

Four years ago, Susan's life changed forever when she suffered a seizure, a broken neck, and a crossing over. In between life and death, she encountered a powerful invitation: "Sit With Me." Now, she shares her truth with the world.

Sit With Me: A Divine Revelation

By Susan Carty Gilley

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The background of the cover is a photograph of a rural landscape. In the upper half, a hill is covered with dense green trees. On the crest of the hill, a farm is visible, including a large white house with a dark roof, a tall white silo, and several smaller outbuildings. The lower half of the image shows a sunlit, golden-brown field, possibly a cornfield, framed by dark, leafy trees in the foreground. The overall lighting is warm, suggesting late afternoon or early morning.

Susan Carty Gilley

Sit With Me

A Divine Revelation

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About the Author

Susan Carty Gilley is a first-time author with an insatiable curiosity and deep love for adventure. A devoted wife, mother, and grandmother, she calls the Appalachian Mountains of Virginia home.

From owning dance schools in the Arctic to working as an exercise physiologist for the U.S. Navy, her career has been as dynamic as she is. Since her near-death experience, she embraces life with newfound wonder, filling her days with travel, gardening, and experimenting with exotic cuisine—and greeting each sunrise with a readiness for the next great adventure.

Chapter 1:

A Life-Altering Morning

Life has taught me that having a lively and fun-loving partner is a huge blessing. My relationship with Kent was like a favorite song you hear on repeat until it becomes ingrained in your bones. Laughing at each other's lame jokes was one of my favorite pastimes with him. Our teasing usually amounted to lighthearted ribbing throughout the day, a bit of harmless back-and-forth that we both secretly looked forward to. It was not just that we were in love. It was the way we fit together, like two puzzle pieces that don't necessarily make sense to anyone else but integrated perfectly in the chaos of our own little world.

I believe every joke, every laugh, and every touch means more when you know that the other person understands you, inside and out. Such was the case with Kent and I.

But that particular morning, it escalated into a full-on monologue. For some unknown reason, we were both feeling particularly playful that day, the kind of spirit that builds up over time until it bursts into something both ridiculous and special.

It started as most mornings did. I stumbled into the kitchen wearing my sunglasses, squinting against the early morning sun that filtered through the blinds. The warmth of the room felt comforting after the chilly night. Kent, already seated at the table, looked up at me from behind his coffee mug. Without missing a beat, he grinned, his eyes twinkling with mischief, and

declared, "You must be shielding your eyes from my sheer brilliance."

Amused by his own storytelling, Kent launched into an elaborate fairytale, weaving a story about his dazzling presence. He spoke as though he were the hero in some grand fantasy, dramatically gesturing to himself as if he were the sun, moon, and stars. It was impossible not to laugh.

I couldn't help but play along. With an exaggerated sigh, I clutched my chest to pretend as if his radiance overcame me. The man had a way of making the silliest things sound important, and when he got on a roll, it was all I could do to keep from snorting with laughter. His grin only grew wider, and so did mine.

Kent was like that. He could turn the simplest moment into something extraordinary, and in the process, he made me feel like I could do the same. He made me understand that, life itself could be a little more playful, fun, and a lot less serious than I sometimes made it out to be.

After a minute or two of grandiose nonsense, I pushed my sunglasses atop my head, letting them rest in their usual place. They were crooked and far too big for my face, but I loved them just the same. Kent said they made me look like a movie star who took a wrong turn on the way to the red carpet, and I didn't mind that one bit.

I grabbed a glazed doughnut from the box on the counter and plopped into a chair at the kitchen table, still half-smiling as

I chewed on the sugary goodness. My fingers became sticky from the glaze, and I wiped them on a napkin as Kent continued his banter from across the table, his voice full of drama and delight.

His laughter, like always, was infectious. It wrapped around the kitchen like sunlight creeping through the blinds, warm and impossible to ignore. I couldn't help but laugh with him, mouth half-full, my shoulders shaking.

"Glazed goddess," he declared with mock reverence, bowing low as if I sat on a throne instead of a kitchen chair, his eyes gleaming with mischief.

I nearly choked on the doughnut, gasping through my mouth as I scrambled for another napkin. "You're ridiculous," I muttered, but my grin gave me away.

"You're just jealous you don't have the same divine pastry powers," I said, shooting him a playful look, my eyes narrowing just enough to make him grin wider.

Kent leaned back in his chair with that trademark smirk of his—the one that said he was up to no good but meant well all the same.

"Oh, how could I ever compete with such a sweet treat?" he lamented dramatically, pressing both hands to his chest like some southern belle swooning in a soap opera. "The heartbreak!"

"Easy," I said, licking a bit of glaze from my thumb. "Just bring home more doughnuts."

He chuckled, and for a second, I could see the gears turning behind those sky-blue eyes. Kent's mind was always working—always dreaming up ways to surprise me, to keep the little things special. It was one of the million reasons I loved him.

He leaned forward, elbows on the table, and fixed me with a conspiratorial look. "What if I promised to bake you a batch, but only if you wear those sunglasses while I do it?"

I raised an eyebrow, licking the glaze off my fingers. "Bake?"

Mental note to myself that he's poking fun of me always saying that baking is better than frying.

"Don't act like I can't," he said, lifting one eyebrow proudly. "You know, I've got hidden talents."

I tilted my head, pretending to consider. "Alright. Deal. But only if you wear my frilly apron—the one with the pink ruffles and the tiny strawberries."

He groaned, shaking his head like he'd just agreed to walk the plank. "You drive a hard bargain, woman."

"But you'll do it."

Kent sighed dramatically and threw his hands up in defeat. "You're the best, darlin'" he said standing to kiss the top of my head. "I'll even dust the flour off your sunglasses when it's over."

I grinned at him, already sensing that we were both silently scheming our next ridiculous move.

That was the beauty of us—we didn't need big plans to feel alive. Just a glance, a shared smirk, and the spark of another inside joke was enough to carry us through the day. The air between us felt light and carefree, like summer wind drifting through an open window. It was how we always were—two kids in grownup bodies, sharing these spontaneous moments of laughter and light. Moments that, over time, had knit themselves into the fabric of something much bigger than just the two of us joking around. This was love, yes, but not just the romantic kind. It was friendship. Partnership. A shared rhythm. It was real. Solid. Ours.

Laughter echoed through the kitchen, bouncing off the walls like sunlight. That sound had become part of the rhythm of our home, just like the gurgle of the coffeepot at dawn or the soft rustling of the leaves outside our window. Our laughter was a kind of music—familiar, constant, and grounding.

But something shifted.

It was subtle at first, like a curtain drawn ever so slightly over the light. Maybe it was the way Kent's smile softened, his eyes briefly clouding with something I couldn't name. Or maybe it was the stillness—the way the room, so full of movement and joy just moments before, suddenly felt too quiet, like the silence that settles before a summer storm. The kind that makes the hair on your arms stand up even when there's not a cloud in sight.

A strange unease crept over me. It was faint, like a whisper in the back of my mind, but it was enough to make me pause. Something was off. I didn't know what it was, but I felt it settle into my chest like a weight I couldn't quite place. I opened my mouth to speak—to ask Kent if he wanted help with the doughnuts, to make another joke, to chase the feeling away—but I never got the words out.

The seizure struck like a freight train.

No warning. No sign. No time to prepare. One second, I was laughing and wiping glaze from my fingertips. The next, my body turned against me.

It started with a jolt, violent and absolute. My arms flailed without control, muscles tensing and twisting in ways I couldn't stop. My neck snapped back, hitting the kitchen chair with a sharp crack, the sound echoing in my ears like a firecracker that had gone off in my head.

A burning, searing electric current ripped through my brain, white-hot and unforgiving. It felt like being jolted awake from a dream, but it wasn't a pleasant awakening. It was a violent, terrifying surge of electricity - pure chaos that turned everything around me into a blur. I remember feeling my heart race, my skin grow cold, and my mind spin out of control. I couldn't think, couldn't breathe. I wasn't even sure if I was still in my body.

Some part of me fought to hold on—to focus on something real. And that's when I saw Kent's face.

His eyes were wide, frantic. He was moving toward me, mouth open as if he were shouting my name, but no sound reached me. Time splintered. My mind couldn't catch up to what was happening. I wanted to reach for him. I wanted to scream. But everything was slipping away too fast.

Then—blackness.

Total, terrifying, empty blackness.

And just like that, my life changed forever.

In the silence that followed, I could almost hear the echo of Kent's laughter still lingering in the air, as if the walls themselves hadn't yet accepted what had just happened. But it was gone now. That easy, carefree atmosphere we had built together—that simple comfort of normalcy—slipped away like sand through my fingers, no matter how tightly I tried to hold on.

No one told me a single seizure could do that.

No one warned me that in the space between one heartbeat and the next, the world could shift on its axis—that a normal morning filled with sticky fingers and frilly apron jokes could unravel into something so unrecognizable. A before and an after, divided by a moment I had no control over.

All I knew was that something inside me had cracked, something I couldn't name or fix or make sense of. I wasn't sure if I'd ever get back what had just been lost. It felt like I'd been flung from life without a map, without a clue of how to return.

Kent was by my side the entire time, even though I couldn't feel him. Even when I was slipping into that silent void. His voice, his hands, his panic and persistence—all of it was there. He didn't break. He didn't freeze. He just kept trying. He stayed calm when I knew he wanted to scream. He fought for me when I couldn't fight for myself.

He proved what I already knew deep down: that true love doesn't always look like candlelight and roses. Sometimes, it looks like a man on the floor of a kitchen, cradling his broken wife in his arms and begging her to come back. It looks like courage wrapped in chaos.

My thoughts were tangled in fog. My body didn't feel like my own anymore—it was like I'd been locked out, looking in through some frosted window, unable to recognize myself.

I was a stranger in my own skin, unsure of how to move forward or where I was.

But Kent?

He never left. Not once.

When I closed my eyes, even in that darkness, I could still hear his laughter echoing—the real kind, full of warmth and life, full of love. It felt like it belonged to a different lifetime, and yet, it also felt like it was happening now, right there with me. Those memories—those precious, ordinary, beautiful moments—were all I had to hold onto. And I clung to them like a life raft. Because as long as I had them, I knew I had something worth fighting for.

Fighting to come back to the life we had made. To the mornings filled with coffee and doughnuts and playful jabs. To the man who never once let go of my hand, even when everything else was slipping away.

But for now, in that still and soundless dark, all I could do was hold onto the pieces of the past and whisper the tiniest hope into the void—that somehow, somehow, the world that had gone black would return.

And that I would find my way back to the light.

Chapter 2:

Divine Download

My body lay motionless on the floor, still and unmoving. I could feel nothing of the physical world. There was no sense of weight, no temperature, no breath. The world as I knew it had vanished, replaced by a deep, infinite blackness. It was a velvety void that pressed in from all sides, a kind of emptiness that seemed to swallow everything. The silence around me was deafening, and yet, I felt no fear.

At first, I was disoriented, unsure of where I was or how I had gotten here. But as I adjusted to the soft, endless dark, I began to realize something. Though I was alone in this vast nothingness, I was not entirely abandoned. In the midst of the void, I felt a presence—a warm, comforting energy, although I couldn't see anything. It was as if I were floating in a calm sea, the only thing guiding me being my own sense of peace.

Suddenly, a faint pinpoint of light appeared far off in the distance. It was so small at first that it might have been a star, yet it seemed far closer than any star had ever been. I focused on it, squinting, trying to make it out through the thick darkness surrounding me. As soon as the thought entered my mind, the light surged forward, expanding quickly, growing brighter and brighter.

I felt an instinctive urge to shield my eyes as the light intensified, but before I could react, it blossomed into an

enormous, radiant ball of energy. The light was blinding, but it filled me with an overwhelming warmth instead of pain. It appeared as though the light itself had a consciousness. And felt like a force of unconditional love that surrounded me and cradled and held me in a way no earthly embrace ever could.

The love that radiated from it was so powerful that no words could describe it. It was as though every part of my being, every thought and atom, was being encompassed by this love. A love that was familiar though. Somehow, I had known it before. A distant but vivid memory surfaced in my mind, and I recognized it instantly—it was the love of my guardian angel.

Now that I was in this infinite space, there was no doubt in my heart. The angel was with me, guiding me and surrounding me with its love. The warmth melted every fear, and there was nothing but the overwhelming sensation of safety and peace.

At that moment, all thoughts of my earthly life, including my husband, family, and everything I had known faded into the background. There were no worries. There was no time. Nothing that existed in my former world seemed to matter here, in this place that was outside of time and beyond all earthly concerns.

It was as if I had transcended the very concept of existence. There was only the now. An eternal now where I was free of everything that had ever bound me to the physical world. I had no body, no identity—just pure awareness.

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Then without words, but an all-encompassing knowing that I needed to follow along. It was with the understanding that I would be receiving a revelation, a divine revelation.

I found myself moving as if pulled by an unseen force. I didn't walk. And before I knew it, I was standing at a doorway. This doorway seemed to exist in the very fabric of space itself, surrounded by an endless sea of stars. But this wasn't an ordinary space. It felt alive. It was huge, yet somehow intimate. There was something extremely personal about this vast expanse, as though the universe itself were welcoming me.

I stepped into another realm through the entrance. I didn't know how I knew it, but I understood that this was not merely another place. It was a completely different dimension entirely. It pulsed with an energy that resonated in every fiber of my being, and I knew, without a doubt, that I was standing in a sacred place.

Before me stood a being of pure light, towering high above. It was a silhouette of swirling white and gold, which radiated outward in an electric blue that pulsed with life. The blue was deep; unlike anything I had ever encountered on Earth. It was as though the very essence of the cosmos was contained in that hue, twirling and shifting with an energy all its own.

The being was enormous, at least fifteen, maybe twenty feet tall. It exuded a profound aura of peace, wisdom, and love that seemed to transcend words. But beneath all of that warmth, there was also something else: an undeniable authority. This being commanded reverence, demanded respect, yet did not do

so with force or fear. It was simply there, radiating in such a manner that I could do nothing but feel awe and wonder.

I stood there, not knowing what to do, yet knowing that I did not need to act. I was simply meant to be there. The being's energy washed over me, and I felt a sense of honor in its presence. I didn't understand it fully, but I didn't need to. It was enough to simply be in its light, bask in its wisdom and overwhelming love.

But then, suddenly, my surroundings shifted without warning. The vastness of space, which had once seemed so infinite and alive, began to dissolve, fading into something new. I blinked in disorientation as the once-immense landscape gave way to a lush meadow. The ground beneath me was soft and cool, the air filled with the scent of wildflowers. A winding brook babbled through the meadow, and its gentle flow carved a path through the grass. It led to a breathtaking mountain vista in the distance, standing proudly beneath a brilliant sky.

How had everything changed so quickly? One moment, I stood amid deep space, and now I was in this serene, earthly scene. I didn't understand it, yet somehow, I knew it wasn't necessary.

The light being was still there, its presence just as brilliant as before. But something had shifted. My guardian angel, the one who had guided me through the darkness and led me here, was gone. I felt no sadness, no loss. I understood, instinctively, that my angel's task had been completed. They had brought me

here, to this peaceful place, free of fear, and now it was time for me to be where I was meant to be. The rest was beyond me.

I felt everything in the calmness of the meadow. I could feel the whisper of every blade of grass as it swayed in the wind. I could feel the pulse of the earth beneath my feet as though the land itself was alive, breathing with me. Though I had no physical eyes, I could see the world's colors in full detail. I could see in every direction—360 degrees of vibrant, breathtaking beauty.

The flowers surrounding me released an aroma so rich and impossibly vibrant that it felt as if I could taste their colors. They were kinds beyond any earthly description, shades that didn't exist in any earthly palette. I felt as though I was submerged in a world of sensation that went beyond the physical. It was a world where everything was connected, and everything was perfect.

I stood in that meadow, overwhelmed with a sense of peace and belonging. There was no rush, no agenda. Time didn't exist. I simply existed, and it was enough at that moment.

It all started with a quiet stillness that seemed to envelop me from nowhere. I was somewhere I couldn't place, a space that felt both infinite and intimate. There were no walls, no edges, just an endless stretch of silence.

Then, without spoken words, yet unmistakably clear, I heard,

"Sit with me."

The voice wasn't audible; it was something that seemed to bypass my ears and reach directly into my soul. I glanced around. There were no chairs. But I sat anyway.

The moment I did, everything shifted. There was no gradual build-up, no warning. It felt like an avalanche of knowledge rushing toward me, flooding my mind in an instant. The information was vast, intricate, and overwhelming. It wasn't like reading a book or learning a new skill—it was as if I were downloading the entire universe into my consciousness. Ideas, plans, and concepts that were ancient and foreign poured into me so quickly that I couldn't process them all at once.

I didn't panic, though. I didn't need to understand it right then. Telepathically, I was told to 'unpack it later,' to take my time and explore it when I was ready. The knowledge was mine to keep, but the timing would unfold as needed. The certainty that accompanied this message was undeniable.

It wasn't a lecture, a sermon, or a theological discourse. There were no doctrines, no dogma, no pronouncements. With this, my perception of God shifted dramatically. He wasn't the distant judgmental figure some imagined. He wasn't a deity concerned with rules and regulations, but a loving, compassionate presence, a source of boundless grace and unconditional love. He was closer than my own breath, more intimate than my own thoughts. He was the very fabric of existence, the underlying unity that connected everything and everyone.

But this connection felt so intimate. It was the feeling of being completely and unconditionally loved, accepted, and cherished precisely as I was, flaws and all. This wasn't a conditional love based on my achievements or my worthiness; it was a love that transcended all conditions, a love that flowed freely, effortlessly, and abundantly.

The most immediate impact was a profound shift in my perception of time. Time, as I had understood it, dissolved. The linear progression, the relentless march forward, the anxieties associated with deadlines and schedules—all of it vanished, replaced by a timeless present moment. I understood, with absolute certainty, the interconnectedness of all moments, past, present, and future. Each moment was not an isolated event, but a thread woven into the grand tapestry of existence. My past experiences, my childhood intuitions, my struggles and triumphs, all fell into place, revealing a coherent narrative stretching across time and space, a narrative infused with purpose and meaning. The accidents, the near-misses, the seemingly random events—all were part of a perfectly orchestrated design, a loving guidance leading me toward this moment, this profound encounter.

And then something else happened in that moment of cosmic vastness—a powerful agreement was made. It wasn't a spoken contract but more of an unbreakable soul bond that had been forged long before my birth. I could feel it in my very being. It was a connection that went beyond time and space. I was to return to my life on Earth, but there was a condition: I had to share this experience. Not just the moment I was in, but

everything I had been shown, every complex layer of understanding that had been poured into me.

It was a responsibility that felt overwhelming and sacred, as if I had been chosen for something bigger than myself.

A sudden urge of emotion gripped me as these thoughts swirled in my mind. My heart, which had been quiet in the stillness, now beat faster. I thought of my husband, the man who shared my life and my world. He had to know. He had to understand what I had experienced, the depth of the knowledge I had just received. But where was he? How long had I been away from him? Time seemed to lose all meaning in that strange place, but I knew he must have been wondering where I was and what had happened to me.

The moment that thought formed in my mind—*whoosh*—I was pulled back. It was as if something had grabbed me and yanked me with overwhelming force, pulling me out of that ethereal space and back into my physical body. The transition was jarring. I felt a sharp intake of breath rush through my nostrils, and with it came an intense pain. It wasn't just the ache of returning to my body—it was something more instinctive. The pain washed over me, consuming me as if my very essence was being anchored back into the physical world with a merciless grip.

Every nerve in my body screamed, and my mind, still reeling from the cosmic flood, struggled to make sense of it. The pain was horrendous, a brutal reminder of the harshness of the physical world. But through it all, there was an odd sense of

clarity and purpose. I knew I had been transformed in ways I couldn't fully comprehend. The contract had been made, and now, my journey on Earth would unfold with a new mission: to share what I had learned and to bring a deeper understanding of this experience to those around me.

As the pain settled and I regained my bearings, I knew one thing for certain: nothing would ever be the same. I had touched something beyond the veil. The truth I had seen was now a part of me, and I was no longer just a witness to it—I was a messenger tasked with carrying it into the world.

My writing, once a solitary pursuit, has become a means of sharing my journey, helping others find hope and strength in their own struggles. The insights and knowledge I received aren't meant to be kept; they are a gift to be shared, a message of hope and resilience for those who need it. This desire to connect with others further solidifies my purpose; it has become a calling to use my experiences to empower and uplift others.

Chapter 3:

The Desperate Search

I was on the floor, my body heavy, sinking into a watery puddle. Wet strands of hair clung to the back of my neck, sending a chill through me. The coldness seeped into my skin, and for a moment, everything felt distant, like I was slipping away from the world. If I focused hard enough, I could see the faint, pulsing veins behind my eyelids, each beat echoing in the silence. A shadow was beyond them, a figure hovering in the dim light. It shifted anxiously, moving like a restless cloud, and I sensed something urgent and frantic in its presence. It wasn't just a shadow; it was a desperate call as if something had gone terribly wrong.

I fought to open my eyes. The world swam into view, blurry and distant at first but gradually coming into sharper focus. And then I saw him—Kent, looming over me, his face twisted in an expression I could hardly decipher.

Relief. Terror. Helplessness.

A combination of all those emotions and more. He looked as though he had just witnessed something unspeakable—something that broke him and me at the same time. And he had.

Later, he would tell me what happened. How he watched me seize violently, my body trembling and contorting in ways that made him wonder if I'd ever come back. How I'd gone completely still, my chest no longer rising and falling with breath.

For a moment, he truly believed I was gone. That's when the terror hit him hardest. But just when he thought it was over, I stood. Not of my own volition, but as if strings had been pulled from somewhere far beyond me that made me move unnaturally and mechanically—like a marionette. It was a grotesque dance, and then I collapsed back down, a lifeless heap, right in front of him.

At that moment, he would tell me that he thought he had lost me forever.

"Susan... I thought you were dead." He proclaimed.

When his voice broke through the haze in my mind, I could hear the panic, the raw desperation.

"You wouldn't answer me!" he cried out, shaking me, his hands trembling as they touched my limp body, trying to make some connection.

I was not quite there. Not entirely. I heard him, and felt his hands, but it was as if I was trapped somewhere else. Somewhere far away, where pain didn't exist.

My consciousness felt fractured, torn between two realities. One moment, I was enveloped in the boundless love and understanding of the meadow; the next I was grappling with the uncertainties and limitations of my physical existence. The contrast was jarring, almost disorienting, like emerging from a deep, dreamless sleep into the stark reality of a cold, unfamiliar room.

And then it happened.

Suddenly, without warning, my lower torso began to reanimate, twitching with a violent energy I couldn't control.

Pain—white-hot, unbearable pain—flooded my senses like a tidal wave crashing through my bones.

Every nerve screamed in protest, and I could do nothing but endure it. I tried to beg Kent not to touch me, but my voice was weak, barely a whisper. It didn't matter. He was already pulling at me, trying to lift me, dragging me toward something. Toward life, I suppose. His efforts were frantic, but it felt like I was sinking further away from him, from everything. My body was like a ragdoll in his arms, heavy and unresponsive, as he struggled to hoist me into a nearby chair.

My head hung at an awkward angle, and my limbs were useless, flopping about as though they no longer belonged to me. I wanted to scream, but my mouth wouldn't move the way I needed. All I could do was feel him, his presence around me, the constant pressure of his hands, the desperation in his voice. He kept calling to me, urging me to stay conscious.

"Stay with me! Stay awake!" he begged, his voice cracking under his fear.

It was as if I had one foot in this world and the other still lingering on the other side. There, where the pain was nonexistent, and the love I felt was so overwhelming and pure that it consumed me. I didn't want to return. I didn't want to leave that place. If I could just close my eyes a little longer,

maybe I could bring some of it here with me and weave that warmth into this broken body of mine.

I reached for that infinite love, but it slipped through my fingers, vanishing before I could hold onto it.

The universe, the knowledge, the sense of peace that had filled me there was far too vast, too immense for my human form. It felt like trying to fit an elephant into a mailbox—impossible. The effort alone drained me, and I collapsed back into the chair in a heap of tears and agony. I was gasping for air, not because I needed it, but because I was struggling against something bigger than myself. Something I couldn't explain.

Kent didn't know any of this. He didn't understand the pull I felt toward that world, that other place. Later, when I was able to speak again, he would tell me that when my eyes opened that day, they didn't look like mine at all. He said they looked vacant, like I wasn't really there. As if I had left a part of myself behind.

He wasn't wrong. I hadn't been truly there. Not entirely.

As soon as I seemed to return to myself, Kent loaded me into his big red truck, his hands shaking as he gripped the wheel, speeding toward the nearest emergency facility. It wouldn't be the first time we'd make such a journey. By the time we reached Pikeville, Kentucky, we had been through three emergency trips, and it was there that the doctors would finally uncover the extent of my injuries.

The first emergency room visit wasn't particularly helpful—or kind. It was the type of experience that leaves you feeling more lost than when you arrived. They poked, prodded, and ran an exhausting battery of tests. But none of it seemed to be heading in the right direction. It felt like a long checklist, ticking off procedures without any real inquiry. They didn't ask the right questions. They never dug into my medical history to understand what might have caused this pain, this feeling that something was terribly wrong. I felt like a lab rat.

In all honesty, I felt I was being treated like a case number, not a human being. As if my suffering wasn't real or as if they were too busy with their procedures to care. I couldn't shake the feeling that those endless tests were just padding the hospital's pockets while doing nothing to actually help me physically.

After ten long hours with no diagnosis, no treatment, and no relief from the pain, we'd had enough. It became painfully obvious that we weren't getting anywhere.

The only information we received was from a single nurse who casually mentioned that I may have had a seizure and might have sprained my neck. That was it. No sense of urgency, no deeper investigation into what could have caused this sudden and overwhelming breakdown in my body. Nothing.

It felt like I had been dismissed.

Kent and I, utterly exhausted and emotionally drained, left the ER. I could see the same frustration in his eyes. We both knew this wasn't right. As we sat in the driveway of our house,

the silence between us was heavy. We sat there for over an hour, crying, trying to make sense of the mess we were in.

We had started at the local urgent care facility, only to be told to go straight to the ER. The hospital was just minutes away, so we agreed it was the logical thing to do. But the ER didn't help. In fact, it felt more like a factory than a place of healing. They were too busy ticking off boxes to truly look at what was happening to me. By the time we left, it felt like we'd wasted so much time, and my condition was only getting worse.

My body was failing. The pain was overwhelming, and I kept telling Kent something wasn't right. My hands and feet were losing feeling, a sensation that truly made the pain worse. I could barely form words, and even that seemed to slip away with each passing minute. Every moment felt like it could be my last. But we couldn't sit still any longer, not when things were only spiraling deeper.

We decided to drive across the state line towards Pikeville, Kentucky. It was a two-and-a-half-hour drive, but we were already familiar with the medical staff there. We agreed it was our best option.

Everything felt hazy when we finally arrived at Pikeville Medical Center. I was in a fog—like a thick veil had settled over my mind, and I couldn't shake it off. Every thought, every movement felt remote. I was vaguely aware of the doctors and nurses around me. Everything moved in and out of focus. My mind wasn't cooperating. My body wasn't cooperating.

However, one thing that stood out was the hospital staff. They were attentive, empathetic, and, above all, kind. Even though I struggled to communicate, and my mind was clouded with confusion and pain, they didn't give up. They didn't rush me. They didn't act annoyed or frustrated at my inability to respond. They worked with me through my struggle, and that in itself was a small comfort.

It felt like every nerve in my body was misfiring. I was losing control—my neurons and synapses didn't seem to be firing in sync. Some were silent, others firing all at once, threatening to bring on another seizure. The danger of that, the looming threat of more damage, hung over me like a shadow. It wasn't just the pain but the constant fear of not being able to stop the slide into something worse.

The doctors quickly identified that I had suffered a major seizure. It was the seizure that had caused a break in my neck when it hit the back of the chair that I had been sitting in. The realization came to me in pieces. But it wasn't until I was there, in Pikeville, that I fully understood the gravity of what had happened. The room seemed to swirl around me as I processed the fragmented details.

There was no time to waste on reflection. The medical team moved swiftly, working in a blur of urgency. They were trying to stabilize me, trying to prevent another episode, and all I could do was lie there, struggling to communicate. My brain wasn't functioning as it should, and speaking felt like an impossible task. Every word caught in the wrong part of my mind, like a broken machine.

They could see my struggle, but they never gave up. I couldn't speak clearly, but they found ways to understand me. Hand gestures, yes-or-no answers, anything that could help them figure things out. They asked just enough questions, slowly piecing together my medical history, trying to make it all fit.

It wasn't easy. It wasn't quick. But it was different from the sterile, disconnected approach we'd gotten at the first ER. They were patient with me, persistent, and thoughtful. I could feel their effort, even though I could barely focus enough to respond to their questions. It was as though they were fighting for me, even when I was too lost in my own body to fight for myself.

Every moment felt like a delicate balance. They were doing everything they could to stabilize me, and though the haze in my mind was far from lifting, I could feel the weight of their efforts. There was a sense of urgency I couldn't fully grasp at the time, but I knew they weren't leaving anything to chance. I wasn't just another case for them. They saw me as a human being and were doing everything they could to keep me from spiraling further into danger.

As the hours wore on, the fog in my mind began to lift. Slowly and painfully, I started to process what had happened to me. The confusion hadn't fully cleared, and the pain was still there, gnawing at me, but there was a shift. A flicker of hope. I wasn't just surviving this anymore. I was fighting my way back. I wasn't sure how, but I could feel the fight begin to stir again.

The turmoil was far from over, but things did not seem as lost as before. For the first time since the seizure, there was

something inside pushing forward, and I knew I wasn't going to give up—not yet.

Eighteen hours later, we were once again in Kent's big red truck. But this time, I was strapped in a neck brace. The pain was a constant, sharp reminder of what had just happened—a fractured neck, a slight injury to my spinal cord, and enough pain medication in my system to kill a horse. I was in a haze, my mind foggy from the meds, but the weight of the situation still clung to me like a heavy blanket.

Kent, my rock through all this chaos, was by my side. The doctors had strictly instructed him to take me straight to my neurologist the next morning. This wasn't just any neurologist. He was a specialist I had known for years, a man who had walked with me through some of the darkest moments of my life. Coincidentally, he worked at the same hospital where they'd just diagnosed me. I say "coincidentally," but if I'm being honest, I don't really believe in coincidences anymore.

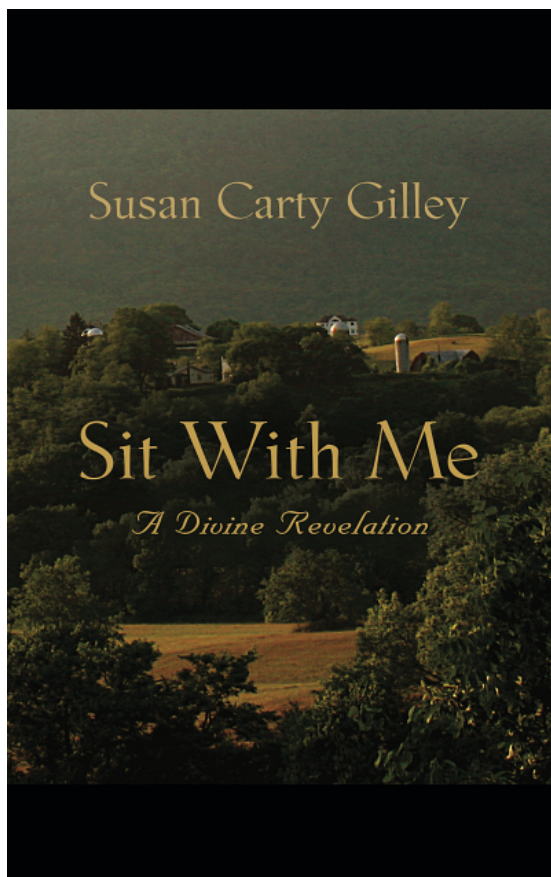
Life, as I now see it, is full of synchronicities—those strange, inexplicable moments where everything seems to align just when you need it most. And mine had been filled with them in ways I couldn't even begin to explain.

This neurologist had been a constant in my life for over ten years, since I was diagnosed with polyneuropathy. He understood me in ways most doctors couldn't. He knew my body as well or better than I did. And I had always had the utmost respect for him. I knew he would rally around me, just as Kent

Susan Carty Gilley

had in my time of need. So, in the midst of all the pain and fear, I found something: a glimpse of strength.

The journey wasn't over, but I knew I wasn't walking it alone.



Four years ago, Susan's life changed forever when she suffered a seizure, a broken neck, and a crossing over. In between life and death, she encountered a powerful invitation: "Sit With Me." Now, she shares her truth with the world.

Sit With Me: A Divine Revelation

By Susan Carty Gilley

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