

# Magdalena and Christ

A Religious Play

by

Eugene Halliday

Presented at

The Parish Church of  
St. Michael and All Angels  
Lawton Moor



Ishval, Parklands, Bowdon  
Cheshire

# Magdalena and Christ

*A Religious Play*

by

EUGENE HALLIDAY

Written to be played by

Zero Mahlowe

with

David Mahlowe

as the Silent Christ

Magdalena is revealed looking at the Christ who is lying on a bed. She turns, looks at the people before her, turns again to Christ and speaks.

My Lord, many people have gathered before my house, curious about your presence here.

*(Christ turns his head and looks at M, and then at the people.)*

My Lord, these people's minds and hearts I know. I would like to speak to them, to tell them why you are here with me, why I am here with you. May I speak with them?

*(Christ looks at M, and raises his right hand in a gesture of assent. M. looks at him, considers a moment, then turns to the people).*

My neighbours, people of this town, peoples of other places. Many of you do not know me. Some of you know me as Mary Magdalen, I will not soften words, as Mary the prostitute, Mary the harlot, Mary the whore.

Some of you know me as I was, a few of you know me as I am, as I am since this man, Jesus, came into my life. These few know that I am no longer a prostitute. These few know that something has happened to me, that a change has occurred in my mind and heart and will. They know that I am no longer what I was. But they do not know the reasons for my change. If you will have patience with me I will open my mind to you. I will tell you my reasons. For though I am a woman, and have lived by my feelings, by my emotions, my impulses, yet I have had my inner reasons for doing so. Be patient then and I will give you my reasons.

First, I must tell you what it means to be a prostitute.

Most of you will think that a prostitute is simply a woman who sells her sexuality for money, or for material goods. Most of you do not go into the prostitute's motives for her prostitution. You simply believe that a prostitute is a woman who is so constituted that she likes to sell herself, her passions and her body, for the pleasure of men. You do not go into the causes of her constitution. I will try to tell you what I know of these causes, as I have found them in myself.

Let me begin with myself a, a child - as a girl child.

When you have thought of the prostitute as you know her to exist in your towns and cities, yes, and in your villages (for even the smallest community has its equivalent of the prostitute) have you thought that this prostitute you contemplate was once a girl, a girl child? That once she was not a whore but a baby, a girl baby? I do not desire you to become sentimental, to lose your clarity of mind, to swamp your intelligence in false emotions. I desire you to consider only the fact. Every prostitute was once a girl child, innocent as other girl children.

This innocent girl child, who was later to become a harlot, opened her eyes upon the world into which she had been born. How was she to evaluate this world, she the innocent, who like all innocents, can see only the facts presented?

The innocent does not have a preconception of what ought to be, has no notion of moral good or bad, has no yardstick with which to measure the world and the things and people within it. The innocent can only see *fact*. The interpretation of fact is not for the innocent.

Let me tell you of myself in *my* innocence. Let me tell you of the facts this little girl child saw, years ago in her little world.

Let me tell you of my childhood, and do you listen, not with

sentimentality, but with cleared minds, intent only to view fact as fact, relation as relation, effect as effect, and cause as cause.

As a little girl child I looked with open eyes, innocently, without interpretation, at the world around me.

The child has a simple way of living. It moves towards everything, seeking experience, not able to say what will happen till it has happened. Some of the things the child moves towards, some of the things its hands touch, give pain. From these the child draws back. Some of the things it experiences give pleasure. Towards these the child moves. The painful things the child does not desire to re-experience. The pleasurable things the child seeks to repeat. Is this surprising?

So, then, it was with me. Around me I saw many things, many people, many relations and happenings. And, as with other children, so with me. I moved towards what was pleasant: I moved away from what was painful.

Perhaps other children's parents were themselves taught how best to bring up their children, how to teach them to do what is to be done, without regard to the pleasure or pain which would arise from the action. For my own parents, I cannot say how they were taught. I only know that I myself was given no reason not to prefer pleasure to pain. To me, as to other children, the choice presented no difficulty. Pleasure was to be preferred to pain; pain was not to be preferred to pleasure. The child's mind is natural. It is not concerned with ultimate *meanings* of things. Its responses are immediate, unconsidered.

So with me. I looked at life and immediately gave my response to it. If I had to say what sins I have committed in life I would say, not sins but *one* sin - the *sin of immediate response*.

Strange that my only sin should be this, but so it was, so

it has been. I have responded to life, immediately, without consideration, without thought for the results of my actions. And I have acted to avoid pain and to embrace pleasure, to avoid giving pain, and to give pleasure, wherever pleasure was asked for.

Let me tell you of my childhood.

I had seen grown up people around me liking and disliking the various events of their daily lives: I had seen them loving and hating each other. I had seen the shining eyes of lovers; I had seen the eyes of loathing and hatred, and the eyes of envy.

I had heard the soft tones of loving mothers, the kind voices of men too old for anger, I had heard the soured voices of women betrayed, the poisonous tones of those, who, having been hurt too much, now sought opportunity for revenge.

I had seen the gentle caresses young men enjoy giving to the beautiful young women they love, the pleasurable touching of young fingers on peach-textured cheeks. I had seen the rough handling of wives by husbands gone beyond tenderness. I had seen the violence of jealousy-driven lovers.

I had seen all these things, because I was not a child whose eyes were closed. And seeing them I made naturally my choice. I would not devote myself to the receiving and giving of pain. I would devote myself to the giving and receiving of pleasure, and if possible, of joy. From this simple decision everything else in my life naturally followed. Not that the choice a child makes is clearly and closely reasoned - how many grown up men and women closely reason the implications of their decisions? With this simple time in my mind I looked round at the world and things began to happen to me.

There is an inevitability in a life once a choice has been made. There is a hidden logic in the thing or course we

choose, a logic which, once the choice had been made, must inevitably develop itself, unless we re-examine our choice and choose again, and differently. A choice is the head of a series of steps leading logically into a certain realm of experience.

My choice set me on the first step downwards into a world out of which I did not come again until I saw my Lord Jesus.

Let me say that when I took my first step into that world I had no idea of receiving payment for the pleasure I intended to give, any other reward than the pleasure I would receive in giving pleasure. The child's mind is very simple.

But from the very moment I assumed my role of pleasure-giver I became conscious of something about human nature that had not previously occurred to me, at least, not clearly. That is, that a human being cannot take anything without giving something in exchange. Not that there need be any equivalence in the thing given and the one given back, but there must be some *exchange*. *Why* this was so I did not know until my Lord Jesus explained it to me. *That* it was so I could not avoid seeing.

As a little girl I had often noticed how the grown-ups who visited our house tended to be kinder to the children than to each other, and especially how the men reacted to my presence. I felt a tenderness in them towards me which I knew was different to the fatherly kindness or big brotherliness they showed to the little boys about the house.

Feeling the peculiar quality of the tenderness they showed to me, I unnaturally moved towards it. I was not an unbeautiful child, and my eyes were large. I learned that my innocence could open men's hearts. "How innocent she looks," they would say, and smile warmly at me, and hold out their hands for

me to go to them.

And I would go to them and they would take me in their arms and fondle me. And somehow I could feel a hunger in them which something in them would not allow expression.

What this something was in them which held them back, I did not know, but often while I was growing up. I thought about it. But the hunger in them, somehow I knew its root, could feel it stir inside myself, mysteriously, like some subtle fiery serpent within the depths of my being.

And it seemed to me, then, that this hunger in myself responded to the same hunger in them, and that this hunger in men yearned for the hunger in me to respond to it.

I looked around me. I looked into faces of people in the streets, in the shops, in houses of my friends. Everywhere I saw the signs of this hunger, felt the secret moving of it in the subtle signals of eyes and lips and hands, the little gestures started and at once withdrawn.

I became more and more curious about this hunger and its nature. I found myself watching its tiny signals, its half-performed gestures. I could see it in the change of a man's breathing when he looked at a beautiful woman, and sometimes when he saw a woman without beauty, but with intense inner vitality. I learned that civilised man has inside him a primitive, a man who walked the green earth before ever one stone had been placed on another to build a house, a man so near the animal that only the complexity of the sounds he made distinguished him from the animals themselves.

I became more and more absorbed in the problem of this hunger, and of its relation to civilised man, whom I saw more and more confined within his civil behaviour, his polity, and his necessities of trade and commerce.

I determined somehow to get underneath the veneer of civil behaviour that men in the towns found so necessary for the maintenance of their business relations. I determined that I was not going to allow men to hide their real desires when they looked at a beautiful or vital woman. I became absolutely determined to discover in each man what was *real* in him.

Strange, isn't it, that I, who have been called a woman of illusions, should have really confirmed myself in my way of life with a determination to find reality?

But the ways of God are passed the understanding of ordinary human beings. My initial choice, with which I had early set the course of my life, my preference for the giving and receiving of pleasure, nay refusal to receive or to give pain, had a deeper root than at first I knew of. But I must not anticipate.

The hunger I saw and felt in men, and which, in their secret visits to me they let out gradually more and more, found to be a hunger for more than pleasure. I here was a hunger for life itself, for a life denied to men by the pattern imposed upon them by civilisation, by the form of their social obligations, to each other, to their families, to their children and to their wives.

I must tell you something of the need I found in the men who came to me. All kinds of men were my, what shall I call them- clients, customers? - Men from different social levels, from different sections of the community, men of different gifts and characters, of different intentions.

At first these men came to me, many of them, without knowing why they had come, except that they had come to relieve themselves of some intolerable burden, some tension of body, or mind, or soul. Yes, of soul also.

Sometimes a client would come to me from his business, tired and tense after long hours of battling with his rivals. Such a man might lie down upon my bed and begin to talk of the stupidity of the world, and of the obstinacy and greed of men. Often such a man would stay with me for an hour, the tensions of his mind and body gradually lessening as he talked. Occasionally he might touch me, as if assuring himself of something he needed to verify.

Sometimes a young man would come to me, having no knowledge of sexuality, ashamed of his innocence, and want me to educate him without making his lack of experience obvious to him. Behind his visit to me was the desire to be able to relate himself to someone else, to fit himself for life and for love and yes, for marriage.

Sometimes a man would come to me immediately after a quarrel with his wife, frustrated by her, disgusted with her, with himself and with the world, and yet, somehow, not disgusted with *me*.

Occasionally, very occasionally, a man would come to me impelled by what he was sure was pure animal lust, convinced that life itself is only an animal energy, and that there is no relation possible between men and women other than that we see between the ram and the ewe, or the male-goat and its female. But then his fire would die down and he would talk to me of his family, his wife, his children, his garden, his favourite flower, the world of politics, the different races of men in his part of the country, the general development of humanity. He would ask me about myself, my life, my beliefs. He would lie with me declaring himself a goat and ask me if I believed in God. And sometimes I would laugh and say, "Can a goat talk?" Then he would laugh and say, "This one can!" and kiss me, but with a tenderness that I could see surprised *him*. And I knew that there is more in a man than in an animal.

And the men who came to me apparently for one purpose revealed to me - and to themselves - another. Behind each man's expressed hunger was another, deeper hunger, which his mind consciously had known nothing about. And this deeper hunger was not an utter rapacity, not the ravaging, destructive violent energy of sexually starved beasts, but in some mysterious way, a power rooted in spirituality, in the highest as well as the lowest origin of the world. How could I, a woman, and a prostitute, come to know these things?

When one is deeply involved in experience one learns naturally what that experience has to teach.

Our rabbis have told us somewhere that our God is a devouring, a consuming fire, and this deeper hunger in men I came to feel to be one with the fire that burns at the very root of life.

You know that apart from as child-bearers women are considered by many men to be of no account in any really important sense, and that of women the prostitute is the lowest. Thus I, the lowest of the low, should have been at the basest level of human existence.

Yet somehow, continuing my descent. I stepped through the floor of this lowest level of man's definition and found myself in the presence of a revelation, not of absolute beastliness, but of spirit.

I began to look at men in another way. I began to search their minds and souls as they sought to penetrate into the secrets of my body. I learned more of men than they learned of me.

I began to talk more to them about the details of their lives, their purposes, their beliefs. And always I became more and more aware that underlying all the purposes of

men ran one supreme purpose.

And the strange thing was, though not really strange, that the more aware of this secret underlying purpose I became, the more my feelings went out to the men who came to me. But the quality of my feelings was somehow changing.

At this point I must tell you a little of what I know about some others of the women in the 'profession', for even in the field of prostitution women differ from each other. Everywhere human beings are human, but everywhere each man and each woman is unique. There are prostitutes who think of themselves as prostitutes, as women selling the use of their bodies for the sexual purposes of men, there are women, a smaller number, who would reject the word 'prostitute' but accept the word 'courtesan'. These would say, not that they sell the use of their bodies, but that they, for a consideration, would to men of distinction only sell their favours. Yet in both these classes each woman is an individual, unique in character and gifts, and bringing her own personality to her trade. I stress the uniqueness of each individual because of a certain characteristic in myself that other women of my profession often commented upon.

This characteristic will be understood if you remember what I said about my childhood observations and my decision to live for pleasure, to give it as well as receive it. For when I first began to behave in the way I had seen would please men, I had no thought of asking for money for what I gave. I was not *selling* the use of my body for the sexual purpose of men. I was *allowing* my natural self to *respond to the need* I felt in men, the need for affection, for love. I suppose strictly I was not a prostitute at all, but rather one of those whom the commercial prostitutes hate - the woman whose natural affections bring her to give her love without payment. To have demanded money for the love I desired to give would never have entered my mind. To *demand* anything as payment for anything has always been alien to me.

But, as I have said before, human beings find it hard to receive without giving something back. And men especially I have found cannot receive a favour, not even a little pleasure, without desiring somehow to pay for it. In the human mind justice, whose symbol is a pair of scales, is deeply rooted. Men must *balance* everything.

And so because of justice in the depths of man's soul I found myself accepting for the pleasures I gave to men whatever they felt they ought to give me as payment.

At first I used to refuse whatever I was offered, whatever money they put into my hands. But they misunderstood me, interpreted my refusal as a sign that I did not wish to be thought a prostitute, a harlot, a whore. Then they brought me gifts, jeweler, furnishings for my rooms, carpets and curtains. Such kindness they showed me, such respect for the feelings they attributed to me.

My house became a beautiful palace, set in a garden-oasis. To this oasis came men from the dry desert of their ordinary lives, seeking cool waters and the pomegranate, sweet dates from the palm, olives from my green trees, solace from my body's softness.

And these men, because I loved them as they desired to be loved, began to love me. Their animal lust slowly died, and in its place grew a new and tenderer tree, putting forth its shoots so gently, so lovingly that I knew they were beginning to understand my real nature and intent.

Love is a strange fruit, of a strange tree. From all the men who came to me I began to feel a strange, what shall I call it, emanation? - An out-moving, gently searching emotion, a more refined power, displacing their earlier cruder impulses. Already before they told me I knew these men were

somehow mysteriously becoming more whole, kinder of heart, more peaceful of mind, more aware of their souls. I knew that somehow, by the secret mysterious action of love, my house had become changed into - will you be surprised? - Into a temple of God. And I, yes I, Mary Magdalena, a prostitute, had by the sacred action of spiritual fire, become the priestess of this temple.

Strange that at the very moment of my realisation of this change I should meet the man for love of whom I was to give up my palace, my temple, my oasis, and that I should be able to walk out from my protected and beautiful garden, walk out into the desert beyond.

When one takes one's first step in life one does not foresee one's last. So this last step, which took me out of one life into another, was not foreseen by the little girl who had chosen pleasure as life's meaning.

However, I took that last step, it was taken. I look back and try to pin-point the precise moment I stepped out of my flowered garden into the desert's and sands. I think of the first time I hear of the man who was to change my life. Did I really know intuitively that this man would gather the meaning of my ways together? Or did I have no more than curiosity about him, and the desire to see how he would respond to my offering? I do not know.

But the deepest deep of my woman's soul had, for whatever reasons, been moved.

When I stood before him, or he before me, for the first time, I knew at once that he knew me, knew my life, knew to where I had reached, comprehended me and embraced me with his whole being, spiritually embraced me as the other men I had known had not yet done, but faintly had begun to foreshadow. I knew that what my love, given to those men with my body,

had begun to do for them, this man, with the power of his spirit and soul, had done for me at once, by his immediate act. At this moment I knew him to be my Lord and for ever.

It is difficult to talk about the kind of man he is, for he is not in a category. He is unique. Oh, yes. I know that all men differ in certain respects, in the colour of their hair, their eyes, in the way their minds and bodies work, and so on. But his uniqueness is not a matter of physical or mental characteristics; it is a fact of *Being*. He is a Being who knows his Being in a very special way, a Being whose every element, every form, every function, is *whole*, a Being, self-brought into Being by his own Being. There is no duality in him no self-opposing of diverse purposes. I cannot express what he is better than by saying that he is a Being wholly affirming Being.

I re-live now how I felt when I first stood before him. As I looked at him I knew that my original choice of my way of life had somehow mysteriously now been justified. I knew that my experience of men, of their weaknesses, of their needs, of their unclear desires, of their seeking for unknown things, had somehow mysteriously fitted me to see my Lord as he is. I knew that he could see in me the readiness my way of life had given me, my readiness for him and for what he had to give me.

I saw that this man Jesus loved me and all the creation as none of the men who came to me could love. I knew that his love for me sprang from the very root of the world, that his love was wholly, "Yes!" That there was no negation in it. I knew at that moment the meaning of the word 'salvation'.

And I knew that in some incredible way, by my acceptance of the love and lust of men I had been instrumental in saving them, from what, I could not see clearly, but 'Salvation' sang in my mind, and 'Hosanna' leapt up in my heart. I knew with a terrible mind, and 'Hosanna' leapt up in my heart. I knew with physical outflowings of men had saved them, rescued them

from a terrible poison which would otherwise have burned away their bodies, corroded their minds, and consumed their souls.

I knew men, their ambitions, their desires, their greeds, their cruelties, their weaknesses, their sentimentalities, and their sudden sympathies. I had become to them a mother with all a mother's tolerance of her children's weaknesses.

And this man Jesus I saw, he also knew men, understood their deficiencies, wholly embraced them with his love, and worked with deep secret energy for their development into real true men. And I saw that he knew for what he was working, that he aimed to make all who would hear him into sons and daughters of God.

At first I had thought that my way with men had not been creative, that my function for men was only one of alleviation, only of release from the locked energies of frustrated love. Later I knew that I had seen, in some measure, however dimly, a creative possibility in my life.

I had comforted men by taking them into my house for a while. I had taken them away from the tensions of the world. I had let them into my garden. I had let them lie and rest with me. I had allowed their eyes to close on today and tomorrow, and taken them backwards through time to their earliest days of childhood dependence. I had let their heads rest upon my breast. I had let them return into their mother's womb, to the original dark, unconscious source of their being.

But I saw in my Lord Jesus that the journey backwards through time, on which I carried my lovers, was not the true journey. I had reduced men to babes, true in order through love to grow them up again. (The man, Jesus had been reported as saying that for a man to be saved he must become as a little child). Yet I knew when I saw my Lord that

he had meant not that a man should cease to be a man, that he should lose his years and again become as unknowing as a child, but that the man should remember the child within him, the child buried beneath the years of accumulated errors, and bring back this child to life, relearn from this child the real meaning of innocence. The child opens its eyes on the world before it and wills to go forward to learn. The men who at first had come to me had come to close their eyes on the world and to go backwards, to unlearn and to forget

I had been paid by these men to release them from the cares of their daily lives, from the intolerability of their loveless isolation. My Lord Jesus came without payment, and to pay his own life and blood to show men how to penetrate into the meaning of their isolation in this world, and to show them their true place in the world of reality.

Believing life to be a meaningless struggle men had come to me to relax for a while, to forget their conflicts. My Lord Jesus came to tell men that life's struggle is *meaningful*, that men should fight to discover this meaning, to fight in their own minds and souls, and not to rest till meaning be found.

You know what has been said of the prostitute, that she is a swamp, a marsh, a morass into which men tired of the world will sink into oblivion. My Lord Jesus is dry land on which men may walk, a high rock on which men stand to scan the round horizon, and to remember what they see, and to divine its significance.

But I must tell you something that happened inside me shortly after I had met my Lord Jesus. I had seen at once that this man was unique, and in a special sense. I knew that he had nothing in him of the negativity that in other men drove them to me. I felt in my depths that this man had no need of me in any sense that I had previously known. I *knew* that *need* was alien to him, and that nevertheless there was something in him in the

place where ordinary men felt their need, something still, silent, and powerful.

And suddenly I *knew*, with absolute certainty, that my life had changed, changed irrevocably. I knew that I would never again receive men into my house as I had done before.

It was a strange experience. I had till then viewed my relations with men as one in which there was a certain exchange of actions, of gestures, of words, of feelings, of energies. From my part there had been no real involvement of emotion such as a woman experiences when she falls in love. A prostitute cannot afford involvement, for as you know, for a woman be deeply in love with one man is for her naturally to will to exclude others.

Now, as I was suddenly released from my past I saw that my relations with men had not been quite what I had thought. Of course I had not really seen that when one enters into relations with another, there is an exchange of forces, that there is a taking in of the essence of the other being into oneself. It had not occurred to me that when I accepted a man I accepted also certain - what shall I call them? - elements or energies from him, that I was somehow not the same *being* alter relation as I was before - that I had somehow adulterated my being with him.

Now suddenly, as I saw my Lord Jesus, I knew at once (though I didn't consciously state it to myself) that I would never again accept a man into my being unless I could affirm *him*, absolutely, as he was in his being. It is very strange how we can know that we know something at one level of our being, and yet not know it at another. But this I did. I could feel at the very centre of myself a sudden realisation of a truth which I knew I had always known and yet had not known; and I knew that I would from henceforth keep myself to fit myself for the only relation that could be absolutely real.

Some of you will think that I had fallen in love with the Man Jesus, as any woman would tend to fall in love with a man who is intelligent, powerful and purposeful. But it was not like this. There was no question of falling in love with him in any ordinary sense. There was in me an immediate perception that he would not have allowed me to fall in that way.

Women know what it means to fall. Falling is easy for them, not merely because they are weaker than men but because they wish to fall. There is something in woman that wills dependence on man, and something that hopes that the man on whom they depend will be strong enough to justify that dependence.

When I say that the man Jesus would not allow me to fall, I mean precisely that. Something in the levelness of his gaze just would not let me reduce myself to the position the woman in me desired to assume. I knew that he knew what was in woman, and therefore in me. I knew that my woman's motive was seen through and somehow, incomprehensibly, in a new, special way, affirmed. And I knew that this affirmation made it impossible for me to retain any residue of my earlier motive. Even later when he allowed me to wash and anoint his feet, to pour expensive oils upon them, I knew that my action was acceptable in a totally different way from that in which any other man would have accepted it. Here action rooted in love became an act of duty, and action springing from duty was seen to be synonymous with that of love. The conflict we ordinarily know of between love and duty here did not exist. Duty became love and love duty, or duty was so permeated with love that only love remained, but a love that had absorbed the meaning of duty. How deficient are such words compared with the deep meaning I saw and strive to describe.

And so I did not fall in love with the man Jesus. Instead I was lifted up into another level of creative relation. And again I

knew that I had dimly seen this level when I first intuited a deeper purpose in men than they knew of.

How is it possible for the one born blind to see? How is it possible to explain to one who knows only duty, the meaning of love? How is it possible to reveal to one who has moved only from love's impulse the meaning of duty?

Yet somehow my Lord Jesus removed the difference between them, and I found myself in a new realm where service is joy, and joy the natural substance of service.

I do not know if I make my meaning clear enough. I said joy is the *natural substance of service*. I mean this exactly as I say it. The very *substance* of the world, which I know is the substance of the Being which is my Lord Jesus, is itself Joy. Astoundingly the substance of the Man of Sorrow is *Joy*. And this substance always takes the form of willing service. I know this is strange, but if you could understand my meaning, you would understand my relation with my Lord Jesus, and his with me. Love in action is humanity's duty, and our duty is to activate our love.

If I had never been a prostitute I am sure I would not so quickly have come to understand this. The ordinary prostitute accepts payment for the use of her body. If she did not please her client, she would not be surprised if he refused to pay her. Thus the prostitute and her client have a sense of rights and obligations, and thus of duty, and she because of her profession senses a relation between duty and love.

Thus when I met the Man Jesus I was already internally prepared to receive the message of His Being. I say the message of his Being because it is his Being which is his message. Not his words are his message, though these come out of his Being, for his words may be copied by men lacking in Being, and when a man deficient in Being speaks the words of

Being they have no inner effect on anyone to whom they are spoken.

This is what the first sight of my Lord Jesus confirmed in me, what as a prostitute I could not help observing, that all the men I had ever received lacked Being-substance. lacked creative substantial joy. And I knew at once that I could never again accept the deficient relations of ordinary men who would come to me out of their desire, their want, their *need* of me.

With all my heart and mind and body I knew that in the Man Jesus I had found a man with no deficiency, a man of no *need* of women, a man whose will did not depend on want or desire sprung from lack of Being. And this Man at once I wholly and absolutely affirmed as my Lord.

And in this absolute affirmation I place myself forever at his service, without desire for any recognition or reward beyond my heart's knowledge that I had given myself at last to incarnate reality. I, once a priestess of illusions, had come finally to serve in the temple of truth and had found at last real Being.

I hold the thought of my Lord in my heart and I cannot hide my emotion. If I speak it is with difficulty, for the language of love is music.

*(Magdalena sings with quiet joy.)*

I have seen a Man;  
My eyes have rested upon Him.  
Who can truly sing His praises?  
There is none like Him.

I have known in this world  
Men with desire for me,  
Men with need for me,

Men of sorrowful hearts,  
Men with world-tiredness.  
All these I have received  
As they could give themselves:  
All have paid me for my love;  
But none have required of me  
All that I have,  
All that I am,  
Without payment,  
Save one.

I have seen a Man;  
My eyes have rested upon Him;  
My heart rests with Him;  
My mind dwells upon Him;  
My will is His will;  
My body will grow old  
In His Service.

I have seen a Man.  
None is like Him.  
Who can sing His praises?  
I will worship His God  
With Him forever.