



ACADEMY OF ANCESTRAL WISDOM

Superior Course in Theurgy



Crystal Vessels
Venezuelan children of the
XXI century Venezuela

Introduction

Good afternoon to all. We are reopening the works, organized in conjunction with our Study Center, for the cycle of the year 2022, wishing you all a happy new year.

We reinitiate this lecture on behalf of Maestro Domingo Días Porta and his wife María Guadalupe Abundis, Action for World Unity [A.U.M.], The Academy of Ancestral Wisdom, the Commonwealth for Solar Indian America, the Free Course of Oriental Studies of the Department of Philosophy of the Faculty of Humanities and Education of the Universidad de los Andes, the Experimental Center of Art-Gallery 'La Otra Banda' of the General Directorate of Culture of the Universidad de los Andes, the Eros Foundation and the Una Nota por la Salud Foundation.

Today's lecture will be in charge of a very dear friend, a notable doctor from the city of Mérida (Venezuela), who has been linked for more than four decades, to the 'Solidaridad' project of the Universal Great Brotherhood and dedicated to his foundation, of which he is the founder and president of Una Nota por la Vida (A note for Life). As musician and doctor, he has procured to carry a message and attend to the needs of this important sector of society. Today he is going to talk to us about a sensitive issue, about the problem of Venezuelan children in the XXI century, the moments we are experiencing. Without further ado, I leave you in the hands of our dearest friend, Dr. Eduardo Villarreal, who will share his experience on this topic.

Congratulations everyone.

Thank you very much, happy afternoon to all and welcome 2022. As I was coming to this place, I found something interesting, I found this small backpack, and I'm going to see what's in that bag, let's find out! There's like a case, like a wallet, there's a big crayon, right? There are also some crayons inside. There are some other things, like a "runche", (a disc with two holes and 2 thin ropes), a "gurrufin" (a homemade toy), yes? Do you know about it? Okay, good, let's continue; let's continue to find out what else is in here. There is a notebook too. Who knows what this is...? what's it called? *Perinola!* (whirligig)! —responds an assistant— very well, a whirligig, we also call it "coca".

Very well, let's continue digging: a spinning top, a rubber ball; and here is a notebook, a child's notebook, all of (...); I know it's from a child. We're going to find out what's in this notebook. It has some addresses, some classmates' names, etc., yes? Some homework, okay, and here, okay, continue... Here is something interesting, there is a letter. There is a letter that the boy writes, and the letter goes like this:

To all Venezuelan parents who are, who have been and will be; what I am writing here in these lines is the purest feeling of what many of us children who were born in this land called Venezuela experience. They haven't written it, but I'll write it for them.

I was born in the little zinc house that is on the edge of the road; the road is a river of red mud, very clayey in the winter and a whirlpool of brick-colored red dust in the summer. I was born in today's Venezuela, the Venezuela of the 21st century, in the Venezuela of shortages, just like not knowing my father. My mom gave me all her love and support to get ahead, however, many times she unloaded all her frustration and bad mood on me, and I even remember that I once told her: Mom, remember that I did not decide to be born! I left my house when I was very young and I got lost in the streets of the city selling some lollipops, some candies, and flowers, so I wouldn't have to beg for alms, because I thought this is what some children my age call freedom. Since I didn't have enough money from the sale of lollipops and



flowers, in desperation, I learned to steal. Stealing was a way to survive, I was even about to die forgotten; neglected of hunger and malnutrition.

Without realizing it, I found a source of meaningless joy and for a moment I managed to forget my loneliness. My mother is no longer in Venezuela. Mom traveled to some country in South America.

Mom, I haven't seen you for two years! I can't feel you; I can't hear you, I can't smell you!

Mom! I only know about you in the What's App videos, on the tablet you gave me for my last birthday. Remember mom that my best gift is you. Mom! How much I wish and want for you to be here in Venezuela, with me, even if you scold me when I misbehave and when I do mischief.

I miss the "arepitas" (a type of corn pancakes) with *perico* (a type of sauce) that no one else prepares like you. Mom! Send us only what is useful and necessary, because what my little brothers and I need most is your love and mother's affection. I don't want to boast by having sophisticated gadgets, clothes, or name-brand shoes, to fill the space that my mother occupies in my heart, nor will other children in my school surprise me, the few times that I go, with state-of-the-art cell phones. I am not interested in that. Mom, I need you with me, even if I don't have a cell phone.

Remember mom that what we will always carry in our memory will be that beautiful return and our meeting here in Venezuela, because this is my house and patio that God gave us to live and play in freedom.

This is how the days go by, and without thinking about tomorrow I learned that my hunger could wait and could even be forgotten. Yes, I found a partner who could change my reality and from that moment the drug became my ally and my accomplice, for it made me forget my reality and at times also forget my loneliness. Furthermore, no one even said anything to help me, and I knew that here in Venezuela, even though I was a minor, I could do whatever I wanted, some call that freedom. Could we call that freedom? Does a thief deserve to be free? Is being addicted to drugs having freedom?

One day, sitting on the sidewalk at the edge of the street, I saw a boy my age, standing in front of a toy store window. He was undecided about which toy to choose to buy. My only option was to continue my way through the city's streets, with no other distraction than my loneliness.

Inwardly I heard in my ears some cries that told me: you're free! You're free! You're free! However, I heard those cries of freedom and asked myself: Am I free? I am free and I don't have a place to eat, I am free, and I don't have a place to sleep. I'm free and I don't have a place to play. What is freedom? I asked myself. Is it choice or resignation, presence or absence, illusion or disappointment, construction or destruction, love, or grudge, live or die?

God, I beg you, help me find my way! I know that there are people who talk about realization, success, prosperity, progress; help me to fulfill myself, give me the knowledge, the intelligence and the wisdom to live. Give me life to be what I must become, because I want to change my reality, find my future, build my future, have my family, and achieve a big dream. To heaven in my prayers, I say: God, I beg you, give not only me, give to all the children of my country Venezuela, a family, education, health, food, joy, opportunities, determination and courage, and I will learn to use that gift that the Universe and God gave me at the moment of my birth, because that gift is what we can call freedom. God, I want to be a free child, a happy child so I can love and play in freedom.



This letter is signed by a Venezuelan child who could be your child, could be my child, who wants to find a reason to exist and a reason to live.

History... history is not only read, history is always lived, and then history is also written. We Venezuelans are writing a story with the footprints of our feet and the bottom of our soles. It will be a new story on shiny paper of this present world that the grandmothers will tell, it will be the new story, it will be the new version of the history of Venezuela. Approximately two and a half decades have passed since the 50th anniversary of the holocaust of the Jews perpetrated by the Nazis, and at that time, when the German prime minister spoke, he said: "Approximately one million five hundred thousand children died in that

tragedy, it is not known how many more". In Venezuela nobody knows how many children die from hunger and malnutrition, due to lack of medicine and medical supplies, but the worst is that those children die forgotten.

I want to ask you: What is a child for you? A child... a child is a crystal vessel or glass, transparent, only that glass is not empty, it is full of dreams, illusions, hopes and opportunities, and is waiting for someone to fill it up; that's a child to me. When a child is born, he has no nationality, no religion, no dogmas, no beliefs, no paradigms, no grudges, no colors, no race, no nationality, no nationalism, nor profession, or fanaticism.

That child is a divine potential, marvelous, extraordinary, a crystal vessel, and it is in our hands and in our conscience what we will put inside, where will we put it, and what are we going to fill it with. We could fill the child with faith, joy, love, affection, understanding, principles, purposes, values, virtues; or we could fill it with adversity, conformism, envy, mediocrity, resentment, hatred, or revenge; however, we all have to know that when these glasses are full of the latter they will be able to destroy, steal, rape and even kill. Surely there are others that are really empty, who will be able to train as snipers who for a coin, senseless and worthless, will snuff the lives of other human beings.

For this reason, when you want to give children a toy, never give them a weapon, much less a metal one, give them some brushes, a canvas, and some colors, so that with a "cuatro" (musical instrument) and some maracas, will sing to you a "joropo" (rhythm), like many tenors do.

That is why...that is why I invite you, for our children, we must, for our children, to edify Venezuela, save Venezuela, build Venezuela, to make our country a brilliant Venezuela, like a diamond, for them, for our children. Then, when this happens, the country begins to grow, the country begins to change its color, and the country begins to have another vibration. For them, for our children, let's continue, it is important! You and I have a commitment to this time, we have a commitment to our mother, and we have a commitment to this mother called Venezuela and we must...

I learned that wishes come from God and that they are written on divine parchments that only the human being who wishes the greatest... and the greatest for Venezuela, is inspired by God to do something divine. Let's make this a patent reality, latent!

In recent days, playing with some children, I asked them what the feminine of man is. And one of them answered: the feminine of man, he said very cleverly and mischievously, is hunger.

This is why, for our children, we must build a new Venezuela. We must move forward. We must make Venezuela shine like a diamond. We must make sure that our children are the best, that our children are the brilliant ones, and then, continue forward, for them. God is asking us to help save Venezuela, for Venezuela is not only a territory, Venezuela is not only a nationality, Venezuela is not only twenty-three states, Venezuela is not only a nation or a multicolored flag, Venezuela is the womb of my mother, just as it is the womb of all the mothers who were born and gave birth on this land. Venezuela is the womb of all the women who are pregnant with hope and greatness.



Venezuela is the children of the future of my country. Venezuela is the dreams of the Liberator. Let us not allow those who wear olive green to continue to trample on them. Venezuela...Venezuela is the bread and the "arepa" for breakfast; Venezuela is the nourishment of every day, Venezuela is the corn, the cassava and the yucca. Venezuela is the hot coffee for the cold. Venezuela is cacao and *Barvolento* drums. Venezuela is our "hallaca" (tamale) at Christmas, because always the best "hallaca"...the best hallaca is made by my mother. Venezuela is cupcakes, turnovers, and Andean "chicha" (corn beverage). Venezuela is black gold, bright gold, we are coal, "and we are diamond.

Venezuela is orchid, "frailejón" (glacier), and "Araguaney" (a tree). Venezuela is Pico Bolívar and Catatumbo lightning. Venezuela is five sacred eagles: UCV, ULA, LUZ, the Caribay y la Oriente. Venezuela is "La Chinita", La

Coromoto, and La Virgen de la Paz. Venezuela is the harp, the “cuatro”, and the maracas. Venezuela... Venezuela is all of us. Venezuela is you. Venezuela is us. Venezuela is you and me.

When I am outside Venezuela and someone has asked me where I am from: I am not *from* Venezuela, I *am* Venezuela! And all our children who walk around abandoned, although they are not my children, they are also my children. And they could also be *my* brothers; they could also be *your* brothers.

For them, for our children, we must continue and move forward: to bring great brilliance to our Venezuelan children. That is why we have... we have in our hands that responsibility, that purpose, that virtue of being able to reach all of them. So, we must continue doing what God ask us. And then, we will continue... we will continue forward, we will continue to shine with our own light!

Followed by Venezuelan music and dance...

Superior Course in Theurgy, By the Ven. Master T. A-O Domingo Días Porta

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