

The Magdalene Diaries

Illustrated Deluxe Edition



ROBERT J. GRANT

The Magdalene Diaries

The Magdalene Diaries

Illustrated Deluxe Edition

By

Robert J. Grant

Sample

Preface



THANK you very much for reading our edition this book.

Numerous editing changes have been made to the text of the original edition. We also added many wonderful illustrations, mostly by Gustave Doré and Alexandre Bida.

Knowing that some who read this book may not be familiar with various terms and locations familiar to those who have spent a great deal of time studying the Bible and story of Jesus, I have written some endnotes to help them better understand what is happening in the story. This includes myself. I've enjoyed learning a lot more about the Bible and Jesus while working on this book.

Thank you Jennie and Cassie at the A.R.E. for your help.

Thanks also to the Rijksmuseum for putting so much great artwork on their homepage for all to see and enjoy.

I very much hope you enjoy this book. We respect your feedback, so we would appreciate it if you left a review for the book on it's Amazon page. If you find any issues with the book, misspellings, inaccuracies, editing mistakes, and so on, please contact me so I can correct it.

Thank you very much.

James M. Hart, publisher
Hart Warming Classics
www.HartWarmingClassics.com
E-mail: james@hartwarmingclassics.com



Author's Note



WHEN I discovered Edgar Cayce's readings that dramatically told the story of Jesus' life in amazing detail, I fell head over heels in love with this beloved, well-known story. Cayce's readings shed light on little-known facets of Jesus' life, death and resurrection. Since Jeffrey Furst's book, "*Edgar Cayce on the Life of Jesus*" explored these readings in sweeping detail, I didn't simply want to re-tell the same story. However, the thought came to write the book from the perspective of Mary Magdalene. This mysterious woman, whose life was often reduced to being simply a "fallen woman" or a beloved disciple of Jesus, could perhaps *tell the story herself, from her own viewpoint*. Once this idea came to me, the writing of the Magdalene Diaries almost seemed to write itself. It was a mesmerizing experience, where the story came to vivid life in my mind like watching a movie. Mary Magdalene was, according to Cayce, truly the "13th disciple," and she accompanied the Master everywhere, during the three years of His ministry, that ultimately led to Jesus' death. This novel is Mary Magdalene telling her own story of her life and transformation, and awe-inspiring back-story of many events of Jesus' life. For me, writing this book was seeing this story through the eyes of Mary Magdalene.

It is my hope that you too will be inspired by this story, and that readers will come away with a greater knowledge and deeper appreciation of the amazing lives of Mary Magdalene, Jesus, and the historical events of Jesus' overcoming death that Edgar Cayce said "changed the world."

I have a number of people I owe a huge debt of gratitude for this book coming out. First and foremost, my publisher and friend, James M. Hart, he's a great supporter, friend, amazingly astute critic and has an eye for everything I miss. Which is most things. Thank you, James.

And to Adrian Castillo, who has been a great friend and staunch supporter and he accurately prophesied that *The Magdalene Diaries* would have a “2nd Incarnation.” He said he never quite had a clear picture of who Jesus was, as a person, until he read this book. A greater compliment than I could ever hope for.

Last but certainly not least, I owe a deep debt of gratitude to the ARE/Edgar Cayce Foundation, where for five years I had the opportunity to help digitize the entirety of the 14,306 readings given by Edgar Cayce. Cayce’s ability to transcend time and space and bring the past into the present was an amazing, still largely understood phenomenon. For me, the psychic readings he gave on the life and times of Jesus, Mary Magdalene, his family, and hundreds of His associates in Palestine brought the Master into my life in a way I never could have dreamed. “I shall bring all things to your remembrance,” He said. And He did, through the hundreds of readings given on the time of the living Christ. This is not a scholarly work; it is more of a love letter of how I imagine Mary Magdalene and Jesus were together. I pray I’ve done His amazing story justice.

Robert J. Grant,
Indianapolis, Indiana 2017

Scroll VII

The Final Days and Hours



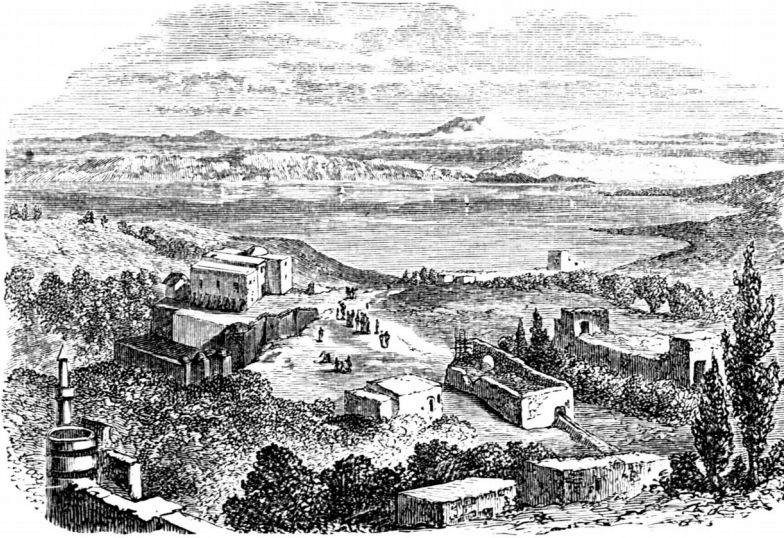
WORD had spread far and wide among the Romans as well as the many religious sects that Jesus was proclaiming himself to be a “king.” Nothing could be further from the truth, but the crowds, his followers, wanted him to be king. One that would overthrow the tyranny of Rome. In his gentleness, a great tempest had arisen. In his compassion for all mankind, his enemies came out of the woodwork. When he brought solace, healing, and relief to souls who had none on the Sabbath, he was called a sorcerer.

So when he said, “My brothers and sisters I must go to Jerusalem,” I felt a cold wind of dread blow through me. For in Jerusalem were his greatest enemies. The ones who feared The Master would overthrow the old established kingdoms and churches, and establish his reign, his kingdom, upon the Earth, in the sacred places of Jerusalem. If only they had listened closely to his stories, parables they would have realized that The Master spoke of the Kingdom as a place of the heart where mankind could meet God face to face.

I had no rational reason to fear, but my soul knew what was coming, my rational mind did not. For I had seen Jesus evade his persecutors. I had seen him vaporize, disappear, right before the eyes of the spies of Pilate, and the high priest Caiaphas. The latter was violent and ruthless. It was said that he would behead or crucify even one of his own army for an idle criticism.

In my restlessness in times past, I sought the refuge of Mary, The Master’s mother for solace and guidance. If anyone knew the outcome

The Magdalene Diaries



of all that would come to pass, she would.

I was shocked when I went to her summer home near Gennesaret¹. Her face was care-worn. It was as if she had aged overnight some twenty years. When she opened the door I immediately went to her waiting arms.

“Mary!” I said, “are you ill with a fever? What~.”

She interrupted me with a smile and a wave of the hand.

“My child, I am fine,” Mary said. “There is a strange wind blowing through the places where my son has visited, and his enemies are closer than I anticipated.” She sat down but never let go of my hand. I saw tears in her eyes. She turned her face from me that I would not see them. Then she said, “He is my son, Mary, but he is not my son. I know who he is. It was prophesied eons ago that the Son of Man, the Son of God would come and he would be persecuted, and die in the tempest of ignorance by the unruly mob. In my heart I have pondered this since I conceived him. Since the visitation of Archangel Gabriel, I knew that this man who would be born of me would be a sacrifice for the many. Now his time has come. I can feel it in my heart.

I was overwhelmed by what Mary said. And in my heart I wanted

The Final Days and Hours

to deny that any harm would come to The Master.

“The prophets have written much, Mary,” I said. “If what they have written was true, then God will take care of your son. I, too, have been uneasy and afraid. I am amazed and awed by what I have seen. Your son has manifested love in a way that no teacher has ever been able to show forth on the Earth. He embodies that Divine Father-Mother-God, the Christ, and so I don’t know why I am afraid for him.” I paused in my words for I felt a lump in my throat and I did not want to break down in the presence of The Master’s mother. I wanted to be strong because I could see that her own heart was breaking.

Mary took my other hand and placed it over her heart. “It is because you love Jesus,” Mary said. “You above all other women, my son has loved and loves you. You are one of his Disciples. That is why you feel the things you do. It is the human side of us that fears for what we cannot foresee. Even though we have seen him raise the dead, heal the sick, and manifest miracles beyond anything the world has ever seen, he is a still a man. I know you love him, Mary, and it may lend you little comfort to say, ‘Do not be afraid.’ But I say this because my son hears voices beyond our hearing. He communes with the Unseen God face-to-face. So wherever he goes, he goes not alone. That is what keeps me going on, for Jesus is his own person, but he is also God incarnate.” Mary paused a moment and shook her head in bewilderment, and smiled. “That he came from my own womb still fills me with awe,” she said, and then her countenance became serious. “In my heart I know that should the worst happen, should my son die at the hands of his enemies, his voice shall not be silenced. For he has spent these past three years proclaiming the Divine heritage, that God dwells within the heart of every man, every woman. And should this be his fate, should he be taken by those of the darkness, I know that God will be with him and take care of him.

“We must have faith, Mary,” she added. “Look at you. You once walked with the kings and princes and were sought after by royalty

The Magdalene Diaries

and wore the finest gowns from Persia. I have witnessed the change in you, and it is nothing short of a miracle. Be strong, my child, for you too are a walking testament to the legacy of my son. No matter how far one may stray into the world, God is always present with us, and within us. You, of all people, know this.”

Indeed I did. I was filled with awe and wonder at the changes in me. As I said in the beginning of these writings, there was a time when I was divorced from my own soul, a material thing that was be used for the pleasure and satisfaction of other men and myself. I actually smiled at the memory of who I once was. For had I not traveled that road of darkness, I never would have found the light embodied in Jesus, the Christ.

“Mary,” I said, “I do not regret one step in my life, even when it took me into the darkest regions of the world’s most sensuous experiences. For though it was a dark road that I trod, that road led me to your son, The Master. There are no mistakes or missteps. All roads lead back to God. That is what your son has taught me. I am not holy, nor am I less human. Your son awakened my soul to its true heritage and brought it to the forefront of my mind. Such a priceless gift he has given me.” I looked deep into the eyes of Jesus’ mother. “You are blessed, Mary, above all women, for through you came the Light of the world.”

In that moment all the fears and dread we had felt were completely gone. God had come into our midst and calmed the turbulent seas of our emotions and whispered, “*All is well.*” Mary and I looked at one another and together we said, in unison, “All is well.”

We both laughed aloud, and clung to each other. Though there were tears, they were tears of joy, for we felt the calming, peaceful state of God in our midst. Such is what Jesus had taught us: “Where two or more are gathered, there is God. There am I, in the midst.”

For the rest of the afternoon, I told her stories of the marvels I had seen Jesus perform. I told her of a day where the crowds were pressing

The Final Days and Hours

upon Jesus as he was trying to board Peter's boat. Hordes of people were clamoring to have Jesus heal them, and he had been healing the masses all day, and it was now eventide. I could see the exhaustion in The Master's eyes and he longed only to lay his head upon the bed and rest. Still the crowd pressed and pressed upon him and all at once The Master said, "Who touched me?"

It was Peter who looked at The Master as if he had gone mad. "Who touched you?" Peter asked with such incredulity it was amusing. "Hundreds, yea, thousands are pulling and pushing to be near you and yet you say, 'Who touched me?'"

"No," Jesus said. "I felt the Power go out from me to someone in need. Someone who has great faith and who needed . . . God."

Peter tried to keep pulling Jesus to the boat and Jesus stopped in the middle of the boisterous crowd. With a loud voice Jesus cried, "Stop! Everyone move back, NOW!" And then, it was like the parting of the Red Sea in the days of Moses. Immediately the crowd fell back and pressed upon The Master no longer. Suddenly, it was just the twelve Disciples and myself standing some short distance from the boat. There was not a sound to be heard but the small waves crashing upon the beach. All the people were seated, bewildered to find themselves sitting when a moment before, they were seeking to be near The Master. Their heads were bowed.

"Who touched me?" Jesus asked, with a voice of infinite kindness and compassion, but with great power.

A woman, whose name I found out later was Ulai, came up to Jesus and fell before his feet. Tears were streaming down her face.

"It was I, Master," Ulai said.



The Magdalene Diaries

“Stand up, my child,” Jesus said. “And tell me what happened.

“It is all right. We are all friends here.” He reached out and touched her shoulder and immediately she began to speak.

“I have been afflicted with an illness of the blood,” she said. “In my womanly parts I have been filled with great pain and the bleeding has been constant and I cannot go out into public because of it. The doctors cannot help me, they have said that I may die.”

She began to cry and Jesus held her close, encouraging her to go on with her story.

“I knew you would be passing this way,” she said. “And I thought, ‘If I could just touch the hem of his garment, I would be healed.’ I am sorry, Master, but I ran through the crowd and I fell to the ground and touched the hem of your robe. And immediately, I could feel a great heat and I knew I was healed.”

All the people surrounding us marveled at the woman’s story.

Jesus smiled upon Ulai. “Never in all of this land have I seen such faith, and that faith has made you whole, my child. There is no need for you to be sorry. You have demonstrated what I have been trying to teach to so many.” He addressed the crowd. “By the power of thought, belief, and desire, all things are possible, if you would only believe. For God resides within you as He does within me. And as this woman has shown you, her faith, which she thought was in me, but was truly of God, has made her whole. Blessed art thou, my dear one.”

She knelt and kissed The Master’s feet. “I know you are the One who has been promised to come. I know you are the Christ.” She whispered the last part so the crowd would not hear.

“My child,” The Master said, “What God has revealed to your heart and your soul is true, but tell no man. For my time is not yet come. You are blessed and shall be a great channel of healing to others in your life. Go now, and spread the good news of your healing, but keep secret that *I Am*.” When The Master said the words “*I Am*” it was as if the very ground itself shook with the power of his words. Again, I

The Final Days and Hours

knew I was in the presence of a beautiful creature called man, and I was also in the presence of the all-loving, all-compassionate Creator of the universes, who had come into the Earth to be one of us, and show us what was possible.

When Mary heard this story, she looked deeply into my eyes and said, “You are blessed for what you have seen, Mary. Keep these stories close to your heart when the hard days come.”

The Master’s mother looked out the window when she said this, and at the time I did not understand the sadness in her eyes. She knew something I did not, even then, that the “hard days” would be harder than we ever could have imagined.

I do not have the strength yet to write of those hard days, but I shall commit them to the written page before I am finished. For now, my friends, my foes, I wish to write of the wondrous happenings of our Lord and Master, Jesus, who became the Christ, and how those happenings changed my life and the lives of all those who knew him, and who *still* know him.

As I have written aforetime, what God has ordained, not even death can be an obstacle. In the life of The Master, this too was true. It was a fact: Death did not stop his ministry, his legacy, and his promises that will live on forever. Though his mission was serious, and The Master was the first to perfectly overcome all material trials and temptations and *become God while in the flesh*, he was still a man. He laughed, he drank wine, he loved children, he delighted in the beauties of nature.

Even now I can see him in prayer in his secret place in the mountains. I could *feel* that all creatures, all trees, all of life that lives in places seldom seen by human eyes in the forests, heard him. The Creator, I have no doubt, was delighted to commune with The Master outside the confines of a building that called itself a “church.” For, as The Master often said, “God is Spirit, and must be worshiped in Spirit. Wherever you find yourself drawn to commune with the Most High, go to that place, and within the stillness of your body and mind, your

The Magdalene Diaries

soul will be in communion with the Creator of All That Is.

He took time to be all things to all people, be they of high estate or low, it did not matter to The Master. He saw all people as equal. And that gift he passed on to his Disciples and to all the people he met along the way, to all the people he healed. I cannot count the number of times I heard him whisper or say aloud to the masses, “Look for God in the eyes of every person you meet, regardless of their social position, for all are children of God. And as you seek to find God in all that you meet, it shall be so. The spiritual work, my brothers, my sisters, is trying to see the God-spirit in those who would revile you, or despise you, or hurt you. This is a work, but it is a noble one. It is the work of the Peaceful Warrior who chooses to move from the heart and forgive, rather than seek vengeance upon those who have wronged you. If you can forgive your executioner, you bear the mark of the highest calling. For those who would despise you are ignorant and know no better. Do not lower yourself to their standard, but work, my friends, work, to see the spark of the Divine even in them! This, this is the great secret that will set you free. Love thy enemy. For it is the only weapon that will turn the tide of darkness into light. When you smile upon those who would spitefully use you, you then heap coals of fire upon their heads because they are expecting you to respond in kind!” After saying this, The Master laughed.

“Love your neighbor as yourself,” he added, “for he *is* yourself. When you cross the bridge from this world into the next, you will see through the eyes and feel from the heart of all of the people you helped or hurt. This is no parable. This is a literal truth. So take time to be apart from the world and ask the Heavenly Father-Mother-God to give you strength to face your adversaries with love in your heart. Not for the outward appearance’s sake, no, but for your soul’s sake. For if you hate the neighbor who hates you, then you are wrapping yourselves in chains of darkness. Hatred breeds hatred. Love breeds love. Love overcomes hatred and is the only power that will bring Light out of the

The Final Days and Hours

darkness.”

Someone in the crowd asked The Master about his own enemies, and wanted to know what he was going to do about them.

He pondered upon this for a moment in silence and then a smile crept across his face. “I have my foes, yes. I have those who do not believe I am who I say I am. They are the ones who think they will silence my voice forevermore if they take my life, but they are mistaken. For he who gives up his life shall find it. For the words I speak unto you this day will be written upon the hearts of people everywhere. My enemies? They would have me put to death now if they could for they are afraid. I pity them, I do not feel hatred or anger toward them. I know they truly do not understand. Here is the essence of my message to you: People do hurtful things out of misunderstanding. They do not know that the evil they do will come back upon them tenfold. This is an immutable law. Likewise, the love you show forth to your fellow man will be multiplied a hundredfold and will live on in the souls of those not yet born. Even now my blood is upon the hands of my enemies, but they cannot touch my spirit, for my spirit is one with the Great Spirit. Remember this when the dark days come.”

These are the words I recalled The Master speaking when I heard Mary speak of the “hard days” ahead. I had no idea, not an inkling of what would happen. It may be too incredible for you to believe, but as I said in the beginning, I bear witness to all that I have seen, and it does not profit my soul one iota to fabricate these things.

At the time I heard The Master speaking about “death,” I was certain that he was speaking in a parable, or a story. I had no idea he was speaking *literally*, that the dark forces would eventually take his life. I now know The Master was trying to prepare us for what was to come.

When the time came to enter into Jerusalem, many of the Disciples were overjoyed, for they thought, like many, that here Jesus would

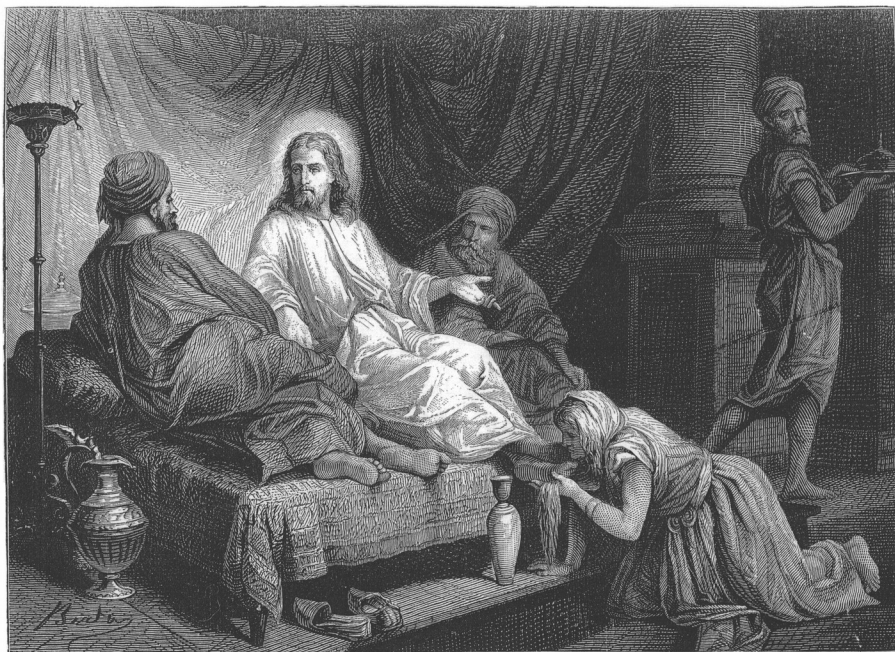
The Magdalene Diaries

proclaim his kingdom. I did not share with Peter or James, or even John the feelings of foreboding I held in my heart. I kept this to myself. The night before we left, Martha held a banquet in her home and invited all the Disciples and friends of The Master.

I wanted in some way to show forth my love to The Master, for he had done so much for me. Before the banquet was served, I took special perfumed oil and I looked into The Master's eyes, not saying a word, only holding it out to him. The Master smiled and said, "As you wish, Mary. As you would do a service unto me, you render a service unto God."

I knelt at The Master's feet and took his sandals off. I could sense the unease of some of the Disciples. Only Judas spoke aloud. He was always jealous of the closeness between The Master and myself. I paid him no heed, but poured the oil from an alabaster box, upon The Master's feet. I was overcome with emotion and my tears mingled with the oil.

"Mary," Judas said in a tone of reprimand, "why are you wasting



The Final Days and Hours

that expensive oil? We could sell it for hundreds of pence, and give the money to the poor.”

Judas had no sympathy for the poor. The Master knew he was only finding fault with me because he could. The Master spoke to Judas.

“The poor you have with you always, Judas, and you can help them at anytime. You will not always have me with you. My time is short in this world, so leave Mary alone. *She is anointing me for my burial!*” There was complete silence in the room. My tears multiplied when I heard his words, and they fell like rain upon The Master’s feet. I had no cloth to dry them, so I wiped them away with my hair. I felt I had so little to offer this man who had given me so much. As he had done so often in the past, he read my thoughts, and I felt his hands upon each side of my face. He looked deep into eyes, my tear-stained face and The Master said, “Today, I say to all of you that wherever the Gospel of Love, Truth, and Light is preached of my passage through this world. This hour will be spoken of, and Mary shall be equally remembered and spoken of for the kindness she has given to me this day.”

When I found the ability to speak again, I asked The Master a question.

“Master, do you speak in a parable when you say that I have anointed you for your burial?”

I cannot describe the expression on his beautiful face, sadness, the coming of an ancient promise to be fulfilled. Above all else, he looked upon me with a love so deep, so caring. It was a love I never wanted to be far from.

“Mary,” The Master said, “have you not been with me so long that you do not know that death is an illusion? To become the butterfly, the caterpillar must first die. In its death, it becomes an illumined being, a beautiful winged creature. Though the time shall come when I shall lay down my life, I shall, by the grace of God, have my life be given back to me, in glorified form. Fear not, my dear one, fear not.” I held

The Magdalene Diaries

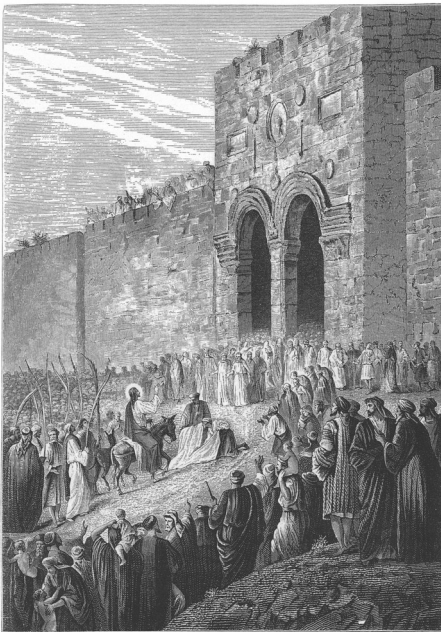
his words close to my heart and my fears were gone, simply gone from me, about his trek to Jerusalem. For, as I looked into his eyes, it was as if I were looking into the eyes of God Himself. And this was true. He was the flesh incarnate of God. In that light, to what degree should I fear anything?

The next morning, as we were walking to Jerusalem, myself, the twelve Disciples, and many of the holy women who always prepared the way for his arrival into a new city, The Master told James and John to go into the city, to a small village called Bethphage² and there they would find a donkey tied to a tree.

“If anyone questions you,” The Master said, “tell them that I have need of her.” They did what they were told and were awed once again by The Master’s ability to foresee what his eyes could not see. They found the donkey exactly where The Master said it would be and the owner of her was standing by.

“The Master, Jesus, has need of her,” John said.

The owner of the donkey said, “Yes, all is well. Take her with my blessing.”



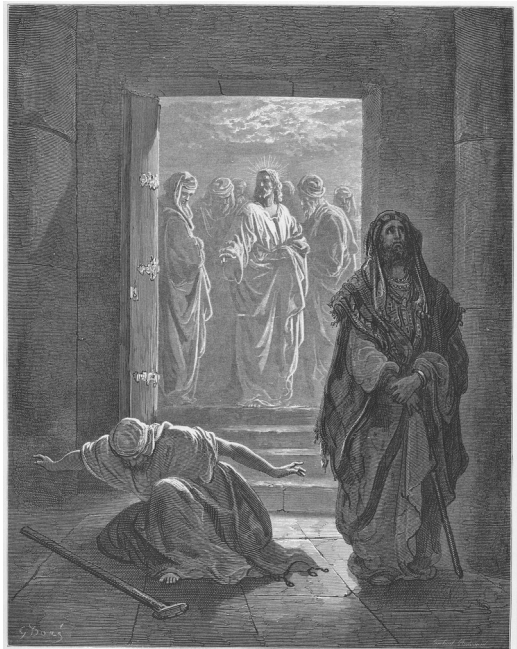
They brought her to The Master and he rode into Jerusalem on the back of a donkey, and the rest of us followed behind him. I could not believe the size of the throng that had gathered at the entrance of the city. There were multitudes of women and children welcoming The Master, and they laid palm leaves at his feet, along with flowers. They proclaimed the words that his Mother, Mary, had heard the night of his birth.

The Final Days and Hours

“Hosanna! Hosanna!³ Blessed is the king who comes in the name of the Lord! Peace on Earth, good will to all men! Glory to God in the highest!” I saw a great light that descended from the heavens that shone upon The Master, and he smiled upon the masses and blessed them. There were also his enemies present, and they attempted to disperse the crowd who had come to welcome The Master, but to no avail. They tried to silence the crowd and Jesus said to them in a strong, powerful voice, “If those gathered here should hold their peace, the very stones would cry aloud in triumph for my coming!” This angered the Pharisees and high priests, and they stormed off. For the people who welcomed and blessed The Master far outnumbered those who were against him, and I heard one of the Pharisees say, with a great deal of bewilderment and anger, “The whole world is following him. Who is he that would have such sway over the crowd?”

Jesus was at a great distance afar from the men who were saying such things, and when he reached them, he astonished them with his ability to know their thoughts, for he said to them, “Have you not heard that out of the mouths of babes comes perfect praise? They are praising the coming of Christ in their midst. *For I am He.*” The Pharisees stumbled away from The Master, astounded by the power in his voice and the illumination of his countenance as he entered the Holy City.

Again, my friends, I would remind you that those who did not understand the mission of Jesus believed that



The Magdalene Diaries

he had come to Jerusalem to cause dissension and set up his own kingdom. They understood not that his kingdom was one of Spirit, unseen by mortal eye.

As before, there were many of the crowd that had come to be healed. He healed all that came to him, the halt, the blind, the lame were led to Jesus and he laid his hands upon them and they were healed. To some, The Master said, “Your sins are forgiven thee, go thy way, and be whole.” Others he directed to show themselves to a priest and they would be healed.

In the midst of the air of celebration of The Master entering the city, I noticed that all were present except for Judas. I watched him conferring with some of the people who had rebuked The Master. I had always felt uneasy around Judas and I couldn’t exactly say why. Looking back upon those days, there was a part of me that must have known that something dark was coming, but I had no idea that the majority of the darkness would be coming from Judas.



It was on the Passover eve that The Master, the Disciples, the mother of Jesus, and many others gathered for a banquet that had been arranged by an upright man named Nicodemus. He was of the orthodox faith but he had studied with The Master by night. Little did I know at the time that this would be the last time that I would be together with all of the Disciples and The Master. He did his best to prepare us for what was to take place, but we did not understand.

We were all seated at the table: the Disciples, The Master’s Mother, several of the holy women and

The Final Days and Hours

myself. There was placed before us boiled fish, rice with leeks, bread, and wine. The Master was dressed in the pearl-gray robe that had been made by Nicodemus' wife, and that was given to him by Nicodemus. It was gathered at the waist and it seemed to be perfectly formed, even as The Master himself. It is hard to describe The Master's countenance that night. I can still see his hair, a deep brown that was almost red, and tended to be curly, yet it flowed down to his shoulders and framed his beautiful face. He had long tapering fingers, with a longer fingernail on his left hand. His beard was closely cropped. Should I live to be a hundred years old, I'll never forget the steel-blue of his eyes. His stature was magnificent, powerful and strong. It was clear that he had spent years doing labor with his father, Joseph, as a carpenter.

I had the feeling that this was the last night we would all be together like this, and that thought filled me with sorrow. Yet, I remembered what The Master had taught me long ago, "Live for the moment, the here and now, and let tomorrow take care of itself." The Master was in good spirits, and he was laughing and telling stories. The story I remember that was the most humorous was when Peter and Andrew and the other Disciples were out on the sea, fishing.

"I could barely believe my eyes," John said. "Out of the early morning mist, there came The Master, walking upon the sea! Andrew asked, 'Is it a ghost? What is it?'" John looked upon The Master and smiled. "That's when The Master said, "Peace! Be not afraid! It is I!" Everyone was laughing at this point except for Peter, whose face had



The Magdalene Diaries

turned crimson.

“Will I never live this down?” Peter asked, looking skyward. “No, Peter, you will not,” said Jesus, laughing.

“Tell me what happened,” I said. I knew The Master had performed amazing feats, but I had never heard a tale of him *walking upon water*!

John continued. “When Peter saw it was The Master, walking upon the sea as if he were walking on dry land, he said, ‘Master! If it is you, may I come out and join you?’ And The Master said, ‘If that is your wish, join me.’ And Peter tentatively stepped onto the water from the side of the boat and was astonished to find himself upon it! He went running over to The Master, and not a drop of water soaked his sandals!”

“I could never swim a stroke,” Peter said. “You’ve no idea the courage it took me to follow you out there, Master.” At this point, Peter himself was laughing.

“I think it was at that point,” The Master said, “that Peter allowed his smaller mind to take over. As soon as he thought, ‘This is impossible,’ he immediately plunged into the waters!”

“I can still see that in my memory as if it happened yesterday,” Andrew said. “All at once Peter began shouting and splashing about, yelling, ‘Save me! Save me! I’m drowning!’” Laughter filled the room.



I looked over at Jesus who was also laughing, shaking his head at the memory. “What did you do?” I asked Jesus.

“First of all, I laughingly said, ‘Oh Peter! Oh what a small amount of faith you

The Final Days and Hours

have!' I told him to let go of his preconceived ideas and beliefs and believe that he was standing right next to me. In the next instant, he rose out of the water and held onto me as if I were his lifeline!"

"You were," Peter said. "Indeed you were!"

"As we walked back to the boat," The Master said, "Peter kept trying to hold onto the idea that all things are possible with God, and then he would think, 'This is impossible!' Just as soon as the thought crossed his mind, *splash!*"

The room roared with laughter. "How many times did he descend into the seas and rise again to the surface before he reached the boat?" Andrew asked.

"Oh, seven or eight times, I would wager," The Master said.

"Only three times!" Peter protested, laughing. "Only three times did I allow my mind to get in the way! Then I was safely on board the boat."

When the laughter died down, The Master looked about the room.

"I have some things to share with you, my friends," The Master said, his tone turning serious. "The mind is as vast as the sea. There are depths and heights beneath the surface, unseen by mortal man. There are life forms that cannot be fathomed, that are created by the mind. We call them thoughts, but they are living things, and thoughts must find manifestation in the material world at some point in time. Know this: Each soul is as a thought in the mind of God, hence they are eternal, imbued with all the creative powers of the Father-Mother-God.

"For this reason did I come into the Earth. To show man what was possible when the mind of man is melded, at-one, with the mind of the Creator. As the Divine mind is limitless, so is the mind of the human creature. But through the passage of eons of time, the souls of men and women forgot their limitlessness. What you have seen me do, and the things you will see me do in the days to come, may appear miraculous or impossible. But they are neither magical or tricks of illusion.

The Magdalene Diaries

“The things I do, you one day will also do. Believe, believe my brothers and my sisters, that you are not tied to the Earth, blown hither and thither by the winds of chance, without purpose or direction, but are guided and directed, always, by the Divine Creator. Even when things seem at their lowest point, or you feel you are without hope, call upon me and I will come to you quickly. In a little while you shall see me seldom for the remainder of your lives. But know that my Spirit, which is at-one with the Spirit of God, will always be with you.

“Remember that the Divine Mind of God is limitless, and you are a child of God, hence you too have limitless powers. Pray, and enter the sanctuary of your own deeper Self, the tabernacle of the Most High within, and there ask what you will. And believing, it shall be done unto you.

“When the hard days come, know that there is no wrong road or turn upon the path of the spiritual life. It is true that the path to the Heavenly world of God is narrow and straight, but all roads lead to this path, and I will guide you the whole way. When hardships befall you, know that these come not as punishments, for God in His infinite mercy and grace knows only love for His creations, His children, you. But in order for a tree to bear more fruit, it must be pruned. So it is with all of us who inhabit the Earth. The trials, the struggles, the turmoil, these are but purgings of the soul that it may bring forth more fruitful deeds. So banish from your thoughts the idea that ‘this or that has come upon me because God is seeking retribution for my misdeeds.’ God seeks nothing of the kind. There is a law, and it is a beneficent law, the law of balance. That which is hurled forth into the ethers in the form of wishes, desires, whether they be for upliftment or destruction, these must return to the sender in the form of fulfillments. Be it in the present life or in the next.

“Hence, show compassion, kindness, patience, love, forgiveness, to your fellow man. That which ye sow, is what you will reap, in this world, or in the next. So be patient even with your enemies, for they

The Final Days and Hours

know not what they do, and as you forgive others, you too will be forgiven by God. If you refuse to forgive and hold grudges, then you do so to your own undoing.”

There was silence around the table as the group took in and pondered The Master’s words. Then he broke bread into pieces and handed a piece to every one seated at the table. Then he poured wine in a beautiful chalice.

“These are emblems that I give to all of you, that you will remember me. The bread represents my body, the glorified body. The wine represents my blood, the lifeblood of the living God. Take and eat of this bread, drink of this wine, and as you do, know that you are part of the blessed Covenant, the Covenant that the Father-Mother-God dwells within you, and will never leave you.”

At this point a strange thing happened. He looked over at Judas and said, “What you must do, Judas, do it quickly.” Without pause, Judas lowered his head, stood, and left the room.

The Master then passed the chalice around the table and each of us drank from it. “My friends, do this in remembrance of me, and all that



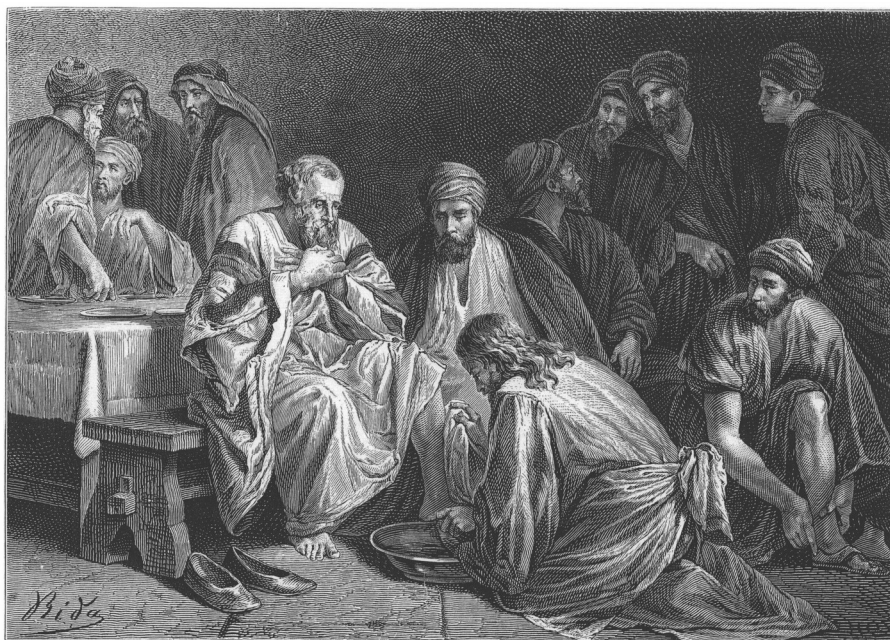
The Magdalene Diaries

we shared together. It is a sacred bond that shall never be broken.”

The Master then asked the Disciples to be seated in a row back from the table where he could walk in front of them. He went into another room and came out with a basin and a pitcher and a cloth. He asked all the Disciples to remove their sandals. As he knelt by Peter with the basin of water and the pitcher, Peter said, “No, Master, I cannot allow you to wash my feet.”

“Peter, he who is the greatest among you,” Jesus said, “shall be the servant of all. These are words given to me from the all-knowing Creator. Would you have me deny His purposes for me?”

“You may wash my legs, too,” Peter said. At that everyone laughed.



The Master washed all the Disciples feet and said prayers for each of them as he came to them. I was again moved to tears by this mighty, gentle soul, this living Messiah, who would humble himself before us in such a beautiful manner.

When Judas departed, I knew that the end was near. In my heart I knew it was not the end, but it was a beginning. No one knows the role

The Final Days and Hours

they must play in the universal scheme of things, and though there would be dark days ahead, I kept telling myself that it is the darkest before the dawn.

The Master walked over to his Mother and kissed her cheek. Then he came to me and kissed my forehead, and my left and right cheeks. “God will always be with you, Lady Magdalene,” he said.

“And also with you, my Beloved, always,” I said, and stood to embrace him. He held me like a small child is embraced by its parent, and again I felt like I’d come home.

Jesus then went to sit by a harp that was in the corner of the room. We all gathered around him.

“Let us sing a psalm, my friends, then let us depart from here, for time is short.

Our voices filled the night as he beautifully played the harp, and I sensed angels and Divine spirits roundabout us as we sang the ancient words of David:

“He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God, in him will I trust. “Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

“He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: His truth shall be thy shield and buckler . . .

“There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. “For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep you in all thy ways.

“They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

“Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

“Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

The Magdalene Diaries

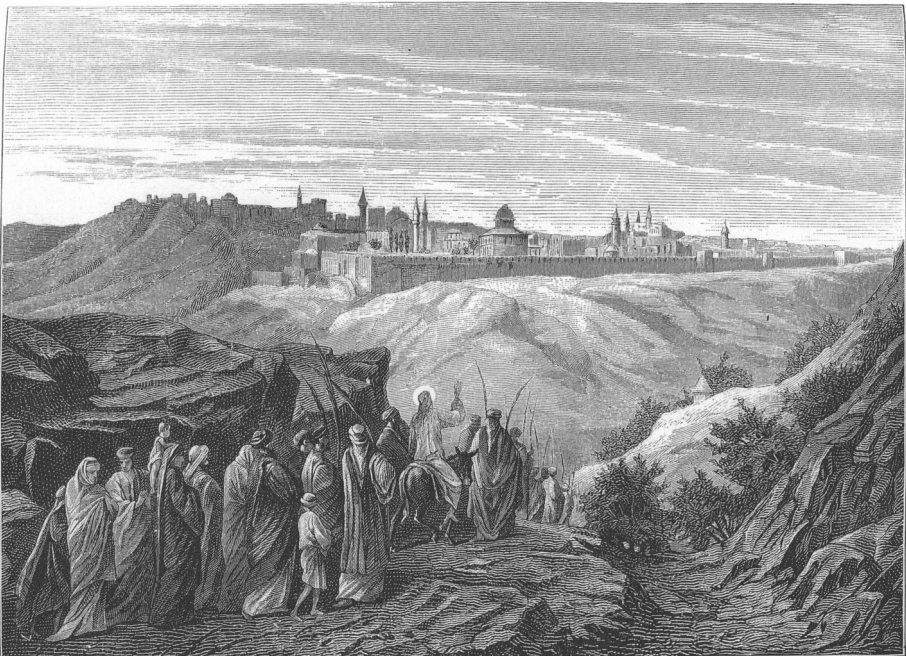
“He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him, and honor him.

“With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.”

The Master finished playing the harp and I swore I could hear angels singing from above the place where we dwelt. I looked into the eyes of The Master and there was joy and sadness. He stood, beckoned his mother to walk at his right side, and me at his left. He put his arms around us and we all descended the stair to the night air.

“Come,” Jesus said, “It is finished.”

We walked to the Garden of Gethsemane.



About the Author

About the Author



ROBERT J. Grant began writing while serving in the Navy and since has authored five books including the best-seller *Edgar Cayce on Angels, Archangels and the Unseen Forces*. He has made numerous television, film, and radio appearances, including *Ancient Prophecies* and *Sightings*. Robert was part of the team that digitized the Edgar Cayce readings, emerging as a leading authority, historian, and spokesperson on many facets of the Edgar Cayce Legacy.

Known for his lively, extemporaneous, and humorous lecture presentations, Robert is a well-known speaker, historian, and workshop presenter on many topics in the Edgar Cayce's readings. He has shared the platform with numerous New York Times bestselling authors including Brian Weiss, MD, Raymond Moody, MD, Marianne Williamson, Charles Thomas Cayce, and George Ritchie. He has also conducted workshops throughout the US and internationally.

He currently resides in Indianapolis, Indiana.

- 1 Gennesaret was a town on the northwestern shore of the Sea of Galilee. It's also called or been called Kinneret, Kinnereth, Chinnereth, and Ginosar.
- 2 Bethphage, sometimes also called Bethsphage, was near Bethany according to the synoptic gospels. It's about 2 km (1¼ miles) from the modern village of al-Eizariya.
- 3 Hosanna is often thought of as a declaration of praise, similar to hallelujah, but it's really a plea for salvation.