

## The Meaning of Life:

*Sharing the Treasures of Your Soul.....Michael J Tamura, 8/26/2012*

On August 10<sup>th</sup>, 2011, I died for the third time. My heart just stopped. I was told later that it happened while I was exercising at the gym. The doctors tell me that they don't know what caused my heart to stop this time. At first, they suspected that I had another heart attack, since I had two of those before - and, during the first one, I had died as well. Yet, when they peered into my heart and the arteries feeding it, they found no signs that I had endured another heart attack this time.

I don't remember any of that or anything that happened to my body, or on this earth, while I was dead. For that matter, I don't remember a single thing in my earthly life for the nine days before my heart stopped or the six days hence. The doctors told my wife that my amnesia was due mostly to the after-effects of the anesthesia they put me under to perform the emergency open-heart surgery. The operation became necessary when an artery ruptured during their earlier examination of my heart. They kept me from dying all over again and it offered me a chance to return to a body that I could keep much longer. If that artery would have ruptured while I was anywhere else than where I was at that moment, all scrubbed and ready in the operating room, I would have been dead for good. I've always considered myself a very lucky soul, blessed by heaven, and with angels working overtime to keep me going.

I mentioned that I don't remember a single thing of what happened on earth during those 15 days. That's because I wasn't here. We only remember where we are, not where we aren't. Does that mean I remember being some "where" other than here on earth, while I was considered dead for over ten minutes? Do I recall being elsewhere, while I was kept in a medically induced coma followed by anesthesia for over a day, after the paramedics were able to defibrillate my heart back into action? I do.

Even before I "died" for the first time in this lifetime, I could remember several of my deaths from my previous incarnations. For example, two lifetimes ago, I devoted my life to my spiritual development as a Buddhist monk in Tibet. I died peacefully, in meditation, as an elder teacher, well prepared for my next life "assignment." In my most recent incarnation just prior to this current one, I died as a little Japanese girl in the atomic blast in Hiroshima. I had planned for that birth - and early death - in order to serve in a larger capacity, in spirit, immediately following my own death. I worked with many other spirit guides and healers in the healing and guiding of the many souls traumatized by that event. I had much to offer others in their healing and counseling after my bodily death, but through all of that, I also had much to learn about what could happen to human psyches when one goes from one state to an entirely different one instantly, without warning. The

experience between my incarnations taught me a lot about the difference it makes for the soul's progress when one knows how to die gracefully rather than dying in ignorance, fear, and suffering.

Less than eight years after my exit from my previous incarnation in Hiroshima, I was born in Sendai, Japan. Timing of my birth was important for I did not wish to waste any time getting on with my work. This time, I came in as a Japanese boy, but, also as a natural-born American citizen, compliments of my US-born father and the American hospital in which I was born. All that and much more were "pre-arranged" by design. Much planning goes into how we are going to live and die for our next incarnation, while we continue to live in spirit between lifetimes. I have never felt that my life began at birth - nor that it would end at my physical death.

One thing I've learned from experiencing and reviewing my various deaths is that each time I've died, it's been a completely different experience. And, I know that it's different for every soul. Although I don't have a clue as to what was happening with my body or in the physical world at the moment of my latest death, I do know that what I experienced as a soul was something akin to being sucked up at super high speed into an invisible hydraulic tube and instantly transported as far away from this world as imaginable. Yet, at the same time, the space into which I "arrived" I experienced as the very center of everything and the most magnificent and complete sanctuary. It was, in fact, quite beyond imagination, beyond description. All I am able to convey now about this experience would be like comparing a cheap little plastic souvenir of Michelangelo's *Pieta* to the masterpiece itself and saying, "It's a little like that."

To put words where words do not really belong, the first part of my experience, while my body was being attended to by paramedics, ambulance and heli-vac crews, nurses, cardiologists, an anesthesiologist, and a cardio-thoracic surgeon, was as if I were sitting before the most sacred altar upon which the eternal flame of God's love danced and illuminated all. The experience shattered all conceptions of "protection" and "safety" for there was an absolute certainty in this space that not one speck of impurity of any kind would be able to penetrate the sanctity provided here. That was the "beginning" of my experience in spirit. "Later," if I were to put this into some semblance of occurring in sequential time, I was transported to various temples of learning and spaces of intensive meditation practice for my preparation and training for my return to my current incarnation and my new "work" in the world. So, for now, I share with you this tiny glimpse.

After returning from the spirit realm and regaining my memory functions, I began to examine even more deeply each of my very divergent death experiences. Amongst all the differences in them, I did find two things that were consistent in each and every death. First, in this earthly life, we relate to time, space, and mortality. But, the moment we step

out of it, we instantly relate to eternity, infinity, and immortality - we are timeless, without limits, and we are never born, thus we never die. This, I've experienced in every death.

The second thing I discovered that was consistent in every death experience as well was much more subtle. I hadn't connected these dots after my first and second death experiences. Although I always knew that death was primarily a learning opportunity for the soul, I hadn't fully realized, until after my third time, what that lesson was - or, that there was one central lesson that each one of us must learn: Dying teaches us to become less selfish.

*There is no greater love than this, when a man lays down his life for the sake of his friends. [John 15:13]*

For the body, dying means the cessation of breathing, of the heartbeat, of its various functions. Our body's existence begins with conception and ends with death. Yet, from the soul's perspective, which is our true viewpoint, life doesn't begin with conception, neither does it end with the death of our body. Life has no beginning or ending. For us, as souls, life is eternal.

What, then, is death to an immortal soul? Through our experience of incarnation and bodily death, we learn, as souls, to let go of what we might falsely assume as our identity, our existence, and our possessions. The more we try to hold on to these, the more selfish we become. For example, when we identify with our body, we become afraid that we will lose our life if that body expires. So, in fear, we try to hold on as long as possible to our identity that we are the body. In fact, even during a near-death experience, many souls will look down at their "dead" body and think to themselves, "There I am on the floor" or "Look at what happened to me." Such souls haven't realized yet that they are not their bodies.

In many ways, this is no different than the fear we experience if we were to identify with what we do, our abilities, our success, or our position in society when something threatens it. We often confuse our existence with the various identities that we assign to ourselves - I'm a man, woman, child, adult, doctor, artist, leader, or I'm successful, poor, smart, bad - and we tend to become very possessive about them. We often feel insulted, humiliated, or abused when what we identify with is somehow challenged. Some would rather end their life on earth than willingly die from their attachments to who or what they think they are or what they feel they possess. More than a few souls have allowed their physical incarnation to wither away when they could no longer be the great athlete, musician, actor, scientist, or politician they once were. Many mothers have lost their way when their children die and they felt they could no longer be the mother that they had been. Souls who have identified themselves so strongly as part of a couple often find it too difficult to move forward when their partner dies. Yet, if we refuse to move forward

with our living, we are essentially seeking an end to it. And, any time we seek an end to some experience in life, we are negating our right to living the eternal life. Rather than trying to find the end to that which is unpleasant, we must learn to continually let go of our hold on the ever-changing scenery and season, the tidal currents of life, in this world. What actually feeds and makes our suffering persist is our resistance to it. So, stay calm - no, be even more joyful - and carry on. Dying for us, as immortal souls, is the letting go of our isolation borne of selfishness. We can do so by loosening our mind-grip on what we firmly believe is "me" and "mine." And, in so doing, we transcend our self-imposed limitations and bring ourselves a few steps closer to God, with each death.

If dying teaches us to shed our selfishness, what is the meaning for our living? We are being selfish when we exert our own will in an attempt to make life into what we think it should be. We do so when we view ourselves as separate from life and we try to control life in a way we feel would make it safe for us. Yet, we aren't separate from life. We *are* alive, we *are* living. And when we can relinquish trying to force our personal will on life, we begin to realize the true meaning of life - not just the physical life we live between birth and death, but of the life we live as souls eternally.

Rather than trying to figure out life or trying to control and manipulate it into what we think it should be, if we but open up to what life actually is, we may be joyfully surprised at the miraculous wonders that it offers up continuously. Life never ceases giving life. And, the secret to entering into that sacred and gracious dance of life is to share the treasures already within you in your soul, in your heart of hearts.

This is the meaning of living the eternal life while you are incarnated here on earth. It is not some intellectual idea or definition. It is a living meaning that must be shared in order to be experienced. The greatest expedition in the universe is the one that you are already on in which your destination is to discover all the varied and magnificent treasures that await you in your soul. The more you share of yourself each step of the way, the sooner you will realize all of them. Always start where you are.

What treasure of your soul are you sharing right now?

—END—

[Character Count: 11,390]

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Michael Tamura lives the miracle: Spiritually aware from childhood, he sees everyone the way they are as immortal souls. To guide thousands to their healing, awakening, and true life purpose, he

draws from years of intensive training, profound past-life recall, nightly out-of-the-body teaching sojourns, and a lifetime of extraordinary experiences, including having physically died three times in full consciousness.

Born and raised in Japan, yet educated in American schools, Michael has spent a lifetime bridging gaps: Not only between East and West, but between men and women, the young and old, heart and soul, life and the afterlife – and, above all, between humanity and Divinity. He is beloved around the world as a spiritual teacher, visionary clairvoyant, and pioneer of healing and psychic development and has been featured on CNN, NBC's *The Leeza Show*, *Bridging Heaven & Earth*, *The Aware Show*, Hay House Radio, World Puja Network, and many other media programs. He was also included in ABCNews' *The Century: America's Time* with Peter Jennings.

A long-time champion for a soul-centered education, healing, and parenting of children and youth, Michael was a guest expert in the film, *The Indigo Evolution*. Today, the award-winning author of *YOU ARE THE ANSWER*, is working on his second book, *THREE TIMES DEAD* and *What It Taught Me: A Journey Into the Heart of Wisdom* and is the subject of a feature documentary film in production. He continues to illuminate the way home for many awakening souls through his acclaimed seminars, teleseminars, writing, media appearances and products, and special events. For Michael, every step in life offers an opportunity for healing, miracles, and the fulfillment of one's divine purpose.