

My Sweet Encounter with Death

A true story (a summary by Pat Evert)

• Preface

I went through peril, discovering I was not alone, even when experiencing my own murder. The following is a record of a spiritual journey. It was thrust upon me by circumstances I did not want or choose. Dramatically my spiritual journey led me to a reality that cannot be contested. I was there, experienced it myself, and **I'm a changed person**. What was all-important to me before my encounter with death means little to me now; **what was a nice, tame flicker of faith before is now vibrant and real**.



• Coming of Age

I was born in Alexandria, Egypt, where I was blessed with an exceptionally comfortable childhood. My father was a true gentleman who cherished my mother. He treated her with the deepest love, respect, and kindness. I grew up assuming that all men were made like him. At fifteen I fell in love with a Muslim, Sam. By the time I was twenty, our love had become much stronger. When I saw how upset my father became, I finally realized that I had to forget Sam, once and for all. I could not dishonor my father. In the summer of 1984, in California, I met Paul. He was a pleasant man. He was of the same Coptic Christian faith, so of course, my family approved of him. I felt that I would eventually fall in love with him since he was treating me like a princess. The man I had married was not the same generous man who had showered me with love, kindness, and consideration. He revealed himself as cold, critical, controlling, selfish, and materialistic. I was married to a narcissist and did not know it at the time. I was disturbed and disgusted on how far he would go to make sure I had no family members around. **He wanted to completely isolate me to have complete control**. A narcissist is controlling and manipulative with an inflated sense of self-importance. Life evolves only around his or her needs. Narcissists are extremely selfish and lack empathy for others. They become emotionally unavailable, the more a person shows them love. They deplete you emotionally and financially. I was often drained and ill from the constant arguing and hostility in our home. In 1989, my sister Nadia was divorced and wanted to come visit me. My husband said she would need to give us a piece of her jewelry which would cover the cost of the ticket. Despite Paul's disgusting behavior, it was difficult to leave him; but I knew I had to get out. It did not make any sense to stay in such a toxic relationship. On my fourth month of being pregnant with our son Andrew, **my sister Nadia committed suicide**. I never forgave myself for

allowing Paul to control the situation, to the point that I failed to do the right thing by my sister. Four years later, we were having dinner with my cousin and his wife. I made a remark about the idea of hiring a divorce lawyer. Paul right away, in front of everyone, boasted, "I can also hire a sniper." I wanted to get out of this toxic marriage once and for all, but I believed that Paul would truly harm me if I tried. The children were the best thing that came out of that marriage. Unfortunately, the children were caught in the middle and were torn and devastated by watching the constant arguments. For thirteen years, priests and counselors gave us their guidance, but nothing changed. One evening, I came home late after attending a concert with my mother and family friends. The following morning, Paul threatened that the next time I came home late, he would slit my throat. It was clear that his attitude and behavior were getting worse and intolerable. So, I took a leave from my work and became determined to **get out of this toxic marriage**. I knew that it was better for my children to grow up in a single parent home with peace and harmony, than to live with both parents in such a toxic environment. Paul was still the father of our two children. He had a say in their lives, just as much as I did. I still had to accommodate Paul. More hard lessons would lie ahead for all of us.

• Fresh Start

In April of 1990, I planned a trip to visit my mother, who had moved back to Egypt from Canada after my sister Nadia had died. My mother was on her own since my father had died in a horrible car accident in 1982. Once Sam found out I was in Egypt, he invited me out for lunch. It was as if we never separated for those almost twenty-five years. I discovered that he had the character of my ideal man. He was kind and gentle, a good listener, as well as tender and romantic. He swept me off my feet, and I fell in love with him all over again. He was as unhappy in his marriage as I had been in mine. Both of us were looking for love. We wanted many of the same things. The children were overjoyed when Sam and I announced that we were getting married. I knew I would disappoint my family and friends by marrying a non-Christian, but I could not resist Sam this time. I had so longed for the love and kindness of a good man that I was not able to walk away. Having already made up my mind and feeling confident in my decision, I did not consider that I was making the worst decision of my life. **Paul was starting a new tactic to turn the children against me.** When it came to jobs, Sam was not able to find anything substantial because of his imperfect English and lack of work experience in the US. He decided to stay home and care for the children and the household. I enjoyed working, so I did not mind being the breadwinner. I loved Sam so much that I did not even mind supporting his two daughters and ex-wife in Egypt. He was a great cook and had a hot meal ready for me at the end of each day. We never quarreled or disagreed. Sam loved playing with the children and always took them swimming and bike riding. **Our marriage was like a fairy-tale love story.**

• Heartbreak and Hard Lessons

Paul was angry that our children were being raised in a home with a different man. He tried many ways to make a case for gaining custody of Andrew and Colleen. Sam and I

were constantly back and forth in court and at police stations, defending ourselves against false accusations. Sam never lost his temper with them. But I was sad to see **my children tormented and manipulated by Paul**. Paul had convinced them that the only way their pain would stop was if their mother disappeared from their lives. I made the difficult decision to give Paul sole physical custody of the children; and we maintained joint legal custody, which meant that the children lived with Paul during the week and I had them on weekends. I just wanted us all to move on with our lives and have Paul concentrate on the well-being of the children, instead of **destroying them in the process of trying to hurt me**. He soon convinced them that they could not visit me at all, as long as Sam was in the house. Paul would make it a habit to send me home empty-handed on the weekends. He had to control everything, and he was getting a kick out of it. I received an offer to be a Director of Finance at a lavish hotel in Dubai. Sam convinced me that he could only help me financially if we moved to the Middle East. I listened to a timely sermon by Greg Laurie, **an “unknown” future in the hands of a “known” God**. I was amazed that a big God could be thinking of my need and be so gracious and kind to gift me what I felt I needed that night. He would deal with my heart issues and make a way to stay connected to my children through it all. In Dubai my heart ached – I longed for Andrew and Colleen. Moving away from the children was one of the hardest things I ever did. The owner of our hotel fired the general manager and appointed me interim general manager to oversee the entire operations of the hotel. The honest employees were so happy to see justice done on their behalf and called me “an angel from Heaven.” They felt I was the answer to their prayers, and they loved and respected me. My nickname at the corporate office was: “The lady with the balls.” I saw a side of Sam that I had never seen before, and I did not like it. **He was a womanizer and a hustler**. New tensions arose between us. Being away from Andrew and Colleen tormented me more and more. I decided that I must move back to the US to tend to my children. I could not trust Sam anymore. All of this destroyed my trust in him; **I finally decided to end our marriage**. I talked to my employer about my situation. I was amazed when they agreed to pay off my bank loan completely without me having to pay them back. They also gave me a great severance package. I felt very blessed and could clearly see God’s hand leading me out of Dubai to be back with my children.

• My Humble Return

Paul prevented them from visiting me and kept them overly busy on the weekends. I kept counting the hours until each weekend arrived in the hope that I would see Andrew and Colleen, but there was always an excuse from their father as to why I couldn’t. I became lonely and sank into a deep depression. I convinced myself that I was a failure on all fronts. **I hated myself**. The act of simple thinking was tumultuous and caused me extreme anxiety. This depression was severe. It was a long process to get out of, and I could not do it alone. I needed someone to literally take me by the hand and get me the help I needed. Sam came back and took good care of me during my treatment. **I reluctantly remarried him**. Colleen finally opened up and told me how miserable she was living with her dad. I immediately hired a no-nonsense lawyer who

filed an overnight action called “ex-parte.” We took Paul to court the next day, and I was awarded full physical custody of Colleen, one of the best days of my life!

• **A Warning from the Lord**

Sam said, “I have decided to have communion when we go to church tonight. You should be happy, not upset.” I tried to explain to him that I could not be happy for an action taken with the wrong attitude and for the wrong intention. But he insisted that he would do it. Communion was only offered to believers and was not to be taken lightly or proudly. I fell out of love with Sam. Even though he was not happy about our plans for a divorce, he agreed to go along with a peaceful, undisputed divorce.

• **An Amazing Journey Begins**

I became very sick and took two weeks off work. As I drove, I saw a vision of my brothers and sisters. I had never seen a vision before. In it, one of my family members had just died. The Holy Spirit said, “**Child, I am in every little detail of your life.**” I was in awe as I realized that He had been in every little detail of my life and I had not even acknowledged Him.

• **Quiet Fellowship Before the Storm**

“**Child, it’s not your brother—it is You.**” I realized that something serious was going to happen to me. Now it all made sense. This was why the Lord revealed Himself to me. **I was going to die.** I wanted to jump out of bed and go hug Colleen one last time. I wanted to call Andrew and say goodbye after telling him how much I loved him and how much he had been my sunshine, **but I could not move—it was too late.** I was helpless. The Spirit of Death was upon me as my heart was shattered over my children. I realized that the Lord would take care of my children in my absence. He would continue to hold them tightly in His arms. “Child, relax! **You will be going on a journey, and you will come back and become my ambassador.**” The Holy Spirit whispered to me. “You need to relax. Child, you need to stop thinking,” He said quietly.

“Be still, and know that I am God.” (Psalm 46:10a, ESV)

“Child, now you need to shut your eyes. Just remember. No matter what happens, do not open your eyes.” I did not open my eyes, neither did I shut the process down with my fears. **I had no fear.** I was in total peace, determined to go through the process, even though I knew it meant death. Suddenly, everything became calm again. The bright light was no longer there. The windows stopped rattling and my heart stopped pounding. **I was surprised that I was not dead yet. I had no feeling in my body at all. I was totally paralyzed.** It was a beautiful night having the Comforter by my side, keeping me company. It did not matter anymore that I was paralyzed. I did not care whether I would be able to walk again or not. All that mattered was the presence of the Lord with me. ***Who am I, I asked myself, to be so blessed that the Lord is keeping me company?*** I was in so much awe over the whole encounter. The whole night was full of visions, and the Holy Spirit did not leave me for one minute.

• **My Eyes Were Shut So I Can See**

I awoke the next morning - *I am still alive. Why is he taking the time to take off my watch and my Diamond ring instead of calling 911? Because I was paralyzed.* To my astonishment, **Sam climbed on top of my paralyzed body and started raping me.** As soon as he tried to move my body off the bed, I fell from his arms onto the floor. Sam left my body curled on the floor in the corner of our bedroom and sat on the bed. *Why is he acting as though all this is normal?* Sam was pouring ice water all over my naked body. As I felt the torture of ice water piercing my body. *Why is this man so stupid? I thought. Can't he clearly see that I can't move? Why is he not calling 911?* Then I felt Sam's body leaning over mine and his fingers holding my nostrils shut. Suddenly my mouth and jaw opened and I gasped for air. **I suddenly remembered my million-dollar life insurance policy.** Sam was still a beneficiary of half a million dollars, as I had not had a chance to remove him from my policy – it all made sense now. I was left curled up on the floor, but the Holy Spirit was still with me comforting me. His presence made all the difference in the world. Sam returned to the room and leaned over my body again, but this time he gently covered my mouth with his hand as he held my nostrils shut with his fingers. The suffocation was tormenting until I saw Jesus standing tall. I could not see His face. He was wearing a white robe with His right hand stretched toward me. **I am now convinced that the Holy Spirit reveals Himself to each victim while they are being tortured.** He does not save every soul from dying, but He is there to coach and provide peace through it all until **He escorts us to the other side. The presence of the Lord takes away any fear and anxiety and eases any pain despite the severity of that pain or torture.**

• **My Visit to Heaven**

There was no end and there was no beginning. There was no darkness when I stopped breathing. It was as if I took off a heavy coat. I just kept on going. I could see the sky covered with distinct white clouds, which gently opened, and I saw the most beautiful blue sky. All around it were large animals flying with large wings. The animals had spectacular, multiple bright colors. I continued to walk down the hallway until I came to a door. I saw someone standing at the doorway. She was a body of light. It was my mother, Sue. I recognized her soul immediately. Her face had no detail; she was a complete body of light and stood at the same height she had on earth. Then there was another body of light coming towards me. It was my sister Nadia who was coming to greet me. Nadia looked just like my mother, a body of light, but taller. Even though I could not see their faces, I recognized their souls right away and gravitated towards them with the feeling of **so much love and incredible joy, which I never experienced on earth.** We were always told by our church, growing up that suicide is an act of murder and therefore anyone who commits suicide goes to Hell. Seeing my sister in Heaven assured me that the Lord has an immense heart of compassion. As we were standing there, I started complaining to Nadia. **"I can't handle this joy.** I am so overwhelmed I just cannot contain it, and I don't know what to do with it." I never thought I would utter these words and complain about overwhelming joy. I have often been overwhelmed with stress, disappointments, and sadness, but never joy. It was a

feeling of ecstasy that you do not come down from. Standing with Dad, Mom, and Nadia was more than overwhelming. We were communicating, but I am not sure how because we were not talking, but we understood each other. Suddenly, I saw the face of Jesus revealing itself to me. His face was glorious! He was not as handsome as I imagined.

I had travelled outside of time. I do not know how I know this because I have never comprehended the notion of a place which stood outside of time, yet everything was clear to me about what had just taken place. Soon after, I found myself in my room, looking down on my bed where Sam lay holding my lifeless, naked body in his arms. I saw it from above, as if I were a bystander. Abruptly, **I jumped from his arms and stood up at the foot of the bed** – I was no longer paralyzed. As a matter of fact, I was **filled with strength and amazing energy**. I wish I would have had a camera to capture the look on Sam's face. Sam was scared and annoyed because I kept insisting that he leave. I was not afraid of him. I was surrounded by peace and knew that I was protected by a higher power. I convinced Colleen that I needed to visit my sick brother in Egypt for two weeks and that she needed to go spend those two weeks with her dad and brother. I told Colleen to have her dad call the police because Sam had tried to kill me. I insisted that she ask her dad to call the police – she finally did.

• Side-Lined!

I stayed with Colleen in her room until the police arrived. All my children saw in the past was complete harmony and how Sam always treated me with love and respect. **The police officers as well, did not believe me.** I could not prove anything, since I was no longer paralyzed and there were no apparent signs of any abuse. I realized that they were not going to arrest Sam. I was taken to a hospital and was put under continuous supervision. It did not take long after the first policeman left my room before I found myself being put back on a gurney and **taken to a mental hospital**. I was afraid to say the wrong thing. I felt that all my words were being monitored, and **I feared making things worse. So, I decided to stay silent.**

Seven days passed before I was told that I would attend a hearing where a judge would determine if I was being kept against my will. One of the questions the judge asked me was how much I made per week. I remember the puzzled look on his face when I said "\$2,500." "Do you make this amount per month?" he asked. "No, per week," I stated. "Where do you work?" he asked with a confused tone. "At SSI," I said. "Are you saying you collect that much for disability?" he asked with a puzzled look. "No, what disability? I am paid by a company named SSI. I am their Chief Financial Officer," I answered. He realized something in my records was wrong. "But it says here you are collecting Social Security from SSI," he stated. "No, **I work for SSI. It's a food distributing and manufacturing company,**" I said. The doctor released me once he found out I had a safe family member, my sister, who could sign me out and take me home. As soon as we arrived home, my brother-in-law changed the locks. I did not mention to anyone about my spiritual encounter while Sam was finishing me off. I realized that just saying that he tried killing me had made me sound irrational, and I

was locked up as a result of it. Can you imagine what would have happened if I had said that I visited Heaven and had seen my mom and dad? I think I would still be locked up to this day! Now Paul had used circumstances to his advantage and got full custody. Losing custody of Colleen after all this was more devastating than being tortured and left for dead. When my lawyer mentioned in court that my husband tried to kill me, Paul's lawyer laughed, which made the judge chuckle as well – I was being mocked. The judge ordered that my mental state be evaluated by a psychiatrist for six more months while Colleen continued to live with her father.

My lawyer suggested that I should do **a forensic hair analysis to find out exactly what caused my paralysis**. I followed my lawyer's advice, and a hair sample was submitted to an independent lab for forensic analysis. The lab results were given to a doctor who prepared a letter addressed to the family court:

These abnormalities include a Mercury level which is 60 times the reporting limit, Selenium 69 times the limit, Antimony 49 times the limit, Lead 280 times the limit, Bismuth 40 times the limit, and most disturbing, Barium at 2,750 times the limit. The uptake of very large amounts of barium that are water-soluble may cause paralysis and in some cases death. How could I have such a large amount of barium showing up in my hair analysis? Wouldn't I know if I had been poisoned? Research showed that barium has no color, no taste, and no smell. I usually ate at home and Sam usually prepared my food. He must have also realized that he was running out of time, because I only agreed for him to stay at the Condo for three weeks after we filed for divorce. He must have put a heavy dosage of poison in my rice that night. Him raping me while I was paralyzed now made more sense because he needed to show that we were on good terms before I died, as we had just been intimate. His plan must have been to place me in the bathtub and claim that I overdosed on Xanax, fell asleep in the bathtub, and simply drowned.

I went to the local Police Station. I felt that the lab report proving a heavy dosage of different poisons, along with Sam's name as a beneficiary to my million-dollar life insurance, would indicate that he had enough motive to try and kill me. To my surprise, they were not interested. In the county newspaper it was written on June 17 2009 (same year as my encounter) entitled: "IF IT'S AMERICA'S SAFEST CITY, IT MUST BE IRVINE." I often wonder if they avoided investigating my case to preserve Irvine's reputation and ranking. After all this man did to me, I was denied a simple restraining order against him. Sam was never held accountable for what he did. With the grace of God, I divorced him in February, four years after we had remarried. He left the country soon after and remains far away to this day!

• **Although One Comes Back from the Dead...**

Years have passed since my encounter with death. I ponder my time in Heaven and the details of my experiences and what they meant. Spending time with my parents and sister who appeared to me as beings of light, was more than comforting, especially the assurance that my sister Nadia is in Heaven. Watching Jesus reveal Himself to me was breathtaking, but the most remarkable realization was when the Comforter told me that **He is in every little detail of my life**. The poison that had paralyzed me, had been

defeated completely and instantly, proving that something miraculous had taken place. The comfort and peace I felt during the attack was so precious and allowed me to endure the suffering and pain. **I felt assured that we are never left alone when we are persecuted, tortured, or when we endure a tragic death.** I have forgiven Sam for what he did. I hold no bitterness over what happened. As a matter of fact, I am delighted that by his evil actions, I had the **opportunity to have an encounter with the Lord.** I discovered the joy of living and acknowledging the Holy Spirit in every remaining part of my life. Ironically, **the day Sam tried to murder me was the best day of my life.** Since this incident, the Lord has become my best friend, my comforter, my counselor, my soul mate, and indeed my everything. He took me through wrenching human perils and through death. He revealed Himself on my death bed as **He carried me gently through suffering.** Furthermore, I have also forgiven Paul. As the years passed, Paul became a better father to our children, and I continued to nourish their relationship with him. I eventually became friends with his new wife who was a very good stepmother to both. I have always been truly grateful for her presence in their lives. Paul let me know that he was sorry for all the pain he caused me. We finally have peace between us.

• My Sweet Encounter with Life

Ten years after my encounter with death a new neighbor moved in. I was content and not interested in a relationship with a man. I also did not want any distractions from my service to the Lord and my mission of being His ambassador. I felt no man would understand my intimate relationship with my God and may even get jealous. To my surprise, my heart opened up for Robert, and I fell in love with him and realized that my heart could handle the love of a man along with the greater love of my God.

• Reflections

I had been addicted to Sam. Most of us think an addiction is related to alcohol or drugs, but many people are **hooked to a toxic partner and do not even know it.** I am relieved knowing that he left the country and is far away. In looking back, I have wondered why I was vulnerable to a narcissist like Paul and fell prey to a sociopath like Sam. How many young women rush into marriage, as I did with Paul, wanting stability and security? I often wonder how many people get away with poisoning their loved ones, and claiming they overdosed, drowned, or committed suicide. "Who is He that considers the downtrodden, weak, and powerless?" He is a God greater than our ability to comprehend, but He lowers Himself to our level to encourage, nurture, and deliver us from every affliction. I no longer fear death. **Death is not an end, but rather a sweet journey into a new, overwhelming beginning.** When we die, there is neither darkness nor silence. Our soul just keeps on going after leaving our body behind. The Holy Spirit is the most precious gift ever given to us, and most of the time we don't even acknowledge Him. He will never impose His presence on us, neither does he leave us if we do not acknowledge Him. Just as He is with us in life, the Lord escorts us through the amazing transition we call death to what he has prepared for us. I want to shout from the highest mountain **"God is in every little detail of our lives!"**