RESPONSES FROM READERS

"A powerful energetic and erotic odyssey that is utterly compelling and inspiring. It's almost impossible to put the book down. It has everything: love, loss, sex, and spiritual transformation. Unless you're already enjoying the ecstacy of sacred sexuality, you want this book!"

—H. K., Santa Fe, New Mexico

"A wonderful and intriguing narrative recounting Mercedes and her partner's journey as they follow Mary Magdalene's instructions in sacred sexuality. While revealing the ecstasies the lovers experience, the story also portrays the messy, real-life ups and downs they go through in their relationship. Following their adventure was very moving, and the aspect of communicating their individual needs around sex and emotions was outstanding. A unique and inspiring read—I look forward to hearing what Mary brings to Mercedes next!"

"Wow! A powerful, engrossing, deeply personal, amazingly detailed journey."

—K. M., Santa Fe, New Mexico

"A breathtaking narrative from the heart. We are reminded that sexuality is truly a form of worship and shown just how a sacred sexual relationship works. Thank you again, Mercedes, for sharing Mary's words and feelings with us!"

—R. T., Phoenix, Arizona

"I applaud your courage for sharing your sacred sex life with the world in order to teach this, so people have an opportunity to have a much more fulfilling and spiritual relationship."

-J. P., Exeter, United Kingdom

-S. L., Oakland, California

Also by Mercedes Kirkel:

MARY MAGDALENE BECKONS Join the River of Love BOOK ONE OF THE MAGDALENE TEACHINGS

SUBLIME UNION

A Woman's Sexual Odyssey Guided by Mary Magdalene



Mercedes Kirkel

BOOK TWO OF THE MAGDALENE TEACHINGS



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Summary: Follow Mary Magdalene on a profound journey into the world of sacred sexuality. Sublime Union presents Mary Magdalene's instruction (given to author Mercedes Kirkel) on the techniques of sacred sexuality. Mary describes in detail the sexual practices she learned through the temple of Isis, including the advanced form she engaged with Yeshua (Jesus). Woven together with these communications is Kirkel's stirring story of applying Mary's teaching with her partner. Both a sacred sexuality manual and erotic memoir, Sublime Union brings the "master awakening the student" genre into the bedroom. A fascinating narrative that will leave you changed! —Publisher.

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To Mary Magdalene, with deepest gratitude for her love and wisdom The contents of this book are for informational and educational purposes only and are not intended as a replacement for diagnosis or treatment of any medical, emotional, psychological, spiritual, or other ailment. If medical or other expert assistance is required, the services of a qualified professional should be sought. The author and publisher disclaim any responsibility or liability for individuals who engage in any of the sexual practices described in this book. *Sublime Union* is factually accurate, except that names, locales, and individual traits have been altered to preserve coherence while protecting privacy.

Why else do we make love if not to seek the original unity?

—Burl Hall Sophia's Web: Reclaiming Wholeness in a Divided World

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SUBLIME UNION



PART I Beginning Practices

ONE

Mary Beckons Again

ou should check out this book on relationships," a good friend suggested one day in July 2012. "It's written for women, and it might help you."

I definitely needed some help. My lover for the past six months had just dropped a quiet bombshell: he told me that he considered me only a friend. When I heard those words, I went cold inside. The syllables resounded within me like a metal ball bouncing off a steel wall: *I am only his friend*. In that moment, my feelings became crystal clear. "Tony, I want to be more than friends; I want to be partners," I told him earnestly.

He was very understanding and received my feelings openly, responding, "I realize that's what you want. But I can't do that." I knew his answer before he'd said it. He had been clear from day one that he wasn't looking for a relationship. Yet I was still hoping things would be different, that he would have changed. But he hadn't, and I felt devastated.

Maybe the book would help. Plunging in, I found the author's recommendations thought provoking. She said that if you want to be in a committed relationship and your partner doesn't, you should end the relationship and not have any contact. She advised giving the man thirty days to process what had occurred. By the end of

thirty days, he would either choose to be with you and commit, or he had already moved on—and so should you.

I figured it was worth a try: I would go cold turkey and have no contact with Tony. It felt like the right thing to do—at least I'd be taking care of myself. And if I poured myself into my work perhaps I wouldn't feel the hole his departure would leave in my life. My first book, *Mary Magdalene Beckons: Join the River of Love*, had been released the previous month, and I had plenty of things to keep me busy in actively promoting it.

One of the more exciting things I embarked on at that time, which helped lift my spirits, was being interviewed on radio shows. I was quite nervous before my first interview. The host was a gregarious woman in Australia who suggested I have a glass of wine before the show to calm my nerves. She obviously didn't know how drunk I get on one glass of wine! I went on the air sober, and fortunately for both of us the interview went very well. After that, radio interviews were a breeze. I discovered I was a natural public speaker. My passion for Mary Magdalene and the teaching she had given me, combined with the unusual experiences that had led me to write the book, made for lots of juicy bits to discuss. The radio hosts seemed to love having me as a guest.

Launching my book wasn't the only thing keeping me busy. Seven months earlier, on New Year's Eve, my eighty-four-year-old father had taken a fall and broken his hip at his home in Albuquerque, New Mexico. The next day he was operated on and then sent to a rehab facility to learn to walk again. At least, that was the plan. But after several weeks of therapy he still wasn't able to walk. The doctors concluded that his early-stage dementia had progressed to the point where his brain wasn't giving the right signals to his legs to get him walking again. Soon we were advised to put him in hospice care as the doctors didn't think he had much longer to live.

My stepmother located an assisted living facility for my dad, and his hospice care began. Over the next month, all the long-distance family members came to visit, realizing this might be the last time. One month went by, then two, then three, but my father did not seem to be declining. In fact, he stabilized to the point where he no longer qualified for hospice. Now he became simply a resident at the assisted living facility, still unable to get out of bed. Amazingly good-natured, he became a favorite there, where all the attendants particularly appreciated his sense of humor and obvious intelligence, in spite of his mental decline.

I adopted a routine of driving down from Santa Fe to visit him twice a week. I would sit next to him and hold his hand, tell him about my life and the progress with the book, give him neck and foot massages, read stories to him, and bring him lattes and chocolate chip cookies to enjoy.

As the months turned into half a year, I got to know the caregivers and many of the other residents at the facility. At first, the acrid smells in the corridors and the "walkers" wandering robotically up and down the hallways were depressing, but little by little I became acquainted with the patients and even fond of them. No longer put off by their behaviors, I started to see their humanity shining through. I appreciated how they were stretching my heart open in new ways, making room for the sick and disadvantaged and forgotten.

When my father's birthday came around that summer, we organized a celebration for him. As a special present, his favorite caregiver had arranged to have four able-bodied attendants transfer him into a wheelchair and, for the first time since his arrival six months earlier, he was able to leave his room. We wheeled him outdoors to take in the air and sunshine, then into the community room for a songfest and sharing of birthday cake, where he had a great time with the other residents.

A week later my dad couldn't remember any of it. He was back in bed and none of us knew what the future held—least of all my father, whose concept of past and future were quickly disappearing. We were all learning to receive one of the gifts of dementia—the ability to live in the present.

All these things kept me busy once I had decided to let go of my relationship with Tony. But I never forgot him, and I carefully tracked the passage of time without him. Almost like clockwork, he called me on day thirty. "Mercedes, I'm missing you terribly," he confessed. "I'd really like to see you. Would you like to go out to dinner together?" That night while sitting next to each other at our favorite restaurant, we ordered our usual enchilada dishes and talked about how hard it was to be apart. By the end of the meal we were back together.

At last my world seemed whole again. I continued promoting my book and visiting my father, but now Tony was texting, calling, and visiting regularly or taking me out. Even though our physical attraction was as strong as ever, I decided to hold off on being sexual until I was sure we were creating the kind of partnership I wanted. Tony understood and seemed happy to just be spending time together, as was I.

One of the radio-show hosts who interviewed me at that time was a woman who also channeled Mary Magdalene. We felt a strong connection with each other, and after the interview she suggested we do a trade, each of us channeling Mary for the other. I liked the idea, and we scheduled my session for receiving a channeled message for mid-August. I had received a channeling from someone only once before and, while curious about what would come through, certainly wasn't prepared for what I would be told or for the events it would set in motion.

The channeling began with Mary thanking me for the work I'd

done on my first book. She said much had been written about her that was untrue but I had brought the beautiful energy of her words into print. She also expressed concern that I was pushing myself too hard and needed to relax. She said she wanted me to begin a forty-four day retreat during which I was to rest. But that wasn't all. During the forty-four days, she said, we would begin the next phase of our work together: she would start instructing me in sacred sexuality in preparation for a new book she was ready to deliver. She assured me that she would give me everything I needed.

Then she invited me to take her hand and walk with her on the Sea of Galilee, calling that body of water transformative and magical. She guided me to feel the wind blow across my face and into my hair and to allow my heart to open, my mind to be healed, and my body to come to rest. She said that in future meetings we would continue to walk together upon the water, and she would begin to whisper her wisdom in my heart.

Mary's final words during that channeling were both profound and deeply sobering:

You will receive information about the sacred connection between heaven and earth, and the kundalini in male-female. You will bring sacred sensuality back onto this planet. You are changing how the world will respond not only to sexuality in terms of male-female but to the energy of passion and cocreation that is deep within each one, so that individuals may no longer be victims but instead empowered within themselves.

This is the story I wish to share with you and to bear with you, since you will be birthing a new energy as we speak. This is about the energy of the Divine within you. It is about cocreating with God.² The story that you will bring forth will empower individuals' passionate connection to God through sacred sexuality. This is everyone's birthright as a child of God.

I was deeply moved by Mary's invitation to walk with her on the Sea of Galilee, to receive her personal instruction in sacred sexuality, and to bring forth a story that would birth a new energy in the world! My mind was reeling, yet my heart was calm and clear. I was being asked to make yet another leap of faith—to let go of shepherding my first book all the way through its emergence into the world, trusting that higher forces were at work supporting its success.

In truth, I couldn't imagine turning Mary down and all she was offering. My heart knew as soon as I heard her words what I would do. By the end of the channeling, my course was altered. Heartened by the promise of magic and transformation, I was ready to heed Mary's call. And I was especially excited about sharing the journey with Tony.