

## CHAPTER TWO

# ANCIENT COSMOLOGY 101 AND MODERN CHANGES

In order for you to hear these stories that will follow with understanding, so that everything makes sense, there is a bit of cosmology that must be understood. This cosmology, the underlying landscape of what is being presented in these pages, is based primarily upon the Precession of the Equinox and the cycles of change that are associated with it.

### **The Precession of the Equinox**

You may believe you know what the Precession of the Equinox is and what it means, but please, there is something extraordinary about this cycle that you probably have not heard. As far as I know, it has never been written about before, but kept only in oral traditions by indigenous tribes and cultures around the world. This is called the Serpent of Light.

In the simplest terms, the Precession of the Equinox itself (hereafter referred to as simply POE) is merely a wobble in the Earth's axis. It's a wobble, or revolution, that requires a little less than 26,000 years to complete. To be exact, this period of one revolution is 25,920

years. If the axis of the Earth were a pencil, the circle drawn from one of the ends would appear as below.

(Additional wobbles exist within the POE and are discussed in *The Ancient Secret of the Flower of Life: Volume I*. It is the primary POE we're now concerned with in this story.)

As the wobble of the Earth's axis slowly turns in a circle, it eventually points to and passes through all twelve of the heavenly constellations, one after another. This means that the POE points to or "enters" a new constellation about every 2,160 years. In other words, there are twelve divisions in the POE, each division representing a different constellation and a considerably different type of energy. Most ancient civilizations were aware of the POE and of these twelve divisions of the night sky—even the oldest civilization known to us, the Sumerians, which existed about 6,000 years ago.

It is interesting to note that astronomically and mathematically speaking, it takes 2,160 years of continuous observation of the night sky to become aware that there even is this wobble in the Earth's axis. From an archeological point of view, before the Sumerians, we humans were thought to be hairy barbarians who lacked the intelligence and discipline required to observe and record the night sky for such a long period of time. Yet the Sumerians knew exactly of the POE from the very beginning of their civilization.

It is an archeological bewilderment to scientists who have studied this matter, but it is true. From ancient Sumerian cities that were buried deep under the earth, thousands of clay tablets have been discovered in recent times. Written in the first and oldest known human language—ancient Cuneiform—these tablets go back to the beginning of the Sumerian civilization and fully describe the POE in great and exact detail. The ancient Sumerians possessed this cosmic knowledge even though it is impossible by the understanding of history that we now hold.

How can this be? In my first two books, *The Ancient Secret of the Flower of Life: Volume I* and *Volume II*, I have offered a possible answer, but I'm not going to go into this information now, as it is not pertinent to this story.

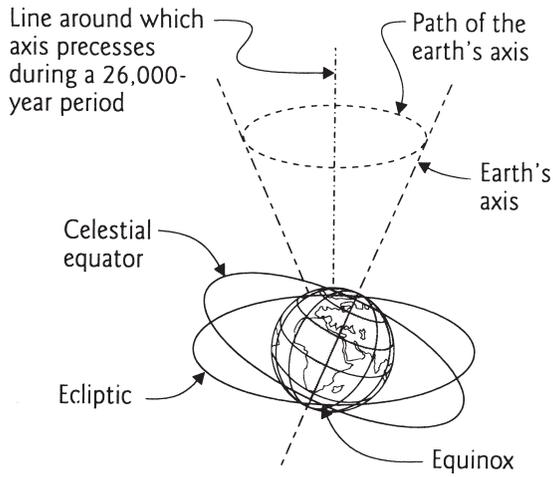


Figure 2: Drawing of POE

The Tibetans and the Hindus also recorded the movements of the POE from ancient times. Both cultures placed vast importance on each of the twelve divisions and referred to the divisions as “Yugas,” or “periods of time,” giving each Yuga a different characteristic that they believed affected all of mankind during that specific Yuga. Remember, each Yuga also represented a different constellation and would therefore be an integral part of astrology.

We have all heard that we are moving into the Age of Aquarius. This is true. On December 21, 2012, the axis of the Earth will be on the edge of this constellation, and, for the first time in 12,920 years, it will also be moving toward the center of the galaxy instead of away from it. For the next 2,160 years, the axis of the Earth will be moving through the constellation of Aquarius. But there is so much more about this phenomenon that generally is not known and will actually affect your life as you live and breathe and fulfill your destiny.

## Modern Astrology

Today the vast majority of the Earth’s population doesn’t really believe in astrology. It’s looked on as something of an old wives’

tale, primarily identified with the birthday of an individual and the star patterns at the moment of birth, but it has not always been this way.

Astrology has been adopted in human consciousness since the beginning of civilization to understand and predict various aspects of the future. But its main use was not for personal consideration. In ancient times, as with Babylonia and Assyria, going back into Egypt 6,200 years ago, the interpretation of the movement and the patterns of the stars and planets was used to assist the public welfare and the person of the king, because his person was linked to the public's survival. It was not until the occupation of Egypt by Alexander the Great in 332 B.C. that individual "horoscopic astrology" first appeared.

The Earth's closest star, the sun, is a major part of astrology. The sun also affects our weather, places our satellites and our worldwide communications network in jeopardy when there are solar flares, and even affects the Earth's magnetic fields. Without the radiation from the sun, there would be no life whatsoever on this planet. Earth would simply be a rock floating through space.

The moon moves the Earth's oceans and creates the tides. It also deeply influences our weather, affects biological mating and birthing patterns of life-forms all over the Earth, and even influences human emotions, as police blotters in any major city prove. There are more crimes the day before, the day of, and the day after the full moon than at any other time. This crime rate is not just a coincidence. People become more emotional during the full moon and consequently do things that they normally would not do without the influence of the moon.

So to say that the heavens have no effect on people or the Earth is rather ignorant and not scientifically true.

Since there are influences such as those just described, would there be an influence if the Earth herself were facing in a different direction relative to the entire heavens? According to the ancient civilizations, yes; we change every time the axis of the Earth rotates into a new position and a new constellation. In fact, according to ancient beliefs, everything on Earth changes.

## The Serpent of Light

The Kundalini of the Earth changes locations on the surface of the Earth at two very specific points on the POE. It is not the apogee, the farthest point from the center of the galaxy, nor the perigee, the closest point, that we are interested in. Rather, it is the points when the *direction of the axis* of the Earth begins to point toward the center of the galaxy and when it begins to point away from the center. On Dec 21, 2012, the axis begins pointing to the center of the galaxy, and the Kundalini of the Earth begins to change locations on the surface of the Earth.

Life is organic and is not always perfect and mathematical, since most of life is based upon the Fibonacci Series (0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, etc.), which only approximates the Golden Mean. In other words, Dec 21, 2012, is the mathematical date when this occurs, but in fact this shift of the Kundalini has already happened in 2002. But on an elliptical cycle of 25,920 years, ten years is almost perfect and very organic. Still the actual major impact on human consciousness is only beginning and will not be reached until sometime in the immediate future. What a great time to be alive!

At both of these points, the Earth's Kundalini actually moves from one fixed location on the surface of the Earth to another. So as the Earth finds itself in the cycle where the axis faces away from the center of the galaxy, the Earth's base energy, coming from its center, moves to a new location on its surface. The result is a huge and distinctly new change in spiritual understanding and practice filtering down eventually to ordinary everyday life in the streets.

The impact for the geographical location that the Kundalini just left and the new location to which it just moved to is also enormous. For the place it just left, the spiritual energy is now gone, and it will probably never return. For the place it just moved to, a new, revitalized spiritual energy seems to have appeared out of nowhere and dramatically affects the people who live in that area. They, in turn, affect the entire world with their newfound wisdom and light.

## Kundalini Energy

What is the Earth's Kundalini? It probably would best be explained from a human perspective, because the Earth and the human body are almost identical energetically. Not only is the Earth's Kundalini energy very similar to a human being's, but also even such massive energy fields as the Mer-Ka-Ba field of the planet and the human Mer-Ka-Ba field (the Light Body) are exactly the same except for proportional size. Every electromagnetic geometrical field within the Mer-Ka-Ba field of the Earth is exactly identical to every human being on Earth.

For humans, there are five possible energy streams that originate at the base of the spine. Each one has a different purpose for different stages of human development. One of these is sexual energy, and this one most of us are familiar with. We know what it is like when we have an orgasm, and we can feel this sexual energy rising up our spines. But there are four more energy streams, and one of these is called the Kundalini. Most people experience Kundalini in sequence after the sexual orgasm, but not always; a few people experience the Kundalini first. When this Kundalini energy rises up our spines, it changes our way of "seeing" or interpreting the world around us depending on where it moves within the human energy system.

Kundalini energy feels somewhat like sexual energy in that it is a very strong, uncontrollable energy rising up our spine. But whereas sexual energy is related to the creation process, Kundalini energy is related to our spiritual growth process. Eventually, after we have experienced the sexual and the Kundalini energy, we will slowly, over time, experience the other three energy streams, though this experience may not occur in this lifetime. (I'm not going to expand upon these other three energy streams now, as they are not part of these stories.)

At this moment in history, it will be the Kundalini of the Earth that is moving and changing locations, beginning a new vibration. This energy shift will affect every last person on Earth. This Earth Kundalini energy is called the *Serpent of Light*.

## **A Dramatic Side Note**

To better understand the significance of the point on the POE that we will reach on December 21, 2012, consider the following scientific facts.

Thirteen thousand years ago, at the moment (or close to it) when the axis of the Earth began to point away from the center of the galaxy, the entire Earth's north pole changed positions from Hudson Bay (they believe) to where it is now at the North Pole. A complete polar-axis shift relative to the surface of the Earth occurred and has been scientifically recorded.

And 13,000 years before that—26,000 years ago—when we were at the very point on the POE cycle where we are now, the axis of the Earth also dramatically shifted. Some scientists are considering the possibility of another pole shift, based on what happened the last two times the Earth was at these points on the POE. Nature moves in cycles.

Another reason many scientists are concerned is that in both of the physical pole shifts mentioned above, the magnetic field of the Earth also shifted prior to the actual pole shift. And at this moment, the magnetics of the Earth are the most unstable they have been in 13,000 years. It has been scientifically noted that about 2,000 years ago, the Earth's magnetic field began to gradually weaken. Then suddenly, about 500 years ago, the Earth's magnetic field began to weaken sharply.

About thirty-five to forty years ago, the Earth's magnetic field began to demonstrate anomalies, which were reflected in the migration patterns of birds and animals that depended on the magnetic field to guide them. For the first time, migrating bird and animals were getting lost, because the magnetic field had either changed direction or was not present at all.

In about 1997, the magnetic field began to grow unstable—so much so that it was becoming dangerous to land airplanes on automatic pilot. Too many deviations from true north were occurring. So all of the airport magnetic maps of the world had to be changed

to bring them up to date with reality. (You can easily check this as truth.)

In 2005, the world's geological scientists began to talk about the incredible magnetic anomalies being recorded worldwide. They suggested that some time in the near future the Earth may experience a *reversal* of its magnetic poles, with the North Pole becoming the South Pole and visa versa. This scientific global communication lasted eleven days before the Earth's governments shut the communication down. In 2006, the same scientists became even more excited by the extreme nature of magnetic anomalies, predicting that this reversal of the poles could happen any time now. Their conversation was shut down again, this time after only five days.

The stories you are about to read are based upon this cosmic information. They are true stories, though they may seem incredible by modern beliefs, and are given to you to inspire you to perceive the possibility of a beautiful future outside of the darkness cycle that seems to be invading this world. I'm asking you to not look at the darkness, but to turn your attention to the Light.

Pure guidance is within you.

Life may appear as a mysterious journey, but from within the heart it is child's play.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

# JOURNEY TO MAYALAND

The angels began to speak again about the need to journey into the land of the Maya, for, like the Anasazi, this ancient culture had also made a huge mistake in the distant past. It was a mistake that, if not corrected, would thwart the world's ascension and hinder the female from performing her responsibility for the next 13,000 years. In a nutshell, another grid problem.

Almost a year had passed since the ceremonies in the land of the Anasazi, and I was in no hurry to begin running around the world again. One of my biggest problems is that I am lazy. So the dear angels actually had to prod me into action to begin a journey that I knew would be a lot of work. I'm such a silly guy. I travel from such a great distance to be here on Earth to do this work and then only want to hang out and play.

The Four Corners journey had been breathtaking. We had participated in the intimate involvement between the ancient Anasazi, Mother Earth, and our tiny group of brave souls who breathed as One Spirit. Now I was being asked to push still farther into the indigent world and deeper into the darkness of the ancient past.

As I had become aware of Lionfire, the shaman of Hovenweep in Colorado, and his Herculean knowledge of the Anasazi, I had also become aware of his impressive knowledge of the Maya. And so before I even started this journey, I asked him if he would come along as an expert in Mayan history. Thankfully, he agreed.

### **The Timing and Purpose of Entering the Mayaland**

The timing of our trip to the Yucatan coincided with an invitation by the Mayan shaman Hunbatz Men for us to participate in the equinox ceremonies at Chichen Itza on March 20, 2003.

Hunbatz, the Mayan Council of Elders, and about 250 indigenous elders from North, South, and Central America would perform ceremony for world peace, joining their spiritual powers together for a world healing. Our own group would support this endeavor by performing ceremony in an outer circle around the inner core of indigenous shamans and elders. We would also be joined by a European group led by Carolina Hehenkamp, who had been with us on the Anasazi journey.

After the ceremonies at Chichen Itza, our plan was to continue on a spiral journey to fulfill our own group's further purpose of going to Mayaland. And, very much as it was in the Anasazi journey, our purpose here would be to help the ancient Mayans, who were also trapped in the inner Earth, to be released.

Not known at that time—in fact, unknown until it actually unfolded before our eyes—was yet another enormous purpose that is still unfolding to this day.

### **Healing the Inner and Outer Mayan Worlds**

Just as it was in the Four Corners, the Mayaland healing would mean restoring the balance of nature between the Inner and Outer Worlds of the Maya. By so doing, the Inner Worlds could begin to move with us, the Outer World, in harmony—or, better yet, we would move in harmony with them.

And this needed to happen soon. For—if you believe the present-day version—the Mayan calendar was to end in 2012, a little less than nine short years after our 2003 journey. In the tradition of the Mayans, the period we are now in will usher in a moment of history called the End of Time, which they understand to be the ending of a very long cycle and the beginning of a new one.

So our job would be to open the channels for the Mayans in the inner Earth to connect with those on the surface in preparation for the final ascension. In so doing, the Unity Consciousness Grid was to become more focused, and the energy of the Serpent of Light high in the Andes Mountains in Chile would grow brighter and stronger.

And again, just as it had been in the Four Corners last summer, the Yucatan and surrounding areas were in a terrible drought. Another part of our job, then, would be to perform the ceremonies that would bring rain—the physical symbol of the balance we were seeking.

Why would this ancient culture want a group of international people to do this kind of service for them? Had they forgotten how? Had they, for some reason, lost the spiritual power to do it themselves? I don't really know. It still seems strange that they would give such a personal task to someone of another culture. Yet it reminds me of the time I was asked by the Taos Pueblo in New Mexico to bury their dead. They believed that it was better for them if another culture performed this task.

Perhaps the Mayans need an outside force to open the energy channels. Or perhaps, as with many of us, they have simply become overwhelmed by circumstances and need help.

Whatever the reason, we had been invited by the Mayans, both the living ones and the ancients, to come to Mexico and perform these ceremonies with them and for them. We could not say no.

### **Coming Together in Merida**

I felt the heartbeat begin as soon as we touched Mexican soil. I felt a strong sense of connection between this and the Anasazi journey. It was the same energy, as though it had already been dreamed. I felt inside that this new trip to the Mayan chakra temples would possibly

be life-changing for me; I just didn't know how. Who but God, and perhaps the Ancient Ones, knew what was about to take place. I was clearly stepping into the unknown.

Upon arrival at the circular city of Merida, I was swished away to the Hotel Los Aluxes—which means “the Little People” and is pronounced “a-loosh-as”—where we found that Lionfire and Carolina had already arrived. For the next twenty-four hours, our vagabond group of sixty souls slowly came together from all over the world.

### **A Mayan Welcome**

For our first meeting circle, Lionfire had arranged a special evening for us with his Mayan friends.

We met in a small room at the hotel, where a Mayan elder—a beautiful grandmother—stood before us and, in the Mayan language, gave us her permission to participate in ceremonies and visit places that in the past had been reserved only for the Mayan priests. We felt incredibly honored by her words. There were many tears.

Then a Mayan musical group called Wayak played their haunting music for us. Their throaty cries and native instruments seemed like sounds from an ancient past. It was unlike anything we'd ever heard before. The enchantment of that evening was the perfect beginning to a pilgrimage of ceremonies that would hopefully bring health and balance back to the Mayan people and their land, helping to prepare them for vastly important ceremonies in the future—ceremonies that the whole world will someday depend upon for its very survival.

As we sat in that circle, I noted that we would be moving in the same spiral of temples that Ken and I had moved through almost twenty years before, except there would be new ones. I felt like an old veteran and a kid at the same time. I could hardly wait.

### **Temples of Uxmal**

Upon arriving at Uxmal, our international group was just beginning to remember to breathe as One Heart. They gathered around while I

told them the story of Ken’s giant pendulum and the amazing happenings of 1985. Then we all walked to the Great Pyramid, where I saw that the tree that sealed in the obsidian crystal was still there. The tree was much bigger now than it had when I last saw it in 1995, when I’d been at Chichen Itza with Hunbatz Men for that year’s spring equinox ceremony. It was the only tree in that grassy space, and it was perfectly aligned with the center of the pyramid and the edge of the building next to it.

We made our way to the top of the Great Pyramid—a steep climb and a dizzying height for some of our group who had never done anything like this before. From the top, we could see the entire, immense area of Uxmal, its pyramids and temples spread out over miles in the jungle. It was easy to imagine how at one time this site had been a great center for the Mayan people.

Our ceremony here took on an unusual shape—the geometry of the vesica piscis. Picture us, a group of sixty people on top of a pyramid, attempting to arrange our bodies in the form of two overlapping circles. But we achieved this end result, with some people hanging on the edge, and our first ceremony of the journey unfolded. The two interlocked circles represented the inner indigenous ceremonies and those of our international group, functioning together as One.

By the end of this ceremony, I realized that we were beginning to connect with the Ancient Ones already. I felt them there watching us, feeling us, testing us. And in response, the hearts of the people in our group kept opening wider—just what was needed for us to be

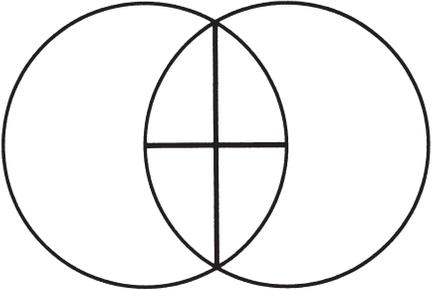


Figure 6: Drawing of vesica piscis



**Ceremony in the shape of vesica pisces**

accepted both by the Mayans on the surface and the Mayans in the Inner Worlds.

Our weary but elated departure from Uxmal was attended by splendor. All over the Yucatan, the Mayans were burning their fields in preparation for planting their spring crops, and the slight haze this put in the air caused the setting sun to go down in an unusually brilliant blaze of glory.

As we responded to the beauty of this place and our experiences, I knew that Great Spirit had brought the right people together for this work. It couldn't have been better if we had planned it.

## **Labna**

After Uxmal we traveled to the temples of Labna and Kaba before we returned to Merida.

Labna is the second chakra and represents the sexual center. The land of Labna is a rusty red color, much like Sedona, Arizona, where

I live now. The entire temple complex has a soft, seductive flavor to it and an energy that somehow always gets to your heart.

We held a simple ceremony there that was designed more for purification than anything else. I walked around each person with burning sage and cedar smoke, while one of the group slowly gave a heartbeat rhythm on his drum. But while we were in this circle, something appeared that later would be an enormous problem.

One of the women from South America began to go slightly out of control as the ceremonial smoke swirled around her body. Her face began to distort, and these strange sounds emerged recklessly from her body. After a few minutes she began to flail her arms and body, sending fear into some of the people. The people on both sides of her responded immediately and tried to comfort her, but it was obvious to me that something associated with the dark side of life was beginning to express itself.

I simply made a note to myself and watched her from that moment on. It was clear to me then that this could be a disruptive influence on our work together, but I didn't understand then what this meant or where it was coming from.

## **Kaba**

The last temple of the day was Kaba. Kaba used to have another name long ago, and this temple is extremely interesting to me since the Maya came from Atlantis where the Jews first entered into human consciousness. (See *The Ancient Secret of the Flower of Life: Volume I.*) The original name of Kaba was Kabala, a name that every Jew would recognize as a sacred book of Judaism. It only makes sense when you know the history of the Maya.

After what happened at Labna, we let the group just explore Kaba, with no ceremony this time. The energy had to crystallize for us to understand what was coming our way. We headed home to Merida, waiting to see what would come next as the Maya gently unfolded their needs to our outer consciousness.

## Merida

We all went to bed early that night, because we had to arise at 4 a.m. This was in order to be present by sunrise at the ancient site of Dzibilchaltun, where the equinoctial sun rises each year in the keyhole of a temple of a civilization that dates back to 500 B.C.—a place perhaps older than anywhere else we were to visit in the Yucatan.

After that, we would return to our hotel at Merida, pack, visit the extraordinary Caves of Balancanche, and then make our way to Chichen Itza for the equinox ceremony the following day.

### Meeting With Hunbatz Men

Before I tell you about Dzibilchaltun, where we went to participate in the ancient rite of the spring equinox, I need to relate a conversation I'd had with Hunbatz Men at breakfast the day before.

As Hunbatz drank his coffee and I sipped my tea, we went over our schedules in order to synchronize our movements for the coming events. Since we were going to perform ceremony together at Chichen Itza—the Heart Center—we needed to determine exactly how we would place our energies relative to the Incan, Mayan, and hundreds of indigenous elders who were coming from all over the Americas to participate. In other words, Hunbatz wanted to know precisely where we would be and how we were going to interact with this group. Also, Carolina Hehenkamp's group would be going with Hunbatz when we parted at Chichen Itza, and we wanted to know where each other would be during the coming days of these numerous ceremonies.

After that conversation, Hunbatz changed the subject. He wanted to tell me about the future and especially about the importance of the crystal skulls to future ceremonies. He talked about how these skulls were alive and how they would soon all come together in our ceremonies as we approached the End of Time.

Interestingly, the Native American Council in the United States had sent a crystal skull to my home in Arizona before I left. I was to keep it for an undetermined period of time. But the crystal skulls had

not been part of my understanding of what this Yucatan journey was about. So, while I listened to Hunbatz, I considered that the information about the skulls was really meant for another time.

Little did I know. As usual, I'm the last one to understand.

### **The Temple of Dzibilchaltun**

I had seen this equinox ceremony in 1995 with Hunbatz, and I was feeling excited to be with this wonderful group to experience it again.

We arrived at the site, which has been a major initiation center for the mystery schools of the world, about twenty minutes before sunrise. Many others, most of them Mayans, also had come to celebrate the equinox in this way.

The sunrise temple is a stone edifice with an opening where the equinoctial sun, the first light of the spring equinox, appears each year. The land that leads to the temple is a long, rocky corridor, almost like a landing strip, with low brush on either side. The temple sits way at the end of this corridor.

Lionfire had also been there before, and he helped our group to align themselves at a distance from the temple so that they would be able to see the sun appear in its opening.

About two minutes before the sun was to rise, something happened that I will never forget.

An elderly Mexican couple, people that I had met before, came near to me and said, "Drunvalo, is that you?" I turned to talk to them, knowing that I had only a few seconds before the sun would rise.

The lady, Maria, was carrying a piece of white cloth wrapped around some fairly large object. She opened the cloth to show me what was inside. There, nestled between her hands, was a fantastically beautiful, lucent white, ancient Mayan crystal skull. She looked at me and said, "Please, hold this to your heart."

I placed the crystal skull over my heart, turned to face Dzibilchaltun, just as the first sliver of sunlight began to emerge into the opening of the temple. In seconds the sun entered fully into the opening



Mayan crystal Skull

of Dzibilchaltun, and the first rays of light began to explode from within me.

I had a vision. I saw two human Mayan spirits within this crystal skull I was holding to my heart. They were male and female, they were very much alive, and they were together in sexual union, facing each other in eternal love for one another.

At that moment, in a flash of understanding, I knew for certain what the Maya were doing with these crystal skulls.

Certain Maya were chosen, usually at birth, to be part of the crystal skull ceremony. Each chosen to capture the essence of Mayan culture in its entirety at one of thirteen different periods of time, from the very beginning to the very end of their culture, these people received lifelong training for this purpose. At the right moment in their lives, in solemn ceremony, they would ingest a specific natural psychedelic and, drawing on their training, would consciously die, remaining aware while they were leaving their body and forcing their spirit to enter into the crystal skull. The skull would then become their home, their body for hundreds or even thousands of years.



Dzibilchaltun

They would live within the crystal skull, holding and preserving the knowledge, memories, and wisdom of the ancient Mayan people, so that in this time—in the End of Time—it would be remembered. Their purpose was being fulfilled now, at this moment. The skulls were all slowly coming together all over Mayaland because that was their purpose from the beginning. There are thirteen skulls in all, and in the near future the Ceremony of the Thirteen Mayan Skulls will become reality and the Mayan prophecy will be complete, meaning the ancient transmission will have entered into the modern Mayan spirit.

As this realization flooded into me, I saw an old grandmother sitting quietly in the background inside the crystal skull. I knew that she was the one who had arranged this eternal marriage with the two lovers. I knew that she had planned everything that this crystal skull was to do for her people, that it was the ancient grandmothers who had devised this method of transmitting information across the millennia, and that they were still guarding the skulls.

The knowledge, memories, and wisdom that the Mayan lovers held was from the period of time when the Mayan culture was first

blossoming. It was from the time when love and compassion were the rulers of all that was Mayan. And it was this extraordinary love, compassion, and knowledge that was to be reignited in the modern-day Mayan heart.

The experience of the sun rising through the temple and the crystal skull and its spiritual lovers opened my heart in a way I would never have believed if it had not happened. Dramatically, the ancient Mayans were beginning to speak to me about what was important to them.

I listened, and I prayed. I knew then that this was going to be another journey of the heart that would even more deeply change life on Earth and heal the relationships between people. I believed that it could even heal the suffocating clouds of carbon dioxide that are choking our planet. It brought such hope to my being.

But I had no idea that another experience of equal intensity lay but a few hours in our future. We were to enter a place so powerful, so deeply heart centered, that after simply being there, no one in our group would ever be the same. We were about to speak with the Ancient Ones directly.

### **The Cenote at Dzibilchaltun**

The cenotes are sacred pools—sometimes even good-sized lakes—fed by underground springs. Remember I saw one at Chichen Itza in 1985 when I was there with Ken. For the Mayans, all sacred sites must be near a cenote, for these springs are seen as doorways to the Inner Worlds. The waters of the cenotes are thought to have profound healing properties, and the cenote at Dzibilchaltun is among the most notable in Mayan understanding.

So after we watched the sun of the spring equinox rising through the stone temple at Dzibilchaltun, we went to its cenote, a beautiful pond at the jungle's edge. We gathered among the stone ruins beside it and held an impromptu service, meditating in behalf of the Mayans, our journey, and healing for the war in Iraq, which had begun on exactly the eve of our quest. It was interesting that the

Maya had set this date for this Ceremony of World Peace two and a half years in advance.

Following the ceremony, the keepers of the ancient crystal skull that I had held to my heart placed this sacred object upon a cloth draped on a rock ledge and allowed each of us to touch it and feel its power.

Suddenly, a strong and horrific manifestation of dark energy tried to enter our circle by taking control of the body of one of the women in the group. It was the same woman that it had manifested through at Labna. This lady the entity had entered raised the crystal skull above her head and, with everything she had, tried to smash it on the enormous rock ledge where it had been resting. Three men, led by Lionfire, tackled her and tried to grab the skull out of her hands. Their struggle lasted several minutes, but in the end, the skull survived. The woman foamed with fury as the entity moved within her.

We had been keeping careful watch to protect our group from this entity. We knew we were in its home. This was the entity that entered the Maya consciousness at the height of their culture and turned it from love and beauty to human sacrifice and fear. Knowing this, Lionfire had been closely guarding the skull. Nevertheless, it took all of his strength and that of the two other men to save this priceless sacred object from harm.

We now knew just how strong and determined this energy was. Without question, it would have to be cleared from this woman's body before we could participate in the next day's ceremony at Chichen Itza.

It was generally understood, as many of our group commented, that this dark-side energy was among us for a reason. It was very much a part of the problem we sought to help heal in the world, and we knew that we had to deal with it in a good way—with love, compassion, and even gratitude, especially toward that member of our group who had agreed, at some higher level of her being, to play such a difficult role. We had to plan.

Exhilarated, awed, yet chastened, we returned to Los Aluxes for breakfast, then set out for the next adventure of our journey at the

incomparable Caves of Balancanche. (I say “caves” because this one cave has many arms that branch out in different directions.)

### **Our Guide, Humberto**

I would like to say a few words about Humberto Gomez, our Merlin guide through Mayaland.

Humberto is a man in his early seventies who looks to be about sixty. He is a short, very slight man with an aristocratic mien and bearing, like the Spanish hidalgos of his heritage.

For the first two days of our trip, he was quiet—polite, charming, extremely helpful but low key and unassuming.

On the way to Balancanche, however, Humberto could not maintain his silence. I knew that he had a degree in archeology. Now, however, I learned not only that he was an extremely erudite man with a vast knowledge of the archeology of his homeland, but also that it had been he, Humberto Gomez, who as a young man had actually discovered the Caves of Balancanche! As we drove into the parking lot at Balancanche, I realized that Humberto knew more about this site than any other person alive.

Although we’d been up for hours that day, it was still early when we arrived at the Balancanche museum. The caves were not yet open. So while we were waiting, I invited Humberto to tell us all about his discovery.

We gathered around, excited to hear what he had to say. And at first apologetically, but soon with great verve and color, Humberto made his incredible long-ago experience come alive for us. It was to be the first of many stories with which Humberto would regale us on our spiral trip through the Yucatan. What an incredible storyteller he was!

Humberto was a student of archeology in his early twenties when he happened one day upon a small, dirt-walled cave near his home. Telling no one about it, he made the cave his very own hideout. He used to go there to meditate or just to be by himself.

The cave was a magical place for Humberto, but there was really nothing special about it, he told us—certainly nothing that suggested

it might have ancient Mayan roots. It was just a cave. But it was his cave, and he continued to visit it for many years.

Then one day, in 1959, Humberto had the urge to begin tapping upon a specific portion of the cave's side. This tapping produced a kind of hollow sound.

The wall was glazed over by the same natural chemicals that had been oozing out of the earth there for millions of years. It looked like any other part of the cave. But as Humberto dug through the earthen cave side, he found, hidden behind it, the familiar brick-and-mortar remains of an ancient Mayan wall! Imagine his excitement as he carefully removed a few stones from that wall, enough to climb through into the vast, hitherto-unknown underground cavern that was concealed on the other side.

All alone, Humberto made his way through seemingly endless corridors and pathways in the rock. There he found something unheard of and unduplicated anywhere in Mayaland. Scattered throughout the caves were altars made of natural stalagmite and stalactite columns. And around these altars were offerings that had been made perhaps a thousand years before, untouched in all that time. Each of the hundreds of clay pots, implements, images, and querns that had been offered up to the rain god, Chac, rested just where it had been placed by ancient Mayan hands in some long-ago ceremony. Nothing within had ever been seen or touched in all the years since the cave was sealed from human view.

Humberto immediately sought out government officials to tell them of this archeological discovery, in order to ensure that all it contained would be protected from disruption or vandalism.

Normally, when a site is found in Mexico, the government takes everything it can find and removes it to a museum. But in this most unusual instance, the scientists and officials who first entered the cave realized the importance of preserving what Humberto had found. They immediately shut up the entrance and set a guard to protect it.

And so it remains, untouched to this day. Nothing has been moved except to make a small path through the complex so that visitors can experience the cave as it was first discovered.

After the government came, however, word got around, and the next day, a group of Mayan elders and shamans appeared and announced that they were going inside to perform a ceremony. Humberto told us this with an amused smile. The Mayans did not, he emphasized, ask whether or not it would be all right for them to enter the cave and conduct this ceremony. They said, “We are going to do this.” The government said, “But you can’t!”

The argument and debate went on for a while, until the government finally said the Mayans could do their ceremony—but only if officials were allowed to attend and take photographs!

More argument and debate. Finally, the Mayans gave in, on two conditions: Everyone who went into the cave must be sworn to secrecy. And no one could leave until it was over, which meant twenty-four hours without food or water. If anyone left before it was over, the Mayans warned, they could not take responsibility for the awful consequences that would ensue.

And so it was agreed. The Mayans and the Mexicans went down into the darkness of the earth to perform the ceremony—and emerged, twenty-four hours later, into a torrential rainstorm. This was the sign that the Mayans were looking for. They knew then that Chac, the rain god, had accepted their prayers.

Humberto was one of the participants in that ceremony to Chac and has never forgotten its power.

After Balancanche, Humberto turned out to be an entertaining treasure chest of beautiful stories and information about the sites we visited and the history of the Yucatan. I asked him once if he would tell me about that Mayan ceremony at Balancanche, but he said no. He had promised. It was the only time he ever refused to answer a question.

### **Inside the Caves of Balancanche**

I had never been inside the Caves of Balancanche; they were unknown for me. So neither I nor anyone else in our group could have expected or imagined the experience we were about to have.

To begin with, we were expecting that we would have to remain at Balancanche most of the day. This is because, to protect the cave, the guards would allow only ten people to go through at one time. Only in these numbers was it possible for the guards to watch closely enough to make sure that nothing was taken or even touched.

But Humberto had participated in our first ceremonies and could see the reverence we had for the sites and the Mayan people. He knew that we had permission from the Ancient Ones to be there. And since he had discovered this site, he used his power to make an exception. We would be allowed to go in, we were informed, in groups of twenty.

This was a great honor and trust. But as we started to divide into three groups, Humberto convinced the guards to grant us a further concession. We would be allowed, he said, to go in two groups of thirty!

I was the last person in the first group. With great reverence, we wound our way through the jungle pathway to the mouth of the cave, which was a huge hole that spiraled into the Earth. The birds flying out of the cave and the flowers hanging from all of the walls, all seemed to be bowing their heads. The hair on the back of my neck was standing straight up.

Entering that cave felt like entering the womb of the Mother. Immediately, my heart began to open. It was a completely involuntary response to the energies present.

We continued into the depths of the Earth, deeper and deeper into the darkness. I could feel that this was one of the most sacred places I had ever been in. My heart kept opening more and more. I couldn't help it. I could see and feel that the same thing was happening to all of the others in front of me.

I found myself chanting softly.

Then I heard a sound behind me. Turning to see who was there, I saw our second group rapidly approaching. Had they made a mistake? Were they not following instructions?

The first person of this second group approached me, smiling, feeling the sacredness.

“What are you doing here?” I asked.

“Humberto decided to let us all go in as one group,” she said.

“Of course,” I said to myself. It felt right having us all there together. My heart was already bursting with the sacredness and beauty of this place. This unexpected change just about put me over the edge.

And so we went on, a group of sixty people where normally only ten were permitted, united in a feeling of love and spiritual awe unlike anything any of us had ever felt before. And I am not saying these words lightly.

Then we entered the main part of the cave, where an enormous stalagmite had millions of years ago joined as one with an equally enormous stalactite, creating a giant pillar at least twenty meters high. Around the pillar were the offerings that had been left there by the Mayans long ago. Prayer pottery and vessels were arranged on the ground all around this central column, just as they had been for hundreds and thousands of years.

The feeling of holiness was overwhelming. My heart could not hold in the tears. I began to cry. With tears blurring my vision, I looked around and saw that all of the people near me also were in tears.

We had come to Mayaland to experience the Sacred Space of the Heart. And here we were, in an actual physical space that was alive with the heart’s living vibration—and all of our beings were in tune with this space, together. My whole being was vibrating!

As we continued to wind through these caverns, there were two more, somewhat smaller, stalagmite-stalactite altars, with their ancient offerings. And the feeling of holiness kept building.

### **The Cenote of Balancanche**

The Sacred Space of the Heart is always associated with water, and I finally came to another chamber in that cave where a pool of water pulled me toward it. The water in that pool was so clear, I could barely see it as it emerged out of an adjacent cave. This water was alive. Really alive.

When I looked into this cenote, it was as though I was seeing into another world.

Three people from our group stood there staring into the pool crying, and as I approached, we fell into each other's arms.

At that moment, I knew that I was with my tribe. And with our tears and our open hearts, we were praying for ourselves, the Mayan people, and Mother Earth.

I knew this place. I had felt it before, within my own heart. Can you imagine what it was like to be in this space physically, with other physical beings, all experiencing the same thing? It was like nothing that had ever happened to me before.

The cave guards, who had remained invisible, signaled to us with their lights. Our time there was over.

As I turned to leave, I couldn't speak. I barely remember walking out of the cave. It seemed like a dream.

The next thing I knew, I was out of the cave, approaching the museum. I sat down by myself and closed my eyes. I was still vibrating in my heart. It took a good half hour before the experience of what just happened was grounded enough so that I could stand and begin walking back to the bus.

I will never forget this experience, or the Mayans whose prayers still resonate in this sacred space, or the beautiful people who entered into the Mother with me.

Sitting under a tree waiting for the rest of the group to come, I remembered the prayer of my most intimate teacher, Cradle Flower, of the Taos Pueblo:

Beauty before me  
Beauty behind me  
Beauty on my left  
Beauty on my right  
Beauty above me  
Beauty below me  
Beauty is love  
Love is God.