

## Inviting the Trinity Within

“You have the whole Trinity within you,” Donna said with a sense of amazement. “I’ve not seen that in the twenty years that I’ve been reading akashic records.”

I’d come to the grand opening of a new spiritual center this afternoon in November 2008 to support the owner. I’d met Donna, one of the readers at the center, at a Holistic Fair.

Her use of the Trinity surprised me. In May 2003 I’d heard I had the energy of Mary Magdalene and struggled to understand what that could mean. It helped me see differently several unusual events in my life where people recognized me at our first meeting.

I’d remembered several visions during my “dark night of the soul.” I heard a very clear woman’s voice say, “With love.” On a different occasion, I heard “I didn’t choose someone else. I chose you.”

I started a book on the need for Divine Balance between the masculine and the feminine, but I recently understood my journey had a different path.

While attending a Healthy Chocolate celebration in Reno, I experienced healing using a book called *The Emotion Code* by Dr. Bradley Nelson. I’d done lots of clearing using other techniques, but I continued to have a disturbingly sore lower back, a TMJ issue, and a persistent cough. Working with a chiropractor who took me through various healing crises, I had long periods where I felt better but the appearance of this book had the air of a miracle.

I find casinos to be disorienting and I’d gone to find the location of the Naples ballroom for the next days’ event. I noticed a young woman sitting in a chair working on her computer – the rest of the area remained deserted.

“Are you going to the Learn to Earn tomorrow?” she asked.

“Yes, I am,” I replied.

“So am I,” she said, “but I need a room.”

“You can stay with me tonight,” I said. Robin and I rode the elevator up to my room. Our meeting seemed destined for many reasons – our spiritual development had been through different teachers and books.

My lower back had been creating much pain whenever I slept in a bed – a problem on this five day trip. Before my trip to find the ballroom, I’d remembered the tenets of Dr. John Sarno’s book *Healing Back Pain* and remembered it’s all in my head. My back felt better at that recollection.

We shared much about our separate journeys as we sat talking in our room. I cleared my trapped emotions that evening... from my body and heart wall. This seemed the answer to my prayers. I smiled as I used my pendulum and found nothing more to clear.

My body went through a healing crisis over the next couple of days. Attending a three day meeting with hard chairs and lots of walking didn’t

provide the nurturing environment necessary as my body reconfigured itself.

I chose to forgo the evening of loud music and dancing celebrating the four year anniversary of this Healthy Chocolate business. I sat alone in my hotel room contemplating my life. Using the pendulum, I asked, "Did I ask to have the Trinity?"

"No."

"Was I given the Trinity?"

"Yes."

I asked the question, "Why?" knowing the answers coming from the pendulum had to be yes or no.

"Am I to help people understand that they too could have the Trinity?"

"Yes."

"Can everyone invite the Trinity within?"

"Yes."

I appreciate that everyone views the Trinity differently. For me, the Trinity is Jesus, Mary Magdalene with God in the middle. For others, the Trinity is God: the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. From *A Course in Miracles*, the Trinity is God, the Son of God, and the Holy Spirit. Another way for me is the Divine Masculine, the Divine Feminine, and the Unity of All.

A few days later, my body caught up with the healing and I felt dramatically better. My lower back no longer screamed when I stood. TMJ no longer restricted the opening of my mouth. The kink in my neck stopped catching.

In an early morning conversation with Jen, an intuitive friend from Tucson, I shared my new understanding that I'm to help others learn to "invite the Trinity within." I listened as she did the invitation.

"Tears came to my eyes," she said, "as I invited the Trinity within."

"You need to activate it, too," I said.

"Okay," she said quietly. "You need to write about this."

My reluctance to share this information comes from the concern that some might think my views to be heretical and/or coming from my ego. Spirit helped me write this information and wants this to be available.

And so it is!

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1. Find a quiet place, without any distractions.
2. Invite the Trinity to come within saying the words, "I invite the Trinity to come within me."
3. Wait for the process to complete and feel the Trinity fill you with calm and peace.
4. Activate the Trinity within by saying "I ask the Trinity to be active within me."

## **Reactions**

Jen: For me, a very profound reaction and truth about myself came through, as I was so resigned and surrendered to the current situations around. I have an understanding of what I have been doing to myself for the last seven years and how I am where I am. Yes, over the border, yet waiting for some answers for what I am now creating in this new space. Writing out my intentions and re-evaluating, recommitting myself to myself or in other words, getting back to basics in this new place and space, that fearless space I knew in 2000-2001, good place for me.

Kathie: Inviting the Trinity in was an awesome experience. Immediately after saying the invitation, emotion poured into my heart. Then the emotion radiated out and filled the rest of my body. It took only seconds but made a deep impression I will never forget.

Sondra: Peaceful.

## Coming to know the Trinity lived within me

The process of hearing the Trinity lived within me came in stages. Only in hindsight did the significance come to my full awareness.

In May 2003, the first unveiling came during a dinner at a local Mexican restaurant when I joined two couples for dinner on a Tuesday night. We sat in a large booth and I scooted to the seat in the middle. Annette sat next to me on one side and Dawn on the other. We hadn't yet received our drinks when Annette started talking to me in a soft voice. "We've known each other in many lives. We've been warriors together," she said. "You're in the Bible."

"I am?" I said. Brian Weiss led a meditation during my trip to Crete in 1997 where I discovered I'd been stoned to death as a female follower of Christ. My father celebrated my death by saying, "You deserve to die!" He wasn't happy about me following Jesus.

"You were the adulteress," she said. Our conversation ended as we included the rest of the table.

I walked home to study my Bible, which I couldn't find – my reading tends to be spiritual, not biblical. My search for stories of a woman being stoned to death in the New Testament proved fruitless.

Annette and I exchanged services several days later. She again said, "You were the adulteress, and you were stoned to death in the Old Testament because you were a hermaphrodite." We talked for quite a while. I didn't take many notes.

I came home wanting to know more. I sent off emails to two women who have references to the Bible readily at hand asking, "Where in the Bible does the stoning of a woman take place?" Neither replied.

I called my friend Muzette the following weekend. She'd been a great support when I went through a "dark night of my soul" in late 1997 and early 1998. I told her I'd been the adulteress, and she said, "Then, you were Mary Magdalene."

"I was?" That put a different picture on this. I know of many past lives, but this finally involved someone famous. What did it mean? If I had the energy of Mary Magdalene, the magnitude of my life took on a grander purpose... or so my ego thought.

Wanting more information, I remembered a book, *The Bloodline of the Holy Grail* by Laurence Gardner, which had been recommended by my friend Libby from Chicago. Libby, known formally as Dr. Librada Manaligod, came into my life as an allergist who did Allergy Elimination work called NAET. We became friends immediately at our first appointment, going on vacations and other healing adventures together. Divine Feminine energy surrounded her – she smiled enigmatically when I asked her about it. I'd bought the book, but I still hadn't read it. I looked in the back under Mary Magdalene and found many references.

A month after my reading with Annette, I returned to Chicago for ten days and talked with a few people about my newest revelation. I particularly enjoyed one friend's reaction. "I prefer you not share this with anyone," I said after we'd eaten lunch. Pat, a staunch Catholic who listened to the stories of my many adventures, didn't share my drive to search for similar answers.

"I don't know how, or why, I would tell anyone this," Pat said.

I smiled at her discomfiture and said, "I guess that would be so."

Shortly after my return from Chicago, I attended a day long event by Miriam about listening to one's body up the mountain in Idyllwild, an hour plus drive from Palm Springs. My struggle to find my place of center continued. "Your energy is all over," she said at lunch.

"I have a lot going on," I said. I'd finally moved my possessions from a friend's attic in Chicago to my apartment in Palm Springs – my initial move included only those items transportable with my two cats in a SUV. Chaos reigned in my apartment and in my psyche. My home held more stuff than it could handle – some from a friend who stayed with me periodically.

"Let's spend some time together after we're done for the day," Miriam said. I didn't have time or money for a session or the desire to drive back up the hill again. The class finished and Miriam started to work on me. I told her about my understanding about having the energy of Mary Magdalene. "You also have Christ's energy inside you alongside your core," she said.

I drove down the hill feeling calmer and more able to cope. Knowing Christ's energy balanced Mary Magdalene helped. I had the Trinity, but not in a way I heard, or understood.

I talked with Jen, an intuitive friend from Tucson I'd met the previous year in Sedona. "Avatars, such as Mary Magdalene, have their energies here more than once," she said. That lessened my perceived pressure.

My search for my truth continued. With each piece of information came another that contradicted the former. What was true? What wasn't?

*The Bloodline* asserts that Mary Magdalene and Jesus were married and had three children, a girl Tamar and two boys Jesus and Joseph. When Jesus transformed the water into wine at the marriage feast, it celebrated his betrothal to Mary Magdalene. Mary Magdalene anointed Jesus' feet with oil as part of their particular Hellenistic sect's rituals of marriage. Mary Magdalene watched Jesus be crucified while pregnant with Tamar.

I didn't quite understand how this could be true, but I felt it was... and is.

Six months later, I drove to Mt Shasta to buy *Lineage of Codes of Light* by Jessie Ayani at Libby's suggestion. I opened my book and started reading. Within a page or two, tears started running down my face. The truth of the words resonated throughout my being. I smiled

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through the downpour. I devoured this book about women of Spirit through the years. Another of Ayani's books, *Brotherhood of the Magi*, told the story of the men of Spirit.

I bought many books about Mary Magdalene. The most salient common denominator being that none of these writings agreed on anything. I found myself reacting to the different author's assumptions. Some I believed immediately – resonating as true to me, but some didn't make the cut.

Mary Magdalene married Jesus and had three children, some after the resurrection. Jesus lived, was seen and obviously procreated. Jesus would've been considered strange by the community if he hadn't married. Having the Divine Feminine and Divine Masculine brought together with each individual's God Creator core resonated as truth at my soul's deepest level.

This image brought me back to a dream from January 1998. I woke with the image of my sitting to the left of Jesus. I initially concluded I occupied God's lap, but I now believe God stood in the middle, with Jesus on the right and Mary Magdalene on the left. Each person's core energy contains their God Creator piece.

Various books included in the Bible came from church councils and leadership at different places and times in history. The controversy over the Gnostic gospels and other papyrus found in 1945 and the reluctance to have the information published supported the patriarchal church's reluctance to have the Divine Feminine included. The Gospel of Mary Magdalene came as part of the Gnostic gospels. The beginning church hierarchy removed all the references to the Divine Feminine.

I chuckled about the challenge of finding a spiritual partner in my current life. How could I find anyone to rise to the standard of Jesus? No wonder I experienced difficulty in my search for a healthy balanced partnership.

I continued to read and assimilate information. An event from November 2002 took on a different possibility. I'd gone to a presentation by Ken Page, an intuitive healer, at a yoga center with friends. I enjoyed his talk and agreed out loud with what he said.

At one point Ken stopped and looked directly at me and said, "You've acknowledged me and I've acknowledged you." I waited for him to tell me to be quiet, but instead he stopped for a few seconds. "I now know where I know you from!" he said. He paused again. "Now where was I?" he asked the group and returned to his talk.

The program finished and I watched the crowd around Ken grow smaller. I walked over to him with one purpose on my mind.

"Where do you know me from?" I asked.

"I've been around," he answered coyly, irritating me. I left the evening feeling great frustration.

I stopped at the center the next day where Ken was giving a seminar. I had to drop something off ... really, and I happened to run into him.

"I'm writing about my past lives," I said, "and I'd like to know how and from where you know me."

"It was a time of witness," he said. "I lived at the time of Christ."

My feeling of being unsatisfied grew. I didn't understand his reluctance to share about the time where he knew me.

I shared my series of conversations with Ken later in the day with Dawn, one of my friends who'd been at the lecture. "I know when he knew you," she said. "You told me about your life as a female disciple of Jesus when you were stoned to death. Ken saw you die. He didn't want to remind you if you didn't already know."

My energy about Ken completely changed. I understood now. Maybe he knew me as Mary Magdalene. I would have been blown away by that revelation then.

In August 2003, I went to hear Dr. Ann's Tuesday meditation at the Unity Church. I never knew what to expect from this always loving eccentric woman.

On this evening, she asked, "Who believes in reincarnation?" I waved my hand enthusiastically. She talked for a while. The end of the evening approached when Dr. Ann said to a man in the first row, "Stand up and face away from me." I watched her hug him from behind and placed her cheek against his back. She said a few words privately in his ear.

I watched her move through the pews one person at a time. Would she do the entire crowd or stop before my row? From my seat next to Roger, I watched and listened as Dr. Ann hugged him. They finished and I eased past Roger to join Ann in the center aisle.

She hugged me and said, "You're friends with the Virgin Mary. You're friends with the Virgin Mary." She paused before continuing. "You are a teacher. Stop looking for help from others. Look within."

I staggered back to my seat. I looked at Roger and he mouthed, "Oh my!"

Mary Magdalene would be friends with the Virgin Mary, her mother-in-law. What a way to have her energy confirmed! Dr. Ann did her pronouncement loud enough for some to hear. Most of those watching wouldn't have a clue what it meant *to me*. Roger and Jeffrey knew about my relationship with Mary Magdalene. "I knew when she started talking with you," Jeffrey said quietly. He'd been visually challenged for several years, and given me great insights on my journey of spirit. I'd not talked with Dr. Ann about any of this before.

As the crowd around Dr. Ann cleared, I walked up to her. "I have Mary Magdalene with me," I said. "Jesus married Mary Magdalene. She would be friends with her mother-in-law, the Virgin Mary."

"Yes, she would," Dr. Ann said, smiling at my story.

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“I’ve been careful about the people with whom I share these beliefs,” I said. “I don’t want to be hauled away to the loony bin... or be declared a heretic.”

She laughed and said, “I’ll come get you out.”

I walked out into the hot air of a summer Palm Springs night knowing Mary Magdalene as part of me had been shared with a piece of my world. I still wasn’t sure what any of it meant.

I scheduled an appointment the following week with Frederic Delarue to have a song created from my name. Having a song created seemed a natural progression from numerology I did for others. I looked forward to the experience.

The day arrived and nothing went as planned – disturbing and crazy would be an appropriate description. I stopped for gas at Costco and someone ran into my car door – I opened it and hadn’t checked for a car coming through. Adding challenge to that injury, my credit card didn’t work – the beginning of major financial challenges. I left without buying any gas... or lunch. I bought a candy bar to hold me over. I found Frederic’s park and couldn’t find the entrance – going around two corners and down a long narrow road seemed too far afield. Coming from a different direction, it might seem perfect. I thought my perspective might be askew.

I parked my car, feeling less than calm and centered. I knocked on the door. Frederic came out to lead me around to his other door. I walked into the living room and found a peaceful place. All these disjointed experiences gave me pause – maybe the timing to have music created from my name was off. Being here... right now, this experience might be exactly what I needed to get back into the groove.

I sat in a chair covered with a purple throw facing the couch. A bare table sat in the small dining room. We talked for a few minutes. “My car got hit,” I said, “and I haven’t had lunch.” I wanted to explain my crazy energy.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“Yes, I’m fine. And so is my car door.”

“Would you like some water,” he asked. On this hot summer afternoon, the water refreshed me and helped bring me more present.

I prepared for this session by checking out his website, seeing a photo of his crystal bench where his clients lay while he did their music. He took me over to see it. The clear top showed the colored crystals. I peered under the low bench to see them hanging like stalactites. “Very cool,” I said. A full size electronic keyboard with recording gear occupied the opposite wall.

I returned to the couch feeling better, more centered. He pulled a chair from the table just outside the kitchen and sat across from me. “I’ll do the reading first,” he said, “and then we’ll create the music. Place your hands in mine.” I placed my hands palm down on top of his. His eyes closed and I followed suit. After a few moments, he began to speak. “You

have a female energy that has stepped down in her energy to come into you,” he said. He paused and continued, “She’s there to help.”

I smiled at the information and said, “That would be Mary Magdalene.”

“You are supposed to teach,” he said. “They want you to teach.”

“What do they want me to teach?” I asked. What did I know? What was I supposed to teach? I appreciated the two readings separated by only a week confirmed the energy of Mary Magdalene.

“Share your stories. Tell people about your past lives,” he responded. “Help people to understand.”

“I do have a lot of stories,” I said. “I’m writing a book where I’m interweaving the past life stories with my present life.”

“You’re supposed to be teaching now. The book isn’t as important as finding venues to teach *now*,” Frederic stated. “You’re surrounded with green and yellow light.”

“The green would be from the heart,” I said.

He placed his hands in front again and I placed mine on top. He sat with his eyes closed and I waited.

“I see a brown bowl or ball with a lot of hands around it,” he said. “Do you know what this is?”

“No,” I said. The image came to mind of a brown bowl I’d seen with female figures all around it.

“It seems to be like a crystal ball, but it’s brown and surrounded by hands,” he explained.

“Maybe it is all the hands of my past lives helping me to create the story,” I said hopefully. I found it difficult to think of a brown crystal ball – it seemed too muddy. Maybe it represented an earthen ball, Mother Earth.

“Could be,” he responded. He went within again for a few moments. “I want you to remember this,” he said. “When you are talking with someone, greet them with humility and no judgment and they’ll open their heart to you.” He opened his arms wide as if opening his energy body to me. “You’ll be able to connect.” A few moments later, he continued, “When we start the music, I want you to picture climbing a tree, a large redwood or a sequoia. Just keep climbing. Don’t forget.”

We went over to the crystal bench. He placed pillows for my head and knees, covering some of the cool surface. I lay down and closed my eyes. He played the keyboard with the sound muted – I heard the keys being vigorously played. He worked out my song. Then he removed his headphones and started playing out loud.

The music started simply with a series of single notes strung together. He continued playing those notes as components of chords. I pictured the notes on a sheet of music in an attempt to see the relationship between the letters and the notes, but I quickly gave up and became lost in the music. With a start I realized I hadn’t started climbing. I visualized a large tree and started up. I climbed seeing the green leaves and feeling the textured bark of the branches. I kept moving up until I

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reached the top of the tree. I saw two sturdy leafed branches and started swinging around in circles on one of them. Several years earlier, I'd fallen six feet from a tree when I grabbed a limb that appeared to be sound, but wasn't. This tree had strong branches. I twirled and played for a while until I saw another main branch. Where did it come from? I wondered.

I continued to climb. What was I ascending to... a higher spiritual place? My mind wandered to the issues of my life. I struggled to understand a relationship with a woman: intimate, but not sexual; secret but not. I spent many hours with her, but almost always alone. She acknowledged me in a group as a friend, nothing more. Her mixed messages confused me. I hadn't a clue at this point. My financial situation added to my stress. None of my credit cards worked. I created both of these situations in my life and I wanted to understand why.

I brought myself back to the present. Frederic had been clear that I needed to keep climbing. Sometimes I moved straight up and then changed to going around the tree. I never lacked for branches and sometimes the tree became a ladder. Seldom did I need my arms to pull myself higher and I never found myself stumped for the next place to climb.

Each time he reached the end of a section, I wondered if he was done. He paused for a second or two and continued with a different kind of music, different tempos and volume. After forty-five minutes, he played the final notes and stopped. I opened my eyes and looked over at him as he finalized my CD.

"You're awake," he exclaimed.

"Yes, I am," I said. "I don't think I fell asleep." He probably heard me snoring. I occupied space, but I didn't feel very present. He handed me a hematite ball to ground me. I rolled the ball around in both my hands, and the cold brought me back into the room.

We returned to the couch and chair and he repeated what he'd shared in the earlier reading. We talked about my experience. I enjoyed being in the music and climbing the tree represented ascending to a higher level of spiritual being. I prepared to drive home, not feeling quite present on this earthly plane yet. I didn't listen to the music of my name in the car.

Two weeks after my session with Frederic, I left for Sedona for a conference. I arrived in Scottsdale to spend the night with friends before the arrival of my fellow students Libby and Alberta from Chicago – they too would attend. Until now, I chose carefully with whom I shared my understanding about my relationship with Mary Magdalene.

I'd talked with Senna about this information as it unfolded, but I hadn't shared this part of my journey yet with her daughter Susan. Susan had encouraged me over the years to get out and teach. Her choice of spiritual teachers had moved in a more conservative direction than mine. Jumping off the cliff, I shared what I'd written, and Susan liked it. We didn't discuss whether she agreed me.

The plan had me staying at Deborah's, Senna's sister. I'd stayed with her the previous Christmas for several nights. I should have thought it over, but with no comment, I handed her the pages and sat quietly while she read. She finished and we talked for a while before she picked up her Bible to confront me. She'd been liberal for a time and had backtracked to a more conservative view. Our talk stayed calm, but free wheeling. My hope for an early night disappeared and we climbed the stairs at midnight.

I drove off the next morning to pick up Libby and Alberta at the airport. On our way to Sedona for the conference, we stopped at Jerome for some lunch and shopping. We arrived in late afternoon at our hotel. I'd driven many miles over the last two days.

Libby, Alberta and I had come to Sedona last year for nineteen days – Alberta learned the first four sessions while Libby and I observed in preparation to take the teachers training. I met Jen as I assisted at her table during the first morning. The four of us spent quite a bit of time together.

Jen didn't plan to come to any of the events at Sedona this year. So we scheduled lunch with her at Chandler, in between our two locations. I started to drive out of town and Libby asked me to stop at Crystal Palace to pick up the Sedona Journal of Emergence for her to read on the way. I stopped and while Libby found the magazines, I glanced at the stones on display.

I'd bought a half dozen of the Shiva Lingams the previous year as gifts to my friends with whom I studied *A Course in Miracles*. I'd learned about the stones, which combine masculine and feminine, earth and water, knowledge and wisdom, at a shamanic crystal class in November 1997. I noticed a large one on display – they come from fairly small to large ones that stand upright. The brown and tan stones can have quite distinctive patterns. When one shakes the larger ones, the movement of water can be felt within.

This store had a sign next to the Shiva Lingams saying, "Thought to be the Holy Grail." I thought nothing more about what that might mean to me.

I started the drive south to Chandler where we planned to eat lunch at P.F. Chang's. We timed our arrival well and found Jen waiting for us. We went in and we sat talking after we placed our order. The waiter delivered a Mongolian Beef entrée directly onto two of us. After the mess was cleared with a trip to the rest room to wipe down some clothes, the Wall of Chocolate came to our table, a free dessert to counteract the incident.

The restaurant sat on the outer road of a shopping center. I wanted to find a bookstore to pick up Don Brown's *The Da Vinci Code* – several people on hearing my story about Mary Magdalene recommended I read it. Barnes and Noble became our next stop.

I quickly found the book and moved to the New Age section. I picked one about the Nag Hammadi library. As I contemplated the

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shelves, Alberta came over and asked, “Where was it that you’re going next year?”

“Glastonbury,” I answered. My friend Mary from Chicago had suggested we vacation there together. I knew little about the place, the home of the Mists of Avalon. I thought the location was Britain, but I wasn’t positive. Alberta hadn’t heard of it which surprised me – she’d traveled to the sites of many ancient civilizations. We went off to the travel section.

I found a book about Great Britain and opened it to Glastonbury and read, “Thought to be the home of the Holy Grail.” Suddenly tears flowed with energy moving all around me. I now knew the brown crystal ball from Frederic’s reading would be a large Shiva Lingam, standing upright, symbolizing the Divine Feminine and Masculine joined in balance to find Unity.

I walked through the store, struggling to keep my emotions under control. I couldn’t stop moving. With some effort, I stopped to realize I’d found my life purpose – to bring awareness that the Divine Feminine and Divine Masculine must be balanced to find our Oneness with God.

What does this all mean to me? The energy of both Mary Magdalene’s and Jesus’ energy reside within me with God tying us into oneness. Knowing I have both Jesus and Mary Magdalene residing within me doesn’t make me any more special than anyone else. We are all one and they reside within every one of us – some of us have more awareness of their presence than others. Everyone can invite the Trinity into their energy to balance of the masculine and feminine in combination with the Creator, your soul, your core energy and your connection to God.

I started to examine the major events in my life from a different perspective. In August 1995 I had a soul retrieval done by a shaman Annette. The first major scene involved a twelve-year-old girl surrounded by a group of women. As Annette told it, “This girl is not going to make it.”

The girl said, “I’m really tired of having this repeated. It’s never been okay to be a woman, never okay to have power.” I couldn’t connect these images with my current life.

I went to Crete in 1997 and bought a medallion necklace with the bone carving of the Venus de Willendorf on one side and an engraving of the bison from the French cave on the other. The Venus carved from a 10,000 piece of fossilized walrus tusk represented the first art portraying the feminine – the bison the masculine. I bought the attractive piece from a shaman Heyoka because the colors attracted me. I had no clue what it would mean to me years later. I’d been working to bring the feminine and the masculine together without even being aware of it.

The Trinity lives within us all!