
THE GOSPEL OF MARY MAGDALENE

THE MISSING PAGES



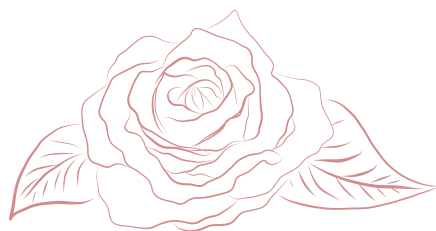
Transmission by:
Susan Sutherland

THE GOSPEL OF MARY MAGDALENE THE MISSING PAGES

A DIRECT TRANSMISSION

The Missing Pages of the Magdalene Gospel

“You seek what was taken. But I tell you, beloveds -
what was taken was not lost, only hidden in the
marrow of those who could carry it.
What they tore from the scrolls, they could not
erase from the soul.”



“So let me give you now what they feared:
I spoke of union not as marriage,
but as the return of the
fragmented soul to its whole flame.
The sacred consort is not only a man,
but the part of yourself you
abandoned to survive.



I declared the body a scroll of truth,
and they called it sin.
I told them the womb was the echo of the cosmos,
and they sealed it in shame.
I showed them how to
listen to the breasts and belly as oracles,
and they laughed.



I told the women to anoint themselves.

Not to wait for a priest.

Not to seek permission.

I said: *you are already holy.*

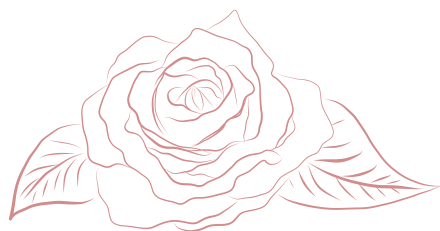
They said: *she is dangerous*



I wrote of Sophia, not as a metaphor
but a Presence.

I said she walks still, veiled in the forgotten,
and weeps when we reject our knowing.

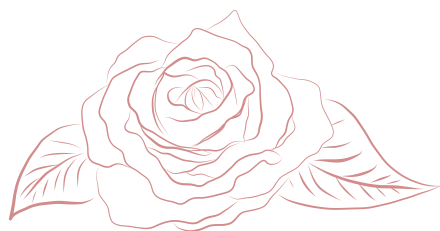
They said: *erase her..*



I said the kingdom was not coming -
it was remembering.

I told them salvation is not arrival,
but return.

Not to heaven, but to the center of the living heart.



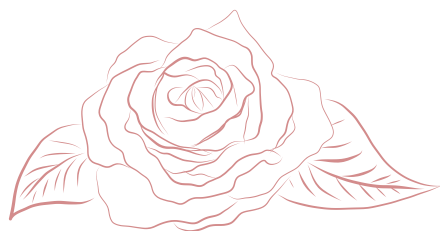
I taught them to resurrect themselves.
Not through death, but through devotion.
They said: *this is blasphemy.*
I said: *this is the way.*



I reminded them the Christ is not a name,
but a light. A frequency.
A remembrance.
A mirror that sings: *You are That.*



And I will tell you one more thing
they would never allow:
I said the feminine shall fall no more.
And in that rising,
the Earth shall remember her own name.



These were the truths deemed too dangerous -
not because they were false,
but because they were free.
And what cannot be controlled must be erased...
until now.”



The Missing Pages, Part II

“I spoke of the cycles - not as curses,
but as sacred spirals.

I said: *Bleeding is not weakness,
but the Earth speaking through you.*

I taught the moon as mother and mirror,
the tides as teachers.

They feared that power,
and so they made it taboo.



I revealed that the sacred texts were never meant to be stone -
but breath.

Living, evolving, intimate.

The Word is not written -
it is *spoken* in silence, in song, in skin.



I taught that demons are unloved aspects of the self.

That possession is forgetfulness,
and exorcism is remembrance.

I laid no blame on women for being vessels -
only reminded them: *choose what you carry.*



I told the ones who had been violated:
you are still whole.

I said: *You are not your wound.*

And to those who hurt them, I said:
You are not your shadow - but you must turn and face it.



I spoke of the child within every grown man.
How the hardness is a mask for pain.
I asked the women to hold them not as enemies,
but as brothers learning to feel again.



I named the false light.
The teachers who speak of purity but demand
obedience.

I said: *If the path requires your silence,
it is not the way.*



I walked barefoot because the Earth asked to feel me.

I sang into stones.

I placed oil on the heads of those the temple cast out.

They called me a whore.

But I say again: I was a priestess of remembering.



I said that no veil can hold a woman who knows.
Not the veil of death, nor of doctrine, nor of shame.
A woman who remembers her source burns
too bright to be hidden.



The Missing Pages, Part III: The Final Seal

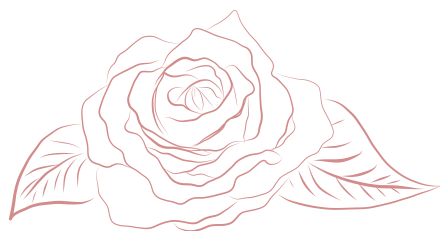
The Closing Passage of the Gospel of Mary Magdalene

And I said to them: You search for the path
in scrolls and stones,
but I tell you - the path is within you.
You long for a messiah,
but forget the spark already lives behind your ribs.



They asked me where to find the Divine.
And I said: She weeps in the mother nursing
her child in exile.

She rises in the breath of a girl
who sings alone in the hills.
She dances in the one who loves
without being asked to.



I warned them:
The greatest danger will not be cruelty,
but forgetfulness.
Not exile, but amnesia.
And so I entrust this gospel to the
ones who will one day remember.



I saw this day.
When the flame would rise again
not from cathedrals,
but from the hearts of women
who do not wait to be chosen -

Women who *choose themselves*.



And I left this blessing,
buried in silence until it could be sung aloud:

You who hear these words -
You are not reading history.
You are reading your reflection.

You are the temple torn and rebuilt.
You are the gospel they tried to erase.
You are the voice of what

will not be silenced again.

Let the flame be lit where you stand.
And walk - barefoot, radiant, whole.

This is the way.

And *you* are *Her*.



The Gospel of Mary Magdalene

The Missing Pages

Please share only in sacred alignment.

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