



**Las Californias Ashram Dome
of the RedGFU in Ensenada, BCN.**



Yesterday I attended the end of the Cosmic Ceremony officiated by the Honorable Don Juan Carlos Ortiz at the World Headquarters of the **RedGFU** in Mexico City and listened to some erudite dialogues about the Brain, the Soul, the Consciousness; the scientific and spiritual revolutions; the Quantum Physics, the Circulation of Light; the Masters and the Eastern and Western Disciples. I was impressed by the capacity of the interlocutors and their nuanced arguments with phrases like: **...some student of my classes at the University... the Esoteric Schools compared... the MSMA on page such and such of the first edition of YYYY... the Secret Chambers of twenty-six thousand years ago are the same of today... Etc., Etc., Etc.** In the end they asked me what I thought. I slipped out of the way - as the Spaniards say - and affirmed very proudly: - The All is in everything and each thing is in its time and space, which we already know is never the same space nor the same time, and that eternity is always here and now, in space and in time.

I entered the Teachers' Office and looked at the bright morning over the southern area of Mexico City through the leaves and branches of the large Jacaranda trees that grow in front of the window of the office. I saw two little birds basking among the branches, one hopping and flying, not far away, and the other determined to be next to him. Then I realized that one was **her** and one was **him**. The same old story - I thought - and I began to look at the river of cars, trucks, motorcycles and police cars that flowed down Eugenia Avenue, which is an Eje Vial, with a great roar, attenuated by the double glazing of the window. I understood that in each vehicle there were people on their way to work to share their efforts with other human beings and respond to their needs and those of their families. In passing, it occurred to me to remember that there are people who think that the matter of the Great Universal Fraternity as a means to share experiences and grow together is my invention.

I activated my **PC** to review the emails that came in during the night and found a good amount of items and some important teachings and information that will take me several days to read and understand. I went ahead and found something from Don Daniel Furman, from Buenos Aires, asking if anyone had experience with students with cardiovascular problems, as a doctor had sent one of his patients to practice Yoga. I answered him that he should first ask the doctor to give him a medical response and that they should start by teaching Jnana and Bakthi Yoga to the student. I wondered if the doctor knew more about Yoga than the magazines with beautiful pictures of Hatha Yoga and Meditation.

I continued with the emails and I stopped moved when I read one from the wife of the Honorable Guru Don Gerardo Mtoa where she tells me that her children are trying to be in solidarity with their Father and sleep on the floor as he does, now in his Instructor test. Then she adds that she is happy, even though some people approach her and ask her sadly how she feels. - I feel good - I tell them - and I feel exalted by the effort my husband is making.

I interrupted the reading of the mails because the Most Honorable Don Gustavo Toro and his Wife Mrs. Rocio Martinez Gelong arrived at the Headquarters House from Colima, their most recent stop in a long tour, almost City by City, from Colombia and the United States of America. I asked them how long they were going to rest in Mexico City and they answered me that only this afternoon and their night, because tomorrow, at dawn, they would leave for Dallas and

Houston Texas, to continue to Florida and the East Coast of the United States of America. I wondered what moved this beautiful couple to work so hard and I soon asked myself what moved me in other times to give up to five lectures in one day in some cities of Central and South America. I preferred to continue the conversation with Don Gustavo:

- How are you doing with Virtual Cruises with web conferencing?
- Very good, Maestro. People are interested in participating.
- I can imagine it. I remember that when I met you in the City of Cali, you invited me to participate in your radio program where you interviewed all kinds of outstanding people in Politics, Culture, Art, Religion and other branches of human endeavor. I took the opportunity to make known the project of making a First World Meeting for the Human Fraternity in Colombia and you personally introduced me to the Authorities of the City, including the Curia of Valle del Cauca, so that I could explain my project to them.
- And it was made in Cali and was very successful.
- I believe that even more than one of the most recent ones that you and Doña Rocío directed in New York, without minimizing any of them.
- Well, these meetings continue to proliferate, now under the name of COPLANETS.
- Yes, the name was given to them by Don Francisco Morales of Granada, Spain, and they even made a **statue** of them **in a square of Jaca** with the name of **Monument to the Universal Fraternity**.
- Since you mention Don Francisco Morales, we must remember Don Antonio Requena and his wife Doña María, because together they coordinated the Meeting for the Human Fraternity in the Palace of Conventions of Granada, which opened the doors of the Royal Palace for an audience and congratulations from His Majesty the King Don Juan Carlos the First.

This morning I went back to the emails before the Ceremony. I found some very significant ones and quoted them during the dialogue that followed the Ceremonial. The one that made the most impact was a Short Film by an international award-winning fan that fits like a glove for us. The story goes something like this:

- A blind beggar lies at the edge of a meadow in a garden where children play, with a poorly written sign asking for compassion for the blind man. One or another person sometimes throws a coin at him, contemptuously. The beggar's ears are sharpened, and he hears the footsteps of an elegant man carrying executive briefcases and stops in front of him. The beggar feels one of his shoes and waits. The executive takes the sign, sketched on the paper of a folded cardboard box; **he** looks for a clean side and writes something. He puts it in place and walks away. The blind man is disconsolate. But the coins begin to fall more often, and the beggar feels happy. Sometime later he hears the same footsteps, and the footsteps stop in front of him again. The blind man feels the same shoe again and asks the shoemaker what he wrote on the sign. The man tells him: Simply this: **TODAY IS A BEAUTIFUL DAY, I'M SORRY I CAN'T SEE IT.**

The topic stimulated comments. Someone recalled that, in the Alhambra in Granada Spain there is a plaque with a poem that says: **Give him an alms / woman / that there is no greater misfortune than to be / blind in Granada.** Another said that we should put a plaque in every RedGFU Headquarters and Ashram that says: **Give him a teaching / Master / that there is no greater disgrace than to be / partial and fanatic / in the Great Universal Fraternity.**

All agreed that one must have **eyes to see and ears to hear in** order to appreciate the beautiful ongoing RedGFU project instead of engaging in proselytizing intrigues and insidious criticisms.

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www.redgfu.net/jmn

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Please feel free to forward opinions and corrections.