

VIRGILIO GUTIERREZ

Virgilio Gutierrez is a wonderful and charming person. He is in his seventies, but his expressions are that of a child. He is not tall, thin, with very piercing eyes... Three dogs and two dozen parrots surround him... When you stand next to him a state of peace overwhelms you, which somehow brings you back to your childhood.

I visited him with my friends Gregory and Olga, in Quezon City (Manila). His home was very difficult to find with no street indications... Instead of a wall and door, his front entrance is a green metal latticework, leading into two small rooms; in the room where he welcomes his visitors are cages with noisy parrots, covering the whole wall, chattering and throwing grain on the floor. As we sit with him, his dogs come and sleep at his feet. On the wall



opposite the parrots are various pictures and several Orthodox icons, gifts from Russian visitors; he told us he liked them so much for their beauty. In the next room is an altar with a statue of the Virgin Mary and an oak table for "healings," a gift of one Russian, who was cured by Virgilio. The next day this table was broken, because of a heavy patient, weighting over 150 kg; Virgilio was very sad about it. He put the desk under it, because the legs were not solid enough to hold it... But Virgilio didn't want to get rid of the broken table, replacing it with a new one, because for him objects are like human friends and they are full of his energy and memories.

Virgilio has no assistants, and he does everything very slowly. On the first visiting day, he inspects his patient, and the next day he does Spiritual "healings." He does not go into a trance because, I suppose, that it is his very state of mind. Before the treatment, he massages the areas to be healed and prays. Everything is simple, quiet. If you ask him questions, he answers. He works on the skin with hands, stretching, pressing and then a few drops of blood appears... He picks up something, pulls it out and pushes the skin back in place; he then wipes the blood away. All his movements are very smooth and slow...

After the "healing," we sat together to take pictures with his dogs laid in front: the little Pug dog sneaked in the minute she saw the camera, and just sat there looking into the lens! She is a very cute animal and loves to be petted by the visitors. When Virgilio does healing, the dogs like to lie under the healing table, just to feel his energy.

The next day, I visited him again and this time the dogs were tied, so I asked why; Virgilio answered me that not all visitors like dogs; he ties them so that they do not disturb his visitors. I replied that since they came for help at his home, why should he change his ways? He smiled at me and did not answer. I felt that he wanted everyone to be comfortable in his home! I visited him usually in the morning, when he was alone. Once I arrived later and he had four Russian visitors, brought by an agent named Julia, who earned money that way. They were smoking at

the entrance and discussing which bar to go to celebrate their treatment! I was dumbstruck... Thank God no one asked my opinion; we talked for a while until they learned that I had also visited Ester Bravo and asked for her address in Urdaneta; I gave it to them, meeting Julia's distasteful gaze.



The same day, I was able to talk with Virgilio for over four hours! In addition to the treatment, he taught me how to protect my good energy and getting rid of the negative one, and also how to clean my aura. As he worked, I asked him personal questions about his life and the people he had met... Thus I learned that in 1998, he had "healed" Boris Yeltsin the President of Russia, advising him to resign. The same year, in June, Virgilio travelled to Siberia and can still show the original Aeroflot plane ticket today. He talked to me about the photos on the walls, visibly recounting his life, some with celebrities, many of them damaged by the biggest flood in Manila of 2009...

He treated a Windsor princess in England on an invitation by the Royal family, and rescued from death the son of the French Ambassador to the Philippines. He also healed members of the Royal family of Brunei, and the former president of the Philippines. Strangely, it is difficult for him to heal outside of the Philippines; after three requests, Canada still refuses him an entry visa because "spiritual healings" are banned there. As for the United States, it took a special request by the president of the Philippines to allow him access. However, because "spiritual healings" are also banned there, he was warned not to perform them inside the country. Will you call them free countries after that? Countries where the Holy Spirit is prohibited... Why would they forbid people from touching each other? Healers only use their hands, nothing else.

Our reality is official medicine and pharmaceutical companies, lobbying such laws... So, official medicine seriously recognizes such interaction in the body and they do not consider this to be impossible? It's interesting, when you think about it...

Virgilio is married, but lives alone. He has two sons and a daughter; it seems they possess the same gift that he himself inherited from his parents. He recalls that when he learned he was able to heal and see the aura of people, he did not want this... At the end of the 20th century he was the most famous healer in the Philippines, but stopped when the death of a friend robbed him of all his powers. Today he is coming back to "healings," gradually, receiving more and more people.

Virgilio talks quietly, often looking away or not finishing his sentences, but he answers questions in detail and remembers all dates perfectly! This surprised me because he always seems to dwell in much higher matters; yet all his answers are precise and to the point as if you are his only subject of interest. He tells me that he fasts and prays all the time; that in his youth friends brought him to disco bars where he realized he lost much of his energy.

None of us can imagine all of the human body's capabilities; we use it to achieve pleasures, but it is more complicated than that. Some can walk on water or others painlessly and safely open the skin! It is stupid to say that something cannot exist just because we do not know how it works!

During my stay there, I wondered if the Philippines were a chosen country, or more simply, that they just hadn't forgotten their ancient traditions. I believe that in the past, there were people like Virgilio everywhere around the world, but that modern medicine and bureaucracies supplanted this knowledge. Such freedom of the soul goes against set rules around the world. Governments need obedient masses to ensure they maintain their power and economies; therefore, they need to influence or even control our bodies and minds from our very childhood, what with zombie mind games, addictive brand names and junk food filled with hormones and GMO... Only then is their world safe from independent creativity that can challenge their authority!

Here is a mini interview with Virgilio

N.B.: What was your happiest day in life?

V.G.: *(Thinking awhile)* I do not know whether it was the happiest, but it was the most special, that's for sure! I was about 19. I had fasted for 40 days, eating absolutely nothing, just moistening my lips with water; I was praying all the time when suddenly, there I was, rising and floating above the ground... When I realized what was happening, I was frightened and found myself on the ground again; it never returned again, no matter how I tried. But I will remember that moment all my life! Perhaps I was not ready for this... *(He is absolutely sincere, looks like he is living it again...)*

N.B.: Why does everyone seem so happy in the Philippines?

V.G.: We don't think about tomorrow, we live in the present! *(Petting the dog)*

N.B.: The dogs are so attached to you; do they feel your energy?



V.G.: Yes, they feel it; they are always beside me, when I am sleeping on the floor or on my chairs; they are at my feet when I'm working.

N.B.: Do you sleep on the floor? What is your favorite place in the house?

V.G.: I can sleep anywhere: on a chair, on the floor, even on the table where I heal...

N.B.: Don't you have assistants?

V.G.: No. I had assistants, but after time they began to allow themselves too much and even rule me... *(Smiling)*

N.B.: Do you know how many real healers are in the Philippines?

V.G.: About 200, not more...

N.B.: What is your dream?

V.G.: *(Thinking)* I'd like to create an association of healers, to teach the young ones... That they can "heal" is nice, but they need to know about "healing" ethics also. They should understand that "healing" couldn't be a business; it is a service to the Lord. This is not an easy way; it comes to us and we do not choose it.

Before I left, I said that I'd like to meet him again, a year later maybe... He said that most probably in two years, but then added that we'd meet in the next life...

N.B.: I want to meet you in this life! *(This slipped out of my lips and he laughed)* Do you know your own future?

V.G.: Yes, of course... *(Thinks for a while, then starts singing...)*

N.B.: And mine?

V.G.: Yes... *(Then he told me what I was afraid to ask, but was happy to hear about!...)*

Then he withdraws into himself and begins to sing something again... I catch myself thinking that I admire this man... and that it is difficult to leave his place... I hope I'm not disturbing him...

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