



Letters 128

The sixties and seventies of the last century. Adolescence and the coming of age of the first born in the New Age of Aquarius. My own arrival to the Great Universal Fraternity. The great cultural change, or countercultural, as they also called it. The Hippies - "Peace, Brother, make love and not war" - The repression in Mexico to the youth. Boys and girls throwing flowers at soldiers with bayonets drawn. Vexations to defenseless people. And the young people who took

refuge in the Institute of Yoga and Integral Culture that Rosita and I directed. And our own children and their friends. One of our sons, fourteen years old, was shot down with a rifle butt on the floor where the blood of his friends was flowing on October 2, 1968, and then they locked him up along with many others in a barracks to destroy their morale, taking them out of the barracks during the night to change them from one place to another with rifle shots to make them think that they were shooting their friends....

All this went through my heart again while I was listening in Toluca City, in the State of Mexico, to the Musical Ensemble directed by Getuls Walter Carrillo with teachers from the State Symphony Orchestra, performing works by the young representatives of that era, the **Beatles**, with the theater full for two performances and with extra chairs to attend to the people who were still lining up in the street to get in. What touched me most was the cleanliness with which Walter greeted the audience:

■ We thank you for your support for these concerts that are made for the benefit of a new culture and the construction of the Headquarters of the Great Universal Fraternity, where you will be able to practice disciplines with more comfort than now, to improve your health and share experiences to raise your consciousness?

I was also touched by the simple artistic tribute Walter dedicated to his recently deceased wife, with the participation of elements of the Modern Dance Ballet that emphasized the strength and beauty of the music of the beginnings of the Age of Knowledge during the culminating parts of the event.

Almost at dawn, the next day, I traveled to the Ashram of Coatepec with Don Juan Carlos Ortiz to arrive on time for the inauguration of the National Meeting of Yoghism (Thus, with "H" for those who have read and understood Master De La Ferriere) and also, to talk for about five hours about the Mastery in Sacred and Royal Initiation during the trip.

At the Ashram the day was splendid and the attendance matched the day, filling SUM 1 (Multipurpose Room Number One, according to the technicians) which we used to call the Hall of the Singing Wind (when it still had no windows and the wind "sang" when crossing it from side to side). In addition to the organizers, the Representative of the Tourism Directorate of the Municipal Presidency of Coatepec was also present. When I arrived the organizers asked me to say a few words before the inauguration, I felt somewhat lyrical, and said:

■ The Great Nayarit Poet Don Amado Nervo sang in one of his famous verses: **The day you love me / Will have more light than June** /... and it occurs to me to think that Don Amado was in Coatepec the day he wrote it. This day, the first of June of the year two thousand seven, there is enough light and beauty in this Magical Town of Coatepec to reach the Grace, the Gratitude for

being in this Magical Ashram in the company of people who try to be better than they already are through Yoghism, through the conscious and deep centering of their own identity in the Being that animates their human person. In the RedGFU we consider that Magic is the Mastery over the Universal Laws that allow us to be conscious collaborators of the Master Plan of Life. Naturally, in speaking in this way I have to resort to metaphors, parables and legends that suggest to us in words what lies beyond words. That which brings us closer to the Truth without beginning and without end from the experimental reality where we find them limited to a form in Space to exist in cycles of time, in constant human development and growth, like snakes that periodically abandon their old skin to make a new one and continue growing. Such is the case of the Magical Town of Coatepec and the Magical Ashram where we are.

■ Some years ago, after the disappearance of Master Don José Manuel Estrada, some of his disciples met in this place to try to continue the Work entrusted to him by his Master, Doctor Serge Raynaud de la Ferriere. Sometimes we did it under a tree, or under cover when the Chipi-Chipi got us wet. We were few and enthusiastic. One afternoon an unknown lady appeared and asked us to accept her as a listener. We accepted her immediately to have a little more presence. After a couple of weeks the unknown lady said goodbye to us effusively and told us that she had heard many interesting things for her work, since she was an Anthropologist and was doing field work on Pre-Columbian Magic in Coatepec, Xico and Teocelo. - To thank you for your kindness I would like to tell you about a pre-Columbian legend I picked up a few days ago - she said:

■ This legend tells that when the white and bearded Solar God, called Quetzacoatl, was defeated by the black and hairless God, Tezcatlipoca, at the beginning of the Fourth Sun, Quetzacoatl left Tula, the City where he reigned, and walked through the Altiplano to go to the sea and disappear. Near the Kingdom of Texcoco he said goodbye to his Disciples, the Papálotls, the Butterflies. The place where the farewell took place is since then called Papalotla, place of Butterflies. Quetzacoatl continued on his way, followed by some of his Disciples, whom he called Cóatls, Serpents, and reached the top of a hill where the highest mountain, the Citlaltépetl, the Mountain of the Morning Star, Venus, could be contemplated. He said goodbye to his Disciples, and promised them to return when the Fifth Sun arrived, in the Sacred Sun, where he would fight again against the Black God and defeat him. The Disciples asked him for a sign and he told them that the Morning Star would become Tlahuizcalpantecuhtli, Herald of the Fifth Sun and would deposit his message of Light on the summit of Citlaltépetl. The hill where Quetzacoatl said goodbye to his Disciples is now called Coatepec, Hill of Serpents.

The night found us meditating in the place where the Anthropologist told us the legend. Each one of us assimilated it in silence. I had the conviction that in Coatepec, the place where Quetzacoatl said goodbye to his Disciples, a Solar Man, white and bearded, resumed the work of Quetzacoatl, meditating for forty months to teach his Disciples the Line of work to follow in the Fifth Sun, in the Sun of Aquarius, the great unknown of the MSMA and the Obelisk.

After my opening speech, the organizers told me that they had scheduled a lecture for me. I asked them when and with what topic and they told me it would be on Human Development, Environmental and Transcendental Education starting in the next five minutes. Blessed be their faith in the Omniscience of the Masters! No way, I didn't want to disappoint them... by omission. They asked for it



Sat Arhat José Marcelli

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www.redgfu.net/jmn

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Translation by: Marcos Paulo González Otero

email: gmarcosp@gmail.com

www.otero.pw

WhatsApp/Telegram: +52 686 119 4097

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