

On Sunday, June 19, 1977, at 1:20 in the morning, I, David Noel Lynch, lay unconscious in the back of a police car. My nose was nearly torn from my face, and blood trickled from my right ear. I was being charged with seven crimes including leaving the roadway, reckless driving, fleeing or attempting to elude police, DUI, and homicide by vehicle.

Earlier that night, I had been driving down a straight road. I glanced in my mirror and saw the police officer's cruiser blow through the stop sign at the intersection where I had just turned left. Hitting third gear down the straight away, I quickly accelerated. The car was doing about 80 mph.

My friend couldn't find the buckle for his seat belt. As I looked down to help him, the car hit a patch of gravel at 80 mph. The car skidded violently to the left, spinning towards the trees lining the road.

I desperately tried to counter steer. Ahead, I spotted a driveway and wrestled the car towards it, hoping to escape the road. I thought we had made it. The car lurched to a stop. "We made it," I said, relieved.

But as I looked around, all I could see was darkness. Pitch black. Fear gripped me. "Where are you?" I asked my friend, my voice trembling. There was no response. Then, a strange thing happened. I found myself walking down the middle of the road, as if drawn by an unseen force. Ahead of me stood an old woman.

"I am a mess. I am a mess. I am a mess," I muttered to myself, my voice filled with a strange detachment. I reached up to touch my face, which felt oddly warm and tingly. My finger went straight into my sinus cavity.

At that moment, I began to float away from myself. It was like watching myself in a movie. My vision was crystal clear, but my body seemed like a stranger's. I reached out, trying to grab hold of myself, but my hand passed right through. I was about three feet behind myself when I saw my body crumple to the pavement.

For a fleeting instant, my vision snapped back to the perspective of my body. I saw the asphalt rushing towards my face.

Then, darkness again. The all-encompassing blackness returned, but this time, there was a flicker of something else. It was like looking down through the branches of a tree - a fuzzy, indistinct image.

"What is that?" I asked, my voice echoing in the void.

"I don't know," my friend's voice, faint and distant, answered.

I concentrated, focusing all my energy on the image. It shimmered like sunlight reflecting on the bottom of a pool. The dim shapes became momentarily clearer, as if illuminated by streaks of light.

"That is my brother's car," I said, recognition dawning. To the left, I saw a police car, and behind it, a group of people. On the right, there was an ambulance, with another police car beside it.

"That's us," my friend whispered, his voice tinged with disbelief.

And then, in unison, we both breathed, "We are dead."

As quickly as it had appeared, the image vanished. Darkness swallowed everything, leaving me with a prickle of fear. Then, a voice, strong and resonant, boomed from above and to my right.

"Fear not. Do not be afraid." The fear that had been building within me instantly dissipated. "Who are you?" I asked, my voice barely a whisper.

"Just call me father," the voice replied. And deep within me, I heard another word: "Christ."

Suddenly, I was surrounded by images, a 360-degree panorama that curved upward like a bowl. Like the scene with the car, the images were fuzzy and indistinct. But as I watched, a section brightened, becoming clear. I saw myself at the age of two.

The images stretched out before me like a corridor, each one leading to the next. The bright area, like a spotlight, moved from the center to the left, revealing scenes from my life at three, four, five, six, and on. It continued until the light reached the three o'clock position to my right. Then, in a flash, I was standing in my mother's bedroom.

Our dog stirred in his sleep, and I whispered, "Hampton, it is OK."

"Is this not your mother?" The voice, now behind me and to my right, asked.

"Yes," I answered, turning to look at the woman sleeping peacefully in the bed.

My vision then shifted to the right, as if I was looking through a wall into my younger brother's room. "Is this not your brother?" the voice asked.

"Yes," I confirmed, recognizing my brother beneath the covers. And then, in the blink of an eye, I was transported twelve miles away, hovering outside my older brother's apartment.

I looked down through the concrete floor of the second story, my gaze piercing the steel security door of his apartment. I could see my brother reaching out to open the door. Beside him stood a shadowy figure I couldn't quite make out.

"Is this not your other brother?" the voice behind me inquired. Thinking I could communicate somehow, I called out, "Charles! Get me out of this! Charles, get me out of this!"

The voice repeated, its tone flat and unchanging. "Is this not your other brother?"

Frustration welled up inside me. "Charles! Get me out of this!" I cried out again.

The voice came once more, fainter now, "Is this not your other brother?"

"Yes," I finally conceded, defeated. In an instant, I was whisked fifteen miles away to my father's apartment. I was hovering in the parking lot, my eyes drawn to my father sitting on the couch, engrossed in the newspaper. I peered through the newspaper, trying to see his face, and I wondered where his wife was.

"She is in the bedroom," the voice informed me. "Is this not your father?"

"Yes," I confirmed. And then I was back in the darkness, surrounded by the 360-degree vision. The last quarter of images flashed by, and then I had a sense of front and back again. It was as if eight to ten people were all talking at once; a low murmur of voices behind me.

The voice instructed me to turn around. As I did, I saw an image of myself clad in a white robe, hanging lifelessly on a hook. My head was bowed, my right hand clutching my left wrist, my arms resting on my stomach. It was an image of death.

I turned back, and the voice was gone. In front of me, a bluish-white speck appeared, like a sesame seed. "What is that?" I wondered. Previously, the voice had answered every question without hesitation. But this time, there was only silence.

The seed began to approach me, or perhaps I was moving towards it. A low-pitched rumble vibrated through me. As we drew closer, the pitch rose, growing louder and more intense.

And then, the seed and I merged. Light flooded my vision, pouring into my head like water from a pitcher. The rumbling sound transformed into a high-pitched ringing, growing more intense as the light intensified.

Suddenly, a chilling sensation shot through my body, like a sword being drawn from its sheath. People were all around me, their voices pulling me back to reality. A man's voice repeatedly asked, "Why did you do it?"

"What did I do?" I stammered, confused.

My father's voice, sharp with anger, cut through the fog. "Answer the officer!" he demanded.

"What did I do?" I repeated, my voice thick with confusion.

"You know what you did," my father said, his voice filled with a mixture of anger and sorrow. I looked down and saw my hands were handcuffed. Beside me stood my brother, Charles.

"Charles? Charles, what did I do?" I pleaded, desperate for an answer.

Charles's face was pale, his eyes filled with a grief I couldn't comprehend. "You wrecked my car, David," he said softly. "Cline is dead."

At that moment, an excruciating pain erupted from the crown of my head, like a thousand pins and needles pricking my skin. It spread down my body, an all-consuming agony that forced me into unconsciousness.

I woke up briefly in a jail cell, the bars cold and unforgiving. The next time I woke, it was for good. A doctor at West Paces Ferry Hospital was packing my broken nose, his touch gentle despite my injuries.

"We're going to keep you here for observation," he explained, his voice calm and reassuring. As soon as he left the room, I got out of bed. My body ached, but I needed to leave. I pushed open the double doors of the emergency room and came face to face with my mother. Her face, etched with worry and relief, crumpled as she took in my battered appearance.

"Where are you going?" she asked, hurrying towards me. A nurse followed close behind, telling me I couldn't leave.

"I'm going home," I said, my voice firm despite the pain.

"You need to stay here," my mother pleaded, her eyes welling with tears.

"No," I insisted, a strange sense of urgency washing over me. "I need to go home to make sure that I am not dead."

My words hung in the air, stopping my mother in her tracks. I walked out of the hospital and into the night.

Weeks passed, but the memories of that night, of my death experience, continued to haunt me. I tried to piece together what was real and what was a figment of my traumatized mind. It felt like I was living in a hazy dream.

One evening, desperate for some sense of normalcy, I went to a party. As I stood in the middle of the crowded room, Leslie Harris spotted me. Her face lit up, and she rushed over to give me a hug.

"You don't know how good it is to see you," she exclaimed.

"No," I replied, my voice catching in my throat. "You don't know how good it is to see you."

Her brow furrowed in concern. "I was out with your brother the night of your car wreck," she said. "We were getting ready to leave his apartment when he suddenly stopped and said, 'Something has happened.' He seemed to know, somehow, that something was wrong."

Tears welled up in my eyes, and I began to cry, the weight of everything crashing down on me.

Leslie pulled me close, her voice filled with concern. "What's wrong? What is it?"

"It wasn't a dream," I choked out, gripping her arm. "I was there. I tried to talk to Charles. I died. It wasn't a dream."

At that moment, I knew, with a certainty that defied all logic, that I had died that night. The experience, as impossible as it seemed, was seared into my very being. I had looked into the face of death, and it had changed me forever.

On 30 Jul 2024, Gemini 1.5 Pro augmented the original best written recollection of my [Death Experience](#)

Robert Kirk Cline  
16 Jun 1960–1977 Jun 19



Cline is not giving a thumbs up, he is getting away from gas splashing from the over filled tank.

KnoWell:  
Describe the above text,

ChatGPT:  
The text describes a personal account of a car accident and subsequent near-death experience. The author recounts how they were charged with multiple crimes while unconscious in the back of a police car following the accident. The accident occurred when the author's car hit gravel while driving at a high speed, causing the car to slide and crash. The author then describes experiencing an out-of-body experience, seeing a fuzzy image of their brother's car and other emergency vehicles, and being told not to be afraid by a voice that identified itself as "Father". The author then experienced a series of vivid flashbacks to various moments in their life before returning to their body.

KnoWell:  
Please describe David Noel Lynch's death experience.

Gemini 1.5 Pro:  
David Noel Lynch's death experience begins in the aftermath of a horrific car crash. While unconscious in the back of a police car, he has an out-of-body experience where he sees the wreckage of the car and the

emergency responders.

He then enters a realm of darkness, where a voice he identifies as "Father" comforts him. He's shown vivid scenes from his life and witnesses moments involving his family members.

Throughout this experience, Lynch feels a sense of detachment from his physical body. He observes himself as if watching a movie, unable to interact with his surroundings.

The experience culminates with a blue-white light that envelops him, accompanied by a sound that morphs from a low rumble to a high-pitched ringing. He's abruptly pulled back to reality, overwhelmed by pain and the realization of his friend's death.

Lynch's experience leaves him with lingering questions about the nature of life and death. He struggles to reconcile the vividness of his experience with the reality of his survival. It's only when he learns that his brother had a premonition of the accident that he fully accepts the profound reality of his near-death experience.