

LETTERS 167

To paraphrase the famous Don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra: "In a place in La Mancha whose name I don't want to remember...". Well, in a place in South America whose name I do not want to remember... it happened. A Gentleman approached the Headquarters where I was staying, and said:

- We heard you speak in a Bank room, and it seemed to us that you have some esoteric knowledge about America's role in these times.
- That's right
- I must warn you that those who are interested in this are versed in high esotericism and know that esotericism is only for men.

We set a date and time, and they offered to pick me up.

The visit intrigued two ladies of the RedGFU, who insisted on accompanying me. I refused. They made use of the lady who had invited me to give the lecture at the Bank and on the day, at the agreed time, they smilingly hung on the sides of my arms and warned me:

- Without us you are going nowhere

A sleek European car arrived, and they stuck to their guns. They told me that they knew where the meeting was going to be and began to direct me. To make the picture more picturesque it happened that the Army was guarding a column of somewhat bellicose demonstrators. An officer approached me and asked me:

- Where are you going, Maestro?

I told him so and he gave orders to a platoon and went in front of it to escort me. He discreetly showed me his Yamin button which he wore under the lapel of a pocket.

The reception committee that had gathered at the entrance of the building to receive me looked offended, but said and did nothing, except to stand and watch the demonstration. The officer came in and sat down among those waiting for the conference.

The person in charge of the presentation said, tersely:

- You say...

Then I started:

- In the name of the unnamable, which is reflected in what can be named, I came to speak for those who know... and I gave them a two-hour peroration.

In the end, the hosts, visibly interested, asked me for a second chance to continue talking about high esotericism.

I warned them that I would only accept if they invited their wives. They agreed, but did not invite them. The matter was later resolved at a social gathering held in El Salón del Cielo, in a building overlooking the City.

■ How is it that you have been in the City and we didn't know? - they asked.

At that time I found the matter funny, but yesterday, the eighth day of the eighth month of the eighth year of the new century, watching on TV the inauguration of the Olympic Games, I began to understand it, or I thought I understood it, because I am not very versed in high esotericism, but I was thinking about the Flying Serpent, the Great Dragon and the SHM Mission in Mexico.

It occurred to me that the Nahuatl said that they came from the Land of Whiteness, which some have associated with the idea of Heaven, but it is more sensible to think that they came from the Bering Strait and that they were not unfamiliar with the symbol of the Dragon, which, after all, is a Serpent that flies and suggests death and rebirth, the Eighth House, especially when associated with the beauty of the butterfly and power, the cult of the Serpent, attributed to Quetzalcoatl, who called his disciples Butterflies and his disciples Serpents, as seen in the legends of the Schools of Wisdom, the Calmecas, that is, the counterpart of Tezcatlipoca and his Calpullis with their cult of the Earth and sacrifices with bleeding hearts.

It was in Tijuana, in the Far North of Mexico - which is also part of North America and its Indigenous Warrior Culture - that a man introduced himself to the SHM and told him, squaring his shoulders in military style:

- At your service, Maestro
- Who are you?
- I am Vicente Licona. I know that you are traveling the Americas in search of your spiritual retreat, and I have come to tell you that I know where you are.
- Where is it?
- At the Hacienda of my Major Don Joaquín Alcántara, in Coatepec, Vera-Cruz.

I was remembering this yesterday, while contemplating the magnificent spectacle of The Olympics in China and watching the People of the Great Dragon enter the New Age of Aquarius with its millenary traditions and state-of-the-art technology. One of the things that caught my attention was the equal participation of the Woman next to the Man, the Butterfly and the Serpent, The Dragon who, according to the Náhuatl, flies with the wings of a Butterfly, and their relationship with the Wise and Literary Elders of the Tradition.

Quetzalcoatl Tlahuizcalpantecúhtli - the Lord who brings forth the Light - and Quetzalpapálotl - the one who gives form and existence to the Self and helps the Night Sun to drive away the shadows where the Jaguars lurk, have become - I thought - three distinct Beings and one true BEING.



Sat Arhat José Marcelli

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www.redgfu.net/jmn

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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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Please feel free to forward opinions and corrections.