

A Great Last Minute Deal

By Anthony Fusco

Welcome to “A Great Last Minute Deal.”

(Easy-going Hawaiian-style guitar music fades up slowly underneath the narration.)

This performance is best listened to using headphones or ear buds, and ideally you’ll find a nice quiet place to sit down and relax, maybe even close your eyes, while you listen. And please, don’t listen while operating a vehicle, okay? Thank you.

(Music is joined by the gentle sound of waves at a beach, continuing under the narration)

We’re going back now, to the first time that you died.

You were younger then. Caught up in the day to day. You had the plans, and you did the stuff; those things that seemed so important at the time. Not everything was perfect then of course, with you or with the world, but you could mostly push those things aside, or to the back of your mind - there’d always be time for that later on.

So you booked that dream vacation at a beautiful beachfront resort. You got a great last-minute deal.

And there you are now: basking in the waves off the shore of your hotel, doing a little body surfing.

A soft breeze caresses your wet skin as you take in your surroundings: You see the sun sparkle on the warm water, you see the sky is crystal blue, you see the golden ribbon of sand, the mottled green and grey of the thatched palm roof above the poolside bar. You see the other guests on the beach.

(Sounds of people enjoying themselves at the beach - indistinct talking, distant laughter)

There’s that really cute one over there; are they looking back at you..?

Because let’s be honest: you’ve never looked better. And you’re feeling great out there.

(Music comes to an end; waves sounds continue)

So you think you’d like a nice, fast, frothy ride back to shore; maybe wind up somewhere near that cute person. So this promising swell rises up behind you - right on cue! - and you swim quickly forward to keep up with it.

(Sound of a large wave building up behind the listener)

You catch it just right as it mounts up into a wave, a surprisingly big wave. It’s exhilarating, and you’re all set for that ride, but instead of being pushed forward by the wave, you find yourself

carried up the face of it, almost to the top, where it starts to curl over; and there, you are momentarily suspended.

(The sound of wave abruptly suspends)

And this is when you realize that something is about to happen to you.

The wave brakes -

(Very loud sound of crashing wave, followed by roaring/tumbling water which continues under:)

- smashing you down hard onto the surface of the water, knocking the wind out of you, then shoving you underneath, with just a shocking amount of force and weight. All you can see if you open your eyes is churning sand in a chaos of white and green. You tumble through the water, scraping against the jagged rocks on the bottom. You feel the skin above your ribcage tear, and the bones in your wrist break...

You flail your limbs, trying to swim, but with no idea of which way to go, no sense of up or down.

(A low orchestral musical tone begins, joining with the sound of the water. Musical tone slides higher up the scale and grows louder through:)

By now your brain is screaming for oxygen, and hoping against hope that you are somewhere near the surface you open your mouth -

(music still rising)

- and take in a huge breath -

(music and sound crescendo!)

- of salt water.

(silence)

And you drown.

You cannot move your arms or legs.

Your vision and your hearing flicker out.

In the silence and the darkness there is no doubt that you are physically dead.

Yet somehow your mind is still aware - clearer than it's ever been.

(An faint, distant echoey musical tone can be heard, suggestive of a vast sacred space, which continues and develops during:)

You feel no fear, you experience no pain. You observe what's happening to you with curious detachment.

Now you feel your spirit sift up and out of you; and next thing you know you're hovering high up in the air, looking down: you see your body lying on the bottom, you see the tops of the trees, the roof of the hotel, and some people standing on the beach, pointing out to where you last were seen.

And now you become aware that you're standing on a pathway -

(sound of bare feet walking on grass, joining in with the musical tone)

- through a broad, bright-green meadow. You can see flowers blooming, millions of them; iridescent flowers, in colors never seen on Earth.

(the musical tone continues, there is the sound of a soft breeze)

Ahead of you is what appears to be a wall; a high wall, made of light; of pure white light. It seems to radiate comfort, somehow...

and you have an overwhelming lovely sense of being Home.

(musical tone continues, building, suggestive of peacefulness and majesty)

As you move towards this wall, figures emerge from it to welcome you. Some you recognize immediately. They are people you've known and missed -

(Indistinct, echoey sound of voices, talking easily and gently, joins the musical tone)

- people who have passed on before you: relatives perhaps, or friends. Some you may not recognize because they died so long ago - your ancestors are here to welcome you.

And some of the people are strangers to you, people whose lives had by some chance been affected by yours in important ways not recognized by you till now.

You feel deeply connected to each of them, and they to you, and all of you to everything around you.

You look deeply into the faces of these people.

(Long pause, with gentle calming musical tones continuing)

They beckon you to follow them beyond the barrier, but before you can, you must observe - as in a movie, or like in a daydream - everything you did and said in your time on Earth.

Everything.

You experience these things, as you observe them, not just from your own perspective, but also from the perspectives of the people who were with you at the time.

You can feel in you, how your words and actions felt to them.

Certain moments from your life appear to you with special clarity now.

Among them, you see the many chances that you may have had to love.

Chances that you let pass by...

(long pause, gentle musical tone continuing, then fading out to silence)

And now the people inform you that it is not your time to join them after all.

Because back down at the beach

(Sound of distant waves slowly fades in)

your body has been found, brought ashore, and against all odds, you've been revived.

And so you must resume your Earthly life.

(Hawaiian guitar music fades in to join the wave sounds)

Over the years since then, many details of your experience may have grown dim for you.

Because like the rest of us, you've often been distracted. Caught up in the day to day. The things that seem important at the time.

But you will always understand that we are born into this life to gain experience for the evolution of our souls.

(Music fades out, leaving only the sound of the distant waves)

END