My name is Chon. Ascención Carrillo González. But I'm better known as Chon.

All my friends call me Chon.

I have information about the Huichol God, who was my cousin.

Faustino. Faustino Bautista Hernández.

My cousin became a God ...

...by visiting the sacred sites.

The sacred sites wanted him to be without sin...

...to show him all the knowledge necessary...

... to be a Marakame, Huichol healer, townspeople’s advisor.

Supposedly, he was born that way.

He was born sacred himself.

But he failed because he had sinned.

He had already raped women brutally.

He had already killed...

...young men to take away their women.

He couldn’t make it because he had already sinned.

I happened to be with him in the 6th year when he completed his religious initiation at Real de Catorce.

We took peyote all night.

I took 30 pieces to really understand.

I saw him at midnight, it seemed as if he were being punished.

He was crying. He pissed his pants.

He vomited. He started to cry.

He started to talk to himself saying he would not do it anymore.

He even said: “Forgive me, I won't do it anymore!”

Nobody replied. We were there, listening to him.

In that moment I felt sorry for him.

I thought maybe they were punishing him because he was evil.

He had not done anything good.

We returned from Real de Catorce to Las Moras.

While we were eating he said: “I will tell you something.

Long ago the elder ones used to say that when the world ended, God would descend from Heaven.

He is already here. I am the one you people have been looking for,” he said.

“You went to Real de Catorce and all the sacred sites.

You were looking for me. For me.

But I wasn´t there, at the sacred sites, I was in Heaven,” he said. “I was watching you.

How you suffered. That’s why I came here. So, here I am,” he said.

Many people answered: “All right, all right, all right, my God. All right, Father.

We like what you are saying. We are with you. We will do as you say.”

I said nothing. I only listened, because I kept thinking,

“Is he really a God? Or is it a lie?”

After four days I said to my wife, “Listen, honey, let's get out of here.

I don’t like the way the God talks and acts.

Maybe he will hurt us.”

“No!” my wife said, “Not me.

If you want to leave, go ahead! Do it on your own!

I won't go. I believe in him. I believe in God,” she said.

“Do you agree if he says you must kill your own son or that you have to be killed?” I asked her,

“He will fuck us up.”

He chose his gunmen, “You, you and you will be the police, who will take care of me.”

There was only one gun. He took it. “This one's for me,” he said.

We were 40 people, plus 12 armed ones.

“Ready! From now on nobody leaves!”

The day went by. The next day in the afternoon he said,

“Tomorrow the end of the world will come. By the afternoon we'll know who was saved and who wasn't.

Those who were saved will exchange their wives,” he said.

That exchange was going to be by force.

Quickly I thought, “No! He will kill all the men.

All the women will become widows. Why does he say that there will be more women than men?”

During the night he would let nobody sleep. We were all awake. We were all seated there.

Then they took off my father's and my aunt Carmelita's clothes.

When both were naked he said, “You are the devils. Stand still there!”

That's when he shot my father. A jet of blood shot out.

Immediately, my father ran away. “This guy will die on the way,” he said.

But the God reached for my aunt now and grabbed her.

“Lay down there! Now you have to walk all over her,” he said.

She remained lying down, then all the people walked over her.

“Son of a bitch!” I felt so sorry for my father and my aunt.

The next moment... My grandmother was sitting there, too, watching.

He did not say a word, nor how, nor why. He only walked up to her and shot her right here. Bang!

That's when he killed my grandmother.

He said, “Let’s see gunmen! Throw this guy into the fire! We will start now.”

My brother was sitting there.

His name was Esteban Carrillo Villareal. He was 17 years old.

Together the gunmen grabbed him and tied him up next to the fireplace.

After they had stabbed him with their knives, they threw him into the fire on top of my grandmother.

His brother kept crying. His name was Alberto. He was 12 years old.

“This guy is crying,” he said. “He's crying against me. Throw him into the fire, too! Alive, just like that!” he said.

“Don’t kill him! The fire will do it!”

Together they threw him into the fire and crushed him with a pitchfork. His body just kept turning in the flames.

Nothing.

Everything was quiet.

The one who cried, off he'd go, too. The one who said something the next moment it'd be his turn.

No one was allowed to look anywhere else. They had to watch the people being killed.

They were not allowed to look anywhere else.

“If you want to stay alive, bear it!”

“Kneel down here!” he said. “Here, in front of me.

Ask for forgiveness! I will tell you what to say.”

While people were kneeling down, my little one, my daughter, came up to me.

She grabbed my hand saying, “Daddy, daddy, hug me!” I hugged her.

“Don’t hug the kid!” he said, “Put her down! Kneel down here!”

He came up to me. He intended to shoot me but he had run out of bullets.

Quickly I thought, “No! While he reloads his gun, I will escape.”

He pulled the trigger, but the gun did not fire~~.~~

“Your family will pay for this, son of a bitch!” he said.

I escaped.

Then, I remembered that there was a house there, a small stone house, with weapons inside.

I thought about taking one. There was only one left, an automatic rifle 16, 22 caliber.

I wanted see if my family was still there. Just to see.

When I arrived, my wife was there with my three children.

The youngest one was crying, “My daddy Chon, my daddy Chon left us!”

The God said, “Listen, don't let the little one cry or I come after her.”

She held my daughter and calmed her, saying, “Don't cry! Your daddy will come soon.”

In that moment, I got really mad. "Son of a bitch. I will shoot him in the head.”

I adjusted the rifle. “I’m going to pull the trigger two or three times, one shot after another,” I thought.

I adjusted it on a stone.

When I was ready to pull the trigger, I heard someone whisper into my ear quietly:

“Chon, don’t do it! It’s not good for you. You'd better flee!”

I turned around.

I didn’t see anyone. I just heard a voice that whispered to me quietly that I shouldn’t do it.

I walked down the mountain and sat down for a while.

I could not forget it.

I have thought ever since that it had been the voice of Christ.

I became very sad. I started to cry...

...thinking of my friend, my brothers, my grandmother, my father.

How was it possible that those things had happened to them?

“What shall I do? I wish I had some great power to save all those people. But I don’t.”

In the end I thought, “Maybe the voice warned me not to do anything for my own good.”

Quickly I thought, “I'd better rush to Santa María to look for the police, so they'll come after him.”

I didn’t know the way. I walked straight across the mountains.

Around 6 am...

...I ran into the traffic policeman on the way.

“Good morning! It's so early. Where are you coming from?” - “I’m coming from the mountains,” I said,

“Over there, there's a village called Las Moras, next to Santa Fe.

There an indigenous man has turned into a God.

And while acting as a God he has already killed 14 indigenous people,” I said.

“Some of them are part of my family.

I felt sorry for them. I came here. So the police may come after him,

catch him or kill him,” I said.

I was very tired. Hungry. Thirsty.

My body had scratches all over. I felt ashamed of my torn pants.

Major Héctor arrived from Tepic.

He didn’t want to know if all of it was true or not. He went straight ahead to the place.

After reaching the vantage point, we moved on without talking, in silence,

so they wouldn’t hear us. We moved carefully, so they wouldn't see us.

They didn’t even realize from which direction the police came.

When they woke up to the situation, the police was already in the courtyard where the God was shooting in the air.

The others started shooting at the houses.

The God's gunmen threw away their arms and ran. They disappeared.

Only the God, his brother and his father stayed.

Each of them took a rifle and started to shoot at the police.

A bit later, the shooting stopped. All the policemen hid. The God appeared and shouted,

“I am God. Nobody will kill me! Nobody will hurt me! I will kill you all!” he said.

That's when the policemen started to fire at him directly.

He could no longer breathe through his mouth, only through the bullet holes.

There were jets of blood shooting out. Ssss, ssss, ssss.

He kept stumbling. He climbed onto a horse cart.

From the top of it he wanted to fly. He couldn’t.

When he stepped off it, the policemen were ready. Bang! Bang! Bang!

They shot him right here. He fell to the ground.

He couldn’t get up anymore. He tried to stand up once more,

but his head was torn and he couldn’t. Only half of his head was left.

It occurred to me to look for my family.

I ran to look for them.

My name is Chon. Ascención Carrillo González. But I'm better known as Chon.

I wasn’t born like Faustino. I wasn’t born with a gift. No, no.

But the truth is that I still want to know more. What is the truth? What is the true path of life?

EPILOGUE:

How're you doing? This is “60 minutes”.

*11 dead bodies were found sacrified by the* “*Huichol God*”

In the last days of January the Nayarit State Attorney General's Office published a piece of news report...

...that for the most part went unnoticed by the media.

In the Nayarit mountains among the Huichol Indians unprecedented events had ocurred.

The report announced by the State Attorney General José Luís López Ramírez...

...revealed that in an armed conflict in the mountains one policeman and two Huicholes had been killed;

one of them called Faustino Bautista Hernández,

who had proclaimed himself God, a living God amongst humans,

and had convinced others of his divinity.

This so-called “Huichol God” had announced the end of the world...