

# What Science Found at the Edge of Death | The Third Man

The Why Files



VINYASI

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After I buried my cats from various fatal diseases, all of them stemming from the same antifreeze poisoning which I was also subjected to for several weeks, I began to focus on myself and noticed the transformation I was going through: I was dying.

But I'm a meditator since the age of sixteen. And meditators dying of fatal illness, such as cancer, have reported the increased intensity of bliss as they approached death — more bliss than whatever their normal meditations bring them.

In my case, there was an additional bonus. In addition to the savory bliss engulfing my whole being, a message occurred in my head during evening meditation several weeks after I had buried my last kitty. The message assured me that I did not have to die. And I immediately knew that it was right despite the thought never having crossed my mind before that meditation brought it to my awareness.

But there was a supporting thought which cautioned me that taking measures to overcome this challenge would be at the cost of my bliss. And not merely at the cost of the extra bliss. But at the cost of the bliss which Transcendental Meditation had garnered me since that fateful Saturday in January of 1974 when I received initiation.

As it turns out, not all of my bliss was sacrificed. I'm still alive 23 years later, my cats are all dead, but once in a while I am spared my desolation and am gifted with a natural and effortless meditation same as what I had benefited from for 35 years of unbroken practice.

That voice in my head distinctly warning me of an alternative option, apart from a very blissful death, was a mild shock. But I like to live. Life is precious.

So, I cry a little whenever I think back on what I have lost as I keep busy knowing that I don't know what else to do under the circumstances. I don't know how to get the magic back: the magic of that innocence I once possessed to meditate without any effort whatsoever before I became obsessed with micromanaging my survival using natural alternative health protocols to stay alive for as long as possible and losing the innocence of meditation in the process.

I like to hope that the Rapture, the Bible speaks of — and the elevated planetary consciousness which I imagine will probably be the instigation of that Biblical prophecy, will signal the end of my meditative desolation without sacrificing anything in exchange. For I want to live a long life regardless of the consequences.

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