



The great events of the New Age, of the Age of Aquarius, as those who know Cosmic Genetics call it, are taking place in the air. Satellite platforms? Extraterrestrial ships? No; simply virtual meetings like the ones that children of a few years old do when they talk and listen to music through the Internet. The great Masters walking around the world, the camps that Mr. Krishnamurti did in the five continents every year and the conventions in beautiful hotels or paradise islands still have their charm, but now the most practical thing to do is to buy a laptop computer and put it in a briefcase with all the services of a private office, and even with a nice smiling secretary on the screen; or the beautiful and serene photo of a wife that inspires the desire to work hard, instead of spending time and money on long trips to avoid remembering the daily problems and the image of a Chinese sage riding an ox with the caption:

*Without opening the window, a wise man contemplates the universe and without doing anything, everything is fulfilled...*

It is no longer a tall tale and it is a virtual reality. Besides, when **\*\*NUMEN\*\*** sends me a Power Point of Gaudí's works in Barcelona, I hit my forehead with the palm of my hand thinking: ***I know that, how come I didn't see it like that when I was there?*** Or when our dear correspondent Doña Yolanda Elizabeth sends me via Internet the best world photographs of the year and I keep my eyes and mouth open and ask myself silently and Mexican style: How do these Cuates do it? Naturally, I answer myself, also silently so that Don Carlos, our new prospective Guru, who is a professional photographer and author of several books of photographs that have won European awards, does not hear me: Surely they did it with very expensive cameras. Because I take very good pictures but my camera is very humble. Sometimes I even blush because some elemental ***bleeder*** whispers inside me: ***and quite blind***, by the way. Well, I'm used to those jokes since I started reading emails from people who lack happiness and blame it on me. Well, the reality is that one finds out, comfortably seated on the sofa, about the things that astronomers discover while staying up all night on the top of a hill, or about the freckles, or something like that, of some very dangerous bugs that take vacations and make a fuss in some very sensitive places inside our body, without the need for us to get them out in a bad way. Of course, that is what scientists spend years and years searching for them and laboratories that manufacture ultra microscopic weapons to combat

them. All you have to do is locate the place where it hurts and look up the name of the disease on the computer screen and then call the doctor, because diseases have very strange names. The fact is that without opening the window and without being wise, we see the universe outside and inside and we make calculations about the movement of the macro cosmic stars and their repercussions in the inner universe. The specialists take care of the rest.

And *here and now*, in the initiatory reality of the RedGFU, where apologies for not attending meetings due to geographical distances, which are now the distances between our person and the computer, which has batteries and is portable, begin to make no sense. If anything, the long distances are those that separate us from the nearest *Internet Café*, with coffee and refreshments. In short, the Age of Air is in force and we, the Royal Initiates, have to affirm ourselves conscientiously in the Air, not in the water or on the ground.

The Most Honorable Don Gustavo Toro, the Honorable Don Javier Ferrara and the Most Reverend Héctor are good for these virtual matters, not to mention the Most Respectable Don Marcos Paulo who is a professional with a full beard, even though he shaves it from time to time. It should also be noted that the Reverend Don Armando, Director of the Honorable Initiatory Council, transforms some of my *Bridges* into works of Art and it is hard to know what they say, with the forms he gives them and it is much better than the background I put them. Some Brothers tell me that they are very beautiful, but no matter how much I ask them they do not remember what they say. Well, we have people prepared in conscience and consciousness to keep us present instantaneously in any part of the world, without opening the windows of the house and without the need to ride on the back of an ox like six thousand years ago when we walked with Master *Lao Tse* or with the **HERMES OF TRIMEGIST**. The problem is that we still have to get up at five in the morning to do gymnastics, bathe with cold water and do Yoga or Whu Shu, and also, that we still do not have virtual lacto-ovo-vegetarian food.

The possibilities to share experiences, to hold Council meetings; to hear and see the teachings of the Masters; to make known the places we love; to visit the ends of the Universe and to know what we have always been and are still looking for, have multiplied vertiginously. The important thing now is to maintain self-discipline so as not to spoil the miracle that we are living, with claims, searches of guilty and envy for what we do not know we already have, as the Very Reverend Don Ruben Garcia, one of the Guardians of the Crystal Sword of the **TAO-TE-CHIA**, the Martial Line of the RedGFU, reminds us, which prepares us to defeat the only enemy we have: *ignorance about ourselves*.

Gradually we have to introduce in our Schools and Ashrams virtual communication disciplines as an important part of the Human Re-Education pointed out by the MSMA and put into practice by his First Disciple the MVHM. I remember that on one occasion standing in front of a *Tianguis* (Indigenous Market), he told me: Here my disciples should come to make known the teachings of the Most Sublime Master. An Initiate must speak to all kinds of Human Beings.

■ How?" I dared to ask him.

■ As did the Lord Jesus: *Look at the lilies of the field, they do not weave, they do not spin, and not even Solomon wore better clothes than they do*. This is understood by a Doctor of Letters or an illiterate.

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