

Sunrise at world Internal Ashram 23/IX/2007

Letters 134

A few days ago someone said that I was a **Tlacuilo** - Toltec Scribe - of the Initiation because of the writings I do and the pictures I add to them. I told him that if we resort to the Nahuatl language I would be more like a **Tlahuizcalpantecuhtli**. A third interlocutor, with Gelong Degree, intervened by Internet and explained: - It is perfect. I am a Geophysicist and recently I visited my Sister who works at the National Autonomous University and she took me to the Faculty of Sciences where I found a big wall where it is written in golden letters: **Tlahuizcalpan**. I asked and they told me that it means **Place Where the Light is Born**. Since I already knew that **Tecuhtli** means Lord, I realized that **Tlahuizcalpantecuhtli** is an attribute of Quetzalcoatl, that is, the Lord who gives birth to Light, the Master.

When I was four years old my father took me to live on some land he owned south of Mexico City, on the outskirts of a town called Axotla, near the Viveros de Coyoacan. The land was planted with cornfields run by an indigenous family. I lived with that family and learned many things about Nature and the myths and superstitions of their culture. From all this, the legend of the Return of Quetzalcotal remained indelibly engraved in my mind. In my early youth I did a lot of research and I learned very little. However, recently when the MVHM disappeared, and already with the Grade of Instructor, I had to face some irregular situations that arose in the World Internal Ashram, which went as far as the physical aggression to a Spanish Brother, who was acting as an Elder, to dissuade us from leaving the Ashram. We resisted peacefully, meeting in the open air or under the trees to study. One day a lady appeared and asked our permission to participate as a listener. Naturally, we admitted her almost gratefully. After about three weeks she said goodbye and told us that she was an anthropologist and was in the region doing field work on Pre-Columbian magic in Coatepec, Xico and Teocelo, and that she had found a legend about Coatepec that she wanted to tell us because she found it related to us:

– When Quetzalcoatl was defeated by Tezcatlipoca in the Fourth Sun, the Sun of Fire, he left Tollan, his Kingdom, and walked over the Altiplano to Texcoco where he said goodbye to his Disciples, the Papalots, the butterflies. As a souvenir there is a place called Papalotla, place of butterflies. Then he arrived at a hill, near the Citaltepetl Mountain and said goodbye to his Disciples. He promised them to return when the Fifth Sun, Tlahuizcalpantecuhtli, appeared and reflected his light on the Citlaltépetl. Since then the hill is called Coatepec, Hill of Serpents.

So much for the legend. However, that evening we remained silent until late at night, thinking that there, where Quetzalcoatl said goodbye to his Disciples and promised to return, another White and Bearded man - attributes of Quetzalcoatl - had resumed his work as **Lord who gives birth to Light** and that we, his Disciples, would have to continue it.

I was thinking about this on September 22 when I was performing the Liturgy of Imposition of Degrees in the Chamber to the new doers of Light. When we went out to make public the event I was so absorbed that I tripped over a stone and fell to the ground like a ripe sapote. A Salvadorian Gelong who is a surgeon diagnosed a slight traumatism with bruises. I laughed because, in reality, it was an **Initiatic drunkenness** of Light, without alcohol.

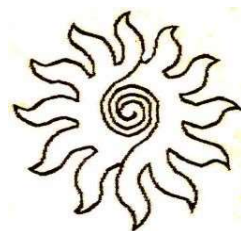
It was worth it. Each of the two new **Lords Lightmakers**, Sat Chellah Don Gustavo Toro and Guru Don Javier Eugenio Ferrara, have a track record of more than thirty years of Service, countless travels throughout the Americas and Europe, and numerous **well-done deeds**, such as Ashrams, Initiatory Schools and Headquarters Houses. The New Gelong, Don Luca Gambini, was one of the founders of the RedGFU in Italy and is one of the pillars of the Real Initiation in Europe.

To put it in a somewhat mystical and romantic way, but without any hint of fantasy or fanaticism, the presence of the Great Masters and Masters of Royal Initiation was felt from sunrise to sunset, and then spread throughout the world without any fuss or pretension to prove anything, but simply as an affirmation of Being what one IS, here and now, in the present.

I was also remembering the Disciples of the MVHM who gave us the basis to make our own effort: Don Vicente Licona, the one who presented himself militarily to the MVHM in Tijuana and told him: "A la orden, Maestro, I know where is the place where you should make your retreat, in Coatepec in the hacienda of my Major Don Joaquin Alcantara. To Don Felipe Paredes, the man who had the fortitude to order us to retire in peace the night they destroyed the First Secret Chamber of the New Era that we were willing to defend to the death. To Don Zenaido Maldonado, the man who formed a family of professionals from being the muleteer of a mule herd in the Sierra of Oaxaca and defending it with bullets against the bandits and died very old defending the name of the MVHM. In short, Refugio Cano, Libe Keimolent, Ana María Mireles, Ana de Rubio, Vita Lina Fonseca...



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www.redgfu.net/jmn



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