

## DEDICATION

This small booklet is dedicated to all the human beings who search for something better, a higher reality, something they yearn for and even intuit, without really knowing what they are searching for, who feel a kind of uneasiness with everything and about everything: their job, their studies, money, possessions, other people, even their so-called friends. All of this has now become empty for them, vain, boring, senseless, like it happens to a child who, without knowing how, suddenly loses his fascination for playing with the toys he had loved so much.

Be glad! You are about to reach a higher stage of the spiritual life, as a result of the evolution you have attained. Don't despair! The unknown is always frightening. Have faith, and you will discover surprising things! More than anything else, you will have the peace and love that no amount of wealth can provide.

But if you are satisfied with what you have, what you do, and what you live, this "Message" is not meant for you. It would be wrong for you to try to know about it just out of intellectual curiosity. If you are not interested in it, it's because your moment has not come. Go on living your life, making sure that what you do is consistent with what you think. This suffices for now.

JUAN ESTEBAN FERNÁNDEZ

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## INTRODUCING MYSELF

I was born almost fifty-five years ago, in Mexico City, D.F., where I have lived most of my life.

Through the years, I have suffered two great “existential crises.”

At the age of twenty-five, my world fell apart for the first time, along with all the hodgepodge of knowledge and ideas – self-taught or learned from others – that was the product of the highly varied and contradictory formation I had received.

At first, it was the ultra Catholic religious formation, which, at least in the school I attended, would allow only one “menu” to be served.

Later on, I experienced a kind of liberation when I got to the “liberal” high school and university, where I had to learn to view the world from another perspective, quite infected with totalitarian theories, and where, coincidentally, only one “menu” was served, which, nevertheless, did not prevent the people there from presuming to be “democratic.”

And if that were not enough, it occurred to me to pursue a career in journalism at the very moment when those circles were at the height of their corruption, cynicism, skepticism and lack of moral integrity.

So, then, with all these ingredients and antecedents, you can imagine the “intellectual salad” I had within me. There were moments when I didn’t know whether I was coming or going, moving forward or backward. Naturally, I indulged in certain excesses, because I assumed that they would soothe my frustration and desperation for not knowing – from the religious-philosophical point of view – how to orient my life, since at that stage I found it very hard to believe in anyone or in anything.

I kept searching in literature for some inspiration, until,

unexpectedly, I came across the writings of Miguel de Unamuno, whose two works, *The Agony of Christianity*, and especially, *The Tragic Sense of Life in Men and in Peoples*, became a spiritual oasis for me, where for many years I found my rest.

From Unamuno, I learned two lessons: first, that the only thing that falls to the man of “flesh and bones” – as he liked to call him – is TO BE SINCERE WITH HIMSELF, to be what he is; namely, that there must be a consistency in man between his deepest feelings and his way of acting – what today I call “living according to conscience” – for otherwise he would be a perfect hypocrite. But one needs a great deal of courage to be able to defend these principles. It is a struggle that can even cost us our life, but it’s the only thing we can do in order to get to God. In the end, the price Unamuno had to pay for his courage was his imprisonment during the final days of his life.

The other lesson was that man very easily lets his life be run by others, especially by organizations, be they economic, political, religious or social, due to his intellectual laziness and the fear of accepting the risk of his freedom and self-consistency. Unamuno was also very consistent in this sense, for he would equally write in favor or against persons and institutions. He used to say: “Why do you try to box me in? I am myself, and I do not belong to anyone but to myself and to God.” It is not surprising that all the powerful institutions in Spain tried to give him the cold shoulder, but the brilliant example of his life produced followers like José Ortega y Gasset, a disciple who, according to many, surpassed his teacher.

Nevertheless, Unamuno represents reason that, utilizing faith, tries to get to the Divine – an altogether impossible task! Herein lies the reason for his “tragic sense of life,” because he was unable to fully prove his philosophical

concepts.

Anyhow, I was left with the peace of mind of knowing that I was struggling to be what I am and was defending the truth I have believed in, which, as usual, has cost me not a few problems in my daily life.

The second “existential crisis” hit me shortly before my fortieth birthday. Coincidentally, psychologists call it “the syndrome of the 40’s.”

I clearly remember the moment: I was driving to the center of Mexico City to attend a work meeting at the company I worked for.

While waiting for the green light, it came to me that I was driving a brand new car. In a flash I remembered that I had just bought a whole bunch of clothes on my last trip to the United States border. Then I remembered that my first daughter had just been born, that I was living a fully happy life with my second wife, in a very nice apartment, as was to be expected of an executive of my rank. In short, all was happiness for Juan Esteban and family.

All of a sudden, a tiny intellectual “itching” began to make me feel uneasy. What kind of “happiness” was I referring to?

Well, the one that our elders always told us about: “If you study, work hard and are ‘good,’ you’ll get a good job, a good wife; you’ll have a house, a car, all kinds of conveniences, a television, a blender and everything else that constitutes the so-called ‘American way of life.’ As a result of all this, you will be esteemed and loved by all and, like magic!, in theory you will be happy.”

But... Why wasn’t I truly happy?

Something collapsed inside me. That “happiness” was like a “labyrinth of mirrors” that led me nowhere. I felt an urgent need to search for other paths and other things that could truly

satisfy me.

In this second half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, such a “syndrome” shows up in those people whose position, apparently successful, no longer means anything to them. It is a disconcerting situation because the anxiety to liberate oneself and to break away from what is established is so great that many executives destroy their careers through alcoholism, or by devoting themselves to chasing after young girls. They get divorced, they remarry; they get involved in risky businesses, or in some other activity that, although not producing much money, gives them a greater sense of “self-realization.”

But it is very hard to live all this, for if a person doesn't have something higher to trust in, he can definitively lose his bearings, not knowing exactly what he wants, or where he is headed, falling into the “negative nothingness” of Jean Paul Sartre, who, having discovered the “nausea” and the “existential absurdity,” was unable to go beyond that, and so he ended his days by killing himself through alcoholism, just like Albert Camus and other followers of that same philosophical trend.

From my reading of Unamuno, I was left with the certainty – something like the dawning of an “intuition” – that only someone who would have received new Revelations could take us off the “toy horses” of the “merry-go-round” ride upon which reason had mounted us, because we were doing nothing else than going around in circles. This is so because reason, from this viewpoint, cannot give more of itself, since it is definitely not possible for it to ascend to the Divine. It is the Divine that must descend in order to make itself known, as the mystics of all religions have been able to verify.

So it was that one sleepless night, after several months of struggle, finding myself in a state of despair because we had lost all the family assets and I hadn't the remotest idea of what to do or where to go, feeling defeated and humiliated, I

implored the Lord, in tears, to take the reins of my life, for I no longer knew “anything about anything.”

Ever since that night, I waited, with the “eyes of my soul” wide open, for “something” to happen that would finally put an end to such anguish. And one fine day my sister Concepción showed up with a little booklet written by José Barriuso entitled *Sal de ella, pueblo mío* [Come out of her, my people]. Reading it, and feeling with all the fibers of my being that the moment had come, was all one. It was the presentation of the books of a “Message,” transmitted by a Venezuelan woman, by the name of Josefina Chacín Ducharne, *la esclava del Señor*, [the slave of the Lord], whereby he brings out its significance for the present-day world, for all of us who were waiting for something new.

Ever since then, my family’s life has gone through great changes, in which we can sense how we are being led by the hand in our journey along the path that is taking us home, to the Father’s house, where this great experience is leading us. This is, as J. R. Guillent Pérez liked to say, the “greatest adventure” that present-day man can live.

At present we own nothing, but neither do we lack anything. We live a perpetual miracle, thinking only of the present moment. Fear affects us only when we cease to live out our faith.

The “Message” gets us to confront ourselves crudely, without palliatives. Only in this way do we come to recognize our unworthiness and our inability to become better persons, but since we know that we are “children of Love,” this grace is sufficient for us.

JUAN ESTEBAN FERNÁNDEZ

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## INTRODUCING JOSEFINA

It is enough to read the books written by Josefina, “the messenger,” to realize that something great has actually taken place in her. The concepts, the discoveries, the way of expressing them, the purity of language and style, free of superfluous adornments, make us feel that none of this could have come from her, as the fruit of her own effort, and, even more so, when we learn that her formal schooling never went beyond the second grade.

This is a key element in the matter, for great knowledge is received by man as a gift. By reading Krishnamurti – another personage of this century in whom such “enlightenment” has taken place – one can understand that man does nothing else but accumulate in his memory the thoughts that are given to him, and this memorization is what is called “wisdom,” culture, erudition, etc. But the true “inspiration” or “intuition” can only come to man from beyond himself.

This has always upset those who consider themselves persons of “merit,” capable of making great discoveries, since the pride of believing themselves to be a somebody or something special is soon thrashed by someone else who, having nothing, is granted the gift of reaching definitive heights in human history.

We have the example of Francis of Assisi, who was not even a priest, nor did he study to be a religious. Krishnamurti himself never belonged to any church or religion.

Another fundamental key is the example set by the life of the one who transmits the knowledge he has received.

Perhaps this is the hardest thing of all, because we are all very good at “preaching and counseling” others, but not at practicing what we preach....

Josefina doesn't try to convince anybody. She is not looking for proselytes. She's not conditioned by anything or anyone. She doesn't belong to any institution, a fact that fully guarantees her freedom, independence, and lack of interest in creating institutions....

JUAN ESTEBAN FERNÁNDEZ

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