

# **How I Came to Spend My Life Among the Once Nearly Dead: A Personal Retrospective**

Cómo llegué a pasar la vida entre los que un día estuvieron cerca de morir:  
Una retrospectiva personal

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## **Abstract**

This article describes the arc of the author's career that led to his major research studies dealing with the near-death experience (NDE). It begins by recounting his inadvertent ingestion of LSD that led him to experience a state of consciousness that he was later to understand had some significant elements in common with NDEs. That experience eventually resulted in his becoming involved in the then emerging field of transpersonal psychology, and then, a few years later, to his work in near-death studies. Shortly afterward, he was to meet the pioneer of NDE studies, Raymond Moody, and not long after that, together with some fellow NDE researchers, the author established The International Association for Near-Death Studies (IANDS). The article then reviews his major publications on NDEs and then, after his retirement from the field for ten years, the article concludes by narrating his surprising return to near-death studies and briefly reviews the preliminary findings from his current NDE research project.

**Keywords:** Kenneth Ring, lsd, transpersonal psychology, near-death experiences, International Association for Near-Death Studies (IANDS)

## **Resumen**

Este artículo describe la trayectoria que ha llevado a su autor a una importante carrera internacional como profundo investigador de las Experiencias Cercanas a la Muerte (ECM). Éste comienza relatando su involuntaria ingestión de LSD, la cual le llevó a experimentar un estado de consciencia tal, que más tarde entendió como similar al que se experimenta cuando se tiene una ECM. Ésta experiencia le llevó finalmente a entrar en el emergente campo de la psicología transpersonal, y más tarde, a los estudios sobre las experiencias de cercanía a la muerte. Más tarde conocería al pionero de los estudios sobre ECM; Raymond Moody, y poco después junto con algunos compañeros investigadores de las ECM, fundaría la Asociación Internacional sobre Estudios de Experiencias Cercanas a la Muerte (IANDS). El artículo también revisa sus principales publicaciones sobre el tema, y cuenta cómo después de retirarse y dar por finalizado su trabajo en este campo durante diez años, vuelve a él sorprendentemente y sin esperarlo. Además, para finalizar, comenta algunos de los resultados preliminares sobre su actual investigación en un proyecto sobre ECM.

**Palabras clave:** Kenneth Ring, lsd, psicología transpersonal, experiencias cercanas a la muerte, Asociación Internacional de Experiencias Cercanas a la Muerte (IANDS)

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## Biography

It all began with two little purple pills. But they weren't Nexium.

They were two LSD capsules, but I didn't know that then.

I had better back up and explain.

In the early 1970s, just after I had turned 35, I was a newly appointed full professor of psychology with tenure at the University of Connecticut. And I was discontented. Not with my personal life, but with the field of social psychology in which I had been trained and hired to teach. I had recently published a critique of experimental social psychology, castigating it for the pursuit of merely clever and flashy research of the "can you top this" variety, which did not make me many friends. In any event, I was suffering from a sort of early career crisis, having become disenchanted with this domain of psychology.

In March of 1971, when my wife and I went off to the Berkshires to celebrate our anniversary, I happened to pick up a book that my wife was then reading – Carlos Castañeda's first book, *The Teachings of Don Juan*. It looked intriguing and after she had finished it, I read it.

I was then a typical Jewish professor – wedded to rational thought, committed to science and atheistic in my worldview. I had no interest in religion and very little knowledge of mysticism. But I was open to new experiences, and what had particularly excited me about Castañeda's book was his discussion of what he called "seeing the crack between the worlds," which he had apparently effected through the use of mescaline.

At the time, I had never considered using psychedelic drugs and my only familiarity with anything close was having smoked marijuana a few times. But since I had never been a smoker, even that was difficult for me, and my experiences with it, though of the usual kind, did not have any particular impact on my life.

Nevertheless, since there was a colleague in my department at the time who I knew was familiar with psychedelics, I approached him to tell him about my interest to take mescaline and why. He had read Castañeda's book and knew what I was after.

I came to the point. Could he provide me with some mescaline? He could.

By then it was early May. The semester was just about over. He told me not to read anything further on the subject and just come to his apartment on the following Saturday.

That day turned out to be a rare beautiful sun-splashed day with everything beginning to bloom. My colleague lived at the edge of a forest. He suggested that I take the mescaline in his apartment, wait just a bit and listen to music and then go outside and into the nearby woods.

And then he gave me two purple pills to ingest.

I did not know my colleague well, and as I was soon to find out, he was not only impish, but embodied the trickster archetype. While he gave me to believe I was taking mescaline, he had actually given me 300 micrograms of LSD.

I will not bore you with an account of the next twelve hours. Suffice it to say that all the pillars of my previous ontological categories soon began to crumble into dust. At the time and afterward I realized that this was the most important and most transformative experience of my life – and forty years later, I still feel the same way. Nothing could ever be the same.

The one portion of the experience I will allude to here –because it eventually led me to the study of near-death experiences– took place when I was sitting on a log near a stream in the woods. I don't know how long I was there, but at some point for a moment outside of time I –except there was no "I" any longer– experienced an inrushing of the most intense and overwhelming rapturous LOVE and knew instantly that this was the real world, that the universe, if I can put this way, was stitched in the fabric of this love, and that I was home. However, again I have to repeat: There was *only* this energy of love and "I" was an indissoluble part of it, not separate from it.

I spent the next three years trying to come to terms with what had happened to me.

Before this, I had been very active as a young professor, I had published a fair amount, I had been promoted pretty fast and I was the head of my division of social psychology and served on important departmental committees, etc.

Afterward, I didn't publish anything for three years. During that time, I was engaged in a spiritual search for understanding, and there were consequences.

My wife could no longer relate to who I was and to the kind of company I was keeping, which eventually led to a very painful and traumatic divorce. My departmental colleagues didn't know what to make of me either. A very distinguished clinical psychologist, who had always taken an avuncular interest in me, put his arm around me one day and said, "We're just waiting for you to come back to us, Ken."

I never did.

At that time, there was a graduate student in my department named Bob Hoffman who, I soon discovered, was engaged in a similar quest of his own – a search for a new identity since mine had effectively been sundered. It was Bob who introduced me to the work of the English Theosophical researcher, Robert Crookall, whose books discussed phenomena that were, as I would only later realize, cognate to what would come to be called near-death experiences. And in 1972, Bob drew my attention to an article by the psychiatrist, Russell Noyes, entitled "The Experience of Dying," which recounted several examples of near-death experiences, though again that term was not yet in use. I remember how much these accounts affected me – I think in part because I recognized that they were describing revelations similar to those that had come to me during my LSD trip.

Also in that same year, Bob told me about a conference that was to be held up in Amherst, Massachusetts, on something called "transpersonal psychology" of which I had never heard.

"I think we should go to this," said Bob. And since Bob was leading me by the nose in those days, I quickly assented.

It was then that everything started to come together for me. As my LSD experience had been pivotal for me, so this conference would be.

I don't remember all the speakers who gave presentations that day – I do recall Stan Grof and Joan Halifax, Jim Fadiman, and I think Ram Dass may have there as well, and maybe even Stan Krippner – but I do remember my feeling of joy at discovering all these eminent professionals had been through something similar to me (only of course in far greater depth and with a level of erudition that was so much beyond my ken – or Ken – that they were like intellectual heroes to me) and had built new professional lives for themselves which had stemmed from their own psychedelic experiences. And more – that I was, without having known it, a transpersonal psychologist! I had contemplated leaving the academy and psychology altogether, but now I saw I could remain a psychologist after all. Except I would have to teach a new way, learn a new subject and somehow undertake research in this emerging field of transpersonal psychology.

I returned to the university on fire. I was starting over.

Fortunately, I had a fair degree of freedom to teach at least one course of my own design, so I put together a graduate course on transpersonal psychology and offered it the next academic year. It attracted an unusual assortment of students and even a couple of professors as well as a Catholic priest.

One of the students was a rather hard-bitten and stand-offish lesbian. Unlike most the rest of the students, she rarely expressed any emotion in class but was, on the contrary, rather phlegmatic and stolid. During one class, toward the end of that semester, I was reading some accounts of people's experiences of dying from the article by Russell Noyes, and I looked up to find that this student was sobbing uncontrollably. I think that was the first time I realized how powerful these stories could be.

In any event, over the next few years, my involvement and investment in transpersonal psychology continued to grow, which did not please my colleagues, but since I now had tenure and was a full professor, there was little they could do but shrug their cold shoulders at me or look at me somewhat sourly as if I were guilty of having left "real psychology" behind as well as my senses. They were, of course, right about that.

During that period, I made several extended trips out to California, then the epicenter of the nascent transpersonal movement. It was then that I was able to meet and spend time with many of the luminaries of the field, including Tony Sutich, now no longer much remembered, but then venerated as one of the two progenitors of transpersonal psychology (along with Abraham Maslow). I can still vividly remember when Tony, who suffered from severe rheumatoid arthritis, was once brought on stage at a transpersonal

conference, still lying supine on a gurney of sorts, and placed behind a speaker who was giving a lecture. It was during these years, the middle 70's, that I also met and in most cases was befriended by many others who played significant roles in the development of transpersonal psychology – Stan Grof, Joan Halifax, Charley Tart, Jim Fadiman, Jean Houston, Stan Krippner, and others too numerous to mention.

And naturally as a result of these contacts and conversations, and my continued study and personal explorations of what Charley Tart had famously labeled “altered states of consciousness,” I began to publish some articles in *The Journal of Transpersonal Psychology*, speak at conferences, the usual....

I don't have the space here (and you won't have the patience to read it) to continue to provide an account of my “spiritual adventures,” so to speak, and related professional pursuits over the next few years that eventually led me to the study of near-death experiences, so let me just fast-forward to the spring of 1976. I was sitting outside my house, just after the spring semester had ended, and was reading a little book that I had come to my attention through a journal review by a new friend of mine. The book had been brought out by a small publisher in Georgia and was entitled *Life After Life*.

Written by a psychiatrist named Raymond Moody, Jr., it was an anecdotal account of what Moody dubbed “near-death experiences.”

By the next year, after it had been picked up by Bantam Books, it was an international bestseller and the term near-death experience had entered the language of ordinary discourse.

I am holding a copy of the book now and I see all the excited marginal notes, exclamation points and underlinings that I made at the time. What I remember thinking was:

“This is it!”

I knew that I wanted to find a way to do research that would help me understand what had happened to me during my LSD trip – and that my own spiritual explorations weren't sufficient for me. I had always enjoyed doing research and needed to find a way to satisfy that need of mine. I also knew that I was not cut out to be a “druggie,” and that for a multitude of reasons psychedelic research was not an option for me. And from reading Moody's book, I could see, with increasing clarity, that his near-death experiencers had indeed encountered the same realm – and so much more – that had so shattered me. I could learn from them. They would be my teachers.

You see, I was never interested in death *per se*, much less with the question of life after death. What animated me and drew me to study near-death experiences was my desire to understand the *state of consciousness* and the transpersonal domains that I had begun to experience when I took LSD. Even then, of course, I could understand that NDEs were a kind of transpersonal experience in their own right since, according to Moody's account of them, they clearly transcended space, time and ego. Thus, researching NDEs, I immediately saw, could marry my spiritual search with my work as a transpersonal psychologist.

By the time I had finished Moody's book – indeed *before* I had finished it – I already had fleshed out the kind of research I would do. I intended to do a *scientific* study of near-death experiences by interviewing many people who had come close to death. These I would find by making contact with various hospitals in Hartford. I wanted, if possible, to bolster Moody's findings by moving beyond anecdotes to a systematic scientific study and analysis of the near-death experience and to help bring the phenomenon to the attention of scientists and other professionals.

At that time, I always had a kind of coterie of students who were interested to take my classes and just “hang out” with me. And as it happened, a number of them approached me then and asked me, in effect, “what I was up to.” I told them, and they all signed on. I had a “research team” form around me almost spontaneously, and after that every door opened for me without my hardly having do more than put on my hand on the doorknob. It was as if almost as if it were all ordained.

So in short order, I wrote up a grant proposal for the study I had in mind, got it funded, approached various hospitals in Hartford, secured their permission, designed the instruments for the study and with my research team, set out to interview as many people as I could find who had been referred to us because they had come close to death.

I wound up doing most of the interviews myself for thirteen months, beginning in May of 1977, during which time I bombed all over Connecticut and pretty much burned out my old Chevy in the process. Ultimately, we had more than 100 people in our sample.

By the following May, I remember sitting outside at a picnic table going over my data – by hand. (Those were the days even before computers!) My girlfriend at the time popped over that day and I remember telling her in exactly these words: “I’m sitting on dynamite. People are just not going to believe this!”

Well before this time, however, there was already another event that was to prove to be a decisive turning point in my life as a fledgling NDE researcher.

I was in my kitchen, stirring some cream sauce when the phone rang. Still stirring the pot, I reached across for the phone and heard an unfamiliar voice on the line speaking with a southern accent.

“Hello, Ken? This is Raymond Moody.”

“No shit?” I replied.

I stopped stirring my cream sauce.

Raymond wanted to invite to Charlottesville, Virginia, where he then lived, several researchers whom he had heard were following up on his work, and someone had drawn his attention to me. That someone – a sociologist colleague of Moody’s named John Audette – would soon be in touch about the arrangements, but meanwhile Raymond was hoping I could come down.

Could I!

On November 19, 1977, one of my research associates, Sue Palmer, who had been of inestimable help to me in carrying out my original research, and I loaded up my car and headed down to Virginia where I would meet not only Raymond, but several other professionals who were to play key pioneering roles in the development of the field of near-death studies – in particular, Bruce Greyson, Michael Sabom and John Audette, all of whom were to become close colleagues of mine. Everything of importance really began from that first meeting.

By chance, or perhaps not, I happened to have lunch recently with an old friend from that time in my life with whom I was then in correspondence. When we met, she told she had a surprise for me. It turned out to be a letter I had typed out (badly, as I could see) that I had sent her just after returning from that historic – at least for me and for the study of NDEs in general – visit. Here is just a brief excerpt, which will give you a feeling of my state of mind at the time:

*I just came back from Virginia where I met Raymond Moody (author of *Life After Life*) and other researchers interested in near-death experiences. We formed an association and several of us are going to apply for a large grant in order to extend our work and begin to apply it. I guess you could say we have big plans, but we are going to start with one thing at a time, beginning with the research....*

*There must be a cosmic conspiracy to get me – these interviews [with NDErs] are starting to affect me....I am going to have to write this out sometime before I start losing the threads of the argument, but the more I get into this, the more miraculous it all seems to me and the more important the giving and sharing of love is. At the highest level of ethical conduct, it is of course only love which is left. This no longer seems like a platitude to me, but the ineluctable result of any serious inquiry into life. The basics are so simple that any child can understand them, but some of us take a long time to re-acquire the insights of childhood.*

Some months later, in August, 1978, Greyson, Sabom, Audette and I established an organization to further the professional study of NDEs, which Audette headed for a couple of years. Late in 1980, he asked me if I would take it over and run it “for a year” while he devoted himself to NDE research. I agreed, but with conditions. I wanted to re-name it and call it The International Association for Near-Death Studies

(IANDS), make it into a dues-paying membership organization, establish a headquarters for it at the university, found a scholarly NDE journal, etc. All of which I was able to do, thanks to the support of Greyson and Audette, the kindness of my department head who found space for an office, and the invaluable assistance of a core of student volunteers who helped me set up and run the organization, which I did, at least for a time, as my personal fiefdom. We had fun!

That same year, 1980, I published *Life at Death*, and over the next twenty years or so, I wrote four other books on NDEs and scores of articles on the subject. I don't really want to rehash my work here, but I suppose for the record, since this journal focuses mainly on empirical research, I should at least say a bit about my NDE books.

*Life at Death* (1980) was a study of 102 persons who had been close to death, about half of whom reported a near-death experience. I think it is generally regarded as the first book to present a scientific study of NDEs. (I thought it might even impress my colleagues that I had done a fair amount of statistical work for this study, including an analysis of covariance). In that study my basic findings were to confirm Moody's basic model for NDEs but to conceive them as consisting of five major stages: a sense of great peace and well being; separating from the body; entering a dark space; encountering a light; and an immersion in light. I was also able to show that the nature of the NDE was much the same no matter whether it had been triggered by an illness, an accident or a suicide attempt.

*Heading Toward Omega*, published in 1984, was essentially a study of the aftereffects of NDEs and a consideration of their possible implications for the evolution of consciousness. That was, I think, the first study to report what is now recognized as a common pattern of aftereffects, viz., a greater appreciation for life, an increased compassion for and love of others, a decrease in materialistic values, a stronger sense of spirituality, and so forth. At the time, I argued that these changes might provide a catalyst for the emergence of a higher consciousness for all humanity.

*The Omega Project*, which came out in 1992, after I had divagated from NDE research into the vexed and even more controversial area of UFO studies, involved a comparison of NDErs and those who had reported some kind of UFO experience. I found surprising similarities between the two groups, both in terms of their childhood experiences and the aftereffects of their extraordinary encounters. Of particular interest was the fact that both groups reported a higher incidence of child abuse, compared to my control groups, as well as a greater sensitivity to altered states of consciousness prior to their NDEs or UFO encounters. I postulated the existence of what I called an "encounter-prone personality" to account for these findings.

Some years later, in 1998, I published a kind of summing up of my work on NDEs in *Lessons from the Light*, which was an attempt to distill the essential "teachings of the NDE" for a general audience. My thesis and, I think, the major contribution of this book, was to suggest that as people – and they number in the millions, of course – became familiar with the findings and implications of NDE research, they may well begin to exemplify some of the same aftereffects as NDErs themselves, implying that the NDE may function as a kind of "benign virus."

My final book, *Mindsight*, published the next year, was a study of NDEs and out-of-the body experiences (OBEs) in the blind. I was able to show in that research that the blind, even those blind from birth, report the same kind of NDEs as sighted people, and more astonishingly, they even had a kind of vision during their experiences. I also presented evidence that the out-of-body perceptions recounted by some of my blind respondents were corroborated by external witnesses. I concluded that the blind "perceive" during these states in the same way as sighted people, through a form of non-local consciousness I labeled mindsight.

During those two decades when I was writing these books, I traveled all over the States and internationally shooting off my mouth on NDEs. I was interviewed on innumerable TV and radio shows and in the press. I received thousands of letters and, before the days of e-mail, wrote thousands in reply. For years I lived with various NDE students and colleagues in a large house that I soon dubbed “The Near-Death Hotel.” I had the time of my time – the very best of times. I was the grateful recipient of a thousand kindnesses and met so many wonderful and some very extraordinary people. Etc. And, believe me, I had a great deal of indispensable help during all those years from various students of mine, research assistants and collaborators on my books. I can’t possibly list them all here, but I owe them a debt of gratitude that it would take me lifetimes to repay. The NDErs I worked with may have been my teachers, but my students and other collaborators were my godsend.

I wrote my last substantial article on NDEs and gave my last public talk on the subject in 2000. By that time, I had been studying, writing about and lecturing on NDEs for 23 years, was approaching 65, and felt that it was time for me to hang up my NDE spikes, as it were, and move on to other things.

It wasn’t just that I felt I had had my chance to have my say, but there was something else that prompted this decision, although I know this might sound to some like a mere rationalization, or maybe even just a self-serving delusion! But, anyway, for a long time I had felt myself to be, as it were, in service to the Light and tried to conduct my work in this spirit. However, as the end of the millennium approached, I had the distinct inner sense that I was somehow being “released” from my contract and, to make a bit of a joke about it, was given the equivalent of “a golden handshake.”

Of course, I don’t mean to give myself airs, but I just felt that it was time for me to go. All the same, I would never want people to think that I ever lost my interest in NDEs simply because I no longer wanted to be actively involved in the field. On the contrary, I made sure to maintain my contact with many of my colleagues and some of my NDEr friends, and I continued to try to help researchers, students and others in their work and NDErs, too – just in a more private capacity.

In any case, I withdrew from all public activity in connection with NDEs and with the new millennium, I began to devote myself to other, very different work. Over the next decade, I continued to write, but nothing at all related to NDEs. For example, I wrote a couple of books on classical music; I wrote a series of privately printed memoirs; in 2008, at the age of 72, I became interested in the Palestinian struggle for justice, went to the West Bank, and eventually, with the help of a Palestinian colleague, published a book, *Letters from Palestine*, about the lives of contemporary Palestinians. I was a long way from NDEland.

And then, through a concatenation of the most improbable events, just in the last year I was abruptly and to my utter stupefaction yanked back onto the NDE stage for what I can only call a most unlikely reprise. Although I thought I was done with NDEs, apparently the Light was not done with me after all.

My return was heralded by a series of synchronistic encounters that eventually came to border on the uncanny. I wince at having merely to summarize a good story, but here I can only give you the gist of what happened to me. However, you can at least use your imagination to conceive of the effect it had on me.

In the space of about one month I heard essentially the same story from four friends of mine, each of them involved in some way in the field of near-death studies, but none of them aware of any of the others, much less what they had told me. And what they told me was in effect this: “Ken, recently I have had the most incredible reading from a medium. Have you ever considered having one?”

“Well, no,” I replied at first. “I’m just not interested in that sort of thing.”

However, after I heard the third such account from one of my friends, I began to waver. He gave me the name and contact information of the medium he had consulted and urged me to call her to arrange for a reading.

I didn’t. I just filed the information away.

Until, about a week later, when another friend was visiting me and told me about *his* most remarkable recent reading from a medium.

What would *you* have done at that point?

I capitulated and called the medium.

After all, at this point, I could hardly deny that there must have been a reason that I was receiving the same message over and over again. Time to pick up the phone.

The medium, who knew nothing about me, was about to go on a vacation, but agreed to give me a reading when she returned in August, 2011.

The reading turned out to be incredibly evidential in that the medium was able to describe my deceased relatives very accurately, knew very obscure things no one outside my family would know and so forth. I was really impressed.

But none of that is relevant here. What is, is what she told me about my work about which I know she had no clue at the time.

I'm actually more than a little loath to go into the details here lest you think I score off the charts on narcissism, so suffice it to say the reading I received was very full of praise for the work I had done and, more to the point, it indicated that although I had withdrawn from it, I would be asked or would have the opportunity to return to it. I was told that I would receive invitations to talk at conferences, that I would be honored for my work, and so on. But just to give you a feeling for the sorts of things that were conveyed to me by this medium, here's just one brief illustrative example (my comments are in parentheses):

*I hear this "thank you" all the time coming from the other side. It's giving me chills. It's somehow that you're teaching others about the other side. Somehow I feel you know more than I do about the other side. Do you understand? (Yes.) There are children over there who are thanking you for – like bringing peace to their parents. (I understand that, too.) Do you do grief counseling or work with the bereaved? (Not exactly, but I can relate to what you are saying.) I know, because there's a lot of them, but you're not related to them, but it's thank you on behalf of the children, thank you for the work you are doing. You're very, very unique. Because you – I feel like a lot of people once they cross and do their life review realize that all this was real, this is how I could have helped people, this is how I could have done things differently in my life – it's almost as if you have that knowledge, but you're here (Right). You help bring other people to that knowledge. It's very beautiful what I'm seeing. (Thank you.) Very beautiful.*

Well, the fact is, after receiving this reading, everything that the medium had predicted concerning my work on NDEs — even though she didn't know I had been involved in those studies -- soon came to pass.

I *did* start to receive invitations to speak at conferences, I was honored in various ways for my work, a number of people interested in my research and writing — professionals, colleagues, documentary filmmakers, journalists, and more than one near-death experimenter --began to get in touch with me, and a fair number of them showed up at my door, quite literally. I started to be asked to read, review and/or endorse books on NDEs – I received three or four such requests all around the same time, once, two in one day. My old friend, John Audette, who had originally brought me together with Raymond Moody and who had, with me, co-founded IANDES, got in touch about a new organization he wanted to start up to promote this work and importuned me to get involved with it. And to cap all of this, after having some friendly e-mail correspondence with an NDE researcher named Cheryl Fracasso in the Seattle area, I found myself agreeing to collaborate with her on a major study of electrical sensitivity in NDErs, which had been one of the last topics I had been researching myself when I had ceased my active work on NDEs.

That study has now been ongoing for the last several months during which time we have had about 100 persons take part. We still have a long way to go – our research will probably take a year or so to complete – but our results are already quite exciting. We are finding, for example, that a very high percentage – about 70% of our NDErs – are reporting significant symptoms of electrical sensitivity and associated electromagnetic effects (e.g., malfunctions in cell phones, computers, digital watches, electric lights, etc.), most often following the NDEs. This rate of incidence is much higher than in the general population. Of course, we want to understand why this is so.

I've found that I am enjoying being involved in this project as much as I ever did when I was conducting my own research. Cheryl, whom I have never met, and I confer by e-mail, usually several times a day, and I must say, I am having a ball doing this.

And that's not the only project I've absorbed in relating to NDEs. There are others that I'm beginning to explore and other collaborations are in the works as I write this in June, 2012.

So I'm back in the NDE saddle, I guess, at least for one more round-up. Since I'm 76, I have no idea how long this will last, but I plan to make the most of it.

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