

*The Flight of the Feathered  
Serpent*



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“The first Word of God sounded, where there was neither heaven nor earth. And it detached from his Stone and fell to the second time and declared his divinity. And the whole immensity of the eternal shook. And his word was a measure of grace, a flash of grace, and it broke and pierced the spine of the mountains. Who was born when he came down? Great Father, you know it. The first Principle was born and bore the back of the mountains. Who was born there? Who? Father, You know it. He who is tender in heaven was born.”

Book of Spirits, Codex of CHILAM BALAM DE CHUYAMEL.

“And no one ascended to heaven except the one who came down from heaven, the Son of Man who is in heaven. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so it is necessary that the Son of Man be lifted up; so that everyone who believes in him may not perish, but may have eternal life.“

Saint John III 14-16

“At every given moment all the future of the world is predestined and existing, but it is predestined conditionally, i.e. there must be one or another future in accordance with the direction of events of the given moment, if no new factor comes in. And a new factor can only come in from the side of consciousness and the will resulting from it. It is important to understand and assimilate this.”

P. D. OUSPENSKY, Tertium Organum

# First Book

## 1

I COULD never understand this strange man of measured word, who seemed to delight in confusing me with his caustic and paradoxical observations on everything. He gave the impression of being reserved; but, shortly after dealing with him, one could not help but noticing the most extraordinary fact that I have known in my agitated life - he was a smile. He was a smile from head to toe. He wasn't smiling, he didn't need to smile; all of him was that smile. This impression also came to me in a very curious way and difficult to explain. I will only say that the smile seemed a natural property of his body, and that it emanated even from the way he walked. I never heard him laugh, but he had the gift of communicating his happiness or seriousness, according to a situation. I never saw him depressed or upset, not even during those turbulent days that happened towards the end of the Second World War when, as a result of a political revolution, I went to jail and he did absolutely nothing to obtain my freedom. Even in that incident he proved to be an unusual man. He even seemed determined that I continue to be imprisoned, and one time when I reproached him for this attitude, he said to me:

- You are much better here than out there. At least here you are in good company and you may even wake up.

- But you cannot even sleep here -, I said.

- That is what you think because you still don't know which form of sleep is more dangerous and damaging in the long run. There are those who watch with you even when you sleep, and you are in good company.

In the section of my prison there were also many men whom I respected as having intellectual values, and conversations with them were interesting to me. With some of them I played endless games of chess, but our talks always followed the course of the political events that had culminated in our imprisonment. This is what I made my friend see one afternoon, when he visited me loaded with Christmas presents.

- You're still sleeping -, was his entire reply.

That day we chatted for a long time, and it occurred to me to ask him:

- How is it that you come to visit me so often and have not disappeared like the others who fled as soon as they found out about my situation?

- I am more than a friend; I am the friendship that unites us.

I could not avoid a smile, with which I wanted to tell him that this was not the right time to throw his paradoxes at me, and I insisted:

- But how is it that the police have not arrested you, knowing that you are my closest friend?

His response was as incomprehensible as everything else:

- Friendship protects me. And it protects you too, albeit in another way.

And after a moment of silence, he added:

- You don't understand me because you still depend on them, just as they depend on you. Neither you nor they depend on yourself yet, but all of you are convinced otherwise. If you could only understand this, you would understand everything else in due time.

This infuriated me and I replied violently; I told him that his words were very interesting as a philosophy in the nights of boredom, but that in the circumstances in which I found myself they are an unbearable nonsense.

- Besides -, I added, very excited and using terms impossible to publish, - How am I going to depend on these, since the only thing they are good for is to lick the boots of that little operetta dictator? Or maybe I also depend on an imbecile that uses force and boasts his popularity when his opposition is silenced. Do I also depend on those who pursue intelligence and talk about progress? I wouldn't be surprised if you told me so now.

He looked at me with his constant and patient smile, listened until I finished talking, and offering me cigarettes and matches, he replied:

- You said it. You also depend on him, as well as on many other things. They -, and he gestured to the armed guards who were on the other side of the gate, - support him with their weapons because they cannot do anything other than obey the one who knows how to command them. Without weapons, without uniforms and without bosses, they would be nothing. They believe they are the masters of their weapons, but in reality they are slaves to them. But you and those who are imprisoned here with you are worse. They wear uniforms because they are afraid of walking alone in life, and because they cannot do anything more productive for the world; they also wear a uniform on their heads. However, you are worse; you say that you are men of intellect, but in reality you are fools in love with your foolishness. You support this dictatorship and whatever other dictatorship there is. You support them much better and more efficiently than the others; your support occurs in many ways, but mainly through the attitude of stupid arrogance that makes you live with your backs to the truth. And not only are you supporting it, but you are also strengthening it. Yes, you are worse than those who are honestly ignorant. And yet, none of you are truly at fault.

He told me all this so calmly and seriously that I was speechless. Some time has passed before I asked him:

- What is it that we ignore?

- A very simple fact that is actually a physical truth, but that you all believe is only an ethical precept that is impossible to put into practice. Surely you have read or heard it at some point: "Do not resist evil."

- All these precepts were given to the world by true sages. Only a handful of beings in human history have been able to discover that they are truly scientific truths. Ordinary science, by the way, will deny this because it believes that ethics is something separate from what it calls matter, without realizing that it is precisely what conditions and vivifies matter and even creates its forms. Long ago there was a true sage among men of science and his name was Mesmer. Science, or what they call science, persecuted him and his

works have been ignored. Such is the destiny of everyone who discovers the truth. Today mesmerism is associated with a form of charlatanism, and the curious thing is that it is precisely the charlatans of science who speak the most against Mesmer's "charlatanism". Some who have studied Mesmer for magnetic healings have approached the truth that he concealed in his aphorisms. But only a few, very few, have warned that what is "yes" can also be "no", that "yes" is a truth relative to "no", as "good" is relative to "bad" . But you will have a chance to find out about this because you have finally asked me a worthwhile question.

I must confess that the words of this friend always seemed crazy to me. That afternoon he left more content and cheerful than usual, promising me a new visit in two days, which, according to the prison regulations, was extremely difficult. When I looked at him, he told me:

- Do you know how to ride a bike?
- Of course -, I answered.
- Good. He who knows how to ride his own bicycle can ride any other.

What on earth did a bicycle have to do with his visit? Many times I asked myself this and other questions arising from his words. I still keep asking myself without finding an adequate answer. I must also confess that reason told me that this man was crazy, but I felt a singular affection for him. I wanted to represent him like this, acting in an important circumstance in my life, in that event that marked the end of a career to which I had given all my strength and all my enthusiasm. It was truly a rough blow that I suffered when I lost that circumstance that I achieved after long years of hard work; but when I said all these things to my friend, he just replied:

- It is the best thing that could have happened to you. Now it only depends on you that your awakening does not cause you greater suffering.

And then he told me many things that at the time I took as words that he wanted to comfort me with, insisting that I possessed certain personal qualities indicative of the promise of awakening.

By the way, this story is not intended to be my autobiography, nor to meticulously describe the details of my hectic existence before and after this event. And if I must write down some personal facts, it is because I need to provide some background information that explains my friend, and that also serves to substantiate the writings that he asked me to publish at this time "in order to increase the number of ours." I remember that every time I asked him what he meant by "ours" and who were they, he replied:

- A very special kind of bees that occurs only once in a while and with great effort.

Such was the will of my friend, and I comply with it not only because I have pledged my word, but because I notice that in all this there is something that perhaps has a value that escapes me. It is even possible that some of the readers might know what it is about, and could explain this man to me.

It is also necessary to make a confession: I do not know his name, he never gave me his real name, and, except once, it never occurred to me to ask him those stern questions that require name, surname, age, nationality, profession, etc.

Perhaps some of you know him or have heard news about him. And I say this because, on that occasion when I wanted to address this aspect of his being, I let him

glimpse my interest in his origin as well as other things that he never spontaneously explained as every man usually does in order to inspire confidence in others. My friend was very different from all the people I have met in my life, and he seemed to care absolutely nothing about the impression he made. So when the question about my interest in his identity arose, he said these enigmatic words:

- Whoever truly wants to know me, can know me. To want it is all that is needed to begin. I am everywhere in general, and nowhere in particular. I will go to them that call me. However, this is only one way of saying it, because the reality is different. Only a few know how to call me, and it often happens that when I go to them, they get scared, lose their heads and begin to overwhelm me with many questions, such as who am I, what is my name, how do I make a living, and so on. I never answered these impertinences because if the man does not know what he wants, it is better that he does not know anything about me either. It happens also that those who seek me do so without realizing it, or decide not to pay me any attention, or attribute all of that to themselves. There are also those who consider me a "bad" person. But it is only natural that this should be the case in this age of frank degeneration of human intelligence. I destroy the dreams of men and do not leave them a single illusion standing. Few are those who decide to keep in touch with me, but these few are the truly lucky ones, because they have the possibility of knowing the real value of life. Of course, this knowledge has its responsibilities; but you will find out about that in due time.

I remember that I used this opportunity to tell him:

- Then I am very glad I didn't bother you. Please excuse my curiosity. I would not want to lose contact with you for anything in the world.

At these words, he smiled and added:

- There is a simple way to keep in touch with me: by remembering. Remembrance is the contact with the memory. In memory is the knowledge or the truth. Uniting oneself from the heart with the truth is that which is transcendental. Enjoy my friendship while I am with you. It is advisable to try and understand the things that I am telling you, and to understand me. Every effort you make in this direction will be a positive gain, even when it often seems that your whole life is collapsing. You are one of those who have called me without fully realizing that they were looking for me. You have not overwhelmed me with questions or foolish requests. But I must warn you that while you have some qualities that keep me by your side, those same qualities can totally take me away from you if you don't wake up. At least, if you wake up now, and it is up to you alone to do so, you will not suffer what you will surely have to suffer when you must remain alone and in silence, as if being in a desert. I can only accompany you for a while. If you don't learn how to treasure what I give you, you will be the only one to blame for it.

At that time, I felt bothered by the protective tone with which he spoke to me in these cases. His seriousness seemed absurd and out of place. Many friends and some of my

co-workers had a marked antipathy towards him. They asked me what I saw in this friend, and they described him as a “weird guy”. Some said that he had no feelings, that nothing moved him. But I know he was a man full of love. When I commented on the opinions of my friends in the wake of a social incident, he said to me:

- Don't be disturbed by those opinions. They are the scum of the world, the true evil of human society. You will always find the thirty silver coins in their pockets. I have nothing with them, and I do not want to have anything with them; they are controlled by other forces that they could get rid of if they really wanted to, but they have fallen in love with themselves and confuse feelings with their personal weaknesses.

However, it will be better and more practical if I make a chronological account of the events.

I ENTERED journalism because after one of the many wars of this century, I was left with a leg so damaged that it was impossible for me to resume my profession in the merchant marine. Knowing some languages, being able to translate Morse code, and not write badly were factors that helped me in this endeavor. I was ambitious, and I wanted to pursue a career because I felt very strongly that my health was working against me and that the years were getting shorter and shorter. I renounced the adventures and joys that aimless travel produces, akin to when I joined as a crew member on any ship, in any port. I also renounced poetry and many other things that until then had made my existence happy. It was unpleasant to walk on a cane, and it was even more unpleasant that at times I had to use crutches. I did not have the money necessary for a specialist to treat my leg properly, and from my homeland I had fled in terror where there was little maternal protection of military hospitals. I had very good reasons to do this, having seen too many things. But this has only the value of a personal history.

I earned the minimum salary, working with a desire to prosper and with enthusiasm. Not only did I want to pursue a career and make a name for myself in journalism, but I also realized that as long as I depended on the cane one day, and on the crutches the next - depending on how crowded it was on the trams that I had to use to go and come back from my job - my possibilities in life were circumscribed to being a translator and nothing else. So my first goal was to make money. And as through heritage and education I had a certain religious ideas, I considered that the best thing was to ask heaven for help. I thought about making my requests to some of the saints who are credited with miracles, but my work made me reject this decision. The news reported on the world situation on the eve of the Second World War and on that lamentable puppet comedy in Geneva. That event affected me deeply and ended up undermining my belief in saints. I could not explain to myself how it was possible that with so much prayer, with so much solicitous supplication to the saints, the world could continue to embark on an orgy of blood that I had experienced in my own flesh and about which my cane and my crutches spoke eloquently, without the need for this truth to be corroborated by the acute pains I used to suffer. In the midst of all this, I consoled myself by thinking that I still had my leg and I had a chance to save it. Others had ended up worse than me; they lost legs or arms with injuries of much less importance than mine.

All this, apart from other things that were too intimate, made my spirit determined to put aside the idea of asking for monetary help from Saint Judas Tadeo, or Saint



Pancracio, or any of the other saints who, in theory and according to religious propaganda were often performing miracles. I decided to present my concerns directly and personally to Our Lord Jesus Christ. After all, I always felt that the prayer "My Lord Jesus Christ", as well as "Hail Mary", moved me powerfully. And so I began to visit various temples in search of a suitable environment until I found one in which there was a beautiful painting of the Heart of Jesus that dominated the altar and the central nave.

But, at this point, it is necessary for me to confess that I had stopped going to mass on Sundays and holy days because in those days I preferred to stay in bed, in the modest boarding house where I had a room, in order to give a good rest to my leg. In addition, I felt the remorse of conscience. I considered that the holy sacraments were forever forbidden to me. This had its origin in the war. I had a violent clash with the chaplain of my unit when, in despair, I told him that I thought that God was rubbish and that he could not explain to me how it was possible that through his ministers he sanctioned such a killing of young people. This incident occurred after a mass, at the front, as several hundred boys aged 16 to 18 entered to receive their baptism of fire. The chaplain had offered me communion saying: "just in case you die." This disgusted me so much that I violently emptied all the anger that had accumulated in me during a year of living in a shirt that was seething with lice, without water and starving. I am a violent man, and at that time I pulled the trigger easily, as if the most natural function of life was to take a life from your fellow man. I don't remember what exactly I said that day but, in general, it was understandable to me that men who know nothing about religion turned into beasts, but I found it totally incomprehensible that religious people sanctioned and even blessed those who gave themselves to such outrage.

I never forgot that scene. I came out of combat without a scratch, but deeply moved after having seen so many young boys die, almost defenseless. The chaplain, who had helped rescue the wounded under enemy fire, sat next to me on a tree trunk, put an arm around my shoulders when I burst into tears, and told me that he understood my state of mind. For an instant I thought I was crying with regret, but I soon realized that it was the nervous tension resulting from the fight that made me falter. However, in my consciousness persisted the feeling of having committed a sacrilege because of what I have said about God.

Therefore I considered myself unworthy to receive the holy sacraments. And, to be honest, I also feared the penance that would result from confessing such a thing.

For this reason, and perhaps also because I wanted to atone for my sin, in my own way, as long as it was not very uncomfortable to do so, I went to that temple only in the afternoons when it was more or less empty.

In the aftermath of the war I had naturally lost all faith in miracles. On the other hand, the international news, which I had to translate daily, told me that miracles

belonged to times too remote to take them into account. It is true that from time to time a paragraph would arrive announcing some miraculous cure in Lourdes. But the miracle that I was waiting for was far from happening, because I was waiting for the miracle of peace. What had happened to me in my country was happening to Ethiopians and Italians in Africa. Shortly after, for the sake of supposedly noble principles and with the participation of religion and religious people, it began to occur in Spain. Luckily at that time I knew deep down that for me there would be no miracle unless I did on my own, and at my own risk, what I needed to do.

However, I could not hide in my heart that deep faith in Jesus Christ. And even though I had blasphemed saying that I considered God to be rubbish, the reason indicated to me that if I took to the letter the principle that He is in heaven, on Earth and everywhere, I would lose nothing by making him see or explaining to him that crisis suffered in the war. I thought that in time I might also be able to persuade him to help me earn enough money to treat my leg so that I could work normally. So when I arrived at the church, I prayed very hastily Our Father, My Lord Jesus Christ and Hail Mary. Immediately I would go to that beautiful image of the Heart of Jesus, saying:

- My Lord Jesus Christ, I am not asking much of you. I know you can't give me to win the lottery, and even if it were possible for you to do so, I'm not interested in that much money. Nor am I going to ask you to help me find an heiress. At the moment I don't want to get married. Besides, what heiress will want to marry me when she finds out that I only want her to pay for my leg surgery? Only a very ugly woman would do it, and I don't want to marry an ugly woman; I don't want to marry a very pretty one either because, if in addition to being pretty she is also rich, she will surely be stupid and hollow. Do you know what my grandfather used to say? He said: 'Let a wise man give me death, but not a brute life.' You know well that I have this in my blood. For this reason, my Lord Jesus Christ, all I ask of you is something that everyone seems to despise as useless and superfluous: I ask you for intelligence. Just help me to have more intelligence, and I will manage from there and will not bother you anymore."

One of my counted qualities is perseverance when something interests me vitally. What I wanted back then was to break through and become a great international correspondent. To do this, at the boarding house and at night, I would rehearse the most sensational articles I could imagine based on what I was learning from my work. I created a series of political events of which I was a privileged witness. I knew well that these were crazy dreams, but I enjoyed having them. It was also wonderful to notice that somewhere in my being there was someone capable of dreaming. Little by little, based on the experience that my work gave me, I began to write articles on the international situation. I very much enjoyed forecasting what would happen as a result of a given event. These forecasts were based on certain phenomena for which I noticed that they are continuously

repeating themselves, in virtually every major event. They seemed to obey a principle, and this principle governed the acts of great men. This made me resume the study of history that had especially attracted me in school. I began to understand it from another point of view, realizing at the same time that this repetition had occurred automatically from the most remote times. It was all about understanding the motives; the motives were always the same and they animated everything. So when my predictions began to be fulfilled with more or less precision, I decided to intensify my requests to Jesus Christ. I made them more serious and larger. I wrote down my forecasts in a notebook and after a few months I began to do my work very efficiently and more quickly, which produced a slight increase in my salary. I also earned some extra pesos writing articles signed with some assumed name, referring to the author as a great internationalist, and dating them in any European capital. The newspapers that bought this material from me had a weakness for Anglo-Saxon names.

I therefore felt obliged to express my gratitude in some way and decided to go to the temple earlier, and stay there longer. I began my pleas very meticulously:

- My Lord Jesus Christ: thank you for listening to me. Every time I see more clearly. My salary has already been increased, but the operation costs much more, so please give me more intelligence so that I will not continue to bother you in this way.

I also detailed my personal problems, and asked for advice, saying:

- Illuminate me so I can understand more clearly.

This attendance at the temple became a beneficial habit and, of course, economic, because while my friends played dice in bars, or went to the cinema to entertain themselves, I would go to pray. And the money that otherwise I would have spent with them turned into a growing sum that I was depositing in a saving account.

I waited impatiently for the day when it would be possible for me to give up the limp, the cane, and the crutch, and embark on the great adventure of putting down translations to pursue a career as a chronicler of sensational affairs.

### 3

IT WAS then when I met my friend. Like me, this man of concentrated appearance always occupied the same spot in the temple. He prayed with great devotion. I was drawn to such a unique way of praying. He did not move his lips, his face did not have a serious expression but was completely serene. He prayed with his arms in the form of a cross, without taking his eyes off the image of Jesus Christ. Often, by watching him, I was distracted from my own prayers. I thought that maybe it would be good to have that power of concentration and to be able to address our Lord Jesus Christ properly. But when I noticed such wishes in me, the idea of imitating him displeased me. My grandfather had always told me that one should pray with what is in the heart and not with the head. I had never bothered to delve into these things, and for reasons that had arisen from my upbringing, I strictly refused to recite the classical prayers except those that moved me. At school I had received many very painful spankings due to my impertinences about the real and practical meaning of prayers. But there was no spanking strong enough to overcome my stubbornness, and my teachers had with them managed to turn me into a stubborn rebel.

This man seemed to accurately measure the length of his prayers. He always came before me. I never saw him come in after me. But he finished a minute or two earlier than me. He crossed himself in a very solemn way, though without the slightest affectation. I noticed that he held his hand at the established points longer than the priests themselves did. One afternoon it occurred to me that perhaps crossing oneself in that way had a very special meaning. This man also did not dip his fingers in the holy water basin. He was leaving very quietly. After a few days, realizing that I was observing his actions, he began to greet me by bowing his head slightly. That was when I noticed that there was something out of the ordinary about his appearance. His expression when greeting me was very kind, but he also indicated great strength. And when I was leaving the temple to go to work, I would see him in the stairs lighting or smoking a cigarette.

One afternoon when the news was more abundant and critical than usual, I left the temple at the same time as him, in a hurry to arrive earlier to work. When we got to the door we collided. My limp was an obstacle, and in order to let him pass first, I made a sharp movement and dropped my cane to the ground. Instead of leaving, he immediately bent down and handed it to me saying:

- Excuse me, please. It was awkward on my part.

I was astonished because there was no doubt that I had been the clumsy one in my

childish desire to gain the lead and only when I had realized that the cane could cause him to stumble had I dropped it.

Needless to say, I was already quite used to people scolding me because of my clumsiness, especially in trams. On one occasion, and in the same church, a very devout lady had rebuked me by tripping over the cane that I had inadvertently left beside me. And when apologizing for my negligence, she said to me:

- For something God has punished you in that way, inconsiderate!

I did not doubt for a moment that this lady was correct since I had sinned so gravely against God in the war, so I assumed that her words were a warning to be more careful with the cane, as it caused a nuisance to a lady of such devotion. I also thought that the warnings included an admonition never to go to the temple on crutches. The lady had rushed to the confessional where there was a long queue of ladies waiting their turn. When I looked at the one whom I had wronged so much, I realized that the guilt also fell on me for having caused her to lose at least two places in line, due to the time it took to remind me of my sins and blasphemies. She was circling her rosary with nervous and agitated hands, and I gathered that this lady actually needed to confess in a hurry.

I relate this incident because a certain resignation had already settled in me to receive the curses of the good people who were so bothered by my cane and limp. So when this strange man apologized to me for something of which I was the only one to blame, I didn't know what to say. So surprised was I at such a novelty. I remember trying to say something, but I don't know if I was able to modulate the words. He opened the narrow door very carefully, stepped aside and invited me:

- You come in first, please. Surely you are in a hurry.

I only managed to bow my head in gratitude. Only by being outside was I able to partially recover from my amazement, and I said:

- You know well that it was my fault. You are very kind. Thanks a lot.

It is necessary here to highlight something very unique that I felt at that time. The respect he had shown produced a curious irritation in me. I waited for him to respond with the familiar "by no means." I eagerly wanted for him to answer in this way since that would have me disillusioned. What reason was there for me to feel such a strange wish? I still can't explain it.

But he didn't say that, and then another unusual thing occurred. I felt a lively joy at his slight and silent nod. And to myself I commented:

- Good thing this one is not a slob.

After his pardon, he walked away from me. I began to descend the steps of the temple with that typical clumsiness of the lame who can only descend one step at a time. And that day the descent was excruciatingly slow for me. I felt behind me the sensation that he was watching me and that he felt sorry for me. In general, the compassion that

some expressed for my lameness had a taste of hypocrisy and it irritated me a lot. I called this a false mercy, a banal formula like any other.

Once again I had to change my mind about this man. My judgment had been very impulsive. When I got to the sidewalk, I looked back and saw him walk away in the opposite direction from mine, as if nothing had happened.

I did not recall this incident until the other day when he had arrived at the temple. Due to certain arrangements that were being made inside, the benches where he and I used to pray were not in the usual position. This man had occupied the end of the only bench from which you could look directly at the altar. And that end was attached to a thick pillar. I settled on the same bench, but a little away from him, and I was careful to place my cane behind me on the seat. When he had finished his prayers, he sat down; I did not realize this fact until I in turn had finished and was preparing to leave. The man had waited patiently because to leave he would have had to interrupt me. Such delicacy moved me, all the more so since I had already become aware of his custom of leaving the temple as soon as he finished his prayers. I looked at him, smiled at him and said:

- Thank you very much, sir.

He nodded again, stood up, and waited for me to adjust my leg position and pick up the cane. I tried to do it as quickly as possible in order to correspond to his delicacy, and as a result of a sudden movement I felt such a sharp pain that, without realizing it, I exclaimed:

- Shit!

I already had the cane in my right hand. I let it drop to lean on the back of the bench and with my left hand I was able to touch the sore part of my leg. When I was bent over I realized what I just said, and raised my head to look at this man, feeling that his face was flushed with shame. But he was quietly smiling, and with the same loving and kind expression, he said as if it were the most natural thing in the world:

- Amen.

So awkward was the shock that this produced in me that I could not contain my laughter, and it was necessary for me to cover my mouth with my hand to avoid causing a scandal. I had just said something outrageous in the presence of this man who, by all accounts, took religion very seriously. However, not only had he not been violent or annoyed, but he even dispelled my shame and guilt in such a way that I was in the most honest hilarity. Because just as I am violent, I have an easy laugh. One goes with the other.

I made an effort and recovered as I could, taking the cane and began to go out with my usual awkwardness. This man did not even make a gesture to help me, and for that I was grateful. His "amen" was already a notable concession to my weakness. When we were outside, however, I felt compelled to give him an explanation, so I stopped him and

said:

- Sir, I beg your pardon. Believe me, it was an involuntary exclamation. The pain was very acute.

- I understand -, he said. - Such pain is truly acute. Given the circumstances, your exclamation is natural. You don't have to apologize to me.

- I have to admit that it was a long time before I understood his phrase. Even now it seems inexplicable to me. But at the time I didn't even think about it since I was concerned with formulating my apologies and answering with decency to the respect that he had for me, so I said:

- I realize my exclamation must have hurt your devotion. You have been very respectful towards me and I would not like to displease you. After all, my devotion is not the same as yours; I do not come to the temple to worship or to ask forgiveness for my sins because I know that there is no forgiveness for them and that, furthermore, I do not deserve it. I come to ask for help with needs that have little to do with spirituality. As you can see, I add one sin to another, and all because of a pain in my leg.

It was on this occasion that he threw his first paradox on me. Speaking very deliberately and slowly, he said:

- Just like good and virtue, sin and evil can only occur in vigil. Who sleeps, sleeps; for the asleep there is no sin, as there is no good or virtue. There is only sleep.

I looked at him expressing some suspicion of being in front of a madman, but his gaze was so clean, he was so fixed on my eyes, without being impertinent, that I hesitated before completing my judgment. I said nothing. He continued:

- Actually, no one sins deliberately; no one can deliberately do wrong. In sleep, things are as they are, and it is the only way that they can be. When one sleeps, they have no control or dominance over what happens when sleeping.

- I confess that I cannot understand you -, I said.

- It is only natural that it is so. Forget this incident that is not of major importance.

- But I'm afraid that I have hurt you with that completely involuntary expression.

- No, you didn't hurt me in any way. You hurt yourself. The vast majority of men hurt themselves in this way, precisely because almost everything they think, feel and do is involuntary.

- I would like to be able to understand you. What you tell me is very confusing and I regret that my concerns do not allow me to reflect on the meaning of your words.

- Even in sleep, man has a certain power of choice, very limited indeed, but he has it. However, when he exercises it, this power increases. If his interest in understanding is sincere and deep, it will not be difficult for him to realize that the sleeping man can choose between waking up and continuing to sleep.

I was not interested in riddles of this kind. However, I was attracted to the way

this man spoke. But I was in a hurry to get to my office to see whether or not my latest forecast had come true. In addition, the general crisis in Europe made us all very busy, so that my mind was not predisposed to meditate on the things I had just heard. In order not to be rude, I said:

- Surely what you say is very true. At least, in my case it is. I am relieved not to have offended you in your religious feelings. I will try to be more careful in the future. Now I beg your pardon, as I have to go to work.

I was about to say the usual "see you later" when he interrupted me:

- I have no fixed course, so if you will allow me, I will accompany you.

I had always avoided the company of friends and acquaintances, knowing that my limp made them impatient since I had to do little more than drag my injured leg. And I was about to say no, that I was in a great hurry, when I realized the incongruity of my apology. I could not, in any way, tell him that I need to walk fast. Not knowing what to do, I only managed to tell him:

- With the greatest pleasure.

But inwardly I was boiling with rage. This man imposed himself on my will in such a gentle, yet determined way, that I could not hide my irritation and so I began to walk quietly. Each of his gestures was, however, considerate. As I struggled down the steps of the temple to the sidewalk, he told me that he would go ahead to buy cigarettes. When we were together again, he played with the package and when we reached the corner he did not offer that merciful gesture, which irritated me so much in others, of helping me to cross the street. He walked beside me very naturally, as if my pace was that of someone who walks normally. However, it seems to me that he caught my inner irritation, and he said to me:

- The pain that bothers you now is the one that you expressed in the church. I would be glad if I can remove it from you.

This only increased my irritation. I was about to tell him that compassion made me sick and that, anyway, he couldn't really care if I was in pain or not. But something held me back, so I kept silent. We walked at my pace, very slowly. For a while we were both silent. I began to remember that on more than one occasion I had also truly wished that the pain suffered by those more seriously injured people, especially in blood hospitals, would disappear. So I thought maybe this man was not a hypocrite in telling me how he felt about me. I began to feel calmer and at the same time I had more confidence in him. He offered me a cigarette and observing my gesture of looking for matches in my pocket, with the cane hanging from my arm, he let me do it. I felt sympathy for him, and decided to entrust him with my shameful secret:

- I hope I'm not offending you with what I'm going to say, but the reality is that I go to church to see if prayers could help me to gain a little more understanding with



which to perform better at my job. I hope that way I will earn a raise in salary. I need it and I work overtime to pay for my leg surgery and to stay healthy. But don't think that I expect a miracle to happen to me; I also ask for other things that are perhaps very petty.

- I understand -, he said.

- I hope I can shortly gather the necessary sum. When I can walk well I will be able to work better and build a career and a name.

- It seems you have a very precise purpose.

- Well, without a precise purpose there is very little one can do -, I said to him.

- It is a great thing to have a precise purpose, to know what you want. It is much more important than most people imagine. But very few men really know what they want in life; some think they know, but they don't. They confuse the ends with the means they use, and it sometimes happens that the means are their true end. But since they see them as means, because they cannot see more or better, they use great and sublime means for rather petty ends. This is how knowledge is prostituted.

This comment produced a discomfort in me, and I replied:

- Are you referring to my case, to the fact that I do not go to church for spiritual reasons?

- No -, he answered. - I speak in general. I do not think that you have authorized me to speak directly of your private matters. For the rest, when I want to say something, I say it directly and bluntly.

- Perhaps my attitude in church will call your attention. But it is the case that I do not know how to pray, nor do I know how to worship. I only know how to ask, and I ask in my own way. Religion ceased to interest me for many reasons.

- But it seems that you haven't lost faith, and that's the only thing that really matters. Even more so in your particular case. There is much to say about faith. It is something that must grow in man. And as for knowing how to pray, it is simpler than you suppose. In our times the meaning of prayer has become very complicated. I think that when you know what you want and you fight to achieve it, even when you don't put it into words, you are in permanent prayer. I once read somewhere that all deep wanting is a prayer and that it never goes unanswered; man always receives what he asks for. But since man generally does not know what his heart really wants, he also does not know how to ask for what is best for him. Hence, he considers that the Our Father, for example, is a prayer accessible only to a heart thirsty for truth and hungry for good. Every true miracle rests on that, but modern man no longer sees it in this way, and he has also lost the true meaning of the miraculous. He seeks for it outside himself, in the phenomenal. Modern man has forgotten many simple things and this forgetfulness is the underlying truth in the concept of the original sin.

- I don't believe in miracles -, I replied.

- It is possible that such is your formulation. But allow me to question your words.  
- How can I not know what I myself believe?  
- The facts reveal that. It is very simple, if you observe them well. If you didn't believe in the miraculous, you wouldn't go to church.

And without giving me a chance to respond, he said goodbye saying:

- I have really enjoyed your company. Thank you. Perhaps we can return to these topics if you have an interest in them. Are you going to church tomorrow?

- For sure -, I told him. - If I am alive.

- And if God allows it -, he added seriously.

I was confused. This last expression had bothered me. At times this man appeared as the common sense incarnate, but here his paradoxes and his contradictions tormented me. Anyway, I told myself, at least he is honest and he is not a slob.

THE NEXT DAY we walked together again. And the next day also. And thus a beautiful and sincere friendship was consolidated between us. His paradoxes hit me only from time to time. He made sure that I was fed well, and that I got enough rest. He persuaded me to give up the extra work that deprived me of sleep and rest. He helped me make my predictions and soon I had several notebooks full of notes. But what seemed to have worried him the most was my leg. And so one day he timidly ventured to tell me:

- I have discussed your case with a surgeon friend of mine. If you can pay for the X-ray, he will do the operation for free. Hospital expenses, anesthesia, ward, etc., you can pay monthly. Are you interested?

- Of course! -, I exclaimed. I was full of joy.

By that time we became closer and we knew each other better. I was attracted to his frank and open way of doing things, especially the way he was throwing his opinions without caring about mine. But he stopped talking about religious topics, and I wondered why.

I obtained permission from my bosses to be absent from the office, and they even provided me with an advance on future salaries, so that I could fill in the amounts that were missing. That memorable afternoon my friend was waiting for me at the door of the church.

- We're late -, he said. - Let's catch a taxi.

During the trip he did not speak anything and neither did I, except:

- It is a pity that this afternoon I could not pray. I would have liked to give my thanks for all of this.

- Don't worry about that -, he answered. - They are given, received and you are at peace with Him.

I didn't even have time to be surprised because at that moment we arrived at the clinic and he anticipated paying the driver. Those five weeks went by so quickly that I can hardly remember the details. He visited me every day, and has taken care of some personal matters that I could not attend to. When the doctor authorized me to get up and try walking, he stayed away.

My first days without a cane, even at the clinic, were quite unpleasant. I had gotten into the habit of limping and so I missed the cane. My friend told me:

- Every habit is an acquired thing, and it is possible to change it. Do this test.

And putting a box of matches in my hand, he indicated to me:

- Squeeze it in your hand as if it is the handle of the cane.

After some rehearsals I began to notice that doing it that way made me feel safer and I walked better. Time passed and I was discharged. That day my friend came looking for me and we left the clinic together. When I thanked the surgeon for his kindness for not having charged me for the operation, I noticed that he was embarrassed. Much later I learned that this embarrassment was due to the fact that my friend had paid all the expenses. He never gave me a chance to thank him for this gesture.

When we left the clinic and I happily walked by his side, he made one of his paradoxical commentary:

- People believe that habits are let go off when in reality one can only change them. The wisdom of man is proved precisely in what habits he changes and which he adopts in place of the ones he thinks he leaves behind. I tell you this with a double purpose: the main one is that you learn to know yourself; the other is to indicate to you a detail by which you can take the thread of this knowledge that some very wise men consider indispensable for human happiness. For example, now you are squeezing the box of matches, and hide this habit by carrying your hand hidden in your pocket. This is not particularly harmful. I am saying this only so that you learn to observe yourself. For now it is enough that you know this. You could have continued to believe that you have left behind the habit of walking with the cane, but what you have left behind is only the cane and not the habit of leaning on something to walk. Now you are leaning on a box of matches. I don't know if you understand what I am trying to tell you.

I took my hand out of my pocket immediately, somewhat embarrassed, but he said:

- No, that was not my intention. You have not understood me. You see, you could have changed the habit of walking supported on something for the habit of reacting with an exaggerated self-esteem and that would be really harmful. The wise thing is to have discernment in these things, in these trifles, because all that is great is made out of trifles. When we want to be better and we do not know precisely and by ourselves what is better or what is worse, we easily fall into absurdities and we enslave ourselves to what others determine what is better or worse. In every human being there is a Judge always ready to guide us. But due to our bad education and the consequences of it and other things, either we ignore this Interior Judge or, when he speaks to us, we do not pay due attention to him. This Judge is ourselves in a different way, let's say invisible. I would dare to say that in your case it was this Judge who made you go to church and who has guided you through many of your tribulations. Remembering this Judge, practicing his presence in yourself, is something very important. And since it is about an aspect that we can say is superior to ourselves, we can call this Judge "I". But not that ordinary "I" we know. We nourish him by striving to feel him in each of our actions, our feelings, and our thoughts. Eventually we may come to see it as something extremely extraordinary, highly

intelligent, and comprehensive. It is a very different sensation and feeling than what we are used to think as "I". It does not appear overnight, but rather you have to forge it patiently. But enough for now. Give some thought to that, I beg you. Do you like cycling?

I answered yes.

- Great -, he said. - If you want, when I return from a trip that I must do now, we can go on a series of rides together. Fortunately I have two, one is from a brother who died. Would you like to go on those rides?

- I think so -, I said.

And actually, free of my lameness, I felt that the world was a wonderful thing. I said goodbye to my friend. The next day I went to the church much earlier than usual. I expressed my gratitude to Jesus, and when I was murmuring my improvised speech, I remembered the words of my friend in our first talk:

"If you didn't believe in the miraculous, you wouldn't go to church."

I realized that in everything I had just lived a miracle had occurred, but I was not entirely convinced. It had all happened too casually, and besides, I was used to thinking that for miracles to be real, they have to happen in a few seconds. Mine had taken about a year and this was not, for me, a miracle. Perhaps whoever reads this can explain the reason why in me there was a voice, an idea, a something that insisted that the miracle had occurred, but I cannot find any that completely satisfies me, despite the fact that my friend spoke to me often about "the illusion of time". In what he asked me to publish there is a mention of time and love that, frankly, I don't understand. I have limited myself to copying the sheets that he gave me.

But let's come back to him.

AS I ALREADY mentioned, I never knew his name, his real name. Sometimes he said that names are unimportant, that what is truly important is closer to us than our own name, that it is more real than our name. He said that names are only a social convenience, a means of identifying oneself. He sometimes said that he felt identified with certain and strange bees of Yucatan, sometimes with a Prince Canek who had been loved by Princess Sac-Nicte. At other times he used to say that his love for the Sun urged him to feel of the same spirit as a certain Inca named Yahuar Huakak whose concerns he had shared for a while despite the fact that there was a large amount of time between them. Other times he confided to me that he was in love with the wisdom of Ioanes and with some of the things of Melchizedek. Very often I heard him comment:

- The only thing that really matters is to *be*. When man *is*, the rest that he has is by addition.

In my notes from that time, I found some of his words written down: "Time, the development of life and human events is something that very few take into account and that an even smaller number are capable of understanding. Life is a miracle in itself, but we rarely ponder over it. We take for granted many things that are not true, that would cease to be true if we applied a question to them, a why? We do not know who we really are, or what we really are, what inclinations are those that really drive us. Few are the ones that are convinced of this. Most believe that with the name, the profession, and some other circumstantial things, they already know everything. Our way of thinking is still very naive. Much of what men attribute to modern education has to be sought in the depths of the purest psychology, which is something that has been lost. But it also happens that there are many psychologists who do not even understand the things that they themselves say. Otherwise they would have long ago discarded psychoanalysis. Ordinary science does not believe or accept the miraculous because it is not truly scientific. There are men of science who occasionally and for moral reasons, tend to talk about the spiritual, but do not even stop to ponder what is matter in itself. There are supposedly spiritual men who do not realize the transcendence of what Jesus Christ said to Nicodemus, and that the Gospel records with these words: "*If I have told you of earthly things and you do not believe, how will you believe if I tell you of heavenly things?*" And the thing is that science does not want to note that in the words, the parables, the miracles and all the known facts of Jesus Christ there is much more science than we can normally imagine. Because of this, the philosophy that we know is based on unscientific

naiveties, just as the Christian religion that we know is at odds with the main truths that Christ taught. But we must not despair. There are those who hold the keys to true science and their knowledge is exact and precise, and one cannot go wrong about them. The only difficulty is that to this science and to this knowledge nobody arrives by chance. You need to eagerly search for them and prepare yourself for a long time. But we can all get in touch with these men, we can make contact through their ideas and, above all, through the effort we make to understand these ideas. It is the sincere effort that counts. There is a lot of this, especially in literature. Few suspect that a little book that costs only a few pennies contains the most wonderful teachings one could wish for. As I say, we think very naively, or better said we do not know how to think. Science and philosophy, for example, use means that, if pondered over them, would turn them into ends. One of such mean is known by the name of 'intuition'. Science ignores how much it owes to intuition; the same thing happens with philosophy. It is a different gradation or speed of the function of human intelligence. The same can be said of art and religion. The revelations on which religious dogma is based are something that all theologians want to elaborate without realizing that at the speed at which ordinary reason works, it is a material impossible of elaboration.

- What little book is that which costs a few pennies? -, I asked.

- The Sermon on the Mount. It is the sum of chapters five, six and seven of the Gospel of Saint Matthew.

- Why does religion say nothing about this?

My friend looked at me and smiled.

- Religion does not realize that its error lies precisely in the concept that it has of 'religion'. However, in order to understand the truth of this concept it is necessary to discard the usual concept.

I was stunned by such gibberish.

- But you are obviously a religious man. How can you say that?

- You see -, he said, - you cannot get out of the coffin in which you were put by your education, your concept of religious morality, and so on. Many men tend to see the possibility of getting out of the coffin, and understand the word coffin literally; they stick their heads over the edges, but the idea of freedom that they see frightens them and they soon slip back into their coffin and even bolt the lid shut so that nothing will disturb their sleep.

- But why do you tell me that religion is a wrong concept?

- Religion means re-linking and there is nothing to re-link because there is nothing in the Universe that is detached from something. However, we must represent things as if they were detached due to the limitations of our senses and the understanding that we derive from this limitation. How could the concept of religion be reconciled with

what the most elementary part of the catechism affirms, for example, that God is in heaven, on earth and everywhere? Or that other affirmation of one of the church fathers, the Apostle Paul, who said: "In God we live, we move and we have our being."

- So what is there to do?

- To realize what the word Universe means; to strive to raise intelligence to those states of sharpness in which these ideas are a living thing. Again we can resort to the interview that Nicodemus had with Jesus, because on the same subject Jesus gave the key to understanding these things by saying: "*And no one ascended into heaven, except he who came down from heaven, the Son of Man who is in heaven. And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so it is necessary that the Son of Man be lifted up; so that everyone who believes in him should not perish, but have eternal life.*"

- This is extremely difficult to understand.

- It all depends on the effort made to understand it. The effort to understand these statements that seem so obscure is precisely the key that can open the doors of heaven for us; but it happens that majority of people settle for the first interpretation they find, forgetting the effort and thus begin to fall, and the original sin begins. Because it means to stop the development of intelligence. When this development stops, when man is satisfied with today's understanding and does not try to expand it to the maximum intensity of which he is capable, he loses his capacity, loses his understanding and eventually loses his soul; or better said, he mutilates, obstructing his growth in such a way that the soul becomes ill and can even die altogether. This is something that Jesus tried to explain in the parable of the talents, in the parable of the wedding garment and, above all, in those two words that one encounters in every instant in the Gospels: "Watch and pray".

Over time I even got used to this very special language of my friend. I introduced him to some of my colleagues, and when they asked me who he was, I didn't know what to answer so I decided to pass him off as a relative, somewhat eccentric, but a good person at heart. When I reported this to him, secretly hoping that he would tell me the truth about himself, he commented:

- Our true relationship is much more real than you imagine it to be. You will find out about this one day.

- Don't you think you are exaggerating this mystery a bit? -, I asked.

- The truth always seems as an exaggeration to those who do not notice it.

- It's a bit difficult to take.

- I do not doubt it. But you still do not realize that we speak different languages, because we have a different understanding.

- Then, why don't we talk mine?

- Because even if you don't know it well, you want to learn mine. If I were guided by your words, we would have stopped seeing each other and chatting long ago. I do not



Speak with what your words make you appear, but with what you can be.

- This is gibberish. Is this all you have to tell me?

- What I tell you will always depend on what you want to ask me.

Although these interviews always left me uneasy, when I noticed how he always managed my thought and deflected my intentions, I could not prevent my affection for him from increasing. What was happening in me was something very contradictory.

This is how time passed. I continued to lean on the boxes of matches that I always carried in my pocket, and I could not forget the war. Above all, I could not forget the feeling of disgust I felt towards myself every time the memory came back to my mind of a certain man who died after I stuck a bayonet in his belly. So horrible was the agony that I had seen him suffer, that for a moment I wished I had been the dead man. These scenes returned frequently now that the war offices were reporting the number of casualties on the different fronts. I could not take these figures as if they were figures only; to me they represented human suffering that did not affect only the troops, but rather each soldier and each man became the center of a tragedy for a whole family, for a whole circle of friends and perhaps for the land itself. I could not explain where or how these thoughts came to me, but I felt a great inner discomfort that sometimes turned into something painful. So I was doing my best to get away from them in those moments, and I even got to feel envious of the coldness with which my colleagues mentioned these figures. It also amazed me every time I saw the headlines in the newspapers recording them as if they were events without precedent in the history of the world, and as truly glorious events. The newspapers paid very high sums to have this news; in turn, people gladly paid to read them.

The war had become a ghost that haunted my conscience. Out of every ten messages that came into my hands to be edited, nine dealt directly with the war and the tenth indirectly. Like this the time passed in Ethiopia, in Spain, and one day it reached Poland and finally the war extended throughout the world. So overwhelming was this fact that by the force of their numbers the messages began to cloud me. Little by little I became hardened by so many reproduction of figures on the dead, wounded and missing. One day I realized that I was interested and that I enjoyed the description of the bombing of a city in which thousands and thousands of women, children and the elderly had perished, all of them completely defenseless before the fire that rained down on them from above. And it so happened that that very day I had translated a message containing certain statements made by an important head of the International Red Cross. It was about the five points on helping and protecting children, and I had decided to keep a copy for myself. I had left it on my work desk and when I wanted to find it to take it with me, the other messages about dead, wounded, bombings and naval encounters had covered it completely. I thought for a moment about this apparently accidental fact and realized that

just as it had happened with the Red Cross office, so it was happening with my own feelings, and in that instant I remembered the pleading eyes of that boy whom I had hurt with the bayonet and I thought I saw in them a reproach that said to me: "Have you forgotten so soon?"

Each war message repeated this scene in my memory and along with it the thoughts of hope assailed me; I wanted to believe that the soul of that boy had found some compensation in another life.

A fear that was very subtle and powerful began to take hold of me when I realized that I was also becoming hardened. My colleagues used to tease me about these scruples and some even argued that wars, especially this great war, would bring great scientific progress, so that we could encourage hope for a better world and life. The contradictions of this argument disgusted me. History was the best witness that wars only produce new and bloodier wars. There were these messages indicating to me how the history of this time would be written. Compared with those of the previous war, human cruelty had increased, hatred had intensified. And can a better world be expected from greater cruelty? Or a better life based on a more intense hatred that consumed everything under the legend of 'total war'? In those days I remembered a phrase from Lincoln: "Human progress is in the heart of man." And was I not myself a witness that my own heart was in love with this cruelty and hatred? This singular fear, a cold fear, as if death stalked me in every thought, grew rapidly. When I met my friend again, I shared this with him along with many other reflections that I had made.

- Yes -, he said. - It is natural. The soul always knows what it wants, and as soon as it starts to awaken, it begins to ask for its own things. There is something in all men that refuses to be deceived by the first explanation that comes to the senses. Some listen to this silent voice, others do not. It is very painful and unpleasant in the beginning. It is the first threshold. When in man there is a beginning of genuine life, the power of everything that takes him to sleep is also fortified. This is a dangerous period because every awakening brings new energy. And everything that is false in our personality takes advantage of this energy and increases our slavery. It can be said without much error that this is how the soul is killed. Thus in the world there are many souls whose life has stopped and little by little they are losing the possibilities of growth and perfection that are a right that man does not use. There are souls who are definitely dead. The human being is something more than the body and the senses, but he does not know it, he does not understand it.

- Are you telling me that the soul is not immortal? -, I asked.

- That depends on the person -, he said.

- But there are religious principles, Plato's writings, and the claims of many admittedly intelligent men who assure us that we have an immortal soul.

- You are still sleeping.

- Are you going to contradict Plato?

- I could clarify many points for you so that you can understand Plato, but you are not ready yet.

- I do not understand.

- You are obsessed with your own ideas, and while you are in such a condition you will not be able to understand anything. Observe a fact: if the soul were a thing that we have naturally assured, the religious writings would not insist on what we should do to save it. Nor would there be a need for philosophy or religions. We would know it naturally and no one would fear death as they fear it. Listen to me: we form the soul in this life based on what moves us. If the motives, the ideals, the ambitions of our life are transitory, things of the immediate moment, our soul will also be transitory, impermanent, subject to what we want. Some day you will be able to serenely reflect on these things and you will understand that boy whose death haunts you. Observe well: you did not kill him of yourself because of yourself you can do nothing. In other words, something that is not yourself, a society, trained you, taught you to kill. Do you remember your exclamation from that day in the church? Well, it is the same. Your exclamation and the bayonet were involuntary. If before launching that exclamation you had been able to realize what you were about to do, you would not have launched it; same thing with the bayonet. A small reflection and you would not have done it. But in those moments there is no time to reflect. Focus on what I say: there is no time. So in order to act from the heart, it is necessary to overcome time and this demands a type of will that you do not yet know. Achieving this will require great work, great obedience to something higher. Have you observed and pondered on philanthropy, charity? A man who for years has undergone this training that I am talking about will not be able to avoid doing good; doing so will for him be a little less than instinctive function. He will do that naturally. But most people think that by doing good they have already achieved what can only be achieved by working intentionally, by going against the current in themselves. As for the immortality of the soul, there is no doubt that it exists, but that it is immortal is a separate story. Try to understand that I am talking about the individual man.

- Holy Lord! Now I really think you're crazy! -, I exclaimed.

- As you like -, he said smiling.

- Are you telling me that we are all wrong?

- Why not?

- It is not possible.

- You are very naive. You have the example alive in yourself and despite of it you argue vehemently. But it does not matter. Do you see how wrong it would be for me to be guided solely by your words? You know and feel that war is horrible, that it is a barbaric thing, the culmination of all that that is savagery in man. You know that your colleagues

are wrong in regards to those casualty figures. For you, on the other hand, each figure is the representation of a human being and that makes you suffer. Those who do not feel what they think will always be wrong. And notice that all this horror is taking place in what we call the Christian world and one of the main precepts of Christian culture says: You shall not kill! But man begins to kill in the heart before he actually begins to kill. The death you see everywhere started with hatred. And society justifies it in many ways to silence the voice of conscience, if they ever pay attention to it. Which of the many Christian churches has adopted a vigorous, unequivocal attitude in the face of this war? Only a few isolated men have opposed it and have chosen to sacrifice their lives in laboratory experiments. Let us go back to the interview of the old Nicodemus with Jesus Christ. That interview occurred in times as troubled as today, when one form of culture was collapsing while another was brewing. And Jesus Christ told Nicodemus that it was necessary to be born again, to be born of water and spirit, in order to enjoy the attributes that correspond to a true soul.

- But many of those who die, die convinced that their souls will survive.

- I do not doubt it. The human being is convinced of many things. There was a time when he was convinced that the Earth was flat. If you scrutinize the Gospels, you will see that it is very clearly stated in them: "*What will it be worth for you to win the world if you are going to lose the soul?*"

It was impossible for me to argue with him. My interest in the Holy Scriptures was minimal. I haven't read them nor have I studied them. However, something deep inside told me that my friend was right even when I understood nothing. After a short silence, I said:

- Is it not enough then to comply with what religion commands?

-To comply faithfully and from the heart the ordinary precepts of religion is the first step, an indispensable step. Everything is linked, everything is united. The religious forms are the external appearance of what can be called the Inner Church. And this one is immortal indeed. That is what the Creed refers to when it speaks of the "Communion of Saints."

So I took the opportunity to ask him to explain the true way of praying.

- You have been praying very intensely, but without realizing it.

I responded by telling him about my experiences from when I was a student.

- You see -, he said, - ignorance was about to blind you completely. And now you are the one who denies the food that your soul needs. Do not think that now you will be able to blame your teachers, your confessors or your parents. You could have done it until recently; now that is forbidden to you. If you are interested in learning more about the Lord's Prayer, for example, begin to unravel what it really means to forgive our debtors. I tell you these things because sincere ignorance is forgivable, but not hypocrisy, or lying,

or laziness.

- And how will I do that?

- In the same way you have done the rest. For example, that verse that says "deliver us from all evil" you have lived in your own way. And living a plea is more important than formulating it. You went to church to ask for more intelligence, as you have told me. Intelligence is precisely an attribute of the kingdom of heaven. You were given some understanding. The other verse, "*let us not fall into temptation*" you have experienced in the horror you lived because of the fact that you were turning numb inside.

- But this is a very strange way to pray -, I said in astonishment.

- It is the only way of the heart. To understand the prayers it is necessary to have an idea, even an approximate one, of the Communion of Saints. Each of the prayers that we know is a concise treatise of knowledge of great importance. It is psychology that ordinary psychologists ignore. The Our Father, for example, can be for an individual a Jacob's ladder with which to reach heaven, if the individual lives it. For a physicist it can be the means of explaining the nature of the Universe. And I know a man dedicated to astronomy who has understood it for the benefit of his studies. These prayers are the work of the Communion of Saints. Now, the Communion of Saints has many names, depending on the Creed that each race practices. It is not an established organization, but a beat of universal life. They are the guardians of culture and civilization; the helpers of God.

- You often tell me about the food of the soul. What are you referring to?

- I am referring to a food that is as real as what the body needs. This is clear from the words of Jesus: "*Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word of God.*" Physical food contains energies that nourish the soul. It is necessary for growth. And by growth I mean inner growth. When man eats, drinks and breathes with the fixed purpose of nourishing his soul, he extracts from food, air, and drink certain substances that are especially nutritious. But there is a food superior to this and it is the one that impresses us intimately. We all know that irritation hinders digestion. An irritation is an impression. Liver disorders produce a sour character. So by feeding properly on impressions, whether internal or external, we can nourish ourselves better or worse. But this requires studies and efforts. For example, there are those who pray before eating, invoking the blessing of the Most High, but during the meal they chat, discuss or have arguments. During the digestive process there are those who even cast curses. In other words, they do not have a continuity of purpose. Through continuity of purpose, a new organ is formed in man. But this organ must potentially exist and be able to grow.

- What organ is that?

- Now you wouldn't understand it because you are convinced you already have it. Everyone is convinced of the same thing, as they are convinced of the continuity of their

purpose. I will only tell you that it is formed in one way and not in two: voluntary suffering and striving to follow the voice of the consciousness.

- But everyone suffers.

- No. Sufferings come to them as pleasures come to them. Voluntary suffering presupposes a certain degree of will. One's own will. We all know that hate is bad and that love is good. We know that we must love our enemies. We know these things by heart, but we cannot apply them because we simply do not have enough will to put it into practice. So the society we live in compromises with what it calls human weakness and forgets the principle. To be able to suffer voluntarily, it is necessary to have the strength to overcome accidental suffering. And this does not mean fleeing to pleasures, because whoever suffers accidentally also enjoys accidentally. It is necessary to overcome the accidental. And this is only possible through a continuity of purpose, on a clear understanding of many things, most of which the modern education ignores or despises.

Rarely have we had such a long talk. I would have liked to continue, but he soon changed the topic of the conversation and we planned new bicycle rides.

## 6

A long time passed before we returned to these issues. During that time I wanted to understand his words and I often checked my notes. But I didn't understand much. The few times we touched the subject, he avoided delving into it and, for my part, I stopped making the annotations so that now it would be impossible for me to reconstruct the loose sentences and the explanations that he gave me on many points.

I was especially interested in the food of the soul; but he insisted that it was first necessary to wake up.

- What do you mean by waking up? -, I asked him one day.

- You still don't realize it?

- The awakening or wakefulness of which I speak is difficult, but not impossible. It is a continuous effort, a permanent walk of blindness for a long time until we understand our fallacies. But the great moment arrives for those who keep the effort alive. Then the latent possibilities in man are noticed. It is something that one knows, without needing to be told about it or to have it interpreted by anyone. Different kinds of lives, different levels, are discovered in the body. Then one no longer walks blind. He knows where he is going and he knows why he is doing everything that he is doing. The Gospels become a very valuable guide. You see, neither you nor I can say that we are disciples of such a magnificent and glorious being as Jesus Christ, and we believe we are awake. In the garden of Gethsemane the apostles, the disciples, fell asleep ...

My friend said these last words with such a reverent tone that he impressed me; his eyes began to fill with tears and he let them run down his cheeks without being ashamed of it. What follows he said in a voice broken by an emotion so powerful that, for an instant, it shook me too. I was perplexed. He went on to say:

- An apostle is himself a superior man and Jesus was of an intelligence rarely seen on Earth. However, there are those who think that he surrounded himself with idiots and fools. The apostles had a strong will; otherwise they would not have been able to live close to Jesus. However, they all failed him in his last days. And that is the story of the inner growth of man. Ups and downs.

We were both silent. I did not want to continue questioning him for fear of causing further disturbances. He noticed my attitude and said:

- Don't misinterpret this emotion; it is not weakness, it is strength. It is the way to obtain a unique understanding.

My attention was powerfully caught by his reference to the intelligence of Jesus and his disciples. For some reason I thought that Judas must have been the same as the others, and I told him so.

- First of all -, he said, - I must insist on a fact. To be a disciple of a figure like Jesus Christ, it is necessary to have seen something, to have understood something; it is necessary to know something truly real. Now, the disciples are said to have been fishermen. Jesus tells them that he will make them "fishers of men." This means that the twelve disciples already had some spiritual preparation when they made contact with the Master. If they had not known something truly real, they would not have been able to recognize the Christ in Jesus, they would not have been able to properly value his teaching. Getting close to Christ already presupposes an intelligence of a certain development, a certain degree of will, and a more or less profound feeling for the truth. Naturally, after the crucifixion everything changed, but this is something else. Secondly, to suppose that Judas was able to deceive Jesus is almost a blasphemy. The relationship between Christ and his disciples is a relationship that cannot be conceived by man in terms of an ordinary life based on the understanding brought by the senses. It is necessary to go beyond the senses. That is, to form eyes to see and ears to hear. To see and hear meanings rather than isolated facts, is to see and to hear in a plane of relationship. It is said that Judas betrayed Jesus, but when the meaning of the events is grasped, it is soon realized that Judas' conduct was not the work of his own will; he was obliged to sell Jesus. What 'selling' means in evangelical language is related to poverty or wealth in spirit. Just remember that the kingdom of heaven is said to be something very precious that a good merchant finds, and that he immediately "sells" everything he has to be able to acquire that preciousness. Reverse the process to get closer to an understanding. The mystery of Judas is one of the mysteries that most confuse us. Jesus knew that he was going to die. What's more, he knew how he was going to die. His death was already predetermined, so there was no room for betrayal, because any betrayal requires the element of trust based on ignorance. Think about it a little. Because Jesus insists that he chose the twelve and that one of them was the devil. Looking back at the facts, it is very easy to judge and condemn Judas based on what others interpret. But unraveling the mystery for oneself led only by the thirst to know the truth, is something else. We all have a Judas within us, as we have a Baptist, a Peter, a John and almost all the characters that appear in the Gospels. If it is understood that these writings deal mainly with the inner development of man, one begins to see in himself the legion of characters, as well as the facts and events that connect them.

Another point that interested me was about love and sexual relationships. When I approached this matter, a few days after the previous case, he told me:

- Love is the key to everything, because it is the force that preserves and maintains



everything. The formula "*To love God above all things and your neighbor as yourself*" requires a very deep consideration. No one can love his neighbor more than himself, but to love oneself requires a certain type of impressions that are a bit difficult to explain. If we see and consider love from the point of view of impressions, we will see that those who are in love see it all rosy. That is a very special nourishment. But when one loves knowingly, consciously, with full knowledge and with full understanding, the delights of the person in love are nothing compared with the delights of love that sprouts only from the spirit. To love oneself well is to yearn for inner growth, and this requires normality. Someone who suffers from an inhibition or frustration cannot love himself. So loving oneself necessarily implies the normal balance of all functions, including sexual. But this is difficult to understand unless the adultery in love is understood. Adultery in love, from this point of view, is having a loving or sexual relationship with someone whom one doesn't fully love; and the love must be mutual. Only conscious love can produce true love. There is a very big difference between loving and being in love. The former presupposes self-knowledge to a certain extent and understanding of certain laws; while the latter is a thing predetermined by the life of nature for the purposes of the creation and maintenance of life. For a conscious evolution, balance and normality are necessary. This is determined by your own understanding. In addressing this issue, the Gospels use the expression 'eunuch'. But before indicating this, it is indicated that the order comes from the interior word. And this is comprehension.

A few days later, my friend gave me a writing, a poem, whose contrast with the aridity of his explanatory words, which I have quoted, caught my attention. The poem goes like this:

*"God gave the Sun the Earth as a wife and blessed that love when he created the Moon.*

*In this way he also created you, woman, to pour his life into human love.*

*And so that in the pleasure of loving the soul finds the path of return to where it always is today, where there is no change.*

*Because just as life goes to death for love, so love rises from death where there is an awakened heart that knows how to hold it in his loving and his dying.*

*With each kiss the soul dies a little when forgetting that it is life in love.*

*And, for the same reason, with each kiss can revive the soul of someone who knows how to die.*

*Oh Paradox of Creation!*

*In each breath of love there is a sigh that is eternity.*

*And in each caress the fire of death and resurrection also burns.*

*Raise the simple and plain love to the highest summits!*

*So that loving and kissing are a prayer of life to the most intimate being who is the truth and is God.*

*Because it is not you who loves, but the love of the Father that shakes within you.*

*Yours will be his most powerful blessing if in each kiss you give and receive you sanctify his name, keeping his presence in your most intimate longings.*

*And in your love, seek also first the Kingdom of God and its Justice, so that everything else, even the happiness of being, will be given to you in addition.*

*And do not be afraid to love; rather fear those who can turn your love into prejudice or evil.*

*Make of your union a serene path to heaven.*

*As long as you carry his presence in your hearts, you will truly be loving God above all else while loving one another.*

*And in the instant of your supreme bliss, you will be one with Him and with His Creation.*

I did not see him again for some time, for he must have made a long journey. We exchanged some postcards. I remember that in one of them I asked him what one could do to achieve such an understanding of life and love. His answer came in the form of this paradoxical poetry:

*“Do not doubt the doubt, and doubt.  
But doubt with faith, and even doubt of the faith.  
For isn't the doubt inertia on the slope of faith towards darkness,  
and strength in the impulse to reach comprehension?  
Don't doubt, and yet doubt of everything you believe is true  
because the doubt is also true, in itself and for itself.  
Doubting of the doubt, and doubting with faith and of the faith,  
you will see the illusion of the doubt and the faith collapse at your feet...  
and rising majestically before your eyes the doubt made Truth.”*

We started meeting again at the beginning of the following autumn. I noticed certain changes in him, but could not explain them. He avoided topics related to the Gospels. Only once, when I told him that I could not understand how he was so devoted to Jesus Christ and at the same time so keen on reading Mayan, Incan, Guarani, Hindu and Chinese works, did he make the following observation:

- Each people, each race, each nation, each age, has had messengers who have borne witness to the same and unique truth even when they have used different words, different symbols, and different allegories. Words, symbols and allegories do not have a permanent value in themselves; they are only means that must be discarded little by little as the understanding and experience of reality grow. But for a long time in our lives we cannot but see words in words and symbols in symbols. When we realize that two symbols are not the same, we care little to find out whether or not we are right; we have long believed that external differences have the same internal difference. But each symbol is a word and each word is a symbol. How many people truly know what they are saying when they say 'I'?

This explanation was followed by something about the dimensions of time and the dimensions of space. As I have indicated, I wrote down most of the things he said. But this time I did not do it and I vaguely remember something along the lines that space is time, that there are three dimensions of space and three dimensions of time, that the Hebrew symbol of the six-pointed star was an indicative symbol that space and time were one sole thing or being. If I remember correctly, on one occasion he also said that the words of Jesus: "*I am the way, the truth and the life*", could be taken in physics as the three dimensions of time in addition to constituting a process of cosmic order that together with five other processes that are based in the trinity constituted all the universal processes, in all degrees of being. But, as I have already said, on this I have no notes of his words, although I gather that there are writings about it somewhere. Many other things he told me went in through one ear and out through the other.

At that time I was interested in many other things apart from my friendship with him. But our friendship held firm. He was not a showy man. He dressed well, but not luxurious. With a bit more dressing he would have been an elegant man. For some reason he was trying to dress very discreetly and seemed not to want to attract attention; but, as I saw things, he attracted it even when he did not want to.

Many times I wanted to ponder upon the things he said. I envied his calmness, his serenity. Me, on the other hand, was a powder keg one day and a sea of tenderness the next. When I suffered some setback I couldn't help but to remember his words. We both kept visiting the same church every afternoon. But as a result of the war, my life began to change rapidly, and time has started to shorten up. From quick and increasingly scattered visits to the church, I first went to several days of absence, which then became weeks and I suddenly realized that I had already stopped praying and that I had also stopped having those talks with my friend whom I only saw when he, without prior notice, showed up at my office.

My situation had improved a lot. I was a prosperous man. I had an important position and like all "important" men I lacked time for many things, such as, for example, to fulfill the promise that I myself had made not to miss a day at the temple. I justified myself by blaming the war. My importance was in the fact that everyone was interested in being promptly informed about the events. Diplomats and politicians knew that they would always find the breaking news on my table. My phone was continuously ringing. It was necessary to install another one with private number. Every day I was visited or called by government officials, embassies, large commercial firms, etc. And naturally, these professional contacts soon became personal friendships. My circle became bigger. The inevitable invitations to parties, honorary wines, and intimate gatherings organized by one group or another began to arrive. And I, who could not find time to go to church for half an hour in the afternoons, have found that I could attend all those social functions. Indeed, I always resorted to the excuse:

"It's about the war and I owe to the public that pays for my services."

When one day I gave an explanation of a similar type to my friend, he looked at me with a compassionate expression, and taking a blank page from my table, he wrote:

“Never feel so perfect that you let your guard down or lighten your vigilance. Love yourself well, but don't prostitute yourself”.

- Keep it where you can see it often -, he told me as he handed it to me.

Then he stood up and left.

Several months have passed without seeing him. I often remembered him. His strange observations, his timely advice on problems for which I thought he was completely ignorant of, all this and my own conscience gave me a strange uneasiness every time I thought of him and read his words.

Around that time, the “good neighborhood” frenzy began; the Pan-American frenzy. International intrigues, each more mean, flourished everywhere. I was able to realize that various European powers, supposedly friends of the United States, were covertly fighting the idea of good neighborhood. They all wanted to get a slice of the profit produced by the good deals of war. Neither industrialists, nor miners, nor

politicians, diplomats or journalists, were free from this temptation. And I also fell into it, gladly, through a friend who speculated heavily on the stock market and who needed to be well informed and timely about the events of the war. This is how I started becoming rich.

On the other hand, certain organizations of propaganda began to ask me for contributions in the form of articles. And they paid for them all the better the more high-sounding and stupid they were. I accepted and made more money.

At one point I remembered some observations my friend had made when the first polls began about the Good Neighborhood of the United States.

- Good neighbor can only be the one who pays cash. Nowadays no one is in a position to do so, much less the South American countries. But since man lives off a nice sounding words, and the nicer they sound the more stupid they are, they find that the concept is sonorous, they applaud it and they don't know what they are getting into. It is a concept born from the parable of the Good Samaritan. But in the United States someone has distorted it and other countries have distorted it even more. But the idea is nice, and as in the United States there are dollars in abundance, there goes the Pan-American troupe that is nothing but a snake with twenty mouths and one head.

- This is too caustic -, I told him.

- The truth is always caustic, especially for the hypocrites. Do not identify so much with the propaganda you write and perhaps you will be able to see something of reality.

- But the good neighborhood at least means good intention.

- Satan has the best intentions with man, that's why he makes a fool of him.

- You see everything so coldly; Pan Americanism is a good intention.

- You are still sleeping. If you understood that man cannot have continuity in his purpose, you would soon understand that intention is not enough. If man could maintain a continuity in his thought, feeling and action, his good intentions would bear generous fruit. Just as an individual has very good intentions one day, and the next anything deviates him from them, so it is also in politics. The democratic idea is older than walking, but it is impossible because it requires discrimination that few have.

Among my notes from that time I found a page from a letter that he wrote to me during one of his trips, regarding the international politics of back then.

It goes like this:

“... Mr. Roosevelt is undoubtedly a very well-intentioned man, but it happens that the only good neighbor he has is his cigarette. Just as Mr. Churchill's only true ally is his cigar, and Mr. Stalin's only comrade is his pipe. Note that neither Hitler nor Mussolini smoke. They are too virtuous and like any fanatic of virtue, they only see the straw in someone else's eye. When this war is over, there will probably be another, and with it perhaps science will progress to the extreme of getting the pleasure and enjoying the glory

of having destroyed civilization. Nothing is easier than prophesying a war. But war also includes uneasiness in the life of nations and of the individual himself. If this inner uneasiness was used by the individual for his development, and if he tried to find out where it comes from and why it occurs, I believe that a step towards peace would be taken. But it is not an easy thing to get man to understand that in the face of celestial phenomena he is less than an atom. Peace is an individual conquest; it has never been the work of the masses. And much less the work of armies. Man has not yet learned to take advantage of what history teaches, what experience indicates. The League of Nations was for many years an illusion of peace; the truth is that it was a source of intrigue. Mussolini destroyed it in one stroke. After this war, something similar may arise but with some other name. Man enjoys naming or renaming the oldest things in history. The League of Nations was born dead. It already died in Greece more than two thousand years ago, with the Anfictionia. It is not about organizations. It is not necessary to change names, but it is necessary to change man. Don't ask me to take the good neighborhood seriously because it all adds up to a bunch of lies. The tragedy is that no one intentionally lies; no one realizes the Great Lie. Observe it in yourself, observe how you have already begun to believe in all the lies you are writing.”

Of all this, what interested me was the idea that a good neighbor can only be the one who pays cash. I decided to use the idea for an article and when I published it my life suffered a new transformation connected, in a way, with this unique friend.

I was thrown into the intrigues of political espionage. Within days of crafting this idea into a series of articles, I came into contact with certain vendors of machinery that could not be manufactured anywhere else. I met them through some diplomatic friends. And since then my importance increased. Suddenly I saw that even my opinions were ‘important’. Even the biggest nonsense that I used to say, when I had a little more alcohol in my body, began to have ‘importance’. The importance and consideration they attached to me did not lie in my intelligence or critical judgment, since I had not used either of these two functions for a long time. It was based simply on the position that I held and that I would continue to perform as long as I complied with the emptiness of my ‘importance’.

It is not worth telling my story in the midst of all the intrigues of that time. I only cite the facts that are related to my friend and his ideas. But what I was able to observe in the politicians, diplomats and spies with whom I was in contact with would be a good material for a wonderful humorous comedy were it not for the tragic consequences that the activity of this fauna and flora of our culture brought about. I observe that I am writing with a certain resentment, and I do not hide it. And if my friend could read this now, he would surely say something like this:

“You haven't learned to forgive. You still sleep. Your flora and fauna cannot stop

or mutilate life.”

As I write this, I realize how nostalgic I feel for him, how sorry I am not to be by his side now. But let's get back to the story.

One night he invited me to have dinner with him. My confidence had not waned. We chatted at length and with great joy. I told him my observations and he smiled affectionately and understandingly, as if to mean: "the poor little ones are not to blame." After dinner we went together to my apartment, which was in stark contrast to that simple room in which I had lived for so many years before becoming 'important'. He looked at everything in silence. Looking back on that night, I see how dull my behavior was. I started by proudly showing him all my possessions; the titles of the stock market shares, the clothes, a nice miniature bar, my sports corner with its sandbag, the punching-ball, the boxing gloves and the iron crowbars, and my beautiful Italian bicycle. When I had finished my exhibition, I said to him in a proud tone:

- What do you think?

- Perfect -, he said. - You have little to go to be a complete moron. I am not referring to this, to comfort, but to your attitude towards all this well-being and the damage that you are doing to yourself.

- I don't understand you -, I said. - I earn a lot of money, I live well and I enjoy life.

- At what cost?

- I don't find it so terrible -, I protested. - Don't be prudish. The only thing left for you is to censor the woman's traces that you have found.

- Perhaps they are traces of the only decent thing that is left within you. But it is your life. Live it however you want.

I felt a vague fear when I heard these words. We were silent for a while. Then I felt a strong desire to confess to him all that tortured me.

- I need your help -, I told him.

- I'm listening.

I explained to him all the things that had become a terrifying dilemma; that infernal circle of lies that I had fallen into. He listened with great attention, he asked me some questions to clarify certain points that I didn't want to say openly. He reflected for a moment when I finished.

- What do you say? -, I asked.

- What do you want me to say?

- What I need to do.

- Cut it at the root, break out of everything. Leave all of this and start again.

- But are you crazy?

- No; you are the one who is crazy. Look what you've come to.

And going to the bathroom, he took out of the closet a bottle containing tablets of a stimulant with which I had to activate my nervous system daily in order to cope with such a train of life.

When I saw him with the bottle in his hand, I realized many things, his enormous power of observation, his real goodness and the affection he had for me. But I felt that things had gone too far to change. I lower my head in silence.

- Good thing you are left with a bit of shame -, he told me. - Take advantage of it and resume the thread of your life before it is completely over. You will be switching from this stimulant to drugs in no time. And when you feel the need to run away from the garbage you live in, the punching bag and your boxing gloves will disappear and you will put pornographic pictures in their place. Now that love in your life can help you, but if you don't understand it, if you don't cling to it with all your might, if you keep giving in to temptation in this way, you will lose love and will search for orgy.

- You know well that I can't quit my job. You know what it is about. You know what the war is.

- It is up to you. You asked me what you should do and I have answered. I have nothing else to tell you.

That's when I made a regrettable mistake:

Listen -, I said. - You are more intelligent than me. I'll give you half of everything I have and everything I earn if you help me get out of this.

He looked at me silently, not saying a single word. I realized too late how I had hurt him. I saw how tears came into his eyes. He walked away overwhelmed by a singular sadness and when he was already at the door, he said:

- Thirty coins of silver...

I wanted to ask him to forgive me, but something held me back. I approached the bar and while I was serving myself a glass of whiskey, I remembered that other silent scene that seemed to have happened in a too distant past, when in the church I had exclaimed "shit" and he answered "amen". I drank the whiskey in one go, looked at the stimulant tablets he had left on the bar counter, and said out loud:

- He can go to hell!

I drank whiskey until I was drunk.



TIME WENT by.

Suddenly, the machine I was in began to function in a different way, more intensely. We were nearing the end of the war. Everything was more desperate. I changed cities, I went to another country and there I had to continue what I had started and from what I could no longer escape. I only remembered my friend from time to time.

Every day I was amazed at how easily I lied and cheated, and how easily everyone seemed to believe my lies and deceptions.

One night when I was drinking more than necessary to forget my dirtiness, I found my friend.

He looked at me in silence and without giving me time to express my joy, he told me:

- Reflect a bit. Do not look for sufferings that you do not need.

I knew I couldn't lie to him. I asked him not to leave me and he told me that he was going to stay in that city for a while and that we would probably see each other often.

We talked very little that night. It did not cease to intrigue me that I was looking for sufferings that I did not need. But, as usual, I thought it would be a new extravagance on his behalf. Instead, I would very much have liked to have shown him more hospitality and generally reciprocate his devotion in a more tangible way. When I offered him accommodation in my house he politely declined, informing me that his trip had been arranged by other friends and that he had already promised to stay with them, but that we would see each other often.

In our next interview I asked him if he had read my chronicles and he answered that he did, and that he had cut out some of them to keep. This caught my attention powerfully. I was waiting for him to tell me something like: "I don't read political propaganda", etc. But the fact that he had cut out one of my chronicles was certainly something new. I asked him which chronicle it was. He took it out of his wallet. I was hoping that it would be one of those speculations full of complexities aimed to present an international picture, citing the magnates of the banks and union leaders, etc. But what my friend had cut out was something very different: a comment on certain Guarani songs that consisted of my own impressions.

- It is very interesting what you have observed in this music -, he said. - It faithfully corresponds to a treasure of wisdom that the Guarani still feel but no longer

understand, overwhelmed by the Western culture. In it I see the same as in all the folklore of the continent: a thread hidden in time. Read this Yucatecan work and you will see the same content although in a different form.

And he gave me a little book that I still have.

He told me that this chronicle was what had prompted him to seek me again and he added:

- You can't imagine the good you did to yourself by listening to that music with such attention. It will always vibrate within you.

I smiled rather smugly, and in turn replied:

- Man... if you want Guaraní music, I have it in abundance at home. I also have two beautiful Mayan songs, and abundance of records of the music of the Incas.

I related to him in detail how I had put together this collection and even mentioned how much I paid for it. He listened to me with pleasure.

- The Guarani have a very rich expression that means that everything that man says in words, in human language, is a portion of the substance of the soul. You will notice that this concept is similar to one of the holy truths of Christianity when it affirms that the mouth speaks out of the richness of the heart. And there are those who have also said that man can only express what he is. Anyway...

The next night we had dinner at my house and we didn't get tired of listening to the Guaraní music. But I was agitated and nervous due to the events of the day and would have preferred to discuss my personal problems with him. He listened to the music with delight. I drank whiskey. The music was certainly attractive, but my head was full of many worries as a result of my life in the midst of so much intrigue. My situation was already becoming too dense and it seemed that I did not have a single crack through which to flee. In that instant I envied how relaxed my friend was, the incalculable peace that was in him and, above all, his security, his poise.

When he got to his feet, shortly before leaving, he said to me:

- The Guarani have done more or less the same thing that you are doing with that glass of whiskey; they drink caña. It is not entirely unpleasant, but to drink it to escape from oneself is the most foolish thing a man can do. The Guarani have fallen into the same web of sleepiness that you have fallen into. That music we just heard is the voice of their soul captured by a man who still wants to wake up his own people. The Voice of Life still vibrates in them, but they have allowed themselves to be hypnotized not only by alcohol but by the Western encyclopaedism that is the poison that consumes our peoples.

- I don't think anything has died in the Guarani -, I told him. Their manhood is pretty clear. I believe that the Guaraní is the bravest man I have ever known; I saw it in the war. And by the way, it was during the war that I got to know his music and I found it as beautiful and elegant as the Andean music.

- Yes, both are genuine calling of the soul of these lands, but the forms are different because they correspond to different latitudes. Both are essentially mystical music. The one of Inca origin follows the rhythm of the movement of the heavenly bodies and it cannot be otherwise; it is music that encompasses, in its beat and in its melody, all that our soul already knows about the solar system and the unknowns of the Milky Way and the Pleiades. At more than three thousand meters above sea level, with a starry sky above all the landscape, it is certain that the man of the Andes feels in grandiose terms. If his thought were on the same level as his feeling, the race would not have degenerated. This degeneration began long before the conquest; even so, its degeneration is proportionally less than the occidental one in relation to Christianity. This can be seen in the writings that survived the Catholicization of the Empire. The soul of these races still retains sufficient spiritual strength; but unfortunately, they do not know how to bring it up to date and have hid it in the depths of the Catholic practices. As for the Guarani, the semi-tropical nature in which they live gave them another rhythm, another form, another feeling; but in essence it says the same about spirituality. It happens that very few men understand the reality of life through feelings, emotions, and that has produced a civilization of schizophrenics. What has been called the subconscious are but correlative functions that can operate harmoniously with the mind, with thought. That is why I tell you that if all this artistic treasure, if this emotional expression were understood intellectually, the races of our continent would understand their true destiny. But there are already those who are working to give light in this regard. For the moment these men are like John the Baptist — a voice crying out in the wilderness.

- From what you tell me, it would seem convenient to revive the religions and myths of the indigenous races -, I said.

- No, that would be foolish. In that sense, nothing has to be revived because nothing has died. We cannot go back to the forms of the past; we can only understand the eternal principle that animates all forms. We have to understand, and not disperse or divide. And this is a task for each individual.

- It is estimated that in South America there are ten million Indians. A daring man who knows their languages could organize and revolt them. It would be interesting.

He looked at me compassionately.

- You see -, he said. - There, in yourself, you have the occidental schizophrenia. You have become saturated with violence to such extreme that you cannot measure life except in terms of destruction and death.

Several days passed without us meeting again. By that time the issues of my life were getting complicated in an unbelievable way. The machine trapped me relentlessly and I felt like a little bird mesmerized by a snake, knowing that it is going to die, knowing that it has to flee but not being able to. When I saw my friend again, I confided the facts

to him.

- It is too late now -, he told me. - Now you have to follow the movement of the machine as far as it takes you. You cannot run away; look.

And leading me to a window facing the street, he pointed out two men that were trying to hide their presence.

- Who are they? -, I asked.

- You are so proud of your success that you haven't realized things. The lie has you trapped. They are policemen who have been following you for several days.

I felt a blow in my heart. I am not intimidated easily, and although I know fear, I also know that courage is precisely to dominate it no matter how intensely it haunts us. But something in me trembled in horror at the harsh fact that it was coming to an end. I looked at my friend, waiting for him to say something, but he only commented:

- You should be deeply grateful to have this exit presented to you. Usually for the type of intrigue that you have embarked on, the way out is suicide or ... an accident in the street.

He made no further comment. He knew me well enough to know that I was not going to kill myself. And as for the accident in the street I was left cold. I knew well that I was a danger to many and that many would welcome my disappearance. But I had anticipated this possibility and had let them all know that I kept a diary in which I had noted things that the political and diplomatic world calls "very interesting". There were several copies of that diary, some of them abroad, and others in a bank.

I told my friend these things.

- A cornered rat always has a talent -, he said.

I turned toward him violently and had my fist raised to hit him, but his gaze paralyzed me. Even now I cannot explain to myself how that occurred. He didn't lift a finger, didn't make a single gesture. He only looked at me and I was disarmed both inside and out.

- You are so rotten that you have lost your strength -, he said. - How you have changed! Once you revealed to me the way you pray in church. Remember that? Foolish and childish as those words may have been, at least your integrity and honesty were of value. Now...look at yourself.

THE REMEMBRANCE of those days so remote in my memory, seeing them arising before me in that situation, in those conditions, shook me. Unable to avoid it, I began to cry like a child. In that moment I realized how much I loved my friend, how much he meant to me. He moved away to another room while I continued crying in a corner. When I recovered I went to look for him and found him on his knees, with his arms in the shape of a cross and looking towards the sky through the open window.

Without showing the slightest hurry, he stood up and, looking at me, he said:

- Crying is a good purgative, it purifies the blood.

He went to the bathroom and I saw him wash his face with cold water.

He, too, had cried.

During that winter the situation in the country became exceedingly rough. I was too closely tied to the war. But it was in spring that events took on bloody proportions and a number of things happened that led to me finally being arrested by the police and taken to jail.

It would be convenient to record some of the observations made by my friend that are related to the events of that time, despite the fact that he affirmed that none of the things that happened were new.

I had clearly realized the growing strength that the presumed dictator of that country was gaining; he was making a comedy to exploit the sentiments of the masses that followed him blindly by the virtue of a few circumstantial benefits that they had received. My chronicles highlighted these events, but my bosses protested and accused me of being a supporter of the man. There was violence. They wanted a more active opposition in my writing and they did not seem able to understand the need to tell the truth and face the obvious reality that we were witnessing. When I told about these facts to my friend, he said:

- The only thing that really matters in all this entanglement is that the Feathered Serpent wants to fly already, but its legs are shackled to the ground.

- Please don't answer me with riddles.

- There is no riddle in this. If instead of wasting your time in childishness you had taken the thread of some indications that I have given you from time to time, you would have studied something transcendental, and you would understand the enormous significance that the Feathered Serpent has for you.

- This is all very good -, I told him. - But it does not explain the reason why my bosses are so obtuse that they do not want to see the reality of the situation in this country.

- They are serpents without wings and without feathers.

- Surely you could tell me things more clearly.

- I don't want to make it clearer to you. The truth is always bitter for the sleeping man, because it brings him out of his drowsiness.

- You've been telling me the same thing for years and I still don't understand.

- Because you still sleep.

As that winter progressed, my chronicles began to attract various characters from other countries. The general situation seemed uncertain. Other countries received contradictory information. But an event on which I reported in detail determined a new form of relations with politicians and diplomats who came in search of correct reports. The event was that the presumed dictator, on the wise advice of his chief of police, raided every prominent opponent, including doctors, publishers of large newspapers, internationally renowned lawyers, etc., all of whom were leading the movement of freedom of thought and other types of freedom that my friend described, summarizing them as "the freedom of dreaming awake." Regarding the political leaders, my friend said that it was about a collection of Pontius Pilates that couldn't be anything else except in cases when in human comedy they changed roles and were Herod who, more than once, had been obliged to please the vanities of different types of Salome, and slaughter more than one honest Baptist.

The facts more than sufficiently confirmed my friend's words. But in order to balance the situation, I will quote my friend's opinion about the dictator and his people:

- Those are the ones who sleep the most and the best -, he said. - They dream that they dominate the masses and do not have enough insight to notice that they are crying out "Hosana!" with the same ease with which they shout "Crucify him!"

But it is by all known how the end of the war confirmed all this.

The fact was that the democratic leaders waited patiently in jail for the masses to come out to rescue them, but no one lifted a finger in their favor. Rather, all applauded the dictator full of euphoria for having dared to touch the untouchables. This event disturbed the political and diplomatic understanding of everyone.

It was obvious that this dictator, as almost all of them, intuitively knew the passions of the masses and exploited them well. The opposition was destroyed. But even like this, few realized the truth. There were many editorials, many protests, but it was uproar and no more than uproar.

My chronicles, which to some extent reflected the views of my friend, began to attract attention and attracted the men who I already indicated. One day one came and I

informed him in detail. This confidential envoy, however, sent his government a report of several pages to conclude saying that it was convenient to postpone a decision, that everything was still uncertain. When he returned two months later, he again informed his people that there was still a need to postpone any decision.

This irritated me.

- Why are you deceiving your government? – I said.

The man was neither upset nor offended. He looked at me very pleased and said:

- I also see the situation as you see it. But it happens that we are also on the eve of elections and our situation has not yet been clarified, and I still do not know what position I am going to adopt. The so-and-so (and he cited the name of a governor) has no sympathy for so-and-so (the name of the dictator) and has, instead, a good chance of being the next president in my country. As he occupies a prominent position, I sent him a copy of the report so that as the presumed governor he is aware of the facts. A final report, such as your chronicles, would only serve to make him forget my services. On the other hand, with various reports I prepare the possibility of getting assigned the embassy of this country. You, my friend, would be a lousy diplomat.

This was one case. There were others. The one directly opposite to the previous case was that of the envoy from a country whose situation was similar to the one I was observing. He hurried to make contact with the dictator's men, did not hide his sympathy for him and offered to buy from me all the material that I had accumulated. Like a sponge he absorbed everything I told him. And based on that he issued a report, of which he provided me with a copy. It was filled with the most fantastic claims that I have read in my entire career. I myself have shamelessly lied to please 'my readers.' But the report of this diplomat surpassed all fantasy and reality together. It seemed like a tale from One Thousand and One Nights.

He then made me a series of commercial propositions. It was not the first time that I met with people who were hiding the facts in order to speculate with them.

- Do you think someone in your government will believe this? -, I said.

- Don't worry about it, pal. -, he responded.

He was a nice man, pleasant, shameless to satiation; but I could not condemn him. We were both trapped in a machine. My astonishment was great when I realized that his government had accepted his report and was acting on his basis. I could never explain to myself how men who seem to be skilled in the affairs of state can have their gullets as open as any other naive.

This confidential envoy, before returning to his homeland, gave me a very thin wallet full of bills and when I weakly wanted to reject it, he told me:

- By no means, dear friend. You helped me with a magnificent business.

Later I learned that the business was a heavy smuggling of very scarce raw

materials for the industry due to the war.

I related all these facts to my friend.

- That's the oldest trick in the world -, he said. - They are not guilty. They are irresponsible. But you worry about not shackling the Feathered Serpent. Remember that you cannot serve two masters.

Again I ignored his prudent advice.

Events were picking up speed. The police watched me more and more closely and in the hope of saving myself in some way I began to participate in many conspiracies against the dictator.



IN THE MIDDLE of spring, with good weather, a wave of violence was unleashed everywhere, throughout the country. The students began to riot, spurred on by the democratic heroes that the police had humiliated. These would release one manifest after another written comfortably in an elegant club. One day I had to meet with them, as a result of certain events in which several students had been arrested and wounded. I informed them of the facts.

- That awful! -, they exclaimed. - Where is this man going to lead us?

- You know perfectly well -, I told them. - You should act now.

- But what can we do?

- If you are afraid of going to the streets to confront the thugs and police, at least don't incite those boys any more.

- It is because love for the country burns in their blood -, said a banker.

- Screw you, bastards!

I exclaimed with all the fury that consumed me those days. I went home and my friend was waiting for me. I told him about the incident.

- The Feathered Serpent wants to fly -, was his entire reply.

I was not in the mood for these things, I turned my back on him and went to my room. When I had calmed down, I found him going through the notebook in which I wrote down his comments and observations. He was correcting some things.

- You are a good journalist and you have a good memory -, he told me. - You have made few mistakes.

Of each noteworthy thing about my friend I had not only written down his words, but I had also described the scene with great details, names, places, dates, etc. He asked me to destroy all personal reference, everything that was a place, a date, a name. I left only the facts that could portray him, and from those notes comes this story.

Many of the spies and secret agents with whom I had contact had fled in time. The enemies of these agents, at the service of another country, also began to watch me more closely. There was no longer any doubt that my game was in the open. One day I learned that some spies who knew me were in prison. As usual, I entrusted everything to my friend and he told me:

- Those who are in prison have betrayed you; those who have fled have spoken in other countries. And these other ones are using you.

- What to do? -, I asked him.

- Recuperate your manhood. Either give yourself openly and tell the whole truth, or continue until the end and whatever may come will come.

- I will go on until the end -, I said, with the hope that something would happen to my advantage.

I was beginning to feel a certain disgust towards myself, and I entrusted this to my friend.

- It is natural -, he said. - The dream turns into a nightmare because the effect of the psychic drugs that you have been taking all this time is already wearing off. But do not despair. Someday you will discover the enormous secret of confession and its value, and then you will know that the Feathered Serpent can fly.

It was in those days that I discovered that my friend was a consummate actor, that he could modify his appearance almost at will, and that he could transform himself into whoever he wished. The incident that led to this new discovery began one night when politicians with whom I was in close contact in the conspiracy called me with great urgency. We arranged a meeting far from the city center. When I left my house, agitated by the urgent tone with which they had called me, I encountered my friend:

- Something's wrong. So-and-so called me. Come with me -, I told him.

The problem was that one of the conspirators, director of a newspaper of battle and who had a rather notable circulation at the time, had received a confidential warning. That same night they were going to arrest and imprison him. He did not doubt of the truthfulness of that warning. It had been given to him by a policeman who was going to take an active part in the event. This policeman owed the director certain favors and was also being paid by the conspiracy group. The problem was In helping the director to escape and we thought that his escape could be used for propaganda purposes. The immediate thing was, however, to make him disappear before the police captured him. We were discussing various plans when my friend intervened:

- You can appeal to the right of asylum -, he said.

It was a valuable indication. I ran to the phone and called a diplomatic friend. I was about to tell him our plan when my friend covered my mouth with his hand and warned me:

- Tell him to go immediately to his embassy, and to leave the door open because you will be arriving by car.

So I did. This diplomat was one of those who had benefited with my things, so he readily agreed. The director, my friend and I left the meeting. We took a taxi and when I was about to give the address of the embassy, my friend gave a completely opposite address. We traveled for half an hour, in silence. We stopped at a late night bakery. It was only when we were seated at a table that I realized the reason for my friend's precautions.

The police had followed us. They were two agents who couldn't hide their identity. I saw one of them phoning. My friend saw it too and said:

- They do not dare to act alone. They are calling for help. Now we will use a very old trick. Saying this he stood up and went to bathroom. We followed him. Inside he exchanged clothes with the director. They were both of more or less the same shape. We then made a deliberately suspicious exit, one by one, as the police officers watched us. The three of us met at the corner and saw the two officers approach us with an awful concealment. When they were relatively close, my friend started a comedy in such a natural way that I almost fell on my back. He made a spectacular farewell, making an appointment to meet us the next day in such place and such hour.

I was perplexed. My friend had perfectly imitated the voice and accent of the director of the newspaper. He even walked the same like him. He approached the sidewalk, called a taxi, and left. In a few minutes we saw how the agents went after him.

The director of the newspaper and I were astonished. He said:

- Very noble is the gesture of your friend. Who is he?

I did not answer him. Watching the police go after him, I was overcome by a very singular fear. He was very well informed about police methods to ignore the fate that awaited him if they managed to catch him. I also began to feel an overwhelming anger against this journalist who was now safe and free from the danger of being tortured by the police.

On the other hand, my friend would not only be mistreated by mistaking him at the beginning with the director, but they would end up realizing the truth of the facts the next day when the embassy X notified the government about the director that had been given asylum. While I was thinking about all these things, this man who was with me was chattering in the most unbearable way. I wasn't paying attention to him, but I managed to catch a phrase with which he ended a speech:

- The fight for the freedom of press is certainly bitter.

This phrase fell on me in such a way that I could not help but feel an indescribable contempt for all conspirators of this type, men who always used the feelings of others to come out well and safe and then thrive on the sacrifice of others.

- Bastard! -, I yelled at him filled with anger.

- What did you say? -, he asked surprised.

I grabbed him by the lapels, pushed him against the wall and pouring onto him all the hatred contained in my mind, I said:

- I said that you are a bastard. I tell you now that you and your whole collection of bastards can go to hell with your freedom of press. My friend has nothing to do with these crap. The risk that I take does not matter because I am with you just to see how to save myself. I am as shameless and as hypocritical as you. But I am no longer delusional. And if

I help you now it is because I need to help myself. What I had to do is break your face and hand you over to the police so that they can finish you off. I worry about my friend and not about you and your stupidity. Come on, you idiot; there in the embassy awaits you coffee, brandy, cigarettes and a comfortable bed so that you can dream of all the glory that I will fabricate with the article in which I will write about this.

The strange thing was that, besides anger, I felt a certain compassion for this man. He was one of that legion of delusionals who in the early days of the revolution had considered it impossible for an adventurer to seize power. What irritated me the most was that he was locked in the dream that the people were going to defend what until then was traditional in that country and that no one had dared to touch. But the facts had already shaken him. And now he was little less than being lost, not knowing what to do but ask for help from whoever wanted to give it to him, like my friend.

When we were in a taxi, I made sure no one was following us. In any case, for better safety we changed taxi several times. During these maneuvers he began to show signs of fear and wanted to start a conversation. I said abruptly:

- Shut up!

- But...

I did not let him continue. We took the first taxi that passed, and we left for the embassy of X.

- Do you have money with you? -, I asked the director.

He took out his wallet and said to me:

- How much do you need?

- All of that -, I said and snatched the wallet from his hand.

- I'll be left without a cent.

- But with the skin without a scratch and with a crown of laurels. Pay something at least. You can obtain money anywhere. This money will go to those boys who have lost their freedom and perhaps even their health because of you.

- You are on the side of so-and-so- -, he said while naming the dictator.

- Think what you want. I don't care about anything anymore.

I handed him over to the embassy. I consulted with the officials to what extent could I expand on my writings. We made an agreement and I wrote it right there. I was very happy when the ambassador told me that under international law, I could not include a political interview with the refuge. I was grateful for that; at least it diminished the amount of lies I would write about him; I had painted him as a hero, as a bold man who had managed to outwit the dictator's henchmen.

The ambassador X, one of the few sober and sensible men who was then in diplomacy in that country, smiled when I showed him my article.

- Why don't you make a living writing detective novels? -, he told me.

At that moment arrived a boy with coffee, brandy, cigarettes, and sandwiches. Shortly after, the ambassador's secretary arrived with the refugee. He looked at me reproachfully and I realized that he knew about the incident and about the money. He asked for a word alone with the ambassador, but I went ahead and said:

- Mr. Ambassador. A friend I care a lot for is now possibly in the hands of the police so that this man can be saved. This individual is for me a news and nothing more. In the taxi I took his money. Here it is (and I put the wallet on the table). I haven't counted it, but I'm going to keep it and how I use it is my business. In this article you have seen how I say that this man, in a final gesture, gave a large sum to help the cause and those who fight for freedom. Well, I'm going to turn that fame into a literal truth. You are witnesses that this man now makes this donation voluntarily.

The ambassador was uncomfortable and upset. The secretary, surprised at my boldness. The refugee looked at me with his mouth open. But the most surprised of all was me. I do not want in any way to justify myself by denigrating those revolutionaries of saloon, but neither can I fail to mention that they already produced an unbearable disgust. And that this disgust was spreading towards myself. I realized that I was hitting a fallen man, a man who had entrusted his life and his freedom in my hands. My feelings were extremely contradictory. I looked at him threateningly, and with a tone of voice that I would never have suspected in myself, I said:

- Well ... what do you say?

And he, starting a little awkwardly, looked at the ambassador and answered me:

- I understand that the unexpectedness of your friend's decision has upset you. I certainly forgive you for the way you have treated me. You are a noble being who is trying to hide your nobility. Have this money and allow me to thank you for everything.

He extended his hand. I felt such disgust that I could barely give him mine. I felt dirty inside, dirty at heart. And it seems I spoke this within myself:

- I have told you that I am anything but noble and selfless. I'm as much a liar and a shameless as yourself. At least let's not be hypocrites.

The ambassador intervened at that moment:

- If I didn't know you, I would ask you to leave right now. You are disturbed. Do not drink anymore. As for your friend, even if the gentleman voluntarily turned himself in to the police, no one can help him. I certainly cannot do it without making my government an open supporter of his acts. Let's finish this matter. Officially, I only know that the man has come to ask me for asylum and I grant it to him. Apart from this, I don't know anything else.

We exchanged half a dozen formal sentences. The refugee left with the secretary. The ambassador closed the door and we were alone. We chatted for a long time about things that do not pertain to this story. When we said goodbye, he said to me:

- All I'm asking is that you don't turn the embassy into a hotel. We have already been through this in Spain and I am a bit old for these things.

That night I couldn't sleep pondering about the fate of my friend. I tried to locate a spy we had in the police force; I couldn't find him. But early next morning, my friend showed up at my house. My eyes were sore from lack of sleep, from the excess of alcohol that I had drunk during the entire night. His smile encouraged me, and I threw my arms around him and was about to cry with joy. But he calmed me down with his tranquility:

- Don't lose your head.

We prepared coffee. Before breakfast he made me have an aspirin and advised me:

- You could use a Turkish bath. It will be interesting to see that chubby policeman sweating along with us.

He was referring to an agent who was following my steps.

I told him everything that had happened the night before, and I expected him to reproach me, but all he said to me was:

- You have already begun to realize that the freedom that everyone talks about is a myth made by themselves and for themselves. You have started to be honest with yourself. What you now feel as a reproach is precisely the first dawn of freedom.

- But I have stolen his money, I have abused his condition. I have enough money, and I have also left the ambassador in an uncomfortable situation.

- Sometimes we know a lot by heart, but our mental ineptitude distorts everything. But it does not matter. The interesting thing is that you have not hidden behind some high-sounding phrase to justify your violence. As for the ambassador, don't worry. He has seen you as I see you. He is one of us.

- Who are us? What is it about? -, I asked.

- You will recognize them with time. He who has eyes to see always recognizes his own. On the other hand, you will need that money.

I THINK that my friend could predict the future. None of his predictions had failed so far. This one neither. As soon as the word spread out regarding what I had done, about helping the director to escape, my life suffered another unexpected turn. The obscure part of my conduct, naturally, remained in silence. The riots in the city were increasing. The students disturbed with one strike after another. One day two of them came to my house. My friend helped me to make them flee to a neighboring country. He took the money that I had taken from the director (who was already writing about his heroism abroad and his fantasy exceeded mine by far) and divided it between us both. I was blown away by seeing him take charge of the whole situation and hearing him say that I should now dedicate myself to misleading the police so that he could have his hands free in this task.

Soon we had to rent an apartment in another part of the city. For several weeks we both played Scarlet Pimpernel. My money ran out quickly. Fuel was rationed, but my friend managed to get coupons. We used diplomatic and attorney cars for our enterprise. When I saw that the money was running out, I began to obtain it through threats to the gentlemen of the aristocratic club where they were planning the way to give "moral support" to these students. Spies with whom I was still in contact have joined our undertaking and even contributed with money. My friend assumed the effective and real direction of the whole system that was being set up swiftly. He had such an inconspicuous way of doing things that no one would have thought that all plans were made by him.

As for me, my nerves were destroyed. My friend limited himself to observing me. I increased the dose of stimulants to stay awake and active. During the day I had to carry out my role as a journalist as if nothing abnormal was happening. At night I had to help my friend. I learned many things out of necessity. One day, in a quiet hour when we could chat, I told my friend how bad I felt inside, how much disgust was already produced in me by this life of deceit, lies and frights. He limited himself to smiling.

A few days later the hour of disillusionment has arrived. One morning, towards the end of the summer, a police party arrived at my house. One of them, while the others went through my drawers, cut the phone, and carried out their job of isolating me, prepared breakfast for everyone. They were all very nice, very kind. Only one was sitting on a sofa with an automatic gun in his hand. The extraordinary thing is that during all of this I began to feel calm, serene. And I said to the armed policeman:

- Friend, put away your gun. I assure you, I am too tired to resist or even to try to

run away.

My house was taken over by the police. I went to a police station where they subjected me to the most absurd interrogations possible. Judging by the way the questions were being asked, and judging by the questions themselves, it seemed like they needed to build such a sensational case that it would serve as the basis for something equally sensational. They were about to persuade me that I was the most dangerous man alive. But I no longer had any resistance, neither internal nor external. Lacking the stimulant, my nervous system was resting. I said yes to everything, and didn't bother to deny anything. The charges were so fantastic that I would sign statement after statement without even reading them.



THIS IS how my life ended. My career also. I expected to see myself involved in one of those scandalous articles similar to those that I myself had written many times. And I laughed. I thought it would be fair to serve as a topic sometime and I did not care at all what I knew the newspapers would say about me, or what my colleagues would think. I didn't give a damn about anything. I just wanted to rest. But the police took it upon themselves to stop the scandal in time. Some time later, I learned from my friend that they had ordered the newspapers to say that I was not detained and that I was possibly spending the summer somewhere. The real reason for this decision was only known to me, but it is a matter so murky that it does not correspond to this story and my friend did not intervene in this matter at all.

During the first days of solitary confinement in a cell, I tried to remember many of the things that my friend had told me and that I had written down. But I didn't have my notebook with me. I began to see life and human issues in a very curious way, as if I was isolated from them. This was because at one point I remembered something he had told me about the key to The Sermon on the Mount, a key that was hidden in the first sentences:

*"And seeing the crowds, he went up the mountain."*

My disillusion and everything that had contributed to this, could that be "seeing the crowds" that my friend spoke about? And what could "climb the mountain" mean? I thought that the mountain would be something like the inner calmness that invaded me when I remembered my friend, a calmness as if I knew that he would give me the answer to all the questions that I began to ask myself. By the way, in this isolation I was able to see the revolution, my career, my years of youth, in a very different way. I realized how foolish, how useless my hectic existence had been, that such a life could not lead anywhere, and that it made no sense.

I could not explain what had happened to the feelings of those students who, frightened by the danger of the police, had come to my house seeking help. I could not explain myself how it was possible that now and voluntarily they were speaking against me in the indictment.

Eventually I was sent to jail and was left in peace. My friend's first visit occurred in the presence of the interrogating commissioner. I asked him about friends; and his response was typical:

- I am here -, he said.

- I don't mean you. I meant friend X, Y, Z, etc.

He looked at me compassionately, and with a fictitious tone he replied:

- They? They are free men. They are enjoying a nice nap.

- I imagine they are doing well.

- The only one who is doing really well is you. But this you don't understand yet.

And addressing the police interrogator, he said:

- This man needs rest. Above all, he needs to reflect. Could you help him? Since you have studied philosophy, perhaps some of your words will serve him.

I do not know what previous conversations my friend had had with this policeman. The point is that they seemed to be trusted friends. The policeman, clearing his throat and in the tone of a lecturer who is going to elucidate the mystery of life, began to speak such a mass of emptiness that I had to hide my laugh by lighting a cigarette. I didn't dare to look my friend in the eyes. The speech ended more or less as follows:

- We provide a service to the state for the good of the community. The homeland is above all. But we are also human. You have confessed. It has saved us work and money. As long as the authorities pass judgment on your case, I'll see to it that you have a good time. The political crimes deserve our courteous consideration. This is like a boxing match: you have lost, we have won. That is all.

His hypocrisy was disgusting. I had seen some of the faces of the students who had come to my house for help. And I realized that my friend had somehow influenced this man to convince himself with his own words.

The policeman brought out a chess set. He ordered coffee for everyone and the game began. It lasted several hours and I could tell that my friend was playing a comedy game; he pretended to strive to win, but he deliberately lost. In the end, the policeman told him:

- We must play again. How difficult it was to defeat you!

The man was radiant. During the game I had often seen him turn pale. In the end, he said very kindly:

- This victory must be celebrated. Please accept my invitation to a dinner.

My friend looked at me before answering, but the policeman added:

- We will go with him too; but it would be good if he pledged his word of honor that he will not try to escape. My friend said:

- I answer for him.

The prison food was obnoxious, so I relished the idea of dinner at a good restaurant. The policeman took from his desk drawer the small metal safe where I always had a good sum of cash and which the police had seized "for investigation." I saw him put a handful of bills in his pocket.

The three of us ate well and happily. My friend was a completely different person. He seemed to admire this policeman as a child admires his father. The conversation started between the policeman and me. Seeing him so vain, I said:

- Look, my career as a journalist has ended thanks to you. But I think I have discovered a possibility for the future. Tell me your most interesting investigations and putting that together with the background I have from the secret service, I could write a good adventure novel. This is a type of literature not very developed in our countries.

- I will think about it -, he said seriously. After a moment, he added:

- Yes, I think you could write it well. I have read your writings and I like your style.

- Thank you -, I said.

- How would you describe me?

- Well...it would be necessary to change your name first, right? But in such a way that one can know who it is. Then the description of your physique would have to be modified. Those are important details. I think it would be better if the character was described by you, because you have more experience in the psychology of counter-espionage. I only know that of the spy and we cannot say it is very good since I am a prisoner.

- I think it is a good idea. What do you think? -, he asked my friend.

I started to tremble. Any caustic expression on his part could make my situation worse. I looked at him with pleading eyes. And he, without taking his eyes off me, replied:

- Whoever ignores his own psychology, ignores that of others. This is obvious, right?

- Of course, of course -, said the policeman, looking very seriously at the tablecloth as if pondering over some serious philosophical problem. My friend continued:

- Since ignorance of oneself makes one see the truth always distorted so that not even a shadow of it remains, I think there is a notable difference between your psyche and that of my friend. For the purposes of that novel, whose hero is a counter-espionage agent, you are the most suitable to be described because that way you will distort not even a little your own subjective conception. Naturally, I may be wrong; you saw that when I had you in check, you faithfully demonstrated that quality that I just mentioned. If I'm wrong, please tell me.

The policeman seemed to have elevated to the clouds. His smile was so beatific that I had to make a great effort to contain my laughter. He pondered my friend's words with such an expression of seriousness that at first I thought he had realized that, in short, my friend had called him "imbecile". But my fears were unfounded. At the end, raising his head like someone who has made a very serious determination, he told us:

- Your observations are extremely accurate. Of course, you are not wrong. My subjective conception is precisely one of the psychological values that have allowed me to have an extraordinary success in my career. As you well said, the enormous difference between my psyche and that of the gentleman (it didn't stop calling my attention that about 'gentleman') allows me precisely such a subjective conception that the affiliation - excuse the police terminology - of the hero of the counter-espionage service results in a interesting chapter.

I was looking at him with my mouth open, but he continued:

- Don't be surprised, dear adversary -, he told me. - I was born with a great psychological talent. The truth is that I had a hard time persuading my superiors to adopt the psychological method for our service. The categorical imperative makes unnecessary the old methods full of brutality. The psyche is an important factor in espionage and counter-espionage. You lost this round, dear opponent, because you are only an amateur in matters of the psyche, you should not have departed from your profession as a journalist.

This man fell madly in love with the words 'psyche' and 'subjective'. During my imprisonment I could hear him many times explaining them to his subordinates.

My friend handled him as he pleased; he obtained from him what he wanted, but he never made the slightest effort to obtain my freedom. And when I reproached him about it, he said:

- You are better here than out there. At least here you are well accompanied and you may even wake up.

Months passed.

HOW MANY games of chess did my friend have to play with that man?

But we have come to the end of this story.

One afternoon my friend came to the prison and said to me:

- So and so (the one with the 'subjective psyche') told me that you will be deported in two weeks, or maybe sooner. He will treat you well until then. I must go, but we will see each other soon.

I couldn't hide my tears. It was obvious that he was also sad, but he was so well protected by his smile and serenity that he revealed nothing but affection and goodwill. It was then that he spoke to me about those qualities indicative of the "promise of awakening." I was left alone and bitter.

After ten days I was notified of my dismissal. I was also informed that my affiliation had been sent to all the police of all the governments of the continent and that several of them, each one in his own way, had added or deleted something obtained from "reserved and confidential sources." I well knew who constituted these sources and the motives for their contribution to my dossier, but that no longer matters.

That entire time period is now so remote for me that it is difficult to remember some incidents. The trickery of some men is in certain cases such an obvious thing that perhaps that is what my friend refers to when he talks about the men of clay in the writing that follows this one.

But the last scene by his side also needs to be told, as well as what such determined.

One morning in May I left on an international train bound for a bordering country, precisely the country that had sent that nice and scoundrel confidential agent who gave me my wallet. An hour before sending me to the train, the 'categorical imperative of the subjective psyche' led me to his office and in a solemn tone he told me:

- Young man, if it were up to me, I would let you free. I would have done that a long time ago. Overall, once his game is discovered, the spy is useless if not dead. That's what matters to me. You can remake your life according to your wishes. That is the general argument of my most important counter-espionage investigations. I make you appear as the most difficult of all. Naturally, I had to exaggerate the note in this case in order to bring your psyche to the level of mine. I recommend you not to alter anything in the chapter in which I write about my psyche. I have concealed myself as much as

possible. Good luck, and send me copies of what you will produce. I am at your service.

He changed his tone, went back to his desk, took the money out of my safe and added:

- As for your trip, the law allows you to take out of the country only that much pesos. When you were arrested, there were so many pesos in this box (seven times the amount that the law allowed me to carry). In consideration of the sympathy you have aroused, I will allow you to take double the amount that the law authorizes. So much (more than half of the original sum) has been spent on your living expenses, haircuts, etc. The rest you can use as you please.

As nothing could surprise me anymore, I said to him:

- Surely another spy with a psyche as low as mine will fall into your hands. Please use the remainder of my money for him as a gift from one colleague to another. Perhaps he will have no money.

He gave me the money, the passport, etc. And without waiting for me to leave, he took the balance and put it in his pockets. We said goodbye, but when I was at the door I turned and said:

- I am going to travel to the border with one of your men. Which one of us will keep this money?

I had good reason to doubt the altruism of the policemen.

- According to the law, the agent who accompanies you must keep it and give it to you at the border. But in your case we will make an exception.

And he called the agent who was waiting at the door with the handcuffs ready to put them on my hands.

- This detainee is in your charge by order of the minister. And he carries Z pesos. That has been officially authorized. He will take the money. Is that understood? In addition, you will not need to handcuff him. Go as friends.

- Yes, sir -, the agent replied.

When we were leaving, he called the agent again and I could hear him say:

- Surely you will want to buy something special on this trip. Have this.

It was obvious that he had given him a part of the funds that I had left to future spies dispossessed of 'subjective psyche'. The agent came out beaming, and with the greatest of considerations, he took my suitcase and said:

- Whenever you are ready, sir.

The trip lasted two days and one night.

DURING THE trip I have often repeated to myself: "And seeing the crowds," without succeeding in getting anything clear except a complete disillusionment about the human race and myself.

I had to travel for five more days and cross two countries before reaching the place where I wished to reside and where I hoped to find work as a journalist.

Upon reaching the border I said goodbye to the agent. He was a good guy. I remained alone in the train cabin. I thought of my friend. I had too many dilemmas that I didn't know how to deal with. My reputation was in tatters. It would be difficult for me to find a job in a position of responsibility like the one I had held. Like many, I had been one more victim in that enormous machine that is the total war. Apart from my friend, I was not in contact with any other of my friends. And I waited confidently for the moment to see him again, because if he had promised it, I was certain that he would fulfill it.

Unexpectedly, at a station past the border, he got on the train.

- Have you learned enough already? -, he told me. - Let's see if you can take advantage of this lesson. You may still have to suffer as a result of all that you have done. But don't despair. Try to pay attention to that Internal Judge I told you about. If you do so, if you do not undertake anything new, over time the inertia of the things that you have set in motion will end.

That was the last thing he said to me. He handed me the notebook of the things that I had written down, and I did not hear from him again except when I received the letter that I later on reproduced and that he asked me to publish in part.

Upon arriving in the city where I had to make certain arrangements to continue my journey, I found the same political situation that I had just left behind.

The day after my arrival I received a visit from that confidential agent, the one with the wallet.

- I am pleased that you have come -, he told me. - Here we can use your services.

- Thanks for reminding me -, I replied. - But I am tired.

And I explained my personal situation, my obligations and the suffering that I had already caused to my own people.

- Don't worry about it -, he insisted. Your experience will be valuable to us. There is nothing risky. Besides, we will pay you well.

- I reiterate my gratitude, but I prefer to continue traveling.

But he, changing his tone, said to me:

- You are not in a position to refuse our request. If we wanted, we could detain you again as a suspect. You know well what our situation is, and I assure you that we are not going to allow diplomatic friends to help you. You don't have friends here, you have very little money and you won't be able to find a job.

- Anyway -, I said, - I suppose you are not going to take advantage of my condition to force me to do something I don't want to do.

- The homeland is above all -, he replied.

I couldn't contain a sneering smile.

- I know that here constitutional guarantees are suspended, that you must protect yourself under a permanent state of siege. I know that I am in a disproportionate situation and that I depend on you to be able to return to my own people. But even so, believe me also that I prefer to be killed before continuing on this train of farce and lies.

The man turned pale. He slapped me on the face and I, who only a few months earlier would have killed him right there, kept steady and did not say or do anything. Something strange happened inside me, something I cannot explain, and yet it was not fear. It was something very unique. As I smiled, I perceived a great calm in my chest. The man was embarrassed, made half a dozen more threats, and withdrew. From the hotel balcony I saw him sit on a bench in the public square. After a few moments, while I was shaving, he returned.

- Excuse me -, he said. - I should have taken into account all that you just suffered. But please accept the invitation of the minister (he quoted a name) to have lunch. Maybe then you will change your mind.

I didn't refuse.

The reason for the lunch was very simple. There was a conspiracy going on to overthrow the president and place the minister in his place. For this it was necessary to examine certain environments. I explained to him that professionally I was discredited.

- We can fix that easily -, he told me.

He named an opposition newspaper and gave me to understand that the owners who also owned large interests in the country's natural wealth would not look down on my collaborations.

- No -, I said. - I'm tired of all that.

- Think about it for a few days anyway. In my office I have a very interesting dossier about you and your political ideas. I also realize that you are discreet.

It was a threat that could not go unnoticed.

I was once again in the networks of one of those abominable political intrigues of the South American countries, a machine full of lies, crimes and extortion.

Disappointed, that afternoon I thought about suicide.



I FELT THAT I was drowning. I couldn't run even if I wanted. The police were watching me. I took a tram and left for the outskirts of the city. By the attitude of the people, by the way they spoke, and by many indications that an experienced observer easily learns to take into account, I realized that anyone who would start a movement against the current president could succeed. People also wanted to enjoy the freedom to change rulers. Later, they would again want to overthrow whoever they themselves had brought to power.

The years of lies added to more lies had end up making me feel contempt not only towards myself, but towards the entire human race. However, something inside me was changing and I noticed that my contempt was not so caustic nor so powerful. It was something like resignation when seeing people. I repeated to myself "And seeing the crowds"; I would ponder upon that but my thoughts would flew to my friend and I forgot this.

Suddenly, I was seized with a vehement desire to pray.

I found a chapel full with indigenous people. I watched them and felt affection towards them. I knelt in a corner and began to chat, as before, with a Crucified Christ. I told him in detail everything that happened to me, and I finished by saying this:

- Judging by the facts, it seems that I used very badly the intelligence you gave me. Why don't you give me a new chance? If you can, give me another kind of intelligence, one that not only allows me to get out of this mess, but also allows me to live in peace with my friend.

I raised my eyes to the face of the Christ.

I don't know if it was the imagination spurred on by the desire, but I think I saw him smile.

When I returned to the city, late at night, I took refuge in the hotel room.

On the nightstand I found a message from an ex-diplomat whom I had met many years before and who now bore the title of Senator on his letterhead. I called the number indicated and he answered himself. He was very kind. He told me that he had found out about my visit to the city, that he missed my reports in the newspapers and that he had a keen interest in talking to me. He offered to come to the hotel to pick me up.

I no longer felt any strength to refuse.

When we were together our cordiality was artificial. The man knew about everything, but he was hiding it. A senator does not look for a journalist in that way only

to remember times gone by in a nice capital city. Our talk, during the drive, was more hollow than normal. Eventually the luxury car in which we were driving stopped in front of the government house.

The senator smiled, as if to mean: "You weren't expecting this, huh?"

We had dinner in the presidential dining room. I had no appetite. The shot didn't come until later, when the senator, the president, and I were alone in a small private saloon. It was about a new intrigue, but this time it had to be bigger. I had to go to a certain country, activate there a given newspaper campaign that would allow this president to unite the forces of his party and eventually the whole country.

- If it is necessary -, he said, - we can even mobilize.

The idea of a new possibility of war frightened me. But I kept calm and decided to tell him about my observations of the day, among the people. During all this time I was wondering whether or not they would be informed of the conspiracy that was in the very bosom of their own cabinet. I ignored this and began to explain that he was unpopular not because of himself but because the people lacked the necessary civic education, which made him an easy victim of any exalted person.

Both the president and the senator spoke to me about their deep love for the country, the sacrifices they had made, the sacrifices they still had to make, and how necessary it was now to galvanize the opinion of the country by making it see the danger of its enemies, etc. , etc.

I did not answer. I felt disgusted. When I left the palace, I did not go to the hotel in the luxurious car, but on foot.

Days and weeks passed. My efforts to continue my journey encountered obstacles on all sides.

One Sunday, I remember well, started that orgy of blood that lasted for several days. I heard the first shootings from the hotel. Afterwards there was a macabre dance and during it I saw, in the middle of a frenzied and delirious mob in their drunkenness of blood, the corpse of the president, mutilated. Rivers of blood flowed. No one was sure about anything.

One night I met a fellow countryman. He told me that he had taken advantage of the shooting to escape from the jail where he had been imprisoned for a few months. The shooting could resume at any moment, so we decided to steal a car and together we fled at full speed towards the border.

Time passed and I found a humble job.

ONE DAY I received the announced letter from my friend, indicating the part that needs to be published along with other texts.

The pertinent part reads like this:

*The Feathered Serpent must fly. When you know what the flight of the Feathered Serpent is, you will know what you have to do. Until then ..... make it known that the Message of the Immortals vibrates throughout the centuries:*

**"WAKE UP! KNOW YOURSELF!"**

*The mysterious impulse that fixes your attention on these manuscripts is but the echo of the cry that has awakened the immortal essence of your own blood. And by evoking the glorious forces of Life, you have also evoked the sinister forces of Death.*

*Both of them are yourself, so do not fear.*

*Face them, know them, subdue them.*

*Your destiny is to be the master of both.*

*And even though you often think that you have lost the Path that leads to Awakening, you will never be alone. And you losing the way is nothing but a testing ground with which your alert intelligence, shaking the lethargy of everything that is mortal, attempts shy steps on all tracks.*

*It is necessary that you obtain experience.*

*Never ask a man: "What should I do?", because it is the most harmful of all questions. If you ask a fool, a sleeping person, you will be inviting him to drag you into sleep. By so doing you will have fallen into double foolishness and it will be twice more difficult to wake up again. And if you ask a wise person, an awakened one, you will notice how useless it is to ponder over his answer, because an awakened person will always answer:*

"Do what you think is best. If you put all your heart into it, always acting with alertness,

you will gain a great experience.”

*At the end, you will make out of Solitude and Silence your most precious companions. Immersing yourself with them in the depths of yourself, you will gradually see all the horror of the Dream, which is your human slavery. And, hence, your power to claim your freedom will increase.*

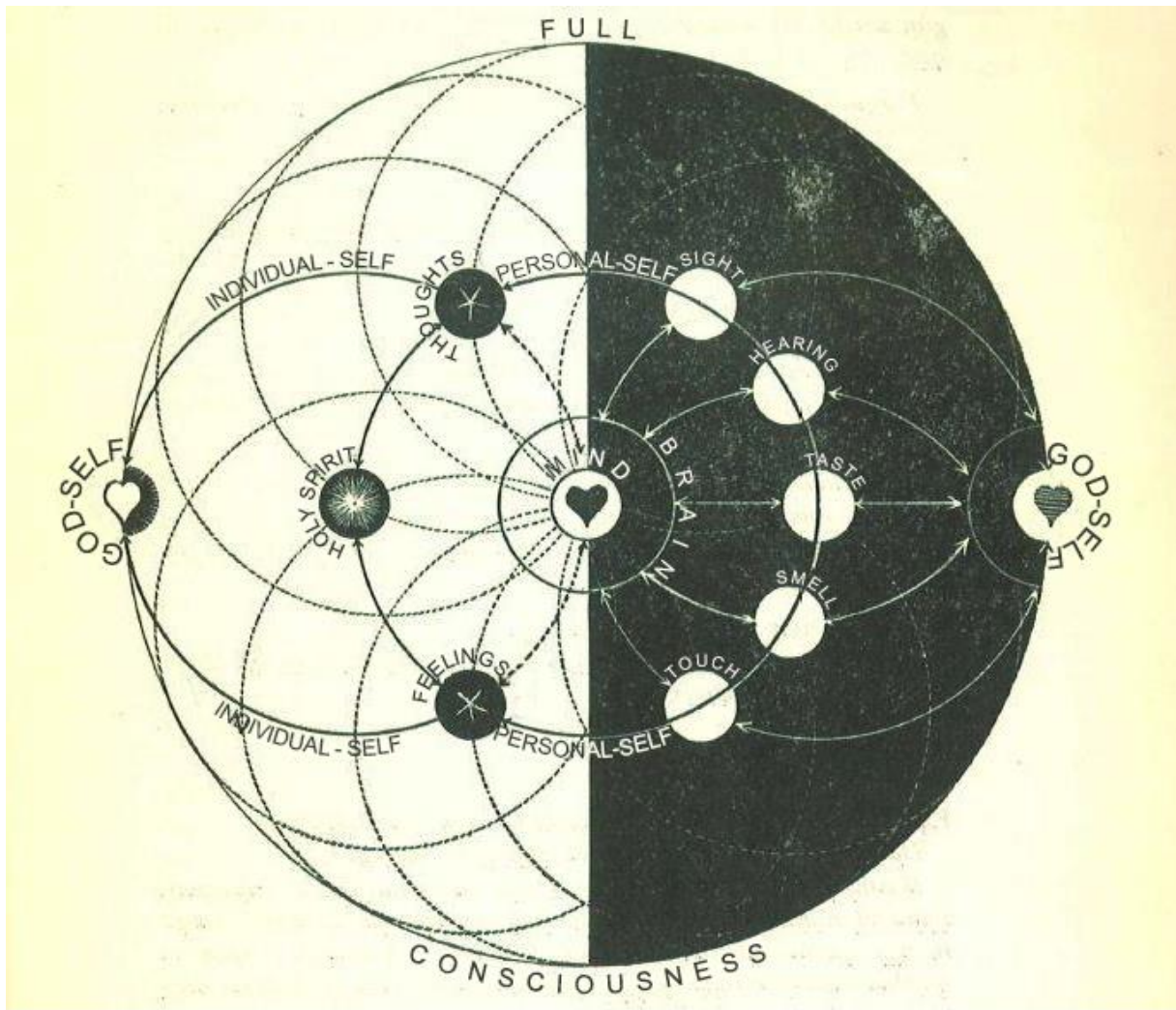
*Not everyone chooses this path that leads to the very heart of things.*

*If you have summoned your friends, you have also put on guard your worst enemies. Both will appear within you and before you in a thousand different ways, and you will often confuse them during your first steps. Your friends will not always be the most pleasant or kind because they will deprive you of everything that you now consider stable. Then your enemies, jealous and smiling, will unfold before your inner vision a thousand possibilities to elevate you to your actual condition. And if you give in and bite the poisonous fruit that they will offer you, you will be imprisoned and subject to the triple chain of illusion and dream that always seizes the naive one who ignores the value of experience and opposition.*

*But you will soon meet your friends in the infinite silences to which you will throw yourself anxious and thirsty for words of truth. Then you will feel that something is flowing, rough or smooth, depending on the circumstance, and the mere fact of feeling it will indicate that you are on the Path to a full awakening. Because that verb, that something, is you yourself, the Master, the Creator.*

\* \* \*

*Study this drawing attentively. With it you will learn to use all your faculties to awaken.*



*Each link in the Chain of the Immortals contributes one grain more to alleviate the load of those who are coming behind, but each soul that ventures into this singular endeavor is an original experiment of Life in order to make of this planet Earth a World of Divine Vigilance as well.*

*Each man who aspires to this vigil must make his own track and walk alone, attentive only on the step of the instance, without worrying about victory or defeat, without worrying about his earthly end. This is to live in the Eternal Now. Otherwise, the experience of Man on Planet Earth would have no value.*

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*The Path begins in the body with the five senses.*

*To wake them up is to use them, and not to confuse them with you.*

*Until now you have thought that your five senses inform you about the outside world. It is not like that, there is no such outer world nor is there such inner world. These are illusory concepts that cannot penetrate beyond the forms. That which is real is that you are not a form, and that being Life, you are everything that there IS.*

*Observe that bows and arrows do not point in one sole direction, but in two simultaneously. Understanding and living this simultaneity is the first rebellion of the mind, a rebellion that at the end will wake you up fully. And if you delve a little into what this simultaneity tries to express, you will soon also notice that you are not a body, but that which lives in your body, that animates your body and that, lacking in better expression, here I will call it your God-Self, invisible.*

\* \* \*

*With your five senses, attributes of the personal self, of the ego-form, it is not given to you to penetrate beyond the surface of forms. When you are aware that God-Self is the one who uses your five senses, it will be given to you to penetrate into the meaning, the essence, the spirit of all things that is also God-Self.*

*Latent in the brain, permeating the brain, is that which is called Mind — that with which you can know what your five senses capture and Who captures it for them. More deeply still, I have drawn the Heart, at the very center of your whole life. From this center, extended to the Mind, your Individual-I will spring forth, the essence of your soul longing to live in spirit and to worship truly.*

*Observe also that Thought and Feeling connect your personal-I with your individual-I, and I have placed them in the light half of the Vital Circle, the Awakened Consciousness, because they can be the light that reflects the truth of yourself in the darkness of your personality.*

*And because they are the senses of true wakefulness, they are the ones that, by uniting in what is called the Holy Spirit, establish the waking contact with God-Self in you and God-Self outside of you, one God but the Father God, with whom you can commune, helped by Christ, the Lord.*

\* \* \*

*If in your heart does not burn an uneasiness that permeates you until the consummation of your body, you will not be able to invoke God nor the Holy Spirit. And you don't know how to ask, which is why your time has not yet come.*

*"Watch and Pray" was the heritage that Christ left to the courageous. To watch is to do everything awakened; to pray is to feel an ardent yearning of BEING.*

*But whoever prays and whoever watches, even when they do it in an imperfect way, will receive generous help and will have to learn to receive it generously as well...*

*The help is Here, and it is Now.*

## Second Book

*“The Yucatan Peninsula, in the Southeast of Mexico, is the richest archaeological zone in America, which extends to Honduras and Guatemala.*

*Populated since ancient times by the Mayan race, this territory was called "El Mayab" (Ma: no, yaab: many — that is, the land of the few, the land of the chosen ones).*

*Also, what today is Yucatán used to be called (recorded by the conquistadors) “The land of the Pheasant and the Deer”, a name that maintains a unique mystical sense. This region was also called, in various ways, "Yucalpetén" (Pearl of the Throat of the Earth).”*

NOTE taken from the work "The Land of the Pheasant and the Deer" by Don ANTONIO MEDIZ BOLIO



I AM THE poorest and most wretched of mortals, but now I have my measurement in full, and for my happiness there are no limits because I was loved by the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte, the White Flower of the Mayab.

For her I have sighed for many years of many generations, waiting for the hour when she would deign to descend to me and take me to the Sacred Land of the Mayab.

But during the time that I believed I was waiting for her and that I believed I was expecting her appearance, I was actually marching towards her and towards the Holy Land of the Mayab.

However, how can I describe this walk of years in deserts and mountains, this walk of a solitary longing that is alive only then when the body becomes quiet?

How could I tell to the one who reads this, what this walk consists of in order to receive a single kiss from the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte?

How to explain the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte, the White Flower of the Mayab and her kiss that is the kiss that snatches men from death and takes them to the origin of their Mayan lineage where there is the path that in truth is Life?

I have seen her wrapped in her glorious splendor of simplicity and light, unimaginable for the man who thrives in the valley of dreams and who walks on the path of death.

I kissed her, and her lips lightly touched mine.

And that lightness was a touch of fire that kindled my blood and gave life to my flesh, and with its flames consumed the petrified scum that was separating me from her.

Some time has passed since that dawn of spring when I was naked before her, free from infernal clothing that are the seven cloaks of all illusion. And when I remember her kiss, my heart beats anxious to be consumed in her, and everything in me burns, transforming my being.

No words were uttered by the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte, the White Flower of the Mayab.

She said nothing to me with words and I couldn't want for her to tell me anything in that way, because she is like a single word that contains all words; and in looking at her, which is the plenitude of life to which the soul awakens, there is the light that shows us the entrance to the Land of the Mayab and fills us forever and ever, and makes of the men of clay one more measurement of the Great Hidden Lord, for whom there will never

be a name capable of describing him entirely.

And in that look, which is plenitude and love of Princess Sac-Nicte, I breathed in the unique perfume that emanates from the purest Mayab flower and in my ears I heard:

- You have seen me, you know me, you have liked the kisses of my lips. You are in me, I am in you, you are eternally mine. You will never be able to forget me and my memory will be your comfort in solitude, and your emotion will bring you to me when you want to come.

Could I say something besides this?

Oh! Man of the Maya lineage!

Make yourself eyes to see and ears to hear, open them, listen and wake up so that you can also die.

Die entirely in one single go!

Because the fullness that she is, the Princess Sac-Nicte, the White Flower of the Mayab, is only found by the men in whose veins runs the blood of the Maya lineage; they are those who are born to life that lights the kiss of their lips, and that kiss is the kiss of the sweetest death because it is the kiss of the Resurrection with which every flesh shall see the salvation in God.

You will wake up one day and then you will die, and you will be free, completely free to be able to turn your clay into a fair amphora in which the Great Hidden Lord can pour that food and that drink, the only food and the only drink with which he can satisfy your hunger and your thirst of justice of anyone who tries to avoid the valley of death to reach the top of the beautiful summits of the Mayab.

I approached her, the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte, White Flower of the Mayab, in a dawn of spring, in one of the many turns with which the Earth also gets close to the Sun to exchange kisses with him, giving him her sap and receiving his seed to fertilize her womb so that her offspring, the Moon, may also eat of that love.

And it is the sap that the Earth gives us and the seed that the Sun provides, which makes us understand Man and give life to the Moon and serve and worship everything that was given to us as a heritage by every Son of Man, be him from the Mayab, or from Bethlehem, which is the House of Bread, or from the high Mount Sinai, or born under the shade of a sacred tree of Bo...

This is the heritage of comprehension.

And the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte is the lover who gives in love, and the mother who offers her breasts for those who want to breastfeed from her. Without this love, no one will see the Princess Sac-Nicte, the white Flower of the Mayab, because love is the strength that she gives to the man in love with her charm and who makes himself a servant of the Mayab.

The night before her sacred kiss I was in darkness, searching like a lost creature

searches its mother when it is hungry, and I wanted to grab the thread that would give me certainty and strength to be able to walk. And I called her saying: Come! Come! Come! ... But Mother Earth took pity on me and plunged me into a deep sleep...

And I was awoken from this sleep by my heart with its violent palpitation of anxiety, and when I woke up I noticed a strange perfume that filled my emotion because I sensed that it was the perfume of her, of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte, the White Flower of the Mayab.

I, poor and wretched mortal, have banished sleep from my eyes and have tuned my ears ...

And I looked towards the summits of the Andean mountains, seeing their silhouettes lost in darkness. A piece of the moon was approaching to suck in the bosom of the Earth. However, everything was still dark, but everything was palpitating in the great silence. The clarity of the first dawn, that silvery reflection that precedes the light illuminated the summits of the mountains little by little. From the branches of the trees I saw some birds rise in a flight, still without chirping, and even the animals were already awakening to worship the light.

*Only man slept.*

And in that recollection that unifies life, when the soul of the Sacred Earth prepares to take the seed of the Sun, the spasm of happiness was also silent.

*Only man was agitated.*

I gathered myself in the silence of myself, knowing that I was a beggar of that communion aspired only by the daring ones in whom burns the blood of the Maya men.

And the light appeared ...

A little sadness still palpitated in this miserable heart of clay because I felt the fire and I knew that in that instant I was dying for good, but I was dying joyfully because I wanted to die ...

Then she, the most beautiful of all, the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte, White Flower of the Mayab, showed her lips so that I could kiss them and her loving smile has kindled me only when the last drop of fear and sadness had died in my heart of clay.

The Earth was then nourished by the Sun, I was nourished by the fire of love.

The heart of clay has opened and the fire baked it and made of it an amphora for the Great Hidden Lord. And the lips of Princess Sac-Nicte blew on the clay and, with their ineffable breath of Eternity, have made of it a form.

In that moment I felt her kiss. And in that moment life truly began to vibrate in everything that I laid my eyes upon, because it was I, I who in my heart was saying that I was looking, and that "I" that said that was the sweet voice of my Princess Sac-Nicte, the

White Flower of the Mayab who does not speak or say with words because she is all the words at the same time.

The birds broke into their song in unison, giving food to my soul when the light shone upon them above the Andean mountains; the leaves of the trees made themselves the ever-mature and green voice of life, and each one of them was as I was, transient and eternal at the same time, and above the peaks of the Andean mountains I saw how the darkness fled with the coming of the light.

What happened next?

I couldn't say even if I wanted to. Nobody can say it, nobody will ever be able to say it truthfully because those are words that only my Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte, the White Flower of the Mayab can pronounce with her kisses, and her kiss is the sacred word of the Mayab that is all the words at the same time.

But I can say that at that moment the man of clay dies when in his veins runs the fiery blood of the Maya lineage.

And, understand for what reason and why was he made in the Image and Likeness of his Creator.

Know also that from then on he will live united to the Mayab without being able to ignore nor forget his understanding, and that worlds, men, stars, suns will pass, but the word Mayab, which is HIS word, will never pass.

If you are a man of the Maya lineage, here I now speak that word in the depths of your heart so that the eternally beautiful and Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte may also speak to you with her kiss, and your clay and your water are baked, so that when the water evaporates and the dust from your clay returns to dust, your amphora remains alive in the love of the Great Hidden Lord.

So that the prophecy of the Sacred Chilam Balam of Chumayel is fulfilled, which says: "not everything that is inside this is in view, nor how much has to be explained. Those who know it come from our great lineage, the Maya men. They will know what this means when they read it. And then they will see it and then they will explain it".

And thus the sacred prophecy of the Mayab of Jesus will also be fulfilled inside of you, and the day will come when you will know that "it is not you who speak, but the Spirit of your Father who speaks *in* you."

OH! FOR many, the kiss of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte marks the end of their troubles.

And in the warmth of her memory they find shelter in the winter of their life of clay.

For me, on the other hand, her kiss was the beginning of an infinite path in eternity.

And for that reason, perhaps, it was only a fleeting kiss, so that I would continue walking in search of her on all the paths of the Mayab.

Well I realize that for most, all this is a dream and madness.

But the most are the men of clay, and my lineage is Maya.

And I say these things for the men whose blood is Maya.

Although now you do not fully understand what is written here, one day you will know and understand and read and comprehend what I mean, because the Mayab is one and has many names, and the Universe is one and has many forms.

And the Mayab has given many children and has made many men truly in the image and likeness of their Creator.

That is why I assure you that I am the poorest and the most wretched of mortals because nothing is mine anymore, and everything belongs to the Mayab.

But I have also written that I have my amphora full and filled with a secret happiness that I will not be able to lose even if I want to lose it because it is the happiness of the Mayab, and I will always continue walking with the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte, even if it sometimes happens that my eyes do not see her.

I will continue walking with her, because only with her and in her am I awake.

And in the intoxication of such a singular vigil, I would now like to pour out a little justice as it has been made known to me.

I assure you that I am the poorest and most wretched of mortals, that I have nothing that I can call my own, and even this life that I have has also been given to me, but it is only my concern to know why and for what reason has it been given to me.

I want to talk to you about Judas, the man of Kariot, the one whom you have cursed many times but who was a loving brother of that Son of Man who was called Jesus and who was also a son of the Mayab.

My history and my narration begin with an impulse that spoke in my heart, modulating words as clear and precise as those that you modulate in the ears of the beings

you love. They were words born from the kiss of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte.

Please give me your attention.

I know very well that everything I am going to tell you from now on, in this endeavor of justice, is in open contradiction with everything that you believe to be the truth of what happened in very remote times with a Son of Man, Jesus of Nazareth, the handiwork of the Mayab, who was in another continent and who also went to walk among men of clay looking for those who wanted to become the sacred lineage of the Mayab. Because he loved the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte and has spread her kiss in very holy and sacred words and that is why he too was killed by the suckers of his time.

Jesus of Nazareth was born with blood that was also the blood of the Maya men, which is universal blood, unitive blood, and it is a fiery blood that in its ardor says: "I am Unity, I Am".

He was born in a house equal to every house in the Mayab, and in a place that in its words is called Bethlehem, which means the House of Bread; of the Bread from which even the Sun eats his Bread.

He showed the way to the lips of the kiss of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte who is the Bread of all Life, and because there were suckers who did not want to be amphoras of the Great Hidden Lord, whom Jesus called Father, they put his body to death on a cross raised on the hill of skulls.

The men of clay who lived in the clay, making each other muddy, thrived far from the true Mayab of that continent and that is why the suckers have never been able to understand what Jesus of Nazareth said:

"I want mercy and not sacrifice."

And can there be comprehension in a brain where love does not make its nest? Oh! You, through whose veins runs the fiery blood of the Maya lineage and who would also like to be the son of the Mayab, pure amphora of the Great Hidden Lord.

You will learn, above all, to be just in order to reach the kiss of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte and that kiss will turn on the light so that you know the Father of all the Land of the Mayab.

Jesus of Nazareth, in whom palpitated the Living Christ, the sacred spirit of the Mayab, has told the men of his time and of all times that all their sins would be forgiven, even the sins committed against the Son of Man, but that the sins against the Holy Spirit, which is the Sacred Word of the Mayab, will never be forgiven.

For two thousand years there have been many who have sinned against the Holy Spirit, believing that with it they were doing justice to that Son of Man, and they have even persecuted other men, forgetting that when Jesus died on the cross, he said:

"Father, forgive them, because they know not what they are doing."

By His Mercy, which is the Mercy of the Mayab, this forgiveness reaches all those

who do not really know what they are doing and therefore it also reaches you because it is not your fault for having erred and sinned against that other man from the Mayab, born in the distant lands of Kariot and whose body and whose life of clay became known by the name of Judas.

But keep in mind, you men who are of the Maya lineage, that any injustice and any lack of mercy is a sin against the Holy Spirit, which is the Sacred Spirit in the Word of the Mayab. Remember it and read.

I, the poorest and most wretched of mortals, will tell you what I know about Judas, the man of Kariot.

### 3

WHEN THE warmth of the kiss of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte remained in my heart, when the ardour of life that she gave me impelled me to continue my way to the Mayab, when I closed my eyes and ears to the things of clay to listen to her, in my chest vibrated a singular message with an equally singular insistence, and it urged me:

- Help to spread the light on Judas, the man of Kariot, so that man can make the bridge with which to pass from the path of Peter to the path of John, and there surrender to the kiss of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte.

Oh! I, the poorest and most wretched of mortals, must now confess that I did not understand that imperious order, and I begged my beloved Princess Sac-Nicte for light.

And it was given to me to note that in that order there was a strange flavour of Eternity.

As if the infinite and inexhaustible force of the Holy and True Justice of the Mayab insisted that this dark passage of the experience on Earth of the Living Christ in Jesus be clarified for the understanding of the Maya men.

And it was also given to me to understand that it could not be me, the poorest and most wretched of mortals, the only one to whom this impulse from the Mayab had reached, because there must have been many men who, like me, had made the kiss of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte the beginning and not the end of their love for the Sacred World of the Mayab.

And searching in a thousand different ways I found that many men whose blood is Maya, and many more who are only of clay, had written and said many words that speak about Judas, the man of Kariot.

Some say that he was the son of the Mayab, others say no, that he was only a man of clay who muddied the memory of him by committing a horrendous betrayal.

But since I live from the kiss of my Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte and she tells me what my heart needs to hear, I will tell you what I have seen with the eyes that are only made by the Maya blood, and what I have heard with the ears of the Maya flesh, about this man named Judas born in Kariot.

I only know what my beloved Princess Sac-Nicte wants me to know and I am not interested or want to know anything more than that because the only real thing that there is for me is that kiss that lights the way to the Mayab, beyond the peaks of the Andean mountains.



And that is why I know that destiny is not and has never been in the hands of men, but in the will of the Great Hidden Lord in the Highest and the most Sacred of the Mayab, beyond the summit of the Andean mountains.

The sweet kiss of my Princess Sac-Nicte taught me that destiny and Spirit are the same thing.

For the most, who are only men of clay, destiny is what happens in the time between the cradle and the grave. But it happens that by the will of the Great Hidden Lord for some there is also a path that goes from the tomb to the cradle, and that is why it is important to help shine a light on Judas, the man of Kariot.

What path, what grave and what cradle am I referring to, is something that the man whose blood is Maya will be able to learn to know if he seeks the kiss of the Princess Sac-Nicte.

Whoever believes that destiny is what happens in the time between the cradle and the grave lowers himself, knows nothing about time and still less about life.

Nor can he claim that he has any destiny, even if he believes otherwise.

He is a man of clay, he thinks things of clay and for that reason he will return to clay.

For he is not baked in the fire of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte to be a clean amphora of the Great Hidden Lord, in the Highest and the most Sacred of the Mayab.

And, certainly that whoever tries to explain destiny as what happens in the time between the cradle and the grave, will explain absolutely nothing real or true because they will confuse a breath of life, an inhale and exhale of the Earth, with the truth of human existence.

Oh! Man who read this and in whose veins might run the blood of the Maya: think, ponder, investigate the truth of the destiny that is woven in the Sacred Kingdom of the Mayab, beyond the summit of the Andean mountains, and perhaps its light will also shine in your heart.

Think in the Light, feel its Love and ponder that this light has a power that says of itself, "I".

And that "I" will grow in you and its fire will melt the legion of demons that to each folly to which they induce you in the sleep that you call wakefulness, also say of themselves: "I".

There are many "I's" that dominate you and suck your blood, the blood that comes to you from the Kingdom of the Mayab.

Be you the Master, be you a single, complete I. That I that the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte loves so much.

One of those "I's" that confuse you so much may also make you think that destiny is what happens in the time between the cradle and the grave.

And it will tell you that the destiny between the grave and the cradle is madness. Such is the case with most people, and like that has always happened and will continue to happen in the life of the clay because the men of clay are always asleep, and they have not been given to understand that every man is also Humanity, that his suffering or enjoyment is connected to the suffering or enjoyment of Humanity, and everything that awaits him, also awaits Humanity.

A harsh word to take, and a harsh reality to bear for the man of clay.

Man has forgotten that there is no individual destiny at all, but he who seeks and who receives the kiss of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte, and who hears the Silent Voice of the Great Hidden Lord in the Highest of the Sacred Kingdom of the Mayab, becomes undivided and sets aside individual illusion and seeks no other destiny than that which is the destiny of the Mayab.

In the man of clay, there is only an illusion of individual destiny, and that is why he speculates with beautiful words and with foolish words that only make him see himself isolated and separated from everything around him and from everything that the common destiny is weaving.

And this destiny is the one in which what is below always tends to unite with what is above, and thus lives under the law of Good and Evil.

Because in this destiny the serpent crawls on the Earth and only looks in front and behind, and does not have the feathers of the Condor to lend it wings to take the flight beyond the summit of the Andean mountains.

Beyond that law is the Sacred Kiss of Princess Sac-Nicte that illuminates destiny. He who does not seek that kiss is dead.

And to live is to seek the truth of destiny, and not to flee from it.

Whoever does not seek within himself the truth of destiny does not live because his blood does not boil with the ardour of the fire of the Maya lineage.

And in the sleepiness of this animated death he may even dream that he is free, that he has his own destiny, and may even become convinced that this very sleepiness in which he exists is the fulfillment of his true destiny.

That is alright, because that is also true.

But there are those who still affirm that they are architects of their own destiny...as if the man who lives longing for the Mayab could do something that was not the destiny of the Kingdom of the Mayab, the immortal destiny.

That 'own' destiny is a deep torpor.

And Judas, the man born in the far lands of Kariot, had renounced the torpor.

As for all those in whom burns the ardent blood of the Maya men, the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte had written in the Book of Life:

- To that man whose lineage is Maya and who yearns to know the truth of destiny,

the truth of himself above all things, the destiny forbids him the torpor of a normal life.

And it was that truth that Judas sought.

And in seeking the truth of his true destiny, destiny united him with that man whom he called Rabbi and who was the Lord Jesus, born in Bethlehem.

And Judas, then, newly had a destiny in truth.

Because in his heart also began to burn the love for the beautiful and sacred Princess Sac-Nicte.

And he received her kiss and continued on his path to the Mayab.

Because Judas also longed to bake his clay to be a pure amphora of the Great Hidden Lord, whose love modulates voices in the hearts of men through whose veins runs the blood of the Maya lineage.

And that voice also modulated the command in my chest, and it was light that guided me on the paths undertaken by others who had also sought the reality of the life and death of the man Judas of Kariot. It was also the lighthouse that showed me the reefs where I was not to navigate.

However, now that voice needs to be explained.

I AM a man born from the clay of other lands, but in my veins runs the burning blood of the Maya lineage.

It burns in my whole being, and that ardour prompted me to ask for the kiss of Princess Sac-Nicte, and the heat of her kiss was an *I*.

Because I was also called by the voice of the inner destiny towards the mystery that the Mayab hides; but I had to lose myself, first, in a desert plagued by doubts and fed by fear. And my heart urged me to remain impassive in all that desert and told me that only in this way, in the midst of that solitude, and with hunger, could I eat the bread of the Great Hidden Lord and which the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte gives with her kiss to him who does not hesitate to pluck out his eyes in order to see, and to destroy his ears in order to hear.

Until then I had walked the first path, the path of the lukewarm, which sometimes reveals, but almost always hides the truth of the Mayab.

It is the wide path where one will always be accompanied, and many walk it because they fear silence and solitude.

And on that path I have seen the light of the Princess Sac-Nicte shine at times.

But the light is extinguished when it falls on the Stone that the Lord Jesus left placed as the first milestone in the destiny that leads to the Mayab.

And in the desert I found only stones with which to ease my hunger and quench my thirst, and I was one more sheep in the flock that Peter put to pasture, and I was a white sheep, but I died of hunger and thirst for the Mayab, and I did not want to die this way.

The light of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte that shone beyond that Stone that was my destiny, has made my wool black, and the white sheep have threw me out from their bosom and gave me up for lost when I left their herd and fell between the cliffs where the storm is lashing.

I had not made myself a bridge to cross the abyss.

I did not know then, but now I know that the destiny that is in the hands of the Great Hidden Lord in the Highest and most Sacred of the Mayab, has a path that begins with Peter, with the white sheep, and that leads to John only then when the wool is made black by the love from the kisses of the Holy Princess Sac-Nicte.

Wounding myself on the cliffs and weeds, I understood the words of the Sacred

Mayab, spoken and written in that remote continent, by another being whose lineage is Maya and whose name was John.

And this word is understood by striking the Stone in Darkness.

This word says that the Word in the beginning is with God and is God, the Great Hidden Lord, and that by that Word all that is made is: the sun, the moon, the earth, the stars, the man, the animal and the worms, the fruits that give life, the fruits that give death, and the words of all the Mayab's that have existed, that exist and that will always exist.

Because the stones change the flocks, but the Word forever remains even in everything that changes.

In this way I had news of the destiny which is the destiny of the Mayab.

And this destiny is the destiny of everyone who finds the path of John, a path that Judas, the man of Kariot, also found; a path hidden in the depths of man and that leads to the center of the Mayab, and that the Living Christ in Jesus also showed in order to take other flesh with him in his own destiny.

That is why I ask for justice and reflection for Judas, the man from Kariot.

And already two thousand years ago a destiny began in the Life of Man, which has not yet been fulfilled.

One night at that time, there in that remote continent, the Living Christ in Jesus ate food for the last time with all of his disciples who were Giants of the Small Cozumil and who were also marching towards the path of the Mayab.

That night the 'voice' was ordered, which is the impulse in the hearts of some men in whose veins runs the blood of the Maya lineage.

Oh! Blessed are the ears which that night were able to hear the beautiful truths of the Sacred Mayab that the Holy Lord Jesus revealed!

Oh! Heavy is the heart of stone and clay of those who left it unbaked by ignoring the thread with which the Holy Lord Jesus wove the destiny of this civilization!

But this civilization is not the visible one; what is visible is the one that says and does not do, and for this reason its deeds have been cursed and will be consumed in its own destruction.

Because when he mentioned that one of them had to deliver him, the others, who were eleven, did not know what only Jesus of Nazareth and Judas of Kariot knew that night.

And in his own words, it is written like this:

"...What you were to do, do it quickly ... But none of those who were at the table understood for what purpose he said that (Jesus to Judas)..."

Ponder: why such urgency?

For it is well known that long before that day, Jesus was well aware that he was

going to die a degrading death.

Ponder: why such urgency?

\* \* \*

When all this was happening, the disciple John, the youngest of all, had his head resting on the Heart of his Lord Jesus.

And Peter, whom Jesus had called in his words, Cephas (which means Stone), proclaimed his love for the Lord Jesus by offering to lay his soul for His; but the Lord Jesus warned him that he will deny him three times before the rooster would crow on that same dawn.

Man through whose veins runs the burning blood of the Maya lineage: ponder and meditate on this scene, weigh each concept because all of it was woven into the destiny known to the Great Hidden Lord in the Holy Mayab.

Peter offered his soul, but Judas gave it.

And because Judas gave it, John could remain resting his head on the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Even now you can read clearly written in light and under the symbol of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the burning words of the Mayab that say:

*"Give me a shelter of love in your home and I will return it to you eternally in my Sacred Heart."*

Man, you who read: study and think, meditate and feel, that which for you is written in the depths of your own heart, and thus your Mayan blood will be vivified and you will see fulfilled within yourself the prophecy of Chilam Balam, inspired priest of the Mayab:

*"Because not everything that is inside this (what is written in your heart) is in view, nor how much has to be explained. Those who know it come from the great lineage of us, the Maya men. They will know the meaning of what is here when they read it."*

You must therefore be able to read with your heart.

That night, the fate of the Maya soul of these times began to be woven, of this Katun, and of Humanity that lives dark hours from which whoever seeks the Holy and Pure kiss of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte will be able to flee.

And he will enter the invisible Noah's Ark to create a new civilization.

For, before that night, in that remote continent, the voice of the Great Hidden Lord that spoke through the mouth of the Holy Lord Jesus, said to you:

*"Who has eyes, let him see; who has ears, let him hear."*

And the Holy Lord Jesus knew the destiny of Man.

Because he was born to teach how to wake up, how to die, and thus to live, and to

show the Path to the end.

But none of those who were with Him that night understood it that way. They understood it much later because that night they were still sleeping.

As you sleep now.

But if you are diligent, make an effort and do not falter; these words will help you to wake up, and like this you can also die and then you can live.

And he who lives learns that destiny shows him many things that are hidden from the man of clay, because only to the one who awakens is given to die, to the one who dies is given to live and in living, one lives in the Heart of the Mayab.

And what Judas, the man from Kariot, did promptly, was to hold his time so that the Holy Lord Jesus placed a complete thread in the plan of this human destiny that points in the Maya lands towards a new civilization, and which two thousand years ago was known only by Him. Because if Judas had not done with urgency that what he did, it would not have been possible for what John's writings relate to have happened.

But this is yet to come.

For now I will only remind you of what says that part of the Sacred Scripture that is signed by John.

It was the third time that the Holy Lord Jesus appeared among his disciples by the will of the Great Hidden Lord, after his body of clay had died on the Cross. That night they ate fish caught in the waters of the Lake Tiberias, and again the Holy Lord Jesus asked Peter: "Do you love me?"; and Peter answered yes; and the Holy Lord Jesus said to him: "Put my sheep to pasture." And twice more he asked him: "Do you love me?" And twice more Peter said yes, and twice more the Lord Jesus said to him: "Put my sheep to pasture."

Three times in total.

And thus the fate of the white sheep began to be woven, some of which when they look at the light that shines beyond the Stone, a light that is lit by the ardour of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte, lose the white color of their wool and have black colour for a time, but afterwards they become prudent like serpents, simple like doves and the serpent becomes feathered and flies.

But the Holy Lord Jesus said even more to Peter. He showed him the plan of destiny when he told him: "Follow me!"

Peter died like the Lord Jesus, nailed to a cross, far away from his people, and mocked by others who took him where he did not want to go.

And that night, after having fish from the Lake Tiberias for dinner, and when Peter had been informed of the plan of destiny, he looked at John, the one whose head had rested on the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and asked:

- And what about him?

- If I want him to stay until I come back, what is it to you?

And much is spoken and said about the immortality of John as a result of this, but it is spoken and said without knowing what remains of John, nor what is immortal.

So make an effort to understand what is that which remains until comes that which is "I".



LIKE THIS began the planning of the fate of what is now dawning as the beginning of a new civilization.

It is the destiny that modulates impulses in the hearts of many men for whom I, the most wretched and poorest of all mortals, write in obedience to the kiss of my Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte.

So that they too will be kissed.

Just as Peter obeyed the destiny that spoke through the sacred mouth of the Lord Jesus and that told him that he was going to die where he did not want to die. Peter died far away from his brothers of the Mayab, in a large city on another continent, where there was no lineage of the Maya men who were formed as a soul.

Peter died on the cross, but he decided to die with his head resting on the Earth while very close to him, the sword of a man of clay who only obeyed the clay of the Roman Empire, severed the head of the late Maya Paul, Apostle of the Holy and Eternal Truth of which the Lord Jesus testified.

And if I say that Paul was a late Maya, it is because in him, compared to others, is fulfilled the truth also told by the Lord Jesus that the last can be the first.

Because Paul was a tiger turned into a lamb by the word of the Mayab of Jesus. Thus, one more knot was woven in the plan of destiny that is yours and that is mine.

And if you persevere, even when you are a man of clay, you can cast the essence of the Maya lineage to kindle your blood that is now warm.

And I have often asked myself this question:

- Why did Peter choose to die crucified with his head facing the earth?
- Why did John choose to rest his head on the Sacred Heart of Jesus?

Only the sacred silence of the Mayab knows it, where is woven the destiny of the white sheep, of the black sheep; there from where emanates the prudence of the serpents, the simplicity of the doves and where are made the Maya ears that hear and the Maya eyes that see, and where everything comes together in a single word.

I, the poorest and most wretched of mortals, have my measurement filled with happiness, because being a man of clay, the clay of my heart was baked in the fire of the kiss of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte, and in the sacred silence of the Mayab I have perceived a murmur that turns those words so obscure, and so obscurely spoken on the shores of remote Tiberias, into a glimpse of that which directs and weaves the destiny of

man.

For something is missing in those words, that is why they are obscure.

And what is missing in them is the light.

And that light is in yourself.

Kindle it!

Because John remains and Peter puts the sheep to pasture.

But the dove lends its feathered wings for the serpent to fly.

And he who is simple ponders in prudence.

And he who is prudent seeks the path that leads to the Mayab.

And the Holy Kiss of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte illuminates the path for him.

To tread the path of John, it is necessary first to know or to attempt the path of Peter, but to attempt it and to know it with the heart, because whoever attempts or knows it only with the head is a sucker; for such a one there is no path outside the Earth.

The path of the Maya is the path of the Sun.

It is the path of intelligence that is guided by Love.

Because Peter died on the cross with his head at the earth, and John rested his head on the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Ponder and judge.

However, not everyone understands the path of Peter and do not walk because they do not know that even the stones have hearts. And thus they also do not understand the path of John.

There are very few of those who understand that these are not two paths, but a single destiny weaved by the Great Hidden Lord in the Highest and most Sacred of the Mayab.

Man, you through whose veins runs the burning blood of the Maya lineage, I can tell you nothing more.

If the longing to know the truth of destiny burns in you, obtain for yourself eyes to see and ears to hear and you will one day discover how to make within yourself the bridge that unites the path of Peter to the path of John, and takes you to the Mayab.

That bridge is death.

It can only be made by those who dare to wake up.

Many men in this Katun have fallen into deep abyss, and in the midst of storm and pain they have lived only so that we can know how to wake up. Venerate them and look for them in the world of reality, approaching them by knowing their ideas, penetrating the hidden meaning of their great words.

I will give you only the measurement that was given to me, but you will have to make the bridge yourself, within yourself, at the impulse that you are capable to achieve from the ardour of your longing.

The measurement I have is very simple if you are able to see, and it is complex if you are still sleeping.

Because the Holy Lord Jesus did not appear as Christ three times after his body had died on the cross, but many, many more times.

For you must know that the living Christ in Jesus is alive.

And if that which is John remains, it remains because Judas did quickly what was necessary.

This fact is still attested by another writing of the same Mayab, with the signature of Luke, and which reveals that in one of his appearances the Holy Lord Jesus, "then opened their senses (of the disciples) so that they understood the Scriptures."

And with this sense opened, the real path that leads to the Mayab is known, and the Mayab gives these men Power, Love and Life because for them God, the Great Hidden Lord, ceases to have two faces.

And what is below joins with what is above, and that which is above gives life to what is below.

For these the Scriptures are clear and sacred because their truth is not printed in books, but is read in the soul.

For those, the floods will be seen from the Ark.

And the Feathered Serpent will fly.

## 6

OH! LIKE love, time is impossible to grasp with reason. Just as there are different loves, so there are also different times. Only He who has the Great Destiny in his hands can explain it to him who makes the effort to understand.

We can only say about time and love that which they are not.

Time is not neutral.

Love is not neutral.

You cannot love the one of Above if you love the one of Below.

But by loving the one of Above, you will love that of Below and that of the Middle.

Time can go with you to the second birth, it can go with you to the final death.

If you do in awakesness that which you have to do today, you will do many things that you do not want to do, and many things you will stop doing, no matter how much you want to do them.

And you won't have to wait for any "tomorrow".

Because time *is*; love also *is*.

If you understand, you can also *be*.

Love, like time, is in all things, it is in all forms.

It is in destiny as it is in folly.

Because in time, love makes all the forms.

Beware of the sucker who tells you that time is something non-existent, or who tells you that in loving there is sin or evil.

Only in the bosom of the Great Hidden Lord is the three one.

Time and love are powerful forces that evaporate water from clay, leaving only earth that returns to earth.

Water and earth are united by the deed of love.

Like clay, they unite for a time.

From the deed of love, the kiss of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte bakes the clay of him who wants to live, so that the water does not evaporate.

Her kiss is the hidden fire of love.

The well-baked amphora of clay is for another time.

In the man of clay, water is "yes", earth is "no".

That is why, for him, God has two faces, but none of the two is a true one.

The lit kiss of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte is that which burns the "no".

But she also burns the "yes".

And the man is *I*.

And God is God in man lit by the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte.

The time of the destiny of men of the Maya lineage is not a time that is separate from the destiny of other men, because the men of the Maya lineage are not separated from other men; for them they live and for them they work.

They are only different because their time is the time of a light that never goes out.

And that time is the immortal time, the time of the Sun of suns.

The time of other men is a time of water, like the water of floods.

They are not two times, nor are they two destinies.

They are the time of Above and the time of Below, that make the time of the Middle.

And whoever sees sin or evil in love wants to castrate the Sun, but he will be castrated instead.

And he will not eat the food of the Sun, and his testicles will dry up and he will be dead even before he dies.

Pay attention, if you are a man of the Maya lineage!

\* \* \*

LOVE IS born from the very bosom of the Great Hidden Lord, the Very High, who created time to be able to remain ETERNAL, and love is his Way and gives life in Time.

Search in your heart: what is your love?

So that you are not castrated, and to make your creation virile.

If your love is one and in this love you include all your loves, your testicles will eat the food of the Sun.

Only in the bosom of the Great Hidden Lord is there ONE; afterwards, everything walks in Three.

In everything that your eyes look at, in everything your ears hear, in everything you touch with your hands, in everything your nose smells, in everything your palate likes, in everything beats the force that is one, the force that is two and the force that is three.

Each three together makes a whole one.

Thus is made everything that is made.

Each one is a Being in three ways of being.

Thus was made the man of clay, the man of water and earth.

What is one is water, what is two is earth, and what is three unites water and earth

so that it becomes clay.

What is that which is three?

Is it not, then, a wish to be in the time of the Great Hidden Lord who, nonetheless, remains ETERNAL?

This is how it comes from Above to Below.

But the man who remains clay, if he ever thinks of this One, he does not pay attention to it; and if he feels that which is the Three he soon forgets about it because the work of remembering it is arduous.

That is why God will always have two faces for him, but neither of them is true.

He who knows and lives in the wanting to be of the Great Hidden Lord, overcomes.

Then he comprehends and knows and lives from Above to Below, according to his time, according to the Katun that he has made in himself.

He is a small three, a small one.

The clay then *IS*, because the sense is open, and attracts the light that, with her holy kisses, the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte kindles.

And it is possible for him to handle the four, in order to be able to do.

And he is Above and Below in the Great Hidden Lord.

That is also done by three, but its order changes.

Thus: the one is the wanting to be of the Great Hidden Lord, the two is the water, the three is the earth that approaches the Sun.

There you have the secret of generation and regeneration.

And when again there exists the number of the new lineage of the Maya men in the Sacred Land of the Mayab, they will ask you for a wine tree of *Balche*, and you will present it up high, and you will not be killed nor thrown outside.

The Feathered Serpent will fly.

They will also ask you, perhaps, for a wedding dress. If you don't have it, if you have been lazy, if you have not been watching, you will be thrown out where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Because the wedding dress is the garment of regeneration and it is the same thing as the wine tree of *Balche*.

Regeneration is the real path of John towards the Mayab.

But you must know more still.

He who knows nothing of the wanting to be of the Great Hidden Lord cannot be, he cannot do; he is just below, and he has no wine tree of *Balche*, and the water of his clay will evaporate in the moonlight, his vapor will then go to the moon, and earth will go to earth and thus everything will end.

This is a truth and thus it is well. Let this man be as he is because he is not of your

lineage. Let him sleep in peace.

The one who, knowing of the wanting to be of the Great Hidden Lord, says nothing more, and does not do what he has to do in order to live, he returns to be a sucker; he is also not from your Maya lineage; get away from him unless he implores you to help him do what he has to do; then you will tell him about your Maya lineage because even a hardened sucker can change his blood if he is sincere and truthful.

But keep quiet before the hypocrite.

Woe to you if you come to believe yourself to be better than a sucker, or superior to the one who does not have a wine tree of *Balche*!

You will not be a man, you will be a fag; go and put on women's skirts.

The man shows his virility by doing deeds of love, not by talking about love that he is incapable of doing.

The Holy Kiss of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte is for the virile Maya. Only the virile Maya can understand the truth that is Above.

And his virility carries him because he is the living body of the Great Hidden Lord's wanting to be.

Study then, how the lineage of the real Mayas is made.

In each one that is one, there are also three.

In each one that is two, there are also three.

In each one that is three, there are also three.

How is that done?

Maya you pretend to be and you do not know the 16-verse prophecy of the singer of Mani, Chilam Balam?

In each verse there is one, there is two, there is three.

The four is in yourself, it is you if what you live is an *I*.

And when you know it, do it!

The same is written in the writings of John, the same is written in the writings of Chilam Balam.

The two are a single book of the Spirit of the Mayab, only with different words. And the Spirit says:

“For I am. For I am God.”

\* \* \*

BECAUSE THE ETERNAL, the Very High, the One Sole Age, wanted to make Descendants of Seven Generations, and this is the Great Descendant that contains and maintains all the small descendants so that they maintain each other.

If you are a virile Maya and if you are proud of your Mayab, humble yourself secretly and silently by elevating your thought to HIM, to the ETERNAL, to the One Sole Age which is his own Katun, and which made all the Katuns and you as well, and has made you equal to HIM, a small equal, with all that HE is, even with his Infinite Creative Word, saying:

“For I am; For I am God”.

There are seven Generations of him, from the Highest to the Lowest. The seventh generation has a Tree of Life with as many branches as thirty-two times three, and these branches support the beings, because they are many branches and they cannot climb the trunk of the tree of *Balche* on their own; and their climbing is the climbing of the Katun of all this seventh generation.

Slow climb, painful climb.

Whoever degenerates in the seventh generation has a certain weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Living on Earth is the living of the sixth generation, and the Tree of Life has as many branches as sixteen times three; yellow are the leaves of 24 branches, black are the leaves of 24 branches; They are branches with leaves of the color of the West and the South; whoever joins yellow branches with black branches and with his intelligent willpower make them green, will grasp the trunk of the Tree of Life and climb it in order to know about the Great Pauah of that John who remains, and about HIS Great Love.

How are you going to do it?

Waking up and studying.

Waking up and working.

Waking up and fighting.

Studying, working and fighting within yourself so that you are yourself, so that you are *I*. Take a bit of black paint, take a bit of yellow paint, make a single painting of the two and take a good look, what do you see? Is it not green the new colour?

Yellow is the Sun, black is the Earth, green is the blossoming of immortality.

In this way you will be able to start walking on the path of regeneration, and your generation will then be the generation that is eight times three. Like this were the Giants of the Small Cuzamil.

Four times three were the Pauahs, the one from the East, the one from the West, the one from the North and the South.

The Pauah eats the food of the Sun.

Two times three is only conceived by the Pauah who cannot die.

But every man can be a Pauah.

And once three, we cannot even mention it in our current condition, because it is a Katun understood only by a Pauah.



All are different times, measured by different measurements.

The courageous and daring Maya goes from one Katun to another, always towards Above, and he is three generations in one.

Through his wanting to be in the fifth generation, the generation of clay that is being baked, the Great Hidden Lord can make himself known to the courageous Maya who has only one love in which he has fused all his loves. However, the clay will have to love him more than the clay, the water will have to love him more than the water, the man of clay will have to love him more than the Giants of the small Cuzamil and even more than the Pauahs of the North and of the South, of the East and of the West.

He will love him more than the obscure words of John or of Chilam Balam.

He must love him so much that he is not fooled by the pleasant words of the suckers.

And this loving will make him understand and live that loving that the Holy Lord Jesus said with his sober words, which was the secret of the Eternal Life:

*"Love God above all things, and your neighbor as yourself."*

And when the man of clay learns to love in this way, the Great Hidden Lord will speak the Word that is God, and which is the Word at the same time, and he will make it known:

I AM UNITY.

For it has been said; for the secret is here.

So, know it if you can.

All of this will not be clear to you until you have struck the stone in the darkness.

The Great Word in the seal of the night, in the seal of heaven, said to Chilam

Balam:

"I am the Beginning and the End".

And to the Pauah John who remains the same as Chilam Balam:

"I am the Alpha and Omega."

Both are the same Word, and both remain because that is how it has been and is and will be through the centuries and many have heard it.

This Katun has been opened so that many more can hear it.

And it will remain until the Only Begotten Son of the Great Hidden Lord arrives, the mirror that will open his beauty, Father.

By Your Wanting to Be which is Your Holy Spirit, Father.

For the new civilization to begin on earth. Amen.

To him who wants to know, the Word of the Father will make him know about it, because for the new Mayan amphoras there is this new Katun, because when justice in three parts arrives and falls on the world of clay, according to the prophecies of John and Chilam Balam, the just will be with it, the Justice of God, the Justice of the Mayab, for the

mercy of their heads and the wisdom of their hearts and the love of Life in their actions.

They are three again.

And the Word emanated from the entrails of the East so that there is no West; and it was written in the North so that there is no South.

This word says again for him who have eyes to see and ears to hear:

I AM UNITY.

What is one is within your brain, what is two extends through your spine, what is three, which is the wanting to be of the Holy Spirit of the Great Hidden Lord, lies within, deep within your heart and wherever you want to see it, if you are able to see.

If you understand and do this, you will dominate the Serpent that crawls on the Earth and your prudence will give it its feathers so that it can fly.

They are the small Father, the small Son and the small Holy Spirit, the three small Pauahs, the Red, the White and the Eternally Green.

*Beware of the Serpent who tells you that it works miracles!*

All clay that knows where and how to wage war so to be able to die, is Earth of Vigil and of Prayer, Earth without thirst, Earth watered by love that will serve God for a new civilization; and when he dies in his sixth generation he will live another Katun in the fifth; three times four will be his "yes"; three times sixteen will be his "no."

He will go from the tomb to the cradle if he wants to go, because he will have passed from death to Life and will remain with John.

For his testicles will have eaten the food of the Sun, and his semen will not be the semen of flesh only, but semen with the spirit of regeneration, and he will not spew out his spirit when he spews his semen.

Because there will be no fornication in him and his one, his two and his three will be truly chaste, and his sex will be lit with purity.

It will be sex no more.

\* \* \*

Son of the Mayab!

Hear me well!

DO NOT WALK BLIND!

Seek the knowledge of the Maya men, whatever his amphora may be, whatever his language may be!

Seek the knowledge that came again from the East!

Seek the knowledge that is written in the North!

And if you are diligent, you will have neither West nor South.

Because the Lord Jesus, whose coming was preceded by a star from the East, said that to him who asks will be given that which he asks for; and he who seeks will find what he seeks, and to him who knocks at the door of the Interior Mayab, the Princess Sac-Nicte will open them.

You must know how to ask, you must know how to search, you must know how to knock.

For these three knowings, which are one single knowing, you must know how to think.

Think in the light of day, think in the darkness of night, think in the rain, think in the heat: THINK ABOUT THE GREAT HIDDEN LORD AND ABOUT HIS WANTING TO BE, WHICH IS THE BEGINNING OF YOUR WANTING TO BE.

Then you will feel his wanting to be and you will do his wanting to be.

And you will understand and you will know.

\* \* \*

Whoever wants to be a master, becomes a servant, said the Pauah of the North.

Whoever wants to be free, becomes a slave, said the Pauah of the East.

Whoever wants to live, learns to die, said the Pauah of the West.

Whoever wants to die, listens and wakes up, said the Pauah of the South.

\* \* \*

Whoever hears and does not do what the lineage of his Maya blood speaks in the silences of the real stillness, will suffer that the slave will kill the master and the servant will put the freedom in prison, and the slave will suck the blood of the master and will also die, and the servant will tyrannize freedom and will not live, but will degenerate as a sucker.

The sleeping clay will dream, and the water will evaporate in the moonlight.

All the times of all the Katuns will disappear, and he will be in pain.

Such is a truth; It has happened before, and it continues to happen in this Katun on many continents, where there are men of clay who have already lost the sense of the words that their Mayab says.

So it has been before, so it is now, so it will be until He wants it to be.

Because man has been made in the Image and Likeness of his Creator, and if he has

been made, he has been made with a purpose.

Is it not this purpose what the Lord Jesus said to all men of the Maya lineage:  
*"Be perfect as your Father who is in heaven is perfect."* ?

Perhaps it is because Peter died with his head on the ground that his sheep are poorly fed, and suckers shear them; and those who want their wool to be black have their blood sucked by the black suckers, the thieves of the soul.

Of the two suckers, the black suckers are the most dangerous because they are the ignorant ones that pretend to know, and because of their pretension have fallen and will continue to fall.

Beware of them, because it would be better for you not to know anything than to know the little and the incorrect that they know.

*Beware of the Serpent who says it does miracles!*

The stones to build the bridge to the Interior Mayab have been lost, and few remain while HE arrives.

But the Lord of Time who comes from the East gives the right measurement, and few are the amphoras that know how to receive it.

That is why to the one who has not made eyes to see and is in darkness, what is incarnated will appear to him as black, thus in the dark.

And the Lord of Love who comes from the North gives abundantly and generously, and the amphoras that are containers and that know how to pour are also counted.

That is why he who does not have a heart to contain his abundance, always destroys it in disintegration, since pure white is the color of the kingdom of heaven.

And the Lord who does not have West and who does not have South, who is the Lord of HIS WANTING TO BE, will emanate from himself other waters, will emanate from himself other lands and will make other clays who will receive him better.

He has done it in other times, and that can be seen when you carefully study what it was that was lost in their Katun by the ant-beings, the termite-beings, the bee-beings that once were and are no longer.

Foolish men!

This is only the beginning of a knowing.

Man through whose veins runs the blood of the Maya lineage!

Open your eyes, unclog your ears!

I have explained the three to you, and I have explained the seven to you, but I have only gave you an idea of the four and I have said nothing about the willpower with which all seven are given continuity that breaks in two points, in two times.

Whoever does not know how this continuity occurs will not be able to make the Resurrection of his flesh.

Seek diligently for this continuity and listen to what Chilam Balam, Great Priest of

the Maya Lineage, said about this many centuries ago:

“That which is bad in the Katun, with one strike of an arrow is finished. Then comes the burden of trials, comes the tribute. Evidence will be requested WITH SEVEN INCHES OF FLOODED EARTH!”

Is this not the same as what was spoken by the Holy Lord Jesus in his Katun?

“And anyone who hears these words and does not do them, I will compare him to a foolish man who built his house on sand; and the rain descended, and the rivers came, and the winds blew, and made impetus in that house; and it fell, and great was the destruction.”

Is this not the same as what was spoken by Holy Lord Moses in yet another Katun?

“Today I call heaven and earth as witnesses against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and curse. So choose life because you will live and your seed.”

Is this not the same as what was spoken by the Holy Lord Buddha in yet another Katun?

"Illuminate your minds...Those who cannot break the oppressive chains of the senses and whose feet are too weak to tread the real road, must discipline their conduct in such a way that all their earthly days pass irreproachably practicing charitable works."

Is this not the same as what in yet another Katun was spoken by the Holy Lord Lao-tzu?

“What is Universal is eternal; the Universal is eternal because it does not exist as an individual; this is the condition of Eternity. In accordance with this, the Perfect by eclipsing itself it imposes himself, by giving off itself it eternalizes, by DE-EGOTISING itself it individualizes.“

All, then, speak of the green flowering of Immortality, of how the Infinite always lives in the Eternal.

\* \* \*

Foolish is the man who thinks he is the owner of time.

Foolish is the man who thinks he is the owner of love.

Foolish is the man who thinks he is the owner of the Earth.

Foolish is the man who thinks he is master of the World.

Three times foolish is he who deliberately ignores that man is a purpose of love *in* time for life of the World *on* the Earth.

\* \* \*

Jesus, Holy Lord, was a man made on Earth with Water of Love, and he baked his

clay in the fire of Love.

Judas was a man who challenged the power of the World and was helped by Love.

If you aspire to knowledge of the Mayab, you have to try to understand.

And the kiss of the Sacred Princess Sac-Nicte will open the doors for you, and the fire of her love will bake your heart of clay, and by her love you will be an amphora of the Great Hidden Lord who will give you that which you can contain.

Now I just want to do justice to Judas, the man from Kariot.

So that it begins a new Katun in the Maya lineage.

*And the Mayab of the Andes be then the cradle of the new civilization.*

You will do your part if the blood of the Maya lineage runs in your veins.

So that there is mercy in your head, wisdom in your heart, and so that you can find the right stone with which to build the bridge that goes from Peter to John in the destiny of the True Man which I here declare is the living Christ in the Lord Jesus.

In the Name of the Father, and in the Name of the Son, and in the Name of the Holy Spirit. So that it be this way then.

And I will relate to you how and why Judas, the man from Kariot, laid an important thread in the plan of the destiny of this new Katun.

His thread made it possible that the Fourth and Fifth Generations talked in times and in measurements of the Sixth Generation.

I will relate it to you as I have learned it in Holy Mayab. Amen.

# Third Book

## 1

AND THERE was a man among the Pharisees whose name was Nicodemus, Prince of the Jews. Maya was his lineage, Maya his heart; his thoughts were of the Mayab; they weren't thoughts of clay; and he wept living tears. And he was austere in virtue to increase the treasures of the Lord, and he tried to be just, for he was consumed by the longing to make his faith living.

And his cry was the cry of living tears, as only a blessed man can cry who is not rich in spirit and who longs for the Spirit that animates life in the kingdom of heaven, which is the sacred invisible land of the Mayab.

And he thought of this Spirit, which is the flame of light that illuminates the holy kiss of Princess Sac-Nicte. And because he also wanted to be a living amphora to serve Him, when he thought of her he said in his heart: "Prove to me that your lips have not been made to be kissed, and I will prove to you that darkness is light."

Holy and Sacred was the longing of this man, for he did not want treasures from heaven for himself, but to serve the Great Hidden Lord, the Most High, the Eternal.

That is why Nicodemus also sought the water, the living water that was in the *gourd* of the Holy Lord Jesus, for he had also understood that the *mat* on which he lay encompassed a vast kingdom inside and outside of this world, and that only by drinking that living water could he understand the mystery of the seven generations, avoid the judgment with seven inches of flooded earth, die and be reborn.

To understand and know man and to vivify the True Man, Prince of Heaven and Heir of the Earth, it is necessary to understand the harmony of the Seven Holy Generations of the Great Descendant, of the Very High, THE ETERNAL, Our Father who is in Heaven.

And in this new Katun, from the East has come the Word of the North to those of the Maya lineage, which is not the word of the West and which has no South. So that it is understood and later comprehended by the brain and in the heart of the men of the Maya lineage.

It is the eternally green word, and this Katun will be the Katun of Eternal Spring for a generation, but it will leave the heart of others withered.

It is the word that joins the 24 black leaves with the 24 yellow leaves on the Tree of Life, and that makes the *balche*, and spins the thread with which the dress for the holy weddings of Heaven is woven.

In this way then: what becomes a Giant of the Small Cozumil, whose generation is a tree with as many branches as eight times three, has the power, love and knowledge of all the planets. That is why they are the Lords of the Earth, but they are not gods, because their generation is only the beginning of regeneration and it is still from the Bellow towards Above in order to make that of the Middle, and their food is food of the Sun. And he will join twelve branches of black leaves with twelve branches of yellow leaves, and then for him the Tree of Life will be four times three. And with time he will become *Pauah* and the food of the Sun. It will have spread within itself the wings of the *Sacred Kukulcan*, the Feathered Serpent that man has to raise in the desert, striking the stone in the darkness and quenching his thirst with the water of the *Sacred Cenote*. Like this he will have the power of *Tzicbenthan*, a word that must be obeyed, since it is the word of the *Ahau*, the one that governs all the generations of the Great Descendant, from the Katun where everything begins to walk in three.

Just as there are Seven Great Generations in total, created by the Very High, THE ETERNAL when he made the Great Descendant, so in each generation there are small descendants, and also very small descendants. And in all of them there are also seven generations.

And there are seven times, seven measurements, and in each one there are again seven. Every small Descendant resembles the Great Descendant. Small Descendant is the man, and he is in the sixth generation; and he carries within himself measurements in order to measure the times of the fifth, the fourth and even the third generations, if from the pure water of the Sacred Cenote he makes his wine of *balche*, if when he eats from its cornfield he also eats the word of the Great Generator, which says:

*“For I am. For I am God.”*

As it was in Yucalpeten long before the arrival of the *Dzules*.

And as it happened in Yucalpeten, so it had also happened in the land of the Mayab of Jesus, whose Chichen was Jerusalem.

The voice of Princess Sac-Nicte had been lost there, also by the same madness of the priests. The wisdom of their hearts was lost, and there was no longer mercy in their brains, and their souls no longer ate the food of the Very Great Sun that illuminates all the worlds and gives life to all the suns.

Many were those who longed for, few were those who inquired.

Deserted was that Mayab where there is wisdom.



Few giants were in their small Cozumil, on that remote continent.

Like now in Mayapan.

All wanted to serve themselves, few wanted to serve the Lord.

Nicodemus was one of the few.

And burning in the heart of the Holy Lord Moses were the sacred words that he had written in his Katun, with the authority of *Tzicbenthan*. And these words were:

“Because this commandment that I present to you today is not hidden from you, nor is it far away. It is not in heaven for you to say: Who will go up to heaven for us and bring it to us, and depict it for us so that we can fulfill it? Nor is it on the other side of the sea, so that you say: Who will pass the sea for us to bring it to us and depict it to us, so that we can fulfill it? Because the word is very close to you, in your mouth and in your heart, so that you can fulfill it.

Look, today I have put before you life and good, death and evil.”

Thus had written the Holy Lord Moses, Pauah who ate the food of the Very Great Sun that illuminates all the worlds, and gives life to all the suns.

And these words had been written in the heart of Nicodemus. But the men of his Katun ate only words, and did not eat the food of the Sun nor of the Very Great Sun.

They were not hungry, they were not thirsty for the word of the Mayab of their land.

But Nicodemus was hungry, he was thirsty.

And he inquired.

And that is why, in his crying, he secretly repeated to the Princess Sac-Nicte:

"Prove to me that your lips were not made to be kissed, and I will prove to you that darkness is light."

The light has come again from the East in the word of the North, so that whoever hears and sees has no West and no South, and the Eternally Green may forever be in him, and he in HIM.

So inquire diligently, because the beautiful sky of the Mayab is always open for those who are ready.

And ready is he who inquires and does not falter.

Thus Nicodemus inquired and followed the voice of destiny, and he lived his destiny and did not flee from it.

THROUGH HIS fate, one day he learned about the Rabbi of Nazareth, Chilam Balam of Galilee, who spoke of the Great Hidden Lord, calling him his Father who is in heaven.

It was the Holy Lord Jesus who climbed the Tree of Life and was teaching to climb.

The voice of destiny spoke secretly in the heart of Nicodemus, and he secretly went to see the Chilam Balam of Galilee, because he knew that there was a Word of Truth in him.

Dim was the light of the earth that night, great was the light of heaven.

Great was the flame of love in the heart of the Nazarene, great was the longing for the light in the heart of the Pharisee.

And it was a thread of light that summed up destiny that night, and drew back the veils so that the man of clay could undertake the path of regeneration.

And the Rabbi Nazarene said to Nicodemus, and his words were kindled in his heart:

"What is born of flesh is flesh, and this is a generation."

"What is born of Spirit, is spirit, and this is another generation."

"Do not be astonished then, Nicodemus, that I have told you that it is necessary to be born again, because he who is not born again cannot see the kingdom of God."

And even before this, it was rumored around Jerusalem that the disciples of Jesus had repeated his words proclaiming that you cannot pour new wine into old wineskins...

What was to change?

In this way, Nicodemus left that night thinking and thinking.

Because in his heart he knew that this birth requires a death, but that such a death is not the death of the dead, but that of the living who know that every man can live and be an amphora baked with the fire of the Mayab and carry in it the measurement that the Great Hidden Lord wants to pour.

### 3

MAN OF the Maya lineage: I give you here the first taste of this new Katun:

Take towards the True Man the sun that it asks of you extended on his plate, with the spear of heaven thrust in the middle of his heart and a Great Tiger sitting upon him and drinking his blood.

For Nicodemus brought the light of his understanding to the feet of Jesus, and the knowledge of Moses was a painful thorn in his chest, for it was only knowledge; and from then on the claws of wisdom held him fastened.

Nicodemus was burdened due to the years of an existence dedicated to showing the young people of his time how to walk in the ways of the Lord.

And, behold that the Rabbi Nazarene had told him that night about the generation that has to die in order to be reborn in another and thus be able to live. He had told him like this:

“You are a Master of Israel and you don't know these things? In truth I tell you, Nicodemus, that I speak to you of what I know and that I am, and I bear witness to what I have seen; but the men of your generation do not want to receive my testimony. And if I tell you about the things of the Earth and you cannot grasp them, how will you grasp the things that are of heaven? Because no one ascended to heaven except the one who came down from heaven, and this is the Son of Man who is in heaven. And just as Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so now it is necessary for the Son of Man to be lifted up, so that everyone who believes in him may not perish, but may have eternal life.”

The words of this True Man deepened the wound already opened in the heart of the Pharisee, and in the depths of his chest he inquired:

"How, how am I to do it, Lord?"

Thus his Pharisee spirit began to die, and in his mind resounded the singular words that he had heard from the disciples of the Galilean:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Thus he began to attract to himself the kiss of the Holy Princess Sac-Nicte who was already watching him, but he did not yet know.

His heart bled profusely because many young people came to his house in Jerusalem to hear his word. And since he wanted to serve the Most High, the ETERNAL, in his consciousness burned the fire of death that precedes the resurrection, and in his ears were the words of the Nazarene Rabbi:

"You are a master of Israel and you do not know these things?"

And he thought of Judas, the young man born in the distant lands of Kariot, in whose heart also burned the sacred impulse that the Princess Sac-Nicte secretly kindles.

Judas had come to the feet of Nicodemus to also learn to walk in the ways of the Lord, which is the way of the Mayab, and he ate from the words of his Rabbi and was nourished by them, and his Rabbi loved him and he loved his Rabbi .

Heavy was the heart of Nicodemus that night.

Man of the Maya lineage, here is the second proof: the True Man wants you to go and bring him the brains of heaven, because not everyone who says "Lord, Lord" will enter the Kingdom of the Mayab, but only the one who does the will of the Father, the Great Hidden Lord. And the True Man wishes greatly to see the brains of heaven, for to Him has been given the judgment.

This is written in the writings of the Fourth Generation.

If you have eyes, you will see; if you have ears, you will hear.

If you don't have them yet, by giving your brains to the True Man you will have them.

And thus perhaps the prophecy of Chilam Balam will be fulfilled for you, the prophecy that encourages the passage from the fifth to the fourth generation, where "they speak with their own words and thus perhaps not everything is understood in its meaning; but everything is written correctly just as it all happened. Everything will be explained very well again" (in the fourth generation, an invisible generation within yourself).

For everything that is written in the Holy Scriptures is also written within you, in your soul, if you can read it.

FOR IT is said like this:

I, Judas of Kariot, loved my Rabbi Nicodemus, who taught me to walk in the ways of the Lord.

I served him like a worthy disciple of Israel should serve his Rabbi, and I awaited my hour to serve the ETERNAL, and my heart burned with love for the Truth.

But that morning my eyes made me see that my Rabbi Nicodemus was not my Rabbi Nicodemus. In his face I saw anguish, and so I could feel how his heart was hurt, but I did not know if his wound was caused by evil or by good that he longed for, because my Rabbi followed the path of the sages of Naim, according to the tradition of Hillel.

On that morning, he excused all of his disciples except me.

When he did this, my heart was troubled, and it seemed to me that the omen was dark, because I could not understand what was happening to him.

It was frequent at that time to see, among the Pharisees, faces disturbed by anger and anguish. And Jerusalem was the cradle of confusion. Pontius Pilate, Roman procurator, wanted for himself the treasures of the temple. He wanted to build an aqueduct that would make him remembered in other times. And in the streets, the people stirred in the middle of a noisy chatter in which the hatred towards Rome was noticed.

And a humble man, coming from the distant Galilee, had kindled a new hope in their chest, speaking to them about freedom. And the courtyards of the Temple were silent witnesses where his teaching resounded, and men picked up his strange words and saw strange deeds of this man who, being a Jew, desecrated the Sabbath by curing the sick, and did not keep the precepts of purity, and drank wine and ate meat with tax collectors and sinners, saying that he had come to forgive sins and not to condemn the sinners. And among those who followed him was Mary, the whore of Magdala, the agent of the publicans, Levi and strange men who fished and a boy, John, and his brothers.

Strange things said this Rabbi, strange things he did. But those who loved him said, in turn, that what he taught made the bitterness of the heart's tears sweet, and that the wise men of Naim, the most learned and purest on Earth, found in his words Hillel's hidden treasures, beauties of the Talmud. But they could not understand his deeds, because for them all actions had to be based on the fear of God.

And behold, this Rabbi had said:

"God loves the world so much that he has sent his Only Begotten Son to save it,

and not to condemn."

Strange words in which there was no fear.

And he had also said:

"Love your enemies."

So were we to love the enemies of Israel?

In the wise words of the Law of Moses, my Rabbi Nicodemus had repeated to us the tradition of our fathers, but behold that this Rabbi from distant Galilee did not support himself on any scripture, and instead, proclaimed before the people and before the Doctors of the Law:

"Examine the scriptures, because before Abraham was, I am."

So on that morning when I noticed the anguish on the face of my Rabbi Nicodemus, the omen told me that what was happening was because of this Nazarene who announced the baptism with the fire of the Holy Spirit.

"Judas," my Rabbi told me; "You have come from the lands of Kariot to drink the commandments of the Lord and to walk in his ways according to the tradition."

I was silent.

"Judas, have mercy on me," my Rabbi Nicodemus continued, "I am consumed by doubt; I am a man with a troubled heart. I am not sure that my knowledge is good, I am not sure that I am teaching you to walk in the ways of the Lord."

Grave were the words that said my Rabbi Nicodemus.

Grave, because in the austerity of his virtue, much was required of us, of those of us who had come to him to diligently study the truth of the Torah. Grave were those words because this man was a high member of the Council of Elders in Jerusalem, a learned and pure man, and respected, and loved.

So I held my breath not to respond, and I saw the paleness in his countenance and the trembling in his hands and the consumption of his spirit.

"We have lost the thread that leads to the truth", he said to me. And he quoted those words of Moses that burned like fire in his heart, and he told me about the interview from the night before and how the words of the Rabbi Nazarene had increased his thirst and his pain at the same time. And the Rabbi Nazarene had also told him:

"Only he who believes that he has lost the thread that runs through time has the true thread in his hands, and when he finds his soul, he will not lose it."

What strange mystery and paradox did these words contain?

I protested vehemently, because by quoting them my Rabbi Nicodemus had ignited the doubt in the depths of my chest, and I suffered and did not want more tribulations. That is why I had gone to him, to find refuge and shelter in his teaching so that I could always have a thread fastened in my hands.

We talked about this for a long time, but he was observing me compassionately,

and he ended by saying:

"In your vehemence there is fear of fate, Judas. Come with me, we will go together to listen to this strange Rabbi."

And it was already well-known in all Jerusalem that this strange Rabbi had driven the merchants out of the Temple, lashing their backs with a whip and calling them thieves who had turned his Father's house into a den.

I protested to my Rabbi Nicodemus, for the merchants allowed to fulfill the demands of the sacrifice.

"Watch your tongue, Judas," he said to me. For in his austerity my Rabbi had kept off slander, and he was not like other Pharisees who indulged in criticism and gossip.

"We need to find the thread of our parents," he said. "Because in those words that last night burned my heart, the Rabbi Nazarene told me the truth..."

I couldn't bear these words. My heart was violently shaken and rivers of tears came to my eyes, and I felt my Rabbi's pain as if it were mine. Behold, I said to myself in silence, behold that my Rabbi says that he is in darkness. How, then, will I not be in darkness? How, then, will the youth of Israel not be in darkness? My Rabbi, light of lights, refuge of our youth, tells me that he too is in darkness and he will no longer have a precise answer to dispel our doubts, and he abandons me in the midst of a multitude of strange feelings.

And I felt lost like a suckling child whom his mother abandons to hide her shame...

WE WENT together, in silence, in the direction of the Temple. And upon reaching the courtyards, it was not difficult to find the Rabbi Nazarene.

He was surrounded by a crowd and in it were also some Pharisees.

The silence there was full of threats.

Many of the crowd made way for my Rabbi Nicodemus to come forward, for they all knew and esteemed him as a man of virtue and knowledge.

And I saw the Rabbi Nazarene.

He rested his eyes on us, in silence. And a strange glow shone in them, but his face was serene and strong. When he rested his gaze on me, I thought I noticed in it a special message that his soul was sending me, and I felt that his soul was smiling and mine as well, and I felt that in that look he greeted me with a welcome, as is only given by someone who has been separated for a long time from a being they love.

There was joy in my heart; but my thoughts remained troubled.

I knew instantly that soon this strange man would be my Rabbi, and that I too would sit at his feet to drink his words. Then I felt a sharp pain in my heart because it meant that I would have to leave my Rabbi Nicodemus to go after the strange prophet who came from the distant Galilee, from where nothing good could come.

There was even more anguish in my heart. An hour before my Rabbi had left me like a child abandoned to his own darkness, without the thread that I thought I would find at his feet. And behold, the Nazarene gave me his silent welcome, and, for an instant, I thought that I was going to lose myself in him and with him.

It was just a look, but it showed me a destiny that was expanding in a strange way, impossible to describe in words. I sensed a destiny that did not run length-wise, nor height-wise nor width-wise, but has made of these three proportions a different proportion in which all the others were. And it was a strange world in which I felt lost.

Because for an instant I have not been me, but the Rabbi who was looking at me, and I was afraid, and my heart was troubled and then I was myself again and I looked at him.

He looked at me too, and this time his soul smiled inside of me and I felt lost.

It was a strange experience that morning.

I turned my eyes to my Rabbi Nicodemus to implore his help, but he had already moved away from me and was listening to someone explaining the incident that



happened. But I could have sworn that we had all been living in that place for centuries.

"Answer, then", said a Pharisee to the Nazarene.

My eyes were fixed on the strange Rabbi. I saw him trace a circle on the ground, with the tip of his foot, and in it he enveloped the woman who was next to him and whom I had not yet noticed. The woman suffered shame, but the circle that the Rabbi had drawn on the ground enveloped her as well. And even now I would swear that no one would have been able to enter it.

The atmosphere was tense, full of threats. And I was getting ready to defend the Nazarene because I heard words of impatience and evil behind me; but he calmed me with his serene look, and in the same way that a moment before he stirred my heart, now he was calming it. And I was still, in peace, waiting.

The Nazarene, fixing his eyes on the Pharisees, said:

"If you have caught her in the act, and you know of her adultery, I say: stone her according to the law."

A nervous, triumphant murmur ran through the crowd. The woman trembled with fear and two tears fell from her eyes at the feet of that man whose word had vibrated with integrity and softness in the midst of the crowd. But the murmur soon died down, because the Rabbi Nazarene looked at them again and silenced them:

"But let him cast the first stone who, among you, considers himself free from sin."

Great and fearful was the silence that followed this word. Because in the hearts of all Jews sin was always alive, and daily they had to resort to the rites of purification to be clean according to tradition. And there was awareness in them that the rites of purity were not always fulfilled properly. No one dared to say that he was pure and clean from sin. However, these Nazarene words had been a dagger embedded in living flesh, and hatred was drawn on the faces of men and the Pharisees, for great is human weakness and it is always better and more comfortable to see the sin of others and to ignore one's own. It is easy to feel virtuous in the face of the impure and to love virtue in order to fulfill the scripture and not to cleanse one's heart of bad thoughts. Like this was explained to us by our Rabbi Nicodemus; such was his virtue, such was his austerity. And then I felt how destiny was being woven for the times to come, and why the heart of my Rabbi Nicodemus had been troubled the night before. Now mine was also troubled, and I knew, without words, that the Rabbi Nazarene had the power of Truth, and that in him the grace and the law had been united...

The crowd quickly disbanded, and with it Nicodemus left, pondering, overwhelmed by the new omens that betrayed his face. I was left alone in front of the Rabbi of Nazareth, unable to move away.

I heard him say to the woman:

"Where then are those who condemned you? Nor do I judge you. Leave and sin no

more".

What law governed the conduct of this man for whom the scriptures seemed not to exist? In which waters did he drink his wisdom? What tradition had formed his soul?

All these questions rose in my mind like a whirlwind, and my heart was unable to understand. When the Rabbi addressed me, he said:

"Welcome Judas of Kariot. Come close to me."

And I approached with fear, but the Rabbi took me by the hand and led me to the circle that he had traced with his foot on the ground, and I calmed down.

"Rabbi, how do you know my name?", I asked.

"We are all brothers and children of the same Father, for his longing is ours", he answered. "So why wouldn't I know you?"

We were both silent. He looked at my eyes and I looked at his, and more and more I felt this man in me, and myself in him, but I could not explain it to myself nor understand.

"Don't worry for now, Judas," he said to me. "The day will come when you will understand why you now feel it, even when the transition from the flame to the light is arduous."

A brief silence passed before he said to me:

"What would you have done in my place?"

I understood that he was referring to the trial that we had just witnessed. The woman was moving away from us, turning at every moment her anxious face towards this Rabbi. But I could not answer; great was my confusion because the law condemned the adulterer to stoning when they were caught in the act, but I knew that bigger and greater was the adultery committed in secret and without witnesses. And thus many were free of suspicion and the men said nothing because they knew nothing of the secret adultery. And this was not contemplated in the law of men and my Rabbi Nicodemus had told us that this type of adultery is only contemplated by the law of God, to whom no one can lie from the heart. Such was the virtue of my Rabbi Nicodemus, and sometimes his authority deviated from the letter of the law, and he had often told us that a secret sin is a double sin, because there is a lie and cowardice in it, and the scandal before the eyes of the Lord is always greater than the one that is done before the eyes of man.

And this Rabbi of Nazareth said to me:

"The rigor of the law always corresponds to what lives in the human heart, Judas. Do not forget it, so that you learn to judge with fair judgment. By their judgments you will know the hearts of men. But my Father, who is in heaven, wants mercy and not sacrifice, he wants a heart hungry for his love and his wisdom, even when the person is a sinner, for sometimes virtue isolated from its good can be worse than evil itself."

This Rabbi destroyed the law and the interpretations of the experts and I was

shocked; but in my heart there was bliss, because his words flowed from what I did not even dare to name in my most pious dreams. And this man spoke without ever referring to writings, unlike the learned and even the sages of Naim at whose feet I had also sat.

"The Father judges no one, but he gave all judgment to his son. And I have not come to judge men, but to bear witness to the truth", he said to me. "There are those who judge men, and there are many forms of adultery, and the one of this woman might not be because there are fornications that my Father who is in heaven abhors. And when they arrive to the one who will judge them saying that they have cast out demons and have done many things in his name, I will tell them in that hour: 'Get away from me, you evildoers'."

Strange words, strange knowledge that made me uneasy.

"Are you coming with me, Judas?", he asked me while starting to walk.

And I followed him.

I did not know it then, but from that day on I have always walked with him from generation to generation, because our destiny had been planned since the beginning of time.

Many unusual things he told me; but all in its due time.

For the soul of man soars by spreading its wings little by little, as the light expands in the darkness.

Many times I wanted to ask him what he had done to me that day in the courtyard of the temple, in front of the adulterous woman, since Chaldean magicians often came to Jerusalem to demonstrate their skills, but my Rabbi Nicodemus had moved us away from that path; now this Rabbi of Nazareth spoke words of wisdom without supporting himself on any scripture, but he had a power greater than that of those magicians who attracted disciples to their strange science.

"When man is hungry, he can turn stones into bread," he said to me. "But I have a bread that will satisfy all hunger and a water that will quench all thirst. And to whoever wants to eat, behold that I give it, and to whoever wants to drink, behold, I say: drink. Because even in the stones you will find the Word of God."

"I want your water and your bread, Rabbi", I said, unable to contain myself.

"I know", he answered.

"Who are you, Rabbi? Only a true man from heaven can say and do the things you say and do. Is there not the fear of God in your heart?"

"No, Judas; there is no fear in my heart. My Father who is in heaven is the only God and his blessing is of love. Whoever loves me, will love Him, and He will love him in me. I have not come to abolish the law or the prophets, but to give them fulfillment. Fear only nests in an uncertain heart, and man thus clouds his understanding of the Kingdom of Heaven. But it must be so in the beginning until man learns to see in the light of his

own heart and hears with the voice of his love. That is why I say that the Father who is in heaven wants mercy and not sacrifice. And what is a merciful heart if not a heart poor in self-love, and longing for the love of God?"

"Do you sanction evil, Rabbi?" I asked him.

"There are those who speak of good and evil, but who know nothing of the will of the Only Good One and for that reason they need trials and convictions. But if our justice is not superior to theirs, we will be very little in the kingdom of heaven. So perfect is the Father's love that it makes his sun shelter the righteous and sinners alike. This is how our perfection must be, for such is mercy. How to explain the unexplainable? Like a silent and invisible dew, the love of God moves men in various ways and all that I desire in his service is to teach man to receive beatitude for himself. I only show a way by the Holy Spirit, so that man learns to judge with just judgment."

Very subtle was the difference that this Rabbi made between men, but I did not dare to inquire further, and I continued following him.

I had a few opportunities to speak to him alone since that time. He was here and there, and wherever he went, a crowd always formed around him and he spoke in parables and announced the Kingdom of Heaven. And with the other men, impure like me, who followed him like disciples, he used to speak behind closed doors and they came out with their faces lit, or pondering. But when I wanted to tell them about the words and deeds of their Rabbi, everyone kept prudent silence.

One day the Rabbi told me:

"Are you coming with me, Judas?"

"Rabbi", I said, "My heart is in you but I feel greatly sorry to leave my Rabbi Nicodemus."

"You will not leave him."

"How to understand your words? You ask me if I am coming with you, and you also tell me that I will not leave my Rabbi Nicodemus? How can that be?"

"If you could have a bread and a water that would satisfy the hunger and quench the thirst for all time, would you keep it just for yourself?"

"You know well that I wouldn't."

"Then, Judas, follow me. I am the way, the truth and the life. And you will break the bread that I give you with your Rabbi Nicodemus, for whoever is in me is in my Father and the love of my Father dwells in him, because my Father and I are one. Are you coming with me, Judas?"

"I am coming, Rabbi," I answered.

But in my heart there was bitter crying, and that night I said goodbye to my Rabbi Nicodemus. And even when he did not tell me, I noticed in his eyes the hidden yearning

to recover the thread that runs hidden from generation to generation, for which the Rabbi Nazarene said was the Kingdom of Heaven and that "this kingdom is within yourselves."

## 6

GREAT AND beautiful things my Rabbi Jesus told us during those months that we lived with him, with no other home than the love for the Father who is in heaven. And while with him we learned about the commandment to first seek the Kingdom of God and his Justice, and much was given to us as an addition.

My Rabbi cured the sick, gave sight to the blind, and cleansed the lepers.

"Where is your power, Rabbi?" I asked him one day.

"I can do nothing from myself," he replied.

His word was brief, his austerity was not severe. In some things the weight of his commandments was greater than the weight of the law of our traditions, and in others lighter.

Great and beautiful things he said to us under the starry skies and under the sunshine!

Great and beautiful things which man has already forgotten. And there were scribes who wrote down everything he said, but they did not write down what he only said to us.

One day he related the parable of the wedding garment, adding that to him who has it will be given and will have more, and whoever does not have it, even what he has will be taken away from him. We asked him how every man could make for himself this suit, and he replied that there was only one answer to all these questions:

*"Love God above all things, and your neighbor as yourself."*

This was the main commandment, and he urged us to fulfill it in our actions, in our thoughts, in our feelings, and he added:

"If you do not know how to fulfill this, the vigil of the true prayer will be forbidden to you."

And he added:

"Watch and pray so that you do not fall into temptation."

We were often disturbed by doubt and he would explain to us then:

"You cannot watch without praying, and you cannot pray without watching."

And when we had written the Lord's Prayer, the Our Father, he urged us to unravel the meaning of each of his words because our purpose was to Sanctify His Name in all our actions in the world, because without this sanctification the law of God would be a dead thing.

“As you pray, do not lose the secret thread of your most intimate thought. And do not worry about your needs because the Father who is in heaven knows what we need even before we ask him. For HE also gave you your needs.”

For a long time these words remained obscure and frequent arguments occurred between us about their meaning and about the reward that we were to find in the Kingdom of Heaven. But our Rabbi read in our hearts and used to tell us:

“Judge not, so that you are not judged, because with what judgment you judge, you will be judged. Everything that is given to you to see from the outside is only a reflection of what is in your heart, and the world and men are what you are.”

A lot of his words spread among the people because my Rabbi spoke and said as they asked him, but not everyone could understand him. One day he said:

"Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth, and blessed are those who hunger and thirst for justice, because they will be fed."

Then it happened that the Pharisees came, but my Rabbi did not want to talk to them, and some of us argued about the meaning that they were looking for in these words. But the meaning of them was hidden in the heart of each one, and the longing for justice had to be the longing to be just, rather than to receive justice.

In the villages there were always sick to cure, possessed to relieve. And we often found in them scribes from all over the world who wrote down the words of my Rabbi with great zeal. It was then that he told us:

“Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees. The Kingdom of which I speak is not of this world, and I have only come to show you the way and give testimony of the truth.”

AT NIGHT, my Rabbi kept vigil on his knees while we slept. Sometimes he took me with him to the hills and told me about his troubles. For he was suffering, and he often said, while sighing like a prey in great pain:

"Many are the grains, but few are the harvesters."

And he explained many things to me that he did not then explain to the others. And when I asked him why he was isolating me like this from the others, he told me:

"They sleep with a calm heart because they have found part of what they were looking for, but you, Judas, have not found yours and your cup will be bitter to drink, but your reward will be great in heaven. Behold, a great storm will come upon us all and will create uneasiness in the serene hearts, but yours will be shaken in your solitude and will find peace only in the joy of the Lord when the law is fulfilled. And when everything has passed, my words will resound at the end of the centuries, because everything will pass, but they will not pass."

These obscure words of my Rabbi produced in me long nights of agony, because through them I too began to discern the destiny. A short time later, he announced to all of us:

"Have I not chosen you, and one of you is the devil?"



WE ALL yearned to be free from the yoke of Imperial Rome, but my Rabbi told us of a yoke worse than that of Rome, the yoke of the outer darkness where there is always weeping and gnashing of teeth, adding that only a few could bear these words.

Our Rabbi did not draw his words from the Torah, but from his own heart, and it was a while before I could understand why he told us the commandments of the Law, and added: *"But I tell you."* With this he compensated what was lacking in the words of the Torah and every day he produced in us the living understanding, made blood and turned into flesh in us. And on some occasion he also told us that the letter of the scriptures was a dead thing as was the philosophy of the Greek scribes who used to visit us and listen to my Rabbi, and that they only had life when man went from death to life, for love. The doctors of the Law and the scribes adjusted everything to the Torah and behold that their hearts were dry and like parchment, as is the paper in which their scriptures were written. And for this reason the day came when many of them began to murmur that my Rabbi was walking on paths of sin. And even the hearts of the twelve who followed him were troubled more than once.

My Rabbi also told us of the gradual movement from vigil to vigil, always praying in the secret of a burning heart, because this gradual awakening preceded the death of that which is fleeting, without which there is no eternal life possible. He told us that without this death there is neither love nor regeneration. And he also spoke about what Moses had said to our parents, of that which was inaccessible to us because it is the Kingdom of God and that it was on the surface of the skin, as well as within the skin, even in the most hidden of the bones, and in all of our entrails, but mainly in our heart and in our mouth. And in truth, it is so close to us that perhaps for that very reason we cannot notice it.

But I have found it and I knew what it was.

And when that happened, I prostrated myself at the feet of my Rabbi, and I said to him: "Rabbi, Rabbi, praised be your name forever and ever."

And he answered:

"Judas, never forget it, and so it will happen that in time man will also be able to understand it and he will know it and live it, for it will be given to him to penetrate the meaning of I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE."

And looking into my eyes, he told me with a profound voice:

“Behold, I have turned water into wine. But the hour is coming when the devil will turn the wine into vinegar.”

And I never forgot these words. That is why now I can write them in your heart with letters of fire, so that you may be given knowledge and the knowing of how God is in heaven, on earth and everywhere, and how man can be in God from the heart.

And what was the most intimate of myself, and even more real than my own name, was not only my body; It was and it wasn't; my body was nothing but death in which love awakened it to life. And from my own body I had to set off on the path of return. Likewise, the stones in the desert, like everything in the Universe, were impregnated with God by the Word, but for man not everything was God, even when God is everything.

So when our Rabbi told us that if our love for God brought us suffering and tears on earth, it was a sign that the opposite, heaven, was already very close to us, and that that would be our consolation, for all that cries is always consoled, according to what motivates his tears.

And so we were able to understand the parable of the Prodigal Son, since all of us began to be one. Also, from that day on I understood and worshiped Mary, the whore of Magdala, and the publican Levi, since it was evident that in them also death awakened to life out of love, just as John's love for my Rabbi had saved him from walking through our valley of tears.

And in our hearts there was great rejoicing.

But deep in my chest a secret restlessness continued to burn, and great was my longing to give what was mine to my Rabbi Nicodemus and to the other elders of the Sanhedrin.

In this way I was also able to understand that the measurements of one vigil cannot be the same as those of another. Because in the vigil, the true being grows and grows, and is transformed until pleasure and pain cease to have reality and become only acute forms of the same substance. And in man there are six ways of vigils, six ways of acting. Some are works of the Father, others are works of the Son, others of the Holy Spirit and there are also works of Satan, and in all of them there is life, love and death.

And I knew that whoever awakens on the path of regeneration, goes from one vigil to another, and thus comprehends that it is useless for the man to gain the earth if with it he is going to lose his soul. And that God the Almighty Father, Creator of Heaven and Earth, for this reason gave power to the Communion of Saints by his Holy Spirit, for the forgiveness and remission of sins, and for the sinners to also carry eternal life within themselves, in the eternal vigil, Amen.

And just as the soul forges itself little by little, from one vigil to another, so the forces that comprise it are lost little by little for him who forgets the Holy Spirit. Nothing

is gained at once, nothing is lost at once. It all depends on how man walks in the infinite round in which God exists going from life to death for love, and how man knows of his existence going from death to life for love.

That is why my Rabbi spoke by using the terms of trade when he said 'gain' and 'lose', because for everything you have to pay a price, and when you pay you know what is that which is infinite and what walks and walks in eternity.

He also said that only those who know that they are sick can heal.

And when the multitude of beggars, sick and poor besieged him, he used to say:

“Look at this generation and in it see how it has been enslaved to its own blindness. It loves its pain and its wrong-doings. They say to me: 'Give me, give me, give me', without even daring to suspect that what they ask of me they carry in themselves and in their own right. But they only know how to ask, they do not know how to receive. And they are greedy, even though none of them are guilty of their fate. But you who see, guard yourself a lot from trusting that which does not emanate from your own heart so that in my path, walks only he who wants to give. These others, they will follow me as long as I give them. But if I tell them: 'Wake up so you can learn to give', they would stone me. And the day will come when they will stone me.”

And he was moving away from the crowd, but his heart remained with the poor, even though he also had something to say about them:

“How much sin and how much iniquity there is in those who make poverty a means and avoid the path of joy. That is why I tell you today: few are those truly poor, many are miserable. And he who wallows in the mire of his wealth is as miserable as the one who rejoices in the mire of his poverty. Because the poor who makes a profession of his poverty is a thief who steals the love that dwells in the pious heart. A truly poor person is pleasing to the heart of God and he will become rich, for he will liberate himself even from the desire for poverty. And there will be many rich people to whom the gates of heaven will be opened because they do not wallow in their mire, and there will be many poor people who will be thrown into hell, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.”

These strange words shook our hearts, but our Rabbi told us even more:

“What man has is not of man, but of God. And the Grace of God reaches men through the Communion of Saints, the seven powers that are the right hand of the Father. And one of them enslaves man, distancing him from his intimate vigil, and is the temptation whose origin is always the forgetfulness of that which is holy and sacred. That is why many are called, but few are chosen. Those who choose the remembrance of the intimate divinity, those will be the chosen ones, because for them the judgment of the Son will not be lapidary.”

THE DESTINY of man became clearer in my understanding. And one night, on a lonely hill, while the eleven were sleeping, I approached my Rabbi to tell me the meaning of his words when he announced that there would be tribulations in me.

"Don't be afraid, Judas," he said to me. "You will also accompany me and help me on the path of regeneration so that others may also be saved. They," he said while pointing his hand to the eleven that were sleeping, "have found their soul and there is peace in their hearts. You, on the other hand, will have to lose yours before you find it. You still cannot understand the meaning of my words, but I promise you that one day you will understand it and then there will also be peace in your heart and your task will not be difficult."

That night, my Rabbi blessed me in a strange way.

I asked him if he prophesied the same for everyone, and he replied:

"No, Judas. Because my kingdom is not of this world. If it were, I would long ago wear a crown even more splendid than that of Solomon. But you will see me crowned as the world crowns every Son of Man. You will cry that day, but your flow of tears will be like a hidden current in the depths of the water of the rivers which, instead of flowing towards the sea, it flows to a source beyond the summits of the mountains. By that stream you live and by that stream you will serve so that others also go up the river of destinies."

The restlessness that these words produced in me was an impulse that threw me into unfathomable abysses, and again I felt what I had previously felt with the words of my Rabbi Nicodemus, that lost wandering as a child who cries when left abandoned and without maternal breast from which to receive life and love. My Rabbi was observing me in silence, and there was great tenderness in his heart, and he said to me:

"You will soon return armed with a sword to the world of men. You will go as a newborn, but do not fear the judgment of men because your life will be the life of the Father who raises the dead. And remember that the Father judges no one, but he gave all judgment to the Son. Neither fear those who kill the body, but fear those who can destroy the soul."

Then I remembered my Rabbi Nicodemus and his concerns, and I was thinking for a moment about him, about his words from long ago, and I said:

"Rabbi, Rabbi, have mercy on me, the most afflicted of all your disciples. Just as the Father gives life and raises the dead, and just as the Son gives life to those he wants, so I

now declare you the Son of God, the Living Christ, and I beg you to give life and calm the agony of my Rabbi Nicodemus.”

I was silent and so was my Rabbi.

\* \* \*

Then a great light, as man can never imagine, enveloped us both.  
And I heard great words of truth spoken in the Kingdom of Heaven.  
And I fell at the feet of my Rabbi, and exclaimed:  
"I know now who you are!"

\* \* \*

But my Rabbi put his hands on my lips, looked at me tenderly and said:  
“Judas, beloved of my heart. What you have seen do not yet talk about, because my hour has not come. And it is necessary that the destiny is fulfilled, and you will help me with it.”

And he told me many beautiful words of truth, without speaking them; and all were etched in my heart.

Later, speaking with his mouth, he said to me:

"Do not fear for Nicodemus. You have been given to know things from heaven that Nicodemus cannot take yet. Because I don't bring peace, Judas, but a sword. And whoever receives the sword from me and makes war in himself, he will be saved because he will watch. There are no enemies of life, there are only enemies of man. And in this way will Nicodemus also be saved, when he has the sword and when there will be no need for it. So it is with you. Then you will calm the waters and declare what the Father at that moment puts in your mouth, because it will not be you who speaks, but the Spirit of the Father who will speak in you.”

And I understood what my Rabbi wanted.

And there was fire and light in my heart, and I knew that I also had a sword to give, and that the sword gives war to those who are at peace, but it gives peace to those who are at war. And I praised the Father who is in heaven, and his Only Begotten Son, who was my Rabbi Jesus.

Then he said to me:

"Judas, be simple as a dove and prudent as a serpent."

But my sword was not like the one of my Rabbi. Behold that instead of cutting the ties with which the feet of men cling to the outer darkness, mine had to sever the thread with which the soul is subjected to the light.

And raising my eyes to my Rabbi, I said him that. And I saw on his face two tears

that flowed from his eyes, and then he kissed me with love and said:

“Judas, behold that I call you my friend, but the world will hardly understand what you are in spirit and in truth. But the time has come for me to wash your feet, for what you need to do very soon, it is done in two ways: knowing everything and why, or ignoring the service. And man will always prefer to ignore the truth and he will see only one aspect of God, and in his loss, he will believe that he has known everything. However, you and I will fulfill now, as it is necessary that all justice of the Father be fulfilled. Blessed is he who can understand what is now in your heart, Judas.”

From my lips arose the reflection of light that was there, and I replied:

“Blessed are you, my Rabbi, Son of God. Because you are the ‘yes’ there where I will be the ‘no’ for man. Behold that I see you as the light that dissipates the darkness and I will be your reflection in the same darkness, so that men know which path to follow, which path to avoid in the soul by the light of your love, from where sprouts the flame of fire of my jealousy.”

My Rabbi looked at me again, and said:

"By virtue of your jealousy, many will be able to understand that I am the way, the truth and the life and they will not reject me."

Again his grace illuminated my understanding and I added:

"But I am the desert, illusion and death, and many will come to me."

\* \* \*

And once again the light enveloped us, and in it I knew the terrible mystery hidden in the words so often spoken by my Rabbi:

"The Father judges no one, but he gave all judgment to the Son."

And I trembled with terror.

\* \* \*

For man knows this even in his ignorance, which is why our Rabbi Jesus had descended to us, to indicate to us the way, the truth and the life.

Because in the human heart a restlessness never arises unless consolation is soon, and there is no longing that is not blossomed even before it is born.

And at that moment the vow of love towards the man of the world was formulated in my heart. And I understood my mission, the one that the Grace of God indicated to me in love towards my Rabbi, and that my Rabbi had sown in my chest.

And even when my soul was knocked down and abundant tears flowed from my

eyes, I looked into his eyes and I begged him like this:

“Rabbi, Rabbi of my heart. Behold, I see the night coming and how I must lose myself in the darkness for man to be saved. Pass this cup from me if that is your will and that of our Father who is in heaven, and help me to bear the agony that awaits me.”

My words were drowned in the despair I felt. And as I raised my eyes to him again, I saw him crying silently but bitterly. For there was more pain in his heart than in mine. After a moment, in the solitude of the night, his words came out like a murmur whose consolation dwelled in me until the night of my soul was made, and darkness came to it. He said to me:

“Judas, behold, in the name of the Father I promise you that at that moment I will remove the sting of pain in your intelligence and only the fire of your jealousy will illuminate you. So that by virtue of it, the cup of agony that you will feel when our time comes may pass by you. And in the depths of yourself you will know that not even the Father will judge you and that my judgment will be a judgment, and not a condemnation. For what you need to do, you will have to do for me and for the life of man.”

I understood then that my Rabbi and I were united in eternity. That wherever he went, I would be there too. Me in him and he in me. Because until then I had always talked about *his* time, and behold that he said *our* time.

And so it was, so it is, and so it will always be for those who have neither eyes nor ears.

And that is why he added:

"But time still runs, and in it our existence."

Now I would like to illuminate the truth of things in your heart, for it was not my will but that of the Father and my Rabbi that was done on that fateful night. And that is why, on the days of Easter, the plot was made in such a way that my jealousy diminished the light and only the fire remained shining. But not everything was manifested, and it is still not completely. For me, the darkness that had to be, arrived at the very moment when my Rabbi, feeling sorry for my pain, dipped the morsel of forgetfulness.

For just as man needs the light of my Rabbi to guide his way towards the Father, so he also needs the light of my jealousy so as not to hurt himself on the cliffs of the desert. Because it is my Rabbi who illuminates the path to the plenitude of God, and I who illuminate him in the aridity in which he turns and turns in the eternal round of illusion, when he is only dragged by jealousy. Blessed is he who can follow my Rabbi without listening to my voice. Blessed is he who hears my voice and in it also recognizes my Rabbi, because only in this way will he be able to understand that it is not possible to serve Mammon with the Grace of God.

The light of my Rabbi had made me understand that when there is light and fire in the heart of man, it will be given to him to note that there is a way because there is a

desert, that there is truth due to illusion, and life in virtue of death. For being the God's creation, he is like God. But there is a way only for him who knows himself to be in the desert, and the truth for him who suffers from illusion. In the same way there is also life for him who recognizes death in himself and dies, and is reborn in his intimate vigil, praying. Behold, man feels the aridity of the desert by the grace of the way and recognizes illusion in the light of truth, because if man did not know the light from the beginning of time, how would he be able to recognize darkness?

And because it was his light that allowed me to see, my Rabbi knew my understanding and told me that night:

"You have yet to see more, Judas."



AND FOR the third time the light enveloped us.

And in it my Rabbi led my understanding to the feet of our Father who is in heaven.

And I saw him sit at the right side of God.

And I had stay at the left.

But the Father, my Rabbi and I were one thing at that moment.

\* \* \*

And life unfolded before my eyes, multiplying itself in the deeds of my Rabbi, for together with all life the life of man shone more fully. In that fullness, the deeds of my Rabbi would become the deeds of many men, and my deeds were also already multiplied.

And just as this was the hidden plan of the whole world, it was also the hidden plan in the life of man himself.

In man, as in the whole world, every beginning of the Father in the human heart was preceded by the voice of conscience, the voice of longing for Good. And this was the voice of John the Baptist that straightened the ways of the Lord. And he had disciples in the world and in man; some heard and others could not. And just as John the Baptist reflected and announced a greater light, so it had been and always will be the birth of the way, the truth and the life in man. Because my Rabbi was born from a relative of the Baptist. They were both of the same blood. And I, born in the distant lands of Kariot, was born from another blood.

Everything that I saw in the light of my understanding multiplied in millions of different forms, but it was only the life of the Father that was urging that man also have an intelligence of it. And this intelligence arose from the contemplation of the deeds in himself, by man and in man. For in his early days he who is the Savior of man had to flee from Herod's wrath and remain hidden during his growth. For every human has within himself a Herod , as well as he has a Baptist and a Jesus. And every man also suffers the invasion of an oppressor foreign to Israel, but he has to seek the germ of his pain in Israel itself. And he will see the Pharisees, the Sadducees and the legions of the lame, the blind, the lepers and the beggars reaching out for compassion. And he will have a publican like

Levi, and a whore like Magdalene, and a Peter and a John, as well as a Pilate and me, Judas, the one who will sell him to the world.

“Judas, contemplate the world,” my Rabbi told me, “for it is the life of God, and nothing in it is dead, nothing can die. All that is life is God, and all life descends to later ascend. God, the Father who is in heaven, has everything in himself, but he does not exist only for man. Rather, he is in everything and he is everything that there is. But only to man is given to enjoy the intelligence of his reality. And when his understanding is opened to the Word, he becomes a son of God, because for man in the beginning, it is the Word, and the Word is with God and is God. And I tell you now, whatever happens and whatever you do, it will be in the love of the Father because now you know how to sanctify his name. And even if you believe one day to have cursed his Holy Spirit, it will not be your fault, because a power superior to you will ablaze you with its fire, and you will forget the light. Such is your oath so that all justice is fulfilled. For I have to die, descend to hell and on the third day rise from the dead, for the Father has given me life so that I may have life in myself, and by virtue of that life of the Father everything has to ascend with me, as it is necessary that everything ascends towards the fullness of God.”

In this way was planned the destiny of man for a long time. And in this plan we were all a thread that multiplied infinitely in time.

It happened one day that “certain Greeks” arrived who also wanted to come to Jerusalem to worship at the festival. And they talked to Philip, and Philip mentioned them to Andrew, and they both mentioned them to my Rabbi.

And my Rabbi and the Greeks spoke in secret. And then my Rabbi gathered us all together to announce:

"The hour is coming when the Son of Man will be glorified."

And looking into my eyes he lit the memory of our night in the mountains, and he added:

“Truly, truly, I tell you that if the grain of wheat does not fall to the ground and dies, it remains alone, but if it dies, it bears much fruit.”

These words echoed in my heart, and in my understanding I also noticed that just as the grain of wheat brings much fruit by its death in a good soil, so would also weed bear much fruit in the same soil as the wheat. For, the light and fire are seen together, and the flame of jealousy can be fire and ember. But my Rabbi who read my heart, raised his voice and said more:

“Whoever loves his life will lose it, and whoever abhors his life in this world for the life eternal, will keep it. If someone serves me, let him follow me and where I am, my servant will also be.”

He was silent for a moment, and looking us all in the eyes he told us without words what each one of us had to understand and do. And laying his gaze on me, he calmed the agitation in my chest, saying:

"If anyone serves me, my Father will honor him."

“Now my soul was troubled, and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour. But for this I have come in this hour.”

And again I was able to understand what time my Rabbi was referring to, for his time was not only the time of Israel in those days but the time that was to be multiplied for the glory of God. And in this multiplication, what was now one and divine in my Rabbi, would become many equally divine in the glory of God and by the grace of the Holy Spirit. And in this grace, my Rabbi exclaimed with a voice of thunder that even now resounds in the depths of the consciousness of every human being:

"Father, glorify your name!"

Then, all of us knelt down before him. And the light was made in all and the voice of heaven spoke in the heart of each one, vibrating with the emotion that my Rabbi kindled in us. And we could all hear the voice from heaven:

"And I have glorified it and I will glorify it again."

And this voice sounds and resounds and also multiplies as before it had multiplied in other ways, and will continue to multiply forever and ever. And in this multiplication, the arrival of many hours of light will occur only when the hour of darkness oppresses the heart of man. The 'multitude' said it was the voice of an angel, but my Rabbi, extending his hand over everyone, told us:

"This voice has not come because of me, but because of you."

And the miracle was done for its multiplication, just as my Rabbi had once multiplied the bread and the fish. Bread for the hungry and fish for those who, having tasted the bread, took the oath of fishermen in order to glorify God.

My Rabbi told us again:

"Now is the judgment of this world; now the prince of this world will be cast out."

And by virtue of the miracle that had already occurred outside the world, he announced to us his promise for all time.

"And if I am lifted up from the earth, I will bring everyone to myself."

With this our Rabbi taught us the miracle of all multiplication.

And each of us felt the weight and at the same time the glory of the Law and the Grace of God. And each one knew what had to be done, for each one, by following my Rabbi, also carried many in ourselves. However, those who will walk with him will be the ones who will want to do it.

THEN IT was that my Rabbi sent me to go to Jerusalem before him, warning me: "Judas, fear not those who kill the body, but those who can kill the soul."

Jerusalem was boiling with rumors. And my appearance was not the same as before, for I was no longer a Pharisee. That is why my old friends did not recognize me on the streets nor in the temple. But Nicodemus recognized me, and we talked about my Rabbi.

Nicodemus was worried about the political turmoil in the city. Herod and his men, as well as the zealots, awaited the entrance of my Rabbi at Easter to ignite the revolt against Rome. But I explained to Nicodemus what my Rabbi Jesus had explained to me, that his kingdom is not of this world.

A Roman Decurion, a friend of Nicodemus, was suspicious of my Rabbi and interrogated me with grave zeal, since he wanted to guide the conduct of the procurator Pilate. I explained to him that my Rabbi taught to worship the Father who is in heaven and not Caesar, and even though the Roman Caesar was also the work of the same Father, the God of Israel was the only true God. The Decurion laughed at my words, but I left him alone. For my Rabbi had taught us not to judge, and in the miracle of the glorification of the Father for all times, it was necessary that his light fell equally on the just and the sinners.

However, my Rabbi Nicodemus did not understand the justice of the Father but only the justice of the law. But he wanted to understand, for in his heart the omen was strong and the desire to serve the Lord was powerful. That is why he asked me to teach him the baptism with the fire of the Holy Spirit.

And remembering the light of my Rabbi, I said to him:

"Nicodemus, brother. The Holy Spirit is holy because it is invisible, inaudible, and impalpable outside of the human heart. But there are those to whom it comes as a perfume and for others with the taste of milk and honey that our parents ate, those who knew what that land was that was promised to the Jews. That is why the Holy Spirit cannot communicate with the words of this world. For he is immaculate, and as soon as he touches the things of this world he receives stain. That is why my Rabbi insists on telling us: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God." Could it be otherwise, Nicodemus? Even in the understanding of every sinner the light shines, but not all sinners know themselves to be sinners and therefore not all dare to turn their face towards it. For

there is no light nor fire of the Holy Spirit for those who do not suffer darkness. And a pure heart must be empty and clean of everything, except the longing for God that God himself sowed in our first fathers. There is more to light than the flame, but a spark is not less than the light.”

Nicodemus pondered for an instant in his confusion.

“The Law must be kept by the elders of Israel. For how does your Rabbi intend for it to be sown in the hearts of the multitudes?”, he said to me.

And I answered:

“The Law comes to men by the Grace of God, for before the world was, the Father is. It is like this with my Rabbi. Before Abraham was, he is.

"You are blaspheming, Judas," Nicodemus exclaimed.

"The peace of the Lord be with you, Nicodemus."

“And with your spirit.”

And I had to walk away from Nicodemus, but I knew that the light would increase in his understanding, for even when the High Priest was also worried about the deeds of my Rabbi, in everyone burned the hope of liberation.

When I got to the courtyard of the Temple, I saw Caiaphas. Knowing that I was a disciple of Christ, he also questioned me:

"We would like to act with prudence, Judas," he told me. "But we must keep the zeal of tradition so that the people are not lost."

"My Rabbi has not come to abolish the Law or the prophets, but he has come to give them fulfillment."

Anger appeared on his face, and in it I saw a reflection of that vision in which all the miracle already existed and was multiplying. I saw in that instant how the face of Caiaphas, and even his thoughts and feelings, also multiplied in the times that were to come.

"Are you affirming that we do not comply with the Law?"

"My Rabbi has said that not everyone who cries out 'Lord, Lord' will see the kingdom of heaven, but he who does the will of the Father who is in heaven."

"And how are we to know that will unless we interpret the Law of Moses?"

“Aspiring to the grace of my Rabbi Jesus.”

And I walked away from him as well.

That night, restless, I kept awake, praying as our Rabbi Jesus had taught us; and in the middle of my prayers I heard his voice vibrating inside my chest:

“Jerusalem, Jerusalem! For having eyes and you do not see, and having ears and you do not hear. And every word of a prophet is stoned in you. And so it is with man in his diminished understanding. One day he will yell "Hossana!" and the next "Crucify him!" And in all of this there is truth, and so it must be. Because in stoning there is also

justice. For the stones become bread, and bread becomes the Holy Spirit when the will of God is fulfilled. Cloudy is my talking, but my saying is not cloudy, that the light shines in the heart of man so that it can open his understanding.”

In my agony I received consolation, for I saw that member of man was Jerusalem in the miraculous multiplication that I already knew well. And how in it was a secret struggle between the procurator of the strange invader and the custodians of the Law of God, and how in the ruthless deaf war between the two arose the pain of the multitude of beings that depended on them, and how, because both ignored it, there was pain and misery in Israel.

I knew at that moment that my Rabbi would enter Jerusalem.

And so it was.

A few days later he entered riding on the rump of a donkey, and not on a stallion. In peace and humility he came and not in battle. For it was necessary for man to be saved, and he could only be saved by not making violence, but making himself to be seen only by those who have eyes and ears to see and hear.

\* \* \*

Annas, Caiaphas, the Roman Decurion who spoke in Pilate’s name, and several Pharisees quarreled three nights before the Passover feast. Nicodemus opposed the violence that Caiaphas was seeking and he sent for me.

And when he had retired along with the Roman Decurion, I was alone with Caiaphas and Annas.

"What purpose moves your Rabbi, Judas?" he said to me.

"That man knows the truth and be free." I answered.

They both smiled, without hiding their contempt.

"It is necessary to arrest him," commented Annas.

My heart pounded with anguish, for I felt the power of my Rabbi urging me to speak.

*"I can tell you where you will find the Christ,"* I announced.

And they both looked at me with surprise. And in that instant I understood how the Grace of God also worked in their understanding, since more than my Rabbi, they wanted the Christ. That was how we arranged a meeting for the next night.

And I communicated it to Nicodemus. And Nicodemus understood, even when his eyes were filled with tears, and in them I saw his compassion for me.

Seven days before my Rabbi's arrival in Jerusalem, I slept in Bethany in the home of Lazarus the resurrected, and we communed together with Martha and Mary. And in that communion came to us again the word of comfort from our Rabbi, saying to each one

in the depths of our heart:

“He closed their ears and hardened their hearts, for they do not see with their eyes and do not understand from the hearts, and they convert themselves, and I will heal them.”

Then I knew that multiplication repeated the soul of things, because these were the words of Isaiah. And I understood how the princes of the Pharisees also longed for and believed in my Rabbi Jesus, knowing him to be the living Christ, but they feared the wrath of the owners of the synagogue because they loved more the glory of men than the glory of God.

And everything was as it should be.

For once again the word of Christ spoke to us in our hearts, and repeated: “If the grain of wheat does not fall to the ground and dies, it remains alone; but if it dies, it bears much fruit”.

And we all knew that the life of the Lord was in the hands of our Rabbi who had come to sow for all times to come, as before him our fathers had sown with the Law and the prophets. But this fruit was a new fruit. But not everyone was able to take this word.



THE NEXT day, six days before Passover, my Rabbi arrived to Bethany.

And the six days followed, pregnant with emotion and life. Each day marked its time in the multiplication of deeds, until the end. And our Rabbi loved us all, until the end.

On the fifth day, at night, he took us with him to his supper.

And he told us:

“Today is the fifth day before Easter. And on Easter my Father will be glorified.”

*And he washed our feet.*

But not all were clean.

And in the silence that followed his words, when there was concern in everyone, my Rabbi said:

“I am not talking about all of you. I know whom I have chosen. The one who eats the bread with me has raised his heel against me. From now I tell you, so that when it is done you will believe that it was I. Truly I say to you: he who receives the one I have sent, receives me, and he who receives me, receives the one who has sent me.”

Then, in the midst of everyone's anxiety, when asked by John who was going to deliver him, he announced:

"He to whom I will give the dipped bread."

And stretching out his hand with the dipped bread in it, he offered it to me, and *I received it*. And his eyes looked at me full of compassion, and mine were bathed in tears, because my soul shook with terror.

At that moment my Rabbi looked at me and in his gaze he placed the memory of that night on the mountain when he had led me to the left side of our Father who is in heaven.

And with pity, he told me:

"What you do, do quickly."

And I swallowed the bite...

And when I had swallowed it, the multiplication of my deeds remained for all times.

And the time that was planned that night by my Rabbi Jesus has come to an end, because thus it is necessary for the glorification of the Father who is in heaven.

When I ate the dipped bread that night, I felt the barrier of time fall on me, and

the Eternal, the fullness of God that I had known in the love of my Rabbi, was no longer in my heart. My understanding was clouded and I saw myself prostrated before death, in fear, because the darkness was extending in time until the oppression that man suffers in his fall would again make him cry out and beg for the light.

And Satan spoke in my blood with words of fire:

*"Forget the light that was."*

And I began to feel the transformation.

Then I felt that I was no longer the owner of my being, but the slave of my transformation, and the darkness of the Earth fell on my mind. And what were reflections of the being of light shone in them with multiplicity of shadows, and it was a changing range of colors but in none of them was the original whiteness.

And I fell into the oblivion of my own Rabbi, and I was no longer in him.

And yet, his light remained burning in my darkness, but I couldn't see it.

Then my Rabbi's eyes looked at me and for an instant I felt his mercy in my own heart, but very soon it turned to anger and spite, because with the dipped bread all the fullness that he himself had given me had been diluted.

I believed in death then.

And my bitterness became my strength.

And I acted. But I did not act of myself, for all authority had been taken away from me, so that he who has eyes can see, and who has ears can hear.

For in these words of mine there is not a syllable that does not speak of something, nor a word that does not indicate a time.

But nothing of my Rabbi is of time, and his words are repeated now as in all times:

'My kingdom is not of this world.'

And from myself I add: "This world is in the kingdom, but not as I am. That what of the world could be of the kingdom is suspended, hanging from a branch, lacking in fullness, without the brain and the heart touching the sky, without the feet cutting through the earth."

\* \* \*

Man of the Maya lineage: in thirteen parts I have told what I have learned about Judas. Until the novena, he moved anointed by the love of Jesus who washed his feet, but he was not completely clean, because in the second round of the nine, he sold the living Christ to the world, and the Scriptures were fulfilled.

For when Judas arrived with a company and the ministers of the pontiffs and the Pharisees, Jesus asked them:

"Who are you looking for?" And they said:

"Jesus the Nazarene."

And he said:

"I am he."

And they went back and fell to the ground.

And for the second time Jesus asked them who they were looking for, and for the second time they said: Jesus the Nazarene.

And for the second time he said: "I am he. If it is me whom you seek, let these ones go."

The envoys of the prince of this world asked twice, no more.

And with this, the scriptures were also fulfilled.

For the eleven were saved.

And so the spirit remains in Heaven, the body on the Earth.

Where do you take the soul?

# GLOSSARY

*of the Mayan words used in the second and third book.*

AHAU —God, divine-man, king, “God-King”, “Great Lord”.

BALCHE - drink that is extracted from a tree in Yucatan and that is fermented. It also means hidden tree.

CENOTE - Groundwater well. The Sacred Cenote existed in Chichen Itzá and was a place of mystical ceremonies.

COZUMIL - Small island in front of the Yucatan peninsula that means ‘Land of the Swallows’. It is currently called Cozumel. This island was undoubtedly the seat of a seminary or esoteric school of the Mayan culture.

DZULES - Lords; this name was given to the Spanish in the early days of the conquest.

KATUN - Epoch or period of the Mayan chronology. Small Mayan century of 20 years and of 360 days.

KUKULCAN - Great divinized instructor, ‘Feathered Serpent’ equivalent to Quetzalcoatl Naha.

MANI - "Everything passed." It is also the name of a famous Mayan city that at the time of the conquest was the seat of the Kings Xiu and the last refuge of the Mayan civilization and its religious culture.

PAUAH - "Those who distribute or disperse the stream of life." Four celestial spirits.

TZICBENTHAN - "Word which must be obeyed."

SAC-NICTE - White flower.