



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 Muisca 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 -
The subject 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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