

LETTERS 189

■ What is Love?

Since I was a child, I have asked myself this question and I still cannot find an answer. Finally, I have come to explain it to myself as the tenacious search for oneself, until becoming all that is possible, becoming ONE with the Universe, without excluding good and evil, giving each one its place, since everything is relative and each one exists for its opposite. I call this mirage of Reality, which allows me to see and sense in each experience something more advanced than myself, Love.

In everything it is the same. The source of Life is the Sun and Life seeks it at every instant to know something more of itself and then assimilate it in the darkness until the Sun itself leads it to be open to new possibilities, within day and night. Love participates in everything by contrast and comparison, to discover something more of itself. In everything there is a glimpse of Love. In one of the **Magical Towns near** Xalapa, the Capital of the State of Veracruz, in the chapel of one of its temples dedicated to Saint Mary Magdalene, there is a statue of Mary Magdalene reclining at the foot of the Crucified Christ wearing her jewels that the locals change every year, out of pure Love for the Son of God.

The notion of being is too short to know all its possibilities, that leads man and woman to seek their transcendence through children, and they seek each other, according to the rules of their cultural game, to perpetuate themselves in them. Especially the Woman who is able to attract the Sacred and convert **the Word into Flesh**, through her own body, according to her beliefs and, in reality, out of necessity. A woman without children, finally, feels outside of Reality. Then come the cultural traditions that continue to prepare the children to fulfill the same.

In the meantime, what do the children do? Rifles and dolls, according to a well-known poem by Juan de Dios Peza. They prepare themselves to be attractive. They to fight, to overcome whatever prevents them from moving forward, and they to love their children. This is how cultural traditions and daily life and coexistence are maintained, all in the name of Love from fathers to mothers, from children to parents, family and society. With all the attractions and misgivings of hatred.

Naturally there are people who try at their own risk to escape this routine and if they have enough guts, they eventually succeed in confronting the same thing, at higher levels, either by the Power or by the circumstances offered to them by some beliefs methodized in the name of love. When a Mystic proclaims... **Whenever there is a hole in your life, fill it with love...** He is saying the same thing. Or when a Mother sucks the blood of a leprosy patient, she does it in the name of Love, she is doing the same thing, on a level that pretends to be superior. Love is present in everything.

And in the Real and Sacred Initiation, where is Love? In everything, to begin and to end. When a Man or a Woman, after fulfilling everything that has to be fulfilled in Life, something remains to be done and it is all in the name of Love. When a Man - it is usually easier - launches himself, once he has fulfilled all the requirements that society imposes, in search of himself, why does he do it? For the simple need of adventure? He is doomed to failure. He will always encounter difficulties that he will attribute to the bad feelings of others. He has to Love... himself, of course with the help of some revelation or some sign, which in the end point to the same thing: What do I still have to do? The answer, in one way or another, is easy: To find myself.

For that I need to be in good health, and already conscious, to find out what my conscience lacks. To know, of course to know. Who knows? A Master, anyone? No, a Master who has encountered something similar to mine. Where is he? That **where it is** is most improbable. But we have to try, at a not very high level by the way. Something we have at hand, or at least close at hand. I spent fifteen years looking for a Yoga Master. I finally met him one afternoon and he told me:

- Why do you want to practice Yoga?
- Since you ask me, I will tell you that to see if I can agree with myself, and thus agree with the others
- Esperancita, enroll Mr.

After about three months of practice, I met a real Master who was not of Yoga but of many otherthings and I did not ask anything. I got to work. As I went along, I discovered his enemies and made them mine to begin with. Later I discovered that they had many motives similar to mine, but they were blaming someone else, because they thought it was just a matter of finding someone to blame, and the one they were really looking for was way beyond their means.

Naturally, I threw them out of my enemies because I was more at their level. But that is another matter, about which I have written a thousand notes and I will not get rid of them until after I am dead.

Well, it was out of pure Love, from disciple to Master. And it had its rewards, of course: more work on myself, to begin with, and then to work on others, until I found meaning in everything else. Then to work on others, until I made sense of everything else. And what was the rest? The enormous ignorance that we carry among all of us, and we blame each other for being less ignorant than the others, and we dedicate ourselves to rummage among the stars, in the name of Astrology, and look for arguments to prove to them that we are better, or chosen, among the others. Almost in a contest of lies that pass the bills to others, yes, but in any case, with much Love.

The conclusion I drew from all this is to outline a Path, or Path of Consciousness as the only way forward, which is not mine but that of the Master of my Master. I propose them in everything I do or write, and it is not enough, someone must be to blame for what the others forgot to do. Inthis path that I propose to you, it is necessary to be conscious of each of the things that we wishto do. It is simple, really, but reality is nothing more than a mirror of the Truth that we all want to reach.

Well, to begin with, I want to tell you that the Love with which we do it is not enough, we have to Know up to where we do and where we do not. That is seen as we go along because what is yes for some is no for others. All in all, it is pure Love.

Sat Arhat José Marcelli

February 2, 2009

www.redgfu.net/jmn

Original text in Spanish:

www.josemarcellinoli.com/2009/pdf/2009_cartas_189.pdf

Translation by: Marcos Paulo González Otero

email: gmarcosp@gmail.com

www.otero.pw

WhatsApp/Telegram: +52 686 119 4097

Version: 13052022-01

Please feel free to forward opinions and corrections.