

MARY MAGDALENE SPEAKS ABOUT HER LIFE

2019

Beloved friends, peace be with you. (And also with you.) Thank you. It is good to remember the ancient saying. I am the one you have called Mary of Magdala. I was, and I am, and I will go through what you call time with that name. However, it is not the only name I have ever had, the same as with you. You have had incarnations with different names, some of them more famous than others. This one for me has gone down in history, but in my terminology is a bit narrow.

Yes, I was from Magdala, but I was more than that, but because of the patriarchal society and the ones who were writing the histories...have you ever thought about history? H-i-s, his story? Okay, it is a clue. In some civilizations, to borrow a phrase from my beloved mate, "in a galaxy far, far away," there are the her-stories. Because, as you recognize, not all civilizations are civilized and not all civilizations have been masculine dominated.

The present civilization now is coming out of that pathway to more of a balance, meantime, until it swings over. Be prepared, those of you of the male gender. It is moving the needle a bit, which is going to go past center at some point. But then, if you desire, you can be of the male gender or the female gender; you can change, and you will, as you have.

I had a most wondrous lifetime that is so famous in its own way. I was raised in a very rich household. [Note: She was raised by her uncle after her mother died.] My uncle, Joseph of Arimathea, was a very good businessman. He had a shipping trade, several of the large ships which would travel between where we were, near Mt Carmel, up to Britain, called Brittania at that point, for the metal from tin mines. He had quite a trade going, so there was plenty of money —golden coins, as Yeshu'a likes to speak of them.

In my family as I grew up, I wanted for nothing. I had everything, and I thought everyone else did as well. I had scholarly ones teaching me from the time I was very, very young. In your terminology now, I was doted upon, because I was a cute little thing; I was pretty. To have a little doll-like thing running around learning and interacting, I was a bit...I will not say I was spoiled, but I was definitely given everything.

All I had to do was ask for something, and immediately it would be there for me. But I was also taught appreciation so that I did not feel that everything was owed to me. In that day and time, being in a good Jewish family, I had discipline, and I also had a

certain amount of duties around the house so that I could grow into a most accomplished young woman. And I thought everyone had this.

When I was in my early twenties... well, first of all, from the time that I was knee high to a grasshopper—How big are your grasshoppers, by the way?—I loved learning. I loved asking questions and hearing the answers. So when I was in my early twenties, I was sent to India to study with masters there. I knew culture from different countries as they would come through, and with my uncle being in the shipping business, there was plenty of international interaction and discourse. So I had the advantage of a lot that, as I was growing up, I did not realize not everybody had. I thought everyone did. I found out later.

But in my early twenties I was privileged to go to India to study with the masters there, and I met this most good-looking, handsome young man studying the same as I was; very serious, and yet every once in a while he would say something humorous. He was a little bit on the shy side, and so was I, because I had been taught not to put myself out there and be too available.

But it was the kind of thing that when I first looked upon him, there was a feeling of energy that happened, and he felt it as well. And yet we knew we were both there to study. Friends, yes, but the inner attraction that we were feeling, we kept at a certain distance.

Because I had been so nurtured, I knew music. I knew how to play the musical instrument that you now call the lute. I could strum a bit and I could do a bit of the song. So I often would do this, and he enjoyed listening.

So it was as a certain energetic clue that seems to repeat itself generation by generation. We were attracted to each other because there was a love of learning, a curiosity of knowing what the ancient ones had found as secrets, and we wanted to know all we could know, so we studied. We read manuscripts that were in a language foreign to us, but we had studied the languages and the written history so that we could decipher the writings and the manuscripts. There was a certain chemistry between us, but we left it at that.

He had a certain course of lifetime which he knew that he had to follow. He could not tell me at that point, or for himself he could not say how it was going to unfold, but there was a feeling, a calling that he knew he had, and the same for me. I did not know what it was going to be.

Since I had had the advantage of studying much, I wanted to travel to places I had read about, and there were friends who would open their homes, such as you do in this day and time, to invite me to come and stay, either for one night or perhaps for half a year and be with them.

My travels were eye-opening for me. I would be carried on what you call a litter that I would sit upon with the gold trappings of pillows at my back. Several men would carry this litter. I would sit on the cushions and be taken somewhere.

We went down dusty roads, and I looked out the curtain from time to time. I wanted to see what was out there. I was not supposed to look; I was supposed to stay hidden, but I would push open the curtain from time to time and see families living by the side of the road, no dwelling place, nothing to keep the weather off of them, but just an encampment of family; small ones sometimes running in front of my litter. As I saw this, I asked myself, "How did they live?"

I saw young girls with very elderly men, making what you would call the family unit, babies in arms. I wondered, "How can this be? They haven't studied. They haven't had a chance to read some of the ancient books. And they're so young."

Same thing with the boys. They were young, and they were out there tending whatever little plot of land that perhaps they were chosen to work, and I wondered, "But they should be studying the writings of wisdom which have been handed down. They're missing all of the ancient teachings."

I thought everyone had the time and advantage that I had of studying. I was in my early twenties, and here these ones were maybe eight, ten, twelve years old, and their life was pretty well set into a pattern that they could not escape from; I could see this, and it did not look right to me.

That was when my heart started to open. Up to that point the mind had been opened by what I had been studying. I could tell you time and place where something was written and what the idea was behind it. I could tell you all of the ancient history and the legends, everything that had come before me, seemingly. I could tell you all of that.

I could not tell you how to watch the seasons and know when to plant. I knew not how to scabble at the dirt with the fingernails. I had beautiful fingernails. I could not imagine that these young girls were out there scraping away at something. When they would be finished for the day, the nails would be down to nothing, and they had sores on the hands and arms.

It was an awakening to me that people had to live this way and did not live within a most wondrous house with many rooms and servants to do everything, and special ones who knew how to cook the most delicious meals and serve them.

So very soon after I got back home, back to the life style that I had known, I asked my uncle if he would build me a house. I was in my early twenties and I wanted my own house. I suppose if I had been even ten or twelve, he probably would have... well, he might have made me wait. But anyway, he said of course he would build me a most wondrous home with many rooms in it, because I said I needed many rooms. He understood that was because as a young maiden I was probably thinking of getting married and having the small ones, so I would need many rooms.

Well, that was not my plan. My plan was to ask some of these young girls to come and live in the house with me, and I would teach them how to read. I would teach them how to cook. I would teach them another life style that they did not know, but they learned very quickly. And I would teach them to take care of their nails. Small point, you are thinking, but it was a big point for them. They no longer had to have the bruises on the hands and the great welts across the back if they did not quickly do what they were supposed to do.

I did not know until I saw this along the roads on the trip back from India. I did not know. I could not even conceive that people would be living in such lack, in such a way as to actually have to scabble from the dirt, the soil, and to tend a small bit of land that they would fight to the death to keep, and yet spend all of their time and energy without tools even. It was incomprehensible at first.

So I asked these young women to come and be with me one at a time. I did not go out and just harvest a whole lot, because they were attached to the families that they were with; in other words, there was a feeling of family, so not every girl wanted to come and be separated from them.

But some had already been dismissed by their family who said, "Sorry, but we don't have enough food to feed you. You'll have to go and find your own way." And many of the girls, what did they have to trade? Their bodies. So they did what they had to do. As I speak those words, you can understand. The female gender can feel in the anatomy what was being of some value; in other words, enough that they would get their meal.

I invited them to come and be with me in the house that my uncle built for me, and he was surprised that I was doing this. But he also had the heart and eyes that had seen much of the world, and he knew that the way these girls had to live up to that point was not the easiest. And it was not really the best for civilization, because if a

child came forth out of what they were doing in order to have some sustenance, a meal or whatever, the child then was a burden. And what were they going to do with the child? It was difficult to find an answer, and the cycle was repeated.

So I did not establish, as has been told about me, a house of prostitution. I actually took ones living on the street—but it was more a dusty road—and had them come and be with me. I could teach them some of the ancient stories about how our culture was an ancient one, a culture that they were worthy of knowing.

So that which I had been gifted, I gave to them, and there were many who in time learned something that they could do, such as cooking, where they could then go to a more wealthy place/home/dwelling/family, be part of that family and have a service to give; not just the body.

So they learned to value the mind, the voice. They learned to do the healing work. It opened a whole world for them beyond the scrabbling in the dirt. And as I have said, when they were at a place where they had a service that they could give in another household, they moved on and made room for other ones to come in.

So as time moved on and as luck would have it, this handsome young man whom I had met in India was getting quite a following of ones wanting to hear what he had to share. Much of what he was sharing was what he had learned in India and some of the other places where he had traveled. And much of what he was sharing was, again, on another level changing people's lives.

There was an excitement about life itself, of being alive and knowing a wealth of past history. So he was doing the same as I was doing, but in a different way, because he was... well, as he still puts it in this day and time, he had good press, good publicity, and ones wanted to know, "What has this one found? What does he have to share?" So his grouping was growing, because ones wanted to know, "Is there something more than what I have seen to be life? Is there more?"

You have in your writings about the multitudes that came to hear Yeshu'a. So it just happened that we met up again, and there was a rekindling of the heart chakra and the feeling that perhaps there was something that we could/should/would do together. So I went to my uncle, Yeshu'a went to his family, and we said, "We feel that we are being called to be together and to somehow serve the Lord, to serve a higher purpose." So we said, "We want to be married."

So we were married in a wonderful ceremony, and had a wedding feast which lasted longer than a week because some of the wedding guests had traveled many days

to attend, a wedding feast in which the wine was drunk and the wine caskets emptied. The mother of the handsome man being married went to him and asked him to provide more wine, so he turned water into wine. You know who that was. So I came into the family of Mother Mary, a great Jewish mother-in-law. Blessed be. She had very strict ideas about how a family should and would be, and she tempered it with love; in other words, she was a very loving mother-in-law. We became very good friends, so there was not a divisiveness. It was not that I was taking her son away, but that he was bringing me into the family; we put the families together.

So when you read about the wedding feast at Cana, that was my wedding and his. There is a wealth of treasure in what is yet left in your histories. Much of my part has been written out, because history has been written by men, and I could not be seen as having power. I could not be seen as having equal power with my husband. Yeshu'a would not be married, because he was All in himself, so the story goes. And he was and is All, and it was a perfect marriage.

Now, did we ever squabble? Of course, we did. I was raised in a good Jewish family, so I knew how to be a good Jewish wife and mother, so there were times Yeshu'a and I had differing opinions, but our "discussions" were always tempered with love. There is a saying, an admonition which is very good, wise words, to never go to bed on an argument. Always settle it, and your sleep will be deeper and better.

In the writing about him, it was said that ones would call him Rabbi, and in the Jewish faith at that time, in order to have the designation as Rabbi you had to be married; a clue that some of the ones who were revising the history missed.

As the years went by—too quickly—Yeshu'a gathered quite a following of ones who wanted to know about the Father, about His love and the relationship Yeshu'a had with Him. We had talked about the possibility that, "If you don't watch your words, the authorities are not going to be happy with you," and he said, "But I must speak. I must speak the word of the Lord, the master of All, the Oneness, the Father, Abba. I must speak."

So we agreed, his Mother and I, but not without some inner misgiving, I guess you would call it. But we knew that to be true. Mary and I were great supports for each other, because we both loved the same one; in different ways, of course, but we loved and supported and understood.

The Essene teachings and prophecy which had been talked about for some centuries had been preparing the way for Yeshu'a, and also his lineage. Did he have

children? Of course, he had children. He was a man. I was a woman. We were attracted. We were quite normal and natural.

After the crucifixion and the resurrection, it was not safe for the disciples to see him resurrected and walking around and to see me being with him as if nothing had ever happened. The disciples were being rounded up and questioned, and they were tortured if they would not tell that which the authorities wanted them to say. They would tell the truth. "Yes, he was dead. The body was deceased. It was in the tomb. Yes, he came forth out of the tomb. Yes, he walked with us. Yes, he talked with us."

The authorities did not want to hear that, because it did not make sense to them. If one had been crucified, dead and buried, that had to be the end of his unorthodox teaching. It could not be true of this one who went out on the hillside and taught ones, saying, "Life is a gift from Abba. Treat it as a gift. Be in joy. Joy is your nature." You have heard him say that in this day and time.

He knew joy. I knew joy. But it was not safe for him—and us—after he resurrected the body, so we went to my uncle once again. "Uncle Joseph," we said, "it is important that we leave; for the disciples and for the multitudes who followed him. It is not safe for them to spread the word that he is still among us. Can we go on one of your ships to Britain?"

Being a very loving uncle, he said, "Of course, you can." So we went on one of his ships. We went, as the story goes, and it is a truth, to the southern part of what is now known as France, and we lived in the small villages there, learned the language—we were good at languages—and became as part of the village.

And when it was seen that we did not age the same as the villagers, we said, "Well, you know, our ancestors were long-lived ones, etc.," but after a while they began to add up the years, so we would say, "Well, there is family in another area, and we have to go visit them," and we would travel perhaps a week's journey or more away.

What you have with your technology now which is so instant, it would be a wee bit more difficult today, but in that day and time if you went like a week's journey away, there would not be too much of the discourse back and forth to give ones a clue. So we would stay in that village for a while until again it became a bit apparent that we were not getting the gray hair. We knew that one does not have to age, which is why you do not look your age. It is with your ancestry. It is true for many of you who hear this story. All of you are young at heart; it is the only way to be. At least it is the most fun.

So when Yeshu'a speaks with you and tells you that he lived the 600/700/800 years, yes, we did. After a while we had traveled everywhere. You have the legends of his traveling across what is now called Russia, across the Bering Strait to the Americas; every area of the world, because we knew our Oneness with all the brothers and sisters, no matter the color of the skin, the shape of the eyes, the shape of the forehead and the chin, etc.

We knew that all are of the Father, and we knew that there were teachings, legends in every culture which we wanted to know about. So we went and lived with the people of every area. It was definitely an adventure; all of life is meant to be an adventure.

So that is my story. It is my history— her-story. I will say to you that the times are changing. You have felt this happening, and more and more of the female energy is rising up, and it will continue to the place where it will be a bit over the balance, and then it will come back to a balance. So never fear. Be in joy.

So be it.