# Twitter Thread by [redacted]



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@PetahJane



## A passage from a book I read in January this year by Megan Watterson: Mary Magdalene Revealed. I was flying to Perth, and it as my birthday (31st January - also her birthday) when I could feel myself activated by the Angels as I read this... given what I experienced on that

flight, so incredible. There was no one to meet me at the other end. I knew no one. I had to make my way to a friend's house where I was staying, and I spent my birthday entirely alone. I finished this book while I was alone with Her that day:

"If I could start over from the

beginning, I would start with the most invisible, the threads in the web of our ecosystem that are rarely named, much less revered. I would start by listing the trees, the flowers, the seeds that carry the light that give us light and that give us life, because its this we have

forgotten This is where our reverence has not yet reached. I would start with Frankincense and Myrrh, the Boswellia and Commiphora trees that made them. I would start with the honeybee and the sweet nectar it feeds on. I would start first with what goes unnoticed and with what we

haven't realised is the the most sacred amongst us. I would start with the names of everyone we have excluded: the street children, the millions slowly starving to death in plain daylight, I would start with the outsiders, the outcasts. I would start with every one of us who

thinks we aren't worthy of love just as we are. I would say each of their names, who have had to survive by leaving their body altogether. I would list the names of all the mothers who have known the unspeakable joy of gradually knitting life within her, and of bringing life from

the dark unto the light. The mothers who have no idea where their heart is anymore, and now that's also outside of them. Nothing real or imagined has ever happened without it.

If I could start again, I would install an altar within me. I would place the most sacred object

inside my own heart. If I could start again, I would know that the only cathedral I have ever needed to find, to enter, to return to again and again, is this humble red Hermitage, this mystical space that holds all the answers. I would begin again, inside my heart, and I would

live this way, speaking from it. If I could start over, I would begin with Her. I would list all of their names first as an introduction, a forgotten lineage. Inanna, Enheduanna, Isis, Quan Yin, Miao Shan, Mother Mary, Sarah La Kali, Thecla, Perpetua, Joan of Arc, Margeurite

Porete.

I would start with the hidden half of the story, the voices that were buried in deserts and caves, the ones that were burned at the stake. The ones that were so threatening because hearing their voices would mean letting our love reach where it has never been before.

To all of us, to all of creation, to the the least among us, to the trees and the Flowers, to the honeybee that feeds them, to the Frankincense and the Myrrh, to the bark and to the dirt, to the land itself where the Word was first spoken.

If I could begin again, It would be

with Her love, because this is what has been forgotten. This is what we most need to remember, that she could hear him meet with him from within her own heart. That She had so much to teach us that her love for Him taught her. I would start with Her love, because this was the

bridge. This is the bridge. This is how we move the story of what it means to be human forward. We hear from Her, about what made Her love possible. If I could start again it would be in the darkness and in the darkness all we would see is a hand suddenly extending out towards

us. And the invitation would be terrifying. Seeing this hand would compel our heart to start beating, rapidly and audibly. The fear comes from feeling out of control. We want to leave and we want to stay, in equal measure. We want to know what might happen next, and for every-

thing to remain exactly the same. Taking this hand is a choice to surrender. Surrendering it all. All of the fear. The hurt, the anger, and the ego that created it.

If I could start again, I would start with Mary Magdalene because she is the only one who remembers him, the

Christ I know, by heart.

Meggan Watterson.