

Logosophical Interlude

Carlos Bernardo González Pecotche (Raumsol)



EDITORA
LOGOSÓFICA

Logosophical Interlude” reproduces in allegorical characters, within the precise limits of synthesis, facts, behaviors, tendencies and other motives that relate to the human being, and which occur throughout his whole life. Hence, the reader should not be surprised if he identifies himself with this or that legend or fable, with characters that resemble him or with similarities of motive, intention or thought that animate them.

Due to the nature of its content and the profound moral meaning that fills its pages, “Logosophical Interlude” also offers a vast and original group of teachings of great educational value to young people.

Logosophical Interlude

Carlos Bernardo González Pecotche (Raumsol)

Original title

Intermedio logosofico
Carlos Bernardo González Pecotche RAUMSOL

Translation

Volunteers of the Logosophical Foundation – For Man's Self Elevation

Graphic design and production

Adesign

**Dados Internacionais de Catalogação na Publicação (CIP)
(Câmara Brasileira do Livro, SP, Brasil)**

González Pecotche, Carlos Bernardo, 1901–1963.

Logosophical interlude / Carlos Bernardo González Pecotche (Raumsol) ; [translation: Volunteers of the Logosophical Foundation – For Man's Self Elevation – 1. ed. – São Paulo : Logosófica, 2014.

Título original: Intermedio logosofico.

ISBN 978-85-7097-096-1

1. Logosofia I. Título.

13-13408

CDD–149.9

Índices para catálogo sistemático:
1. Logosofia : Doutrinas filosóficas 149.9

Copyright da Editora Logosófica

www.editoralogosofica.com.br | www.logosofia.org.br

Fone/fax: (11) 3804 1640

Rua General Chagas Santos, 590-A – Saúde

CEP 04146-051 – São Paulo-SP – Brasil

Da Fundação Logosófica

Em Prol da Superação Humana

Sede central:

Rua Piauí, 762 – Bairro Santa Efigênia – CEP 30150-320 – Belo

Horizonte-MG – Brasil

Vide representantes regionais na última página.

Logosophical Interlude

Carlos Bernardo González Pecotche (Raumsol)

1st edition
São Paulo
2014

EDITORA
LOGOSÓFICA

Logosophical interlude

– Prologue	07
– Precursory dream.....	09
– The fire as a symbol.....	13
– The story of five roses	17
– The drop of ink.....	21
– An instructive experience.....	23
– An unusual inheritance	27
– The ruby	29
– Memories of a father	33
– The miser	41
– The brave man.....	43
– The hasty person	45
– An Arabian tale	47
– The drama of the toad.....	49
– The Land of Dreams	51
– The return of the just man	71
– The great bourgeois	73
– The undisputed king	77
– The aristocrat’s tie	81
– Cowardice cured	83
– A timely intervention	85
– Remote memories	87
– The wise king	91
– Illusory projects	93
– The two loves.....	95
– The rock, time and the treasure.....	103
– A strange message.....	105
– The friends.....	107
– An effective remedy	109
– The attraction to the yoke	111
– An educational pinch	113
– The clown.....	115

- The discretion of an artist	117
- A passage from the divine tale	119
- The mystery of the boots	123
- The kukuru	125
- The unmistakable mark.....	127
- Remember these words	129
- The truth of the Yamaly	131
- A well-deserved punishment	135
- The odyssey of two souls.....	137
- Many can do more than one alone.....	143
- The watch dog.....	145
- The man who sought God	147
- An Egyptian tale.....	151
- The deaf-mute and the blind.....	153
- The inquiry	155
- The “tamed” puma.....	157
- The ungrateful man.....	161
- The Eden of good children.....	163
- The two examples.....	167
- The Monkey and the Lion	169
- Behind bars.....	171
- The three works	177
- The game of the stain	179
- Pyka and Rutja	181
- The owl.....	183
- The ungrateful butler	185
- The man and the stones	187
- The lizards	189
- The Old Testament.....	191
- The origin of Carnival.....	193
- The tragedy of Xyraom.....	197
- The boastful cub.....	199
- An inquisitive man	201
- The two men.....	203
- The danger.....	205
- The fly.....	207
- The house of the apostles.....	209
-The smart man from Rioja	213

Prologue

To write this book of legends, fables and narratives entitled “Logosophical Interlude”, the author was inspired by his yearning to offer his readers a selected group of images all of which were extracted from the original conceptions of the Logosophical Wisdom. This new type of legends, fables and narratives, which define traits and characteristics of human psychology, represents a major attraction due to the vivid expression of ideas and thoughts that animate the soul of each episode.

“Logosophical Interlude” unites two periods of the logosophical bibliography and, at the same time, heads a new series of works to be published shortly.

The logosophical style, which is so unmistakable, appears perfectly clear in this book. The vigor of its expressions and the teaching that emerges from its pages will undoubtedly delight the reader, awakening in his soul kindred echoes that make him experience many pleasant sensations, as he notices strange affinities with his own inquietudes, modalities and inclinations.

If man’s life did not have so many and so varied motives to be reproduced in the multiple forms in which human thought is expressed, then maybe this incentive – so much pronounced in human feelings, and which has served so many generations to shape the traits of character and appear in the beauty of one’s spirit – would not have existed.

The legend, like the fable, is a literary style that is original and suggestive. Its reminiscent power brings about in the reader’s soul a

reality that emerges behind the forms, in appearance imaginary, and moves in the background of the sceneries it presents; such reality becomes a truly creative aspect when new, profound and suggestive concepts appear in the form of didactic norms of profound content. This is the peculiarity that distinguishes the logosophical legends and fables from those already known.

“Logosophical Interlude” contains a considerable number of narratives, each one bringing to light the vivid expression that inspires it, substantiated by facts, beings or things that are figurative or real. As with legends and fables, these narratives will deposit in the reader’s soul the pleasant impression caused by everything that touches deeply, that is of interest or is illustrative. They are inspired in some cases by passages of dreams and of pleasure that exalts one’s enthusiasm or fills one with ecstasy. In other cases it follows arid and desolate venues reflecting the psychological observations made of the great dramas that man lives throughout his life. These dramas are frequently ignored and feature the most sublime expressions manifested by human soul in its moments of great bitterness whose crude reality shakes the most intimate fibers of his being.

The art of this new type of legends, fables and narratives consists in reproducing, within the exact limits of synthesis and in allegoric images, facts, behaviors, tendencies and other motives related to man and which remain throughout his entire life. Hence, the reader should not be surprised if he identifies himself with this or that legend or fable, with characters that resemble him or with similarities of motive, intention or thought that animate them.

A good marksman usually hits his target, but he will prove his superior marksmanship if he hits several targets at the same time. Bearing this in mind, and by expressing his respects, the author warns the readers that the bullets of his gun are compressed thoughts that by hitting the target produce joy due to the effect of a clear and happy understanding of the fundamentals in each topic.

The author

Precursory dream

It is said that once upon a time someone narrated this beautiful legend:

“One night when I was very young, I dreamed that I took on the form of a thought being transported by its wings to the archetypal world of Creation. I visited places that were real wonders, and in each one I remained in awe by so much wisdom etched by the hands of the Supreme Author.

On more than one occasion, I wanted to stop my flight so as to register in the archives of my conscience those sublime images, but the Laws did not allow me to. A guiding thought, flying by my side, told me the secret to return again to these divinely beautiful places. It said to me:

– You must inevitably know the Laws, for they are the eternal guardians of all these universal treasures.

I continued on my flight, being now attentive to the voice of the Laws, while contemplating in rapture and silent amazement that world which inspired me so much greatness. Putting into practice the suggestion given by the guiding thought, I began to understand with utmost lucidity the designs of the Creative Will. This instantaneous assimilation of the image that moved my spirit favored the illumination of the field of cosmic perspectives, and by discovering the key, so as not to contradict the Laws, I was able to avoid being detained in my path, or be it, in my flight throughout the infinite spaces.

I do not remember how long my winged excursion lasted, because the measurement of time in these spaces is non-existent. Each

place represented a stupendous revelation to me, and it seemed inconceivable that the impression of such prodigious images had been etched in my mind. In this environment, that I was never able to define with precision, I sometimes felt the fear of getting lost, but the indescribable voice of the thought, which guided my flight, allowed me, once again, to find the correct cosmic position.

I covered great distances during my flight and came to know the most extraordinary things contained in the Universal Mind. All along – maybe due to suggestions made by the guiding thought – I realized that everything my eyes admired, inexhaustible richness of a superior world had undoubtedly a purpose. There must have been some reason that maintained me serene while soaring in my epic flight, suspended in the middle of space.

Possibly, surely, this reason existed, and it was the guiding thought that conveyed it to me during my flight. This was how I came to understand that I should not be selfish by keeping only to myself everything that I was admiring, everything that I came to know, and even more so, because I had the sensation that such cognitions transcended the limits of my expanded capability, and that my own nature seemed to dissolve into the nature of Creation.

Upon my return, laden with all this immense wealth in cognitions, I asked the one who guided my flight to allow me to keep on being a thought. And the reply came back:

– You must be mind – not thought! Everything you have seen, everything you have known and admired can be found in your own mind.

At this very moment that dream ended, and was immediately followed by another.

I dreamed that the thought I was traveling in was dying; dying like the body when the essence that animates it abandons it definitively. I saw it extended in space; it was empty. At the same time as I was observing this – the wonder of wonders!!! – my mind was being completely illuminated by the projected image of all these cherished places that became so strongly bonded to my life. I had the sensation

that these would never be erased from my memory as I experienced, in that moment, that my whole conscience had integrated the cognitions that constituted the totality of all that I had admired so much. From then on, whenever one of those images started to fade I could illuminate it instantly by just recalling the places I visited in my previous dream.

And I continued to dream... I dreamed that I was awakening, and in my amazement, I contemplated the world. I watched the Earth; I observed the beings that surrounded me and found them strange. A great change must have occurred in me that made me feel as if I were no longer part of this world. I remember that during these moments flowed through me exclamations that later my frequent deductions confirmed: 'There must have been a reason for my having that dream! Some reason existed for me to have flown so much and visited innumerable regions of the Universal Mind! There must have been a reason that allowed me to know how the human intellect was created!' "

In fact, the hero of this legend clarified that the mysterious and inscrutable mechanism of the human mind, as well as its function and conscious evolution, was made known to him in one of the areas visited during his strange excursion.

"Since then – he went on saying – motivated in my dream by superior feelings that exalted my anima predisposing it towards the humanitarian task of helping my fellowman, I began to inquire here and there on whether anyone knew something about what I was describing, but nobody was able to answer me. Consequently, I confirmed that I was unique in possessing such treasures, and that all other human beings were very far from conceiving a reality like the one I had been allowed to know. In their motionless minds, all of them strapped by prejudices and senseless ideas, some expressed astonishment, and others indifference.

I felt deep sorrow as I confirmed that none of the human minds coincided in any way with the archetype that was revealed to me as being the image that was created for man's use. In fact, with

the passing of the centuries, this wonderful creation had been diminished and flawed thus limiting its possibilities to the point of resembling these embryonic minds that prevailed during ages that are already lost in the gloomy layers of time. Rudimentary as they were, these minds became more adapted to the crude struggle of the human instinct than to the lofty ideas of one's intelligence, thus proliferating in them inferior thoughts originated by bastard inspirations that even the exceptions were not able to mitigate.

I felt, therefore, that I was about to undertake a great responsibility. Motivated by humanitarian feelings of the noblest lineage, I pondered on the gigantic task that implies helping human beings to restore their true mind, the one that was made to the image and likeness of their Creator's.

What a struggle I had to face! How much aggressiveness I could see in the minds, and how much incomprehension existed in them! In spite of all, I did not waver, not even for an instant. Conscious of the sacrifice imposed upon me during this instructive dream, I invariably sought the assistance of the Laws whose help, extraordinary in scope, have always resolved the unusual issues generated by such a complex task. The Laws strengthened my vitality and their assistance sustained me in every moment. In this manner, and being assisted in every step of the way by these incomparable tutors, titanic forces flowed within me, making me redouble my efforts in the task."

"As I woke up from such an extraordinary dream" – concluded the storyteller – "I had the sensation that my life, illuminated by that shower of light, would prolong its precursory vision to the end of its days."

The fire as a symbol

Many centuries ago, there was a wise man who dedicated his life to teaching his disciples. Being a man who possessed a great wealth of knowledge, he could not ignore the fragility of human nature.

Quite often, he had to call their attention to their negligence or weaknesses by making them understand the importance of strengthening one's spirit and eliminating one's weaknesses; in other words, he injected valor so as to make them strong.

In doing so, he taught them the means to temper the elements or inner metals – psychological and moral constitution – and he ignited a small fire in each disciple who had to feed it, so that its power would increase proportionately to what his faculties allowed him to understand, with precision, the conceptions of his wisdom. This fire would gradually temper the symbolic metals, and would represent to him the manifestations of his inner forces, not only of the energies of his will, but also the vital ones, all of which would be expressed by the enthusiasm that would accompany all his conscious and intelligent deeds.

As long as the fire was nursed to the point of becoming inextinguishable, the wise man would warn those to whom he imparted his teachings not to ignite it in anyone who did not receive the necessary preparation, and who was not ready to follow, like they did, all the advice and precautions given to obtain not only a living flame with beautiful lights, but a flame that instead of diminishing would increase progressively until the enlightenment of one's mind became complete.

This way, he would avoid the danger of any imprudence that would harm the inexperienced participant who lacks cognitions.

Nevertheless, one day a disciple disregarded such precautions and ignited a fire in another person; in other words, he transmitted cognitions to someone who was unprepared and was in no condition to receive them. This generated a convulsion of his inner elements that started to burn quickly all the slag that was accumulated by the actions of vices and passions as a result of an undisciplined life nourished by illusions, whose false reflections usually end up by being confused with the flames of one's intelligence. These flames are only ignited when the real inner fire is gently blown in time by one's reasoning which regulates and calculates the effects produced by any well oriented impulse.

Referring to the same episode, it is said that the one whom the disobedient disciple wanted to favor so imprudently, saw himself as if he were suddenly illuminated by a glowing light, and believing that a miracle had happened to him, ran out to communicate the events to his friends and family, offering at the same time, to ignite in them the same fire that glowed within him; in other words, by believing that he became a wise man, he wanted to start a school, being unaware of the foolish and senseless things he was saying. But what happened was that he could not bear any longer this fire that was starting to burn the few ideas he had and, in a desperate effort, lost his reasoning and fell into a dreadful delirium.

Charitable deeds must be done, but intelligently, so that they do not die or become petrified in the individual who receives them, but rather to help him follow the example of the one who gave it.

The flames of one's intelligence, whose illuminated rays are not the result of an understanding cultivated in experience and study, are as artificial as anything that is not natural and real.

When weak or sick stomachs ingest spicy foods, they immediately feel an overpowering burn that torments them. Passions also have their fire that disturbs and produces great

unbalance in the person when, voluntarily or involuntarily, he surrenders to this insatiable fire that consumes, bit by bit, the energies of his being.

The above explains, or better still, reveals the meaning of an old saying that still prevails to this day, which warns that lighting three cigarettes with the same match or fire is a bad omen.

This fact, which frequently creates fears or resistances to accept the third light of a match, and which presents all the traits of a naïve superstition, has, as can be seen, an origin that evidently justifies such apprehension in people.

Some truths are like dynamite cartridges. When placed in the hands of science they work wonders: they allow one to reach the bed of the most useful minerals since no matter how hard the rocks or earth masses may be, they give in to the power of the compressed force that explodes obeying the intelligence that uses it.

These same truths, when placed in foolish or ignorant hands, become dangerous elements of destruction, because they can provoke tragic explosions especially where the resistance is minimal. When an explosion occurs, it spreads the fire to everything that falls within its scope, as in the case when it happens in a building or a place occupied by people or things. The same occurs in the mental castles that lack sturdiness: the fires – blindness – are produced by contagion. This is quite frequent in our day and age where folly has affected a great part of mankind.

This is why religions have been very careful not to reveal to common people certain truths that they jealously keep, because they know that if ignorant people came to know them, the very framework that sustains them would burn, and so would they.

Jesus and his apostles ignited in the multitudes the flame of faith which later, being regulated, continued to glow for millennia. Many have tried to ignite similar flames in believers of different ideologies wherein these flames have grown uncontrolled to such an extent that they provoked senseless fanaticism producing reactions that were exploited in various ways.

While the living flame of one's intelligence enlightens the understanding with its bright and natural glitter, filling the heart with joy, the flame of foolishness produces a blaze that inflames the mind until it creates a fire. The first operates wonders because it is the vital force that lights up the splendors of life; the second burns and destroys the existence due to its blind force that darkens the minds and the consciences.

The story of five roses

A fresh and luxuriant rosebush was growing in a park.

Unaware of its surroundings, it grew strong, sprouting beautiful buds of hope that finally developed into roses of velvet petals and delicate perfume.

Jasmines, carnations, dahlias and hyacinths offered in vain their fragrant and colorful flowers, but man's hand has always sought the best of them all.

There were five roses on that flower bed.

One day, a young man passed by it with his girlfriend.

– Would you like to have one? – he asked her gently.

Taking a flower in his hand, he plucked it from its stem and offered it to her, saying:

– Keep it as a memento.

– Will you not kiss it? – asked the girl timidly.

– Yes! Let it be the witness of these happy moments we are spending together.

The girl placed the rose in a small jar in her house. As she caressed it every night with her delicate hands, she would say between sighs:

– My rose, my confident; if only you could keep your freshness and your perfume!...

And the rose would seem to answer:

– My life is as ephemeral as yours; if you do not interrupt it, you will also be able to preserve the candor and the enchantment of your youth.

Days later, when the rose withered, the young girl placed it amongst her most cherished belongings. How many memories were in this rose! And how many times it dissipated sorrows and sweetened bitter moments!... This humble rose became the symbol of a love story that lasted through generations.

Also passing by the rosebush was a young presumptuous lad who walked snubbing his nose in a ridiculous attempt to embellish his unattractive figure. He immediately plucked a rose and put it in the buttonhole of his jacket. It seemed to heighten the vanity of his presumptuous figure, however as it began to wither it was thrown away with disdain into the garbage can.

An afflicted mother took the third rose, and kissing it tenderly, blessed it with her tears as she laid it on her dead son's grave. On this grave a rosebud sprouted, and every year it shed its petals on the cold slab as if obeying to a mandate. These were the mother's tears that covered the grave with white leaves.

The fourth rose was found covered in blood and crushed against the heart of a person who committed suicide, revealing the sad epilogue of a painful tragedy.

The fifth rose remained on its stem, and every year, as it was reborn, it told her sisters the story of the four roses. Every time someone passed by, it would painfully say:

– Lord Creator, if I were ever to be separated from my sisters, allow my mother plant to flourish eternally so that its spirit can remain in your Divine Eden.

Someone asked the fifth rose, the one that was speaking:

– And how about you? Why don't you tell your story?

– Me? replied the legendary flower somewhat confused. Look at the thorns on my stem. They speak of the hardships and sufferings I have endured. I am the soul of this body and I incarnate the life of this plant. Many have sung the beauty of my flowers and their

beautiful faces, and many have cursed me. Not all my roses have the same destiny nor could they blame me if some have a garbage can as a tomb, while others, more fortunate, rest on a bed of petals, cradle and tomb of the great muses that had a rose as the standard of their lofty conceptions.



Do not blame the father for having had children who did not know how to honor his name. Search amongst those who were able to preserve the sacred seal of inheritance and see if the genuine stamp of its unconquered lineage is not etched there. Do not judge by appearances. Flowers usually keep secrets that are so intimate that nobody would dare desecrate unless one accepts to perish after having discovered them.

The drop of ink

One day, an old preceptor was delighting a group of children with his tales. They listened to him with eagerness and enthusiastic attention. As he came to the end of one of his beautiful stories, whose chimerical closing was slightly exaggerated, he noticed on the children's faces a smile that clearly indicated doubt. As the children knew that their preceptor never lied, it was natural for them to be confused.

Aware of what was happening in the children's soul, the good old man told them the following allegory:

– If I showed you a spring full of crystalline water and if I put a drop of ink in it, would the water be tainted? No, because it would immediately disappear and nobody could say that this drop existed for longer than the instant it hit the water. And so my children, he who lives and teaches the truth can also tell small white lies because these could never, not even for a fleeting moment, taint its purity.

And he went on:

– When a liar occasionally tells a truth, it would be as if one put a drop of water in a jar full of ink. What would then happen? The same thing, but in reverse: the drop of water, being absorbed by the ink, would disappear. To the above, I will add also another aspect that will be very easy for you to understand: he who lies habitually is as if he frequently deposited drops of ink on a white piece of paper, which would come to represent the part of one's

mind where one forms his concept. What will then happen? It it will be very costly to erase the stains made, and even if this were successful, they would never totally disappear.



The children understood the moral of the story, and promised to always prefer the truth to a lie.

An instructive experience

A very wealthy man lived luxuriously in his palace enjoying all the pleasures of life. Owner and master of the estate, he never allowed the exploration of his extensive lands which included woods and forests that were nearly impenetrable.

One spring morning he ordered his servant to saddle a horse, determined to undertake an incursion into the thick bush. Someone warned him that he may encounter savage animals or even ferocious beasts capable of putting his life at serious risk. The rich and presumptuous man began to laugh and looking down at the wretched poor devil said arrogantly:

– I am the absolute owner of these lands. Nothing nor anyone would dare to disturb my excursion!

Having said that, he galloped away. He rode through a wide and beautiful prairie, crossed wide passageways, speckled with rare vegetation, which gradually began to thin out, finally becoming quite narrow and prompting serious concern. Unafraid, he continued riding for several hours. He entered a dense area, and as he reached a clearing, he stopped to rest. He unbuckled the horse's saddle and, retrieving some food from the saddlebags, began to eat with unusual appetite. A while later, due to the time of day and the warm sun, he lied down on the fresh grass to rest. He was contemplating complacently the intertwined branches of a gigantic tree when he suddenly saw a huge snake sliding down its trunk coming instantly to a menacing distance from him.

Having somewhat regained his composure from this paralyzing impression, the unmistakable master of these forests pulled out his gun and shot the terrible reptile with every bullet he had.

Unable to sleep, the man sat down on the saddle. The warning he was given prior to his departure was not made in vain. Indeed, a few moments later he heard the roar of a beast that sent all the small animals rushing in all directions to take refuge in the clearing. He immediately sat up but felt a cold tremor running through him from head to toe. Moved by fear, the presumptuous emperor of this estate quickly saddled his horse, and galloped away; unfortunately, he had taken a path that had no exit.

The beast continued to roar, each time more strongly, and each time closer to the ears who listened in growing desperation.

– What do I do now? – he asked himself full of fear – If I climb a tree the beast will kill my horse. How then will I get out of here? If I stay on my horse, defenseless, the beast will destroy me too.

He then clearly understood the enormous difference that exists between claiming to be the owner of something, and having control over it.

He was pondering over this issue when the head of the beast appeared through the thick bush, its intentions clearly demonstrated by its roar and attitudes. What is there to do? Supplications and promises would be totally useless since the beast neither heeds to nor understands reasons.

The beast fell upon the horse, killed it and devoured it with a ferocious appetite. Having filled its stomach, the beast was licking casually the scattered bloody remains when suddenly it noticed the man standing rigid as a mushroom. It approached him, looked him over for a moment as if saying: “Not bad for dessert.” Nevertheless, its appetite was fully satisfied. After a few seconds, that seemed a century, the beast began to walk away slowly, turning its head every now and then as if reluctant to lose him from its sight.

Still frozen by terror, the unfortunate man began to curse internally the moment he had decided to ride through his estate so totally unprepared. Anguished by the late hour and the place, his inner lamentations grew as much as the shadows that were beginning to fall over the bush. Providence seemed to have taken pity of this forsaken person because shortly afterwards a number of his men mounted and well armed, appeared, searching for the master because they were concerned about his long absence.



As with the magnate of the story, very few people think about the need to be prepared and take the necessary precautions before going into any unknown territory of whatever nature it may be. This is why when difficulties arise, many curse and lament, unaware they must pause every now and then to eliminate the adverse elements that fill one's course with obstacles that impede the clear understanding of the explorer's surroundings.

Very well; this analogy clearly demonstrates that something very similar frequently occurs in the mental woods. Having been abandoned by their owners, they end up covered by weeds and intertwined branches that become impenetrable and fearsome. There are some who, ignoring this circumstance but, remembering that they own this inner possession, decide to penetrate it, and it is then that the beast appears and devours them or, in the best of cases, makes them run away terrorized.

An unusual inheritance

Once upon a time, there was a father who, in his old age was surrounded by only a few of the many sons he had raised.

One day he called them together and said:

– It is with great sorrow that I gather you today, my sons, because I wanted you all to listen to my last will.

– Father – interrupted one of them who had recently returned to his side – do not feel afflicted for my brothers; they do not deserve to be remembered. I told them to return but they refused.

– This is true – said another – due to their ingratitude they deserve to be forgotten.

– And if they return, expel them from your side – said a third.

– They lost all of their rights to your assets – added a fourth.

– Disinherit them! – exclaimed the fifth.

– Father – stated the sixth son – I know they have slandered you and insulted you. Disinherit them. You should even disown the one who stole part of your estate.

– I think you should draw out your will in our favor so that nothing will remain for them – said the seventh son.

Other sons said foolish things until, at last, one of them, who had remained silent, exclaimed:

– Father, I think my brother is right: make your will so that I may know my share which I will give as my legacy to my lost brothers, thus helping them recognize their faults and come to love you as I do; then, they may regret and come to venerate your name.

Many sons agreed with this thought saying that they would do the same.

Deeply moved, the father answered the first group:

- I leave as my inheritance to you my feelings of selfishness, rancor, anger, disdain and intolerance that add up to quite a reward; to those who left and went away, I will leave my passions and my vices; they will wander until they lose everything they possess including their names; and to you, my sons - pointing to the last group - I leave my heart full of love and lofty feelings, as well as my pure mind of wisdom and justice. Each one of you now knows his share. This is my legacy.

The ruby

It was back in 1918. At that time, a group of people was enjoying their vacation in a hotel in the mountains. Amongst the happy tourists was a Swiss scientist who was interested in the variety of minerals and stones that existed in the region.

One night during dinner, he announced that early the following day he would explore the nearby stone quarries to look for a certain ruby that he thought could be found there, based on the description obtained of the calcareous characteristics which were similar in nature to the layers that usually enveloped these precious stones. His dinner companions received this announcement with great pleasure and enthusiasm, having all expressed their intention to go to the prescribed sites in search of rubies.

As was his custom, the scientist left before sunrise the next morning and, when in the quarries, stopped several times to examine more closely various types of minerals, pounding his hammer here and there, opening fissures and cracks with his tools and picks, until he finally began to perforate with his drill selected lime blocks.

Several hours later, the group that wanted to start their search began to arrive. They scattered throughout the hills, hammering at random, eager to find the bright red stone, imagining what they would do with the stone once they found it.

The search lasted many days after which the scientist announced happily that he had found the ruby. He showed it still covered by thin calcareous layers decorated with dark green minerals.

After celebrating what everyone called “the luck of the Swiss”, each one expressed his regrets for not being the lucky owner of the precious stone.

Someone who had been observing the episode attentively came forward and addressed the group:

– He is a geologist and by virtue of his knowledge he would be expected to find the stone. Using this knowledge, it was easy for him to follow the streak until he discovered the desired stone. He found it because his search was not conducted at random. The truth is that everything has a purpose of being and because of this, things do not happen by chance. Consequently, he who possesses geological knowledge, for example, would find it easier to discover the location of a mineral than he who does not possess such knowledge.

As everyone listened with great attention to the reflections presented by the unexpected speaker, he continued after a short pause:

– The same occurs in all areas of knowledge. He who has a cognition can use it to discover other cognitions, and he who has many, due to that same force that emanates from this knowledge, will attract to his area of expertise everything he aims to achieve. In the present case, the geological knowledge acted as a magnet which, being applied to the objective of the search attracted him without difficulty. In this way, the ruby concealed in these rocks immediately saw the light when placed in the hands of its legitimate owner, that is, of he who discovered it by means of his knowledge.

But this was not all – he continued – because your minds had only conceived the image of a polished and cut ruby that reflected colorful hues whose rays nurtured greed, and blinded your understanding. On the other hand, the geologist knew that

he would find it covered by dark coatings. And, yet, if someone else had held it in his hands for a moment, he would have thrown it away at once, as are thrown away so many other stones that are similar to the ones around him.



One can conclude from this narrative that when someone seeks something and invests his time and energy in his search, the assistance of a cognition is necessary so that the attempt is not left to chance. Everything obeys causes and laws that cannot be ignored, and so it is logical to think that as more knowledge is acquired, greater are the probabilities of success in each undertaking. He who searches blindly will never find what he seeks, and if he casually trips over his target he will not perceive the hidden reality of its existence, or will discard it, ignoring the value contained behind its visual appearance.

Memories of a father

Heads worthy of respect, graying hair and deep furrows on the forehead are three traits that characterize people who have lived a long life.

During their last years, they spend their days reviewing the events they were able to store in the intimate chest of their memories. The ones related to their childhood are blurred and wrinkled and nearly unidentifiable. Sometimes a boy's mischief or a specific comment, overheard by chance, bring back memories of a faraway deed which their faces often express with the same innocent children's smile. However, the events that are most dearly held to their hearts, and that they tenderly nurse as if to preserve the freshness of the moments lived, are those belonging to their children and grandchildren.

"These were the days" – an old man remembered – "when fateful hours and happy moments mixed with my tears and joys, as the children hugged me joyfully being completely unaware of the profound concerns of my spirit, of all the types of setbacks and of the powerful blows inflicted on me by my destiny during the constant struggle of daily life that I had to face and bear, without any other aspiration than that of ensuring their future, while bearing it all with the sweet hope of being able to protect them as much as possible against the rigors and the anguish of difficult situations that occur during the course of life!"

Oh! If only our breathing could contain in a pious sigh the existence of sweet memories! But the Law indicates a course that you must

follow without stopping. Ensure that the good cycles are repeated in spiral successions that converge into lofty accomplishments, and you will see emerge, through the time that marks the rhythm of your days, beautiful images, perfectly defined which, once interpreted as you review the book of memories, will make you feel the aroma of saintly things, while on your temples, oppressed by the burden of long years, will trickle down the elixir of ancient dreams, like the perfumed breeze of fragrant flowers that awaken the souls every dawn.



I came to know one of these spirits in whose eyes only a poem of centuries seemed to be outlined. I found him one day when he was narrating some events of his life; precisely when he was telling about those episodes that are symbols of paternal love.

Masked by emotions, the images he remembered faded at times but developed later, in vivid colors and tasteful aromas, the true profiles of reality even though, in order to help the reader to understand, there appeared, once transcribed, the discreet motives of its full illustrative value.

– “How many times” – whispered the trembling aging gentleman, who was an old military man and a philosopher – “I saw my son struggle fearlessly against his old being. How many times have I not seen him lying on his bed in tears saying: “Father! Help me, enlighten me, and do not allow me to fall into error!” And later on, in spirit, I ran to help him, to caress him and protect him, banishing the pain that hurt him.”

As he remembered his long gone days in the army, when he led a strong military contingent to victory over the enemy, he recalled saying to another of his sons:

– “Quite often, I had to reprimand affectionately my son B. He was impulsive and aggressive and wanted to conquer the world, with his wooden sword which hung from his belt. This was the constant

concern of his companions who, on many occasions, tried to detain his belligerence. Gradually, this son of mine began to restrain his aggressiveness and to temper the steel of his convictions, until finally, with more serenity and assurance, he was able to discard this dark ignorance, this cruel matron that aimed to blind him with the artificiality of a world full of errors.”

“He also struggled, with determination and courage, against the disintegrating elements that had nearly taken over his human territory. I had seen him so many times, as if crouched in a corner wall, bleeding and exhausted, making titanic efforts to avoid falling vanquished by some inner rebellion! I heard him say, as others did: “Father! Save me! Do not abandon me!!” And suddenly, the wooden blade turned into the flashing steel of a legendary sword. How much serenity he irradiated when he later informed the high command of his victory!”

“I remember when one day another child of mine came to see me after a long absence. He looked like a Napoleon wearing a large jacket held up by pins. His collar was inside out and, on his chest and back, glued with colored strips, were diplomas of some kind, and something like decorations or, better said, drawings of medals. “My poor son!” – I thought with compassion. How many places you must have been at for you to flaunt this shining showcase of titles won on the battlefield!”

“Once again, this son came to occupy the place he vacated when he had left. But he came with certain habits that were so ingrained that I had to reprimand his Napoleonic gestures many times.”

“Once I sent him to relieve one of his companions who commanded a besieged squadron that was well positioned and protected by artillery. Some time later, I received a message signed by him saying: “The squadron is under heavy enemy fire. There is no hope to save it from catastrophe.” As I read these words I ran to the front, and perceiving my good “Napoleon” in the midst of his Waterloo, unseen by the enemy, I took off his jacket and his other artificial clothes, and gave him an old soldier’s cloak. He accepted this wholeheartedly and started to pace with a rifle on his shoulders... a rifle made of a broomstick!”

“Those were the days! Days of innocent childhood! Unforgettable days of those young years!... When I see today that son of mine converted into a skillful captain, I feel running through my veins the deserved prestige of my noble lineage.”

“Allow me” – he repeated every now and then as he dried the tears that ran down his face – “to remember those blessed days so that I can renew in my mind the thought of those hours that are so grateful to my spirit.”

The storyteller then took out a letter from a batch of old papers and continued his story, saying that it referred to a letter that one of his other sons had written to him once:

–“Father!” – the letter said – “my life today is fulfilled, intense and fast... Years into days... It seems that we own time. I am conscious of having overcome my previous life. I have gone from a monotonous sadness to a sublime joy; from an aimless navigation to a well-defined course; from a dark night to one full of bright stars; from tortuous lies to a pious and permanent truth; from an eternal death to a wonderful resuscitation. I am conscious that you are my father. I know that my life came from you, and that I owe it to you.”

He then remembered another son whose character was quite entertaining, and narrated several episodes that described the clown in colorful situations:

“Every time I made a stern face because his friends indulged in one of their frequent pranks, they would tell him to go and entertain me and make me laugh, saying: “The coast is not clear; go and see what is happening.” And when they noticed that I had mellowed, they would all gather around me with innocent faces that obviously disarmed me.”

“One day he came into my room and said: “Father, outside, there is a friend of mine who says that he wants to see the devil. I brought him here to see if you can pull this out of his mind.”

“I was so impressed by the fear shown on my son’s face – said the old man – that I asked him to bring him in. When he entered, I started to question the possessed man. He had read so many strange

books that finally, as they suggested, he realized that he had to see the devil; in fact, he did everything the books indicated, but to no avail. Suddenly, as he was talking, I sternly asked him: "And why do you want to see the devil? Don't you see that you are carrying him inside you?" "And confronting him with a mirror I said:" "Look at your face!"

"He had such a shock, that he actually saw his face representing the devil, and tried to run away; but my son caught him by the jacket and detained him. "Wait," – he said – "how can you leave without saying goodbye?"

"This was a scene that would have made even a mummy laugh. This poor man had thought so much about the devil that, by seeing himself in the mirror, his imagination had projected on it the obsessive image with its red cloak and the long trident."

"What father's heart" – repeated the old man – "would not soften as he narrates to his own children their childhood days!" – and after a long pause of absolute silence, he continued: – "I had another son who had many virtues. With a clear intelligence and a subtle and caring manner, he felt towards his father a moving adoration and respect."

At this point, the strong and penetrating voice of this venerable man seemed to have faded in a sob, such was the deep emotion that overtook him.

– "Such a good son!" – he said. – "He could perceive what to others passed unnoticed, and always helped his brothers by making them understand with clear and convincing words, what he had experienced, and in which circumstance it had occurred. He was always ready to assist others, and after each good deed, his vision would light up revealing the happiness he experienced softening many moments when his soul warned him of its departure. How many had approached his sick bed seeking his good and prudent word to calm the agitations of their spirit! I think that what his lips uttered continues to live in the hearts of those who listened to him. May your sleep be sweet, my son, while your head rests upon the pillow of your mortal nights, so that upon awakening your eyes may behold the immortal sky of a day without dusk!"

“One day” – continued the venerable old man as he withdrew a yellowing paper from his pocket – “I received a letter from a young man asking me to adopt him as a son. In it, he expressed the following: “Lord, enlighten my brain, and fill my heart with goodness! I implored many times but I never received a reply. I must have been lost amongst the human things. I sought the light and nobody was able to explain to me why there was light in the valley.” One year after I had taken him under my care, he sent me a few lines which said: “One year already! How time flies! Who was I yesterday? Who am I today? It has been a year since the message reached my heart. Lord! Give me of your bread which is the nourishment of life, and your wine that is your vine. I am blind, Lord, give me light! I implored, and you came and told me to eat the bread of life, and to drink from your vine. How many times I thought: “When you arrive, the petals that lie dormant in the heart with the sad sleep of a day without sun will open. You will wear the white robe and will sprinkle acacias on the path where He will arrive, and you will receive him as your king and lord.” And you came to me and said: “Come to my table and find your place.” And since then, I eat from your bread of life and drink the blessed water from your source.”

“Several times, he expressed to me, during his moments of agitation: “I will always be with you! I will always be yours!” I came to love him as a son, and gave him my confidence. One day, as he was blinded by conceit, and having forgotten his promises, he betrayed me, and taking from me heirlooms that were my memories of affection, he went away, but not before offending the feelings of my good sons.”

“Ungrateful!” – whispered the old man after a short pause that seemed to carry blame – “You will carry on your forehead the fatal stigma of those who cannot write their name in the book of the fortunate!”

This was how the venerable narrator ended his legend while drying his sweating forehead and his tearful eyes with a white handkerchief.



Oh! If only the ashes of long-gone times, which hide the light of

past generations, could reveal the secret of the ardent flame that animated so many souls, and consummated so many existences, you, friendly reader, would bow in reverence, and deeply moved would exclaim: "Lord! Remove from my vision and understanding everything that I would not be able to see or comprehend, so that my reasoning would not be blurred, and my heart would not suffer the torments of hallucination!"

The miser

By observing closely what was happening in a small village, I saw that its inhabitants lived a quiet mountain life.

The richest man amongst them was considered by everyone to be a despot due to his evil heart. To his misfortune, he had all possible defects. His god was money because it gave him power over the others.

All those who lived in the area were directly or indirectly affected by his unlimited authority. Those who were hurt by him, and who usually helped each other, thought that he who had the most was the one who always gave the least.

His avarice was such that he stripped others of their assets and submitted them to his power. He set a price to everything, and with his money he obtained everything he wanted.

A nice young man also lived in that village, and according to the people he was truly God's good soul. He was so kind that he never asked anything for himself, and even gave what he did not have.

One day, the richest man in the village fell gravely ill. The doctors said that in order to save him a blood transfusion was necessary. The miser ordered an immediate search for anyone who would voluntarily, and at any cost, provide him with the precious element. But nobody came forward.

He understood, then, that this was the only thing he could not buy with his money. This unfortunate man had not realized that instead of asking arrogantly to buy blood, he should have begged for help, first to God and then to his fellowmen.

Having heard of this incident, the nice young man rushed to offer his blood to help the sick man. The generous gesture of his timely savior in his hour of need, moved the rich man to send his best carriage to fetch him. But the young man was already walking to the castle, and along the way, was bitten by a poisonous snake.

Arriving at the castle, he informed the doctors, who were attending the patient, what had occurred to him. They immediately rushed to extract the poison. Once done, they exclaimed with deep regret that it was impossible to save the patient's life because the young man's blood was poisoned.

The miser died, but the good man survived after undergoing a long treatment.

This is how this tale ends, offering a suggestive and profound teaching.

The brave man

A long time ago, in a certain country, there was a man who attracted everyone's admiration for his unquestionable bravery. Nothing nor anyone could detain him from facing any type of danger. He always overcame obstacles, whether man or beast, that opposed the march of his invincible feet. He was respected and feared at the same time.

Notwithstanding his admirable condition, and to the astonishment of all around him, he was seen on one occasion depressed and sad. On that day, someone close to him asked with an urge of curious anxiety :

– My dear friend, can you tell me what is happening to you? Is it possible to assume that...

The brave man interrupted his friend, raised his eyes with determination to give more vigor to his words, and answered with a touch of bitterness :

– I have always fought and triumphed. As you well know, I have never known fear, nor let any danger stop me. But today, I have come to know someone whom I fear: the only man who has truly inspired fear in me.

– And who is this man who can worry the bravest man of all?

The great fighter dropped his head and answered sadly:

– Myself.



This is a reality that has worried human beings and will continue to do so every time they have to face their own inferior reactions.

The hasty person

Amongst the thousands of colorful characteristics presented by human psychology, none is more extravagant and curious than impatience when it is expressed as haste.

The memory of facts that were observed, brings to mind a person who lived in constant agitation. He ate his breakfast very fast and became intolerant if everything was not served instantly and to his satisfaction, although he would later spend two hours reading his newspaper. He would leave home in his usual rush, and get angry at the slightest delay or setback that would keep him from quickly reaching his workplace. He would not, however, register the time he wasted before starting to work.

He walked on the streets as one who had urgent matters awaiting him, and each time he asked for a service, he would claim his lack of time, protesting openly when someone delayed even for a minute to do what he asked.

He gave the impression of someone who was always busy with important matters, even though nothing was so pressing as to cause his haste; quite to the contrary, he was seen on several occasions pitifully wasting time on trivial things or in fruitless discussions.

During his youth, he started different college courses several times, but never graduated from any of them, because as soon as he began his course he would be overtaken by a voracious anxiety to end it quickly, so much so that, being unable to contain his haste, he became disappointed and cut off his project. Indeed, he acted

in a similar way with everything else to the point that his life, on account of this deficiency, became a continuous succession of misfortunes.

One day, someone called his attention to this unfortunate defect with such clarity, precision and skill, that the unfortunate man saw paraded in front of his mental vision the complete and monotonous film of his life, lived in a fleeting manner, painfully uncared for, in which were highlighted wasted projects, empty spaces, unsatisfied yearnings and hopes, and undefined anxieties of things that had never materialized.

It was then that tears began to roll down his somber face. But the friendly voice invited him to contemplate how much was still left to be lived and, by indicating the way to administer his future time, in order to recover what had passed, he encouraged him to practice during a few months a new way of living, and build a new conception of his existence: “You must begin to respect it and value it as something that is transcendental” – he said – “as an opportunity that you must take advantage of until your last breath, seeking to enrich it every day with greater and more valuable cognitions. This will bring you many happy moments and will strengthen your energies with new and fecund enthusiasm, with stimuli that will move you towards fertile efforts, all of which will gradually bring you closer to the immaculate source of Universal Life.”

Having listened to the advice whose extensive and profound content clearly contrasted with his sterile and agitated life full of useless haste and void of any material accomplishments, the unfortunate man understood his mistake and decided to put an end to his impulses and start a new life, more conscious, more reasonable and more positive.

Years later, the former hasty man, referred with real pleasure to the episode above, confessing that the change that occurred in him, concerning his understanding of life, had made him experience the sensation of having intelligently taken advantage not only of the time of an entire life but of various lives simultaneously.

An arabian tale

It is said that long ago, at the time of Abad el Kabir, lived a prince who personified arrogance, conceit, vanity and selfishness. One day, he rode away on his horse and, contrary to his habit, did not allow anyone to accompany him. He had heard that in nearby woods, there were places that whoever was not very experienced could get lost and would be unable to find his way back. Nevertheless, he rode his horse into the woods and entered it decidedly. His great conceit would not allow him to accept the fact that others could be more intelligent than he, and said to himself: “Why would I need any help if I can get to know the labyrinths of the woods better than anyone else and return when I please!”

Having entered the center of the flourishing virgin plantations, he stopped his horse to contemplate in ecstasy the beautiful scenery that lay before him.

Gradually, as he rode back and forth from one point to another negotiating the paths between the thick foliage, he distanced himself from his point of entry.

Suddenly he said: “It is time to go back”, and spurred his horse to a gallop.

He had to change courses several times when he noticed that he had taken the wrong path.

It was getting dark and he was already tired and thirsty. Weakened by hours without food, he thought in panic: “If nightfall comes and I’m still here, I will be terrified.”

And so, his mind began to pressure him as he complained aloud, blaming himself for his stupidity. Unaware of what was happening to his master, and feeling the reins slackening, the horse continued to march led by its instincts.

– Oh! If God saves me, I will ask my father, the King, to concede the first thing that is asked of me – and having said that, the prince started to cry bitterly.

Meanwhile, the horse had found the lost trail, and neighed in satisfaction. This startled the prince at first, then seeing how happy the animal was, he caressed it saying:

– If you save me, I will cover you with my clothes and will indulge you with my utmost attentions.

A few moments later, he heard noises, voices and cries of joy; they had arrived at the exit point where everybody, anxious and distressed, was waiting for him.

The King hugged him and kissed him.

– You are so intelligent, my son – he said– that we all knew that you would not get lost.

– No, father, it was the horse who was intelligent – replied the prince – and I promised him that if he saved me I would cover him with my garments.

– Then, do it, – replied the King, happy to see his son with such humble thoughts.

The staff led the animal to the stable and covered it with the prince's coat, belt, hat and sword.

It is said that from that day on, the prince became cordial, good and altruistic, recommending that everyone be humble, and never discard the advice of the elders even if such advice were given by those who were most humble in appearance or condition.

Later, in memory of this legend, the peasants garnered their horses with the most colorful saddles and harnesses, and cared for them more than they did for their own clothes.

The drama of the toad

One late afternoon, a toad was feeding on whatever insect he could find, when suddenly he saw a big and fat one on his path, and thought: “This one is mine; I will treat myself to a sumptuous banquet!”

After two or three leaps, he caught the insect and tried to swallow it whole. Since the insect was bigger than his throat, he choked on it. He struggled in vain to swallow it, but the insect, equipped with a powerful stinger and serrated legs, started to lash out furiously at his tongue and palate. Yet, the obstinate toad refused to let go of his prey and after a desperate effort was able to swallow it. Almost instantly, the toad began to writhe in unusual movements – it somersaulted, fell on its back, went into contortions, rolled back its eyes, and felt atrocious pain. All the while, the insect continued, in violent movements, to lash out from within... until finally the toad preferred to throw it back to where it had entered.

The insect was intact, and as soon as it felt free it climbed up a rock to dry out. The toad, now in pain and angry, looked at it grudgingly, and finally decided to return to its cave and lay low.



The same occurs to those who allow some strange thought to lodge in their minds. They pay a high price to free themselves from it, and even if they are successful, they will still suffer the consequences of its terrible and lashing stingers.

The land of dreams

From time to time and throughout the ages, mention was made, in all parts of the world, of a land that no one knew although, according to our forefathers, it existed in a given place; this is why it was called the Land of Dreams, but it could also be named the Mansion of the Gods, Paradise, Heaven, etc...

Many people yearned to discover the location of a land that was so often dreamed about.

As a result, a number of philosophers began to appear in each nation stating that they knew where that land was and that they were able to guide people to it. They chartered several paths giving a series of names to each one and several people subscribed to follow them; but quite often, as they were ready to march, and even when they had already started their journey, the one who had assured them that he could be their guide would suddenly realize that such an undertaking was too risky and that they would get lost on this suggested course. This was how the majority of these philosophers, scared by their own inventions, and who had made the participants study the assumed language spoken in that land, announced that each one should try to locate it by his own means.

Nevertheless, their seductive theories ran wide from one corner of a continent to another; and yet the famous land was never found.

But people continued to think about its existence, to the point that the mixture of all the versions that from ancient times had roamed the world, led the human mind to shape the image of this land in the most absurd and extravagant manner possible.

FIRST IMAGE

No place in particular, inhabited by people. A huge ocean.

Amongst the crowd, appears a man eager to reach his objective: that of going out to sea in search of the dreamed land.

Unknown and lonely, he walks to the seashore; he contemplates the immeasurable immensity and ponders on what he had decided to do. People do not notice him, and the man returns once again to mingle in the crowd.

He inquires here and there, what people know about this land, and each one answers according to what he believes he knows or what he assumes about the subject.

He is also told about those who decided to go in search of it and who, after starting out on the voyage, had never returned.

– One of them – they tell him – wanted to cross the ocean; he had taken with him a few gullible people and neither he nor those who accompanied him were ever heard from again. Another one was able to gather a lot of people but soon after leaving they had returned totally disappointed, that is, they had returned completely disillusioned stating that they had found nothing.

The man then asks the educated people what they know about this land; and upon seeing him so humble, they tell him:

– This land does not exist; it is a fantasy. But this fantasy must be maintained so that people have something to live for.

And so, this land existed for some but not for others.

Due to such diverse opinions, and not having found even one individual who could give him a satisfactory explanation, the man left the crowd and went in search of the necessary elements to carry on his projects.

He climbed on a hill, cut trees, sawed lumber and piled it up. He then went to acquire nails and tools as well as other utensils which he placed next to the lumber.

People passing by looked surprised at what the man was doing and whispered:

– “This man is crazy.”

Unconcerned about such comments, the man went about obtaining what he needed, including a hammer, and started to build a boat; he worked quietly and uninterruptedly day and night.

He was busy hammering some planks when a passerby said:

– Listen, my good man! Why don't you ask Mr. Diego how to build a boat? He will teach you to build a good one.

The man lifted his head, listened and pursued his work.

Another passerby said:

– Building a boat? But there are shipyards that build battleships!...

– Have you ever built a boat before? – others asked.

Everybody thought they had the right to give advice, express their opinion and tell him how he should build the boat. Nevertheless, he continued quietly with his hammering.

No sooner had he finished the base of the boat people started saying:

– He built it upside down! This man is crazy!

All those who passed by said the same thing, but he continued working.

When he had finished the part that would be submerged, he sealed it and started to work on the upper level. He then let the boat slide in the water, but as people saw that it floated, they asked :

– Can it be possible that this man was able to build a boat, and that it is already floating?

And while people continued to make comments, he pursued his work, determined to finish it.

When the man had almost finished, those same people started to ask him how he had done it, and in order to avoid wasting his time with explanations, he replied:

– I did it based on your advice – and after he had said that, everyone went away satisfied.

– Did you see? – they repeated – If it were not for us he would not have done it.

But knowing that their advice was of no value they discreetly said to themselves: “It is a real mystery; the boat floats!”

They then began to form groups and whisper amongst themselves:

– But I told him to do it in a different way! I did not tell him to do it that way!

And as time went by, the man continued to work quietly.

As soon as the people saw that the boat was finished, they decided to play a joke on him by messing it up with paint; but what happened was that the paint did not adhere to the boat because it was covered by an impermeable paste.

Then, they whispered again amongst themselves asking how it was possible for an ignorant man to build such a boat. One of them suggested:

– Why don’t we ask for permission to go on board? – And when they did ask the man replied:

– Well, you can go on board, but only to stay on the deck. You cannot go below because of the engines.

– It has engines! they cried out with surprise and fear. – And how did you manage to install them?

The man did not answer.

Once aboard, they confirmed that the boat was sturdy and beautiful. Immediately after, they began with their comments and opinions concerning the engines. Well aware of what was being said, the man left them to their gossip.

Next day, they all returned to find out if he would allow them to see the engines.

– This is not possible because you are afraid – he replied, but since curiosity overcame their fear and apprehension, they boarded the boat.

– If you are honest and have nothing to hide – they told him – then show us the engines.

As they were saying this, the man pressed a button and the boat began to sail away from the shore.

– Take us back to the shore! – they screamed desperately.

The man pressed another button and the boat returned to the shore.

Like a whirlwind or a piece of hot gossip, this fact traveled amongst the people, and no one wanted to get close to the boat thinking that it was a madman's work. Nevertheless, the boat was well built.

As nobody approached the boat, the man went back amongst the crowd and began to say :

– I have asked everybody about the location of a land that during millennia was said to exist; a land called Paradise, Heaven, etc. and nobody was able to tell me what it is or where it is located.

They all listened attentively as he spoke, and soon after they began to laugh when the man added:

– I know this land, and anyone of you who wants to get to know it can come with me.

– Many have said the same thing! – some of them replied incredulously.

– And those who told you so – he asked – by which means did they intend to take you there?

– One rented a magnificent ship and told us: “Climb aboard. I will lead you to this land because I know the path, and it will be easy for me to reach it.”

– Another rented a car.

– But I will neither rent nor buy anything: those who will accompany me will travel on a boat of my property. I invented it and built it especially for this journey.

Everybody recognized that the man had something different from the others, but were afraid that the same thing that happened to others

would happen to them. Nevertheless, in the midst of comments and doubts, seven or eight climbed aboard the boat. The rest abstained saying that they would go along on the condition that, in order for them to feel more secure, the secrets of the engines would have to be revealed to them.

For the last time, the man asked if anybody else wanted to accompany him, but no one replied. At once, the majestic sails unfurled and the ship was soon out of sight.

SECOND IMAGE

Sitting on the deck, the man contemplated the sky. When those who accompanied him saw that they were far from the coast, they went to him and asked:

– Are we safe? Will we get to the land?

– I do not understand, I do not comprehend – the man replied.

– What do you mean – exclaimed the others with apprehension – haven't you just spoken to us in our language?

– I do not understand, I do not comprehend – repeated the man.

The group was seized by panic.

– But tell us! Were you not speaking to us just now?

– I do not understand, I do not comprehend.

Despair was now added to panic.

There is nothing else we can do – they said amongst themselves – those who said he was a madman were right.

As the man saw panic rise, he stood up and said:

– I will speak your language for only three minutes. As we have to go to a land where a totally different language from the one you are used to is spoken, you must forget the one you have used and begin from now on to learn the other language and to get used to it. So, the best thing to do is to be silent for a while; meanwhile, I will teach you this new language.

They all expressed a sigh of relief. Everyone realized that there was great self-assurance in what this mysterious man did and said.

At night, when the passengers were about to go to bed, a loud siren was heard. Everybody immediately thought that the boat was sinking and rushed on deck. The man appeared and said:

– I always want to see you like this: agile and ready for work at every moment. It is necessary that, from now on, you all get accustomed to the modalities of the land we are heading for.

And he began to give them teachings, but two hours later they were all tired, and many fell asleep.

The man who was doing all this, and who was the Captain of the ship, advised them to always be as alert as possible, and to get used to a light sleep because the boat might sink.

In fear of such a danger, the passengers agreed to follow the advice.

All the while, the man continued giving them instructions until all of them finally understood what their duties were.

And so they arrived at the first port and there the boat moored.

Attracted by the strange aspect of the boat, people came to see the vessel that seemed to have its sails reversed, its anchor hoisted high, and everything else out of place. Here too, whispers started. But the man gathered the passengers and told them:

– You may now go ashore and inform the inhabitants of this city that we will sail in the direction of this land that everybody has talked about.

The new sailors went ashore and were surrounded by a crowd wanting to know who they were and where they were going. They answered that they were traveling to the Land of Dreams. Those who listened to them looked at each other and, presuming they were mad, started to mock them.

Some, feeling depressed, returned to the boat saying that they were deceived and that the people explained to them that it was madness to undertake such an adventurous trip.

The man then said that those who wanted to stay behind could do so, and the rest should go back to the city to find out if other people wanted to join them on their trip. Once they were gone,

the owner of the boat went ashore.

People who were very curious stopped, watched overwhelmed the strange boat and started to ask him questions. The Captain gave them a few explanations and finally said that he was leaving the next day, and would have no objections in taking along anyone who wanted to accompany him.

About thirty people subscribed. The Captain led them to a room on deck and asked them to remain there until the boat had sailed.

Those who had gone back to the city to bring new recruits returned totally discouraged saying that they were unable to find a single person who agreed to follow them.

– It does not matter – said the man. Detach the cables and let us be on our way. On deck, we have about thirty people who asked me to let them come on board.

The sailors stared in amazement. They had spoken to so many people and yet were unable to bring a single one, and the man, without even moving from the port area, was able to convince thirty people to join him!

Having set sail, the Captain ordered everyone to change their language and only use the one they were learning; the new passengers were unable to understand what was said, and in order to communicate with them, signs had to be used. And this was how they began to speak with signs.

Time passed, and as no mention was made of food, those who boarded for the first time said:

– It seems to us that nobody eats around here.

Nevertheless, they soon came to understand that for them to eat they had to work. Gradually, first by means of signs and later by words, they all became familiar with the new language.

Always observant, the Captain noticed that they carried in their minds an array of false images concerning the land they were heading for. Overhearing some of the conversations, he heard them mention that the people in that land had wings or

looked like fish, birds, or other thousand things that occurred to them or that they had heard others say about it before they boarded the ship.

As the passengers began to develop self-confidence, the man elaborated mental images to help them get used to them, while giving some explanations concerning the functions of some of the equipment on board.

In their eagerness to know more, some wanted to be taught everything there was to learn – from handling the engines to sailing the boat. But noticing that their thoughts carried no other intention than to acquire, for mean purposes, the secrets of the construction of the boat, the Captain replied that he had no objection in teaching them what they asked for, and even give them the command of the ship. And on that same day he handed the command over to one of them.

On that very night, a huge storm developed. Panic quickly overwhelmed the passengers, and it seemed inevitable that the boat was going to sink. The new helmsman, who was totally distressed, said to the Captain:

– Captain! The rudder broke down.

The Captain smiled and said that this was a false rudder, and that he had the real one with him. The helmsman became angry and thought of placing the Captain under arrest and take over the boat; but remembering that he did not know which route to follow, he postponed his intent.

Before reaching a new port, another storm occurred. From then on, all the passengers kept their safety vests on – when they got dressed, ate or went about their cleaning chores.

Before entering the harbor, however, the Captain opened a large water valve and the deck was totally flooded. The passengers became very fearful and agitated, and for good reason. Thinking that the end was near, they lowered the life boat and rowed out to the open sea.

Realizing that the ship had not sunk, they wanted to come back, but the life boat overturned and they had to be saved one by one.

As soon as the boat was hooked to the quay, many of them said:

– We will not travel again. Let the Captain sail alone.

And when the departure bell sounded, of the thirty six or thirty seven that had been on board, only fourteen or fifteen remained.

As the boat continued on its course, they arrived in a land where some people, not many, seemed to understand the language spoken by the passengers.

Many listened attentively to the strange sailors who had gotten off the boat, and when it was time to board again, more than two hundred people from that place wanted to enlist. The passengers went to the Captain and said :

– Captain. There are approximately two hundred people who want to join us, but there is no room on board for so many.

– Wait till tomorrow, and come back with them – replied the Captain. They left to spend the night in the city, and by morning, as they returned with the two hundred individuals who had enlisted, they all looked in amazement for – what a surprise! – the boat had expanded and was transformed to the point of being unrecognizable.

Standing on deck, the man smiled and told them that the boat had now enough room not only for two hundred but for five hundred people.

Once everyone was on board, the boat set out to sea.

– What did he do to expand the boat that way? – the sailors thought as they were leaving the shore. And overnight!

However, they were reluctant to question the Captain who, knowing their thoughts told them:

– It is not only by questioning that one gets to know things. It is also necessary to study what one wants to know. You should not worry. What is essential is that you are on a boat, which has a lot of room, and that we are sailing calmly.

There was enough work for everybody on board but not everybody wanted to work. Some thought they were on a pleasant cruise, and forgot that the work had to be organized, since the conservation of the boat depended on the sailors' work.

The Captain took great pains to convince his passengers that they had to forget the customs of their original land and adapt to the new demands because they were going to a place where they would not be admitted if they were not prepared.

THIRD IMAGE

The boat was sailing on the high seas, when three or four pirate ships were spotted far away. The panic amongst the passengers was out of control. As soon as the first cannon shot was fired, most passengers took refuge in their cabins. After much effort, the Captain succeeded in convincing them that they had to fight against these people otherwise they would have their throat cut. Finally convinced, they began to walk to the deck.

Moments later, four or five pirates in a small boat, approached the ship with the intent to board it. Their long boots, gaudy trousers and their heads painted in red with the well-known sign of the skull and bones, gave the pirates a frightening appearance. Their presence alone was enough to scare the passengers to the point that they could not believe they were still alive.

It was only with great effort that the Captain was able to make them understand that they were still alive, and only then did they begin to defend themselves. They fought as much as the owner of the boat thought it was necessary, and by activating certain levers he made the boat advance at such high speed that the pirates were left far behind.

And so the boat continued on its course. However, after so many events some passengers had their minds in a daze, and so some of them began to ask:

– Captain! Are we going to reach our destination? Does this land exist or not?

And once again, despair and anguish spread on board. Meanwhile, they had arrived at another port, and the Captain said:

– Go and enlist other people to fill the huge empty space on board.

Upon their return, the passengers were accompanied by four hundred more people, but of those who went ashore one hundred and eighty remained behind and could never be found.

As the boat set out to sea again, it carried about four hundred and fifty passengers, amongst them seven or eight who boarded on the first port and a good number of those who had embarked on the second, who had maintained their loyalty towards their own yearning to reach the land they were headed for.

During the course of the trip, several adverse events, similar to the previous ones, occurred.

Once on the high seas, the engines started to fail, and again doubts concerning the ability of the Captain spread, generating a mental storm.

– Did he not say that he was an engineer? – they whispered. Soon after, they arrived at another port.

The curious thing was that on each port they landed, the people who lived there already spoke the language the boat's owner had taught the crew and knew it better than those they had met in previous ports.

FOURTH IMAGE

Once the boat had anchored some passengers went ashore and others remained on board. Amongst the latter many belonged to the group that had boarded before.

Those who went ashore, and had done so previously to enlist other people, noticed that more and more people understood them better. And so they were able to return with six hundred more people; but there was only room on board for a total of five hundred.

Having noticed this, the Captain went ashore and by means of mysterious words expanded the boat, and returned on board.

There was now room for a thousand passengers. They all watched in utter amazement.

– If he knows how to do this – they exclaimed amongst themselves – then there is no doubt: he is a great Captain.

– If the small boat can be expanded, so can the big one – said the Captain.

Everyone was now on board, and there was work for everybody.

On the first morning, it was necessary to wake up the last group that had boarded the ship. Moments later, they all appeared elegantly dressed, and asked for their breakfast.

The Captain answered saying that later on they would be served as requested, but for the time being it was necessary for each one to fulfill the work assigned to him, according to the organization established on the boat.

It had been nearly six years since the boat had started on this trip, and now there were more than a thousand people on board.

Selecting the one who seemed to be the most obedient passenger, the Captain taught him the best way to handle some turns of the helm and certain parts of the engines. As they were approaching an island, he gave the helm to the passenger and said:

– I will go to the island and stay there. I will rejoin you on the high seas.

Having said that, the Captain asked another passenger to take care of the engines and disembarked on the island. The boat continued on its course.

Once on the high seas, it did not take long for the new helmsman to think that he was the most important person on board, and as such, that he was entitled to be in command. And so he started telling the passengers that he was capable enough to lead them.

Disturbances began to occur and nobody wanted to do a sailor's chores.

The Captain remained on one of the many spots on the island where he had installed certain pieces of equipment for his own use.

Using a field-glass, he was able to watch the boat. He noticed that it was lifted so high by huge waves that it seemed to touch the sky. And the crew, far from acting as such, had become a group of conceited individuals continuously arguing about their personal merits. Each one flaunted the work he had done, his personal contributions, and even referred to the advice he had given during the construction of the famous boat, all of which contributed to convince them that they were the owners of the vessel.

Seeing where these thoughts would lead them, the Captain hastened the construction of a submarine and arrived on board at the very moment that a conspiracy was about to erupt.

– Why did you come? Why did you not warn us? – shouted the angry conspirators.

The fact was that the man was on deck.

– We could have continued on our own! We already know our course.

– Very well – replied the Captain – I will not interfere and will remain on the side.

Four days passed, and another twenty went by and the passengers began to doubt if they really knew their course.

– Would it not be this way? – asked some.

– Should we not reverse course? – said another.

And the doubts came until finally they agreed that it would be best to give the helm back to the owner of the boat.

As they offered him the command, he answered that he had no objection in accepting it. However, since he had gone ashore and the boat had sailed away from the coast, their minds had fallen into such turmoil that it was necessary to return to the point from which they had deviated.

He then took command of the boat, but their minds were already agitated being continuously assailed by doubts.

Having noticed that many passengers were reluctant to work, and the few who did became dead weights due to their poor performance, the real Captain wanted to give them a lesson. So one day, he activated a few levers and the boat began to take water and flooded.

– The boat is sinking! It is sinking! – they shouted.

Nevertheless, they still reached another port where several disembarked. Even there, as people listened to them, there were those who said they were crazy; that such a land did not exist and that the Captain was a common visionary.

Back on board, the passengers began protesting once again.

Nevertheless, after the necessary provisions had been brought on board, the boat sailed as planned on that same day and headed towards another port.

As they were on the high seas, several pirate ships appeared again. One of the crew members, dominated by fear and apprehension, said to the others:

– Why don't we become pirates?

This thought was warmly accepted by some who planned to join the pirate ships as soon as they approached so that together they could attack the boat they were on.

Followed closely by the pirates, the boat approached the area of a port wherein the Captain had a few friends. He made various signals and several boats sailed from the port and silently followed the pirates. As these were about to open fire on the Captain's boat, they received a torrent of shots from the boats that followed them ensuing a battle that was only over when the vanquished pirates fled.

And this was how, in spite of all the setbacks, they reached the seventh year.

FIFTH IMAGE

In order not to tire the reader, we have deliberately omitted that during the course of our trip, the boat stopped at various islands other than the ones mentioned. All had exuberant vegetation and were inhabited by tribes of different characteristics, and from each island the Captain retrieved a large quantity of lumber and rare objects.

The crew watched in amazement how the tribes, living on these islands, welcomed the Captain with expressions of joy and later showered him with gifts.

An interesting event worthy of mention occurred on the last island they visited.

Just before arriving on another island, two crew members, who held the greatest trust from the owner of the boat and had been appointed officers on board, began to conspire against the great navigator who had so generously welcomed them on his boat.

Urged by greed and uncontrollable desires to grab the treasures that the Captain had on board, including the boat itself, they enlisted the support of most of the crew, and started a mutiny with such resolve that they had even forgotten the purpose of their trip which was to arrive at the Land of Dreams.

When the Captain went ashore on the new island, only a few crew members wanted to accompany him. The rest of them pretended to fear the natives. During the time he remained on shore, the two traitors convinced the crew that everything that was on board was theirs and not the Captain's, and suggested they constitute a court to judge him because his behavior, which they described in most colorful terms, deserved to be punished. They said that the treasures would then be divided amongst them, and that they would be admired when they returned to their countries.

Once this was settled, they proceeded to write up an offensive document in which they mentioned the most stupid things that crossed their minds with the objective of scaring the Captain with the charges mentioned, and give him the impression that the mutiny could put his life in danger.

Meanwhile, having received notice of the conspiracy, the kind navigator, pretending to know nothing about it, came on board, and seeing that the crew seemed to obey him as before, asked them all to go ashore and bring back the precious treasure the tribe had left for him at a short distance. He even indicated the place where it could be found.

Eager to amass greater riches, the two conspirators did not hesitate to agree since, once the treasures would be on board and the Captain sentenced, he would be forced to disembark and they would be on their way. And so, one by one, they left the boat and headed toward the mentioned site.

The Captain then hoisted the anchor leaving behind a small boat with room for only four people, and a sign that said: "If everything belongs to you, and you find the Captain to be so evil, the best thing for you is to make something better. Judge me therefore while I go on with my boat; I cannot waste time listening to your foolishness."

But no sooner had the engines roared that those who were still close to the boat heard the noise and, frightened by the prospect of being left behind on the island, began to row towards it. Being compassionate, the Captain allowed some of them to come on board and they described what had occurred during his absence.

The others also rushed back fearing that the owner of the boat, now aware of the mutiny, would leave them behind on the island. But when they set out, the boat was already out of their reach. The traitors screamed furiously:

– Scoundrel! You have deceived us. – shouting all kinds of insults.

Unmoved, the Captain answered:

– The truth is that you deceived yourselves. Now you can judge; you have a reason to do so. If I ever return, you will inform me of what is your opinion of me. Meanwhile, I will keep on the course I set to reach my objective which was the reason why I built this boat, you fools!

Back on shore, the conspirators went crazy, screaming furiously at the Captain; but seeing that nightfall was upon them, they had to rush to find a shelter as a protection against the natives and seek all means of defense.

– You have misled us! – they repeated – Why did we ever board this boat! Worst of all is that now, upon our return to our country, we will be the laughing stock of our people.

The boat, now on the high seas, had chartered a new course.

During the trip, the Captain began explaining the symbolism of each one of the events they had experienced, and teaching the crew the routes they had taken with the purpose of training them to become expert navigators.

They stopped at several islands to explore and study the different categories of trees, its uses and virtues, as well as the extraordinary diversity of its fauna and rare species. He also taught them the location of several sites in the mountains where numerous precious stones could be found, and how they were to be used.

Each island offered the beauty of its nature which overwhelmed them with joy and admiration, while the Captain collected a quantity of each type which he deposited in the cellar of the boat.

Days and months had passed until one morning the Captain surprised them with this news :

– We have arrived!

The whole crew was overtaken by emotion thinking that they had arrived at the Land of Dreams, land of legends and of hope; but when the crew came on deck they were struck by awe, discovering that the boat was mooring at one of the ports from which they had departed.

– How can that be? _ they asked astonished. – Are we back already? What about the Land of Dreams?

– Oh! – said the Captain unmoved. – This land is no longer a legend to you. With what you have learned the world and things have ceased to be what you thought they were. I have guided you to the very doorsteps of the land you were seeking. Now, penetrate into yourselves in the same way we penetrated each island, and you will see how many beautiful things will enchant you even more than the ones you saw. Take advantage of my lessons. Do not succumb to the confusion of the world, and each one will become a loyal subject of this Land of Dreams which, from now on, you will call Creation, and whose supreme Emperor is God, author and absolute master of everything that exists.

Marveled by what they heard, and with their hearts full of gratitude, they asked the good Captain to help them not to abandon this boat, and always follow him on his voyages.

They had come to understand that, before intending to know of a world about which so many legends had been woven, they had to make an effort to get to know the one they lived in, constituted by its two magnificent creations: the external, which comprised whole continents, and the internal, that extends to unsuspected limits of knowledge.



The days march in rigorous formation like countless soldiers of an army.

The boat slices the water and shows its majestic sails like the wings of angels that rise to the regions of dreams.

The Captain and his loyal sailors celebrate their findings. From that day onwards, the Land of Dreams became a reality.

The souls have awakened from the profane lethargy and live far away from the shadows that envelope the world, admiring the beauties that knowledge offered to their eyes now exempt of clouds and fears.

And this narrative ends here, leaving the readers to consider it as a dream or as a legend.

The return of the just man

– I knew him! – said the old man narrating the story. – He lived amongst us a long time ago. We usually gathered around him to listen to him. Everybody found kindness in his words, which brought peace to the spirit so heavily afflicted by the inquietudes of the current times. He was fair, affectionate, and had an inexhaustible patience. He was always willing to help whoever came to seek the assistance of his wisdom. He led a simple and secluded life which represented a great teaching. It did not make any difference to him if it was day or night: whenever there was somebody with him, he never stopped giving his teachings.

How many times has this kind and wise man told us: “Take advantage of my presence amongst you; do not fail to gain what I am giving you with so much love because of your negligence.”

One day, the treachery of people, strengthened by their evil habits, made this just man leave, but not before showering us with useful and timely advice. We saw him going away. His face showed infinite sorrow. His gaze was intense; he looked way beyond us, maybe at our souls, our lives, our future...

Another wise man of great qualities replaced him. Yet, he did not gather us around him, as his predecessor did, to hold quiet and intimate meetings. It seemed to us that his teachings were more severe, and contained an abundance of recommendations to be followed. He compared laziness and idleness to the clouds that darkened the sky. While these prevented our will from strengthening,

the clouds concealed the light of the sun. And in the same way as many cloudy days may pass deprived of fecund light, man too could spend his best days deprived of the benefits of light due to the absence of the energy capable of reflecting it.

We had no objection whatsoever concerning his numerous observations and advice. His judgments were impeccable, but he kept us at a distance demanding strict compliance. Oh! How we missed the one who had left! How grateful we felt for those unforgettable moments we shared with him, when like happy children we felt the joy emanating from his wise stories and clear explanations that left us in ecstasy and admiration!

One afternoon – continued the old man – while I was absorbed by my thoughts, I heard someone calling me. It was the voice of the kind man; but his voice sounded similar to the voice of the man who had replaced him; I felt a subtle fear, as if something strange was about to happen to me. Indeed, as I observed closely I could see that both wise men were the same person except that, in this instant, I saw him as my eyes had seen him the first time. Would the same thing happen to those, who like me, knew him and listened to him back then?



This legend brings to memory the transfiguration of the Lord, to show us, perhaps in different ways, how mutations, often experienced by great souls, can be produced.

The great bourgeois

A powerful man, who was so wealthy that he was never able to measure his fortune, was thinking about how useless his life was, and how unfortunate he was to lead a life full of fears and anxieties. “What is the use – he thought – of so much wealth, if everything bores me, and I am unable to free myself from the anguish that gnaws my soul!”

Concerned with this idea, he finally decided to consult a renowned wise man and ask him how he could solve this problem.

– And you are not able – asked the wise man – to be happy in spite of all your wealth?

– No! – answered the rich man – I have everything I want, and need nothing else, except peace in my spirit and happiness.

– Then you need nothing else – answered the wise man – except to assign some value to the spirit.

– Value...value... – whispered the man to himself; and as if he suddenly understood the insinuation, he said: – It is true. If there is no peace in my spirit, I will end up being consumed by an eternal unhappiness. But what should I do to be happy? Tell me.

– Look, from this very point starts a path. It is long, even though not so long that it cannot be covered in its entirety. At the end of it, you will discover keys that, as soon as they become yours, will make you the happiest man on earth. You may even be able to multiply your fortune a hundred fold if you so desire, but on the condition that you use it for good purposes and contribute to the happiness of others, which does not mean obviously that you will deprive yourself of what you want.

The powerful man looked intensely at the wise man, and after a moment of reflection, seemed to have come to a decision:

– What you said sounds very good to me. Today I will send my assistants to bring me those keys. Thank you for your advice.

The assistants left and after days and months had passed the bourgeois was still suffering with his boredom and inquietudes, which tormented him more and more. As his assistants had not returned, he sent others with the same purpose, but they did not return either. As the years went by and since he had not received any news, he became desperate one day and went to see the wise man. After telling him what he had done, he then inquired what causes might have motivated such long absence of his emissaries.

– Happiness, my good man – replied the wise man – must be sought by oneself: its conquest is absolutely personal! I had told you to search for the keys, and to spare yourself inconveniences, you sent your assistants to fetch them. And so, since they have acquired the keys, they are happy, and the very duties of this happiness keep them from returning to you and wasting the time, which they can use to teach others, who are more willing to find them. The proof of what I say is true is that, if they had found nothing, they would already have returned and would have continued to be in your service.

The great bourgeois was impressed by what had occurred, and seeing himself as an old man, since many years had passed while waiting for their return, he asked anxiously:

– Tell me: would I still have time to go myself? Would I also find these keys and be happy?

– You can go if you want; no one will stop you. But the life you have wasted uselessly will not return to you. You yearned to be happy; you felt this need when you were young and strong; nevertheless you preferred, like a good bourgeois, to have others do things for you while your life was consumed by idleness, boredom, fears and the anguish of unhappiness. Go, then, and seek them yourself if you have the strength to reach that goal.

The powerful man, already aging, left thinking that he still had many years ahead of him, but as he marched he was soon overtaken by fatigue due to his age and lack of training. Nonetheless, he did make some progress, but being weak, he fell to never rise again.



We think that the following morale can be extracted from this narrative: One should not delegate to others what concerns one's own knowledge. Happiness, whose conquest is exclusively individual, cannot be ordered from third parties.

The undisputed king

One day, several representatives of the animal kingdom held a great assembly to discuss the position each one would take in the State, and to address also who would replace the king should he abandon the throne.

Among the first to attend was Mr. Parrot who, perched on the highest tree, was in heated discussion with Mrs. Cockatoo on the convenience of being the first speaker so he could present, in wise eloquence and expressive mimicry, his claim. In his opinion, nobody else but him should be crowned king, and ignoring Mrs. Cockatoo, he insisted vehemently that he was the only representative of the animal kingdom that possessed, like human beings – nothing less than humans! – the gift of speech, adding that everything he knew he had learned from them.

On a lower level, sat the pompous Wise Monkey with its offspring. He was smiling, satisfied to be the only one to resemble men, his only complaint being that he had a tail and could not talk like the Parrot. Nevertheless, he was convinced that he should be the ruler of the animal kingdom.

At a distance, the Elephant, the Hippopotamus and the Rhinoceros were discussing the merits of proposing that the elected king should be the heaviest one, because, as the saying goes, they were worth their 'weight in gold' and nobody was heavier than they were. Indeed, they had eaten so much that day that they could hardly move.

On the other side, was the conceited Royal Peacock flaunting the beauty of its tail that it displayed with utmost self-satisfaction, and shouting that he was the most beautiful animal.

The Giraffe, around whose neck the pompous small Monkey was swaying in a hammock he had made, said with arrogance to a group formed by the Zebra, the Buffalo, the Camel, the Dromedary, the Ox, the Rat, the Llama, the Ostrich, the Wolf, the Vicuna, among others:

– I should be crowned king because I am the tallest of all animals.

Having heard that remark, the Donkey brayed with a cascading laughter. The Giraffe was shocked and asked arrogantly:

– Are you mocking me?”

– No! – replied the Donkey with a sarcastic smile – I am laughing because I had not understood why you left your food, so I ate it. I now notice that you did so in order to remain upright; so I laughed for having satisfied my hunger with your food.

The Cow, the Horse, the Dog, the Rooster, the Cat and the Sheep, agreed that no matter who would be crowned king, they would continue to serve man because he took care of them and fed them.

– Stupid! – screamed the Toad having heard the last part. – Don’t you see that man takes care of you because it is in his best interest, and that you Mrs. Cow, and you Mrs. Sheep and you Mr. Rooster are his best meals? Not being enough for him to eat your wife’s eggs, to drink Mrs. Cow’s milk and to warm himself with Mrs. Sheep’s wool, he also eats all of you.

– And now he even eats me – protested the quiet and cautious Horse.

– Me too – signaled delicately the Cat – because he mistakes me for that stupid rabbit.

– Bow wow! – barked the Dog – You must not judge so hastily but obey our master. Do not forget that I am his watchdog. Furthermore, I participate in his banquet though I only eat the bones; if it were not for that I would not have had the strength to scare thieves with my characteristic bark.

The Toad, who was dancing with Mrs. Frog, also had his say:

– They even take our hide now!

Perched on a blossoming tree, Miss Butterfly was talking to the Snail:

– And what is your opinion of this congress? – she asked.

To which the famous one with the spiral shell gently replied:

– Let us see who will preside over it.

At that moment a furious Tiger jumped out of the forest and asked the participants:

– Who dares to deny my authority as king?

Everyone trembled in silence, and rushed to take their places while a Majestic Eagle, flying slowly above, attracted everyone's attention. Suddenly, it landed on a tree and told the Tiger:

– I deny your authority as king. To me you are nothing but a “big cat” with large and powerful claws! Furthermore, there is nothing you can do against me since you could never reach me in my flights at high altitudes where I live, nor could you surprise me by hiding in the foliage because my vision covers vast areas, and because before landing, I always stop first on the treetop to detect any unsuspected danger.

The Tiger roared, and feeling ashamed of his impotence against the bird, threatened it in silence. However, he recovered his energies and addressing the participants told them that he would preside over the assembly to which most agreed, more due to fear than by choice. The Tiger then continued saying:

– I am the king of all animals because no one can oppose me, and I am the strongest, the most agile and skillful. And the proof – he added – is that the Lion did not dare to be present because he knew that I would be here to defy him. I also defy this pompous bird – pointing furiously at it – and right now I urge it to fight me and feel the power of my claws.

It is appropriate to state at this time that before attending the meeting, the Tiger had met one of the assistants of Mr. Lion who told him that his master would not attend the meeting because he was king and lord of all animals, and since this was not a subject for discussion, anyone who contested that, could go to his palace and tell him so.

The Parrot then made a long and brilliant speech that overwhelmed everyone by its eloquence, whereby he insisted that being the only animal endowed with a voice similar to humans – as he had mentioned before – he had to be crowned king.

– This cannot be – protested the Wise Monkey still firm in his demands – because I am the one who resembles man the most, and this by itself entitles me to the throne.

Having all said their piece, the Tiger, furious about the lack of similar attributes, was about to answer when a thunderous voice exploded throughout the forest.

Who was that? What power possessed this voice that made all the participants disappear, including the Tiger?

It was easy to guess. Everyone recognized the Lion's voice which had so often made them tremble.

With a majestic posture, and pretending he knew nothing about the meeting, he arrived at the assembly. The Eagle then landed and apprised him of his discussion with the Tiger and what it had replied. The Lion smiled with satisfaction, and the Eagle, rendering him tribute, sang the Hymn to the Sun three times and took flight toward infinity.



The same thing often happens in the life of men until someone finally comes and puts things in their proper place.

The aristocrat's tie

A child was staring in amazement at the beautiful tie worn by an aristocrat, and thought: "How happy I would be if I had one like that."

Many years went by, and now an adult, he continued to think about having a beautiful tie to become an aristocrat.

One day, as chance would have it, he saw the tie of his dreams in a shop window, and getting his savings together, he bought it.

He immediately flaunted it amongst his friends, relatives and neighbors, who began to make fun of him saying:

– This tie does not suit you at all, young man! You look like a monkey in disguise!



This happens to those of us who believe that by wearing one or more dazzling garments if so desired, we can easily substitute other garments that we do not possess and that adorn the morals of human beings.

Cowardice cured

A brave general of the Spartan army was passing in review his troops on the eve of a great battle. After the review, the general called one of his assistants and said:

– Officer! Separate the soldiers I will name from the group.

After the officer had obeyed the order, the general said:

– I observed that these soldiers have fear in them, and an army like ours cannot have weaklings in its midst. Put them in squadron formation, take them over the line and offer them to the enemy on my behalf.

– Very well, my general – replied the officer who, then, left with the group.

– Where are you taking us? – one of the soldiers dared to ask, seeing that they were heading toward the enemy lines.

– The general ordered me to offer you to the enemy because he saw fear in you.

In panic, the soldiers burst into cries of loyalty promising that they would fight in the front rows if they were allowed to rejoin their troops.

The officer agreed, and upon his return, he told the general what had happened. The general called them back and said to them:

– I have observed that you were weak and fearful so I preferred to offer you to the other side so that you would lose your fear and feel more secure...

– Oh, no general – they replied all together as the speaker on their behalf added:

– Unless you wanted us to know that we would die for sure. Then, in that case, we would prefer to fight bravely knowing now that it was our duty.

After the battle, the same soldier who had spoken for the group came over and saluted his general saying:

– General; your lesson was brilliant because the cowards amongst the enemy soldiers were the reason for their defeat. We have won one of the most important battles.

– Now you know – replied the general smiling with satisfaction – when a loose “button” is not adjusted properly, it can make the best warrior lose a battle. No detail can be forgotten when one’s honor and one’s life depend on it.

A timely intervention

In a streetcar full of passengers, a heated argument had suddenly erupted. Insults and vulgar terms were exchanged.

Then, a young man with a Spanish accent fought his way through the crowd and asked what was happening. When he finally found out what had started the conflict, he shouted:

– Look at that! Can you imagine? They have just got acquainted and they already hate each other. Come on, please, fellows! Is this the way to get to know each other?

The intervention was so timely and funny that even the faces that were already expressing the thought of murder, showed a peaceful smile.



Once again, this proves the power of a thought. No matter who expresses it, it will always be the opportune timing that makes its content vibrate.

Remote memories

An illustrious philosopher, referring to the early days of his life, was narrating to friends, in emotional and calm words, how the first group of people came to listen to him, and, evoking those unforgettable days, said:

– What moved me to speak to those individuals was the deep yearning to transmit the cognitions I possessed and which would be so beneficial to them. To fulfill this purpose, I depended on a mind like the one you all have, on my word and on my thoughts. I started by putting order in my thoughts, but seeing that they were so numerous, one day I gathered all those who were my disciples, and using them as secretaries, I gave them the task of putting them in order, and to record, at the same time, those thoughts that from then on had become known to them.

After a while, I saw that many other disciples surrounded me, but those to whom I had given the task to put order in my thoughts, were still in the beginning. I then gathered more disciples around me, so many more that they numbered thousands and thousands, but they were always in the beginning. I thought it would be difficult for them to be able to put in order everything that my life generates in teachings, deeds and things even though I helped them to get to know them and classify them, so that each one would be able, from the start, to organize them in their minds.”

On the other hand I also pondered: “If the thoughts I possess are so numerous and are not possible to coordinate, there will be a contradiction in my words.” And I also knew that I still had many more

to add to what was already pronounced so as to continue teaching those who surrounded me. I noticed, however, that each one of my words automatically responded to a specific thought, and that they left my mind in an orderly way without contradicting themselves, due to my precaution in ensuring that each word, before being pronounced, revealed its origin to my reasoning that had to give it permission to be expressed. As a result of this rigorous control, I succeeded in making all of them – on whatever subject – rather than contradict themselves, complete each other, all of which naturally, made it easier for the minds that listened to me, to comprehend them. Also, at the same time, my word was clear, simple and exempt of arguments, which were useless.

In this manner, I continued my work in silence with many people, whether disciples or not. My work began to spread to many places in spite of the storms often produced by those who slandered and criticized me, and who, from time to time, were able to detach a tile from the edifice I was building. With patience, I would retrieve this tile and put it back in its place while I continued my work without hesitation, firmly, with a serene enthusiasm, without impulsiveness, and with a limitless confidence in my own strength and cognitions. And this was how it happened, because when I questioned the Cosmic Mind, I also expressed my yearnings to correct my deeds, if they were wrong, and to mold and perfect my thoughts if they lacked something that kept them from being honest; and so, when I took a new step, I perceived instantly the sign that told me if it was right or not.

I thought of God every moment and even more so in the moments of joy – God, who everyone forgets during their hours of happiness, and only remembers in their hour of sorrow. I always had Him present, and in each moment, I connected with his thoughts because I felt identified with Him; because I felt His permanent force penetrate me as it penetrates all human beings, even though they deny Him and become indifferent to the divine effluvium that maintains the human being standing, since without it, one would crawl, as if he were an animal, having to learn again how to walk upright as a human being.

It is for this reason, because of this forgetfulness, that mankind

has been suffering so many disasters. When man believes he is totally self-sufficient and capable of doing everything, and denies his Creator, confusion arises in his mind, and chaos erupts in the world. If he were to think about Who is the one that gives the impetus to the winds, and raises gigantic waves in the oceans to later maintain them calm and harmless, he would never incur in such an error. If he were to notice the numerous signs that bear testimony to the existence of God, his behavior would be very different. He would be more generous, more tolerant, and more understanding, and would be careful not to darken his intelligence by denying his own reasoning and his own conscience.

In response to many who asked for my advice, which they considered wise and prudent, I used to tell them: "He who lives in a narrow place can barely move in it; if he were to expand it, his movements would also be more ample; if he were to expand it even further, he could even offer a place to others in this space. I have greatly expanded my life; so much so that I offer all of you, and all those who know me, a place in it. I am not selfish, I do not bestow privileges; I have welcomed everyone in my heart; I offer my teaching to all; I like everyone as I should, so that they become what they must be. Nobody can bother me, because I am tolerant. I point things out, I correct, but sometimes I must do it rigorously, and it is when, according to the reactions produced, I can see better the disciple, the friend, the companion, the one bonded to me. If the reaction of his mind is unfair, I must reduce his ration of the teachings that gave him joy, until he recognizes his error.

You will also recognize an example in my never ending activity. I could also say that I rest while I work. I constantly open a new venue in my life in order to reach one point or another, and thus, not before long, you will admire with surprise, the work I am accomplishing in silence without telling anybody.



This legend ends here; it contains numerous simple suggestions that call for meditation, and serve as stimuli to one's own understanding.

The wise king

It was standard practice, long ago, to educate kings in the great truths of Wisdom. Eminent tutors, known for their knowledge and experience, were entrusted with this task. Such a task was given to those individuals who had shown conclusive proof of possessing a great number of cognitions which were unknown to common intelligence and knowledge.

During those unforgettable eras, there was one king who was able to incorporate into his inner resources, many cognitions of imponderable value. Perceptive and with a clear notion of reality, he had surrounded himself with a group of wise men in order to continue to further expand his already vast capabilities. One day, stimulated by his constant yearning to improve himself, he asked each one of them to travel to the larger centers of their known world, and seek individuals, whether important or not, ignorant or learned, who knew of something more than they or he did, and bring them to him at once.

The wise men fulfilled their mission quickly and efficiently. And so, each one returned with several human beings, of all ages and conditions, who once in the presence of the king, began to present, in an orderly and disciplined manner, that part of knowledge they had acquired and which the king did not have. The king asked them to stay in the palace until he assimilated the last of the cognitions brought to him, after which he showered them with gifts, services and attentions that corresponded to the value and transcendence of each one's contribution.

By using this method, the king began first to surpass his own tutors, whose important crafts had given him his initial cognitions, and then, later, to understand how he should govern his people, who he had learned, could become a very fertile experimental field if properly guided. He held in high regard the initiatives of his people, making them responsible at the same time for everything each one felt capable of doing.

This way, this enlightened monarch succeeded in having one of the most remarkable governments ever known in the history of mankind.

Illusory projects

Once upon a time, a one-legged man and a one-armed man were complaining about their situation. The first one said that if he had both legs he would be the fastest runner in the world; the second one replied that if he had both arms he would have done many things.

Overhearing them, a third person suggested that each one do what the other one wanted to do.

Having heard that remark, the one-legged man turned to the one-armed man and said:

– You want to do so many things with two hands! So many that even those who have them, have not done any of them yet. Least of all, I.

The one-armed man then replied:

– I believe that I myself could not run at the speed you mention. Furthermore, what would be the use of it if those who have legs rarely do it. If everybody began running they would be considered crazy.

Having heard the interesting dialogue, the third man said:

– I see that both of you are wasting time by thinking about what you would not be able to do even if you had everything; and yet you forget that you have a mind that can be cultivated and that using it you can reap a good harvest of intelligent actions.

– This is true – answered the two men who were complaining of their shortcomings – Our mind can substitute our physical deficiencies.

– Good! But you should not get carried away by your imagination because you will often trip – answered the third party to the one-legged man. And you – addressing the one-armed man – do not try to grasp too many things at once with your understanding because you will run the risk of losing your touch. What each one sets out to do must be done with prudence and moderation. This is the best way of keeping yourself up straight preventing the weight of your errors from bending your body, thus making many things hard to achieve.



It is a common habit amongst most people to think of what they would do if they had what they lack, and leave undone many things they could do with what they truly possess.

The two loves

A long time ago, in a house far away from a large city, there lived a young man, whose withdrawn and investigative spirit was admired by everyone. He was educated and discreet. His unusual character, which was uncommon amongst the young people of his time, attracted the attention of those who lived near him. They often went to him for consultation and advice, which he generously offered.

His face depicted the conviction of his thoughts and one could see in his eyes the enchantment of his inner beauty, which was always confirmed by the gentle and serene sound of his voice. One day, a good friend asked him in private:

– Tell me, what is your concept of life? Have you ever thought of loving a woman and then making her your wife and the mother of your children? You have often spoken to me about the love that transcends our feelings, the exquisiteness of a virtuous love, but you have always forgotten to include in your thoughts the human love that is so familiar to our feelings and thoughts, and certainly more akin to our possibilities and efforts which are human as well. Is not this love perhaps the one that sanctifies the woman at the moment of becoming a mother? Is this not what fecundates and gives life? Is it not this love that allows the soul to evolve through generations in search of the supreme happiness? Is it not the genetic germ that gives birth to the child, who is the most perfect image of love since it represents the sublime blood bond that two hearts establish in a third in whose heart their affections are identified,

thus producing in it the unmistakable characteristics of the parents, expressed in the word inheritance? Are you not yourself, a son? You can see how the one divides into two and forms the number three which transforms itself into one. The love for one's wife is, at the same time, the two and four that expresses again the third aspect of the unity in the incarnation of the son, at the moment of birth. Answer me then, if this truth I am referring to, has not at some point troubled your heart.

A long silence followed, in which the friend seemed to scrutinize the melancholic face of the young thinker. Finally, after a long meditation, he began answering the questions:

– Indeed! What you say is true. But the cause that constitutes this truth embodies a real mystery; what you perceive is only the reflection or the image of superior truths. But the real love, the one I have spoken to you about, superficially on different occasions, is not, as you think, the only one that resides in my heart; since my human nature demands of me that I harbor in it my love for mankind, it forces me, to avoid descending to the plane of man's inferior level, to seek the incentive of the spirit, and to love what is true, so as not to be subjected to matter, and thus avoid the hardening of my heart with the selfishness of human passions. To love a woman as my heart demands – he continued – is to my spirit the culmination of its utmost yearned ideals. A woman who understands the silent language of my heart; who is to be as I am; who accompanies me on the long journey of evolution and is able to bond with my soul, so that one day both of us can reach the sublime levels of perfection. A woman in whose eyes I would be able to read, during my moments of intimate meditation, a whole poem of love that had begun in past times; a woman who unifies in her all the enchantments of Nature; in sum, a woman who becomes the oasis of all my inquietudes.

– I understand your words, good friend. And I understand them because I also thought of a similar ideal one day. But the realities of life, which one cannot ignore, made me realize over time the impossibility of achieving such a chimerical dream. I had a love to which I devoted my most delicate feelings; a love, which I believed, reflected feebly this other dream. But my physical needs, with their inseparable companion, adversity, led me to be careless about the path I had set for my thoughts. Shortly afterwards, reality had gradually erased the molded image which was replaced by the face that laughs at our setbacks. Nevertheless, I could not complain because I then understood that it required a pledge that quite possibly was not in me to make. On the other hand, my imperfections told me of the impossibility of reconciling fantasy with reality.

– I am delighted by the common sense expressed in your words – observed the young thinker – and it gives me great joy to see that our feelings coincide in such a cordial and eloquent manner. Can you now see the reason for my withdrawal, which is to me a constant pain for not having found the woman who embodies the image I described? I remember that I had a dream once in which someone seemed to tell me: “One of these days, maybe sooner than later, you will accidentally meet, somewhere, the woman that personifies your ideal. But I warn you that she will be quite different from what you have visualized. It will depend solely upon yourself, and will rest in your hands, to shape her image according to what your thoughts have outlined in your heart.” Listening to those words I came to understand that, in the same way as we are capable of outlining in our mind the design of such perfect sculptures, we should also be capable of doing it in the human heart of a woman. Yes, my good friend, this is how man is... he always expects to acquire things already made, in this, as in all other matters; ready made according to the demands of his foolish pretensions. But he does not realize that his own hands are the ones that must use the hammer and the chisel to shape this human sculpture since they alone can execute it with perfection, because his heart and his mind are the unique

organs capable of conceiving the secret of this intimate and profound image that contains the sublime beauties of the original.

– Your words make sense – replied the friend – but for man to take up the hammer of tenacity, which symbolizes the labor of tireless workers, and the chisel of constancy, which signifies uninterrupted work, he must prepare himself, and to do so, he must acquire certain conditions, but the majority of people totally lack such profound cognitions.

– What you say is true, and the lack of such cognitions is precisely the reason why mankind is submerged in unhappiness, which is the incomprehension of things that are true and eternal. This is why the majority of homes are human prisons where love, being distant from the heart of the couple due to the disappearance of the ideal that each one had intimately shaped, feels that the cold reality gradually erases the flames of its illusion. And why does all this happen? Because neither men nor women ever think, when getting married, that this is one of the most sacred and transcendent acts in the life of one's spirit since it contains in itself one of the mysteries of Creation. By observing the majority of homes, you will see that same painful reality. They seem to be real tombs of human love, covered by withered flower stems without petals. And don't these innocent creatures – the children – who witness dumbfounded the sad and emotional tragedy of their own parents, give you the idea of meditating about everything I mentioned?

– Yes! I do understand that nothing should be done in an untimely manner, and more so, without meditating about the consequences. I also understand now, as a result of your clever words, the difference between common love and true love. The first is passionate, impulsive and full of violence. As soon as it awakens, the instincts take over; the desire to possess swells, thus tormenting the heart and subjecting it to constant bitterness. Jealousy, selfishness and dependency constantly disturb one's mental action leading gradually to a reversal of one's will; the polar equilibrium breaks, and a new foe emerges on the inner stage – anxiety – which deprives one of

sleep. With the advent of marriage, the balance is restored as a result of the prodigality with which one deals with the inferior elements, but the tenderness of the feelings disappears. By contrast, the other kind of love, the real one... Oh, yes! Now I understand better. It is the one that does not blind the mind. It is the one that, without ever disappointing us, offers us the possibility of reaching happiness.

– Relax, good friend – interrupted the young scholar – I see now that you know enough about this delicate issue, and I am very happy for that. Although we came from nearly opposite angles, our thinking and feelings have coincided.

– And so it is – replied the friend.

And after a pause in which such lofty thoughts seemed to have embraced both young men, he continued:

– True love is not expressed in hollow words, full of resonant sounds made to impress and captivate, but rather in the eloquence of silence that is the music of angels, a chant of virgins. This love is never expressed with words, with pretentious expressions of tenderness, but lives in one's heart without being contaminated by external surroundings.

– True love – explained in turn the young scholar using his same words – is the one that always lives in its world, working in silence for the good done for goodness itself. It is a tireless artist who creates and shapes images that later enrapture and captivate man's feelings. Without it, it would be impossible to conceive the beauties and enchantments of such refined manifestations of human feelings. This allows us to appreciate unequivocally that true love is more human than the other one, commonly called by that name, and that the wrongly named human love, is nothing but the expression of feelings external to the heart; a love that can, in an instant, become hate, at the slightest disappointment regarding the selfish presumption of this same external feeling. Up to now – he continued after a brief pause – I have spoken to you about the two types of love that a man's heart can hold. Let us now see what happens in a woman's heart. She also shapes in it the image of the man she wants for herself:

endowed with beautiful qualities, vigorous, educated, sincere... She dreams of this image and nurses illusions, while hoping that one day she will find him and be happy. This moment finally arrives, and her heart begins to feel affection for a man she believes reflects her ideal. Enthusiasm grows during the following hours, rekindling the flames of that love that was born spontaneously. Later on, the moment arrives. This supreme moment, marriage, in which man and woman present themselves to each other, as they really are.

Here, the young man paused for a while, maybe to review in his mind the reflections he had just made, and then added:

– We know that when God created man and consecrated him king of Creation, he noted that something was missing to complete his work; this something was, precisely, the woman, the enchantment of the woman who, with her sensitivity, symbolizes the divine aspect of man's existence. She was presented to him as a companion and collaborator in the work that he had to construct on earth – the human family and the world. Moreover, she was presented to him so that he could see reflected in her all the charms of Nature, and come to understand that she should be to him the reflection of his own soul, feminine as well. This meant that he should always realize that this image, facing him, was not meant to merely satisfy the pressing needs of the instinct, but rather to acquire that which is inherent in her, and which exists equally within his own being. The woman is, therefore, the embodied expression of man's spirit, as man is the embodied expression of the woman's spirit. There is no greater enchantment – he continued – than the purity of a woman expressed in her heart as a wife and as a mother; a purity in itself that speaks of the irreplaceable mission of her existence. If God bestowed upon man the strength to handle the hammer and the chisel, he also bestowed upon the woman the grace to be molded. Therefore, both, man and woman, were given the supreme right to reach perfection. If he brings the power of his intelligence to use the chisel with utmost skill, she must bring the power of her spirituality in order to facilitate his work and convert it into reality.

Thus ended the young man's profound explanations, and the two men later departed as good friends who were satisfied with the conclusions they had arrived at, as a result of such an interesting and useful dialogue.

The rock, the time, and the treasure

At a time not so long ago, when mankind was struggling, oppressed by great mental agitations, there was a man of great vision, who preached and taught truths that were up to that time unknown to people. One day, faced with the disbelief expressed by those who came to listen to his wise and captivating lectures about varied and mysterious stories, the kind gentleman said:

– “Look at that huge rock that is in front of your eyes. If I were to assure you that fifty paces behind it there is an immense treasure, and if I invited you to take pickaxes, pans and shovels and dig into its mass, would you not try to do it, knowing ahead of time that in fact the treasure is there? I am sure that no one would refuse my invitation. But what would happen after a while? Some, due to fatigue, others due to a thousand different reasons, would throw down their tools and seek new paths, or would just leave to follow new illusions, forgetting this incident or maybe remembering it as an unpleasant attempt. Nevertheless, from the instant the first blow is given on the rock until it culminates in the discovery of the treasure, a period of time elapses; a time, which, if generously calculated, could represent, let us say, a period of three years. If the task is abandoned after a few blows, time will still elapse until it reaches its prescribed length, but with the difference that the rock will remain intact, or at best slightly chipped, keeping the treasure within it. This, therefore, is an unquestionable reality. So, then, what was understood from everything I just said? Simply that according to

our ability to use time, we can calculate the benefits we can obtain from it. You must know that the periods of time flow in accordance with an inexorable law.”

Having made other statements, this expert on the human soul continued undisturbed:

– “You could compare ignorance to a granite mound which, similar to the ones in Nature, require great effort, willpower and resolve to break its hardest parts. Man’s spirit, as his own life, contains profound mysteries that he must necessarily discover; but nothing is achieved without a unwavering effort, without a continuous and tenacious toil. People die, one after another, being rich in potential and poor in understanding. For this reason, the rock of ignorance continues to conceal obstinately the treasures that may be very close to human efforts and possibilities.”

And so, the wise man who encouraged those around him to take up the pickax and begin the work, concluded his eloquent narrative by referring, with evident irony, to those who spend their time and energies using the “pickax” to chip away at the external part of the rock instead of digging very deeply within their own selves.

A strange message

God was speaking, in an amiable gathering with the great geniuses of Creation, when He suddenly decided to test the degree of mental receptivity of His children on Earth. At once, he sent several thoughts, which, like ethereal messengers, were to penetrate the minds of men.

It so happened that being feverishly busy with their habitual tasks, people did not perceive the advent of such arrivals. However, one, only one, received them in his inner dwelling as if the visitors of such sublime origin had been sent specifically for him. His joy was as great as the magnitude of the gift, especially because, in the message, he saw expressed the Creator's entire love and the supreme grace bestowed upon mankind, when He allowed men to establish, as a supreme possibility for the human race and above all other species, such a perfect means of communication. His acute perception also recognized the importance that a message of such hierarchy meant to his life.

Observing the thoughts that integrated the message, he was able to clearly see how these unknown inhabitants of the mental world acted, and how capable they were of fulfilling any type of mission, including the loftiest ones, all of them being the children of the minds that gave them life.

This unusual man understood the enormous transcendence of this unforgettable episode – a mere vision to the inattentive mind – and with sound reasons interpreted the prerogatives that such an eloquent and significant communication implied.

And so it was that by following the indications prescribed in the strange message, and by eliminating all traces of selfishness, vanity and haughtiness from his own self, he began to enlist the thoughts that would come to enlighten the dark mental spaces of the human beings.

This was a demanding task, which put to test, countless times, his patience, moderation and his great and unwavering love for his fellowmen, to whom he offered, in a gigantic effort, values of utmost importance.



This legend demonstrates that minds, cultivated in accordance with superior cognitions, or better said, with high wisdom, can, as the mind of this man, become trustees of the wealth placed at our disposition by the Creating Thought.

The friends

In a meeting amongst friends, an honorable man who was loved in his town was present. After observing him for some time, someone approached him and asked:

– What do you do to have so many friends?

– If you agree – replied the man – I will narrate an episode of my life, which will make it easy for you to find the answer after you think a little about it. After getting an affirmative nod, the man began to tell his story:

– “Once upon a time, and that was long ago, I found a huge rock which, I was told, contained a treasure. I then stopped to think on how I would go about lifting it, and finally decided to break through it to extract the treasure.

“Once the task was completed, I was able to slide my whole body beneath the rock, but was disappointed to see that the treasure was not there. Nevertheless, I began to appease my mind by thinking: “Good things are always found above.” I then decided to leave the pit. As I stood up to leave, I inadvertently struck my head hard against the base of the rock. I withstood the pain stoically, and as I was rubbing energetically the painful spot, I said to myself: “Undoubtedly, this blow has some significance.” I looked up and to my surprise I saw a secret formula inscribed on the rock. It contained a real treasure!

“Since that time, and by practicing the content of that formula, I began to surround myself with a lot of friends. In order to always have an ever growing number of friends, I have continuously made

new ones. Consequently, if ten of them ceased to be my friends, one hundred new ones replaced them in the space of my life dedicated to friendship.

“Here then, is the secret of having so many friends.”

An effective remedy

A coarse and bad-mouthed peasant lived on his land. He got married and had many children, who grew up, went to rural schools and continued their studies in several different educational institutions, where they got a good education. As it was to be expected, they became more and more ashamed of their father's rude language.

Tortured by his own deficiency, the uncouth peasant started to experience, with growing intensity, the taste of bitterness. His sons began to distance themselves from him.

Suddenly, his somber face was illuminated by a good idea: "From now on – he told himself – I will say our Lord's Prayer, "Our Father", for every bad word that comes out of my mouth."

Both his thought and his action sealed from then on, an unbreakable alliance. Indeed, each vulgar word was followed by the prayer. This happened every two minutes.

Time passed, and as his lips whispered numerous prayers without result, the unfortunate man ended up convinced that his treatment was ineffective. His pain and concern made him conceive a new thought: "To the devil then! Since the Lord's Prayer has been unsuccessful, for every crude word I pronounce I will think: "This one is for me."

And with the new formula he quickly found his cure.



This remedy is applicable to everybody according to the following prescription: “For every negative common reaction of one’s temper, the Lord’s prayer should be said. If the evil persists, then the ointment should be applied: “This one is for me” following the same method.

The attraction to the yoke

Quite often, people ask why do oxen, once detached from their yokes, seek to go back and stay close to them instead of preferring freedom.

What happens is that these animals have become so accustomed to carrying the weight of the yoke on their heads, that once it is removed they experience the sensation of having no head, and so they always seek instinctively to carry the yoke in order to feel their head.

The same occurs to many people. When the yoke of their problems and setbacks is lifted, they experience the sensation of being without a mind, and seek to return to them so as not to lose the habit of complaining about their “bad luck” and to endure with resignation the situations they have created for themselves.

An educational pinch

A nobleman was visiting a distinguished lord whom he showered, to the point of ridicule, with all types of compliments. This attitude visibly antagonized the owner of the mansion who, on more than one occasion, had expressed his displeasure regarding the exaggerated forms of flattery shown by his guest.

One day, during a great celebration held in the main room in the mansion, a group of friends of the illustrious lord, including the nobleman, were gathered. The nobleman, urged by force of habit and his distorted understanding, took advantage of all possible opportunities to gain the powerful lord's friendship and confidence. As usual, he led the conversation towards enhancing the traits and qualities of his distinguished host saying, with enthusiasm, to those who listened:

- The blind faith that my friend here inspires in my soul is so great that if he were to tell me: "Jump out of this window", I would not hesitate to do so. This alone should give you an idea of the unconditional devotion I feel towards him.

Having had enough already of this new expression of senseless flattery, the owner of the house decided to apply a corrective measure. The opportunity occurred at the very moment when the nobleman was bowing reverently to a lady. Holding a small golden needle, he buried it deeply in the nobleman's backside.

The reaction was instantaneous, and was enhanced, not only for being humorous due to the part that was hurt, but also by everyone's

expressions of approval and laughter. Recovering from his sudden involuntary contortion, the nobleman placed his hand, as if it were a poultice, on the affected part, and turned around with an aggressive gesture.

Undisturbed, but in a suggestive tone of voice, his host calmly said to him:

– Why are you angry, my friend? Has not the needle, by chance, caused you less pain than the one you would have experienced had you jumped out this window? Therefore, you should not complain.



Common sense must preside over all of man's deeds. No one should ever speculate with exaggerated flattery thinking that by doing so he would obtain the favor of the flattered one.

The clown

A clown, who was extremely ill, was asked by his son to make him laugh. Although the mother told him that his father could not move, the boy insisted and said:

– “Then, paint his face.”

Feeling sorry for the boy, the clown accepted his son’s whim and then died with a painted face.



This is the sad truth of whoever uses another face to earn his bread. The irony of destiny leads him finally to end his days with a painted face.

The discretion of the artist

A sculptor frequently broke up blocks of marble and stone until he reduced them to small pieces. People who passed by asked him what he was doing, and he would always answer:

– I break down these stones because nothing gives me more pleasure than to break them, and then count the fragments.

Having heard that, most people would turn their backs and leave, but not without making funny remarks. The constant repetition of this fact led them first to remain silent, and later to become indifferent.

After a while, the artist surprised everyone unveiling a large and beautiful statue. Faced with the questions, which such a rare occurrence inspired in the wide-eyed faces, the sculptor answered amiably:

– If I had announced that I was planning to make a statue, all of you would have disturbed me continuously with thousands of distracting recommendations, and finally you would have even found the means to keep me from finishing it. On the other hand, using the explanations I gave you when I was breaking up the marble, I was able to avoid your interruptions, and with a little bit of effort and time, I completed my work and offered a permanent monument to mankind.



This narrative indicates the need to cover any valuable project with a veil of discretion so it does not become exposed to strange interferences. Furthermore, and to protect one's dignity, it is better to demonstrate through deeds, and not by announcements, the fecundity of the thought and the extent of one's own inspirations.

A passage from the divine tale

Once upon a time, there was a Father. A Father who had many sons. This Father had created the Universe.

One day, one of his sons said to him:

– Father, I would like to get to know all these worlds that you have created.

The Father looked at him with sympathy and replied:

– Son, all these worlds are full of pain and misery because they only recently began to develop. Do not yearn for such a thing.

– It does not matter, Father – replied the son – I want to get to know them.

Another son saw him leave, and moved by the same feeling, also asked the Father to allow him to know the worlds. The Father gave him the same answer, and like the first one, this son went on his way.

In a similar manner, the third, fourth, fifth and many other sons left, leaving only twelve sons with the Father.

The sons who had left began arriving in different worlds, where each one of them had many sons. Similarly, these sons began asking their fathers to let them get acquainted with the different continents in the world they lived in. And after giving them several recommendations, each father allowed them to leave.

When all the sons were gone, each father understood his own Father's pain and tried, unsuccessfully, to return to his side. And this was felt by all the sons of the first Father. And all the sons'

sons suffered the pains of the world, and could never understand why they were suffering.

One day, the Divine Father was very sad, and one of the twelve sons, seeing Him like that, asked Him why He was sad. And the Father answered :

– I am sad because my other sons have gone so far away that it will be very difficult to find them.

So another son asked the Father:

–Why will it be so difficult to find them since you know where they are?

And the Father replied:

– True, but I cannot go and search for them. This is why it will be so difficult to find them. Since I cannot go, you all must go and find them.

One of the sons spoke up and said :

– But Father, they were the ones who wanted to leave. Let them be until they realize that they must return.

And another son said:

– It is not fair, Father, that we, who are so happy, have to descend to these worlds to suffer because of them.

And another son said:

– Father, I feel that it would be a task far superior to our strength to seek and get all of them together, because it would take us a very long time to find them.

Others also gave similar excuses until one of them, who had kept silent up to that moment, said to the Father:

– Father, you have given each one of us a part of light, a part of truth, a part of space and a part of time. I would like to share my parts with all of them so that, with my light, with my time, with my space and with my truth, they can return to your side.

And to this one, who was His youngest son, the Father said:

– You are the eldest of my sons. Let it be, therefore, that your part be the largest of all, and that this light, this truth, this time and this space be as large as the total that would have been assigned

to each one. Go then and save my sons. You will be the Father to them because you will be to them what I have been to you all.

Having heard these words, this son cried bitterly and the Father asked him:

– Why are you crying? Have I not granted your request, and even more so, bestowed upon you great gifts? You have demonstrated to be the best of my sons; bigger proof of greatness, of love, could not be given. Then why are you crying?

– I am crying, Father, because I think that my compassion has diminished my brothers' light – and he pointed to his eleven brothers who were surrounding the Father.

After listening to him, the Father confirmed that the son was already as much the Father as He was, because the anguish he experienced was the result of becoming aware that the greatest part of light he had received would diminish his brothers' light. And with this, he had given one more proof that he fully mastered the knowledge of universal love.

The Father then asked the sons whose light had been diminished:

– What do you think of your brother's statement?

And the eleven sons replied:

– Father, if he is better than all of us, and now he has so much light, ask him to help us become like him.

And the Father replied:

– Follow his example.

And so, the Son descended to the worlds, converted into a Father because through Him the Father manifested himself. But he felt great pain because, as he gradually found his brothers, he realized how far they had distanced themselves from the Father who gave them life. They did not recognize him anymore; they had adjusted so well to the ways of the world, they had become so materialistic, that the voice of the Father was now totally unknown to them.

The Father then spoke to each of them in the language of the world; he covered himself with matter, and had to nearly reach down to the last step in order to seek the lost sons.

And seeing that they did not recognize him, he pronounced his name for the first time. And his name vibrated and was heard by theirs souls; and the souls spoke to the ears of men. And those who heard his name then began to come to him; and suddenly many of them gathered around him. And they were taught what they had to do in order to return.

And the Father always remained in each world one half of two periods of time and one time of a half. And to those who had not known him, he left many teachings to help them prepare and be united upon his return.

And so it was, that from time to time, this Father returned to His Kingdom, and there were many who were able to accompany him. And those who returned asked the Father who had gone to find them:

– Father, is this the Kingdom of God? Is this your Kingdom?

And the Father replied:

– My Kingdom is the Universe; it is the whole Creation. And as each of you left behind many sons in these worlds, and your sons left many sons also, you have returned without a part of your being. Go then and retrieve your part.

And these sons asked the Father:

– And what should we do since they are so dispersed?

– The same way I have done it; the same way I called you. As you have heard my name, so will they hear yours.

And each one of the sons saw that he had left many hearts in the world, and understood how these hearts, even though being in different bodies, can be united by the same blood. And so the sons went to gather their own hearts, and the Father descended with them and helped them.

When everything was done, there was no more halves of periods of time nor half times because there were no more separated hearts. All of them were united in the same Great Heart.

And everyone was happy. There was no more pain in the world. And the worlds vibrated with joy, and joy vibrated in the heart of the Father.

The mystery of the boots

In past eras, there existed an enlightened man who taught the path to Wisdom. Since many people joined him to march along this path, he ordered a pair of boots for each one; the interior of these boots were embedded with many small pieces of stone and glass.

He gave a pair to each one and said:

– Wear these boots, make an effort to get used to them and try to take one additional step every day. I will lead those who are able to walk in them to the threshold of the Eternal Truth.

Having said that, the man left. Some time later, he returned but remained hidden so as to witness what was happening.

A great number of boots were left along the path by those who ran away in their cowardly flight. But there were also those who, being more enthusiastic continued in their efforts to adapt their feet to the uncomfortable boots. A few of the others were marching without any discomfort at all. The man approached these and asked them how they had managed to do so. One of them replied:

– At the beginning, the boots were unbearably painful and our feet hurt to the point of bleeding. With great will power we tried to take the first steps. Later on, we decided amongst ourselves to see who could take the greatest number of steps without stopping; we rehearsed this so many times that inadvertently a strange force embraced us and moved us to take a greater number of steps every day until we felt that the deep joy, produced by having conquered our resistance, erased the pain inflicted by the pieces of stone and

glass in the boots. In this manner, and inadvertently, we came to notice and confirm, with great emotion, the distance we had already covered without stumbling over the stones we found along the way. This made it possible for us to come up to this point.

Showing a gentle smile, the guide replied:

– You have triumphed. This proves to you that once the small difficulties are overcome, you can acquire forces and cognitions that will allow you to overcome greater difficulties later.

The kukuru

One day, the tribal chief named Tupanco asked where the mind, which they called “kukuru”, was located. He called the great Quevere, the witch doctor in the tribe and ordered:

– Look here, Quevere, if you do not show me where I carry the “kukuru”, I will have you burned at the stake.

The witch doctor was dumbstruck by such a request that carried a fatal sentence, and feeling sad, started to scratch his head.

He was dumfounded when, suddenly, Tupanco screamed at him, and elatedly said:

– Congratulations, Quevere, this is where I believed it to be located: in the head and not in the feet as I was told!



The same thing often happens to those who, being in a difficult situation, give the right answer, but only perceive they have done it when others point it out to them.

The unmistakable mark

Why is it that all narratives that refer to ancient times quickly captivate the attention of children and adults? Simply because they are not of our time but date back to distant eras, times of dreams and mysteries, which have already disappeared from the world, as did men's and women's sweet and tender dreams of childhood.

What could we narrate of our day and age, and in which country should we place the occurrence, since no one believes anymore in the characters that were created one day by fantasy to exalt the love for beauty, for virtue and for goodness?

Our legend belongs to the type of narratives that secretly enlighten the adorable fires whose rays of light illuminate the lost path of our destinies, thus allowing us to ascend, with imaginary wings, to the sublime regions of recollection.

In those days, when there still was candor in people, perfume in flowers and peace in the world, there was an old wise man to whom people went for advice. One day, as many people gathered around him, anxious to hear his word, the wise man, in whose deeply set eyes one could see the unmistakable marks of his abnegation and sacrifice, began to speak and said:

– “Ignorance is an evil companion, my friends. If you were to follow its advice you would only encounter thorns along your path and misfortune everywhere. Banish this blasphemous witch from your side by projecting on it the light of knowledge. You will see that it will disappear as do the shadows of night at the break of

dawn. But remember that you must take good care of your thoughts, of your words and of your deeds so that they do not bind you strongly to the past. If this were to happen to you, progress in life would be very difficult because you would find yourself attracted, as by a magnet, to a force that would paralyze your best desires and decisions. Only a great will could free you from such a terrible spell. It is therefore necessary that your deeds, words and thoughts leave behind an indelible mark that would make it easy for you to recognize them each time you pass by the same place. Make sure that this mark be as clean as your intentions, and that it could never be used by justice to pursue you. In order to avoid that, each one must become the judge who judges his own deeds. It is quite probable that you may find within your own selves the promoter of such disorders; the one that, without the consent of your will, makes you act more than once, in a way that seems inappropriate to your sound judgment.

Follow my advice and light the flame of your spirit, keeping it always alive so that it illuminates all your days, and enables you to live a happy existence.”

Remember these words

Watching his young son sleeping, and inspired by the love he had for him, a father wrote down a few words of advice:

“Nourish yourself. Make sure your body is well fed so that it becomes vigorous and lean. Your whole being must be revitalized day after day.

Play. A world of miniatures will appear on the stage of your games and will obey all your desires.

Be orderly. When you finish playing, do not leave this tiny world scattered around for others, your parents or maybe your siblings, to gather it and return it to you the next day for your entertainment.

When you lay down at night, take with you some of these things that you consider to be the characters of your world; take the one you most desire and that you most cherish. Keep it with you until you go to sleep. It will guide you in your dreams and will be your interpreter.

Be neat with your clothes and be tidy in everything.

Never be emotionally attached to your clothes, but always keep them in good condition. When they wear out or become too small, they will be replaced.

Obeys your parents, and do not allow anger to remain longer than necessary. When told that you are not right, give in and calm down. Sometimes you will be right, other times you won't.

Before going to sleep, say your prayers. If none were taught, stay a few moments in silence with both hands joined as if you held a

butterfly prisoner: it is your soul that, by opening your hands and falling asleep, will feel free.”



“Add this to what was previously stated:

Study. Your spirit needs the food that will nourish it. Your mind also needs to be nourished. Do not deprive yourself of this food that is so indispensable to complete your physical and psychological development.

Be docile toward everything that is meant for your own good.

Obey the teacher who teaches you, and complete all your work.

Even if you have to stop playing, always keep your good mood and be patient.

Do your best to prevent the innocence of your first years from surrendering to sudden changes.

Distance your eyes from everything that hurts your tender sensitivity, and do not listen to foolish or stupid words.

Select your friends. Seek good companions.

Ask your parents, or whoever teaches you, all you want to know; but do not be so curious as to distract your attention with matters of no interest.

Take good care of your books, and record everything you learn. You will avoid forgetting many things.

Accustom your mind not to lie, even though you may suffer many injustices because of it. When you grow up, I will teach you how to protect yourself against those who lie to hurt you.

Hold back your impulses as much as you can. Be energetic without being violent. Be fair without being demanding. Be tolerant of other people’s faults and rigorously suppress your own.”

The truth of the Yamaly

A long time ago, there was a sacred order, a true dynasty of initiates in the great cognitions of the Universal science.

Those who belonged to the highest rank, and were already consecrated hierophants and trustees of the secret that opened wide the doors that gave access to the mysteries of lofty wisdom, were called Yamaly, which, translated into our language means “guide” – a word that in its superior content defines the highest hierarchy.

After preparing many of those who aspired to elevate themselves and learn the cognitions of the Universal Science, one of the Yamaly would, from time to time, undertake a long voyage precisely towards the Temple of Wisdom.

Those who wanted to reach such a lofty objective marched at first with energy and full of enthusiasm but, as they penetrated into the depths of knowledge, they began to weaken when faced with the different situations they had to overcome and which became more and more frequent and difficult. Following the initial joys and enchantments of the first steps, and the thousands of pledges of loyalty, gratitude and dedication to the supreme incentive of knowledge, there were successive moments of vacillation and pessimism in which doubt invaded all the regions of their spirit.

While these and many other psychological states were evident and visible in each individual, the Yamaly continued his work undisturbed; and it was easy to see him impart teachings to those who were only a hundred meters from the starting point and doing

the same to those who were five hundred, a thousand or ten thousand meters ⁽¹⁾ away and even to those who were even more distant..

It so happened that from the growing number of individuals who accompanied the guide along the path, some, having traveled different distances, returned to their old life urged by thoughts they could not overcome, while protesting that they had wasted their time, which, as they said, could have been put to better use. These foolish people did not consider that, if they were not capable of making it before they dedicated themselves to the constructive task of cultivating their spirit, they had become even less capable of making it by remaining in the condition of ignorance from which they had come. Strangely enough, upon their return, many of them undertook tasks that they had not been able to perform previously, and were amazed to see how easy it was now to accomplish them, even tasks and occupations they had never before envisioned undertaking. What changes had occurred in them that made difficult things become easy? With foolish temerity they tried in vain to ignore that what is etched in the reality of facts cannot be erased by anything or anybody. Nevertheless, the enlightened mental portion they had acquired soon faded away, making each one who speculated return to his previous mental state, in the same way that the muscle loses its agility to take on its usual stiffness once deprived of exercise.

In spite of these occurrences, the Yamaly, being an inexhaustible source of knowledge, did not stop for a moment his altruistic task of teaching Truth whose knowledge he possessed. Tirelessly, he taught everybody equally. He knew that the keys of universal knowledge waited for the hand that would be worthy of grasping them. Everyone can reach them, but each one is the arbitrator of his own will. Whoever refuses the good he aspires for, will remain where he is, at the expense of his incipient preparation.

(1) The metric measurement was used here to express the degree of progress achieved in order to project clearly the image of the fact being described.

Those who were impatient left him, while others remained for a longer period of time.

But although many stayed behind, there were those who followed the Yamaly and, after complying with the journeys required for the achievement of inner self-elevation, doors were opened showing extremely rich regions for them to explore in the vast immensity of Creation.

Those who had left were naïvely mistaken by thinking that, being close to him for a while, they had become like him or had become self-sufficient to continue their march on their own. When the time comes, many details will appear revealing the imposture, and soon they will surrender to the delirium of insanity. The fact is, that the truth of the Yamaly was incarnated in his own existence which contained an ample and exemplary life. In order to be like him, it was necessary to live intensively the life he led, and to know many of the things that he knew.

A well deserved punishment

From his Divine Throne, the Eternal Father addressed a few words to all the beings whose descent to Earth was imminent. He told them that, since he could not accompany them, each one should prepare large books and register in them what he had done during the course of his life.

And so they promised. As each one returned, he delivered his book as promised. But one of them, having forgotten his commitment began to scribble what he had done on the blank pages of his book, with anguished haste and in a most disorderly manner. When he delivered his scribbled text to the Eternal Father, God sentenced him:

– I condemn you for all eternity to decipher, by yourself, the contents of your writings.



This is similar to what happens to those who never comply with what they promised. At the end, they have to face serious difficulties to get themselves out of the situation.

The odyssey of two souls

When the human soul decides to pass through the gates of the world, it finds itself facing two trees of millenarian age. One of them, to the left of a long path, is the Tree of Ignorance. It is very stocky and short, and its fruits can be easily picked. The other one, gigantic in size and located on the right side of the path, is the Tree of Wisdom. In order to reach its fruits, which grow on top of its high and delicate branches, one must climb it, and with great effort hold on tightly to its trunk to avoid sliding back. Most people prefer to pick the fruit of the lower tree because it presents fewer difficulties and no risk at all.

I know two souls who arrived together at the gates of the world.

– Look at that beautiful tree that is so hard to climb! – said one

– On the other hand – said the soul that accompanied it – look how luxuriant this other one is, and so full of fruit!

– True – replied the first soul after exhaling a sigh – but do not forget that we were told: “If you do not want to falter half way along this path, do not pick the fruit that is closest to you but rather the one that is very high and that requires of you a conscious effort; once picked, and containing an elixir, it becomes the fruit that does not spoil, holds no grudges, and from its juice new forces, more stimuli and joy emanate. You will receive this goodness from the inexhaustible fruit.”

– What inspiring words! – said the second soul with a condescending gesture full of irony. – But I will go for the positive and fill my bag with the fruit of this generous tree – and with a look of satisfaction, it marched decidedly towards the Tree of Ignorance.

– What a horrible doubt invaded me after listening to it – said the first soul once it was alone. – Could it be that I was wrong? Could I have misunderstood the warning of master Destiny? If the fruits of that tree are better, why then are they so inaccessible and risky to reach, making us waste our time or fall down and get hurt as a result of a misstep or a slight vacillation? By contrast, the other tree, also heavily laden with fruit, does not require anything, and all it takes is for one to just pick as much as desired and leave without wasting time.

While it was pondering over this issue, its companion was walking away loaded with fruit.

Many more souls passed by the first soul, and after stocking up and eating some fruit from the tree on the left, continued on their way.

– What doubt, what cruel uncertainty! – repeated the soul now alone, until finally, overcoming the resistance of such thoughts, it walked toward the Tree of Wisdom which was on the right side.

It made several attempts to climb it but was unsuccessful.

– Surely – it said – others seem to have climbed it before me. But its trunk is so wide and smooth that I find it hard to achieve my purpose. I will wait until tomorrow for it would not be prudent to attempt to climb again at this time when the stars seem to watch me.

And that was how during this day, and the next, followed by many others, that it slipped down every time it tried to climb at a level higher than its own height.

Meanwhile, many souls passed by, picked fruit from the other tree, looked at him condescendingly, and then marched on without stopping. The struggle between its thoughts became more and more painful. Facing it was the tempting Tree of Ignorance. Next

to it, stood the Tree of Wisdom, severe and unassailable, which seemed to reject him. His forces were on the verge of exhaustion. With a sigh of intimate sorrow, the soul implored for a ray of light for its afflicted spirit, and as if by the grace of heaven, a fruit dropped in its fold upon which these words were inscribed: "Eat and comfort your spirit."

As soon as the soul tasted the fruit, it felt its forces multiply.

– Oh! How wonderful! it repeated with emotion. – Yes! Now I will be able to climb the tree.

But soon, another desperate gloom overcame it. Humble and distressed it asked:

– Oh! Wonderful tree! Why can I not pick your fruit?

The giant tree remained silent.

It was night and the tired soul fell asleep. It began to dream that it was climbing the tree effortlessly and throwing down many fruits which, upon hitting the ground opened up, letting part of its juice leak out. The souls that were passing by picked up the fruits from the ground and ran to proudly inform the others that there were many more lying around. By so doing, they mixed the fruits of both trees in their stomachs giving rise to the cast of the mediocre, of the conceited, of the arrogant, of those who believing themselves to be sages are condemned to live in ignorance, and of those that being ignorant must suffer the torments of ridicule as they pretend to show a knowledge they do not possess.

– Soul! Look what you have done – the tree whispered painfully as it pointed with one of its branches to the souls that ate the fruit without noticing the difference, and ordered – go down! Pick up the fallen fruits that were untouched, and if any are left over after you take what you need, stay on the road and offer one to those souls you consider to be good, and tell them not to eat the fruit from the other tree. If they ask humbly for the ones you carry, you will give them, but warning them that they must have pure yearnings so that the juice of my fruit does not taint their face with the color of falsehood, of treachery and of apostasy.

Awakening at dawn, the soul was the first to receive, by insinuation of its thought, the valuable gift. The tree, shaking itself abruptly, dropped many fruits at its feet, and having understood its mission the soul proceeded to fulfill it.

It helped many others, but not all the souls that were helped were reasonable nor did they express their gratitude. Some of them showed presumption, and mocked the soul that had so generously shared its precious food. Nevertheless, the soul remained undisturbed, and when it was time, started to march on the long path of life.

Along the way, it met several souls discussing the value of the fruit they had eaten and one of them said:

– We have returned four times in search of more fruit, but due to our arguing, we always remained stuck in the same place.

As it marched along the path, it found some souls stretched out on the ground nearly exhausted, and some others asking it for more fruit since their stock was depleted. It consoled some, admonished others and helped them all.

Suddenly, it heard a voice that it recognized:

– Help me, please! – it screamed.

It was the second soul that begged for a fruit to eat.

– You see? – said the good soul as it nourished it with the juice of its unique fruit. – You thought that by eating the fruit of the Tree of Ignorance, so easily picked, you would quickly reach your purpose. I can only give you a share that is equal to everyone else's, but having this part alone will extend your agony if you decide to go away. Otherwise, return to your starting point and use the energy you generate. Do what I have done, and you will not regret it.

– No! – replied the second soul. – I will not have you outperform me since it was I who first started on this journey.

Having said that, it marched forward ignoring the advice given by the first soul.

Some time later, this obstinate soul was removed from the path so as not to block the passage of the others.

When the first soul passed by, the second one yelled at it threateningly from the side of the road:

– You will pay for this, you selfish soul, because you refused to give me half of your fruit!

Another soul answered:

– This soul gave you more than you needed to allow you to have as much as it had, but you refused to listen, believing in your own strength, and ignoring the truth received from its fruit. What are you complaining about now? You have returned to your world. When you attempt to march along this path once again, be careful not to fill your bag with the fruit of the tree on the left, but choose the one that you did not bother to raise your eyes to, and see that it is above all your intentions, your vanity and your indifference.

Many can do more than one alone

Once upon a time, many years ago, an uncouth man was walking up a mountain.

Suddenly he found a huge rock, which he sensed might conceal a treasure. He began to push the rock more and more vigorously, but it did not move.

And many years later, already old and tired, he was still pushing the rock unsuccessfully.

One day, a man, who was more intelligent than he passed by, and seeing the size of the rock and what the man was doing, he asked the reason behind such an obstinate attitude.

As soon as he was told, he called other men to help the tired old man to move the huge rock that blocked the entrance to a cave which, as was assumed, did contain a treasure. But when the men arrived, the old man had died.

They all pushed together, and the rock tumbled down a ravine, revealing the treasure.

What the first man could not achieve by his effort alone, the second man was able to do with the assistance of others.



To knock down the huge mass representing human ignorance requires the assistance of many. And when this occurs, the rock will be

moved and the treasure of knowledge and of happiness will be found for the good of all mankind.

The watch dog

We know that the dog is a pleasant animal, docile, obedient, and loyal – such qualities being acknowledged by all – and it is the irrational being closest to man, serving as his companion, entertainer and helper. Yet when it comes to its function as a watch dog or protector of the house, then, it deserves another description.

As such, the dog is often very unpleasant to strangers. Proud of its fangs, it shows them aggressively in a gesture that, although hard to assess when near, instantly conveys the impression that the animal's patience cannot be trusted. At the same time the dog is brave and stubborn because, once it dislikes someone, it is difficult to make it change its "opinion", that is, its attitude.

The dog's loyalty is at its utmost when it firmly obeys one of his master's commands, so much so that it refuses to obey when his master tries to change an order given. It even goes further: it considers its duty as a watch dog to be above the authority of its master, as when it forbids visitors it dislikes to come into the house even when its master is fond of them. In many cases, it has to be chained and severely scolded with strong commands so that its aggressive attitude yields. As a consequence, the animal becomes totally disobedient, in a bad mood and disposed to attack anyone who contradicts its master's original command. One's trousers constitute for chained dogs an obsessive attraction.

Many workers or other people, who occupy positions in which, they are used as intermediaries between their superiors and other

employees, seem to act in a way, which is similar to that of the watch dog since, we often observe, they do not allow people to enter, even those who are expected by their bosses. They seem to be placed there on purpose to stop and even to keep anyone from reaching the office, except in cases when the guard shows its acceptance, and then “wags its tail” and “licks one’s face.” In some other cases, they often ignore the order of the day, but these cases are rare, although their attitude remains haughty and stubborn. This is why when referring to this type of people, one says: “they are doggedly determined” because they scorn any reasonable explanation, and then they will be outright called “dogs”.

We have mentioned in this comparison the dog with a thick neck that finds in its chains the justification for its obstinate attitude.

Many people resist changing their behavior and temperament as required by their superiors who are quite willing to change. This occurs because they believe that the authority given them when they are carrying out their duties, which are circumstantial at best, is equal to the power of those who granted them their positions in the first place.

The man who sought god

On an autumn day, when the silence of human sounds made it possible to listen to the echoes of Nature, I had the opportunity to witness an original and symbolic event.

Sitting on the roadside, I observed attentively the rolling shuffle of the dry leaves as the wind blew them in front of my eyes; they seemed like miniature gnomes dancing around in circles, propelled by an obstinate windmill. Another procession of leaves swirled in front of the tired march of a pilgrim who was advancing slowly. Further along, and waiting for him, was an enchantress who possessed the sublime charm of a perfect beauty.

My presence there did not attract their attention, and I remained unnoticed as if I were invisible or non-existent as they started their dialogue:

ENCHANTRESS: – Where are you going, my good man?

PILGRIM: – To infinity; I seek God.

ENCHANTRESS: – You poor traveler! Have you already covered a long distance?

PILGRIM: – Yes, very long; I am tired...

ENCHANTRESS: – Who are you?

PILGRIM: – I will know that when I find God.

ENCHANTRESS: – Where do you live?

PILGRIM: – I have no home. I live outdoors.

ENCHANTRESS: – Do you believe in God?

PILGRIM: – Yes. I saw Him once in my dreams, and since then I have sought Him.

ENCHANTRESS: – In your dreams? And you believe in them?

PILGRIM: – Yes, I do. Since then, I dream awake so as to wake up in my dreams...

ENCHANTRESS: – What an illusion! Could it be that hallucinations have upset your brain?

PILGRIM: – How dare you speak to me like this? Are we not indeed closest to the truth when we are dreaming?

ENCHANTRESS: – Certainly; but do not forget that one moment you can be close to the truth and in the next you can be far from it, without even noticing the change.

PILGRIM: – This is why I seek God, so I can understand the changes, the distances, and the real value of the things that exist.

ENCHANTRESS: – And where do you believe you will find God?

PILGRIM: – I do not know; but I do know He exists because when I call Him the earth shakes beneath my feet, and sometimes it seems that I hear His voice.

ENCHANTRESS: – And what concept do you have of God?

PILGRIM: – None! No human mind is capable of conceiving the infinite expression of His divinity.

ENCHANTRESS: – So why did you come to this world full of pain and miseries?

PILGRIM: – For the same reason – to seek God. I have come so many times! And upon my return, when I am asked if I have found Him, I tell them I have not, and again they force me to return to Earth to seek Him.

ENCHANTRESS: – Poor pilgrim! I see tears in your eyes. Do you know how to cry?

PILGRIM: – And who does not learn how to cry here? Is it not by crying that we learn how to live?

ENCHANTRESS: – Oh! Yes! Crying often does remind you that you have a heart, and in this way reminds you of the heart of Christ.

PILGRIM: – This is true; and the worst is that when we remember it, we forget the significance of his pain.

ENCHANTRESS: – Tell me, you who seek God, do you confess having forgotten Christ’s lesson?

PILGRIM: – Yes; I have often remembered his teachings and quite often forgotten them as so many others have, and that is why we go on pilgrimages...

ENCHANTRESS: – Could it be that the fatigue of such pilgrimages suggested to you the idea of taking this path?

PILGRIM: – Yes; but the sole idea of dying as He did frightens me, terrorizes me.

ENCHANTRESS: – Dying? Have you by any chance died before?

PILGRIM: – (Remembering) Dying, having died before... Oh! Mysterious enchantress! Your words vibrated in my soul! You have awakened me from a horrible dream... I got lost in the darkness of night and was seeking God in the obscurity with only a torch lit by the dim light of my understanding. You have taught me in one instant what I could not learn during my long pilgrimage; I was stupid like so many others who believe what their eyes see, and deny what is concealed from the physical eyes but not from the eyes of the soul, which in reality are the ones capable of seeing. I confess I was stupid, and although during so many hard journeys I always learned something more than what was taught to me, I always doubted, and that led me to forget the essential: the virtue of thinking and meditating about what I had learned, being unable to ever conceive the deep meaning expressed in your last words, those that produced in me the sublime effect of a resurrection.

ENCHANTRESS: – (Leaving) So long, pilgrim; you will soon find the dwelling of the One whom you do not seek anymore, because He himself calls you from within. So long. You have at last learned your lesson.

An egyptian tale

One day, Hermes was attending a group of disciples who had started with him a work of art, symbol of human perfection. One of them, who was kneading a type of plaster and working more hours than the rest, became upset to see that the others worked on less demanding tasks, and during less time. He asked him :

– Tell me, oh, Hermes! How is it that being so fair you allow such a difference to occur? Do I not have, by any chance, the same right to handle the chisel and stop my work at the same time as the others?

– You are right – replied Hermes – as of tomorrow you will start working on the task you requested. However I must warn you that for every millimeter mistaken, which will require someone else’s time to correct, I will increase your workload in one hour.

The disciple meditated for a while, and finally said:

– Then why don’t you teach me how not to make mistakes?

– This is precisely what I was doing. But since you request to be given a different task from the one I had assigned to you, I accepted willingly but I must warn you at the same time that the work cannot be delayed because of you, not even for a minute. If you want to work like the disciples, who mold images and shape beautiful artwork, prepare yourself as they did. Study, comply and do not waste time occupying your mind with petty thoughts of jealousy and envy. They had been kneading the paste for a long time before you started, and while doing so, they meditate on the teachings I give everybody daily, so that they can gradually produce works that are more delicate,

more perfect, and of greater longevity. This way, those in charge will repeat each part of the work as many times as necessary, in order to achieve its perfect creation.

Having understood the lesson, the imprudent disciple expressed to the wise man his desire to continue kneading until he improved the handling of the chisel with more assurance and efficacy.

The deaf – mute and the blind

In the appropriate place to receive alms, two men were talking. One carried the sign of “Blind” and the other of “Deaf-mute”. The first one begged for pity and help; the second gesturing for inspired compassion. Once their pockets were full each one returned to his home.

One day, somebody threw the deaf-mute a coin that rolled until it reached the feet of the blind man, who quickly picked it up and pocketed it.

– You miserable man! – shouted the mute – your eyesight is better than mine, isn't it?

– I am surprised at your cynicism, you hypocrite! – answered the blind – How dare you speak while displaying this sign?



Those who carry in their mouths just the label of “love” behave in a similar fashion: by forgetting that love is mute, they frequently unload vehemently all the hate concealed behind the false appeal of its sign.

The inquiry

In remote times, there was in the world of human beings a master who was carrying out a work of vast universal projections. It so happened that half way through the monumental creation of his thought – according to what the story of his life tells us – he wanted to consult God in order to find out what he was doing right or what were his mistakes, should there be any.

And so it was that one day he went to a place between two high mountains in order to invoke He who had to make his pronouncements and judge what he had accomplished. He knew quite well the form of language used by the universal sensitivity that expressed God's thought, and could clearly perceive, by unmistakable signs, when the thought did or did not approve what was being submitted to such a superior judgment.

The story says that while he marched through narrow paths and broken passages, he was guided uniquely by the thought that inspired his invocation. He knew that he had to experience very strong sensations, so much so, that he had the near certainty of what would happen, and even seemed to know with precision, the very point where his invocation would culminate.

It also describes that his concentration was so focused, and the purpose that animated his spirit and the purity of his thought were such, that he seemed to have lost the physical notion of his surroundings. In this spiritual state he arrived to the edge of an abyss where he stopped for a few moments to pronounce the following words:

- If what I have done does not deserve the approval of the universal thought that animates my existence, I must fall, I must plunge into the abyss that opens under my feet. If this were so, I must be overcome by such weakness that I would not be able to help myself. But if my work receives such an august approval, I will not fall, and I will live comforted and strengthened by this powerful stimulus.

As the approval was confirmed, indicated by the sudden surge of an inner state of peace, strength and happiness, he turned his eyes upon the immensity and thanked the Giver of his existence for this approval.

Further proof of the described trance is our knowing that the illustrious protagonist of this story, while descending slopes and ravines on his return from his excursion, was thinking that the psychological part of the human being was so fragile that it would have been natural for him to be overtaken by a vertigo, which would prompt his fall into the abyss. It would have been logical for this to happen since in order to ensure that the sign was unmistakable, he had stood on the edge of the abyss in a state of mind that eliminated from his will any intent of preservation or defense.

As every superior life is a lofty example of abnegation and sacrifice, this selected spirit had surrendered in that instant to the great thought that had animated and inspired his existence. This was how he obtained the assurance and certainty of the manifestations that confirmed the illustrious approval.



This legend, which seems to contain historical facts, shows the example of humbleness of the great souls who, from time to time, have enlightened the uncertain and winding path of human beings.

The “tamed” puma

A distinguished philosopher was walking with a young student instructing him with unusual dedication on the value of mental defenses, and warning him about the different disguises used by the thoughts to conceal their intentions from man’s good faith. Using clear images, he indicated the predominant characteristics of many of them, and the precautions that were necessary to avoid being often overtaken by their unexpected impulses. Having said that, he observed that notwithstanding the clarity of his words, the young student had not yet understood or had some doubts in interpreting correctly what was said to him.

Under such circumstances, and by a rare coincidence, they arrived at a house of a friend who sold birds and other animals of various types, such as cats, dogs, rabbits, foxes, pumas, etc. They entered the store, and after exchanging a few words with the owner, they were led to visit his small zoo. It is not important whether they saw birds of all colors and prices, or a whole collection of small animals; what was important in this case was that in one area of the store there was a puma, more than six feet in length, that was tied by a thick chain to the trunk of a tall, thin palm tree around which it was walking.

It had been brought to the store a few months earlier. When it arrived it was a harmless and beautiful little animal that was fed with a bottle. The owner became so fond of it that he refused to sell it. He pampered it, quite often caressed it, and if anyone showed signs of fear he would tell them in a confident tone of voice :

– Don't be afraid; it is only a kitten.

The truth was that he had not noticed how much it had grown.

On this day, the puma had caught a rat and devoured it.

– This is the first time it did this – said the owner as if he wanted to instill greater confidence regarding the ferocity of the beast, and added:– It is already a tamed puma.

Visitors watched the puma from a prudent distance having noticed that each time it passed by them, it tried to lash out at their feet with its claws, continuing thereafter its monotonous stride around the palm tree.

It was not long before the owner, who had gone to fetch a cage, felt the lash of its claws on his back tearing his clothes as he passed by the beast. His jacket, shirt and undershirt were torn away as if by magic.

Pale and breathless, he managed to say:

– Oh! God!.... No one can trust these ferocious “animals”! First thing tomorrow morning I will ship it out – repeating his oath of never having any more wild beasts in his store, not even young ones, when they seem totally harmless.

– Did you see this? – the philosopher asked his companion after the incident had passed. – This is a living image of certain thoughts which, as soon as they have the strength to exist, take their nourishment from one's mind. A consequence of negligence or lack of foresight of those people who, like in the case of the puma, shelter them, nourish them, give them affection and even trust, is their own misfortune. These people will live to regret what they have done.

Is it necessary to further explain to the reader which are those thoughts that resemble the puma in our story? Very well, let us answer the question.

Such thoughts are those that introduce themselves in the mind and appear to be harmless. A thought of gambling, warmly nourished, ends up dragging its owner to the table of misfortune. After being nursed vehemently and reaching adulthood, it slashes out with its claws, known as chance, which is nothing else than that same thought delivering its treacherous blow to the gullible and trusting owner.

Like this thought, there are many others that the reader can discover as soon as he reviews the range of all the ones that have somewhat the same nature as the one used as an example.

The moral that transpires here, is that an individual should not harbor in the mind any thought whose nature is different or extraneous to his true feelings, reasoning and good sense, so that later he does not find himself in danger of being hurt by such mental guests.

The ungrateful man

Once upon a time, it was said that someone asked God to give him something of value, and as a gesture of gratitude, he would share this goodness with his brothers and friends.

– Let your wish be granted – God told him – but do not forget your promise.

After a while, the Creator observed that the promise was not kept although the man enjoyed the benefits of this goodness. He then stated:

– Whatever is produced by a simple wish does not last.

And so it was that the benefits enjoyed by the ungrateful man gradually faded.

Distressed by the loss, he approached God and begged Him to restore, under His protection, the lost value. He then heard the following:

– You were unable to retain what I gave you because you did not keep your promise. Redeem it now; recover it by your own effort so that it becomes etched in your memory; you will see that once you have it again, you will understand, as you had before it was given to you, that you must not enjoy this goodness selfishly.

The eden of good children

In a place surrounded by mountains, between beautiful and fertile valleys bordered by rivers and crystalline streams, stood a majestic crystal palace. The palace of youthful dreams... a splendid castle of legendary eras, which zealously guarded the unforgettable memories of the most precious events of man's life.

Around the palace, there were enchanted parks and gardens with the greatest variety of plants laden with ripening fruits that never spoiled, flowers that blossomed and never withered, which presented gentle petals of exquisite colors that exhaled a fresh perfume.

Animals of all kinds lived in that place without ever destroying a thing; animals that did not age, that pastured, rested or played amongst themselves enjoying the delights of Eden.

Birds... birds of all types abound there in great varieties and colors without ever dying. Well-bred birds flying from one plant to the other, happy and satisfied, singing and warbling with unusual energy, filling the environment with tender and warm memories.

But what mostly attracts the attention in this wonderful world are the watch birds – blue in color with white feathers on their chest, they were the only ones that could nest on the corners of the castle; the only ones that knew all the areas of the sumptuous building, and also the only ones who were in charge of ensuring that nothing mistreats what Nature placed there for the enjoyment and pleasure of its inhabitants.

The blue birds also have another mission: that of searching for children who are well-behaved. Equipped with great intelligence, they know who the good children are; they then appear and sing before their eyes, while their delicate and sweet warble marvels the children. Later, they whisper in their ears and tell them that at night they will return to fetch them.

And this is what happens. When the children go to sleep, the birds appear again in their dreams.

One night, one of the birds came to the bed of a selected child; having brought two small wings from the palace, it lent them to the child and they both flew to Eden.

– Oh! Such wonders! – exclaimed the child in awe upon entering the valleys. – What beautiful flowers! So many butterflies! And the castle... how divine! All made of crystal!.....

The smiling and serene moon shed a pale, celestial and silvery light on Eden.

They had arrived at the golden region of the princely children – the irreplaceable delight of the first years of existence.

As they approached the castle, a flock of blue birds saluted them with their singing and followed their flight.

– Where are they going? – asked the child timidly.

– They are going in search of other children who, like you, have behaved well. Each one of us is in charge of one child, and is his loyal companion.

As they arrived, many blue birds and many children, applauding and clapping happily to see another small brother join them, gathered at the door of the palace. There, Ninin – which was the name of the child in this story – recognized some of his friends who had also behaved as well as he had. How wonderful it is to play together in such beautiful places!

They were invited by an elegant and colorful swan to step into a great hall which was majestically adorned and displayed beautiful landscapes.

– You see? – said the swan to Ninin after a while. – All this represents Wisdom; it is a group of cognitions that explains each one of the things that exist in Eden and in the Universe. But you must now return because the time allotted for your stay here has elapsed. If you want to know and acquire many spiritual treasures, behave yourself. This way, you will continue to return, staying a bit longer every time until you are able to remain here forever, if you want to.

– Thank you, swan – said the child, and left with its bird.

Next to him, many other children also left, accompanied by their respective blue birds flying towards their homes, happy for having undertaken this journey, and promising themselves to repeat it many times.

It was said that the next day all the well-behaved children dreamed of the blue birds and went to the Eden of God's children.

The two examples

Facts repeat themselves throughout the centuries to enlighten the understanding of human beings. For this reason, it makes no difference to place the images of our story in one or another era.

Once upon a time, a highly respected man, whose spiritual nobility and purity of feelings were known by all, gave refuge to a destitute individual who, having been disoriented and without strength to continue his march in the world, had come to his door asking for assistance.

The exemplary man quickly began to offer such assistance until he was able to reinstate in the traveler the confidence in his own resources. He had him participate in constructive work, and helped him in every possible way to become a good man. For a period of time, he was so well behaved deserving confidence and recognition that he earned his benefactor's friendship, which as he explained, represented his esteem. And so the days went by.

The man of our story, whose great qualities and resources were, as we said, highly regarded by everyone, had many tasks to perform and helped a great number of friends. Notwithstanding his chores, he never stopped observing the behavior of his protégé whom he had agreed to include in the inner circle of his friends. And this was when he saw him at one time express unpleasant remarks, flaunting his vanity and his intolerance toward others, who had decided to advise him on how to improve his behavior.

This ungrateful individual's life gradually became restless and frivolous. He spent more than he earned; he was seduced by adulation, and obsessed with ostentation and lavishness. This led him to seek companions that were more in line with his tendencies.

As time passed, it became clear that he was distancing himself from his good friend. He did not need him any more, and according to his remarks, he could do without him. He even made derogatory comments about the man who had been so good to him, and forgetting that everyone knew his story, he pretended to behave as his imagination depicted him to be. But his disloyalty and mean behavior triggered total rejection by those who surrounded him.

When the honorable and patient protector was informed of his protégé's behavior he summoned him, asking the messenger to tell him that he was invited to visit for the last time, since he knew of his decision to leave shortly thereafter and to distance himself from his group of friends forever. He also told the messenger to assure him that he would not be censured for it would be pointless to do so, and that all he wanted was to say his last goodbye.

In spite of such noble intentions, the bad friend refused to attend this last meeting giving a myriad of excuses.

Here we have two examples, which characterize two different behaviors.

The monkey and the lion

Once upon a time, a Monkey went to visit the Lion on behalf of his tutor, the wise Orangutan who had told him:

– Go to the Lion, and try to captivate him so that he shows you his den and his powers.

The Lion, the well-known king of the jungle, respected and distinguished amongst all the inhabitants of his kingdom for his great heart and unequalled strength, was informed of the Monkey's desires and agreed with pleasure to receive him. He sent out one of his cubs to welcome him, and this cub asked him:

– Have you come to see our lord the Lion?

– He may be your lord but he is not mine – replied the Monkey – I have come to meet with him as my peer, since we are both animals.

When the Lion heard what the naïve Monkey had said, he asked that he be brought to his presence.

– How are you, my good friend Lion? – asked the smiling Monkey as he approached with a relaxed attitude.

– What do you want? – asked the Lion shaking its majestic mane.

– I have come to pay you a visit and entertain a cordial conversation with you; I am also in charge of saluting you in the name of my lord, the wise Orangutan.

The Lion found the pretentious mimicry of the Monkey rather amusing, and willing to be entertained for a moment by trying to scare the Monkey, he roared at him:

– How dare you come here and invoke the name of your lord? Are you not aware that I know who throws stones at me and then hides his hands? Obviously, he believes that I don't see anything just because I keep silent and pretend to be distracted; but he should know that when I open my mouth, he will fall from the tree that he climbed and where he innocently hopes to find safe refuge.

– Look here, Lion – replied the Monkey hypocritically – I think that you are jumping to conclusions. My lord sincerely desires to be your friend. Believe me, this is the truth.

– I do not doubt it; I know very well that he wants to be my friend. Therefore, I want you to go back and tell him that I am the king and lord of the whole jungle and that I am ready to proclaim it in front of any animal! And so, if he proclaims the same, let him do it as I do and say it in my presence!

The Lion, noticing that the Monkey was starting to tremble, advised him to go forth immediately to the Orangutan and present him with the outcome of the meeting.

As the Monkey left he thought: “If the wise Orangutan is so wise and strong as he says, then why did he not come himself to argue with the Lion?”



This is the behavior of those who intentionally manipulate situations that they create, and are unable to face them by themselves, so they use third parties to test their risky projects.

Behind bars

In a dark cell, barely lit by the weak rays coming through the square window covered by thick bars, Peter was sitting on an old stool with his head dropped on his chest.

He cried a lot...

Discreetly, I extract from my pocket an invisible cloak, cover myself with it and enter silently into the cell.

Nobody had seen me. Not even the prisoner suspected of my presence.

– Fourteen years! What a dreadful thing! Oh God, what a terrible torture!

This is Peter talking to himself; to his own conscience. And in doing so, his sentences are broken by explosions of sobs that he tried in vain to detain.

– Oh God! What have I done? What will become of my poor wife! She is so good, has suffered so much, and tried so hard to make me abandon this thought! How many times she pleaded with me and wanted me not to make matters worse by committing a blunder! She, who even offered to make any sacrifice to save me! I must confess that she was the sole refuge of my tormented soul, in which I could always find a moment of peace. And what of those tiny faces that I covered with tears thousands of times when my despair was at its peak? Birds of my soul! Little Lucy, young Paul! My children! I will no longer be able to kiss them at night as they say their prayers!

Concealing his distorted face between his hands, in a gesture of untold anguish, there sat Peter all alone with his pain and his thoughts.

The prisoner heard a voice, which was gentle and delicate, like a light breeze coming through the window, maybe the voice of his own conscience, which answered him with these moving words :

- Do not cry, Peter; your tears cannot change even one iota of the enormity of your deed. You have stricken down two lives: yours, which has no other perspective than being forced to remain here isolated between the somber walls of this prison, and that of your friend that you have destroyed in the prime of life. You have tarnished your name and that of your children. You are condemned not only to the torture of imprisonment but to constant sufferings of your own thoughts that will use your sleep to give you the worst nightmares. Peter! Peter! What have you done! You are only thinking of your poor wife and your children, whom you will not be able to see without feeling the tortures of a maddening remorse... And what about Lucas? He is buried under a cold tombstone. And from his mortal wound flowed a lot of blood: the blood of a young and courageous life. Will you be able to erase from your mind and from your conscience the sharp and piercing look of supreme blame that he gave you when, feeling that he was dying, called you a coward and a murderer? Indeed, do you not visualize, with obstinate insistence, the image of that moment when you raised your murderous hand to wound him mortally without giving him time to defend himself from your treacherous aggression? And there they are his wife and her young children abandoned, depressed and in deep sorrow. Orphans! The children's eyes will never again see the father who gave them life nor will they be able, during their childhood, to receive his advice and protection during this tender age of their existence. Two homes destroyed! Two families left desolate! Children whose innocence makes the pain even more acute when they call out for their fathers, and ask why they do not come back. And why did all this happen? Because you did not think of this when you perhaps felt you had

the right to kill him, the one who was once your friend, and with whom you had a falling out one day believing that you had the right to insult him and hurt him. All because you were unable to detain your impulse and your anger or to hold back your murderous hand when you violently attacked and mortally wounded him without any feeling of pity, not even for yourself.

The voice that spoke was suddenly interrupted by the pleading cries of Peter, who said:

– Stop! Stop! I feel my heart breaking up. I swear to you that I prefer to cease to exist than to live one more day listening to your accusations. Leave me alone. I want to atone for my faults retrenched within myself.

– No Peter! This is not possible. I am the voice of memory, and I cannot distance myself from you, not even for a moment. I am relentless and will not be moved by your pleading. I will be your executioner as long as you live, and I will not allow you to forget your crime, even when you sleep. You are a murderer, a wicked man!

– My God! My God! Have pity of this poor miserable man who is begging you. Do not abandon me to this torture!

In that instant, how vivid appear in the prisoner's mind the words of Dante describing the martyrdom of a condemned man: "I was neither dead nor alive: think by yourself if you have some imagination, on what would happen to me upon being thus deprived of life without being dead", words that could also be translated into: I feel that death consumes me, and thinking that I am alive, dying never ends for me.

Mortified by such a scene, I bow to caress, more with the thought than with my hands, Peter's head that I leave imprisoned by the cruelest torments. I then go to Lucas's home. There I see Irma, the innocent wife plunged in her tragedy, holding to her bosom two children who, without understanding the drama, said:

– Mother, do not cry. We will behave.

– What will you do, woman, now that your happiness is destroyed and you are persecuted by thoughts that will torture you without

pty? The life that you forged in your dreams as a young girl, the vision of becoming a bride that filled your days with enchantment ignoring the miseries of the world, the blindness of man and the crude setbacks of life, everything, everything will parade in your mind one and a thousand times over because today there is nothing left that could worsen your ordeal and make your pain more intolerable.

The voice that spoke is the same that Peter heard, and will hear many times over in his hours of martyrdom.

Also Elvira, in her pain, hears the echo of this voice. She too had her dreams and illusions, but the brutal blow that snatched away her beloved husband's life left deep marks in her soul and her face. Can there be anything that can fill a void of such magnitude? Can there be something capable of repairing such a loss?

The mysterious voice is heard once again, and answers the supreme question:

– Time cannot go back nor can what did not occur replace it, making it as it was before; but indeed, a great pain can be reduced to the point of being tolerable, and the void can be filled if you enlighten your being with the cognitions of the lofty truths that will console your soul, help you overcome the struggles, and make you understand things that will assuredly make you think more reasonably. Uproot from your soul the thoughts that made you an unconscious person, and seek the lost path that will lead you toward the light. Everything you learn and come to know, everything you feel that is the truth, will protect you against the piercing needles of suffering.

Souls in pain! It is only through the knowledge of the reasons of the misfortunes, which befall you, that you will learn how it is possible to approach in spirit and thought the loved ones that departed. In life and in death, there exists one truth that justifies the unexplainable or that which man considers incomprehensible and irreparable: and that is existence itself which, even when believed to have been extinguished, always lives and survives above and beyond everything.

Suffering souls! Raise your eyes and see how beautiful life is when it is enriched with the inexhaustible treasure brought by the

intelligence that endows the individual as it distances him from the crude torments of moral miseries. Misery represents the near absolute absence of cognitions, and is the cause that prevents people from increasing their values and elevates their levels because they lack the fundamental: this immaterial gold, but of great merit, which is the light of the cognition whose possession allows the achievements of stupendous wonders.



This story describes one of the many tragedies lived by the human soul because there is still so much for him to understand and consider important the happiness of living freely from all the circles of inexperience, character flaws, outbursts of vanity and intolerance created around the human being, which squeeze him more and more tightly until they drown him in this unbearable atmosphere, full of sinister designs, that usually occur when the mind becomes dazzled and blind while the anima and the will are made to consummate actions as the ones described.

To live is the great key. To live and always be the master of one's life; this is another great key. To live in order to see forever, to feel forever and to protect those under our care; to live an ample and intense life, illuminating the soul with the great resources of knowledge that are offered generously by the Universal Wisdom. This is the great objective.

The three works

Wanting to achieve a work that would dazzle by its creativity, a famous king undertook, in a thousand places, a search for geniuses who could contribute to the task, and as they arrived he told them hastily:

– My wish is to make something great that will make everyone envious.

A short time later, the first one came to him with a great project. The king reviewed it and said:

– This will certainly be a valuable glory to my wisdom as I use the full resources of my State to make it.

Some time later, the second one arrived, and upon seeing what was being done he told the king that the plan was sketched according to a very old design that many others had attempted before him.

– I bring you this – he said – a project that includes everything and that will move everybody because what we need is to change what exists using new elements.

As soon as the second project was accepted, the king began to poke into its parts relentlessly and saw tumbling, in an ugly mound, the ideas, the letters and the art work as if they were things without value, revealing that everything about the project was done just for the moment.

And so, one day the king received the third man to whom he had requested a project. When he was asked why he had taken so long to present it, the genius replied, in a calm and assured tone:

– For what is to be eternal I etch my entire work without haste.



May the reader extract knowledge from this teaching and perceive where the value of each thing lies because what only comes to man's memory, without haste, is the good that man has done for the sake of goodness, which needs no change.

The game of the stain

The stain is a game which is played by children in schools, in homes and on the street in many countries and which became the favorite amongst all other games. And yet, no one to date tried to explain its origin.

In ancient Egypt this game was played in a strange way. Even the Aztecs and the Mayas knew it and came to call it “the cult of the stain”.

The game consisted of a series of interpretations given to certain hand movements allowing the players to exhibit their mental and physical dexterity.

Several boys, well-informed about Nature, would gather, and their leader would divide them into two groups; he would ask the first group to dip their hands in a bright red paint, and the other to do the same but with blue paint, whose color resembled that of soap used to wash clothes.

When they were ready, after baring their chests, the leader would gently touch one of them who would start chasing the opponents until he put a stain on the face or the chest of any member of the other group. The one with the stain, if blue, would run after the red opponents until he succeeded in putting a stain on one of them.

Once the game was over, the leader counted the stains on each participant as well as the places where they were made, disqualifying those with the greatest number of stains on their faces or on their chests.

There were some, very few indeed, who had no stains at all. These were given prizes and declared the champions of the game. By contrast, there were others who were stained all over and consequently were given the lowest points.

The morals of this game resided in the words that the instructor addressed to the group later, telling them that a similar thing could happen to them in their life, if they did not use the same vivacity and dexterity to avoid being marked by the hand of vice and evil, pointing to the mind and the heart as being the most vulnerable targets of thoughts and feelings of which the human being must take great care, selecting the former and ennobling the latter.

The modern and contemporary generations have never played the game of the stain as described here, because they were satisfied by just touching the opponent who would run after the others but without having any knowledge concerning the morals of the game.

Pyka and Rutja

Pyka and Rutja were arguing about the convenience of finding a way of not working and when they finally reached an agreement, they swore not to work anymore. But, how unfortunate! When they stood up from where they were sitting, the back of Pyka's trousers had a big hole on it.

– Now I have to sew it – Pyka said to his friend, feeling sorry for himself.

As Rutja reminded him of their agreement, they started to argue again until they ran out of arguments. They started to fight, and Rutja ended up with a torn coat. They soon separated, and each one took thread and needle to start sewing his garment.

When Pyka was done, he stretched out and said to himself: “Didn't I tell Rutja it was impossible to spend the day without working?”

Rutja, on the other hand, meditated: “It serves me right to have made a deal with someone so lazy, when it is not that bad to use our time to do something!”



Here we have the reflections of those who fail in their attempts, when any circumstance presses them by forcing them to do the opposite they intended to.

The owl

One night, an owl was perched on a pole, and as it took flight it made a shrieking sound at the very moment that a superstitious man was passing below.

– Hell! – shouted the fanatic. Surely something is bound to happen.

Upon hearing the remark, the owl returned and said:

– Are you then blaming me for what could happen to you? Go back home instead of wandering around here at this hour.

– Shut up and fly away, you ominous bird that always announces evil!

– And if this is so, why don't you do what I tell you?

– Shut up! – cursed the superstitious man using improprieties as he left for a friend's house where he was expected for an entertaining evening.

When he returned home, he was told that his son was very sick. He was desperate, but only thought of the bird that had followed him. He could not take another step as his eyes were fixed on the owl that flew around in his mind, when suddenly somebody called out to him:

– Your son is calling you – and being taken by his arm, he was led to his son's bed.

– Father! whispered the child sobbing – when I fell sick I asked God to bring you to my side. Then I fell asleep and had a dream: I saw a bird coming towards me, and while caressing me with its wings, it said: "I will inform your father, do not cry." And then it flew away singing. I followed it with my eyes, and felt a great joy when I saw

that it had found you. I could not hear what it said to you, but I was sad when I heard you cursing it; when I later saw you take a different path, I thought that you would not come. I wanted to call you when I woke up; I was feeling so bad that I could not see.

– My son! It is true, it is true – shouted the sobbing father while hugging his son. – Truly you saw me. The owl did bring me your message but I refused to listen; I was stupid.

Suddenly a piercing scream made the child's body tremble, and terrorized the father. The bird had sent its terrible shriek in the air.

From that moment onwards, the patient began to improve.



This is a teaching for those who very often curse what can be an advice on something that could possibly be avoided, or a sign to prevent what will happen.

The human being always seeks to excuse his own faults and errors, blaming everything else, except his own behavior, for the consequences of his deplorable actions.

The ungrateful butler

A great lord, who was intelligent and generous, lived in his big palace. He had many friends and was highly esteemed and loved by all.

Amongst those who visited regularly his magnificent home was a man who, judging by appearances, could be said to be among the closest to the lord. He never missed an opportunity to flatter him and to show him his admiration and respect. He was so insistent in offering his services that the good lord decided one day to hire him. He hired him as a butler; and without telling him, the lord asked the cooperation of a good friend to watch the thoughts of his eager servant. A short time later, the owner of the palace was informed that the butler displayed a hypocritical behavior: when in the lord's presence, he flaunted his admiration and his qualities while behind his back he filled people's minds with derogative remarks about his employer. As a result, it was not long before subtle doubts concerning the assets of the lord began to spread, leading people to believe that his riches were obtained by doubtful means.

One day, having had enough of the servant's hypocrisy the noble lord summoned him to his presence.

- Tell me - he asked - what position do you hold in the palace?
- That of the butler, my lord - replied the disloyal servant.
- And how much have you been paid since you started here?

Sensing that these last words carried a threat, he lowered his tone of voice and humbly replied:

- What we had agreed on, and what I deserved.

- Very well - said the owner of the house. - When I hired you, it was not because I needed your services; I had many servants who were loyal to me. Moved by your repeated appeals I agreed to hire you, and according to our agreement, you were to fulfill your duties honestly as a loyal butler. And do you know what you did? You behaved as a wicked man. For this reason, I am now dismissing you. Get out! I do not want to see you anymore!

As he tried to argue that the lord was committing an injustice, and that his behavior was irreproachable, the lord called all the people who had witnessed his intrigues and who accused him by repeating the very words he had said, which he could not deny.

Enraged by hate, he stormed out threatening to discredit the good lord and make him lose his prestige, and said angrily:

- I am highly esteemed by his friends and I am respected more than he is!

With the objective of discrediting the lord, he went door to door calling on those whom he knew from the palace, but after he said a couple of words each one told him:

- Go away, you miserable man! Is this how you show your gratitude for all the good you received? Go back to the streets! Your presence here only inspires contempt and scorn.

All the doors were violently shut on his face, and being rightfully rejected, he arrived at his house screaming as a madman, as his instinct flared up against his helplessness.



This is how those who spend their time deceiving their fellowmen generally end up: sooner or later they find those who realize what they truly are and reveal it to others.

The man and the stones

A long time ago, there was a man who preached goodness and taught many useful things. However, amongst the many great things he usually said, he sometimes expressed a complaint for the lack of funds needed to build a temple that could gather all those who came to listen to his timely and magnificent preaching.

A short while later, these complaints began to produce violent reactions in the minds of some sectarian fanatics who started throwing stones at him with increased intensity.

– Blessed are those stones – exclaimed the good man – because they will now allow me to build my temple!



This fable shows that one same object, depending on its usage, can serve some to do good and others to do evil.

The lizards

The following story, which we will tell because it contains a valuable and profound teaching, was reported to us by one of its participants during a cordial meeting.

“I was sitting in the first row of a bus that was travelling through an Argentinean province – said the storyteller – when suddenly a huge snake was seen crossing the dusty path. The driver stopped the vehicle, let the snake cross, and then continued on his way.

Being an investigator of Nature, the significance of the fact did not surprise me, but I asked the driver why he had avoided running it over. He replied:

– This type of snake must not be killed because it helps our agriculture. It is a water snake.

The pleasant and cordial attitude of the driver encouraged me to pursue the dialogue. Amongst other things I remember telling him:

– The life of animals that do good must be respected even when reptiles are concerned. The same occurs with human beings: some of them hurt and kill, and for them prisons were made; others sacrifice their lives for the good of others, for which they are respected and loved; finally there are those who neither do good nor evil...

These are like the lizards! – interrupted the driver in a timely way.

– This is a very good observation, my friend! The life or death of those who, submerged in indifference, do neither good nor evil is of no value, and is rarely considered.

And so, I thought of the great number of indifferent human beings who, by the sole fact of doing no evil, consider themselves to deserve the prerogatives that are only given to those who do noble and generous deeds. But the truth is that by not doing good, according to the real meaning of its concept, their lives pass unnoticed, and like the lizards, nobody expresses the slightest interest in them.

The old testament

God was putting in order words with which he intended to teach human beings the path to knowledge, and explain to them how he had formed the Universe. People, however, began to argue, each one claiming to know something about Creation.

As the Eternal Father saw such stupidity, since rather than paying attention to what He was saying they were wasting their time arguing, He took the words, which already formed several sentences, mixed them up and left.

Later on, human beings had to restructure, with great patience, these same sentences: from it emerged the Old Testament.

The origin of carnival

People have often inquired about the true origin of Carnival. Some suggested that it originated in an imitation of religious ceremonies held in ancient times. Others said that the characterization of actors that appeared on the first theater stages seemed to suggest that the idea of bringing together these characterizations on a special day, gave birth to this event. We know of a legend that we will narrate since it is suggestive and timely.

Once upon a time, a famous king, member of one the most powerful dynasties of Egypt, was specifically concerned about the psychological state of his subjects. Surrounded by an entourage of wise men, he constantly discussed with them issues related to the problems of his people whom he wanted to see rise above mediocrity.

One day, while discussing these issues, one of the wise men said that in spite of their daily efforts to educate the people and improve their knowledge and morals, they had not yet found in their endeavor any evidence that truly indicated that they were promoting a process of betterment in the inhabitants of their land. He then inquired if there were means that could reveal the inner feelings of each one, or the thoughts that they harbored in their minds.

After brief moments of meditation the king replied:

– We will try something new; we will decree one week of total freedom so that each individual can disguise himself in whatever character he most aspires to become. We will provide clothes that characterize any of their desires so that they may choose their own exclusive preference.

Every costume, from the king's crown to miserable rags, was displayed for each one to select his own. Even costumes representing immaterial beings were exhibited, such as clothes worn by angels, saints and demigods. Finally, all types of costumes that could represent any character, without exception, were made and offered. Later, by a general proclamation posted in all visible places, it was announced that the king and his court would attend the final parade of all those who were masqueraded.

The strangest and most intriguing part of the legend was that the king was able to identify, by the costumes selected, the intimate aspirations of his subjects, and observe, with great surprise, that the majority had chosen a devil's costume.

It is interesting to point out how in each period of time, in every nation, that same aspiration seemed to have been reproduced.

It was said, in ancient times, that the devil was king of hell, had supernatural powers, etc. For that reason, he enjoyed great prestige amongst this enormous mass of ignorant people who believed in the skills of his magic or in the evil of his avenging power. He was visualized, generally, as having an extraordinary ability to seduce the souls, and submit them exclusively to his will or, better still, to his sinister designs. It was also said that he launched legions of small devils, and had the means to produce spells, and turn impossible things into possible ones. So it was not surprising that people aspired to be devils.

But the legend does not end here. When the king saw all those devils armed with their tridents, he requested that a huge fire be prepared, and ordered them to dance over its flames as would the devil himself. This invitation made all of them leave; all the red capes disappeared as if by magic.



The morals of the narrative is in itself a profound teaching. The attractive power felt by man towards spectacular deeds, which are the product of chimerical dreams, or better still, of dreams that he nurses regarding the sudden transformation of his being into a character of astonishing achievements, does not allow him to think sensibly that for each position he yearns to conquer there must be a reason that in turn, allows him to sustain such position – and this reason lies in knowing what he wants to be. What he least considers is that it is more valuable to be conscious of what he knows than to allow himself to become an unconscious instrument of his own imagination.

The tragedy of Xyraom

Xyraom came down from mount Udal and moved by the miseries of the world and the deplorable conditions of human beings, who he thought were human shadows, he decided to help them by invigorating their body, purifying their mind and revitalizing their spirit.

Having done that with several of them, one day he approached a group to listen to their conversation.

He was extremely disappointed. He had not heard a single word of gratitude to the one who had been so good to them.

Slander was taking shape in the minds of these unfortunate beings.

“He is an impostor” some said, “He has deceived us”, replied others.

And these men, psychological corpses who were returned to life by Xyraom’s compassion, were conspiring to take his life.

Men of bad faith! exclaimed the powerful Xyraom. I have extracted you from the deepest ignorance that gnawed your entrails; I have eliminated the pestilence that made your corrupt presence repulsive; I gave you new life and filled your existence with perfumes! And pronouncing his sentence, he added: You unfortunate people! You have preferred the decay in which you live, wallowing again in the slime of debased passions! So be it!

And once again, they had to endure the ulcers of their disgrace and get accustomed to suffer this fatal agony that, without extinguishing the existence, removes life, the same life that they wanted to take away from others.

And Xyraom returned to the mount and said:

– Lord! Lord! How much misery exists in the world, and how miserable human beings are!

And the Lord answered:

– Go back and awaken the good souls who are still asleep. Console them, and give them the word of understanding. They will return to life, and regenerate mankind by just obeying the laws that indicate their evolution and help one another in the sublime task of achieving the greatest human accomplishment on earth. When this is done, there will be no more misery or miserable people in the world, and the ingratitude, which is the worst of all stigmas, will disappear from the human conscience as will those who have identified themselves with it.

The boastful cub

In a gathering of insignificant beasts, there was once a lion cub that was boasting about the strength and the power of his claws. In fact, this was not the first time he had done that; but this time his boldness reached such a point that he ended up proclaiming himself more courageous and much stronger than the Lion.

From his jungle throne, his father listened to the bold words of his cub, and after shaking his huge mane, decided to give him a good corrective lesson. He gathered Buffalos, Panthers, Boars and other subjects of the powerful kingdom of the primitive tropics, and after informing them of the reason for the meeting, the supreme monarch ordered:

– You are hereby authorized to give my son a colossal fright on the first opportunity you have.

It did not take long for the event to take place. And so it was that the entourage, which usually surrounded the Lion's son, saw in awe that its "terrible captain" was running away terrorized, jumping in leaps never seen before. With the tail between his legs, and as a bolt of lightening, the cub jumped into the protective lap of the majestic monarch imploring with moving compassion:

– Father... defend me! I beg of you!



Something similar usually happens to those who ungratefully underestimate those to whom they owe what they are, but being on the verge of losing their riches or their lives, they rush in search of the one who, at other times, protected them from evil.

An inquisitive man

With a premeditated intention, someone once asked the genius of reality the following question:

– If I were on a path that, as they say, ended between a deep abyss and a very high mountain, and by getting there I were to confirm in reality the existence of both, but wanted to continue ahead, how would you solve this problem for me?

– What you propose to do is truly hard – replied the genius – but it is not difficult for me to solve it. If I were you I would do something very simple: I would go back and concede that I had taken the wrong path.

– I am not satisfied with the answer – replied the inquisitive man.
– My goal is to advance, always advance in spite of everything.

– In this case – answered the genius – do the following: use your head as a ram and make a hole through the mountain, and if you do not succeed, then jump into the abyss.

Still unsatisfied, but moved by the urge of having the genius solve all his difficulties, he approached him, on another opportunity, and asked a different question, nurturing the illusion that by some magic formula, he could be converted overnight into a wise man who would know all the mysteries.

– Can you explain to me, oh, Genius, what I should think about?

– You must think that you are an ass. Then, follow that mental function by also thinking: “If I am an ass, why do I have hands and feet and why do I have an intelligence and clothes as humans beings do?” You will immediately see emerge in your mind the following

conclusion: “It is evident that I am not an ass, and if I am not one, I should not act as one.”



What emerges from this tale is that each one must act judiciously, without excessive pretensions, so as not be branded a fool.

The two men

A wealthy man was laughing loudly at a wise man that was attending to the chores of his own genius and did not care much about adverse economical conditions. He mockingly asked him:

– How is it, that having so much knowledge, you are unable to make a fortune as I did?

With immutable calm, the wise man replied:

– You have a fortune but do not know how you made it; I, on the other hand, know how I made it, and I have riches that you do not possess. Can there be anything greater than to see a man worthy of respect, with or without a fortune, and that not even the greatest setbacks are able to hurt the integrity of his spirit?

One day, the genius asked his persistent inquirer:

– Tell me; If you were to suddenly lose your fortune and become poor, what would you do when faced with the despondency created by such a situation?

– Oh! – replied the rich man surprised – I would not be able to bear this blow; I would immediately commit suicide.

– But why is that? – asked the genius – would you not be able to remake the fortune you now possess?

– No! How could I tolerate living even for one day without my riches? Impossible!

– Well... well – said the man who incarnated Wisdom. – I could lose my material riches a hundred times over and, without allowing anything to affect my condition of a capable man, I would be able to

build my fortune again. I have the time for that, since I know how to use it intelligently; and those who know me usually do not perceive when I have much or nothing at all of what moves human greed. And yet, when a fortune is lost, it destroys the man who possessed it.



Knowledge allows one to live in the opulence of the thought which always reserves for the individual the place he chooses; and the risk of losing the riches of his wisdom are nil, since being their master, he can dispose of them whenever he wishes.

The treasures of knowledge only cost the moments of efforts dedicated to them, but once conquered, they become integrated and eternal. The fortune of the rich man is always exposed to setbacks due to the fact that he is its owner by accident.

If more people were to think this way, they would not make their lives sterile by consuming the days of their existence in fervent desires.

The danger

Once upon a time, a wise man was sitting at the foot of a mountain, of a very high mountain, working with great calm on something that is needless to mention but that absorbed most of his time. Many years of strenuous efforts had already passed.

The wise man was surrounded by a great number of craftsmen. He was also well known by many people.

Once, as they were all contemplating his work in silence, a huge piece of rock began to fall from the top of the mountain bringing a terrified look to people's faces. They all fled instantly seeking shelter, begging the wise man to leave his post as the rock was heading his way.

Seeing the rock rolling down the mountain, he looked unmoved at the fleeing crowd, and then continued his work impassibly.

Moments later, the terrorized crowd begged him again to flee. The artist did not move and continued his work. Some of them approached him cautiously with the intent to move him away from the danger, but the closeness of the crashing rock forced them to retreat hastily once again at the very moment the rock finally fell next to the artist, dragging with it earth and debris.

Once the dust settled, the wise man placed his valuable and complex instruments on the rock, and continued his work telling the few people who had come near:

– To accomplish what I wanted to do I urgently needed this rock or one similar to it.

He said nothing else, and watched with a meaningful look the flight of those who, with foolish insistence, had made a commitment to accompany him for the duration of his transcendental work.



One can observe repeatedly how the imminence of danger obscures the understanding of those who do not know how to maintain their serenity, and this keeps them from evaluating with precision their possibilities of survival.

The fly

Having flown over putrid manure several times, the fly finally came to rest on the surface of a pot of honey. As its legs adhered to the viscous substance, and feeling that it was sinking, it tried several times to fly but was unsuccessful. Overtaken by fatigue, and without any hope of being rescued, the fly remained there, agonizing slowly.



How many people, attracted like the fly by the sweet appeal of easy things, see themselves drowning in them, unable to decipher the mystery, which that object contains, and which they presumed to possess and master.

The house of the apostles

A long time ago, in an estate located in a quiet area of the Republic, lived a young boy who had a modality that became a growing concern to his parents.

Their estate was old, regular in size and covered by trees, most of which gave fruit, forming secluded areas in some spots. The house, which was sunny, with a sober design had an imposing and pleasant aspect. It was totally covered by a green cloak, an ancient ivy that had the privilege of climbing between the great windows and witnessing several events, converted today into memories, which it silently keeps as a secret of impenetrable mysteries.

A series of sad events had turned this boy into a true hermit. Having become an orphan of the most precious of human affections since the age of five, his eyes were deprived of seeing the sweet and tender face of his mother.

One day, the boy anxiously asked for his mother. He wanted to see her. He felt an indescribable anxiety that made him seek the maternal lap, the tender and sublime refuge that can so easily comfort the tears that border the virgin eyelids of the first years of life when pain oppresses innocent hearts. Nobody dared to tell him the truth; but his small tepid white hands touched everything, moved everything...

As if a secret design had revealed to him something he could not understand, that empty space, which had before filled his existence was now veiled to his eyes, and his life became sad and silent. Every now and then he was found lying on his bed hiding his tearful face between his tiny hands. All efforts to entertain him or make him laugh were in vain, and he was heard saying that the only thing he wanted was to be allowed to sleep so that he could see his mother.

The old servant Mercurio, who did everything possible to entertain him and make him happy, ended up quite frequently by holding the boy in his arms to prevent him from seeing his own tears.

The games of the little hermit! Oh! How often had he revealed aptitudes that surprised his family! He spent many hours on the top of trees. He had often heard of Jesus and his apostles, and in one of his childish deeds he baptized each one of his favorite trees with the names of the famous disciples who lived during biblical times. And so, to the oldest one, a willow with dense foliage resembling the venerable head of an old man with a beard, he named Peter; a huge eucalyptus tree got the name of John; three fig trees were given the name of "The three Marys"; each one with its respective name, while other trees received in the boy's imagination, the names of the other apostles.

Quite often he was heard ordering Mercurio, in a stern tone used in his gestures of a little boss:

– Early tomorrow morning, take my stool close to Peter because I will have breakfast with him.

Other times, when he was forced to remain in bed, he often said to the faithful servant:

– Go and tell John that I am sick, and ask him to give you a few leaves to fumigate the room; this will do me a lot of good.

One day, his father ordered the pruning of one of the fig trees on the estate because it had not given much fruit. When the boy saw that, he broke out into bitter and heartbreaking sobs. They had destroyed one of his preferred sites! As he later caressed the fig tree with deep emotion, he said:

– Do not cry, Magdalene; I will ask God to let you grow other and more beautiful branches. Don't worry, I will take good care of you.

And every day, equipped with a stick and a watering can, he would spend hours working around it and watering it.

With heartfelt joy the boy saw, a few months later during spring, new branches sprouting where the cut had been made, becoming fully grown and covered with green, shining, fresh leaves.

Nobody could understand the boy's peculiarities.

Someone had once hammered a few nails in John, the old eucalyptus, in order to attach a wire. When the boy saw them, he ran to fetch a pair of pliers to pull them out, blaming Mercurio for having allowed somebody to hurt his Dear John, the producer of "snacks".

Martha, the pale rosebush that perfumed the breeze of the cool dawn of autumn, the same breeze that waved through the boy's hair, received his visit every day before nightfall; and he also took good care of it.

Tomorrow, I want you to have more open roses – he would say while he watered it.

And the vase on his night table always had his favorite flower, fruit of his tender care.

He also had his small birds that he loved so much. He would place them every day on the sites where he was used to spending long hours. There, he would talk to them, and "Wooden Leg" was the clown that always made him laugh. It was a black bird whose leg some kids had broken with a stone. He healed its leg and replaced it with another one made by Mercurio. As the boy gained the confidence of the blackbird, it became so tame that it would come out of its cage playing freely and whistling all the things that the young hermit had taught it.

During all his games the boy was accompanied by an aggressive and sturdy dog called Nato that would not allow anyone to approach him unless he was ordered to.

One day, as he was playing at the top of Mark, the solitary pine tree located in a corner of the estate, a group of bees suddenly

settled next to him. Far from being afraid, the boy looked at them with tenderness, and descending silently from the tree, ran to get Mercurio. A short time later, Mercurio had built a box which was quickly occupied by the new beehive. Every morning, the boy would approach them, calling them “my tiny workers”, and brought flowers to feed them.

– My boy! My boy! There is rich honey for you! – exclaimed Mercurio sometime later, bringing a honeycomb full of honey. It is from the bees!

This made the boy very happy.

And this was how he spent the years of his tender childhood.

One day, an event occurred that became etched in everybody’s mind: it was when the boy fell gravely ill. At that time, the doctors had exhausted all the resources of their science and had already given up any hope to save him, when suddenly the boy sat up, and in the paroxysm of his intense fever, he said:

– God wants me to live forever... And with a sigh he fell into a calm and tranquil sleep.

This happened a long time ago; and each time that I think about this boy, I see his trees crying with compassion as if they longed for something.

One day, the boy will return to caress his darling trees, and then there will be great celebrations and joy in the house of the apostles.

The smart man from Rioja

One day, in the province of La Rioja, a colonel in our army was witnessing twenty year old recruits being examined by doctors with the purpose of finding out whether or not they were fit to be drafted. One recruit, a huge fellow, came up, with an innocent look, and showed a closed fist, with the thumb tucked in so tight that not even with added assistance could the doctors open it.

When asked about it, he said that he had this since birth and he could never use his hand. Convinced that the man was inept to be drafted, the doctors dispensed him. But in that instant, the colonel, who was observing him closely decided to call him back saying:

– Tell me, young man, how was your hand before?

– It was this way, my colonel – replied spontaneously the smiling young man, showing his hand wide open.

The doctors and the colonel were awestruck, not knowing whether to laugh or to punish the recruit for such a farce.



As we reflected on this episode many years later, we extracted the following conclusion: that it is preferable to show oneself with an open soul, and never enclose oneself in a concept, whether one's own or someone else's, wanting to make believe to others what one is not, or what one does not have.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

Intermedio Logosófico

(Logosophical Intermission), 216 pages, 1950 ⁽²⁾

Introducción al Conocimiento Logosófico

(An Introduction to Logosophical Cognition), 494 pages, 1951 ^{(1) (2)}

Diálogos

(Dialogues), 212 pages, 1952 ⁽²⁾

Exégesis Logosófica

(Logosophical Exegesis), 110 pages, 1956 ^{(1) (2) (4) (6)}

El Mecanismo de la Vida Consciente

(The Mechanism of Conscious Life), 125 pages, 1956 ^{(1) (2) (4) (6)}

La Herencia de Sí Mismo

(Self Inheritance), 32 pages, 1957 ^{(1) (2) (4)}

Logosofía. Ciencia y Método

(Logosophy. Science and Method), 150 pages, 1957 ^{(1) (2) (4) (6) (8)}

El Señor de Sándara

(Mister de Sandara), 509 pages, 1959 ^{(1) (2)}

Deficiencias y Propensiones del Ser Humano

(Deficiencies and Propensities of the Human Being), 213 pages, 1962 ^{(1) (2) (4)}

Curso de Iniciación Logosófica

(Initiation Course Into Logosophy), 102 pages, 1963 ^{(1) (2) (4) (6) (7) (8)}

Bases para Tu Conducta

(Bases for Your Conduct), 55 pages, 1965 ^{(1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6)}

El Espíritu

(The Spirit), 196 pages, 1968 ^{(1) (2) (4) (7)}

Colección de la Revista Logosofía

(Collection of Published Logosophical Articles - Vols. I ⁽²⁾, II ⁽²⁾, III ⁽²⁾), 715 pages, 1980.

Colección de la Revista Logosofía

(Collection of Published Logosophical Articles - Vols. IV ⁽²⁾, V ⁽²⁾), 649 pages, 1982.

(1) in English

(2) in Portuguese

(3) in Esperanto

(4) in French

(5) in Catalan

(6) in Italian

(7) in Hebrew

(8) in German

MAIN LOGOSOPHICAL CULTURAL CENTERS AROUND THE WORLD

UNITED STATES

Miami

2640 Hollywood Blvd, Suite 112
Hollywood – FL 33020
Phone: 1-954-894-0936

New York

304 Park Avenue South, 11th Floor
NY – 10010
Phone: 1-212-590-2307

MEXICO

Mexico City

Huatusco, 35 – Planta Alta
Col. Roma Sur – C.P. 06760
Phone: 52-5-5584-6836

ARGENTINA

Buenos Aires

Av. Coronel Díaz, 1774 – 1425 – Buenos Aires
Phone: 54-11-4822-1238

URUGUAY

Montevideo

Avenida 8 de Octubre, 2662
C.P. 11600
Phone: 598-2-480-0710

VENEZUELA

Caracas

Av. Libertador – entre Palmas y Acacia
Ed. Yetesa, 1-B1- La Florida – 1050
Phone: 58-212-978-2049

SPAIN

Barcelona

Calle Comtes del Bell-lloc, 133 - Entlo. 4º - 08014
Phone: 34-93-490-2172

ISRAEL

Kfar Saba

Hakikar 4th Floor, Office 23
P.O.Box 776 Kfar Saba 44106
Phone: 972-9767-2434 / 9765-2549

Natanya

Hanegev 3
P.O.Box Ana Frank 2 Petach Tikva 49311
Phone: 972-9861-9206 / 3922-7877

BRAZIL

Belo Horizonte

Rua Piauí, 742
CEP 30150-320, MG
Phone: 55-31-3273-1717

Brasília

SHCG/Norte Q.704
CEP 70730-730, DF
Phone: 55-61-3326-4205

Florianópolis

Rua Deputado Edu Vieira, 150
CEP 88040-000, SC
Phone: 55-48-3333-6897

Rio de Janeiro

Rua General Polidoro, 36
CEP 22280-001, RJ
Phone: 55-21-2543-1138

São Paulo

Rua General Chagas Santos, 590
CEP 04146-051, SP
Phone: 55-11-5584-6648

AUSTRALIA

Sydney

P.O.Box 2258 Carlingford – Court NSW 2118
Phone: 61-2-9873-6463



Composto em Caecilia LT Std Roman 9.2

Impresso em xxx

ISBN 978-85-7097-096-1



9 788570 970961

www.editoralogosofica.com.br

The logosophical style, which is so unmistakable, appears perfectly clear in this book. The vigor of its expressions and the teaching that emerges from its pages will undoubtedly delight the reader, awakening in his soul kindred echoes that make him experience many pleasant sensations, as he notices strange affinities with his own inquietudes, modalities and inclinations.