grace of God does not mean that we are free to commit whatever we like, denouncing his mercy and grace. In order to stay under the grace we have to abstain from committing sins. According to the Gospel “Nobody can be saved by his actions” We are all sinners. But doing our best to live a Christian life makes us entitled to the privilege of being saved by the grace of the person who gave his life on the cross for me and you.

The heavy sensation came back and was repeated a few times. Oh God! why did they not let me enjoy being there forever? As soon as this imagination crossed my mind, one of my guardian angels told me that I could stay if I wished. Then he made me understand that if I stay, I needed to start a new life on earth to reach the desired spiritual position. He pointed to a scene in which I saw the future life of my family and myself. I understood that it was to my benefit to return and finish my mission, and it would be better to join “them” after completing this course. Astonishingly I totally forgot what I saw about the future, when I came back. Since then I have tried many times to remember very slight hints, but nothing comes up.

Again the moaning and crying of the people beyond the wall attracted my attention. As I could not see any movements there, I thought maybe their dark environment was sticky. Maybe they were locked up and could not move. Or maybe their satanic imaginations were so heavy that they could not move from their spot. I looked at one of my guardian angels. He understood my thinking and told me: They were going to live and suffer like that as long as it takes to investigate and rule on their own actions and choose to take steps to cleanse and purify themselves. Only then they will be given a

chance to go back to earth in a new body of their choice to carry out their own judgment in order to be worthy of eternal life. He pointed to a chubby man in the corner and continued, “He has killed so many innocent people that he will stay in absolute darkness and loneliness for sixty thousand years, your time. He had condemned himself many times and had asked permission to go back and correct his devilish attitude by suffering many miserable lives. But his request was denied.” I looked at “him” and recognized him. Sorry but I cannot mention his name.

My guardian angel added that there is nothing worse than loneliness and darkness in the universe. All of these people knew that the spiritual world is filled with joy, calmness and eternal life and knew that unless they were purified, they could not have any of these blessings. Loneliness and life in total darkness is what is known to us as “Hell”.

As I mentioned before I had different personalities. One part of me was in my room in Clinic De L’Alma, I was floating in the air and speeding up in the pillar of light. I was seeing heaven and hell and another “I” was flying between stars. Very far from the earth, I came to visit a galaxy in which the inhabitants were communicating by mind waves, instead of verbal

communication. Anyone could see the signs of happiness and satisfaction in their faces. I could not believe what I was seeing. My guardian angel got my point and said “At the beginning the inhabitants of your world had the same power which was taken from them at the day that they rebelled against God, and that power was replaced by different languages. The people who are in this planet are those who have improved their spiritual cleanliness and are very close to purification. By one course of life there, they will be worthy of eternal life and would be welcomed to enter the kingdom of the Father”.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was still going forward in the tunnel of light, feeling more freedom. I was thinking of my future, asking myself where was I going from here ? My guardian angels had made it clear for me that my mission was not completed in the world, and I had decided when chose this life myself. I had no other choice than finishing it. If I intended to remain there, surely I had to choose another body and start another life on earth. My better choice was to go back in the same body and try to finish my term. In spite of my wishes to remain there and enjoy the pleasure of that world, it was to my benefit to return to the material world to fulfill the unfinished schedule.

When I reached this conclusion, I felt that a very strong force and sense of heaviness was pushing me backwards. I had had this experience before, but this time it was increasing so that it was preventing my flights. I looked around for help. Those two shiny angels who were with me since I died, had gone. The lovely turquoise light and the sound of heavenly music were fading. By and by I was pushed down into nothingness. My body, the body which I did not have, was getting heavier and heavier and in a second everywhere was dark.

## Back to Life

The pain which had left me with my death was back with full force. I could hear the vague voices of the people in my room. I understood immediately that I was back. The first voice which I heard belonged to Dr. Lomaire who shouted "Hurrah", and I could hear the clapping of the nurses in the room. Though I was young and very strong, I felt very tired. It seemed that I had lifted very heavy objects or climbed mountains. All of my muscles were tired and all of my bones painful. I could not breath easily. I do not know how long it took till I opened my eyes. Nurses were clapping and smiling. They did not know what was going on in my mind. The first face whom I saw was Dr. Lomaire who had put his forefingers on my temporal area, while talking to Dr. Lagadec. From their conversation I only understood that I needed

another operation as soon as possible.

Dr. Lomaire told one of the nurses to give me an injection which she did. The pain was relieved and I was so tired that in a very short time it put me to sleep.

The day that I left the hospital I found out that I had passed four days in a coma-like situation. I was very weak, had shortness of breath, could not speak, and to say a sentence I had to renew my breath several times. Still I could not comprehend and any voice was like the pound of a drum.

Some days passed and I improved. My blood pressure reached 65, and the time for the second operation was close. The day after, Dr. Lomaire and his assistants came to my room with instruments they needed. Dr. Lomaire explained for me that as my blood pressure was very low, the anesthesiologist has not agreed to anesthetize me, so he was going to give me local anesthesia. The site of the second operation was under my clavicle. He had brought four assistants to keep me steady. Though in spite of local anesthesia, the operation was very painful, he performed it and I tolerated it motionless.

Almost ten days after my return to life, the pain

was much less and I could manage to speak. My wife Rosie who had aged years in the past twenty days told me “Thanks God that you feel better your condition was so critical and hopeless that the doctors were disappointed... you were nearly gone”.

I interrupted her “Don’t you know that I went and came back? Didn’t they tell you that I was dead ? I wish you could understand what a sweet journey it was”. As always Rosie took it as a joke, trying to deny what I claimed and said, “If you had gone as you claim, you could not come back. Who has returned from that world that you claim to be the second one ? All of the doctors, especially Dr. Lomaire tried very hard to keep you here, the night that your temperature rose and you were unconscious, Dr. Lomaire was here since four in the morning”. I said, “Believe me that I died and came back. I do not know how long it took but it was really interesting, even I went to Tehran and saw our children. I saw the other world, my father, my piano teacher and many others who are deceased; I saw heaven and witnessed the people in hell, and had many other experiences that nobody can believe”. Rosie said astonishingly, “I can see that you are changed. You may be out of your mind or you are still hallucinating.” I said “My dear I am not out of my mind and I am not hallucinating. I can prove

it to you. If you want to be sure that I am safe and sound, call our house in Tehran right now and ask them. The day that I died and went to Tehran was Friday. On that day my old friend, Karimi, and his wife were sitting in the balcony in front of my study room. Fariba had the violet blouse that I brought her from London, bringing pastry and fruits in the white & green set. Hydeh's dress was red. Maryam was playing with her doll, and Farhad was reading his book. Farhad had not shaved and had a nice beard. His car is broken and needs repair but he will wait for us and in the meantime uses my car. Do you want more ? I even searched for your mother but could not find her in our house.... would it be enough?" As usual she was trying to prove that she was right and I was wrong! Unbelievably she gave our phone number to the office of the hospital and asked them to dial that number in Tehran. After half an hour my telephone rang. It was from Tehran and my daughter Fariba was on the phone. Rosie spoke with her asking what was going on, then said "Daddy is better and we will return as soon as he is released from the hospital" At the end Rosie asked if there is anything new or they have had visitors from family, patients or friends?

When I went to Paris to have surgery, I put a large calender next to the phone in the hall and

told my children to make notes of anybody who calls or visits them, After Rosie asked, Fariba opened the calender and started reading it backwards, page by page until she came to the Friday that I had passed away and said; “Mr. Karimi and his wife were here. They had come to ask about daddy and told us if we need money he can give us as much as we need. We thanked him and replied that so far we do not need any.” Rosie tried to show her astonishment and asked, “Did you have nice and clean dress when they came ? Was everything in order in the house?”  
*“Yes, everything was in order, I had the blouse that papa had brought me from London, I mean the violet one.”*

What about Hydeh & Maryam? “

*Hydeh had her red dress on and Maryam was as usual”.*

How is Farhad and what is he doing. Is he home now?

*“He is too busy with his lessons, his car is broken and needs repair, but he thinks he will wait until you come back and take his car to your mechanic. Mommy, you can not imagine what he has done, since you left he has not shaved and has grown a very nice beard!”*

How is Grandma ?

*“She is doing well, she is here at nights and during the day she goes to her own house.”*

After some jokes Rosie said goodbye and hung up the phone. Now she was sure that I was not hallucinating. I was dead and had come back to life.

The day after, she asked me to explain everything and tell her about what I had seen. I told her from the beginning and explained as far as my breath allowed me.

Fifteen days after the second operation and having many X-rays, blood tests and examinations by ultra sound, I was given a special lunch which was a piece of unsalted cheese, one inch by one inch ! Then the pain and discomfort started again, resulting in twenty more days being on serum which is out of our discussion.

Exactly two and a half months after arriving in the hospital, I was told that I could leave the hospital. During this period I had lost ninety pounds. As my point of writing these memories is only explaining my death and returning back to life, I will not mention about other problems that occurred and the different treatments which I received. The day that I was leaving the hospital,

after I dressed, I went to see my doctors, thank them and say goodbye. I was so weak that I could not stand on my feet. All of my body was shaking. I visited Dr. Lomaire, kissed his face and hugged him, and then I went to the office of Dr. Lagadec. After he gave me instructions and told me how to take care, he smiled and told me, “We were totally disappointed for a short while”, I said, “I know doctor, on that Friday that I died you and Dr. Lomaire brought me back to life. I exactly remember everything and will appreciate your efforts that I am alive this day.” He was apparently very astonished and said, “You were out only a few minutes and were lucky. If it had taken longer you would have lost your brain and even if you were coming back it was useless because life without a brain puts you in a vegetation state and is worse than death. To be sure of my mental health, Dr. Lagadec asked me some medical and historical questions that I answered correctly. I am glad that when I died the extra sugar in my blood kept my brain alive. In saying goodbye to Professor Caroli, I cordially kissed his hands, he hugged me and told me, “Remember that God loves you very much. Go in peace and enjoy life. It was really a miracle.”

Before leaving the hospital, “Clinic De L’Alma, I told my brother that I want to discuss something personal with him. Rosie took a few

steps away and I repeated all of my brother's thoughts while I was out of my body. Even the one that no one, not even Rosie knew about until he was dead.

## Epilogue

I am sure that God loves me very much and with this experience showed me that He is watching me closely. He showed me that death is only a door to another world, the world that I think is the main purpose of creation. Our life in this small world is a short preparation course to get ready and worthy for eternal life in the light of His holy presence. I am glad that He arranged for this very pleasurable experience and gave me the grace of faith. Before my sudden death, I could not think that someday I will die. In those days, wealth, professional and social gains and securing the future of my family were my main concerns. Now I know that none of the above were important. Having faith, sharing the good news of the holy Bible with others and believing in his promises should be our purpose in this earthly life. When I returned to my practice, I

told my secretary to include a Christian pamphlet to all of the correspondences which were sent to the patients (which caused me a great problem when the moslems took over my beloved home country), back in Iran I was more involved in the church and within three years I was chosen as a church elder. Moreover, as my father used to do before any surgery, I started praying for my patients and asking “His” help and guidance. In my personal life, aggressiveness was replaced by calmness and total submission to “His”will. He has given me another blessing and that is seeing many things before actual happenings. I have seen many miracles in my family life and also in my daily practice. I believe that “He” is always with me to help and guide, so believe me when I say that during the past eighteen years I have witnessed many unbelievables. One occasion happened after the moslem clergies took over Iran. I was arrested, imprisoned and was supposed to be shot like many of my friends, charged as Zionist Imperialist Christian Spy. While in prison, I heard (yes , you are not mistaken, I heard) one of the hymnals translated to Farsi by my father, It says, “Those who believe in me will never enter the gates of the hell”, He came to the prison, took my hand and let me out of the country, safe and sound. I had a heart attack in 1992, Again “He” came and saved me. That is why I firmly believe

that He has many plans for me and will never leave me alone. Some of my American friends who know parts of my life history and have witnessed many problem solving miracles in my daily practice, every now and then tell me “We need help, please send a fax to your friend in heaven”, and I pray for them.

I am sure that after finishing my mission, I will go to “His” presence in a see of light and happiness, and keep praying that:

*Thy will be done on earth and in my life as it is in Heaven.*

Amen.