

# Divine Truth Document

## Mary Magdalene's Life Story & Diary

<b>1st Century Person</b>	<b>Mary Magdalene (Miriam of Magdala)</b>
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<b>Title</b>	<b>How To Hold A Dream...</b>

### **How To Hold A Dream**

We live in a culture that scorns innocence, passion and vulnerability. All too often we 'water down' our true selves in favour of a version of ourselves that suits the cynical and image-focussed landscape in which we live. We are taught to view the preciousness of our childhood dreams and creativity as *childish*, as too idealistic and unrealistic. <sup>i</sup>

I was taught early that my extremely emotional and expressive self was befuddling and bemusing to my parents. I learnt to be ashamed of this part of myself.

My huge desire to make the world a better place, to extend love to others and change lives for the better, I relegated to an idealistic pipe dream after spending ten years working in our health system and over two years in the Middle East. I came to believe that to be worldly was to face the harsh facts that the world is irretrievably messed-up, that lasting change and peace is a naïve concept. I learnt to judge and be angry instead of grieve the suffering I saw everywhere I went.

When Yeshua began work on the constitution for God's Way of Love Organisation and as we began to talk about our future vision I had to face how much disillusionment I still carry about the way our world works and how resolute I feel so many of us still are in our decision to deny God and love, to judge our childlike selves and to stifle our creativity in favour of 'fitting in'.

It seems that to truly embody this vision of ours I must have the courage to grieve my feelings of hopelessness, my belief that the world can't change. This conviction of mine comes not only from my experiences in the past 30 years but has its roots in a time when a great dream was lost, when Light living in one man was extinguished through murder and a group of people grieved deeply that the presence of God's Love on earth was so brief. It lived on only in a few of us, and to a much lesser degree. Our devastation was complete and my loss threatened my will to live, my faith and my hope. It broke my heart in a way that now it seems cleaved in two. The wound is covered over by scar tissue and yet underneath is still raw and weeping and excruciating to touch.

To make way for hope and creativity, I must grieve my loss and I must also cease to regard my childlike self in the way that my parents and environment taught me to. We learn to treat ourselves harshly and with reserve to avoid the pain of our wonder, excitement and imagination being stifled and judged by others. We reject *ourselves* so that we do not feel the grief of how rejected we were by others in our innocent state.

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Our tears will free the sparkling children, full of wonder, big ideas and dreams, who are still waiting there within us. We can all learn to be trusting children again – only this time we can come to rely on a God of Love who accepts us as we are and delights in our childlike inventiveness and wonder.

When I consider God's Way of Love as a vehicle for me and all of us to reconnect to this state, as a place that will welcome our tears at past dreams dashed, and teach us to hope again with vulnerable hearts no longer afraid of loss, I am moved beyond words.

I quietly tremble and let my heart release its fear. I allow the tears of my past Great Loss.

In order to hold our dream in my heart I must repair my faith and trust once again in the power, patience and endurance of Love. I must let my tears flow and allow their tracks to create pathways, passageways that may deepen and lead me back to my excitement, spontaneity and creativity.

May the passage of all our tears teach us the wisdom of letting go of expectations and control. May it rebuild in us strong roads of faith, faith in the unfailing strength our Father and the unending generosity of our Mother.

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<sup>i</sup> *Emily writes cool stuff about this [here](#) & [here](#)*