



The occult is not as mysterious and unattainable as is sometimes supposed. To begin with, the occult lies within ourselves, for we do not know who we are or what we are doing here in this world. Besides the needs that are instinctively evident, such as sleeping, eating or breathing, we know very little more about our other needs, affective, mental, spiritual and transcendental. About the spiritual and transcendental, we sometimes have very mysterious information that sometimes makes us act in an unwise way.

The MSMA's approach to this situation is striking in its simplicity, apart from the fact that, paradoxically, it is not easy to understand. For example, he says that our spiritual and transcendental concepts are born of thesis and antithesis, but that both are insufficient to explain these matters in depth, therefore, synthesis is necessary in order to attempt Mathesis, the living assimilation of their meaning. His First Disciple, the MVHM, insisted that a Real Initiate must be a living example of what he teaches his Disciples. And even more, that he must require his Disciples to at least try to live what they think. He always recommended us to have the greatest possible respect for his Disciples and for the Disciples of his Disciples. He told us, for example, that it was right what we did - to withdraw in peace - when violence was used to destroy the First Chamber of the New Age. Knowing the human condition and especially the traditional bellicosity of some Latin American peoples, he went so far as to prohibit us Mexicans from eating chili peppers, which was beyond our possibilities and propitiated the smuggling and black market of chili peppers in the Ashrams of the RedGFU.

The evident of the occult is ignorance. In most cases we are born ignorant of our reason for being, we live ignorant and we die ignorant. For me, this is our true **original sin** - with respect to those who believe otherwise - because it is the cause of all other sins. But **to know** is not only to have concepts or data about some things or situations, but to be able to assimilate and live what one **knows**, above all, not to use what one knows to exploit or humiliate anyone. I remember a very respected personage for his knowledge who told me:

■ Estrada was wrong.

■ Why? - I asked.

He was a little startled, because he was not used to being questioned. He thought about it, and added:

■ He disobeyed the Sublime Master.

■ In what? - I asked again.

His shock began to turn into anger. He looked at me fixedly and I held his gaze relaxed and with an innocent face (I learned that in a book by Don Antonio Velazco Piña). The big man continued to look at me with intensity and I relaxed more. After a few minutes, he answered:

■ He simply disobeyed the Master.

We continued to look at each other for several minutes, without adding anything else. Then I broke the silence:

■ I realize that there are different criteria and that we will not easily agree. Since I am honored that you have called me for a conversation, I would like to take the opportunity to ask you to maintain our criteria with dignity and chivalry. Then you got angry and rebuked me:

■ Because you say so.

I explained to him which were the unpleasant incidents I had experienced on that matter and that I could check if necessary. I noticed that his anger turned to astonishment and he opened his eyes wider and said nothing. I kept looking at him and said:

■ PAX...

It was evident that he was ignorant of many things.

■ Ignorance is bold - Said an indignant gentleman during a talk I gave in a salon in Madrid, Spain, as he got up from his seat and slammed the door to leave. The man looked like an aristocrat and I did not doubt his sincerity, only that I understood that he was sincere in his faith, but not with his cultural background. At the airport in the same city, a young and beautiful lady literally blocked my way and said to me:

■ Why do you dress up as a Master? You are a fake.

I smiled and gave her a very sensible and simple explanation. She wanted to refute me but had no arguments. Finally, she exclaimed with contempt.

■ Those words are put in your mouth by the Devil.

I improved my smile and asked her in return.

■ Whose son is the Devil?" - He opened his mouth to say something and found nothing. I gave him a respectful bow and slipped away.

When it comes to **Hidden Powers**, matters become more threatening. Several years ago, I was at the RedGFU Headquarters in Tijuana, Baja California, sitting in a comfortable armchair, enjoying an artistic program organized by the Brotherhood, when I heard the quiet but incisive voice of a gentleman with the face of an Indian who had squatted down next to my seat and looking straight ahead, and without looking at me, he said:

■ Now your time has come. The Elders of Power are on the mountain doing a dance to put you in your rightful place.

Again, I smiled and tried to make myself transparent, thinking of the distant mountains where I lived experiences that resemble those of the Shamans when they face the forces of Nature with courage, and I answered him, out loud, without looking at him:

■ Prepare an infusion with yerbitas and keep it warm so that the Elders of Power do not get angry when they come down from the hill. They do to me what the air did to Don Benito Juarez. Some people turned to look at me and the messenger of the Elders began to take small steps backwards, backing away, as the Spaniards say, until he left the room. The Brothers asked me what was wrong with me, and I told them that I had remembered the time when Don Benito Juarez, the indigenous hero, walked through the wastelands of the North facing the winds without the wind ruffling his hair.



Sat Arhat José Marcelli

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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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