

Easter

April 2009

Your Resurrection

Beloved one, you have known Easter to be a day to celebrate the resurrection of my body from the condition of seeming death, but I say unto you that it celebrates not only my resurrection, but yours as well. It can be your day of resurrection as you allow the limiting thoughts of the world, the limiting image that you would have of yourself, to be crucified, dead and buried, and you allow the holy Child that you are to be resurrected in Its fullness, to come into a dynamic quality of living.

You are a great ray of Light activating the form known as the body. When you choose resurrection, when you choose to come totally alive, you allow the very Spirit that you are to come up out of the tomb of the heaviness of the thoughts of the world, to activate even the cells of the body in Light, and to share with others the Light that you are and that they are.

When my body was taken down from the cross, I accompanied it as the consciousness, the awareness of the Life that I am. I watched as they laid it in the tomb loaned to me by Joseph of Arimathea, a beloved friend and disciple, one who had great wealth and who had a tomb already set aside for himself. When it was seen that there would be a necessity to put my body somewhere, he freely offered his tomb.

The body had been prepared for burial, anointed and wrapped in the burial cloths by my mother and the beloved women who had traveled with me from Galilee, women who worked quickly to prepare the body, for Jewish law dictated that it be buried before sundown.

I allowed the body to rest. The next day was the Sabbath, a day of holiness, a day which I, as the consciousness that I am - for consciousness does not cease with the laying down of the body - spent in communion with the Father. Presently there came within my awareness the knowing that it was time to revitalize the body, and I turned my focus of awareness to the power of Life that I am.

If you would know healing of the body, focus the Light of your countenance, your attention, upon the Life force that you are, or that another is. Call forth Life in grand strength, as I did with my brother Lazarus. I did not say unto Lazarus, "Lazarus, come forth if you want to." I said, "Lazarus! Come forth!" And he came

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forth. I did the same with my own Life force principle. I knew myself to be Life and I knew the body to be the expression of Life, and I knew it to be whole, to be holy.

I was joined at that time by two friends, masters as you would know them: Moses and Elijah. They came to assist me, for one is never alone. Even in what you would see as a death experience, you are never alone. Even in what you see as a life experience, you are never alone.

Many of you have gone through what you have felt was a death experience in relationships, circumstances, events that have occurred in your life. You have felt that the experience was a death experience and you have felt that you were crucified, and you have resurrected yourself. And you have not been alone. You are never alone. Remember this whenever you go through any experience. Remember that when you cry out unto me, "Jesus, be with me. What am I to do?" I always answer. I am instantly with you for I cannot be otherwise. I am as you. You are as I am. We are one.

After the revitalization of the body, I slipped out of the linen burial cloths; then I realized that the body needed clothing, clothing that would be acceptable outside the tomb. A small detail. The thought came to mind, and I saw myself dressed as I would want to be. Instantly I was clothed. You clothe yourself. Perhaps you would not see it quite as instantly, but you clothe yourself by the same process - only you believe that it requires a trip to the department store.

Then, as it became daybreak, Moses and Eljah retreated from my consciousness and I was alone in the tomb, but not alone. As I turned my attention to the boulder that sealed the entrance to the tomb, I knew that through the same power of visualization that had brought the clothes, I knew that I could move the boulder. So I visualized power coming from my hand, a great power emanating from my being, which would move the boulder. The force of my energy, no longer diluted by the belief in limitation of physicality, flowed easily. The earth shook and the stone was rolled away.

Soon I heard three women approaching. They had come to anoint the body again, and as they were approaching, they remembered that there was a stone that sealed the tomb and they asked of each other, "Who will roll away the stone?" In those days many tombs were in what you would see as a cave, a hollowed out place in the rock, and often they were not tightly sealed. Often the caves were large enough to hold many bodies, as only a few people were rich enough to own a cave that would be for their singular burial.

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Since oftentimes there could be many buried in one cave, it would not be permanently sealed, because other bodies would be entombed there from time to time. However, in my case, the chief priests and Pharisees did not want to provide opportunity for my followers to take away the body and then claim that I had miraculously risen from the dead, as had been prophesied, so they entreated the Roman authorities to close the tomb and to post guards outside to ensure that it be undisturbed.

When the boulder moved of its own accord and the earth shook, the guards "became as dead men." In other words, they allowed their conscious awareness to go elsewhere - you would say they passed out (consider those words) - with some motivation of fear, but mainly from the strong drink they had been enjoying throughout the night.

Mary Magdalene, Salome and Mary, wife of Zebedee and mother of James and John, found the boulder rolled away from the tomb. They looked inside and found the tomb was empty.

"Where have they taken our Lord?" they questioned among themselves, for they thought that my body had been taken away. They saw a young man - it has been variously described as an angel - sitting on the right side of the tomb, clothed in white. I spoke unto them, "Why do you seek the living among the dead? You seek Jeshua of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is not here; he is risen. Go and tell the disciples." Two of them, Salome and the other Mary, went to find Peter and John to tell them what had happened, but Mary Magdalene remained at the tomb.

And as she stayed, she wept, not understanding. Seeing her sorrowful, I spoke unto her, "Mary," and she recognized who I was. I told her to go and tell the other disciples that I was no longer within the tomb, that I had resurrected my body as I had said that I would do and to tell them to meet me that evening, for I would come unto them. She left and found the disciples and told them, and there was great rejoicing. Great wonderment. And great questioning.

Two of my brethren, Cleopas and Philoas, had gone from Bethany to Emmaus to protest my crucifixion, for Philoas was a Roman citizen and knew Roman law. He was angered that I had been condemned by what he perceived as a sham of a trial. He was outraged that this should have happened and he was making trek to lodge a complaint.

I, in my new-found freedom, enjoyed walking. My body seemed to be much lighter than I had experienced it before and I felt myself to be alive, very much alive, enjoying simple pleasures. When I came upon my two friends walking to

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Emmaus, I joined in with them and I asked them what they were speaking of. They looked at me strangely and said, "Have you not heard of the events in the last few days, of how the prophet, Jeshua of Nazareth, has been crucified?"

And they went on to say that two women had returned from the tomb where he was buried and had said that the tomb was empty. I reminded them of the Scriptures and of the prophecies, and we spoke as we walked. And when we arrived at Emmaus they invited me to come in for the evening meal, for we had not finished talking. As I broke the bread and blessed it, they recognized who had walked with them along the road. I then allowed the molecules of physicality to expand to the point of invisibility, and went from their sight.

They immediately returned to Bethany to tell the disciples. That evening my friends and disciples were gathered again in the upper room at Zebedee's home. And as they were sharing the meal and recounting all of the events that had happened, I came. Instantly. I was immediately in their midst and there was great rejoicing and great wonderment. And as we shared another feast in the Upper Room, I showed to you my hands and my feet.

Now, you might ask, if I had healed the body, why were the wounds still visible? They need not have been and were not upon the road to Emmaus. They were there for you to see that, yes, the one standing before you was the same Jeshua that you had known, the same that had been crucified upon the cross and, yes, here are the signs to show it.

The day known as Easter, the day of resurrection, is your day. Long enough have you languished in the tomb. Long enough have you listened to the voice of the world that would speak unto you of limitation, of loss, of sorrow. I come today to share with you, if you will receive it, that there is no loss. There is no death. Form may change, but there is only forever Life, and you are It.

Easter is your day of resurrection, for on Easter, and truly every day, Christ, the Lord, is risen. And who is Christ? You, as the Light that you are. Celebrate my resurrection. Celebrate your resurrection. Be of Light heart, for the tomb of the world can hold you no longer.

So be it.