

The Mark of the Sun Shield

At one time Palenque was a metropolis, similar to urban environments that we currently live in. The city structures, upon entering, are built to the side of scaling hills, and you must climb great lengths to reach the insides. The scaling effect is much like the skyline effect of a major city such as New York or San Francisco. However, when you enter the city you are surprised because the skyline is buried within a jungle that cannot be seen until you are suddenly there.

At the entrance of the city to well within, the roads are lined with Mayan vendors of the Lacandon tribe, selling their wares under large tents or laid out on blankets. The Lacandon, or Lancondones, is the tribe indigeneous to this area of the state of Chiapas, Mexico, as well as to most of the country of Guatemala.

Unlike the Yucatan peninsula which is unusually flat, Palenque is a hilly jungle. To access many of the ruins, you must climb hills and cross meandering aquaducts. Most of these aquaducts were dug by the Mayans to bring usable water into the cities. There are still many unexcavated ruins in Palenque, and excavation teams -- like those at most of the other Mayan sites -- are still uncovering and reassembling structures that have been buried for hundreds and thousands of years under the changing and lush landscape.

Many of the Lacandon still live within the jungles, and have built up a resistance movement to protect their biosphere, which has kept them at odds with the federal government. Christian missionaries have had a hard time reforming this tribe due to restraints on accessibility. However, there seem to be other elements at-large that have protected the Lacandon from being reformed, and the area vibrates with the flow of unseen energies.†

The most reknown ruler of Palenque, Pacal Votan, is buried within the Temple of the Inscriptions. You must climb a great distance to enter this pyramid, and then descend an equal distance to reach the tomb. The Temple, however, was off limits to visitors at the time of my visit. The Temple is the most imposing structure in Palenque, built for a king. One gets the feeling that when you reach the top you can break through physical limitations and touch the heavens. This is a feeling that many of the pyramids emanate, but here, the feeling is more dominant than at some of the other sites I have visited.

I climbed most of the accessible structures, which provided a bird's-eye-view of the metropolis, as well as of vast jungle still unexplored. The Palenque jungle is tame today compared to what it was twenty-five years ago. Then the area was accessible to some four-wheel drive vehicles but most of the visitors had to enter by foot.

I did not feel the harsh energies that accompany some of the other Mayan/Aztec sites. Here, there was a more remote feeling, of being in two worlds at the same time. While this feeling is common in many of the sites, here there were no invisible boundaries to cross to straddle the other world. There was also a quiet that does not accompany many of the other sites. Palenque had been a thriving metropolis in its time that had nourished its people, and Pacal Votan was the mightiest of rulers -- Lord of the Sun Shield. After exploring most of the ruins, I found myself almost obsessively attracted to the Governor's Palace.

The name, of course, was given in later years by archaeologists and explorer's who would reside in these complexes during excavations. However, that did not distract from the power and lure of this particular complex. Unlike other governor's palaces that I have seen, this multilevel, multiroom, maze-like structure with its massive columns and courtyards felt like a castle fit for a formidable king. In fact, it has been noted by some Mayans that two queens reigned over the metropolis even before Lord Pacal became its most reknown ruler. I spent three hours in the Palace that Friday, and then three hours more on Saturday. I wandered through the corridors, and mazes, and meditated in a part of the structure that has been determined by scholars to have been the baths or spas. Whether for physical healing or spiritual healing, the baths were certainly used for deep cleansing and my gut feeling regarding the purpose of the spas is far different than that disseminated by the traditionalists. Timekeeper Hunbatz Men believes that the complex was used primarily for the accumulation of high knowledge.

I also spent time studying and meditating on the relief that depicted the coronation of Pacal Votan. Interestingly, when my film was developed, I found that I had returned there on three occasions to shoot pictures, apparently forgetting that I had already been there. However, this particular spot would prove even more interesting as the visit unfolded, and would invoke a timewarp in my consciousness.

Hunbatz and I prepared for my naming ceremony. It had been planned for three months but where and exactly at which site would prove to be challenging during this visit. Twice we were thwarted by circumstances beyond our control. At Chichen Itza, following the descent of the serpent, we were separated by the massive crowds and other distractions. At Uxmal, where the female energy was present, Hunbatz had a last-minute engagement that forced him to return to Chichen Itza to be with the camera crew of Discovery Channel.

At Palenque, the Temple of the Inscriptions was roped off and we could not perform the ceremony there either. At the last fortuitous minute that Friday, Hunbatz ushered the group back to the vendors and buses and pulled me over to the wall in the Palace corridor, on which the relief of Pacal Votan's coronation was enscribed. Equally fortuitous is that at that moment, there were no other tour groups in the area, which had been the case for many hours before. Hunbatz had spent time meditating on my name. I had been attending his ceremonies for a year now. He relied on his interactions with me, and he noted my interactions with the Mayan energies, to derive my Mayan name. In front of the relief of the coronation of Pacal Votan, he coronated me with my Mayan name. As we finished, a tour group came around the corner and we moved to another area.

My coronation was nothing special; there was no time for a formal ceremony as had been afforded other initiates on other occasions. We walked back to the visitor's center and met with Lacandon friends and then rounded up our group to continue on to our luncheon engagement. We returned to Palenque later that afternoon and I returned to the Palace for most of that time until the archaeological zone closed. That night, as I lay down to sleep, a sudden energy vortex appeared over my second chakra. It raised my kundalini and as the light swirled around me, I remember saying "I'm ready to leave" as I settled into sleep. I believe I slept soundly that night.

When I awoke in the morning, I raised myself from the bed and groped for my eye-glasses. Upon putting them on, I noticed a red V that looked like it had been finely painted onto the palm lines of my left hand. I checked for a wound that might have gone unnoticed, and for possible bleeding elsewhere, but found nothing. I checked my bags to see if I had packed a red pen that I might have been unaware of and, again, found nothing. My lipstick was very worn and rounded, a darker color, and could never have created such fine lines without a lip brush, which I did not have. The V was perfectly enscribed between my forefinger and middle finger. I studied and pondered it before performing my morning washing ritual, at which time, the red V vanished with the water.†The red mark, as Hunbatz interpreted it, was the mark of the Sun. Its V shape was the shape of a shield. It would serve as an illuminated shield, through the shadow road of my consciousness where I, as spiritual warrior, would eventually transcend the dark and become what was and what will be--a coronation in its own right. While my consciousness had split into three and four-dimensional awareness simultaneously, the shift was not totally complete. To complete my journey I must recognize and embrace my shadow consciousness, which, otherwise, will prevent a successful transcendence through the noise of the collective unconscious to a final and total integration and understanding of all that is.†

The Mayans at Palenque lived in two worlds at once and eventually made the total shift to pure fourth-dimensional consciousness. They are still there, in the past, present, and future. This time warp is a magnet for the prepared initiate and a boomerang to those who are ill intentioned. Palenque is a place in which to meet with the ancestors and transcend physical mortality after you've successfully faced and embraced the shadow. You cannot move through the shadow jungle of galactic space without first confronting your own fears and the unknown. Lord Pacal still resides over the site and keeps the uninitiated at bay. To meet him face-to-face, in fourth dimensional space, one must be well-taught and prepared to pass through the turbulent galactic center and integrate left-brain consciousness with right-brain intuition, or superconsciousness. Only then can one come face-to-face with all that is, and walk with the ancestors.