

# RESURRECTION OF V.M. SAMAEL AUN WEOR

DECEMBER 27, 1977



—Rafael, hello. So, internally, you saw the resurrection of the Intimate Christ in Master Samael, in other words, the end of his second mountain?

—That is so.

On that trip to Mexico City, I attended the Master's funeral with others.

We went to the funeral home immediately after we arrived at the airport, and we stayed at a hotel.

We went in taxis to not waste time.

When we arrived, the missionaries took turns standing as honor guard around the white coffin of our V.M. Samael Aun Weor.

We gave our condolences to the family, which, logically, was deeply submerged in great pain, as were the missionaries but they were two different pains. We noticed the family's fatigue due to the sleepless night they lived. This was especially noticeable in Master Litelantes.

On such a day of mourning, the only thing we could do was spend it at the funeral home with everyone, and amid the family. I remember seeing a priest from the Catholic church arrive who, like in other funeral homes, came in and prayed.

They said things like the Master's hands were still warm, though the rest of his body was very cold. It was also said that a drop of blood welled up from one of the Master's eyes.

And so I saw the Master: his very white and pale face, all dressed as a knight of the Holy Grail, and this included his long headdress from head to toe, which was the same sacred vestment he used for the liturgy during the Guadalajara congress, in the rituals of the fifth, sixth, and seventh degrees. I was able to stay there contemplating that body, and I did, always containing my emotion, just as I think all those present did, so as not to behave as we usually do when facing a being we love who is no longer there.

I felt (and confirmed it with a few others) that the family was waiting for the physical resurrection of the Master exactly on the third day from that December 24 when he expired his last breath, that is, on December 27. Meanwhile, little or nothing was mentioned about the living mummy.

Full with so many impressions from the day of the trip, and that day at the funeral home on December 26, we went to rest at the hotel. These were our comments about what was experienced that day (surely of many others, too), "Will the Master resurrect in that body? And if that doesn't happen, what will happen to the leadership of the International Gnostic Movement?" There was only one answer, that of uncertainty.

At dawn between the 26<sup>th</sup> and 27<sup>th</sup>, that night or early morning, I had the wonderful experience of being in front of that white coffin once again but in the astral body, and this time I was at V.M. Samael Aun Weor's feet. That moment was so short that it only allowed me to glimpse at the other end of the coffin, the end by the Master's head, Mr. Celestino López, who was the Abbot of the missionary courses that were held in the Summum Supremum Sanctuarium of the Sierra Nevada in Santa Marta, Colombia. There were other witnesses on either side who did not seem familiar to me perhaps because I was staring only at the Master's face. Suddenly, the unexpected happened, the Master opened his eyes with a far-away gaze into the infinite sky. They were eyes of amazement, or rather of great mystical ecstasy. This was shocking for me. It was even more shocking when the Master sat up, and his arms, which were crossed like the Egyptian pharaohs, opened out in the form of a cross, and an abundant amount of blood spurted out of the stigmata in his palms, which splashed onto my white shirt, which I watched in amazement. I also saw that this blood fell on those who only a moment ago were contemplating him. Out of that entire great moment, what struck me most was the Master's gaze toward the infinite sky.

I immediately returned to the physical body, very excited. It was then impossible to sleep. I did nothing but think and think about it. Again and again I reconstructed what I had lived. The day dawned, and we went to the funeral home. I didn't share this with anyone. At the funeral home, nobody commented on what happened

internally on the 27<sup>th</sup>. They only made preparations to take the Master's body to the cemetery where his body would be cremated. The farewell to the Master before putting him into the funeral car was so sad. Everyone who had concealed their feeling of love for the Master, which was that of pure gratitude, wept. Behind that funeral vehicle, we crossed the city to the cemetery; it was a very long route in cars, and traffic police directed on their motor vehicles. I heard no comments about the Master's resurrection, on the contrary, there was an atmosphere of doubt about what was conquered by our Master in this whole final process of the second mountain. We arrived at the place, and the wait was so long that everyone present gradually said goodbye to the Master, and only a very small group remained. At the end of that long afternoon of waiting, the ashes of the Master came and, since there were so few of us, we could touch them while they were still hot.

I didn't share the experience of the Master's resurrection with the family or with the Master [Litelantes]. I was very young. I came to the conclusion in those days that no one would give any importance to my experience since they all wanted a resurrection like that of Jesus. With the passing of time, the Gnostic Movement divided, everyone looking for the one they considered to be the Master's best successor. And my experiences with the Master continued. That's why I said a while ago, after the Master's death and resurrection, I've been able to see him more. At my age today, and with the experience of the mission, there's no doubt I would have shouted to everyone in solemn assembly, "The Master triumphed!" Today, the Master is a resurrected one, and he finished the third mountain quite some time ago with the body of the living mummy.

**Zoroastro**

