



August 21, 2011: Message From Michael*

Hello, Everyone!

I wanted to let you know that I am alive and mending well from my latest interview with death on August 10th. First of all, however, I wanted to thank all of you who have been so kind, loving, and giving of yourselves to Raphaëlle and me during my days of recovery

and healing so far. It's been an interesting ride, to say the least. I would love to thank each of you personally, but, I'm just getting to the place where I can write one note to everyone. I hope you'll understand.

I know it's been quite the challenge, especially for Raphaëlle and for many of you who have cared deeply for me to see me star in, yet another episode of, "Michael Tamura and the Deathly Hallows." I truly hope that since Harry Potter was able to complete the film version of his story in two parts, I would be able to finish my real-life version with this "Part 4." I'm convinced that three heart "adjustments" and four death/near death experiences are enough for one lifetime. And, I have much too much yet to fulfill that I can't be dropping dead here and there! Besides, I'm discovering how much cheaper it is to keep living - the cost of dying is way beyond our budget at this time.

The reason I mentioned that I felt that this experience was much more difficult for Raphaëlle and others closest to me is that I was spared much of the awareness of what was going on physically with me during the most critical times. Today, I celebrate my eleventh day back to life since my heart stopped while I was working out at my gym and my body collapsed off of my favorite elliptical machine. Of course, I don't recall any part of that. Raphaëlle had recapped the event for me patiently each time I asked her what had happened.

A few days ago, however, I got to speak with Karen, the delightful manager of the Mt. Shasta Fitness Club about my latest heart escapade. It was her son, a college student who also just happened to be an Emergency Medical Tech, who just happened to be visiting her from Redding and working out at the gym that day, who

defibrillated my heart back to life. She told me that a man who was upstairs in the aerobics workout room with me ran down to announce my dire predicament and her son responded immediately with the defibrillator that they had on hand at the gym. They placed the 911 call for an ambulance that then delivered me to our local ER from where I was medevacked to the Redding Mercy Hospital Cardiac Unit. There, Dr. Mendelsohn, my cardiologist, was preparing for my arrival and heart surgery along with a colleague, Dr. Pottmeyer, who specialized in cardiac bypass surgery without the use of the heart-lung machine. Although I don't have a conscious memory of all of these physical events, I have not a doubt in my mind - or heart - that the Divine Conductor was orchestrating this symphony of healing for me.

Today, eleven days after my heart stopped and then revived, I still have no memory of anything for the first three or four days. I'm told that I was under full anesthesia for twenty-four hours following my surgery. I've even discovered that I have little to no memory of the six days preceding that experience. It wasn't until the morning I first awoke back in my own bed at home five days ago, however, that I started to retain a pretty consistent memory of my days.

I recall that morning quite vividly. I opened my eyes to the early morning light streaming in from the forest into our bedroom. My body felt as if someone had sawed my chest in half, right down the midline, and had kept it trussed open with a giant clamp - like some macabre torture scene from a grade-B horror flick. Yet, no amount of the pain could make the slightest indentation on the joy that overflowed from my heart. Spirit fully trumped any bodily experience. Grace prevailed through and beyond everything. I was happy, not only to be home, waking up in my own bed, but, above all, I was happy that I am.

Today, the conditions of my existence are completely separate from the bliss of my existence. I am - and things happen. The two, perhaps for the first time in my life, were fully not dependent upon each other. I was seeing spread out before me, like an animated Tarot reading, the various upended conditions of my life: the critical condition of my body and health, the uncertain conditions of my work, the precarious state of our business and finances, and the overall shaky state of my earthly life. At the same time, over the course of the past eleven days, I had been brought back to physical life through the combined efforts, knowledge, wisdom, expertise, and, above all, the love and dedication of so many people. For that, I

feel a profound gratitude. Yet, all of that was completely separate from my being. I am - and things were happening. And, no matter what happened, I felt the bliss of my being. My profound happiness had nothing to do with anything going on in my life. It depended on nothing outside of being. I had the incredible blessing to experience that conditions of existence have nothing to do with my being. They are - I am.

The word that I heard Raphaelle use more than any other to describe my memory and mental state over the first five days of my way back to earthly life was, "wonky." During the earlier and more serious state of my "wonkiness," I pictured Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory, whenever Raphaelle used the term. It probably added to her experience of my wonkiness as I smiled my loopy smile as I contemplated the Oompah Lumpahs marching through my mind as she repeated, time and again, the daily details of both the traumatic events and healing process that I had gone through. Of course, whenever she referred to me being a bit wonky, I knew she was referring to my shaky, often absent, memory during those first few days of trauma and repair. I'm sure that my wonkiness had started to wear thin on Raphaelle, but, she made it sound so endearing that I even considered incorporating it into my regular personality.

Am I distressed about my loss of memory? Not really. My experience from the beginning of realizing that I didn't remember a lot of things was much more one of great fascination instead of distress. This has opened up a new door of understanding about memory that I didn't have available to me before. Besides, I remember well that on my ninth day of recovery, Raphaelle told me that I was much less "wonky" and that my rapid and progressing physical recovery from yet another death was quite remarkable. I know I am returning more and more each day since dying for the third time in my life just eleven days ago. And, although I may still have many blanks in my memory of physical events, I seem to be recalling lifetimes of soul memory that is enabling me to more clearly envision the path laid out before me for the final quarter of my life yet to be fulfilled. I have a good feeling about this.

I don't know exactly how long it will be before I'm enough back on my feet to be able to work in the public, but, I will be doing my best to prepare for it. As well, I am happy to have been given this opportunity to prepare a new way of awakening more souls to living the miracle of spirit here on earth.

May the Grace of God illuminate your every step and give wings to your most cherished dreams that you may each enjoy living the life you know in the heart of your hearts you were meant to live.

With gratitude, love, and laughter,

Michael



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