

**SOUL LESSONS
FROM THE**
Light

HOW
SPIRITUALLY TRANSFORMATIVE EXPERIENCES
CHANGED MY LIFE

Yvonne Kason, M.D.



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EXPERIENCES CHANGED MY LIFE**

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Dedicated to
Paramahansa Yogananda
and
Mahavatar Babaji
Thank You.

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INTRODUCTION

My life has been molded and profoundly blessed by powerful Spiritually Transformative Experiences over the course of my lifetime: five extraordinary Near-Death Experiences, mystical experiences, out-of-body experiences, a kundalini awakening, clairvoyance, clairaudience, past-life recall, and more. These inspiring and moving Spiritually Transformative Experiences, a term I coined in 1994, have dramatically changed me and propelled my life in an increasingly more spiritual direction.

At the hand of the Divine sculptor, I have become one of a rare breed, someone who has had multiple Spiritually Transformative Experiences and multiple Near-Death Experiences, a modern-day mystic. But I know I am not alone. I know for a fact that people all around the world are also having spiritual awakenings of many types, and are having Spiritually Transformative Experiences too. I know this to be true as the president and co-founder of *Spiritual Awakenings International*[®] and based on over 40 years of research as a medical doctor.

In this book, I will share my personal story of how I learned about Spiritually Transformative Experiences first-hand through my own experiences. I'll share the intimate details of some of my most powerful Spiritually Transformative Experiences, including the stories of all five of my Near-Death Experiences, and reflect on the many life-changing after-effects each had on me and the course of my life. As I look back and reflect upon these spiritual experiences, I will share the many deep soul lessons that I learned through my repeated journeys to the other side and into heaven, the realm of the light and unconditional love of the Higher Power.

Although I started having Spiritually Transformative Experiences in my childhood, at that young age I did not recognize them as being anything out of the ordinary. My kundalini awakening with a full-blown mystical

experience occurred while I was in medical school. This first awakened me to the reality of spiritual and paranormal experiences being possible to the average person, rather than limited to saints and yogis. As a young doctor, my first adult Near-Death Experiences in 1979 confirmed that fact.

These experiences also transformed me, causing a marked increase in my spiritual yearning. Together, the Spiritually Transformative Experiences that I was having propelled me on a personal and professional quest to understand diverse spiritual and paranormal experiences. They prompted me as a young medical doctor to become a Spiritually Transformative Experience researcher in my private time. Over the years, many people who had undergone similar Spiritually Transformative Experiences began to confide in me as patients in my medical practice, and thus with time my medical career became increasingly focused on counseling patients who had undergone powerful paranormal and spiritual experiences. However, my research into Spiritually Transformative Experiences remained private for many years. I was in the closet because, as I will describe in this book, my Spiritually Transformative Experiences were not understood or accepted by those around me.

To my great astonishment, the Divine hand touched me again in 1990 with a powerful *calling mystical experience*. This was a strong prompting from Spirit to come out of the closet and publicly specialize my medical practice in Spiritually Transformative Experiences. I followed this inner guidance. Then as a spiritual confirmation of the validity of my decision, I felt blessed with another powerful mystical experience. I had another Near-Death Experience in 1995 that opened me to yet deeper mystical states of consciousness afterward.

I first described my dramatic plane crash Near-Death Experience as a young doctor and my resulting research quest in my 1994 book, *A Farther Shore*. In it, I first coined the phrase *Spiritually Transformative Experiences* to describe the broad range of powerful spiritual and paranormal experiences happening to many people. I found that Spiritually Transformative Experiences all tend to change the experiencer's values and attitudes into a more spiritual direction. They may also begin a long-term process of psychological and spiritual transformation.

In 2000, I wrote *Farther Shores*, a revised and updated version of *A Farther Shore*, to share my deeper insights and increasing medical

understanding of all types of Spiritually Transformative Experiences. I was delighted at how well both books were received by readers all over the world.

To my great wonder and amazement, the Divine hand touched me with yet another extremely powerful mystical experience, a white light Near-Death Experience on November 8, 2003, when I sustained a traumatic brain injury in a slip and fall accident and instantly died. After a profoundly beautiful welcome to the other side by saintly beings of light, and receiving many revelations in the loving white light realm of the afterlife, I later returned to my body to find myself seriously injured with a traumatic brain injury.

For twelve years following that 2003 traumatic brain injury, I thought my previous life as a practicing medical doctor and as an author and speaker, my life before the brain injury, were permanently gone. Certainly, my continuing medical challenges made it physically impossible for me to practice medicine any longer. For twelve years, I thought my ability to write books, engage in public speaking, or do volunteer work of any kind had also been permanently lost. However, to my great amazement and delight, on February 24, 2016, I experienced a miracle.

Through the grace of God, I had a miraculous and sudden brain healing – a miracle of neuroplasticity of the brain. As I describe later in detail, this Spiritually Transformative Experience suddenly and unexpectedly, with an eruption of white light in the center of my brain, healed me. The traumatic brain injury was healed abruptly and my writing-inspired creativity spontaneously was re-awakened. After years of complete loss, it was as if my brain and creativity had awakened from a twelve-year slumber!

After that miraculous day of healing, I felt like a caged bird finally set free. I rejoiced that at last, through my new books, I was able to express in writing the knowledge, life experience, and wisdom that had been locked inside my head for the previous twelve years due to the traumatic brain injury. The inspiration for several books flowed through my consciousness, together with the inner guidance to “pass on what you have learned.”

I wrote the first drafts of two new books in less than a year following my spontaneous brain healing: *Touched by the Light: Exploring Spiritually Transformative Experiences* and this book, *Soul Lessons from the Light*, my personal story. These two new books form a permanent written testimonial

documenting the extraordinary miracle that I experienced. Through the miracle of my healing, I have been able to continue writing books, and resume public speaking and serving others through volunteer work.

Later, inspired by a powerful download of inner guidance, I co-founded *Spiritual Awakenings International* www.spiritualawakeningsinternational.org, a non-profit charitable organization, and became the founding president. Spiritual Awakenings International's mission is to raise awareness globally about the whole spectrum of Spiritually Transformative Experiences. Thus, I am now *passing on what I have learned* through my new books, talks, and through my volunteer work with Spiritual Awakenings International.

I am very aware that I am not the only person having powerful spiritual awakenings with Spiritually Transformative Experiences. There are clearly documented testimonials of hundreds of mystics and seers for thousands of years written in the mystical literature of all sacred traditions. In addition, hundreds of people from all walks of life, from all over the world, have shared their stories with me, each one a powerful story of their own Spiritually Transformative Experiences. In fact, this leads me to conclude that there is a *global* spiritual awakening happening on our planet right now.

At the conclusion of this book, I will also introduce the model of *Purifying the Heart* to describe the successive stages spiritual seekers move through over the years in their evolution and spiritual growth. I think this beautiful model will greatly help others understand the stages and shifting focuses in the long-term spiritual transformation process of spiritual awakening.

I hope others will find inspiration and insight from this book. I believe my personal spiritual stories can help to validate others having similar experiences. I also hope to inspire and uplift readers, through deepening their love and trust for the incredibly loving Higher Power, God. I also hope the miracle of my sudden brain healing will give encouragement to readers as they face their own life challenges. Finally, I hope my readers will be reassured that in God all things are possible, miracles do happen, and they are happening for all of us all the time. There is always hope for a brighter tomorrow!

Yvonne Kason MD, December 2022

Chapter 1

MY CHILDHOOD NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCES

I now realize that I had two Near-Death Experiences when I was a child. I did not realize this for most of my life because as a child aged five years and then eleven years when my Near-Death Experiences (NDEs) happened, I did not label these experiences as anything unusual. I just accepted my out-of-body experiences during these close calls as normal childhood events. As a child, I knew no better. I had no idea these experiences were considered paranormal.

As an adult, I also didn't recognize my childhood Near-Death Experiences for many years, because they were both out-of-body type NDEs. These were very different from my adult Near-Death Experiences, which were all mystical/white light experiences - events that were much more powerfully transformative than my childhood NDEs. Thus for many years, I did not link the experiences together. It was only recently, with my deepened understanding gained over many years of studying the great diversity of NDEs, that I slowly came to realize that my two childhood out-of-body experiences were in fact childhood Near-Death Experiences.

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My First Childhood Near-Death Experience – Age 5 years

My first childhood Near-Death Experience happened when I was five years old. It happened during the summer before kindergarten. My maternal grandparents lived in Switzerland, and I had traveled there with my parents and siblings to visit my grandparents that summer. All my life I have clearly recalled this unusual near-miss incident that happened while we were standing on a train station platform in a small town in Switzerland, waiting for a train to arrive at the station.

I was born and raised in Toronto, Canada. Both my parents were born in Europe, and after World War II ended, they immigrated together to Canada. My father was born in Poland, and most of his siblings had also immigrated to Canada. My mother was born in Switzerland, and her parents, my grandparents, continued to live in Switzerland, in a scenic small town in the foothills of the Swiss Alps. My parents regularly took our family, my two brothers, my sister, and me, on summer vacations to visit our relatives in Switzerland. My grandparents were kind and loving people who opened their home to our good-sized family of six. Therefore, while in Switzerland we would stay in my grandparents' home, which overlooked a pasture of cows grazing, and rolling hills.

I have fond childhood memories of the sounds of visiting in my grandparents' home in this tiny Swiss village: the regular low-pitched gonging of the local church bells that loudly marked the hour, half-hour, and quarter-hour, plus the gentle ringing of the cowbells many of the cows grazing in the neighboring pasture had fastened under their necks. This chorus of country village sounds seemed like beautiful Swiss music to my young ears as a child.

We often traveled around Europe during our vacations there. As I recollect happily visiting my many relatives, aunts, uncles, and godparents, who lived in various locations around Switzerland, I recall joyously playing with my cousins who were close to my age. On weekends, when he was not working, my grandfather regularly drove us on outings to scenic locations all over Switzerland and into nearby Germany and Lichtenstein. We visited historic castles, took lifts up to mountain peaks with panoramic vistas, and traveled to have lunch at my grandfather's favorite restaurants, some

of which were nestled at beautiful lakeside locations. My summer holidays in Switzerland were the highlights of my childhood.

During our Switzerland visit when I was five years old, my parents took us on a short trip by train, perhaps to visit a relative. The Swiss train system is very well developed, punctual, and clean, leading most Swiss to travel regularly by train. As a curious young child, I eagerly looked around with great interest as we waited at the local train station. This was something new for me, traveling by train in Europe.

As I waited on the platform, I did not hold a parent's hand. My younger brother and sister were being held by them instead. An energetic blonde-haired blue-eyed youngster, I freely gazed around me. I watched intently as a station attendant jumped down off the platform onto the railway tracks, then quickly climbed up onto the next platform on the far side of the tracks. *Oh, that looks like fun*, I thought to myself, thinking about how I enjoyed climbing in playgrounds. I decided to do the same thing. I immediately leaned forward and began to jump down onto the railway tracks.

Suddenly, it felt like time stood still. While I was midair, time froze. It was as if my life were a movie, and the movie had frozen at one specific frame. My thoughts continued to flow, but the world around me seemed to have stopped, frozen in time. I suddenly found myself, or more accurately my point of perception, floating ten or twenty feet above my body, viewing the motionless scene below me.

From this viewpoint above my body, I could clearly see what I had not realized when I began to jump. I saw my tiny body poised in mid-air, at the beginning of my jump off the platform onto the tracks. However, from the vantage point above my body, I could also see that I was jumping directly in front of a rapidly oncoming train arriving at the station. Strangely, although it appeared that the train was about to hit my child-size body, while floating out-of-body watching the scene of the accident about to happen I did not feel any fear. Somehow I felt a powerful sense of peace and stillness. I felt calm and unafraid. *Oh, I see. I'm about to be hit by a train*, I calmly thought.

In the next instant, the movie of my life started moving forward again. Out of nowhere, a large adult's hand suddenly grabbed my tiny body from behind and pulled me back onto the platform. Suddenly I found myself

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back in my body again, standing on the station platform. The next instant I felt a strong gust of wind on my face, as the oncoming train rapidly pulled into the station on the tracks in front of me. My parents took me firmly by the hand and immediately started to scold me vigorously, after thanking the man who had pulled me back onto the platform.

I felt stunned by the whole incident. I felt shocked. *What just happened?* I wondered. I felt confused. I did not understand what had just happened to me. I did not feel frightened by the incident. Strangely, I felt very calm about it, perhaps because of the peace and calm I felt while out-of-body. However, as a young child at the time, I was frightened by the scolding I received. Therefore, I did not speak to my parents or grandparents about this train near-miss accident and out-of-body experience afterwards, for fear of bringing on another scolding.

As a child, it never crossed my mind that anything paranormal or unusual had happened when I went out-of-body. It is fascinating to me now, as an adult, that this childhood close-call and out-of-body experience has been etched in my memory all my life. The memory remains unusually clear in my mind to this day. I now know that this was my first Near-Death Experience, which I will explain later.

My Second Childhood NDE – Age 11 years

My second Near-Death Experience happened to me in 1964 when I was an eleven-year-old child. For most of my life, I did not realize that this unusual childhood experience was also a Near-Death Experience. But now, I realize that this was indeed an NDE as well.

This NDE happened when I suffered a serious head injury in a major car accident. This occurred while my family and I were moving from Toronto, Canada, to Los Angeles, California in 1964. At the time, I was still a child in all aspects because puberty had not begun yet, and I still had an optimistic wide-eyed innocence about the world and life. At that age, life seemed to me to be a great adventure, one that still lay undefined in front of me.

My father had decided that our family would immigrate to the USA and move to Los Angeles, California. All legal immigration paperwork had been completed, and the entire family had received green cards,

permitting us to move to the USA as immigrants. As an eleven-year-old child, I didn't really understand why we were moving, but I trusted my father's decision. I guessed that my father thought California would offer him better opportunities for his business success.

Dad planned the move with our entire six-member family, including mom, dad, my two brothers, my sister, and me, driving together across the continent in our large family station-wagon car. The drive from Toronto to Los Angeles would take about one week. Our former Toronto home had been sold, and our personal belongings and household furniture had all been packed into a moving van. It was scheduled to meet us upon our arrival at our new home in Los Angeles, about one week later.

As we set off for our cross-continental drive, our car was full to the brim. Mom and Dad were seated in the front on the bench-style seat. Dad would be doing all the driving. The four children were all seated in the second-row bench-style seat, my sixteen-year-old brother, my eight-year-old sister, my six-year-old brother, and eleven-year-old me. The rear luggage area of the station-wagon was filled, packed tightly with the suitcases of six people. This was before the age of seatbelts in cars, and thus we four children were all squeezed together, seated irregularly to fit on the second-row bench-seat without any seatbelts on.

The Car Accident

As we left Toronto and drove west out of the city along the highway, I thought we were beginning a big adventure. Relaxed and quite excited, I looked out the car window at the passing scenery. Less than an hour after we left Toronto, as we were speeding along the highway, I recall suddenly feeling the car lurch sharply. I remember asking Dad "What's that?"

"Probably a flat tire," my father replied as he struggled to control the veering car. From that point onwards, I have no worldly memories until several days later, when my body regained consciousness in the hospital. I was later told that I had lost consciousness during the accident, presumably around the time my worldly memories ended.

My parents later described to me the details of the events that transpired after I lost consciousness during the car accident. It all happened very quickly, they said. Our fully loaded car had been traveling at high

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speed along the highway when the flat tire struck. The heavy car swerved abruptly with the “pop” of the flat tire exploding, and then veered sharply off the road onto the highway’s graveled soft shoulder. It then plunged down into the wide, deep ditch beside the highway. The station-wagon flipped over as it plummeted into the deep ditch, rolling over at least once, perhaps twice. The vehicle finally came to a stop at the bottom of the ditch, with its roof collapsed and compressed, and with the car body dented and smashed from the impact of the rolls.

Several of my family members were seriously injured during the accident. Dad had been gravely injured in the driver’s seat. He had fractured several ribs and dislocated a shoulder from impacts with the steering wheel and car frame during the accident. The top of Dad’s head had also suffered huge lacerations, and he was bleeding profusely from these large scalp cuts. His face and body were covered with blood when the ambulance finally arrived. Mom in the front seat passenger area had also suffered many deep and large lacerations from broken glass, especially on her neck and on her arms.

My eight-year-old sister had been thrown through a window of the car and landed on the pavement a short distance from the car’s wreckage. She broke her arm when she landed and suffered many large cuts to her face from glass and pavement. Miraculously my two brothers, aged six and sixteen, were essentially unharmed in the accident. Somehow they were both protected during the accident, wedged between the cushions of the front bench-seat and the second-row bench-seat. They were able to walk away from the accident, quite shaken emotionally, but physically suffering only minor scratches.

Several passing vehicles stopped to offer help, and one passerby called for an ambulance. Another person who stopped happened to be a Catholic priest. My father was obviously severely injured, bleeding profusely from his huge head lacerations. The priest thought that my father would likely die quickly from his serious injuries, and would not survive the ambulance drive to the hospital. Therefore with my father’s consent, the priest performed the last rites on my father while we all waited for an ambulance to arrive.

After the ambulance arrived, its crew managed to pull my father and mother out of the front seat of the crushed and tangled car wreckage. My

two brothers were pulled out of the compacted second-row seat area. They were placed on the highway shoulder next to my injured parents. My sister, crying in pain with her broken arm, was also located and placed beside my parents on the roadside.

My father recounted to me many times in the past, how he could barely see during the car accident's aftermath and rescue, due to the quantity of blood pouring down his face and into his eyes. However, dad remembered vividly that he kept counting his children beside him...one, two, three. One child was missing he realized. One daughter is missing, he thought. "My daughter!" dad exclaimed.

It was true. I was indeed missing. My body was not visible in the car wreckage or around the car at the scene of the accident, so the rescuers thought they had found all the car's passengers. However, my body had not yet been found. "My daughter," my father repeated again and again.

Unfortunately, the rescuers thought that dad was confused or in a delirious state, carrying on about his daughter. They thought dad was referring to my injured sister, who had already been retrieved. Thinking all the passengers had now been accounted for, they did not search further for a second daughter.

I am told that a casual passerby finally found my unconscious body. This passerby for some reason decided to look in the compacted luggage area of the crushed station wagon wreckage, perhaps to see if any of the luggage could be salvaged. To their surprise, when they pried one of the suitcases out of the crushed rear of the station wagon, they could see a child's body part protruding from among the luggage. It was my unconscious body. "There's another one in here," they exclaimed. It was only then that the rescuers finally found me, and with difficulty pulled my body out of the car's wreckage.

Dad told me that he could only finally relax then, after I was finally discovered and brought to his side on the shoulder of the road. Dad then breathed a sigh of relief while the paramedics continued in their efforts to control his heavy bleeding and stabilize his condition. Dad then knew, to his great relief, that all four of his children had been found, and they had all survived the accident.

We guess that somehow during the jolts, swerves, and rolling of the car into the deep ditch during the accident, my unrestrained child-sized

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body had been thrown up and back out of the second-row seat area, into the luggage area in the rear of the car. During either the impact or the rolls, I sustained a serious head injury. When the car finally came to a stop in the ditch, I lay unconscious, out of sight, covered by the suitcases in the crushed rear luggage area.

After we were all pulled from the car wreckage, we were taken by ambulance to a nearby hospital, where my father, mother, sister, and I were immediately admitted for treatment of our respective injuries. We all gradually recovered from our various physical injuries. I was hospitalized for two weeks, due to my head injury and a less serious neck injury. My parents informed me that I remained unconscious for the first several days that I was in the hospital. Their memory for the details of my medical condition and recovery was not clear, however, because they, too, were seriously injured and hospitalized.

My Out-of-Body Near-Death Experience

My last worldly memory of this car accident was the sensation of a sudden sharp jolt of the car as we were speeding along the highway. I also recall asking Dad, "What's that?" and hearing my father's reply. I have no worldly memory for the next few days. However, I do have other memories.

My next memory is of my spirit and point of perception floating above the car wreckage, immediately after the accident. My unconscious physical body was buried under the luggage of the mangled station-wagon. I clearly recall viewing my injured father from several feet above him, while he lay injured at the roadside. I inwardly felt and heard my father calling out for me, as from above I heard him cry out, "My daughter." It felt to me as if my soul somehow knew that Dad was calling out for me, and this call from his soul had drawn my out-of-body spirit to move to him briefly. My memory then abruptly shifts to a short time later, in a different location.

My next clear memory is of my spirit and point of perception floating up by the ceiling above my unconscious body in the emergency room of a nearby hospital. By that time, my injured body had been taken there by ambulance. I watched from above as my body lay motionless on a surgical table in a room in the emergency department. It seemed as if the physical ceiling of the room had been removed or had become transparent, allowing

me to view the scene unfolding below, as my spirit floated fifteen feet or so above my body. I could see the colors and detail of my clothes as my physical self lay with limp unmoving limbs.

Below me, I could clearly see the shiny metallic curved top surface of the large disc-shaped operating room light which hung over the table, suspended from the ceiling. I watched from above as two male medical personnel bent over my unconscious body, examining me and trying to revive me. I guessed that they were doctors. As I watched the events occurring around my body below, I felt no pain or distress. I felt still, completely peaceful, and totally unafraid.

Returning to My Body

My next memory is a few days later when I abruptly awoke in my previously unconscious body. I distinctly recall the moment that I awakened. It felt as if I were waking from a very deep sleep. I was slightly disoriented at first. I looked around me, to try to figure out where I was. I discovered myself to be in a bed in a children's ward in a hospital. It was nighttime, and my room had very dimmed lights. I found myself wearing a hospital gown, laying in a children's hospital bed with the railings pulled up high on both sides. There were other children in my room who were asleep in their respective beds.

I recall that upon waking I had a very strong urge to go to the washroom to pass urine. I didn't realize the nurses had put me in diapers while I was comatose, something I had outgrown many years earlier. Therefore, I sat up in my bed and looked around for a washroom. I could not see a washroom nearby. I would have to walk down the hall to find a washroom, I thought. Disconnecting myself from whatever medical lines had been attached to me, I then carefully climbed over the bed railing and out of the bed.

Peering out of the doorway of my hospital room, I saw a long semi-lit hallway to my left. I started slowly walking barefoot down the hospital corridor in search of a washroom. A disgruntled nurse suddenly appeared from nowhere at the end of the hall and rushed down the hall towards me. "You should not be out of bed," she scolded me.

"But I have to pee!" I responded.