

Letters 132

Honorable Don Juan Carlos: some time ago Don Antonio Velasco Piña gave me a hundred books on Tlacaelel, the Bearer of the Sacred Enigma of the Aztecs, for me to distribute among the students of Sacred and Real Initiation. The news of the order spread like lightning on a dark night and the hundred books were born with feet and ran off in different directions without a single one left for my personal reading. This week, however, I discovered a copy of this book lined up very formally between two thick volumes of Carl Marx's Capital and Oscar Wilde's Collected Works. I picked it up and began to read it.

I was thinking about it when Rosita told me that you had written to her asking her why I had not sent you any more "Enchiladas**" -** easy to make, tasty and spicy letters for the Brotherhood **-** I started to think why and I came to the conclusion that I had not written any more, because I had not thought of what to write about. But at that moment, I was already on the road of Tlacaelel and his beloved Citlalmina, and on the cosmic and historical of the Aztecs, and the memories of the cosmic and historical of the Aquarian Universe of the New Age fell on me like a torrential downpour.

When the downpour subsided I found myself sitting in a large puddle of mirroring memories sprinkled with a few isolated drops of water that produced concentric circles on the surface. I let myself be flooded and the memories took shape and came into existence with names and dates. Suddenly, the haughty and smiling figure of an Andalusian lady stood out among them, standing in the middle of a good group of well known and loved people, especially from the region of Tuscany, in Italy, and from other regions further north and south, intermingled with some North American Navajo, several Mexican Tenochcas, some Colombian Muiscas and even some Argentinean Comechingones. The lady looked around to involve everyone and stopped in front to say directly: Well, here we have three Masters of high initiation, three wise men, we have to take advantage of them to clarify the little matters of sex that sometimes make us a little confused. What do you tell us, Masters?

Instinctively I raised my eyes to look at the ceiling of the room, I don't know if to put myself above such a vulgar matter or to invoke divine help. Time became long, long and empty, I don't know if it was longer or emptier, but for that matter it was the same thing. Something was pressing in silence. I looked to my left and found the gaze of Don Gustavo Toro, one of the most specialized Masters in handling these matters with good humor, but Don Gustavo was looking at me like a shipwrecked man on the high seas. Then I looked to my right and found Don José Michán smiling and relaxed, inviting me to take the bull by the horns, just like the people who filled the Yoga room of the RedGFU Institute in Viarregio, Italy. Well - I said to Dona Maria, who remained standing looking at me, take a seat - Thesubject of sex has many shades and nuances that encompass both the human and the divine. I will try to create a bridge of symbols between the two, in this way:

# UNO

God

It is three different people And only one True God

We

We are made

According to His image and likeness

We are

Three different Beings And only one True Self

# TWO

There were no limits There were no shadows There was not even light

The Word was born as a groan And fragmented into nothingness And it became form and existence How the Universe was born

The Big Bang and black holes

Minerals with their electrons and nuclei Vegetables with their flowers and fruits Animals with their males and females And you and me and everyone

And everyone wanting to be Without knowing what

Oh, beloved! Absence sought in the void

And it becomes all present in the jubilant Sakthi

That pronounces your name and my name as one name That says it all

No limits No shadows

Without light even

# THREE

She was a little girl

With a white dress and a blue ribbon

She was a little girl who had in her eyes

The light of Isis and the magic and mystery of Coatlicue

Inspired love with the dignity of the mountains And the depth of the abysses

Kali and Maria lived in his soul

I loved her and I threw myself into the abyss With a bare heart

And I fell into the jaws of his two serpents Kali tore me apart impassively

Isis flooded me with light Coatlicue crushed my pride But Maria took me by the hand

And he showed me the path that leads to the Sun

She was a little girl

With a white dress and a blue ribbon

# FOUR

The closest thing to the cosmos is the sky The closest thing to the sky is the sea The closest thing to the sea is you

When you smile

When you smile dawn breaks When you smile the birds sing When you smile

The cosmos smiles The sky smiles The sea smiles

Nothing new, as you can see, Honorable Don Juan Carlos, but that day everyone stood up and applauded for a long time. Anyway, memories...

**Sat Arhat José Marcelli  
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