

Divine Truth Document

Mary Magdalene's Life Story & Diary

1st Century Person	Mary Magdalene (Miriam of Magdala)
Modern Person	Mary Suzanne Luck
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Title	A Fork In The Road & The Wounded Dog

A Fork in the Road & The Wounded Dog

A Fork in the Road

I'm passing through a season on this path where life seems difficult. In the past month I have come to confront some big residual addictions (that I found hidden below the obvious ones ☺). It's felt tough and I'm still in it. Lots of my other avoidances – food, alcohol, anger, running away etc – all seemed easy to give up compared to these. I am really *attached* to the feelings of being 'Daddy's little girl' – it helps me avoid so much shame and worthlessness. It helps me avoid all the loss and longing for my Soulmate that feels so consuming I doubt my capacity to breathe if I submit to it. I really, *really* want to feel safe and protected – instead of feeling terrified of losing him, of being harmed, of people hating us.

In the past I've felt my passion to become more loving and closer to God has pulled me through so much processing. Often, even just realising my addictions, has helped me to begin to break them down. These last few weeks though, I've had to get brutally honest with myself. Just because I can see that this set of addictions prevent me from loving more completely and that they block my connection to my Father, doesn't mean that I want to give them up. Facing my deepest unworthiness, my Soulmate grief and my terror feels like a task I am not up to yet.

The place I'm in feels harrowing. The roads divide before me – one path is the path to God and my dear, sweet mate. The other is a continuation of the well worn road of my life till now. It's the road where I get to feel warm and fuzzy because people accept me and tell me "wow, you're a *great girl!*" It is the road where I accommodate everyone else's demands and desires because I don't want to feel alone or rejected. It's the road that keeps me in addiction to love's substitutes – approval, reassurance, avoidance and hugs that help me deny my pain.

The former road means facing feeling alone, unsafe, unworthy and ashamed. This road, the one to God, takes a course *through* the dark emotions. The second takes me *around* them, on any number of detours, escaping the lows of shame and grief, for 'higher' ground. The only problem is that on the second I seem to tire so much and it never, ever, leads me to God. That road only leads me to a cul-de-sac and when I get there at the end of my long and tiring life I know I'm just going to have unpack my backpack and in it I will find the shame, unworthiness and grief I was trying to avoid all along.

On the first road I don't have to carry a backpack. It will be painful at first but I know as I go the scenery will improve and I may even start humming a tune or two. But there is pain in starting out, and there will be pain in staying the course.

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How much do I really want it?

Am I willing to step directly into the things I fear?

The second road still calls me. It tempts me; it masquerades as the easier route. The surface is smoother underfoot... but it's that darn backpack that weighs me down.

I feel frustrated that I know the best path to take and yet I do not take it. I'm sitting dawdling. My backpack gets heavier by the minute and I have a tendency to whine about it. How uncaring is that? I want to whine about how heavy it is when it is my choice to keep lugging it about. It's tiring all this lugging. It's more than tiring it gets painful. Which leads me to the dog..

The Wounded Dog

I wanted to share a story with you about a dog full of barbs. It comes from our brother John, who while here on earth the second time, was given this story from his spirit friends.

Imagine a dog who has been shot full of arrows with barbs on their ends. They are stuck in his skin and he yelps as he moves. He is in constant pain.

There is no way to remove the barbs without more pain. Barbs by their nature become lodged and stuck; their prongs embed in the skin at different angles. The most loving thing we can do for the dog is to ask him to lie still and allow us to remove the barbs as gently as possible. We can't prevent the pain but if he doesn't thrash and kick he won't be injured further.

Now imagine yourself as this dog. The process of birth and growth from childhood has left you stuck full of barbs – not barbs from God but from our forefathers' decisions to neglect God and love, from our own life's choices which have placed pain within our souls. So we are now full of painful wounds, tender to touch.

God is so tender and loving and He wants so much to see us free of barbs and wounds and all of the sharp things caught in our coat. He will do everything he can to ease them out of us gently. The barb that hurt so much going in is going to sting coming out. There is no avoiding it. But if we lie still, if we surrender and allow God's Hands to gently work, it will happen quickly and we will feel the sheer relief of it leaving us.

It is when we fight and resist that the process becomes painful, we cause more injury to ourselves and those around us when we thrash and rebel against what is most natural. In trusting and allowing we liberate our pain and in letting go it hardly hurts at all. Like the prick of a splinter exiting our palm, the quick, sharp, pinch is nothing compared to the feeling of relief as it comes out.

And this is the key lesson our spirit friends were trying to teach us – our pain now is almost entirely due to the fight against feeling what is already within us. We are so terrified of the removal of the barbs. We believe it is the ultimate pain, not realising that it is actually relief.

So instead we fight and struggle or we try to find a comfortable way to numb the pain.¹ But this only augments our suffering. The barbs can start to fester, an infection can spread throughout our entire lives.

The greatest way to relieve our pain is the simplest – to allow and feel what is there while we let God's Love and Grace remove our error.

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"The new birth is the flowing of the holy spirit into the soul of a man and the disappearing of all that tended to keep it in a condition of sin and error. It is the love of God that passes all understanding..."

Your will is the thing that determines whether you will become a child of God or not. Unless you are willing to let the Holy Spirit enter into your heart, it will not do so. Only the voluntary submission to, or acceptance, of the Holy Spirit will make the change."ⁱⁱⁱ

Submit and allow the barbs to be removed.

At my fork in the road I so desperately want to fight. Indeed I spent some hours yesterday just fighting with God about it all. I feel angry at love. Can you believe that? I want to be angry at AJ for just loving me because it reminds me of how much I hurt, how much I missed him. It's like, because I don't want to feel the pain of loss I have deadened a part of my heart. Now that I have AJ in my life everyday it is harder and harder to avoid the pain of this partitioned off part of my soul.

I have screamed and sobbed at God, wanting another way out, any other way but through, any other road but the first. God, in all Her tenderness, just waited, waited for me to stop thrashing while she gently tries to remove the barbs.

It's hard to trust Her.

She's still waiting and I resist Her Love.

You know what it's like when you're having a bad day at work. You're OK while everyone is just doing their thing. They may even be terse and bossy with you. You're fine until that one person just reaches out and says, 'Hey, you look beat, would you like to talk?' The sudden kindness is the thing that tips you over the edge and you find yourself crying.

I feel like my whole life has been one long work day, with me beating up on myself for not doing well enough, and others around me demanding I give more. Now when I consider opening up to God, who just wants to hold me and says 'I love you no matter what', it feels like I'll loose it, *completely loose it.*

So I push Her away.

I push away my Heavenly Mother who Loves me.

I push my mate away.

I resist anyone who is tender and gentle because I can't bear the contrast between what life has been and what it can be.

There are so many barbs.

I'm praying now for the strength to surrender to myself, to God's process. The process She designed with infinite care, the road that brings me back to Her.

I'm praying for you to, that you may also find this courage.

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Sometimes we get so used to the barbs that we feel they are preferable. Or we decide we don't mind the heavy backpack, we believe we deserve it.

Sometimes the hardest thing to surrender to is *LOVE*.

'Surrender sister, surrender' I hear my guides whisper 'Take the shorter route, though it feels you will plunge directly into darkness, trust the Father, for from that point on your load will be lighter and your steps will be surer.'

'Take the narrow road that leads to God'

ⁱ The Pharmaceutical industry is based almost entirely upon this principle; how can we help you numb your pain, rather than release its cause.

ⁱⁱ Excerpt from a message received from Yeshua, channelled by James E Padgett in 1915. For further information on where to view or purchase the Padgett Messages see [here](#) and [here](#).