

**You read my accounts; some things I have questioned from an early age to now. I have always just thought about it. As you can tell from the way it ended -- No more thinking or wondering. This is my story of the greatest Phenomena and what started it all. My determination that forced and guided me.**

SSSHH... I'M OKAY!!

*"Death is not the greatest loss in life; the greatest loss is what dies inside us while we live!" I read that somewhere and shamefully can't give credit to who said it. It's true! There are no words to justify the feeling of experiencing death. But, that's just what they are, words I've spoken before to somehow ease the pain I could see on someone else's face. That's still my view; words don't have the capable reach to mend any sort of ache. I've had to deal with 11 family and friends die in my adulthood. Each tragedy; having separate levels of heart ache. Levels I've created, to get lost in; when the pain is so overwhelming. Some deaths were sudden, some expected, and some needed me to comfort another. I felt it easier to force myself to avoid even the thought of my own pain. I have all sorts of ways, like the typical, putting it on the backburner. See, if I promise myself time to think about it later or last – the longer it can stay in the back of my head. If I keep myself busy, sooner or later it becomes a habit you've trained the brain to do automatically. Aah-huh... easier!*

*(The rest of April 2007) The last couple years, my Mom seemed to pick up a nagging cough. Well, I'm not sure how long. One day she had a cold and the cough never went away. We all got used to her forming her sentences around when she could take a breather. Everyone assumed that her regular Doctor appointments were taking care of her. I was surprised when she told me that the problem stemmed from her heart. I think the shock was more towards the doctors. It took them over a year to figure*

that out?!?! Either way, we continued our confidence and followed through the recommended heart surgery.

The surgeons and doctors told her; told us that the operation was successful. The only thing left to do was get better! She retired from Civil Service and picked up an awesome exercise routine. I think I still have the recording on my 'answering machine' of her proudly telling me about her 15 minute treadmill walk. She enjoyed her weight loss, shopping and free time from work. All of us 'put down our guard' to be relieved. Just watching her be happy ... for a short while.



Even though she had enormous strength and a desire to fight, her body was defeated. We mistakenly took her strength as being "everything will be okay". That's what she constantly told us and wanted us to think. It

happened anyway... the dreaded phone call. I lived 1400 miles away and helpless with what I heard! Conversations with my brothers allowed me to piece together what was going on and what happened. Seems the recent heart surgery must **not** have been as effective as everyone was lead to believe. My Mom stopped breathing in the living room of her home. I can only imagine the fear of not being able to take in air. (It's probably best that way). By the time she arrived at the hospital, the doctors gave a list of reasons why her body wasn't working. She never gained consciousness. How could she be given a 'GOOD BILL OF HEALTH' and the next 6 weeks die?? I could write a whole other book on my view of our American health care and ignorant doctors!! For the sake of moving on and bypassing unhealthy thoughts, let me just say BAMC/WILFORD HALL. These are hospitals that epitomize the poor standard of the health care process nationwide... (yucky taste in my mouth)

Getting frustrated does not change the fact, my mom is gone. That night, that next couple weeks, were excruciating! I immediately flew home to be with my family and help plan the funeral. Even though I've been to my parents' house a million times, when I pulled up that night; my emotions spilled out just at the sight of it. I barely get out of the car to see my brother, Bobby, standing outside. I couldn't seem to stomach walking in or holding back the nerves. I dropped to the curb and let the tears flow. Once it started, I couldn't stop crying hysterically. Its hard (even today) controlling such torturous pain when it's fueled by anger and rage. I was mad at God too!! What plan did he have for this? I didn't seem to care – plan or no plan. Why? Why?

I can't write this with just MY feelings, I wasn't the only one. My mom's passing affected all of us. We felt stripped, nothing left but bare bones for the cold to rattle!!!! I'm not exaggerating. Pain tore apart our insides. She is gone. Our mother is dead. Those two sentences echoed over

and over again. I can honestly say that our acceptance of that fact was not accomplished without pulling and being together as best as we could.

(April 21, 2008) One year to the date of my mom's passing, I was consumed with rage. I'm not good at anniversary dates, so, consciously and unconsciously all my anger surfaced. This brings me to another phenomenal experience. I went to bed early that night. I decided it would be better to get the day over and not take it out on my husband. All lights and TV were off, to fall asleep quick. I hear my name being called out loud, it wasn't ME. It felt like an involuntary muscle movement just before you fall asleep. I raised my head from the pillow and looked around the dark room to not see anything out of the ordinary. My head barely touched the pillow when my name is called again! In a flash, I see myself! I'm confused. How can I be observing myself and also standing in the dark? Shockingly, the realization of my confusion overpowered any fear and excited me! I hear my name again... "Linda". Hey, I recognize that voice! I turn around and see my MOM!! Who is now in front of me, guessing about 5 feet or so. Gathering we are both in the dark, adds to my confusion of when I look at her. A soft white glow surrounds her. It wasn't a circle or even a shape at all; it was just part of her. I leaped as fast as I could, hugging and kissing her. Happiness and joy fill up so much, making me dance around. Yes, I am literally jumping around, feeling complete weightlessness. Bringing my hands up to my face real close, each finger starts to wiggle; in total amazement. I even shout "Look, Mom, Look!"

The next memory is being above everything, looking down to see pieces of land. Focusing brings close the ability to see cars and even little people walking around. At that same moment, the clouds, mountains and wind are at the same level as me! Feeling air whip across my face and yet, seemed to go through me at the same moment! Noticing my feet, body and arms are not there; still does not influence the joy. I don't sense being

incomplete, it's just me. I know my mom is beside me, I can distinguish her from the air around me. This time there isn't any conversation, just happy, laughing and smiling. In an instant, we are in that dark area again. My mom is sitting, possibly in a chair; because I'm on the floor sitting Indian style. She is talking, but I'm not looking at her face to see her lips move. Never do I recall using actual words. In real life, my Mom and I practiced telepathy and must recognize it (\*). I scoot closer to her; to have my head rest on her lap. She is stroking my hair to comfort me like when I was a small child. Vaguely recollecting the explanation of some future events and giving me the chance to ask any of my questions. Abruptly, she needs to leave. I'm so confused! "Why, you don't have to go, why? I insisted that I go with her; I NEVER want to leave her! I am so happy beyond any feeling before. She reminds me I have kids, husband and family...No, No, No! I don't believe her; I don't understand why I feel frustrated. She's sitting at a table with a male silhouette behind her (I don't seem to recognize). "I don't have much longer" I hear as she fades. I'm crying and screaming for her to stay... I feel and hear my heartbeat race as my tears go down my cheeks. I can taste them in my mouth.

All of a sudden, my heart beats so fast, I'm having trouble breathing. It feels like my leg is twitching so I open my eyes. I'm awake in bed!! My heart is still racing, I'm crying and I have to concentrate on my breathing. My first thought, my Mom came to see me. It was NOT a dream, I know it!!! I'm 100% sure...no, 200% sure!!!

\*I wrote this here in my Dream Journal. Did I have that thought in dream or when writing it??

I wake up my husband beside me (still feeling overwhelmingly sad) and recite the whole incident. I don't know if maybe I'm talking too fast or he thinks I'm crazy... ha ha. Either way, he listens and supports my belief.

Telling him just doesn't seem enough. I grab the nearest pen and paper-writing everything down...pacing and pacing, until a descent hour to call my brothers.

It doesn't take much convincing, they believe me too. As you've read, I come from a very spiritual family. I even think my conversation has helped to inspire on such a depressing date. My brother, Bobby and I decide to call each other on every anniversary date. It's just too hard facing alone. I'm so positively sure my mom actually visited me, I start researching. There **MUST** be someone else out there who had the same experience. I stumbled upon and sought out many different websites. I had no choice to surf the web because my Catholic religion has no explanation. Actually 80% of religions don't even identify the subject. I can honestly say NDE.com saved me. I'm not crazy or 'grasping at straws'. There's always someone out there to relate to... you are **NEVER** alone in your experiences!

A couple months go by and my brother, Brian calls me. His voice sounds very anxious and tense. I'm thinking something is very wrong, especially for being so early in the morning. He starts to tell me about a dream he himself had a couple hours ago. The conversation lasted for hours, literally, hours! He's positively overwrought and takes time to calm his nerves (assuming I did). I will let you hear this story from him....

**My name is Brian;** I am the other brother, who will discuss a certain but disturbing dream. It was early September and I was going through my own life's hardships. I had moved in with my very good friend's house and his family. I strongly believe every one of us in our family has a certain distinguished trait. There are four of us total and we each have a gift different from another. Usually, when one has an experience we share it with one another to dissect. So, one night I had very surreal and almost demonic dream that needed such analyzing. That night I woke up very sweaty, but frozen and unable to function (possibly few minutes!). I laid there on the couch incoherent of reality or consciousness... just motionless.

This dream takes place in a location that's always familiar us, our old house in San Antonio. My brother and I were standing in the front yard talking. I noticed there were a lot of people walking on our street. ALL of them were just staring at us as they pass or approach us. As my brother recognized, we were already heading towards the door. The moment we turned our backs to enter it- these individuals started running and chasing us!! We were just inches away as my brother walks through, but, I don't make it! I just remember being grabbed from my back collar and thrown about 50 feet!! As many times as I tried to get up

and run, the abuse just continued. Being tossed further and further away from my house, I was beaten across my face and entire body. I kneeled, looked up and see my eldest sister that I haven't seen in almost 10 years. Unknowingly, she walks towards the house. I use this time to allow the beating to continue. I'm hoping this distraction will prevent them from seeing her. It was just too late! She was noticed and was attacked to leave me barely moving. You see... I am well aware of these so called dream phenomenon's, where one can conquer their demons or bully. MY GOD, I DID IT!!!! I got up and ran and never felt so alive and invincible. I was picking them up like weeds and throwing them down the street just to save her. Once she was able to get inside, my brother grabbed me and took me inside as well. Now, all four of us are inside the house and really freaked out with a lot of questions. One thing I failed to mention that these individuals had a gold'ish glow emanating from them. Their jaws dropped to their chest and skin from their faces just sagged as if it were shedding off. I know we didn't have a fireplace in this house, but there was one in my dream. My Moms religious statues (Jesus, Lady of Guadalupe and Pope John II) were seated above. I quickly ran to them and prayed and prayed, as if they could listen and help. When suddenly a woman walked in from the locked front door and smiled at me. Of course, I ran to her making sure she wasn't attacked from the people outside. She replied there was nobody outside and she was fine. I looked out the window but could still see them, and with such hate in their eyes. I don't know this woman who calmly walks inside. She assures me that everything is going to be just fine and tries to calm me down. She continues with the same line..."everything is fine sweetie". I can't help but notice that she is wearing an old 50's getup. With a poodle on her skirt, white clover collar shirt and an old beehive hairstyle. Her presence alone help calm me down and think rationally. I ask if she's here to help. Her responses are mainly repetitive, but reassures me that everything is *just fine* followed by a "sweetie" comment. I look across the room and no one even notices her presence, as if I'm the only one talking to her. I quickly come to my judgment and ask if she was an Angel to help? She replies "they tell me you are so sweet and so smart and you believe in them." We have a conversation about the TRUTH of dying and heaven. I just remember she answered all my questions and everything seemed to be just so clear about how life is. I was in **Awe** with everything she had told me - it made so much sense. I can recall that our lips never even moved in this conversation, no one in that room ever notices her. Just then, there is a knock on the door. I quickly run to answer it- thinking maybe someone else needs my help. She calmly tells me not to answer the door, "please" she says. I tell her that I may be able to help others, but her responses become more dominate and begs me not answer it. Well... I still answer, just to find no one around at all. I step outside and look around to find a cardboard box about a foot in length. I grab it and quickly run back inside. Even with her frowns, my curiosity gets the best of me. As I'm opening the box she repeats saying not to. Well, with her disapproval, I look inside and find a gun. It is completely silver with dark gray almost black handle and still warm. I ask her what the gun is for and I can tell she doesn't want to say anything. She mumbles words that's hard to make out. In time, I'm able to decipher what she was saying- "I told you not to answer the door! I told you not to answer the door!" I asked her what she meant by that. She replies "Travis shot and killed himself and I told you not to open the box!!" Travis is my nephew at about 23 yrs. old. I quickly ball and couldn't accept that he is dead. Knowing I had to tell his mom, I wanted to tell my Brother first. Perhaps, he could help me tell my sister that her son had passed. I turn in my brother's direction to let him know what I know. He dropped to his knees and yelled out "No, no, no, this can't be happening!" This point of time, I was thinking I might have to tell her alone. I walk towards my sister and tell her the not so good news. SHE drops to her knees and just starts yelling and screaming "**No, He's dead, He's dead!!**" I wake up. There I was lying on the couch sweating and incoherent of dream to reality at 3am. I call my brother over and over again, with no answer. I call my sister over and over again. I'm finally able to reach both of them and told them my dream. It took me a whole pack of cigarettes to reach the part about my nephew. I know it was just a dream, but we as a family, have some intense one that usually has meaning behind them for us to dissect.

I know you're probably inclined to think it was just a strange dream. That's okay for now. Make sure you remember this page. Further down you'll want to analyze every word... I did! Either way I thought about it, again, I'm 1400 miles away and helpless to prevent anything. I'm sure; my son was puzzled why all of us tended to him more often. Whatever we thought he needed.

(2009) Tragedy hits me once again; my husband lost his electrical job. Layoffs came quick and very widespread. Seems many of his friends and coworkers got their "pink slips", leaving a skeleton crew. His specific trade of being an electrician; was hit hard by the economy and very difficult to find work. We had to adjust our living so my paycheck could cover our bills. My setbacks weren't finished with me yet. Complications from my own employer led to me not having a job too! As bad as I would like to speak about everything that happened, the adult in me will be more responsible. Making sniper scopes for a rumored end to a war threatened the company's welfare. That, I do understand, can put an unimaginable amount of stress on an individual. If that was the only case, maybe. The owner had deep personal problems that trickled down. Eventually, I reported all the abuse and won judgment. Adding my own unemployment benefits with my husbands' kept us afloat temporarily.

I was excited to embrace the opportunity of working full time on my Charity. My brothers and I created the nonprofit 'MISS CONNIES ANGELS'. This was in honor of my mom (Connie) to help children. I studied (many months) laws governing the guidelines. I organized Board members and filed LLC. It was worth every second to focus my attention on something beneficial. I believe that same focus help direct my brothers on a similar positive path of distraction. While functioning, we waited to obtain our 3yr budget plan. In that time, my Board members could not even make a

decision without some sort of power struggle. Missing opportunities and not having proper framework led to its breakdown. I eventually informed everyone it was legally dissolved as they advised. When I HAD to do it, I couldn't!! I tried running it myself, but because it was too huge for me, I will have to terminate its existence anyway. At least, I have the fact of knowing I CAN DO IT! I really created a nonprofit by myself!

When I thought we hit our emotional 'Rock Bottom'; something else transpired. My brother, Bobby, received but missed a call on his cell phone. He told ME about it, because when he looked at the number he was completely dumbfounded!!! It showed my mom's old work phone from 3yrs ago and even left him a message!!! Yes!! Left a message!! WHAT?! I quickly hang up with him so I can listen too. After punching in the numbers with my fat fingers messing up 210-652---I hear "Hi. This is Connie; I can't get to the phone right now..." Oh, my GOD, it was absolutely wonderful to hear her voice. We could listen to it every time we dialed the number. Since no one ever actually answered the phone, it was difficult for us to find out why this happened. We couldn't just walk into the office, being it was located inside an Air Force base. We used sources at the telephone company who narrowed it down exactly! That specific line was handled as and connected to the FAX machine. So... how did it call Bobby??? It ended up retreating back to its original fax purpose, but did allow us about 2 weeks to listen to her voice. Possibly another sign, phenomenal experience...hmm?

I wish the feeling of awe could have lasted longer. Our financial chaos seemed to come to light. The definition of temporary is not permanent. Unfortunately, our benefits could no longer pay our bills. We cut out cable TV, switch to liability coverage insurance... Once there could be no more cutbacks, our mortgage came to surface. We tried desperately to qualify for any Homeowners Assistance Program to no avail. Even though we were in

communication with our mortgage company, they automatically proceeded towards Foreclosure!! Once again, I could write another book solely on the subject of deficiencies within our government. You are pre-warned; there will be many notations throughout this book. Bobby and I spoke many times about the way we perceive (learned) the structure of our government, police force, healthcare...etc.

It seems as time goes by, it's not any easier to swallow my losses and hardships. Dedicating my thoughts and energy to my charity, still leave an opening for negativity and depression to seep in. All my hardships are starting to materialize and cloud my mental view. I found myself submerged in despair, which was getting hard to overcome. Not only did it seem the world was closing in on me, I must have fallen in!! I'm in a big, black sinkhole – unable to scratch my way to the surface!! Silly doctor classifies it and gives me anti-depressants. (Lexapro). Naw, I can't be depressed. Putting me in this category is discouraging. I take the medication, but, my charity requires me to multi task. This "cure" seems to keep me from being able to perform more than one action. I hate it, all I want and can do is think and be calm. I pride myself on being proficient, meeting deadlines and just being energetic. My Board members and family curiosity makes them boldly ask what's going on with me? Sheeze... no more of those for me.

To make things worse, the local sheriff came to our house with official notice of Foreclosure! I tried numerous times to reach and work something out with GMAC Mortgage Company. Seven days till our house was to be banked owned, we packed as quickly as we could. On the tail end of those days, we noticed a man drive up to our property and take pictures. Poor man, he does not realize the anger and tension he is facing. In the process of confronting him, we ended up befriending him. He heard our house was to be on the market through the realty company he worked for. He

miraculously became the liaison between the mortgage company and us. What a WONDERFUL man!! He was able to settle on an agreed price to qualify for a 'Short Sale'. (Definitely sent him a Christmas card... ha ha)

With the help from my Father, we bought a great truck from Texas. My brothers, Brian and Bobby set aside time to actually drive it from San Antonio to Virginia in such a small time frame! Didn't take much convincing, Bobby seem stressed and anxious to travel the open road. I was so excited to have them come. I needed them! Having their support through the real estate process of Short Sale (people coming to look at my house) was so awesome; we still managed to have fun together. We planned a trip to visit our old childhood house in Clinton. I briefly wrote about the place and the Ouija board. This house has many more stories. I'd love to share them for those who are interested in Ghosts. (pics included)



Sept 8, 2009 - is our last day and night in our home. Closing is scheduled the next afternoon. It's going by so fast, were still packing and moving our items into storage as it gets dark. It's time to decide and debate what items we cannot take with us. Our storage is completely filled and not enough time to drive over to my husband's grandparents' house. The new owner is so nice; I couldn't help but get along with him. He would gladly let us leave anything we wanted.

Moving is strenuous alone, but crunch time on an event you don't want to happen, is horrendous! Taking deep breathes is not curing my anxiety because the loss of my house is overpowering. The only thing I can think of is to grab a piece of my 'backburner' to help cope. Dangerous as it may be, I let some of my sorrow seep in from my mother's death. It seemed sensible to allow this pain to stream towards the existing pain. I don't want to create another loss related anxiety attack. Losing my mom versus my house is what I cloud my thoughts with. When I broke it down, I realized my very special friend, my one and only mom is no longer here anymore! Not having a house was just material, and so was all my belongings. When I leave this world, when I die, they are not going with me. I've heard this saying before, but NOW I fully understand. Having that on my mind helped relieve the agony of moving.

I think my husband and I took two energy drinks that day to keep up! Since we anticipated our last storage trip to end after dark, we left our porch lights on. Exhaustedly, we make our way up the long six hundred and fifty foot driveway. We start to see tiny shadows circling the porch. Both of us see it because my husband said, "What is that?" The garage opens as we get closer see these tiny shadows flying in the garage too!! Quickly jumping out of the car, he grabs the video camera. Finally! I'm proving whatever this is, really happened! It's a lot of birds! They are flying full speed, pounding their heads on the wall and ceiling. I don't understand why they willingly hurt themselves. Bloodspots are left every time they crash. Good thing I recorded it- it soon stopped. I don't suppose anyone would fully believe the concept if they couldn't watch for themselves. What does this mean?? Why were they doing that? A sign, an omen??  
HmMMM

\*\*\*\*\* attach video here (for e-book) \*\*\*\*\*

After my husband and I reviewed our choices of where to live, his grandparents' house seemed to be the most reasonable. It is vacant because of yet another loss, of them both! We expected to help his parents with any work necessary on the future sale. That made us feel better about our situation, being able to keep busy and NOT worthless. I really considered moving between there and back to San Antonio. It was starting to feel like I needed to be there. Relocating short term, to Maryland, was our best option for everyone at the time. Living in Owings, Maryland was another stumbling block to overcome. Being in a small city and winter season, made it hard for my husband and I to find employment. The twelve months there, seemed stagnant. I wouldn't say that it put us back physically, but possibly mentally. All that downtime forced us to think about our losses. Each month, each day started turning into the same.

I know I had to leave and felt this enormous tug to go back to San Antonio. My conversations with my brother, Bobby became more frequent. I would listen to him talk about his new house, his future plans or frustrations with caRX swindling him. Our views of society were starting to match up even stronger, and could talk for hours about religion and government. I missed my kids, and my regret of not being closer to them was overwhelming. Since my mom's passing, reality smacked me hard. All the bad decisions and choices I made bounce around my head constantly! I want to be with my children, my family - I want to go home.

When I share my thought with Bobby, he is ecstatic! It feels right. He quickly offers for my husband and I (with a doggy) to stay with him and his girlfriend. Knowing we both had to ask our significant others, didn't matter. We knew it was going to happen. He had painting and re-arranging to do on his end, and we furiously packed and moved on ours. Yes!! Keep moving, working, keep busy towards a goal. My husband and I already have most of our remaining stuff organized to move or give away.

All of our concentration was on strapping our furniture to the trailer and routing our cross country drive. Here we come!

After the long and grueling drive, I was embarrassed to be lost entering his neighborhood. The city built a brand new crossover in between highways and I missed our exit. The North East side of town looks different! Darn it, so close! Once we pulled up in the driveway, our mattress was the first to go in! We could smell the aroma of Thanksgiving. We drove fast enough to even spare a day before the actual holiday. It didn't seem to matter, time just flew by. It was a little crowded, especially adding a dog to 2 cats they had. Nevertheless, we Laughed and enjoyed spending time together. I thought it was kind of healing to be able to talk to my brother about our mutual losses. The conversation stretched to (as mentioned) our thoughts of society and how he felt a calling to be a preacher. We both started sharing our doubts about Catholicism, so I was stunned. He mentioned it before, but now we have the time to talk about it. He felt being a preacher would not entirely reflect Catholicism (or any one specific religion). He thought many more people would start seeing the flaws in religion and would abandon it. We agreed religious rules and structure should not interfere with having faith. He wanted to energize peoples' faith in after life existence.

It was nice spending time with my family. My husband, brother and I created a list of things to do and work on. We made a pact to stay busy and hopefully get in better shape. I couldn't help but chuckle when Bobby and my husband dug up the yard in the Texas heat. They used to compare and see who sweated the most. The retaining wall fell and my husband was showing Bobby had to fix it properly. Yea... more busy work helps.

Seeing my children and family more was so fabulous. Video games were a common entertainment they all enjoyed together. My daughter and Bobby would team up online to play with my older son. I know he would play late at night to secretly sharpen his skills... ha ha. Together we would

*look at the stars with deep conversation to having friends and family BBQ's. Oh my, the cooking and laughing was an entire day's event. I loved it!!*



*The weekend comes, and I know Bobby has plans to go out that evening with his girlfriend. They picked a local bar to watch the San Antonio Spurs play, he's a big sports fan! My husband and I also have big plans to figure out the Wi-Fi printer... Yea! Bobby was cooking his usual borracho beans all morning and finally shared his secret ingredient. We joked around, laughing here and there before they left. My husband and I had a nice quiet night and decided to watch a movie in bed.*

*We fell asleep because the next thing I recall is hearing my brothers' girlfriend yelling. The slammed doors and cabinets did not disguise the obvious anger it took to close them. I never heard her shout so loud, that listening any longer did not seem right. I stepped out of bed and slipped on my sweater. Telling my already awake husband, that I was going to find out what's wrong. Closing the door softly behind me, I walk out of my room. I'm standing there in the living area waiting to hear anything, but it looked like they already retreated to their own room. It is quiet enough for me to hear my husband also come out and step behind me. Still, I hear no*

sound, until the wood floor under my feet kind of trembles. I listened to a somewhat soft, muffled bang resonate in the air. "What the hell was that?" Then I heard my brother whisper to me, "SSSH...IM OKAY, SSSH...IM OKAY!" I look around but I don't see him, where is he? I heard it three times, but obviously, he was not in the room.

Then I hear his girlfriend, "R", starts screaming my name "Linda, Liiinda!!" at the top of her lungs. Just as I take a couple steps in the direction of their room, she runs out, still screaming my name. She gets closer, for me to get a better look -Oh my God!! Oh my Fucking God!! Holy Shit!! Her hands are covered in blood! What the FUCK!?! She continues to run toward me in attempts to hug and talk to me at the same time. I feel her shaking as she is still yelling out my name in front of me "Linda, Liiinda!" I push her out to ask "What!? Where's Bobby? What happened?!" It's at that moment I took notice the blood on her hands continued in her hair, it swept all over her robe; it's everywhere to spread on ME!! She is shaking so much I can't understand what's coming out of her mouth. I give up, and make my way to their bedroom; I cannot wait to decipher her words when I see so much blood. Not having to run far, I stopped dead in my tracks. I don't have to enter, because the door was open and I could see through to the closet. In less than a second my heartbeat tripled, my body shook hysterically and screams came out of my mouth that I did not even recognize! "AAAAAAAH, WHAT THE FUCK!!!!!" Oh my God!! NO! NO! NO!! NO!!! NO!!!! Not my brother, Bobby, bobby!

Stupid cell phone would not connect to the emergency service, so I ran. I continued screaming outside to make it across the street. I didn't care to knock, but pounded on the front door of our neighbors.

"Don't go back over there, stay on the line with me," is ringing in my ear. My own screaming and heartbeat wasn't just inside me - I think I was

yelling in the phone and at the neighbors. I tried to hand her back the phone to run back home and be with my brother. But, the dispatcher orders her to keep me here. "Who are YOU to say no!!?!" I thrashed around so much; it took her husband to hold me down as they instructed. Since the words 'been shot' was used, must have induced a certain procedure..?? My screams go deafening as the police pull up, and a high pitch tone in my head makes my voice seem like it wasn't me - someone else far away. One moment I'm at the neighbors and the next feels like the air around me moves so fast to carry me across the street. I approached the two cops standing by my front door. As I get closer, I see they are just standing there telling each other jokes and laughing!!!! I shout; "where's the ambulance, why aren't you helping him?!" Reply: "Ma'am there is no ambulance dispatched because he's gone." Just like that, the coldness in his voice matched the hatred I felt seeing the casual conversation among them. I tried to speak, but my chest was so heavy that words couldn't get through. No air was getting through and everything was in slow motion! How was I to call my Dad, my brother..? What do I say? I had no choice but to give the phone to my husband. Just tell him to come. I don't remember saying anything, just feeling my husband try to catch me fall. No more, no more energy, no more breathe.

Following their allegiance to police procedure (I'm sure), my husband had guns pulled on him, frisked and both of us placed in separate police cars (for 6 hours)! Okay, I knew protocol would be to separate all of us, but... why won't they let me out? I see my dad pull up behind the crime scene tape, but he can't hear my banging on the window. Why cant I talk to him and explain that Bobby is... Geeze, are those ASSHOLE cops gonna even bother telling him in between their laughs???

I still had my cell phone (that didn't work earlier) so I tried calling him. Not answering, I call my brother, Brian. Still unable to gather words, all I could say to him was "Bobby, HE'S DEAD, HE'S DEAD!!!" That's it. My own words and body

*failed me!! I went totally hysterical. I kicked and screamed from the locked cop car. "Let me Out!!" I want out, I want out!!*

*My life will change from this point forward, forever!*