



Mary Magdalene: Wife of Messiah

A Biographical Introduction To the Investigation

by Noel Joshua Hadley

11/5/2025

[UPDATES](#) | [ARTICLE ARCHIVES](#) | [PATREON](#)

NOW that I am working towards a **second volume** to *Mary Magdalene: Wife of Messiah*, publishing a second edition to the first seems like an appropriate way to clean up and organize the clutter. There is the top-of-the-hour news story for you. It may be too soon to call but I expect to call the next entry, *Mary Magdalene: Princess In Exile*. The research sure has ballooned since **2022**, hasn't it? Best not to deflate all that hot air or you

will hear me read the audio book with a chipmunk voice. As part of the spring-cleaning process, many of the articles have been added to or reworked. I have also decided to offer you an *introduction* by way of a series of short essays.

1

IT was the height of summer in 2022 and my wife Sarah was only weeks away from having our third child. Missouri was hot and sticky that time of the year but our move there, albeit a temporary one, was intended for this very purpose. My high school sweetheart and I had finally found the courage to take part in the great California exodus in 2015, when our twin boys were only a year old. Resettling on an alligator preserve just outside of Charleston, South Carolina, we continued traveling for long extended periods, often for several months at a time, sometimes abroad. And then one day in 2020 the world shut down.

Eventually, we found ourselves calmly moving about Florida, America's last free state, while the staged COVID-19 cast its psychodramatic spell on a frightened world. We were camped along the Gulf Coast when Sarah realized she'd missed her period. You know how that goes, ladies. The way it happened is that I held a baptismal event just north of Tallahassee with Michael and Rob, my two ministry partners. We each baptized the other and then proceeded to submerge the various pilgrims who'd arrived for the event. Sarah's decision to wade into the water came by total surprise. I baptized her and her womb opened.

A few short days later, my wife had a dream. Sarah was *with child*. In her dream she was furthermore told that the child would be *a girl* and that *the curse* had been lifted. *What curse?* I have looked into the genealogies and can tell you that no girl has been born into the Hadley family since the 19th-century. Boys all the way down the line. This fact has become well known, enough so that the regurgitated joke has been dropped at family gatherings, that Hadley women are only ever brought in as hired-on help. I also suspect the generational curse finds its origins with Freemasonry.

Years earlier, our twin boys, Eric and Ira, had arrived only after several years of failed attempts. Even medical intervention was not an immediate success. We'd been married now for two decades, having eloped in Vegas

at 3:30 in the morning (yes, that's a 33 for all you Gematria people) and sliding a bun in the oven was not natural. Refusing another round of medical intervention meant coming to terms with never having another. Crossing the threshold of our 40's, we certainly weren't spring chickens anymore, either. And now we were having a COVID baby. No, we were having a miracle baby.

Our decision to live out her third trimester alongside **Route 66** in the Ozarks rather than at home in Charleston was based upon a few factors. At the cusp of Sarah's decision was Missouri's superior midwifery laws. Just as important was the Hebrew midwife that we found there. Aside from the untold number of babies she'd already delivered, 11 of those were her own. Our twin sons had also been a homebirth, in California of all places, and I caught them. But now, at 40 years-old, Sarah displayed the strength and fortitude of a Hebrew woman by reaching down for her own. She might as well have wrapped the baby in an apron and continued harvesting the field afterwards.



I probably should have warned you before showing the exact moment when **Sarah** pulled the baby from her womb from within our delivery pool and then checked to see if we were having a baby Asher or a baby Rivqah. But then, I figure, if you can't handle the miracle of birth then why bother reading mature topics such as my Mary Magdalene investigation? Leading up to this very moment, Sarah asked me to come up with a boy's name, just in case, but she was determined to name the girl. *She knew.*

Rivqah Carmel was born on **7/7/2022**, at **4:22** in the morning, weighing 9 lbs. 12 oz, and after only 5 hours of labor. She was named after her grandmother. **Rebecca Carmen Flod [Turino]** gave birth to twin girls on **5/20/1982** and then contacted **HIV** soon afterwards. They say it was a blood transfusion, though her diagnosis may have just as easily resulted

from high blood pressure or depression. For the record, I am not convinced that **AIDS** is anything more or less than a figment of **BIG Pharma**'s twisted imagination. That is another discussion best reserved for my [AIDS is a Hoax](#) paper, which I began investigating and writing at the *Eagle and Child* in Oxford. Rebecca died of **complications due to AIDS** when Sarah and her sister were in kindergarten, but we all know her murderer was **Dr. Fauci** and the **AZT Drug**.

“She’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.” Sarah pressed Rivqah to her chest.

This is what happens when you start following our Father’s commands, observing his Sabbaths, which is the Mark of his people, and eating clean. ALAHAYAM has blessed us with the most unexpected and precious of gifts imaginable, without which, my investigation into *the wife of Messiah* would likely have not been possible. That just so happens to be a promise which YAHUAHA gives to the people of his covenant.

8 And he shall exist as a reward that you will hear, understand and you will obey *ath*-these judgments and keep them and fashion *ath*-them. And YAHUAHA your ALAHAYA shall keep *ath*-the covenant and *ath*-the loving-kindness, zeal, and favor which He solemnly swore unto your fathers. And [He] has loved you, and did *barak* you and has increased you, and will *barak* [for] you the **fruit of your womb** and the fruit of the red ground—your corn and your new wine and your fresh oil, the offspring of your cattle and the offspring of your sheep in the *ba’adamaba* which He swore unto your fathers to give unto you.

Dabarayam (Deuteronomy) 8:1-2 [Paleo Hebrew Scriptures]

YAHUAHA, the Alahayam of Yashar’el, places before each of us the blessing and the curse. The fork in the road. It is ours to choose. Guarding his Commands brings liberty and life. The Torah is a transformative document intended to mold us into the image and in fact the very character of our Father in heaven. Contrarily, sin is a transgression of the Torah. Disobedience is nothing short of rebellion against our Father’s character, resulting in spiritual death.

Babies. That’s the other thing about the blessing. Guarding his Commands ensures the blessing, or *barak* as the Paleo calls it—the *barak* of babies.

That's a promise. Rivqah is the most beautiful and precious gift that we've ever received from our Father and Mother in heaven. Yes, I am in love. Instantaneous love at first sight. Up until that moment, Sarah had been the only woman I'd ever loved. On the day of her birth, I told my wife she would have to be okay with the competition for my affection. I had another little lady in my life now.

2

ONE year earlier in 2021, Michael and Rob arrived in Charleston with a dozen or two others for the Pascha meal. My buddy Pauly Hart was occupied in conversation from the dining room when Michael sat down on my couch and, adding to the flurry of conversations filling nearly every nook and cranny of my home [both inside and out], casually asked what I thought about the **feminine Holy Spirit**. Rather than taking the typical *three dudes* in heaven approach, I knew that he and Rob were proponents, and that they were furthermore knowledgeable on the subject, though up until now they had kept their cards close to the chest.

I leaned back into the leather cushion and promptly stated, “*Sell me.*”

Michael's fiancée Stephanie grinned from the opposite corner of the room. She knew what I was in for.

For the following hour, Michael took me on a guided tour through *Sirach* and *Wisdom of Solomon*. Springboarding off those two literary witnesses, the expansive worldview was immediate. All of Hebrew Scripture opened up into a broader peripheral vision. The stunningly beautiful picture which emerged was a previously unimaginable one, but the puzzle pieces fit. I had heard whispers of her among fellow researchers, but finally, I was given my first introduction to **RUACH CHAKA'MAHA**, though most know her as Sophia, or simply Wisdom. She was there all along in the pages of Scripture, beginning with Barashayath (Genesis) and ending with Revelation, comforting her children, waiting to be discovered and acknowledged by them. Truth in plain sight. The Holy Spirit *is* feminine. Indeed, families on Earth are indeed modeled after the Family of our Creator. I have a Father *and* a Mother in heaven.

My world hadn't been blown open like this since learning that I am grafted into Yashar'AL, and that the Torah Abides. Or that the Earth is flat.

ROB Skiba was dead.

There was hardly a greater influence for the Torah and flat earth than Rob. I miss our late-night phone conversations, even our disagreements, albeit heated at times. In the summer of 2021, news reached the greater community that he had been taken to the hospital [*against* his will according to my sources] and hooked up to the vent, by which he never recovered. The void was immediate.

I called Rob [*not Skiba*] and Michael up on the phone the week after his passing and asked if they'd like to join me as partners in the ministry. I knew they subscribed to the letters of Paul, and they knew I didn't. My conclusion at the time was that Paul did away with the Torah. Rob Skiba and I had discussed Paul at some length and he vehemently disagreed. My new ministry partners did as well. Regardless, I assured them our various conclusions would never be a problem. I would not stop them from quoting from Paul, basing their theology upon Paul, or even leading studies on Paul, so long as we could all agree that the Torah abides. The rest of the story is well documented in my community. Rob [*not Skiba*] eventually outgrew my ministry, I blessed his endeavor, and Michael has another of his own. He teams up now with Dan, a former Freemason, in hopes of guiding other Lodge Brothers out of the craft. I not only believe their time as co-laborers was intended, if only temporary, but that they were also Godsend.

The way it would happen is that I would give commentary on a passage of Scripture, cross-referencing whenever and wherever possible. I would then sit silently behind my microphone while Rob and Michael delivered their commentary on the same passage. They cross-referenced Paul when making their points. I did not. Rob and Michael's use of Paul was therapy for my soul. The hardest part was realizing that I had been barking up the wrong tree, but pride is the thief of Wisdom. Indeed, there is a lawless Paul, and I knew him well, but he is only a patsy created by lawless Christianity for propaganda purposes. Paul—the *real Paul*—was a tireless defender of the Torah, as his epistles will prove. And like RUACH CHAKA'MAHA, he's been staring us in the face all along.

FINALLY getting back to those last few weeks in the Ozarks before my daughter was born, I didn't even realize that *shalom* had been taken from me until its return. The story is a long one, suffice to say Paul was the issue. The wounds I was recovering from were self-inflicted. The accumulated baggage was my own. Come to think of it, there is no other man in the His-Story of the world that I have wrestled with more than the Pharisee from Tarsus. Rob Skiba was right. Paul understood the Torah better than me and probably any of us. His grasp of YAHUAH's righteousness and the mercy he offers to those who wish to conform to his character continually takes me to greater depths. Perhaps someday I will finally get around to completing my line-for-line commentary on his two greatest epistles, Galatians and Romans. This present investigation isn't about him though. I bring Paul up merely because one thing leads to another.

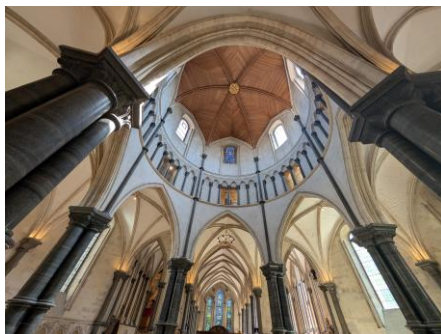
I was taking an afternoon stroll along a wooded lakeside path with the hums of Route 66 filling my ears when I heard *her* call. The guiding voice I now recognize as RUACH CHAKA'MAHA said, "*I have something to show you.*"

"*Anything,*" came my reply.

Leaving my 42-foot 5th-wheel with the Apostle Paul on my mind, only one thought encapsulated me on the return trip home. Did the **Jewish rabbi YASHA'UA Messiah** have a **woman**, and if not, why wouldn't he?]

WHEN beginning my investigation, I must have been one of the few remaining people in the English-speaking world who had never read the **Dan Brown** novel, by which all modern Mary Magdalene *Wife of Messiah* claims are apparently measured by. For added clarification, I had never screened **Ron Howard's** film adaption of *The DaVinci Code* either—the one starring **Tom Hanks**. Choosing to wait until the publication of the **first edition** of this book was a conscious one. Perhaps one day I will get

around to writing an in-depth analysis. It only seems appropriate that I would. I am a fan of PI novels and the movie participated in the genre, so that had my interest. Otherwise, I took no notes. Nothing that I have researched or written is based upon Dan Brown's imagination, which is why it was also annoying as hell. One cannot investigate Mary Magdalene without falling into Dan Brown's shadow.



Earlier this year I visited **Temple Church** in London as part of my broader **Knight Templar** investigation, via [Friday XIII](#). All you Dan Brown fans can shout "**William Marshal**!" on a whim. Yeah well, I didn't have the faintest clue that he played into *The DaVinci Code*. Just goes to show how little I was paying attention to the plot. I was having a difficult time locating the church. Then again, so was GPS. A Londoner in a business suit observed my frustration, perhaps because my wife and children were with me, and asked if he could be of assistance.

When I confessed my intended destination, which happened to be right around the corner, the first words out of his mouth were, *and I quote*, "You're not a Dan Brown fan, are you?"

The mere thought of Dan Brown tired him. And so far as his observations went, the only tourists interested in Temple Church were fans of fiction, eager to follow a literary treasure map. If we're being technical, the history books may all prove to be fiction, but let's stay focused.

"Never read it," I claimed, not very convincingly.

He stared at me for a moment, perhaps in disbelief. *Why would anybody be interested in the **Holy Grail** if not for Dan Brown's influence?* Fair question.

Zen Garcia is an incredible researcher and he is also a friend of mine. The guy was advocating for the feminine Holy Spirit when it was still taboo in my circles. In all likelihood, Michael and Rob were directly

influenced through him, and even Rob Skiba, also a friend of Zen's, became an advocate in the months before he died. I am extremely honored that Zen Garcia thought to include my earliest article on RUACH CHAKA'MAHA in the back of his book, [Wisdom: The Feminine Holy Spirit](#), right alongside an article by Skiba. Skiba was influenced by Zen, and so I suppose, so was I. Perhaps it is also true that I am only interested in Mary Magdalene because of Dan Brown's influence but I digress.

In 2023, I was invited to speak at Zen Garcia's 'Secrets Revealed' conference in Atlanta, Georgia. The purpose of my visit was to present on the [Millennial Kingdom](#), and why I believed it already happened between the years 500 and 1500, as per [my Seven Thousand Year Timeline Deception](#) and [Kings and Priests of the Millennial Kingdom](#) papers, among a host of others. Mary Magdalene had nothing to do with it. Though as you will find in *Mary Magdalene: Princess In Exile*, MK architecture is based upon her. Regardless, another conference speaker learned of my research and was appalled. We were sitting around having dinner together when it happened.

Zen Garcia came rolling along in his wheelchair and grinned. "Noel's the most controversial person that I know." Which says a lot coming from him. It was a jab but a friendly one between friends.

He then proceeded to ask a series of questions regarding my theology. *Did I believe Messiah really died on the tree, and if so, did he resurrect afterwards?* The questions were jarring. *Yes*, he died. *Yes*, he resurrected. *Yes*, he is the Son of ALAHAYAM, the anointed, and the savior of mankind. It is a resounding *Yes* all the way around. Actually, I was a little hurt to be the recipient of a Bible drill since I thought Zen knew me better. I didn't have the slightest clue why YASHA'UA having a woman would necessitate this line of questioning.

But then I began reading Mary Magdalene researchers. *Um*.

Why do so many Mary Magdalene researchers believe YASHA'UA was just some dude who died? Granted, they might claim he was from the line of David and potentially the rightful king of Judah, or more broadly, Israel. They might also claim that Mary Magdalene was a princess, and that she conceived a child named [Sarah](#), from which a genetic line can hypothetically be traced. *Whoop-de-doo*. If YASHA'UA, *oh, excuse me*, [Jesus](#) was just some dude who ruffled feathers and then was murdered for it,

who cares if he got married? Of course dudes get married. Why devote book after book to a mortal man when they don't even believe the gospel accounts? *I will tell you*. It's because they are going out of their way to undermine YASHA'UA Messiah, King of kings and Lord of lords. I have read enough from the Mary Magdalene researchers, most if not all of whom heap praises upon Dan Brown, to realize their game. Their controversy is with the Son of ALAHAYAM.

It was never about Mary Magdalene. Mary Magdalene is misdirection, the patsy, and the strawman all rolled into one.

6

SARAH and I fled California in 2015, preferring to live in a van down by the river rather than NWO occupied territory. For 10 consecutive winters, we plopped our 5th-wheel down upon the sands of Camp Gulf in Destin, Florida, basking in the sand by day, sharing campfires and life stories with our neighbors by night. In 2020, a man named Jeremy decided to flee the COVID psychodrama with his family. It is there at Camp Gulf that we met and became friends. Jeremy later confessed that he and his wife were so appalled at learning my advocacy of the flat earth [they looked me up online], the anger ate away at them for an entire year before he finally decided to do something about it. He told his children they were going down to the seashore to perform science experiments and prove me wrong.

It was there along the ocean that Jeremy observed landmarks far beyond the Earth's reported curvature. The sea was level, and he quickly confessed to his children, "Oh crap, the earth is flat!"

Over the following couple of years, I watched Jeremy accelerate from a blue-pilled normie to a self-enlightened guru among red-pillers. For lack of a better phrase, Pandora's box had been opened and there would be no closing it again. We soon found ourselves sitting around the campfire, looking up at the crystalline stars in the firmament, listening to the tide crash over the sandy shore, discussing everything from the [Mandela Effect](#) and film biographies like *The Truman Show* or *They Live* to staged media hoaxes like [Sandy Hook](#), the [Boston Marathon Bombing](#), [9/11](#), [Osama ben Laden](#), [Charlie Manson](#), [Holocaust](#), and the [Jews](#) control of

the media. So many people are waking up and it is incredible to behold. This truly must be the **Age of Aquarius**.

There is one Truth however which Jeremy can never seem to wrap his head around. **The Bible**. Though raised a **Catholic**, and probably due to the fact that he *was* a Catholic, Jeremy has confessed on more than one occasion that he hasn't the slightest clue what is contained within the Bible. I applaud him for his honesty. What he can't understand is how I am so quote-unquote "enlightened" regarding this fabricated reality and still adhere to Scripture as Truth when it is undoubtedly evident that the Pope of Rome hugs the Bible to his bosom, and who is ruling the world but Rome? Or is it the Zionists? Well, they're hugging much of the Bible to their bosom as well.

The deductive argument goes as *follows*. If our Controllers are using the Bible for manipulative and programming purposes, then I am being manipulated and programmed to willfully serve the purposes of our Controllers. It's a good argument.

Personally, I see it as Ha'Satan keeping his friends close and his enemies closer. *Satan* is a title, by the way. As the *accuser*, his best and most damnable method of prosecution is executed within the restraints of the Law. To do this, he must first lift us out of our ignorance and deliver the Truth. The Torah is the Truth. It also has a great deal to say on sins of ignorance. If we are ignorant of the Law, then we are not held to the same account as someone who consciously transgresses it. Therefore, it is in Satan's favor to preserve the Torah rather than pervert it and then tell us not to believe in it anymore. He not only wants us to doubt the creation, flood, and Exodus account, as per the first two books of the Torah, but he also wants us to do away with the judgements found in Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, because were our Father's Commands really for us? Rome has done away with the Torah, but then, so have the protestants. To quote the serpent in Paradise, "*Did God really say?*"

On our day of judgement, the accuser can declare before the judge and jury as well as the court, "Why did you listen to me? I gave you the rulebook."

We are still talking about Mary Magdalene, and the **Pope of Rome** is the best example of **controlled opposition** that I can think of. **Martin Luther** did not stop advocating for the Bible [or at least portions of it] because he believed the pope was the antichrist, and yet, those who claim

Mary Magdalene cannot be the wife of Messiah because of the many New Agers and the resurrection deniers and the Dan Brown groupies who use her as a weapon against the authenticity of Scripture apparently have little appreciation for the same tactics employed by Rome, Protestantism, and Satan. *New Age*—there is another weaponized phrase for you. How much Truth have they packed into that spiritual herpes, I wonder?

For thousands of years, the various mystery religions have all attempted to monopolize the spiritual realities of heaven while gazing up at the same constellations put there by YAHUAHA. I would never immediately reject something merely on the basis that the RCC, Orthodoxy, or Protestantism advocates it, though that is often how the game is played. I will speak for myself, as I most often do, when stating that I have come to appreciate controlled opposition for what it's worth.

7

MARY Magdalene was a *whore*.

Mind you, those aren't my words. I am simply quoting a long history within the Roman Catholic Church. Stop mixing me up with the pope, why don't you? The vicar doesn't speak for me, nor I him. For all I know, the RCC is simply projecting themselves onto others when thrusting Mary Magdalene into the red-light district. But why target her specifically? Actually, I sat here for quite some time this morning wondering how to address this issue at hand. I *could* show you a list of paintings where Magdalene is exposing her breasts for the painter, but this is a family friendly publication. *Oh*, I'm sure women were throwing their bras at YASHA'UA wherever Jesus Christ Superstar went. *More sarcasm*. Moving forward, I will try to keep it at a minimal but no promises.

What if I told you *the reader* that my opinion has changed for the *second* edition? When taking up the sleuth work a few short years ago, I made the mistake of claiming Mary Magdalene couldn't have been a quote-unquote '*whore*' on the basis that the RCC had taken that position. See what I mean? My research has led me to believe that Mary Magdalene really did do the dirty deed. That is all that some of you need to hear to dismiss the entire betrothal theory. I have had numerous people throw their preconceived notions at me, claiming YASHA'UA would never

marry anyone unless they were a pure Jewess. Turns out, Depeche Mode was right all along. Everyone does have their own personal Jesus.

It is my hope, as part of the *second* edition, to illustrate the prophet **Hosea** as yet another Messiah archetype in a long line of messianic archetypes. Quickly recall the story. Hosea was told to take a **whoring wife**, **Gomer**. And who did Gomer represent but **whoring Yashar'AL**? YASHA'UA was also a prophet. He came to warn Yahudah of their whoring ways before Jerusalem was completely obliterated in **70AD**. Mary Magdalene was a symbol of **whoring Yahudah**.

Theirs is a love story as well as redemption.

8

EVE came forth from Adam just as assuredly as CHAKA'MAHA came forth from ALAHAYAM, so why do we take issue in the Father handing a bride to his Son? I thought he was supposed to be the **second Adam**. The evangelicals are quick to tell me **Miryam the Mother** did not and could not have remained a virgin after the nativity [I suspect to diminish her standing—as if sex could do such a thing], but then their heads begin to spin at the thought of Jesus being anything other than chaste his entire life. Since when has sex become anything less than holy? The Truth always works its way from the subconscious in the end.

You will incite Genesis 6 and the Sons of God taking human wives and something about how that is supposed to disprove the Son of ALAHAYAM having his own. I'm speaking to all you **Enoch** lovers out there, of which I am one of them. It disproves nothing. I have actually already worked out the theology on this one, which is why I suggest reading [Preexistence](#) from beginning to end. The Watchers stole what wasn't there's for sexual pleasure and reproductive purposes when what they should have done is enter the womb of the earth with the other sons of ALAHAYAM. I am convinced that finding a wife is one of the preexistent attractions to life.

That's what you and I have managed to do, *enter the womb*, assuming you are a material human and not a spirit creature. It's also what YASHA'UA managed. He entered the matrix of creation and was born of a woman. The Watchers circumnavigated that very important detail. YASHA'UA

was intended to live the life of a righteous man, and in my opinion, he stuck the landing. The Watchers and the Divine Counsel did not. There is also a Command given in the Torah which is often if not always overlooked by the Bible thumpers in this discussion. Mankind is told to reproduce.

Who can speak of his descendants? That rebuttal comes up often as well. YASHA'UA and Miryam are a love story, and like many-a love stories, disaster struck. YASHA'UA was intended to live the life of a king over Yahudah, with all that it entails, but his people didn't want him and the king was promptly cut off. In my second volume, *Mary Magdalene: Princess In Exile*, I intend to detail the many ways in which Miryam of Migdal's plight emerges from the subconscious of cultures around the world.