

(continued from Part 1)

How fallen was Mary Magdalene? I would say “typical.” Typical. Really a type.

There is something basically needful in a person who would become a fallen woman. I think you understand what I mean by that term, a fallen woman. All society branded her a fallen woman, worthy to be stoned if the evidence could only be found. A fallen, sinful street woman. Something in her fallen, fleshly nature was totally twisted out of balance. That was one thing—a real need produced such a woman.

One more thing. What else besides that? Demons possessed her. I don't know what it takes to be possessed by demons; I don't plan to find out. Something was really, really wrong with a girl who would let herself into this. Some missing thing, a need, and a greater one that would allow a demon to inhabit her. How many demons? Seven. How many is seven? Perfect. Demons utterly possessed her. Satan need not send eight; seven makes it complete. Perfectly possessed. I don't think you think too highly of Mary Magdalene in the state I just described.

Please listen to me. Everything I tell you this evening, I have a deep impression of; I cannot prove it from scripture, so I will only tell you. I have a deep impression that Mary Magdalene stands there for us, for you and for me, as a picture of all for all eternity, of the love of Jesus Christ. If it could all be summed up in one person, it would be summed up in Mary Magdalene.

When you look at her, what does she remind you of? I wondered if anyone would know the answer. What does she remind you of? She is a perfect picture of Israel. What is she? A harlot; utterly sold to sin and Satan. Israel; God's chosen bride, utterly sold to sin and Satan. You've got to get this answer down in your inmost being: Was such a creature worthy to be the bride, the wife of the Lord Jesus Christ? Was she or was she not? You need not answer.

Was she more worthy or less worthy than you? Neither more nor less than what? Than me. Alright, if she wasn't more than you, nor less than you, then she was the same. As worthy or as unworthy as you? As unworthy as you. No more and no less.

You look at Mary Magdalene walking the street. Was she noble? Was she wise? Was she well educated? I ask you, was she religious? Was she holy? Was she pure? Was she a virgin? The answer has got to be no. She was a fallen, sinful creature, and if there are degrees of such things, then she belonged to a select group of the most fallen. But she was also forgiven, and she went in peace.

She believed. She just flat-footed stood up on her hind legs and believed. She believed that she was forgiven, and that she could go in total, absolute peace, and that she was as pure and as holy as any creature that ever lived. She didn't believe it one morning and not the next, and one day and not the next. She really believed that she was worthy of loving Jesus Christ. What did it do to her, make her go out and sin again? No. She stood there over his feet and soaked them in her tears. She knelt beside those feet, and if you can't see anything

else for the next two or three weeks, I want you to see that little girl kneeling there, kissing the Lord's feet.

I told you the other night, the Greek said, "And she kept on kissing and kissing. Consider that scene; Did she love him? Yes or no? Will you keep all of that in mind? That girl believed. She believed what Jesus Christ said of her state, that she was forgiven, and that she could go in all peace. And what did she do? She went. Where? Where did she go?

Brothers and sisters, I believe John 7 records her being forgiven. It's at the end of the chapter, maybe it's John 6. My goodness, I've forgotten. Don't quote me. It's at the end of some chapter in the book of John. The next chapter begins by saying that there were, along with the twelve disciples, a small group of women: a Mary, a Martha, another Mary, and Suzanne, and Joanna - that's five - who followed the Lord Jesus Christ wherever He went, for three years.

Now, listen. Twelve men lived eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, for three years in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ. But there were also five women. What were those twelve men called? They were called apostles. They were THE apostles. What were the women called? They didn't have a name.

The disciples got up, started right behind Jesus, and five little gal, little ladies, little women, gathered up their little belongings, and went right along with them, and they kept their eyes on the Lord Jesus. When the twelve sat down, and he taught them, there were five little ladies, five women right there listening to every word. Who was one of them? Mary Magdalene. When He said, Go, where did she go? Right behind Him, and she never left his side.

I want to ask you one more time. Did she love Him? Very much; with a blind passion she loved Him. Was she intelligent? Was she smart? Was she well-educated? Do you think she was theologically apt? Then tell me, what did Mary Magdalene have going for? What? She blindly, just blindly, just blindly loved him.

She had three things going for her. One: she had been forgiven. How much? A Bunch. A whole bunch. She allowed the Lord to forgive her.

Brothers and sisters, come and say, "Lord. Do a big job. Forgive me of so much. Forgive me of so much until it breaks my heart. Until I just adore and love you. Forgive me of sin...and then go in peace. How long do I go in peace? Until you sin the next time? Brother, that's not being forgiven of much. That's being forgiven of a little. Be forgiven of a whole lot...and then do what? Go in peace. Where go in peace? Follow Him...how much? All the time. And what do you do before you follow? Say it, brother. Love Him. Love Him how much? A little bit? How much do you love Him? How much do you love Him? Say it. Alright, I'll put it all together. Love Him with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind, and with all your... With all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind, and with all your might.

Did she do that? What kind of a woman was she? Fallen. What kind of a woman was she? Forgiven. What kind of woman was she? A woman who went in peace. What kind of a woman was she? She followed him and never lost sight of him for a moment, and she let him keep on being the one who forgave her so much. This is the one who came to the tomb.

Are you impressed with her? What is she? To me, to me, she is a type; she's like Israel. Can you see her as being just exactly like Israel? You know who else she is? She is the product from whom Jesus Christ was left to get his bride. That's the kind of material He had to work with to get His bride.

Do you think that repelled him? Why did it not repel him? He was far more holy than any other man who ever lived, yet many men would have said, "I would not touch her." Yet it is from this type of person; I would even say, from her, He will have his bride. How could he do such a thing? Because of...live. And who is she most like? She is most like...you.

Now, that's one half of the story. 3 a.m. is when it began. Here's the other half. It's the greatest love story ever told. Praise the Lord.

It's just right before dawn. Not set up, but dawn. Dawn is beginning to come. Step inside the tomb with me. Here is a body totally, utterly, completely dead. Suddenly, brothers, I believe...if we know our scholarship, and we probably don't, this could easily be wrong. But probably, possibly, this is what happened.

He is wrapped in a certain kind of grave cloth. His body is not resting there in a toga, but He was wrapped as Lazarus was wrapped. You remember what He said when He raised Lazarus from the dead? What did he say? He said, "Cut him loose and let him free," because he was wrapped in these same things. Suddenly... The grave clothes begin to leave.

Now they're going to give that banished race a name. The one that had banished. The archaeologists have been all over him. What will they call him? That man that used to run around here, you remember? The old one. The old man. Now is he there? No. Is he gone? Yes. Banished? Yes.

Please tell me who went. Those whom God did not love. Those whom God did not love. While He was on the earth for three and a half years, He had penetrating eyes. He could see then. But all I tell you, on the day He rose from the grave, He could really see what was real. Even in the three and a half years, He could see that the old man was already dead. Do you recall the incident when one of the fellows said, "Lord, I would follow you," and the Lord said, "Okay, come follow me now." He said, "I must go bury my father first," and the Lord said, "Let the dead bury the dead. Let those who have already died and been banished from the earth; let them go bury the rest of that species." I don't think I got my point over. I really don't think you understood. He could see the human race as already disappeared before it was banished, for He had the eyes of God.

While he walked on this earth, He could look in such a way, and He didn't see any of them. They were dead. Then what could He see? He could see those who would soon be according to His own species. He could see those who were to be His...His love. His bride. His wife.

Now I want to ask you one more thing. I'm going to ask you again. Has mankind vanished from the earth? Yes or no? Please say yes. Does that include you? Is that what God believes? What do you believe? Believe what God believes. I beg you to believe what God believes.

One other thing. How much love was in him? Please listen. When he came out of that wrapped garment, He was the first of the new creation. He was a new species. Now he had lived all eternity alone. He had lived years on this earth. No one else was like him, but now He rose from the grave. Is he God? Are you sure? Yes.

I want to tell you something. He glanced at himself. Now, is He perfect? Is he? Yes. Was He the first of a new creation? Can I say He was the first of a new species? Would many more follow him? Yes. And yet, in a way, only one more to follow him. And yet, many... We'll get to that maybe one day, some other day, but we'll say many more follow him. Would that race be perfect? Would it? Is He perfect? Yes

Brothers and sisters...Lord, cover me. The race will be perfect. Sinless and holy. Do you believe that? Pure, Holy, flawless, without spot, without blemish, without wrinkle. Utterly, totally perfect. As perfect as God?

I will say to you...more perfect than God...for God was flawed.

His Spirit had never sinned. His soul had always been transformed. It kept up with his physical growth. His body had never known sin, and now he stood here with a transfigured body; the body that is supposed to be perfect.

And there, across his side, a scar. He is not perfect. He is flawed. How long will that scar stay there? For all eternity. Your Lord will bear a scar. I ask you: will His bride bear a scar? If one of the two must be blemished for all eternity, He would carry it. In order to have a wife, He was willing to be scarred forever. Out of His love for you, when He fell in love with you before the foundation of the earth, He was scarred to make that love consummate, real, and experienced between you and Him.

I want to fall on my face and say, my God, it is incredible how much you love. You will never carry the mark of the fall, nor will there be any sign on you of the great cataclysmic thing that happened when God divided. The scar of the fall and the enormous cataclysmic event of God being divided; that mark remains on him alone.

Now I ask you, does He love you? Yes or no? Yes. Very much? Yes. With a passion, He loves you. Do you believe that? Do you believe it? What do you think the Lord thought then, when He saw that scar? He stood up, and I'm sure the first thing He did was to look at the scar.

What do you think He thought? It's worth it. Why is it worth it? Because He *will* have His bride? No. He looked; the scar was there. What did it mean? He *had* His bride. Was she

perfect? Was she pure? Was she holy? Was she spotless? Did He love her? With a passion, He loved her! She now existed, and quite frankly, they were the only two things in the universe that did exist.

I'll tell you something funny, brothers. Please get the eyes of God. Get those eyes. Do you really believe that there was nothing out there but Jesus Christ and His bride? Do you believe that? I want you to know it's the absolute truth.

You tell me, how many people saw Jesus Christ after He rose from the dead? How many? Five hundred. Why not thousands? Why not hundreds of thousands? Did He not walk around? Why did they not see him? Because they weren't there. Do you understand that the only people who saw Him were those who existed? Only those whom He saw existed, and the only people who existed were those who had, with all their heart, believed!

There were five hundred of them, and they saw him. I tell you, he is a narrow-minded God. He said the rest were gone, and they were gone. He said sin was gone, and it was gone. He said the enemy was bridled; He was bridled, nullified. He said sin was gone, and it was gone. He could not see anything but one thing. What could He see? His bride.

Are you impressed? Who could see him? Those who believed in him. His wife could see him. Did He love her? Yes. Passionately? Yes. I think the evidence would say He loved her.

The story gets exciting. He stood. There was a rock in front of the tomb. He's inside. What does the Lord want more than anything else in the world right now? His wife. What do you think He did when He got to that stone? He kicked it out of the way. Don't think He kicked that out of the way, brother. He didn't kick it out of the way. He didn't bother to wait that long. He walked right through it. That was the God part of him. Just like the God part came up out of the grave, but the napkin came off of humanity. He went right through it, and after He went through it, in the earliest cracks of dawn, two angels came and pushed it open as an exhibit to the world.

I want to ask you, who got there first? Who got there first? Mary. What did she see? A stone rolled away. She saw an empty tomb. What did it mean to her? Out of her deep love for the Lord, she had not seen what had just happened; her heart was broken. The one whom she had loved was moved; heartless men had moved his body.

She took off for Simon Peter and John and said, "Oh, please come to the tomb. They've taken away his body, and I don't know where. That "I don't know" means that that little girl had taken absolute responsibility for Jesus Christ, and she was going for someone to help her find the body. She had elected herself custodian of a dead God.

They came to the tomb. One looked in, one ran in. They both came out; they didn't know what to think. What did they do? They went home. What did Mary Magdalene do? She went to the last place she knew Jesus Christ had been, and that's where she stayed, and she started weeping. Boy, that girl could cry. She looked up, and there were two men dressed in garments like she had never seen garments before.

But she's simple. She wasn't a theological expert. She didn't know what that meant. She looked up, and there they stood, and they said, "Woman, why are you weeping?"

Listen to her words again. "They have taken away the body of my Lord, and I don't know where they laid it." That's all she said. That was enough for her. That was everything that needed to be said. "I don't know where..." I can't describe the meaning of those words to you. That little girl was saying, "You see, please don't blame me for not taking care of Him. The only reason I'm not caring for Him, if I should, is I don't know where they put Him. She was so clear in her mind where she ought to be at that moment, but she didn't know where He was. Where was Jesus Christ? I don't know. May the Lord forgive me... I think he was out looking for His wife.

But the Lord could never miss an opportunity to bring out a truth. You remember when His mother looked straight at Him and said: "They're out of wine." He knew that they had run out of something to drink, but He took it on the highest level, and he said, "Woman, don't talk to me that way. My time's not yet."

What was He saying? He heard her on the highest level, and that was the level that, yes, Israel and all the world had run out of spiritual wine. And that He was the new wine. He said, "Woman, don't talk to me that way. My hour to be the new wine has not yet come."

Now the Lord was like that at the tomb. There was Mary, in the tomb or at the door of it, and here was the Lord out here. What had the Lord Jesus discovered? What did he see that He had never seen before? Brothers and sisters, God had a mate. For the first time in eternity, or in time, He looked at someone like Him.

Now I ask you, through the eyes of God, what did He see? He saw a divine woman. Did she love him? Yes. Did she? Yes. Was she, at that moment, truly part of the bride of Jesus Christ, with no lack? Do you believe that? Was she forgiven? Absolutely...no. She was not forgiven.

I said at the beginning of this message, brothers, positional truth has got to go, and so does the finished work of Christ. Please hear me out. Do you think Jesus Christ was standing there at that moment thinking about the finished work of Christ? No. Do you think He looked upon her as a forgiven sinner? No. This is the little girl who had seven demons and who was a harlot whom I forgave; is that what He saw? No!

What did He see? He saw His counterpart. Someone after His kind. Finally...He was not alone! He asked her, "What are you looking for? With tears streaming down her face, she said, "Oh, gardener, if you have taken the body of my Lord, just tell me where it is, and I will go get it." What an incredible woman! How could a little girl get her Lord's corpse? She wasn't caring about physical ability. She loved him.

"My Jesus, you said I am beautiful. I'm not going to argue the point anymore. I am beautiful. You can't see that I am a fallen being. You're no longer capable of that. I see I am. I feel I am. I know I am, but Lord, You don't know these things. I am just going to stop being bothered

by all I know about my terrible state. I'm going to take your view, and when I'm done taking your view, I'm going to forget it." *And I come to the heart of the matter.*

"I am not here to be a forgiven sinner. I am not here to know that I have been made perfect. I have been made perfect. Today, I sin, but Lord, for your sake, for your sake, I must not let that get me down. In some amazing, incredible way, it doesn't bother You. You see me on a different plane, in a different dimension, in another creation. You have become blind to the old species. To you, it doesn't exist.

Lord, You want one thing out of me—just one thing. You want me to stand here and let You love me. You want me more than anything in the universe. As of right now, You've got me. Lord, you've forgotten everything. I forget everything. I forget everything. Do what you wish. Love me."

The first night I brought this message, one of the sisters prayed, "Lord, I am not worthy of this love." That has got to go. I heard someone else say, "Lord, teach me to love you and receive your love." That has got to go.

I don't know if you can hear my words. Listen one more time. There is no more future. There is no more saying, "Lord, teach me to love you" or "teach me to receive your love." There is no more "Lord, my sinfulness..."

There is only one thing, and that is the point. The Lord Jesus Christ, the most frustrated lover of all ages, is looking for someone who will turn around and say, "Lord, I am blind to what I know and what is a space-time reality. I am open to all that You *do not* know, or things You think are true which I believe cannot be true."

"I forget that you made a great mistake in educating me. Lord Jesus, I believe what you believe...about me. I believe You love me. I open my being to You. I embrace You. I yield utterly; You are free to love me. Let Love begin."

I don't know everything on the Lord's heart, but I know this is on His heart. It's like He is waiting for someone in this universe to be so daring as to believe the absurd; to believe the ridiculous; to dare believe what *He* sees.

In that moment, He gets to His bride. Either God is God, or He isn't. Either He loves you, or He doesn't. Either He died for you, and it is finished, or it isn't. Either you are a holy, precious, beautiful, flawless, blameless, perfect, glorious virgin in His eyes, or you are not. Either He wants to pour out His love on you right now, or He doesn't. It is so easy to find out what is real. How? Yield! No...Crumble!

"Lord, I believe that You are filled with love towards me, and You are looking for a bride to love...and that I am that girl. Lord, let love begin."

Let love begin.