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Hello and welcome,

Today it is not an accident that you are listening to this broadcast. It is a divine appointment. I think you will be very blessed. I have a special guest speaker. Her name is Julie Christianson. Julie was raised in a Christian home and accepted Jesus as her Savior at an early age. I met Julie because she was a guest speaker at a Bible study I attended concerning heaven. As many of you know I lost my baby brother and his wife in less than a year apart recently. I have also had so many friends and listeners that have suffered the loss of a loved one. In addition, many have lost loved ones around the world due to Covid-19. There were questions in my mind about what happens when we cross over and the afterlife.

Well Julie has actually had that experience and her story brought great comfort to me and I believe it will be of great comfort to you. So I just want to introduce you now to Julie.

Let's pray before we get started. Jesus we just ask that you anoint every word spoken and open the hearts of those listening to what the spirit is saying to their heart and please be the God of comfort to everyone that needs your help today.

In Jesus name, amen.

I would like to start by sharing my life verse, Psalm 46:10: "Be Still and Know that I am God." There are many verses that the Holy Spirit has used to minister to me over the years, but (perhaps because I'm still not great at "being still"), the Lord continues to impress it upon my heart.

Twelve years ago my life almost ended. Don't tell me God doesn't have a sense of humor because He used my life verse quite literally to help me Be Still & Know Him! The testimony of my life is filled with moments where I can see God's hand at work but the times that stand out the most as if markers across a timeline of my life, have been the trials and challenges.

One of those times was in 2008 when I had surgery to remove a large tumor. As I prepared for the surgery, I began to feel apprehensive even though I prayed repeatedly, so I voiced my concern to close friends and family and asked them to pray over the situation. My answer seemed to be that God was telling me to proceed with the surgery as planned and that He would be with me.

The tumor was successfully removed, but because of its large size, (about the size of a grapefruit), it was a more complicated surgery than expected. My doctor stated they had to move things around to cut the tumor away from where

it was adhered which meant a lot of pain in recovery. I told my doctor I was not getting relief and she switched the medication to Dilaudid, one that I had been given in recovery that morning. Immediately upon receiving it, I realized something was wrong and alerted the nurses. They told me they had flushed the lines and everything had been administered correctly. I insisted that I felt like I was fading and about to be knocked out like when I received anesthesia prior to surgery. The nurses weren't alarmed and said it had been a long day for me and that I needed to rest. When they left, I told my husband, Trent, who had been sitting at the foot of the bed, to come sit right next to me because I was still concerned. I know that was the Holy Spirit's prompting because without that forewarning, especially from where he had been sitting, it could have been too late to revive me when he finally realized something was wrong.

Trent moved to the head of the bed, glanced down at his magazine and back up to me and I appeared to be asleep. But, then he noticed my lips were blue and the color completely gone from my face. He tried to wake me but I was unresponsive and then he heard what he described as one long, final breath. He checked for breathing but felt nothing, so he ran into the hall and yelled for help.

When the nurse entered my room and saw my condition, she immediately called a code blue and told Trent to move furniture out to make room for the emergency technicians. My room quickly filled with emergency personnel and hospital staff. Two nurses began to perform CPR. Nothing worked. When the ER doctor arrived, Trent heard him questioning the nurses as they replayed the day's events. He rushed into the room and told the doctor that I had stopped breathing just after receiving the pain medication. The ER doctor then ordered a reversal drug.

It was during this chaotic scene that I had what I can only describe as an out of body experience. The next thing I remember after telling my husband something was wrong, was seeing a tiny but very bright light that seemed to be surrounded by complete darkness, similar to a black tunnel with a light at the end. But, then that disappeared and I was hovering above what was happening in my hospital room. I could see everyone working frantically in the room and I could see my own lifeless body in the bed, which was in stark contrast with the very much alive spiritual nature I was in (which, oddly enough I could also "see"). Rather than focusing on my own physical body, my "spiritual eyes" locked in on and felt compassion for others in the room.

I could not understand the emotional distress of the people who were there. In particular, I was concerned about my husband. I looked intently and deeply into his face from just a couple of inches away, trying to understand his anguish, but he was looking past "me" to my body lying in the bed, calling out my name. I say, "he looked past me" because the essence of who I am, was encompassed in the spiritual nature. I still felt like Me, only different. I was so drawn to him and remember wanting to help him but not understanding his emotional pain.

*Thoughts of my children came to mind, and I knew my relationship with them but I was not concerned about leaving them. Instead, I felt an indescribable peace about the entire situation (definitely the opposite of what I would have felt in the flesh about leaving my kids behind). That peace was far beyond any peace I have ever felt in my earthly body. It truly was "a peace that passes all understanding" as **Philippians 4: 6-9** explains. Actually, it was those verses that I had clung to in my nervousness prior to the surgery. "**Be anxious for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God. And the peace of God, which surpasses all comprehension, shall guard your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus.**"*

Well, according to the hospital records, from the time the code blue was dispatched, 7 minutes elapsed before I was noted to be "arousable" and 11 min. before I was listed as alert. Prior to the code blue call, another couple of minutes had transpired before the first nurse arrived.

My charts stated that I had gone through "acute respiratory arrest with CPR and bag valve masking" due to being overly medicated. The nurses were able to get a "pinpoint" pulse at times but were not able to get respiration back through their CPR efforts.

Once the reversal drug was administered, I revived with a jolt, almost jumping out of bed. I was consumed by the physical distress and trauma. The pain was tremendous, as all effects of pain medication had been nullified. The surgery site across my lower abdomen felt like it had been ripped open. My ribs felt like they were cracked from the CPR compressions. I had a horrible headache and my legs began to convulse due to narcotic withdrawal. I cried out for someone to put pressure on my legs to control the shaking because it was causing such pain to the surgical incision. Once we were able to control that, I began to settle down. However, I was still frightened because I had overheard the doctor say that I could possibly rebound and go through it all again and I was very aware of what had happened and what the result could have been.

When I relaxed a bit, I began to call on people by name, which I saw on name badges while in the spiritual body hovering above the scene. I thanked one of the nurses who had performed CPR and the doctor who had administered the reversal drug. They were interested to hear what I had "seen" while unconscious. Although I hadn't focused on what was happening to my physical body during the time my spirit was separated from the body, I "knew" what had been done and who had done it.

I also remembered vividly an emergency technician who was not working on me, but who had watched everything transpire from the foot of my bed. My spirit had been concerned for him and couldn't understand the look of sadness upon his face. I asked to speak to him after the incident and told him about my

experience and how I had noticed him (while physically unconscious). He said he had felt that connection and that he had been staring at me because he was very sad to see a young mother losing her life. He said he had been going to a church but hadn't been in a while. He added that he would be going back that night and asked if he could share my story and how it had affected him. I fully believe God had a divine appointment for him to be in that room at that exact time.

**What I experienced in the spiritual realm was indescribably real and my senses heightened and different to what we experience in the physical realm. Negative emotions of worry, fear and grief were things I did not understand or feel. However, I had a strong sense of compassion for those who I could see were experiencing those emotions. I was also not concerned about the possible loss of human/physical life, even though it was my own.*

We have run out of time for today, but Julie still has more of her story to tell. So we will continue her testimony next broadcast, so be sure and listen in. Many of you may have experienced the loss of a loved one either recently or sometime in your life. You may be going through an illness or caring for someone who is very ill. Julie and I are telling her story because we want you to know that there is life after we pass from this life. We want to make sure you have the opportunity to make Jesus your Savior and secure eternal life with Him. If you do not know where you might spend eternity if God called your name today, then please say this prayer with me.

Jesus I confess I am a sinner. I humble myself and repent of my sins. Please forgive me of my sins. I believe You sacrificed your life and rose again from the dead to secure my salvation. Jesus come into my heart and be my Lord and Savior. In Jesus name, Amen.

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