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**THE MOTHER: Observer and Consciousness of Quantum Mechanics  
ESCHATOLOGY: "Christ has died; Christ has risen; Christ will come again."  
ESCHATOLOGY, not The Oxford Handbook of Eschatology, is for the ears of HALF  
THE SKY that will begin to hear ... sooner or later. (September 20, 2020)**

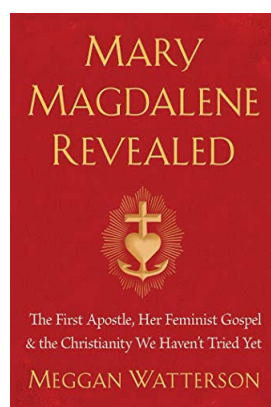
1 message

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Sun, Sep 20, 2020 at 8:12 AM

To: "The Mother: Observer and Consciousness of Quantum Mechanics" <the-mother-observer-and-consciousness-of-quantum-mechanics@googlegroups.com>

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### The Christianity We Haven't Tried Yet

*Then Peter said to him, "You have been explaining every topic to us; tell us one other thing. What is the sin of the world?"  
The Savior replied, "There is no such thing as sin."*

— MARY 3:1–3

I'm not sure what I was expecting when I first went to church as a little girl. Yes, I do. I was expecting the outside to be like the inside. I wanted the great big, unsayable love I felt within me to be seen or witnessed outside of me. Back then before I felt separated from it, there was this wide expanse of love inside me, like my own private ocean.

And so, I guess I was expecting for church to be this place where everyone walks around and greets each other, from one ocean to another, their innermost self, right there on the surface, their inner world rising up from the depths for a breath of fresh air. A place where we can hang our masks at the door, and just help each other be human. A place that reminded me how to be here in this world while not forgetting the part of me that is not of it.

But that wasn't what it was like.

I'm not a Christian. Though I've baptized myself, many times. Like the fiery Turkish prophetess from the 1st century, Thecla, who was denied by Paul when she told him that she was ready to be baptized. She said to him, "Only give me the seal of Christ and no trial will touch me." But he didn't think she was ready. He told her to be patient. Thecla knew her own heart. (Which is why I love her.) And instead, she cut her hair short and baptized herself.

I didn't hear about Thecla until I was a young adult in seminary, where I learned that *The Acts of Paul and Thecla* date back to 70 A.D., which makes it as ancient as any of the gospels in the New Testament. This was the beginning of my education, or my reeducation, that what I was searching for was within Christianity but not of it. Thecla wasn't remembered as the first prophetess. Her story didn't set the precedent for the voice of women in the church hierarchy. It was far too filled with a truth we weren't ready for back then. Because for Thecla, salvation was something she found within her.

But more about her later.

The baptisms in my life, which are more accurately just ecstatic skinny-dips, have come as markers when I felt like I was expressing more faithfully what's within me; when I'm no longer denying or silencing this quiet, unassuming voice inside me.

I'm not a Christian. But I find myself having to make that distinction often. Or that I need to make certain no one mistakes me as one. I wasn't raised religious, I was raised feminist.

My great-grandmother, Big Margie (who was tiny but had a presence so large it seemed to enter the room before she did), was a suffragette. She would whisper crazy comments to me when I sat on her lap, like, "It's fine if you want to become a wife and a mother, just make sure you get paid for it."

My mom, Margie, marched for the Civil Rights Act, and for the Equal Rights Amendment, and taught me to protest for women's rights when Roe vs. Wade was in danger of being overturned. I was 13 and my little sister was just a towheaded three-year-old. Her Planned Parenthood t-shirt came down to her knees.

I was holding her hand when an elderly woman approached me, clutching a pro-life poster with an iron grip. She came right up to me, until we were awkwardly chest-to-chest. She hated me. I felt it. It was visceral. I mean, she hated who she thought I was. She was so angry as she spoke that small beads of spit landed on my face.

She said, "How many will be enough for you?" I had no idea what she was asking me. I wasn't there because I thought I would ever have an abortion myself. I was there because I knew that if anything was holy, it was the relationship between myself and my own body. It was too intimate for anyone outside of me to ever shame or control.

I've always felt I would have to rewrite the history of Christianity to officially become a part of it. No, I would have to turn back the globe like Superman when Lois Lane dies, and make certain they get the message straight from the start. Or the message as I have come to believe in it; that we are not inherently sinful, or unworthy in any way, and that we shouldn't feel shame for how human we are, or how often we break, lose faith, and make wildly misguided mistakes.

When I went to church for the first time as a little girl and read the bible, I broke out in hives. I couldn't reconcile the feminism I had been raised in with the idea that god was a Father, and that salvation only came through his son, Jesus, and therefore men held this exclusive right (being the same sex as the Father) to speak on behalf of him.

The body never lies. And I got a blaringly clear message written in red rashes across my skin that this was a system of belief that doesn't match what exists within me. So, I left the church. Physically. I marched out of the First Unitarian Church of Cleveland. But the turmoil, the anger, as well as the fierce love, and longing—it went right along with me.

I spent my years at seminary searching through the church's history for when women were silenced, for how the Pope happened, and all those male cardinals in red, and why a Popess could not even be imagined.

I searched for the stories and the voices that had been edited out or, in the case of Mary Magdalene's gospel, torn apart and buried.

I remember the first time I led a retreat about the Gospel of Mary and started with this passage, "*There is no such thing as sin.*" We were sitting in a circle, so I could see the immediate response—every face lit up with equal amounts of shock and excitement.

There is nothing inherently sinful about being human, I explained. There's nothing sinful about the body, or sex, or sexuality. Being human isn't a punishment, or something we need to endure, or transcend. Being human is the whole point.

We just also don't want to forget, or miss the mark, which is how the word for sin translates from the Greek, by mistaking ourselves (and others) as only this body. We are this body, yes, and all the raging humanity it demands. And also, we are this soul. Both.

One of the women in the circle, Ger, was in tears. I knew from what she had shared during the retreat that she was from Ireland, raised religious, and that she had been sexually abused as a child. The warmth radiating from her made me fall madly in love. I'll never forget that joy beaming out of her eyes, through her tears, like headlights switched to high beams.

And I can't remember if she said this at that retreat or later, when she joined my spiritual community, the REDLADIES, but it struck me because it wasn't what I had intended when I began to talk about Mary's gospel. I just wanted to share and discuss Mary Magdalene's teachings. But she said, "You've reminded me of the Christ I knew before I went to church."

For me, finding Mary Magdalene's voice, her gospel, was like finally attending that church I had imagined church would be like as a little girl, a place where we're not trying to be better than anyone else, or to be better than who we are in that moment. Everyone, no matter who we are, and everything, is included, especially the body.

I'm not a Christian. But I recently came across a quote from the English philosopher and lay theologian G. K. Chesterton that sums up what I have come to believe: "Christianity isn't a failure; it just hasn't been tried yet."

So, I'm not a Christian, or if I am, it's a Christianity that we haven't tried yet, one that includes Mary Magdalene. It's the Christianity that existed before the church. It's the church whose doors are ripped off at the hinges. It's the Christianity that includes all that has been left out.

*Mary Magdalene Revealed: The First Apostle, Her Feminist Gospel & the Christianity We Haven't Tried*  
Meggan Watterson, Hay House Inc. (July 9 2019) p. 15-18

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### **Praise for MARY MAGDALENE REVEALED**

"This book is a masterpiece. I haven't been this excited or awakened by a book for a decade. This is what it looks like when an artist follows her heart and her passion instead of the crowd."

— **Glennon Doyle**, #1 *New York Times* best-selling author of *Love Warrior*

"The evidence within these pages, both scholarly and lived experience, will change you on a cellular level as you remember what has been forgotten for thousands of years, but has never been untrue: that the feminine is sacred and holy. This book is a revolution."

— **Kate Northrup**, best-selling author of *Do Less* and *Money: A Love Story*

"Meggan Watterson is a modern-day prophetess who sets souls on fire with her lyrical prose and courageous truth-telling. Her unearthing of the hidden and silenced realities of the first apostle's life and legacy ignites revelations that will transform the hearts and minds of readers who are ready to claim their own power and spiritual authority."

— **Jamia Wilson**, author of *Step Into Your Power* and executive director of The Feminist Press

"*Mary Magdalene Revealed* brings together the exquisite balance of personal experience and the uncovering of spiritual texts that quite simply rock and lovingly challenge the Christianity of the world today. Meggan Watterson is the spiritual teacher to spiritual teachers and this book is a road map to the heart of Christ's message."

— **Kyle Gray**, best-selling author of *Angel Prayers* and *Raise Your Vibration*

"*Mary Magdalene Revealed* is a masterpiece of theology, feminism, and just plain spiritual goodness. No matter what your religious or spiritual background, you will find hope, joy, and a bracing new way to think about your body and your life in these pages."

— **Christiane Northrup**, M.D., *New York Times* best-selling author of *Goddesses Never Age* and *Women's Bodies, Women's Wisdom*

"Meggan Watterson is a conduit carrying the electrical charge of spirit and weaving this channeled energy into her work. She is a soul doula, gently holding our hands as we cross the river to spiritual healing and emotional salvation through these pages. If you ever wondered if the feminine is dormant in our spiritual traditions, *Mary Magdalene Revealed* makes it clear that our past, present, and future lies within her."

— **Latham Thomas**, founder of Mama Glow and author of *Own Your Glow*

"Fierce, raw, compelling, disruptive, and deep—Meggan Watterson has penned a classic. Read it . . . savor it . . . read it again, then let it change you."

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"She is brave, she is beautiful, she is divine. Driven by passion, by a calling higher than she can see or know. She can deliver us all into a new stratosphere of love and divinity. Am I describing Mary Magdalene? Or Meggan Watterson? Both. They are sisters in this holy mission of bringing Mary's breathtakingly beautiful gospel to the world, today."

— **Regena Thomashauer**, *New York Times* best-selling author of *Pussy: A Reclamation*

"Like a feminist Indiana Jones, Meggan Watterson goes on a mystical adventure to uncover the hidden teachings of one of Christ's closest companions and disciples, Mary Magdalene, and her discovery could change history."

— **Cheryl Richardson**, *New York Times* best-selling author of *The Art of Extreme Self Care*

"With deep honesty, soulful artistry, and intellectual rigor, Meggan brings us a picture of the real Mary Magdalene—the one who is alive in each of our hearts—and leads us through how to experience and live from the Christ in each of us in

our daily lives."

— **Robert and Hollie Holden**, authors and teachers of *A Course in Miracles*

"After so much work, devotion, and innovation, Meggan Watterson deserves to be heard."

— **Hal Taussig**, Ph.D., author and editor of *A New New Testament*

"*Mary Magdalene Revealed* is one of the most beautiful, powerful, exciting, and sorely needed books of our time. Fiercely honest and courageous, Watterson rejects the lies and limitations of patriarchal bias and resurrects the heartbeat of genuine love and intimacy with God and one another through the teachings and life of Mary Magdalene. I couldn't put it down!"

— **Sonia Choquette**, best-selling author of *Waking Up in Paris*

"I have been waiting to read *Mary Magdalene Revealed* my entire life. Its pages will reveal the humble power of your soul and a truth that can be felt but cannot be put into words."

— **Rebecca Campbell**, best-selling author of *Rise, Sister, Rise*

"It is rare to find a book that catalyzes a mystical awakening, a book that feels like a reunion with a long-lost key to your soul's evolution."

— **Sarah Drew**, best-selling author of *Gaia Codex*

"Meggan has given us an extraordinary gift. Through her compelling and courageous work, we are called back to ourselves as bodies, as spiritual beings, to our wholeness and fullness, helping us to find our inner voice which will ultimately set us free."

— **Celene Lillie**, Ph.D., director of translation for *A New New Testament*

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