

My Life After Death Experience –

Visit to Heaven, Hell & Purgatory...

Interview with Sondra Abrahams

Background

I am the second youngest of five children. I was raised Catholic. My mom was Catholic and my dad converted after my mother passed on. In my twenties, I married Kenneth Abrahams and we had three children: Melanie, Jeffrey, and Karen. Every Sunday I went to church, but I was a pew warmer. After Vatican II, I had a bad opinion of the church. I was disappointed and disillusioned with our church. However, I was devoted to the Blessed Mother and prayed the Rosary—a devotion I learned from my mother.

Childhood

The first time Mary ever appeared to me, I was five years old. She told me that my father had been healed through her intercession. She also made a dead rose beautiful again that was in a vase near me. I realized that if you prayed to her she listened. As a child,

my school was next to the Catholic Church. Every day after school, I would run across the street to the church and go see the statue of Our Lady of La Salette. I would burn a candle hoping that she would stop crying like the statue. I would then genuflect to Jesus and run out the door and go home.



Dead at 30

In January 1970, I had a hysterectomy when I was 30 years old due to cervical cancer. After the surgery, the doctors gave me medicine that was new on the market, and I had a reaction to it in the hospital.

My husband came and picked me up and brought me back to our house in Houston, TX. My mother-in-law had been watching the kids. I went back to my bedroom, and I thought I was having a stroke. My

mother-in-law called my husband and he came home. That was my introduction into hell in so many ways. The doctors told my husband to bring me back to the hospital immediately. I couldn't breathe, my heart was exploding in my chest, and I had my head back trying to get air into my lungs. My husband brought me to the emergency room and the doctor didn't know what to give me as an antidote. The doctor thought I was going to go into cardiac arrest. The doctor started doing chest compressions and suddenly I was staring down at my body watching everything happen. I heard the doctor start cursing and yelling at the nurses. He started yelling a code and saying "I'm losing her."

An Encounter With Christ: Consuming Love

Suddenly, I was pulled through the ceiling, and I felt myself going from one dimension to another. I can't explain it or fully describe it, but I was yanked through my body and pulled into a tunnel. I could see light and I saw angels and then souls in transit. I could see a little tiny light ahead, and I wanted to get to that light. As I got closer and closer, it got brighter and brighter and the light was Christ. I remember him putting His arms around me. He wasn't a spirit; He was real. I was just my soul and it was dirty. I remember and

could feel His love--a consuming love. It was in every pore of my being. I felt His love and compassion. Being a parent, I thought I knew love, but His love doesn't even compare. His love consumes you and you can feel it. It is the most beautiful, unusual sensation I've ever had. He told me that He was going to show me things. He turned and He moved his hand. As He moved his hand, I saw a review of my life from the time I was a tiny child up until age 30. It was almost like a movie screen. I saw every time I did something good and I felt His love and joy. When I did something bad, I felt His hurt and intense pain that I caused Him. He showed me my whole life. But He never stopped loving me. His mercy is enormous. Explaining this is very hard. I came face to face with Jesus. He is a more beautiful than any picture I have ever seen. He radiates love.

Lake of Fire

Jesus asked me if I was satisfied with my life and I told him no. He said I would have more opportunities. Then he said he was going to show me something else. He showed me hell. It was horrible. It never ends. It is for all eternity. It is just horrible. You can't ever get out. I was so distraught about the souls going into hell. The souls looked like something in your worst dreams, almost like monsters. They were cursing God and never stopped. It was like a volcano. You can't imagine what these souls looked like. I cried out "I will pray for them!" and Jesus shook his head. He showed me a horrible man who would curse God, and he was mean, cruel and prideful. He would slam doors in people's faces on purpose. He would see an animal and deliberately run over it on the street. The man's friends

showed him that he needed to find God. And the man said "I don't need to find God. I am God." The man was in a car accident and as his soul detached from his body, Our Lord appeared to him one last time and asked him two things: "Do you love me, truly love me? Are you sorry for your sins?" The man cursed Our Lord. Jesus pointed and the soul's face went into the fire. The man did not recognize Jesus because of his pride. To this day, I don't know who this man was. I have never forgotten this. I knew right away that I didn't want to go to hell. The suffering is so intense there.

Purifying Fire

Then Jesus showed me purgatory. I called purgatory "the gray zone" for years because of the bleakness and grayness. There are levels, but I don't know how many. The bottom is very dark and black. Most souls that end up there have committed very serious sins and the suffering there is

intense. There are fires, but they are fires within souls cleansing them. As a soul is cleansed and purified they begin to move up to different layers of gray and up into the light. Then they are crystal clean and released into heaven. I saw my great uncle Creighton who died when I was four or five years old. He committed suicide by shooting himself. He was in the lowest level of purgatory. His soul recognized mine, and he asked me to pray for him. I heard his cry. He came another 20 years later after this experience and let me know he had been released.

We have to pray for the souls in purgatory--offer Masses, Rosaries, and sacrifices. That is how the souls move out of purgatory as they can't pray for themselves. They can pray for us, but they can't pray for themselves. It's us who need to pray for them. There are billions of souls in purgatory. Not one soul knows that there is another soul around them. They are completely isolated.

They know why they are there. They can't take comfort in other people. There is no sense of time. There are no clocks.

Heaven

After I saw the bottom level of purgatory, Jesus showed me heaven. The souls in heaven are radiant. I never saw anyone's feet. They moved around and the smells were out of this world. The music was beautiful--thousands of voices praying to God. I met my mother's mother who died many years before I was born. She thanked me for naming my oldest daughter after her. She gave me a personal message to give to my mother. She told me to remember to pray the Rosary. She looked like she was 30 years old. Then the Blessed Mother

