

The Legend of Tzuj Yaah

(The Daughter of Xocomil)

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After the Great Grandfathers, the Great Grandmothers, the Heart of the Sky and the Heart of the Earth transformed them into the forces of nature that produced a whirling wind that the Mayan people around Lake Atitlán called the Xocomil, Utzil, the howling wind, and Zacar, the soft and warm breeze, enjoyed a great love and happiness. They could not even remember the pain and hardships through which they had to go to come to that one moment of ecstasy when they were above the laws of nature, and they had become nature herself.

They were so enthralled in each other that they no longer paid any attention to anyone or anything besides themselves. They did not pay attention even to Toj, the Great Lizard, who was turned into the water vapor that rose above the Lake. But Toj was pleased at seeing them so happy and even more so at seeing the Mayan territory as one, free of the island of Kulbat Abaj that had before meant to him a symbol of division between the Mayans.



When it was not long before twilight, Utzil loved sitting on his look-out and seeing his beloved Zacar move so graciously and femininely over the shores of Lake Atitlán. At that time, the Lake seemed as a giant mirror upon which the blue colored volcanoes, that are today called San Pedro, Atitlán and Tolimán, were reflected. Together with the purple, red and gold colors of the sunset skies that also

reflected upon the Lake, creating a magical sight with which the Mayans had been truly blessed.



He had chosen this look-out when he was still a great Kakchiquel warrior so that he could keep a watch over his former enemies, the Tzutujil warriors. From this post high up in the mountains he could observe the territories of the Tzutujil to his front and those of the Kakchiquel to the right and left. Behind that spot and deep into the green scenery of the mountain lay the secret Sacred City that he had sworn to protect with his life. It was the most important city of the Kakchiquel and within it were the Mayan mounds that they had inherited from the grandfathers of their grandfathers. There, the secrets of the roots of the Kakchiquel, and also of the Quiché, the Tzutujil, and the Mayan cultures of the highlands were kept hidden.



The location of the Sacred City was known only to those few with whom the Ajpop Kukumatz had shared this information, among which were the leaders of the Sotzil lineage of the Kakchiquel and the Quiché Ajpop Kicab of the Kaweq lineage. Before the Quiché and Kakchiquel people were enemies, they had a great friendship and respect among each other and shared their religious, scientific and mathematical knowledge. It was for this reason that when their pact was broken, the Ajpop Kicab did not betray the Kakchiquel nation and instead informed them of the danger that they faced in Chi Awar, known today as Chichicastenango. He recommended that they move to the foot of Ratz'an Ut hill, in what is today Iximché, where they would be away from the Sacred City, and advised them to bury their mounds and pyramids so that no one else would find them easily lest they be destroyed in the wars that were soon to come between the Tzutujil, Kakchiquel and Quiché, Mayan brothers though they were.



More important than these internal conflicts, the prophecies had spoken of the arrival of foreigners from distant lands that would bring with them strange weapons and diseases and the intention to dominate and rip the Mayan nations apart. So that they may mislead any attackers, the Ajpop who shared the secret decided to bury the Sacred City Tzololyá, located in Panimaché. A long time after, a settlement named San Andrés Sematabaj was set over the area of Panimaché and then another settlement with the same name was constructed upon the area that is today known as Sololá.

In order to look after and protect the Sacred City, the Ajpop chose the thirteen best men and the thirteen best women of the Kakchiquel. These were the wisest, most hardworking and loyal

of their nation, but they were especially chosen for having the greatest hearts, for respecting the Great Grandfathers and Grandmothers, for loving nature, the lake and volcanoes, and for loving peace the most.



Utzil's lookout was a vantage point for several reasons, not only politically and militarily but also spiritually. At its top there was a square platform of stone upon which a group of warriors could easily remain while watching the Lake's landscape. On this platform there was a great stone in the shape of a serpent's head looking towards the direction where the sun set, and this square platform was at the top of a large vertical rectangle thirteen meters high, which along with the serpent's head on its top represented the Ajpop Kukumatz, who watched over the twelve Mayan towns. The platform's corner on the left hand side was set to point towards the south, where the Tolimán volcano was, and the corner of the right hand side pointed towards what is today Sololá. This helped the invincible Kakchiquel warriors know the boundary between the Tzutujil and Kakchiquel people, which could be traced by making an imaginary line from Tolimán to Sololá – the Kakchiquel territory to the east and the Tzutujil to the west.

All of the history and events that have been described were what Utzil and Zacar thought of the least. They had eyes and hearts only for each other, and anything else did not exist any longer. Just when Utzil was about to leave his look-out to chase his beloved Zacar as he did every day, her soft breeze came floating towards him. He remained still and received her in his arms, and both enjoyed each other's comfort. But that evening, the inhabitants around the Lake did not see the Xocomil, which they thought strange. There was a deep calm in the air, no howling wind, no noise, no mockingbirds singing and no motmots flying. Utzil and Zacar had fallen fast asleep.

In the middle of the night as they were sleeping, a ray of moonlight fell upon Utzil's eyes and stirred him from his sleep. He tenderly woke Zacar up and said to her:

-Something about this night seems strange to me. The birds do not sing nor fly, the coyotes do not howl, and the grasshoppers make no sounds. This has never happened before!-

-Everyone has the right to rest once in a while! - Zacar answered, and she continued in her slumber.

All at once, Utzil's warrior spirit woke up within him, and all the memories of how he had failed to leave the corn cob devoid of grains came back to him. He thought of how everyone in Kumarcaj would be thinking that he had kidnapped Zacar, the beautiful daughter of the Ajaw Pocón, and feared that the Quiché people would try to rescue her and take vengeance.



He gently laid Zacar on the stone platform and with great instinct and force he swept high into the air like the howling wind he now was. From there he could see all around the Sacred City. “Noooooooooooo!” he yelled with all his might, filling the darkened sky with thunder and lightning and making the waters of the Lake visible in the sudden light. “Our Quiché enemies have found the Sacred City! They are at war with us! The Great Grandfathers and the Great Grandmothers lied to me! There is no peace, war rages on! Oh, but today they will find out what a true hurricane is like, they will know my strength!” he yelled again.

Zacar, like the people that lived around the Lake, was frightened at such a powerful rumble, and immediately took to the air with her usual delicateness. Coming back to the look-out platform, she yelled to Utzil:

-The violence with which you acted in Kumarcaj did not allow you to complete the task you were appointed by the Great Grandfathers and Grandmothers! The violence that you now plan on unleashing will harm both the Quiché and Kakchiquel and it will not bring peace! And if you fight against the Quiché you will be fighting against my brothers, I am a Quiché too! It will bring harm to us both! Remember the reason for which Toj sunk Kulbat Abaj.....so that all Mayans could see each other as one strong nation, as the brothers that we truly are!-

These words had pierced his mind and his heart like deep arrows. He remained still and silent, he knew not what to do or say.

-What shall we do then? - He asked.

-The Great Grandfathers and Grandmothers, the Heart of the Sky and the Heart of the Earth made us a promise, let's call them!- Zacar replied.

Utzil returned to the look-out and from there they both summoned their Guides from above, who immediately made themselves present. They understood the anguish that stalked Utzil and Zacar's hearts, and so they spoke:

-Such a howling nature as yours Utzil cannot stop one army without hurting the other, and such a tender nature as yours Zacar cannot stop two confused and angry armies. But we have the solution to our promise for peace between the Quiché and Kakchiquel people. And you Utzil will have yet another chance to accomplish the task that we had appointed to you, so that there may be peace between these two nations and among the whole Mayan nation.-



-We order you, Utzil,- they continued, -that from this moment you go around every town that lies around Lake Atitlán and take one arrow from each town, so that you may have twelve arrows in the end. Prepare these along with your bow and have it ready for when we call upon you. To you Zacar, we give thanks for having spoken to Utzil with such wisdom and for calming his wrath. To you both, we ask that after the twelve arrows are collected, you come back to this look-out and sleep here together for nine hours. When you awake we will already be next to you without the need for our summoning. Do you understand?
- They asked, at which both nodded their heads in response.

Utzil left to fetch the twelve arrows while Zacar prepared the bedding with pine leafs where they would rest. At his return, both fell fast asleep in warm embrace and comfort. At first light on the next day, Utzil and Zacar woke up at the same time and they saw that their Guides were standing there, smiling at them and lighting the look-out with such brilliance that only happiness can cause. Despite being already daylight, that brilliance was seen from each of the twelve towns around the Lake. It was at that moment that they stirred in surprise at feeling something small, soft and tender between them. It separated their bodies but bound their souls like the strongest magnet ever. It was something different to them but it was as if it were they themselves.



The Great Grandfathers and Grandmothers came closer to them and with the sweetest smile said: -It is your creation. She is your daughter! And you will call her henceforth Tzuj Yaah, which means “water droplets” in her parents and grandparents language.-

Utzil and Zacar looked into each other’s eyes with a grand smile painted on their faces and tears rolling down their cheeks. In them the great love that bound each other could be seen. They turned to look at the very welcomed Tzuj Yaah and touched her with so much love and tenderness as the softest and most delicate thing in this world.

-But she is white! She is perfectly white and our skins have always been more dark than light! -
Utzil exclaimed.

The Great Grandfather looked at him with a smile and an air of wisdom in his countenance and said: -What else could have been born from the union between a howling wind like you and a sweet soft breeze like Zacar with the purest heart in the universe? Only Tzuj Yaah, who like droplets of water will form a pleasant white fog that will stand for purity, love, peace and

tranquility. She does not possess skin and because of this you can see straight into her heart. Skin color is affected by many circumstances and it impedes us to see what is really on the inside, and it is because of this that it should not be taken into account. Do you understand?- he asked Utzil, who nodded while maintaining his loving gaze on Tzuj Yaah.



The Great Grandmother now spoke to Zacar: - As Tzuj Yaah's mother, and as the soft tender breeze that you are, you will be in charge of taking her out to walk and play around the mountains, hills and ravines around the Sacred City. You will let her play freely and peacefully in the morning and in the afternoon, but at midday you shall bring her back so that the sun's light may fall upon the sacred foods of your Quiché and Kakchiquel brothers so that these may spring and flourish. These people will need their food assured and with it will come peace. Go now with her!-



While they spoke, the Quiché warriors that Utzil had seen moving around the Sacred City had returned to their Ajpop telling him that they had found the Sacred City where Zacar was said to be held. Without wasting time, the Ajpop organized his best men, his best warriors and his best women, and instructed them to carry their best food including their best corn, their best beans, and their best seeds of the other edible foods. This was in case the war was to be prolonged, as it had been the case in the other wars against the Kakchiquel people.



When the Quiché warriors and women reached the high mountains that surrounded Panimaché they stopped and marveled at how a dense fog, white, pure and made up of water droplets, was slowly covering the mountains and ravines around and over the Sacred City. It was as if the dense fog was being slowly led by the hand by a soft breeze. To this they exclaimed "This city is truly magical and sacred!" Strangely they felt no fear as they went forth. The freshness of the white fog was calming them down and their war drums could no longer be heard. They knew that they could not be seen and that they could not see around themselves, but knew that they could be heard, so they walked in as much silence as they could. However, as they got closer to the Sacred City the fog was getting even denser. They could not even see their own feet or the people around them, but what was most dangerous was that they could not see the great ravines that surrounded the area.



The road turned slow and tired. Coming down from the mountains they reached the first valley that was already a part of Panimaché, and there the Ajpop in charge knew that his army could go no further. He ordered them to stop and make camp in this valley and so they did, placing guards all around the camping area. They built their shelters so that they may be safe from the cold and stored the food that they carried. When they had finished setting the camp they decided to rest, the women and half the warriors coming first.

They had just finished setting themselves up when the white fog began to dissipate and the first rays of the sun fell upon the tired warriors, warming their muscles. The Ajpop began to shout: "This is it! This is the moment!" and ordered the camp to be lifted and everyone to be ready to start walking once more. Everyone stood up and moved about cleaning the camp and packing all their goods and burdens, and in less than three hours they were ready to move.

The Ajpop placed himself on the highest landform and began directing his army and encouraging them. But when he was about to give the final order the sweet white fog that had pervaded for hours earlier made its way back into the valley, covering the roads, ravines and mountains. "Nooooooo!" yelled the Ajpop, "Our Gods are not helping us today!" and every single man and woman of the host looked up in dismay.

This same phenomenon happened once and again every single day for the next week. They could not move from this place, and so the Ajpop ordered twelve of his warriors to advance into the fog to find the road towards the Sacred City and return to guide the rest there. But the rest would not be able to move for another week, and then for another month. The Ajpop realized that they would not last much more in such a situation – not only would they not be able to rescue the beautiful Zacar but they would also fall short of food, which would end their journey. And so he directed the men and women to begin to sow the fields with corn, beans, avocado and other edible plants.



Four months went by without any change to their situation. Every day, there were instants when the sun shone and allowed the earth to be sowed, the plants to be taken care of and animals to be hunted. They decided to capture these animals as well so that they would assure their food. One day, when the fog had moved to give way to the sun, a great joy and laughter was heard and many women were seen jumping and running in triumph. The beans had yielded their first harvest and some people took many bean pods to the Ajpop, who showed his happiness. They had assured the host's food for the coming days. But he was also sad – the men he had sent to find the way had not returned and seemed to have lost themselves in the fog.



More weeks passed by, and then month upon month time flew by and nothing had changed. The Tzolkin calendar of the Mayans made up of two hundred and sixty days had already completed one complete cycle. But joy would make itself present another day, once more when the sun shone in those short hours that it used to. The Quiché men and women settled on Panimaché were shouting with joy and laughter rang across the settlement. It seemed that all its population walked towards the Ajpop, singing and dancing to the triumphant tunes and rhythms of the Marimba and the Tun, the first having been made from the same wood of the valley. The Tzicolaj, an ancestor of the Chirimía, no longer sounded nostalgic and sad but happy and hopeful! The men headed the congregation, their arms filled with corn cobs. It was the first harvest of their most sacred food, the maize from which they, the Mayans, had been created.



When the men had come to the Ajpop, they kneeled before him with their fronts upon the ground and held their arms stretched to the front. They were offering the corncobs, not to the Ajpop in front of them, but to the Great Grandfathers and Grandmothers who had been watching over them throughout all this time.

The Ajpop looked proudly at the corncobs and then at the men who knelt before him. But when he placed his eyes on the women who had been walking behind he fell to his knees and started to cry shamelessly in front of everyone. The men rose and helped him to get up and sat him on his chair, crafted from the same wood from which the marimbas had been made. He would not stop crying. One by one, the women passed in front of him presenting him the children to whom they had given birth to quite at the same time that the Mother Earth had given birth to their most sacred crop, the maize. The Ajpop took each of the new born babies into his arms and gave each a kiss, and it was there that in his great wisdom he realized that the destiny that the Great Grandfathers, the Great Grandmothers, the Heart of the Sky and the Heart of the Earth had prepared for their people was being fulfilled. The Mayan nation of the Quiché would continue to grow and the maize and beans would feed them throughout.



No one, not the Ajpop, not the warriors and not anyone else thought about war. Only laughter, singing, dancing and happiness echoed across the valley. Zacar shared this same joy and because of this took Tzuj Yaah away from the mountains and valleys of Panimaché so that the sun could shine upon her people. Before it

set, the sun offered its most marvelous views from the sky – infinity of colors merging into each other and impossible for a painter to portray with exactitude. This beauty made way for a night lighted by the brilliant and soft rays that reflected off the full moon, while the people celebrated in joy and ceremony for the blessing of this harvest.

One morning that the Grandfathers and Grandmothers had come to Utzil's look-out to visit Tzuj Yaah, Utzil asked to talk to the Grandfathers while the Grandmothers and Zacar shared time around Tzuj Yaah. He told them: -I do not wish to bother or offend Zacar, but the truth is that I am worried about the Quiché people that have settled around the Sacred City. I swore to protect it with my life and I fear, since they already know where it is, it will not be long before they gather in numbers, find the City and attack it. I ask you who are wise, what do you believe I should do?-

To this, the Grandfathers answered: -Utzil, today is the most important day for the Kakchiquel and Quiché nations, and for all Mayan nations, and it all rests upon your shoulders. Today is the day that you will be put to the test and see if you can carry out the feat we have appointed you. In reward, we, the Great Grandfathers, the Great Grandmothers, the Heart of the Sky, and the Heart of the Earth promise to bring the longed for peace to the Quiché and Kakchiquel nations and to all the Mayan nations.

-Fetch now your bow and the twelve arrows that we asked you obtain from each of the twelve towns around Lake Atitlán. Today, when Tzuj Yaah is playing in the hills and valleys of Panimaché and surrounds the Sacred City of Tzololyá with her fog, we will throw four corncobs into the air. Each will be of a different color and each color will represent the four different skin colors of mankind, though they will not represent mankind's soul itself.

-The feat that you must now accomplish is four times harder than the feat we had asked you to perform in Kumarcaj, and that you did not accomplish because of your violence. With the twelve arrows that you now hold you will leave each of the four corncobs devoid of corn grains before they fall to the ground. If you manage to do this, we will immediately fulfill our promise.-



Silence reigned once more on that day. The mockingbirds did not sing and the coyotes did not howl. The wind did not whistle and all the Mayan nations around Lake Atitlán remained still and silent. Neither the Kakchiquel people nor the Quiché people made a sound or even a movement, for they felt deep inside, without truly understanding why, that something great was about to happen. The deep silence of expectation prevailed.

Tzuj Yaah began her afternoon playing through the mountains and ravines of Panimaché and in just a few minutes the whole area was covered in pure white fog. No one could see a thing and

no one could hear a thing. The only thing that pervaded the surroundings was the tension that Utzil, the Great Kakchiquel Warrior, felt, as he awaited the moment that his test would begin. The Great Grandfathers, the Great Grandmothers, the Heart of the Sky and the Heart of the Earth stood by him, also waiting.

The water vapor of Lake Atitlan and its soft and sweet breeze, along with Tzunun the Hummingbird, floated together upon the highest mountains, as if holding hands. It was Zacar and Toj who as the Mayan brethren that they were waited anxiously for the start of this awaited event.



All of a sudden and without previous warning, four thick and blinding lightning rays struck down from the sky, and such was their force and light that they could even be seen through the white fog in Panimaché. A corncob of different color flew steadily at the points of each lightning ray, one black, one white, one red and one yellow. With the warrior instinct and the hurricane-like vigor that distinguished him Utzil was able to get in the middle of the four rays in just one leap. There he took his first three arrows and strung his bow, ready for the first corncob.



He took on the white corncob first, since it was the hardest to see in the blinding light of the rays, and with the three arrows that he had reserved for it he managed to shoot every single grain off in less than a second!

Immediately he turned to his left and with great instinct and accuracy shot another three arrows to the yellow corncob, which was the second least visible in the blinding light. At the third impact all of the grains had been thrown off.

But now his tension was at a peak, and with it he turned a little more to the left onto the next corncob. It was the red cob but it was being camouflaged by the red color of the sun setting behind it! He felt that his heart was about to leap out of this mouth and that his nerves would betray him. But in a matter of less than a second he made a mighty effort to concentrate; he forgot everything else around him, even the last corncob which was falling steadily to the

ground, and narrowed his eyes towards the red cob. One after the other, he fired yet another three arrows with great precision and not once did he err his mark!

He was now about to turn towards the last corncob, when with some difficulty saw that there were still three grains left on the red cob! Without a second's thought he took a fourth arrow and fired it straight to the center of the three grains, finally causing them to fall off the cob. He knew that he had fired four arrows and that only two arrows were left to shoot at the black corncob!

Quicker than the lightning ray that transported the last corncob, he managed to place himself under it. But the darkness had started to creep into the Lake and he could barely perceive the figure of the black corncob, so he decided to tense his bow as hard as he could and to shoot at the base of the cob with such strength that the grains would fall off from the sole force of the impact. And so he shot the arrow right into the base of the corncob and almost all of the grains were sent off to the air. All of the grains except two – one at the base of the cob and one at its tip!

The black corncob was now about to hit ground and so there was no time to think! Utzil tensed his bow once more, the strongest he could and aimed right into the middle of the corncob so that with yet another impact both the remaining grains would be shaken off. He fired his last arrow just as the last cob was about to hit the ground, and when it was not a centimeter above the ground the arrow managed to impact the cob!

The darkness of night had utterly invaded the Lake and it did not allow Utzil to see whether he had succeeded in taking the two last grains off the black corncob, so he was left to trust that the massive force of the arrow's impact had managed to take them off. Spent from the effort, he slowly withdrew to his look out accompanied by Toj, who without saying a word gave him a pat on the back. When he reached his look out, Zacar and Tzuj Yaah received him with great love and warmth, also without speaking a word. There he spent a sleepless night, waiting for the Great Grandfathers and Grandmothers to come make their daily morning visit.

At first light, the Great Grandfathers were already at Utzil's look out. Upon seeing them, Utzil felt himself faint. They were walking towards him, their heads downcast and their eyes to the ground. They walked up to Utzil, who's legs were shaking and were so weak that he could not keep himself standing, and said to him: -One grain of black maize was left on the cob, Utzil. Here it is so you can see...-

Zacar opened her eyes in sad wonder and only managed to hug Tzuj Yaah, aware of what this meant for the Mayan nations and of the pain that it caused her beloved Utzil. Utzil felt his heart pounding uncontrollably within his chest. He felt that madness was taking over his mind and

that rage was filling up his soul, and without giving any time to more words he shot up high to the airs and it was then that the towns around the Lake saw the greatest and most terrible hurricane that they had ever seen! Meanwhile, everyone upon the platform of the look-out remained there without speaking a word until the Great Grandfathers took their leave. That night, there were no other sounds to be heard around Lake Atitlán or in Panimaché except for the roars and rumbles caused by Utzil's rage.

Late into the night, Utzil returned to his look-out, exhausted and depressed. There he found Zacar and Tzuj Yaah lying fast asleep. He sat next to them and remained awake until the sun shone upon the next day.

At dawn, Utzil remained awake, sitting upon the platform, gazing into emptiness though his eyes were directed at the expanse of the Lake. The Great Grandfathers, the Great Grandmothers, the Heart of the Sky and the Heart of the Earth appeared upon the look-out and sought his eyes. Utzil, however, evaded from their gazes and only looked down to the ground.

-Lift your head Utzil, because today we bring good news!- the Great Grandfathers told him.

-No news can be good today...-, Utzil responded.

-You are wrong,- they spoke back, -we spent the whole night talking, thinking and analyzing with the Gods, and we have all agreed that you, Utzil, have put your greatest effort, your highest ability, your strongest will, and your best desires in trying to accomplish the task we set to you. That is what these feats are all about, and that is why we believe you have indeed fulfilled your part!-

Utzil raised his head and looked at them as if he did not understand what had been said.

-Besides, one single grain of maize is not enough to bring two nations to destroy each other and that of their coming generations, and will not be enough to permit Tzololyá, the Sacred City, to be attacked. Our Mayan culture will not allow this, and for this reason we have decided in the Great Council the following decision:

-We free you from the responsibility of protecting Tzololyá, which will no longer be the Sacred City of the Kakchiquel, but that of all men and women, their color or race being of no relevance here! It shall belong to all those who love and respect Mayan culture and to all those who love and respect Lake Atitlán, its volcanoes, its nature and its animals! But above all, this Sacred City will belong to all those who respect all men, women and children, whether they be of one color, race, religion or another!-



-Tzololyá will not only be the Sacred City but also the Magical City. We have decided that your daughter Tzuj Yaah and the dense white fog that she is will not allow just any person to see it. Many people will walk by it or right into the middle of it and will not see it, while others will see it but they will not understand it and will soon forget about it. Tzuj Yaah's fog will only clear for those people whose hearts are pure and who have good intentions. Her fog will clear for those people who cherish honesty, who love to work, and especially for those who love peace. This will be the magic of the Sacred City and only these people will be able to see it and understand it and they will never forget it.



-The White Fog of Tzuj Yaah will continue to cover Panimaché and the Sacred and Magical City of Tzololyá, and it will remain like that for a long time until the New Age comes forth. Only then will it disappear and only then will the grains of the white, yellow, red and black maize that your arrows helped to spread over the lands of Panimaché and the Sacred and Magical City of Tzololyá will root and grow. These four colors represent the colors of the great races of all men and women upon the Earth!



-And from all of these grains of these four colors will spring forth the great men and great women that will awaken our great ancestral culture. Then, in an environment of peace, unity and respect, together with those people with great hearts that will be able to see and appreciate the Sacred and Magical City of Tzololyá, these great men and women will show it with pride before all the men and women of the world! Before all the nations of the world! But most importantly, they will proudly show it as the heritage of their children and grandchildren and in homage of their Great Grandfathers and Great Grandmothers!-

And so they spoke their last words unto the four people they had entrusted as their heroes on this earth:



-Before we leave, we say to you that from this moment on we entrust You - kind-hearted Utzil, sweet Zacar, tender Tzuj Yaah, and strong Toj- with the care and protection not only of the Sacred and Magical City of Tzololyá, but also of all the towns and peoples that surround Lake Atitlán, and of its volcanoes, its mountains, its valleys, its nature, its animals and of the Lake itself.

-We will keep our part and the promise we made shall be fulfilled. In the new Mayan age that is near at hand, the Quiché, Kakchiquel and Tzutujil people will live in peace and there will no longer be any war among brothers. They will be able to live in harmony upon Tzololyá, and if the big Mayan brothers live in peace then all the younger Mayan brothers shall too live in peace!

-And we, the Great Grandfathers and Great Grandmothers will answer your call whenever you summon us or need us. We will be ready to intervene before the Gods and before the Heart of the Sky and the Heart of the Earth in the name of your yearnings, as long as you ask it of us from your Heart and from your Soul. We now leave you our peace and our love. Share it!-

THE END

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