

Divine Truth Document

Mary Magdalene's Life Story & Diary

1st Century Person	Mary Magdalene (Miriam of Magdala)
Modern Person	Mary Suzanne Luck
Location Written	Wilkesdale, Queensland, Australia
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Title	Dear God – Sex & My Soul Mate

Dear God - Sex & My Soulmate

Hi God,

I can't sleep and I wanted to talk to you about what's been happening with me. It always helps when I can just be true and share my heart with you.

Sometimes I forget how much you care for me. I still catch myself believing that I have to face everything alone. The truth is God, lately I don't know how I can face these feelings if I have to do it without You. I need You to guide me through the scary places I find myself in. Is everyone else like this - so arrogant and proud that we only really reach out to you from our darkest hours? Do we only ever find God reliance once the pain humbles us so much? I'm ashamed at how long it has taken me to recognise Your Love. Even still, though I reach out to You for guidance, I find it difficult to receive Your most healing force, Your Love.

Today I feel all churned up inside, quaking at places that are newly revealed to me, opening doors in my soul that I have kept locked up tight with anger in the past. Yesterday in bed with my mate I found some feelings that scare me. I'm afraid of my lust, that great huge desiring and totally sexual part of me.

I began to realise how much I would prefer to hate and punish myself rather than just feel my lust and soulmate longing. You see, it seems with me that my longing for my mate and my lustful feelings are all bound up together. My soul knows that my sex is for him - but this means sex and soul are shut down together. And I tremble contemplating the huge leap I haven't taken; that is to open up sex and soul and all their secrets and just allow them to inhabit me and overwhelm me all at once.

My heart pounds and my voice whimpers as I contemplate the complete trust required to just be there wanting my mate, with all of my body and all of my heart. God, I'm afraid to trust. Yesterday, as I cried I realised that, despite all of the evidence to the contrary, I believe that I can't trust him. I feel that sometime, long in the past, he abandoned me... and I know that many men hurt me. It scares me so much to share myself when I feel so unsafe.

God, I know that if I am to love him, and know his body and he know mine, I must forgive him (men) in my heart. I must cease living in fear and instead grieve and shake. I must be humble to how much hurt I carry.

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God, help me to recognise that love gives, not because an outcome is assured, but because it is gift we offer and it is always full of desire. True love cannot help itself but to give without reserve to the one who completes and desires them. Help me have again that loving heart that trusts love. I used to know that love was fulfilled in giving of itself. Somewhere, amongst the loss, I lost faith in my ability to heal all pains and always love again.

God, in all my confused grief yesterday I realised that I really do long for him. I ache for him. My body yearns for his touch. But I am so afraid to feel this. I am so, so sad that I have not had this for so, so long. I'm so afraid of these feelings that I want to scrunch them up tight and never know them. I want to hate them.

I have wanted to stay angry with my mate for so long now. I kept my anger as a shield against how small and frightened I feel at the thought of loving him, and of giving him everything that I am. When I open to him he will see me, all of me, he will know parts of me that I want to remain hidden, even from myself. He will know my shames, and damage, my passion and pleasure. And what if he decides to judge these, to laugh at these, to leave me just when I have made me his forever? God, how can I face this?

The thought of my sexual and emotional abandon makes me feel that I will be powerless, and out of control, that I will be at the mercy of my mate. I have begun to feel this God - my terror at being out of control, of trusting without holding back. Please be with me while I feel.

I am afraid to be happy. I am afraid of joy and connection and days and nights filled with pleasure and orgasm. I am afraid of a love that hungers. I am afraid of losing these things. How will I breathe if I love this much and he is taken from me again?

I am afraid of unrequited longing, of days and nights apart from the man that carries these most intimate parts of me. If I cannot have his hand in mine and his warmth in my bed, I fear the ache of knowing that only he can fulfill my desires and that only he is home. My heart hurts so much remembering these things.

God, I know that Your Love is good and that you made me to heal. I pray to be humble to all the places that feel hurt and bruised inside of me.

God, help me to feel the intensity and purity of love, trust and vulnerability combined once again.

Help me to become again the woman who loves her mate with a fierce heart, who gives to him with all of her being. I remember this girl and I grieve her. She was brave in ways that I am not.

I am your daughter and I live in gratitude to You and my mate for showing me a way to heal, a way to know you both again, and for your Loves, which I still find so difficult to receive.

Thank-you for holding my heart in your embrace while I grieve and quiver. I have faith that love and beauty is possible if I only desire Truth and stay humble.

Mary

