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SPEAKER: [He] had a cancer.

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He went to treatment so many times and he was given like one week. Out of [the] blue moon. And he loved to eat. And I would cook and so on and so forth. And he decided

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that he would stay home instead of the hospital. So he was at home

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in this [unintelligible] building. And then, as they gave him one hour, or one, one week, he was there,

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you know, going back and forth. He had kept it to himself, but I know, I was there in the hospital. So every now and then he would call me, "Giftee (sp), you take care of my son, okay?" And I said, "Don't worry, he's been taking care of." The days go by. All of a sudden, by Friday his breathing got very, very bad.

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And he was aspirating (sp) and so on and so forth. And this man died

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right in front of both of us. He went just deep and for like [a] few minutes he was gone. And his son jumped up screaming. His son was a lawyer. And he was screaming, "Dad!

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Dad! Dad! Oh Dad, why are you leaving me? Dad, what am I going to do?" So, when it's over

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now, and the way I'm looking at him -- if -- he was shaking the father. "Daddy come back!" Then I [sic] go and grab him. He said, "Let him be. Let him be." And then [he said], " No, no, no, no. I think if I shake him, he will, he will come back." It was terrible and for a few minutes that day he came back to his body. This is the second time [unintelligible]. He came back to his body and opened his eyes and he was aspirating (sp) very loud because wherever he was going, he came back to the body. Aspirating (sp). Opened his eyes and his son kept saying, Daddy. Daddy can you see me?" He wanted to say something, but the words was [inaudible]. And I noticed that if I don't take him away from there, this man would be fighting for breathing because he felt so bad inside for leaving his son. That's why he came back into his body. So, I hold him. I'm pulling. Whispering, "Don't shake him. Let him be.

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Let him be." Then I went and stood in front of the father and [sic] hold his hand. He was looking at me. When he came back to his body again was when I said, "Mr. [inaudible], your son will be OK. You told me to take care of him. I will take care of him." I was full with emotion. I wiped my face, because if I'm going to cry, who's going to take care of what to call his son? So, I hold his father's hand and [sic] tell him that. "God is waiting for you. God is waiting for you.

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Just go on. Go on. Just follow the light and go. God is waiting for you." So, he was holding my hand too. So all of a sudden, he let go. And then his son walked in. After he opened [the door] I Give open and I pushed him out. If they open the door to come in. So,

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I said okay. So I let go of him. He went. He turned the other way and I followed him. He opened the door, "What is happening?" I said, "He's gone." He said, "Oh Dad!" I said, "Let's let. Let's go outside. You are troubling his spirit. Let him go." I had to take him outside. He is 6' 1" and I am 5'...at that time I was 5' 4".

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He was, "Oh," on me like that and I had to take him outside. I have to be strong for him. It was terrible. But I had to stand there every now and then I wiped my face and make my face straight just to

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bring peace and calmness on all of them.