

# MD Convinced that Near Death Experiences Prove Life After Death

From link: <https://www.msn.com/en-us/health/other/i-ve-studied-more-than-5-000-near-death-experiences-my-research-has-convinced-me-without-a-doubt-that-there-s-life-after-death/ar-AA1fSZzN?ocid=entnewsntp&pc=U531&cvid=04bb93c47e82424f9c9987925a10981c&ei=12>

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**Title: I've studied more than 5,000 near death experiences. My research has convinced me without a doubt that there's life after death.**

Story by insider@insider.com (Kelly Burch)

• 10mo • 4 min read

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- Jeffrey Long is a radiation oncologist in Kentucky.
  - He's also founder of the Near-Death Experience Research Foundation.
  - He says studying near-death experiences has made him a better cancer doctor.

Thirty-seven years ago I was an [oncologist](#) resident, learning about how best to treat [cancer using radiation](#). These were the pre-internet days, so I did my research in the library. One day I was flipping through a large volume of the Journal of American Medical Association when I came across an article describing [near-death experiences](#). (link included at the end of this PDF)

It stopped me in my tracks. All my medical training told me you were either alive or dead. There was no in-between. But suddenly, I was reading from a cardiologist describing patients who had died, then come back to life, reporting very distinct, almost unbelievable experiences.

From that moment, I was fascinated with near-death experiences or NDEs. I define a near-death experience as someone who is either comatose or clinically dead, without a heartbeat, having a lucid experience where they see, hear, feel emotions, and interact with other beings. Learning more about these experiences has fundamentally changed my view of the universe.

## Near-death experiences have common threads

When I finished my residency, I started the [Near-Death Experience Research Foundation](#). I started collecting stories from people who had NDEs and evaluating them with the mind of a scientist and doctor. I make opinions based on evidence and came into this as a skeptic. But in the face of overwhelming evidence, I've come to believe there's certainly an afterlife.

No two NDEs are the same. But as I studied thousands of them, I saw a consistent pattern of events, emerging in a predictable order. About 45% of people who have an NDE report an out-of-body experience. When this happens, their consciousness separates from their physical body, usually hovering above the body. The person can see and hear what's happening around them, which usually includes frantic attempts to revive them. One woman even [reported](#) a doctor throwing a tool on the floor when he picked up the wrong one—something the doctor later confirmed.

After the out-of-body experience, people say they're transported into another realm. Many pass through a tunnel and experience a bright light. Then they're greeted by deceased loved ones, including pets, who are in the prime of their lives. Most people report an overwhelming sense of love and peace. They feel like this other realm is their real home.

## **I haven't found any scientific explanation for these experiences**

These experiences may sound cliché: the bright light, the tunnel, the loved ones. But over twenty-five years of studying NDEs, I've come to believe that these descriptions have become cultural tropes because they're true. I even worked with a group of children under five who had NDEs. They reported the same experiences that adults did—and at that age, you're unlikely to have heard about bright lights or tunnels after you die.

Other people report seemingly unbelievable events, which we can later confirm. One woman lost consciousness while riding her horse on a trail. Her body stayed on the trail while her consciousness traveled with her horse as he galloped back to the barn. Later, she was able to describe exactly what happened at the barn because she had seen it despite her body not being there. Others, who hadn't spoken to her, confirmed her account.

I'm a medical doctor. I've read brain research and considered every possible explanation for NDEs. The bottom line is that none of them hold water. There isn't even a remotely plausible physical explanation for this phenomenon.

## **I've also studied fear-death experiences, like near-miss car accidents**

I take a particular definition for NDEs. The person must be unconscious. But there's another type of phenomenon that fascinates me too: what I call fear-death experiences.

These are situations where you feel your life is in imminent danger. It might be a near-miss car accident or a sudden fall. These people generally don't experience the tunnel and light, but they often report their life "flashing before their eyes."

While some people with NDEs report these life reviews, they're more common with fear-death experiences. People even recall events from toddlerhood that they can't consciously remember but that we can later confirm by talking with family members and others.

## **Studying NDEs has made me a better cancer doctor**

While I'm passionate about NDEs, my day job still revolves around helping patients fight cancer. I don't tell my patients about my NDE research. And yet, my work with NDEs has made me a more compassionate and loving doctor.

I'm able to help my patients face life-threatening diseases with increased courage and passion. My goal is to help them have more healthy days here on Earth. But I firmly believe that if and when they pass, they will be at peace.

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## **Title: A near-death experience taught my father to say 'I love you'**

Essay by David Rockower

Aug 17, 2023, 11:45 AM CDT

- **Growing up, my father was frugal, serious, and hardly ever emotional.**
- **After a near-death experience from an aneurysm, he now says "I love you" much more often.**
- **The change made me see him more fully as a person and reminded me I still had room to grow.**

My grandmother once told me that my dad used to be an outgoing, boisterous child. Everything changed [after his father was killed in a plane crash](#). She recalled my 17-year-old father saying, "Now it's me against the world."

For most of my life, I saw my father as the ultimate provider; he worked long hours as a doctor and took pride in that he never missed a day of work. He was even-keeled and difficult to shake. In his eyes, people were either good or bad — there wasn't much in between. While we knew he loved us, he would rarely, if ever, say the words "I love you." But after an aneurysm, a helicopter ride to the hospital, and hours of surgery gave him a new perspective on life, I've noticed a change in him.

### **In my childhood, even a small display of emotion from my dad was memorable**

My father always spoke with certainty. His tone left no room for questioning, and I always assumed he was right. If he announced that it was foolish for me to spend my money on a video game, I listened to him and pocketed the cash for another time. I was the kid who, when in a heated elementary-school debate with a friend, said, "It's a fact because my dad said so."

Certain things made him laugh: Peter Sellers in the original "Pink Panther" films sent him into hysterics, and he couldn't mention "Rocky and Bullwinkle" without smiling. I loved the rare occasions when he took a risk, however trivial; while setting the dinner table, he tossed ceramic dishes across the tablecloth, seeing how close they'd come to the edge without falling off.

Once, while on a road trip, someone sped by too closely, and he flipped them the bird. He was visibly angry and muttered a few choice words under his breath. [Even this small show of emotion was memorable](#). My mother was proud. She clapped and whispered, "Did you see what your father just did?"

## **When my father suffered from an aneurysm, I saw a different side of him**

In January 2020, at the age of 73, he [suffered an aneurysm](#). My mother, brother, and I sat with him in our local hospital as he writhed in pain, waiting for the helicopter to take him to a facility that could operate. His chances of survival were slim — at least that's what I assumed it meant when my brother, who's also a doctor, said: "This doesn't look good."

As the EMTs were moving him onto a stretcher, I leaned over and took his hand. I don't remember what I told him, probably something about being there when he arrived. His eyes were closed, and I could tell the pain was unbearable. He said: "I'm sorry. It's really hard to watch people you love when they are in pain." These words — from my father who showed little emotion and rarely said "I love you" — felt surreal. I wondered how he could be so selfless, worrying about others while he was in great pain. At that moment, I felt a deep affection for him.

We drove for two hours and, after arriving at the hospital, learned that my father was still in surgery. After another hour, they informed us that the surgery was successful and that he would be in recovery shortly. I kept hearing my father's words in my head: "It's [hard to watch people you love when they are in pain](#)." In what could have been some of his final moments alive, he was most concerned about us — that it might be upsetting for us to see him in pain.

## **It took a near-death experience for my dad to be vulnerable**

After two weeks in the hospital, my father was released. In the three years since his surgery, he has been healthy and active. He is still the same guy in many ways, but there are many things that have changed. His presence still commands attention, and though he's still mostly serious, there are now more moments of silliness.

He still thinks mostly in black-and-white terms — for example, that there are mostly good and bad guys — but I can sense more nuance in his thinking. In the past, he was quick to state his opinion on any given topic; now I see him listening more, thinking before he shares his perspective. When I talk to him on the phone, his voice is softer, and before we hang up, he says, "I love you."

As children, our parents seem like royalty. We expect them to model adulthood with strength and sincerity. They teach us how to interact with and respond to the world. For the majority of my life, I saw my father respond stoically. But [when I witnessed his vulnerability, I saw him](#) more fully.

Even though I see myself as someone who's comfortable with vulnerability, witnessing my father become more open has reminded me that I still have room to grow. I believe that my father and I both learned something that day. He learned to say "I love you," and I learned that even when people present themselves as impervious, it doesn't mean they're not feeling emotions. We all just have different ways of expressing them.