

52. *The New Fire. The end and the beginning of time.*



(Dancers at Zócalo by the Mexican New Year ceremony)

The Nahual knowledge journeys in Mexico, which I began in 2008, have now come to their conclusion. Our group, named for its shared characteristics and experiences— *“Tezcatlipoca: Dead Space, Pink Living Space”*—brought forth a force so powerful that the processes of deep death and rebirth became uniquely enchanting. The flow we experienced in our skin and blood brought a timeless lightness even to the hardest moments, transforming them into experiences of beauty, fullness, wonder, and joy.

I could not have imagined a more harmonious, complete, and radiant farewell. An era has ended.

It is difficult to summarize all the highlights of the journey, but at its core, it was a profound inner journey, a deep immersion into the spiritual traditions of a millennial culture that is now in decline. From the very beginning, the group felt the ancient, potent energy of this land, expressed through rituals, symbols, and practices handed down over generations.

Our trip began at the witches’ market, where we met David, a medicine man of the Nahual tradition. His hospitality, continuous wisdom, and guidance have accompanied us through all these years, providing support, healing treatments, and counsel to groups from many nations.

The following day, we visited the leaders of the Mexican Nahual tradition: Master Meza and his counterpart, Doña Angelina. We were answering an invitation extended over a year earlier, when I told Master Meza of my plan to organize a final journey from Europe to Mexico. Given his responsibilities in running the Calpulli (the Nahual school), his age (88), and his health, we did not know if he would have the strength to welcome us. Yet, in good spirits, he and Angelina received us as honored guests, dedicating time and energy to our visit.

Special moments unfolded as this Nahual couple *“saw”* the group, instantly perceiving its energy and power. For the first time in her life, Angelina showed us, allowed us to touch, and even photographed some of the Poposhkomotl (sacred burner) that had accompanied her throughout her life—a precious gift.

We shared a long meal by a river, conversing for hours. The next day, Maestro Meza welcomed us again, preparing breakfast and spending the morning in conversation, laughter, and the intimate sharing of his wisdom. I recorded a message for the German and Italian Calpulli, in which his words of recognition and gratitude for my work spreading the Mexican Nahual tradition over the past 26 years deeply moved me.

These conversations evoked a flood of memories—decades of teachings, debates, clashes, and shared adventures that shaped the path we walked together. Maestro Meza is an integral part of my life, alongside my parents.

Among the most intense experiences were the sacred “trabajos” (“jobs”) in southern Mexico City: the Temazcal (sweat lodge) ceremony, the peyote ceremony, and the initiation ritual of passage of the Poposhkomotl, the sacred burner of the Nahuatl tradition. Everything took place under a starry night sky, amplifying every emotion.

Peyote, or Hikuri, the sacred medicine of the Huichol people, opened the mind, connecting us to our spirit, to the spirits of the place, and—to borrow their words—“*to the very beating heart of the cosmos*”. Between ancestral chants, the sound of the drum, and the speaking silence of the fire, we received visions, insights, and deep reflections that expanded our consciousness. It was an intense, sometimes destabilizing, yet profoundly transformative experience.



(The fire speaks its mind during the Hikuri ritual)

The Temazcal was especially powerful. For three hours, time dissolved, leading participants to confront their own death and surrender themselves, releasing what was unnecessary or resistant to change. With 52 glowing stones, there was no escape, “*death*” stripped, purified, and allowed the seed of the true Self to emerge. The lesson was clear: listening and vulnerability are essential for authentic growth. Rebirth was already unfolding.

Equally profound was the Poposhkomi initiation rite of passage, lasting twelve consecutive hours in its “*light*” version (the full ritual lasts 24 hours). Around the fire, we alternated between contemplation, reflection, and vision, supporting one participant’s initiatory journey. As the ritual concluded, old mental and behavioral patterns were broken, and the ego dissolved into flames and smoke, along with the sacred burner itself. Exhausted but renewed, we emerged with a transformed relationship to the fire, the Poposhkomotl, and ourselves.

Time itself seemed to bend during the journey. In Nahuatl understanding, time flows materially through the human blood. In ritual contexts, we experienced a continuum where time ceased to exist, space expanded, and everyday life faded into sacred presence. The three-and-a-half-hour Temazcal felt like a single, extended breath. Past, present, and future lost meaning, and only the individual present—the “*only possible time*”—remained. In this suspended state, the Nahuatl was revealed.

The second part of the journey focused on integrating these experiences through gentler, reflective activities.

We visited Teotihuacán, one of Mexico’s most iconic and sacred sites, celebrating a ceremony at the sacred Nahuatl tree in connection with the Italian Calpulli. This ancient tree, standing beside the Avenue of Death leading to the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon, has always held a deep significance for me—it “found me,” nurturing the vision of building an intercultural bridge between Mexico and Europe. Participants of every trip to Mexico planted at this spot intentions through a bridging ritual and nourished the connection between our lands.



(Poposhkomotl initiation rite of passage)

At the National Museum of Anthropology, we “*dialogued*” with artifacts, including the Sun Stone, the foundation of the time-counting system. In the exposition’s rooms, we created a suspended space-time phenomenon, isolated yet connected despite the crowds. The energy of the fire we experienced during the peyote rituals manifested in the ancient objects.

The journey culminated in the Mexican New Year ceremony, marking the end of a 52-year cycle. The sacred fire, kept alive for the entire cycle, was extinguished, beginning a gestation period that will culminate in the birth of the new fire in 2027. We danced at dawn to Huehue, a sacred drum; accompanied our intentions; and honored both the end of the cycle and the birth of the new one.

We continued celebrations at the Zócalo with dancers of the tradition. On the next day we spontaneously visited the Guadalupe Tonantzin sanctuary, paying respects to the Great Mother Earth.



(New Year Ceremony, Ce Toshtli.- one rabbit)



(The 52-year cycle comes to its end, another cycle begins)

Final Reflections

The diffusion of the Nahuatl tradition in Europe began at a pivotal moment in my life: my “death” in 2000. The details—physical death, resuscitation, and return to life—are well known. From this transition, the vision arose that in 2008 led to the first Nahuatl knowledge journey in Mexico, allowing participants to experience the tradition at its origin and creating a bridge between continents.

From 2008 to 2019, the journeys continued despite challenges, including resistance to sharing these teachings with foreigners—a wound from 600 years of colonial conquest still felt deeply. Over time, reconciliation occurred: the Nahuatl culture brought healing to foreigners, and foreigners brought openness and healing to the Nahuatl community. This is the bridge we built together. The rest—the teachings, rituals and life changes—was an organic consequence of a greater, subtle process.

Today, the Nahuatl tradition in Mexico faces decline. Original teachings are being lost, ritual practices are becoming esoteric, and fundamental principles are forgotten. Ancient masters are gone, and the last, Master Meza, is preparing to depart. The council of elders has dissolved, leaving a power vacuum. The living Nahuatl has faded.

I understood long ago that the tradition’s principles would reach a kind of death, from which the seed of knowledge would need to be carried to Europe. This essence of growth is what matters most. A single seed can grow into a tree that one day bears fruit.

In 2019, I felt the need to celebrate one final group during the conclusion of the 52-year cycle in 2026, returning to the beginning and end of time, to death and rebirth and opening to a life of endless possibilities. In this case, we called it “*a life in pink*”. I could not have imagined a more expansive, beautiful, and harmonious experience. This was not a farewell; it was a welcome to life, to identity, to new skin, a more open heart, and a shift in perspective.

I can only express gratitude to all who participated, helped build the bridge, and nurtured the seed we carried in our physical, intimate, and personal lands. Tlazocamati!



(The Pyramid of the Sun at Teotihuacan)



(The Nahuatl tree at Teotihuacan)

In Lak Ech!

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