

Soul Café with Kuthumi

Channeled by Marisa Calvi

“Exploring the Goddess Energies”



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Soul Café with Kuthumi – May 10, 2019
Exploring the Goddess Energies
Featuring MARY MAGDALENE, channeled by Marisa Calvi

Hello everybody. Welcome to Soul Café. My name is Marisa Calvi: I'm an author and a channeler who works with the energies of Kuthumi Lal Singh coming to you from Sydney Australia. And in this space around once a month we just have a little time out from everyday life to be with soul and invite it throughout everyday life. (laughter) The wonderful thing about living with soul: it's not exclusive to these moments of meditation, podcasts, workshops that you do. The beauty of soul is that it can be with you in every breath, in every moment of your day.

I'm very excited about today because normally we invite Kuthumi to come and play but we're going to do something a bit different.

Before we get into that, I just want to let you know for the month of May because that is the month that Kuthumi and I celebrate the release of our very first book, we have all our books on special: the print editions are all 30% off, and the eBooks are being reduced to ten dollars. And you can find those through my website at <http://newenergywriting.com> That will take you through to the links at Lulu.com where you can buy them and have them shipped pretty much from within your own continent: they don't have to come all the way from Australia.

Further to that, if you'd like to play with Kuthumi and I a bit more, we have Soul Schools that you can sign up for. These are online courses that you can do in the comfort of your own home. They're around seven to eight sessions over a month

although some of them are complete now so you can just download them and do them at your own pace. And even if we are live, you're invited to do the schools at your pace.

Our next school is starting next week on Sunday May 19th and it's what we call our Conscious Breathing school. Our schools usually have the theme of living with soul, inviting soul in more through the beautiful breath while this school is just about being in that space with your breath if you would like a month where you can consciously connect twice a week for a total of seven sessions. They go for about thirty to forty-five minutes: generally closer to forty-five, and it's just Kuthumi and then we do some beautiful breathing with some music at the end. I do those conscious breathing classes at a special price which is fifty dollars Australian so it's accessible to as many people as possible. And we're going to be doing it around every two to three months: it's a beautiful space to be in to explore your feeling space and being with soul.

We do have other schools that follow themes. There's a whole bunch of schools that are already complete as I said, but after the conscious breathing class – and this ties in with what we're going to be talking about today – we're going to be doing a school exploring our goddess energies. The registration for the Goddess School hasn't opened quite yet; that will be soon. If you want to know when that will be open you can send me an email to notify you or join our mailing list. And you can find out about the books, courses and sign up for our mailing list and newsletter all at <http://newenergywriting.com>

So now let's get on with today. So today we are exploring the goddess energies in Soul Café just over this next hour or so. And I want to talk a little bit about why this theme came up and why I want to play with it a little bit more with you as well. A

few months ago I was doing a show with Norma Delaney: we do that once a month around the second Sunday (or Monday). And during this one show, Norma invited the energy of Mary Magdalene to be with us.

And Norma, this weekend, is actually doing a workshop in Glastonbury in England at the Chalice Well: a place very rich in divine feminine energies as Holy Mother Mary and Mary Magdalene spent time there after Yeshua's ascension. And as it came up, I just felt Mary Magdalene's energy so strongly with me: I had channeled her before, and since that day I've been feeling her around quite a lot.

On a personal note: I've just started going through menopause which at first it was not very pleasant and I fought against it (laughter) and Mary has actually been helping me ease into a new time in my life. I am now going through it far more gracefully and with a lot more acceptance: it's interesting that as women we want to fight against that change in our lives when you know, she's been showing me it's just a different chapter.

And on top of this I have a friend who runs a beautiful Ayurvedic clinic here in Sydney and part of her clinic is that once a year, sometimes twice a year, she hosts a wonderful Tibetan Lama who studied with the Dalai Lama himself and he comes and holds little retreats, workshops at her centre. This year they were doing a full day just to be with Tara the Tibetan goddess of compassion. If you like, she's the Tibetan equivalent of Kuan Yin. So I spent a day just being in Tara's energy and going into the most beautiful deep meditation with the Lama and then he invited us to integrate our Tara energies.

And I thought: how wonderful that Mary sort of made her presence known to me, and then Tara invited me to spend a day with her as well. And I've always had a very strong connection with Holy Mother Mary because I was brought up Catholic so she's always had a beautiful presence in my life. And around fifteen years ago I met Kuan Yin through Norma Delaney and I've had her in my life as well. And Kuan Yin started to make her presence known a bit more strongly since the end of last year...

So feeling all of these beautiful goddess energies and the feminine around me, and just recently Kuthumi in one of our Soul School channels brought through his feminine aspects as well. And I just thought: I really want to dive into this more and explore it more. And it's been interesting that people as I spoke more about it have said yes, they've been feeling certain goddesses around them. They've been wanting to explore this within themselves more so attracting the right people around me, or they're attracting me: it's all falling into place.

So I'm really looking forward to today, bringing forward the energies of Mary Magdalene who I haven't channeled for some years but we've been having some lovely chats. She said to relax and enjoy it – I hope she meant that and we're just going to dive in. I don't know what she's going to talk about (she's laughing while I'm saying it) and I didn't take questions because I wanted her to have the freedom to share what she wanted to share with us, and what we as a group consciously, collectively create for her to share as well.

So with that, not knowing what's going to happen (laughter) we'll start with taking some beautiful deep conscious breaths so I can get into my space, and invite you to feel and invite your soul to be here with us as we play with Mary. Kuthumi is here

too: he hasn't completely gone away. He said he will be back next month.

And just taking that first deep breath
just to be here in this moment.
To breathe and just feel
your beautiful sovereign innate energies.

Slowing down your heartbeat,
if you want.

Just relaxing into your body:
not worrying what's been happening before this session,
not worrying about what's happening after –
just to be here right now.

It's so easy to never be in the moment because we've got so much to think about, and that's why being in the moment brings us back to feeling. Because here in this moment all there is, is the breath.

The breath,
and our presence,
and our innate wisdom,
our soul love.

The past is gone. The future hasn't been created yet: the only creativity we should really be investing our energy in is right now. Right now. And every breath brings us back to this moment.

When we're feeling unbalanced, stressed, guilty – guilt is about the past, stress is about the future – we can breathe and come back to the present. This beautiful present moment.

MARY MAGDALENE: Hello my beloved ones. It's I, Mary, the divine feminine who speaks.

Throughout the ages I've been made responsible (laughter) for so much of the female energies that happened at the time of Yeshua. I'm so grateful the Holy Mother my dear friend, she carried so much of it for so long in one regard, while I carried another. And yet, we were always side by side. We had a love and respect and honour for each other: one carrying the purity of mother energy, and I got made to carry the dark side of the female. I got called a whore, irresponsible. The one who tempted Yeshua to fleshly delights and sometimes that hurt, and sometimes that made me laugh. But it never took me away from the truth of who I was because the grandest gift of being with Yeshua was remembering there was nothing grander than loving myself.

In loving myself, I knew myself. And in knowing myself, I could see the truth of the world around me. When you know your truth and see truth around you, nothing can break you – not any name, not any reputational story that's been attached to you which is why my energy can still come through pure and strong and wonderful and loving and joyful, because after all this time, I still know the truth of who I am and what I was.

When Yeshua and his men walked through my village, they didn't speak a word – yet. I knew they were different: everyone knew they were different just by the way they walked together. Some were serious, some smiled and laughed and spoke to each other. Sometimes Yeshua was at the front: sometimes he would blend in and dissolve amongst them. He never saw himself as their leader. He was just the one who remembered

and was helping others remember – and he had his little posse there to support him. (laughter)

He spoke to men and women and children and elderly alike because he never saw us as being male, female, young, old. He just saw a soul living in divine joy: living with the temptations and distractions of human in the best way they knew.

After some time when we got to know each other we were sitting upon a hillside looking out over the beautiful valleys and mountains of the Middle East. Trees here and there, patches of green where little farmlands were being irrigated...

And he said to me, “Do you ever wonder what the world beyond these lands look like?”

I stopped because it had never even occurred to me that I could possibly leave these lands.

“What do you think they look like?” he said. “Do you think everywhere is dry with these little patches of green? Maybe there are places where it’s all green and there’s much more water?”

He said, “I’ve seen places as big as that, that begin to touch on that,” as he recalled all his times travelling across and into lands now known as India. “I wish I’d gone further,” he said. “I feel like the world would have changed even more the further I went.”

“So why didn’t you go further?” I said. “Why did you come back?”

And he simply said, "Because my spirit called me back." And then he laughed and said, "I know while I'm sitting here telling you this story, it's my mind entertaining itself with what could be. God has called me back (as he called his soul self) and I'm happy to be here because I'm with you, I'm with the men, I'm with the language that I am comfortable with and this is the place that needs our consciousness right now. If I had gone further, they wouldn't have been ready. This is the place I can be my true self in safety and to guide others to knowing their true self."

He said, "One day you will know when the time is right to go further."

"With you of course," I said.

And he shook his head. "You don't need me, and you don't need me to be with you to tell you: your soul will guide you."

And a little part of me still shudders when I recall the days of his arrest, his trial, and his execution. Let's call it that: it's what it was. The agony of watching his lifeless body lowered from the cross, the tears as we washed him, wiped the oils upon his body, wrapped him and watched him carried into his tomb.

He'd always told us his death would not be the end. But nothing felt so final and complete as watching that tomb be closed believing we'd never see his face, hear his voice, share his love ever again. And yet, we did.

It didn't seem like the miracle that modern day would like it to be called. It just seemed the beautiful expression of his commitment to sharing with the world how connected he was to god, his soul and that love from the divine. It was a bit

dramatic, but hey, he had a flair for drama: it got attention and it got the message out. I will never ever hate him for that.
(laughter)

And yet, he finally left on his terms: ascending as you call it. I would call it stepping from this plane of existence back to his pure essence, not bound by three dimensions, body, physicality. He simply left this plane of existence and stepped into another.

The group of us that had formed around him: and there were other women, (laughter) we knew our time together as a group was complete. We spoke that now, from this single place upon the earth, we would all turn our backs to each other and then walk a straight line. And wherever we happened upon walking that straight line away from each other... imagine... like the rays of the sun radiating out from the place of our origin spreading our light across the world ...wherever we ended up across those lines was where we were meant to be to teach, to share, just to live and breathe and radiate all that we'd experienced.

As you can imagine, it was a time of turmoil: that we stayed determined to share all that we knew could land us upon crosses or worse. The holy mother came to me, her heart broken, but yet she still had an acceptance of all that had been. And she spoke of leaving the lands of Israel as we knew them then, for our safety, and to preserve the feminine energies that had been awakened through her son's teachings.

It was interesting that she looked at me and said, "You are the vessel that will carry that energy. And you may not get to speak to everyone through your words but it's your story, your story: it will awaken and it will share this at the right time in the right way."

Over the millennia my story has popped up from time and time again. Some you have heard, some you haven't. But I always get mentioned, do I not? The whore who was redeemed. I'd become a feminist symbol, didn't I? The one who defied the standards of my time to go and speak with Yeshua. Some say I was his wife and hmmm... some might agree. (laughter)

And for a time I did carry that ideal that I, this perfect female carrying the wisdom was responsible for every woman on earth to be awakened within that. I understood that the divine feminine had been held by Mother Mary and by me and the other female disciples. It's interesting that most of them had a variation upon my name. Mary, Miriam, Marjolein: so many variations upon that beautiful name – a name that's become to be known as mother, feminine.

For a while it became a heaviness within my heart, all of our hearts, that we were the ones who had to show the way to the other women.

Some of us did it quite easily. We just simply had little groups that we would pretend to get together to sew, perhaps to bake bread and there we would speak. It's very easy for women to gather in groups and speak because women have been gathering in groups for such things for eternity. And they've shared their ideas, passed on traditions, retold stories, so why would they not retell their times with a wonderful prophet who walked the earth sharing a simple message of love and compassion?

Some went back to their families and people would come to them quietly seeking a healing: the wonderful laying of hands to clear energies, to let people feel the beautiful balance that

was possible within their bodies and then have them invite that deeper. That became their way.

But I knew I could do neither of those. As the one who had walked closest to Yeshua, there were energies that were simply not going to let me be who I wanted to be in those lands. Yes, I had jealousy from some of the male disciples, worried that I would take the shine away from them. And yes, I was carrying Yeshua's child within me, so the protection I wanted to give to my child and the mother of Yeshua, made me realise now was the time to leave these lands.

And upon the line that was designated to me upon our agreement, we sailed across to the lands of England. A beautiful gentle land it was at the time, filled with some people not so gentle, but the softness of the earth: the dampness, the coolness revived our souls, eased our aching spirits. To drink of beautiful fresh, cool, bubbling springs, to walk upon mosses that felt like sponge underneath our feet... we'd often delight and giggle in just how different everything smelled and looked and felt.

When the time came for Mother Mary to leave this plane, I went back upon my line thinking I was going to head back to my homeland but instead I went to the south of France. A different gentleness: a softer people, and a language that my tongue used to love to wrap itself around. Interesting that halfway between the lands I found a balance between the two: a land that was not so dry, but not so wet, (laughter) not so barbaric but not so hedonistic either. A land with foods and wines that were rich and nurturing, and there I spent my final days.

I've given you a story and to speak of so many years in such a short time: I feel like I've given you the essence of it, but there was so much more. I think we're going to need a few more of these shows. (laughter)

To reconcile what it was to be in a female body in a time when male energies were so dominant – and they still are – to break through the expectations of who I should be simply because of the body I was born into was an astounding experience. As a child I was doted upon and made aware of my sexuality from quite a young age. I learned how it was both a weakness but also an incredibly powerful tool. Men could see you as physically weak but oh my goodness, if there was something within your body they wanted and you were clever enough how you could manipulate that – and I hated both.

I hated that this body could decide how I interacted with the world around me: that I could use it like a weapon, I could use it to hide. It could be my strength, it could be my very weakness. And what for? Because somehow along the way we designed that sex was this incredibly pleasurable thing that was overlaid with aspects of power and control.

See, I was labeled a whore because I refused to submit to being submissive. And if you weren't submissive, if you weren't demure, if you weren't a virgin, to everyone else except your husband, then what value did you have? Your value as a woman got reduced to simply being a vagina for them to put their penis in. (laughter) And if you were simply that, a vessel to receive a male for his simple pleasure without any connection or obligation to reproduce for him, or clean for him, or cook for him, then you were simply a whore. And that's why I was labeled as such. Not once did I ever take money off a man in exchange for sex: not once did I ever proclaim that my

occupation. It was simply what I was called for not being demure and submissive, because I spoke.

All the women who joined us were seen as such because people, when we turned up into villages walking with the men, assumed that we were their wives. And when they discovered we weren't their wives they assumed that we were simply there to provide sexual service, maid work for them – and let me tell you, some of them expected the maid work. They respected the no sex thing but oh my goodness, did they expect us to cook and clean for them. (laughter)

Never have I had more pleasure than handing Paul's robes back to him and saying, "Wash them yourself." (laughter) I think he's still recovering from that but it was a wonderful teachable moment because I did it quite loudly in front of everyone. Had I had taken them from him and gone to the river to wash them, we would have set a very serious precedent, would we have not? That we women were there simply to be their maids? No, we were there to be teachers as their equals.

I remember he looked down for a moment, turned a shade of red because I'd done this to him in front of all the other men and all those old issues of emasculation, of having our roles redefined: it took a moment for his ego to ingest them all.

And Yeshua was sitting nearby smiling gently, trying not to laugh. I remember Paul looking at him and you know, Yeshua shrugged his shoulders and did that sort of gesture of like "hey, what do you want me to do?" (laughter) Paul looked back at me and he looked around, and he nodded and walked away. And not one woman in our group was ever asked again to do a menial task.

We offered from time to time because we supported each other. If men were going to wash their robes in the rivers they would often ask us if there was something we needed washed. And of course we didn't want them to wash our clothes: they wouldn't do it properly. Oh, I'm sorry, that was a joke. And I'm sorry, I'm going to lapse sometimes and I will make some very sexist jokes, but it's all in humour. They were wonderful men, (laughter) just couldn't wash robes properly. Ah.

We drank wine and ate as much meat as them. Our bodies were strong from walking, from gathering wood, as we also did all the tasks that were expected of the men. We carved the meat when it was caught. We carried as much as they did and it wasn't put upon us as that, if we expected not to wash robes we should carry everything because that moment when I handed those robes back to Paul, it was also the declaration that I would never expect of him any more than I would expect of myself.

And yes there were times when some of us women couldn't quite possibly lift some things and we asked for help. Sometimes the men would ask for help: not from the expectation of us providing a service but because they genuinely wanted the assistance of something we could offer them. And sometimes not just because we were female but simply because we were the person standing there, so we could offer them assistance. There became a mutual respect and honour for each one of us as individuals.

It can be very hard to offer that to each other when we are so busy, we are so busy creating stories because of the bodies we're in, the colour we are, and where we are. Kuthumi and I talk sometimes and I love that he teaches you all: sometimes practice walking down the street and instead of judging and

creating a story for someone on what you see and hear, just simply see them as a soul creating their beautiful, unique, sovereign experience.

And how often do we offer that to ourselves?

I am a soul creating my unique, sovereign experience. There is so much love in that, and there's so much love in offering that acknowledgment to those around us.

And it was something that we fought about on a daily basis with Yeshua. "Which village are you from?" they would ask because that would give them an idea of what sort of family we came from, what standing we had in society. Perhaps what skills we had because certain villages were known for certain things.

And that's why Yeshua began to say, "I am that I am."

"Well, are you this village or that village? Are you this region or that region? Are you of this family or that family?"

"I am that I am," he would say. "I have no story other than I'm here breathing and wanting to share some time, some love, and some joy with whoever is before me."

And people would call him a lunatic. They would brush him aside. And you'd see others, their brows would furrow as they contemplated this. "So what is it that you want then?"

"I want nothing," he would reply. "I want nothing of you. All I want is to be so in love with me and the love of my god."

“But that won’t feed you or put a roof over your head.”

And he would laugh and say, “Oh, but it has.”

We rarely slept out in the open. Most of the time I admit we were offered barns, sleeping upon hay but you know that’s how Yeshua started so he never had an issue with that and he soon allowed us to enjoy that too because we were in our joy. Walking, teaching, sharing – where we slept was of no consequence. But we were always safe. We never went hungry. We never wanted for anything because we knew that while we were in our truth, soul would always provide.

It’s why they say, you know, in the bible: it’s always there. Have faith and god will provide. Have trust in your soul and it will provide.

I get sort of amused sometimes watching you all talking about abundance and creating abundance. That is such an illusion, this whole term of abundance, and what it should reflect in your life and how it should manifest. I would really invite you to look at what story you have given to your abundance so you can see through the BS of how you’re expecting it to express itself in life.

One day somebody handed Yeshua a purse full of gold coins. And I remember that feeling, that rush of “oh wow! Oh, we’ll never have to fear about where we’re going to sleep or eat because this would have provided for all of us for over a year... and surely somebody else would gift us before that year was up.”

And then I also watched Yeshua hand it straight back. He said, “I thank you but we have no need for this. We are provided for.”

Share this with those who are less fortunate and will get much more comfort from it than we will.”

The man nodded and walked a way.

I think it was Peter who called out, “Are you crazy? That would have taken care of all of us for over a year... possibly two if we were frugal.”

And Yeshua put his hand up and said, “Stop. Just stop.” And he turned and faced each one of us, “Who here is hungry?”

And not one of us nodded.

“Who here has no shoes upon their feet or robes to keep them warm at night, and cool during the day?”

And each one of us acknowledged the fresh leathers upon our feet, the clean robes upon our body.

“Could you walk away with that gold knowing that there are people within this village who haven’t eaten properly for months? Whose children cannot have shoes because their parents cannot afford the leathers to fit their growing feet?”

And we all shook our heads.

“At any time has spirit evaded us and left us to hunger? Left us without shelter? And now, you would let go of that faith for the security of some gold coins – which let me remind you,” he said, “would put us in grand danger of bandits on the road who would simply come and possibly use violence or worse to take it from us. That money was not ours because it’s just money. It is not about our abundance, our security, our safety, our

nourishment. It was a gift given as a grand gesture in recognition of what that man felt coming from us. But it wasn't going to serve our journey more."

I remember a few pouts along the way. I remember a few mumbles amongst us as well when Yeshua was not so close. But when bandits did come upon us they would see a simple group of people: they didn't see or hear about a group handing out gold coins in exchange for lavish food or rooms in an inn. They knew that we were just teachers walking to speak.

I remember once they said touching, frisking Jesus looking for a purse. "We know you're the leader. You'd be the one with the money."

And he simply looked down upon them and said, "Have you ever imagined there'd be a different way to live? This must be exhausting having to travel these roads looking for people who are vulnerable, wondering whether they have anything or not... perhaps it's time to find a nice village to stay in. To find a simple trade that can provide for you and your sustenance."

I remember the bandit laughing at him before racing off.

"You sometimes waste your words," Simon said.

And Yeshua shook his head, "I don't believe so. I believe those words will reach his ears at the right time." (laughter) "Maybe not in this lifetime," he said, "but they're there, they're planted."

As the women travelling upon the road, we were vulnerable because even though we were surrounded by men who respected us, who didn't expect us to provide that which most

men expected a woman to provide, sometimes the bandits would look upon us: the threats would be upon our bodies should the men not hand over their money. It was interesting: the men would often push us to the middle of the group and circle around us. They had no weapons but they had a fierceness that would let the bandits know that these women were not to be touched.

I remember those times – they only rarely, only very, very rarely happened – feeling like I had a weakness within me that would never be overcome: that I would always need a man to stand before me or behind me to protect me from the brutality of other men.

One night I was sitting with Yeshua and began to cry as I thought about this. “Why do you suppose God created us to be in bodies that don’t have this physical strength that we need you to provide us that and yet, your very strength to protect us is what we are needing protection from?”

And Yeshua said, “Do you know, that’s something I question too. I question that I have to be strong for you because that’s an incredible responsibility to know that without my strength, what might happen to you. What if I’m not strong enough? What if I’m not able to stop another from doing terrible things to you? That to me is as terrifying as your vulnerability.”

He said, “Is it not fascinating that to create new life we need the connection between male and female. Is it not interesting that your nurturing, your birthing skills – they are all as equal and opposite to my strength, to my ability to provide, and to my protective energies. And how funny that the thing that creates the difference between us is what is between our legs. And yet a simple physical difference has created so many stories

around each of us. We took these very qualities that are our strength: the nurturing and softness of the feminine and made that seem like a weakness. We took that physical strength of men and made it an overwhelming power. But yet, the two sides of the scale are inexplicably joined together to continue life.”

Now I know I’m kind of going along the way of how we make connections for relationships as well and I can feel the energies of when men create relationships with each other, and women create relationships with each other and I think that’s something we’ll need to explore in a whole other session.

Because we know, the men who often connect with each other have a beautiful blend of both things within them so they don’t need the complete opposite...

Well here I go. I said I wasn’t going to talk about it but here I am. (laughter)

...same with the women. And even within those blendings there’s no strict rule on how that should be. As we start to blend and let the boundaries between us disappear, there’s so much fear around men if they don’t feel strong and powerful. There’s so much anxiety around women if they don’t become mothers, or reproduce or are feminine or have a certain soft body type: that your breasts aren’t a certain size. Oh men: look at them worrying about size of their delightful parts as well!

We took the beautiful essence of difference and somehow made that into being strong and weak and this has been part of our play in duality. We wanted dark and light, wrong and right so we had, so we had the energy of choice. Oh, I see you all

playing with: I chose this, I choose that. It's all been about choice.

See, I chose not to submit to the demure, soft, mothering archetype of female and in doing so I confused everyone by allowing my masculine to express. To say: I don't need to stay in a village and raise children, tend to animals, clean the house and cook. I can walk and speak and be a teacher.

To be a teacher was seen as masculine and yet, women have been teaching for eons. They've been teaching their daughters sewing, cooking, but as long as it stayed within those realms of what had been decided by society as feminine.

When I decided to walk with Yeshua my family had long given up on any ideals they had for me. I had been abused by men in my family so that no one was truly surprised when I simply decided to escape my home and my family. In fact, that would be their story. I was broken. I was not attractive marriage material, and in fact leaving them was a relief. This broken, impure girl: they had no need for her. And by leaving, I secured their story for how unworthy I was.

The first of the women to join Yeshua, I set a precedent for other women who felt broken, unable to fit in. There was one called Sarah who came to join us, and the first night she laid beside me in our little corner of the barn and sobbed, and sobbed, and sobbed. I laid there still and just stayed with my breath until her crying finished.

"Nothing has ever made sense," she said. "Here I am in this body of what gets called woman and yet, I've never seen myself different from the men. But yet I cannot act like them. I have to play out a story that I hate. All I wanted to do when I was

young was run, and run, and run. And all everyone ever did was say, 'Stop. Be still. Be quiet.' Why was I not allowed to run? That makes no sense. Now I will walk, and walk, and TALK. I will talk and say things that I have been told to keep within my mouth for so long."

Her tears, that final release: she let go of all the mourning that she'd been carrying, the grieving for this part of herself that could never be expressed. And that's what each of us awakened when we began to walk with Yeshua.

You know, I'm not going to say that we all walked for the grand kudos of saying, "Hey, I walked with Yeshua and I was a teacher." Some of us just did it for ourselves. We just wanted to break out of what our families had locked us into. We just wanted to be with Yeshua all the time. There was a couple of guys, they never said anything profound: they never even spoke. They just sat there and listened. But it was wonderful because their consciousness of allowing Yeshua and supporting Yeshua contributed in their own way. They didn't have to contribute with words, or actions, or anything. Well, their actions were just being there, supporting him. Sometimes all they did was just go and find water, or wine.

It was all wonderful and perfect because we had finally broken out of the confines of what our families, our villages, our society, our religion had told us we had to be. So for many, just finally physically stepping away from the story was such an incredible adventure. That in itself was all that people needed to know about us.

I feel as though we've only just begun and I have so much to share. I hope I will be invited back again soon - and I'm being told I will. If there's anything I'd like you to take away from

today? No, because today was just about us getting to know each other, for my channeler to get into a new rhythm, for me to share some stories. And then soon we will play even more, and even deeper with these beautiful goddess energies and the divine feminine.

I have no catch phrase I'm sorry to end with. (laughter) I even found "I am that I am" a bit tedious after a while. What's wrong with just hello and good day and good bye? (more laughter)

So my dear ones, my beloved ones, I will simply say this: what a delight it's been to come and speak again and I really look forward to playing again very, very soon.

I hear Kuthumi saying, "Namaste". Those are not my words, but the essence of them I will share with you. What a delight it has been to have my soul spend time with yours. Have a grand life. You are so loved, you are so loved. Farewell.

MARISA: Hmm. Thank you everyone. This is Marisa. It's taking me a little while to come back. She truly didn't want to finish speaking: she had a lot to share.

I think it will do all of us a service though if we might call her back in around a month's time and we'll see what else she has to share. I'm not comfortable being in channel for much longer than an hour or so, so that's why I didn't want to push that time either.

Yes, so I think we have a lot more to play with with Mary. So thank you all for indulging me today while I took some time to open up that energy and explore it some more. And I hope you enjoyed her stories – I certainly did. It was wonderful being taken back to that time. Ah, how wonderful!

So we'll join again soon. And like I said, if you'd like to know more about me, my books which are on special this month or our online courses, please do that at <http://newenergywriting.com>

Until then, thank you all so much for joining us today and I look forward to playing again with you all very soon.

Namaste.