

Inka Pilgrimage: Hidden Treasures of Pachamama
Epilogue

*O Pachacamac!
Thou who hast existed from the beginning,
Thou who shalt exist until the end,
powerful but merciful,
Who didst create man by saying,
"Let man be,"
Who defendest us from evil,
and preservest our life and our health,
art Thou in the sky or upon the earth?
In the clouds or in the deeps?
Hear the voice of him who implores Thee,
and grant him his petitions.
Give us life everlasting,
preserve us, and accept this our sacrifice.*

[Ancient Civilizations of the Andes by Philip Ainsworth Means, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1931, pp. 437-439.]

<http://www.sacred-texts.com/nam/inca/inca00.htm>

Later Peruvian mythology recognised only three gods of the first rank: the earth, the thunder, and the creative agency. Pachacamac, the great spirit of earth, derived his name from a word pacha, which may be best translated as "things." In its sense of visible things it is equivalent to "world;" applied to things which happen in succession it denotes "time;" and to things connected with persons "property," especially clothes.

The world of visible things is thus Pachamama (Earth-Mother), under which name the ancient Peruvians worshipped the earth. Pachacamac, on the other hand, is not the earth itself, the soil, but the spirit which animates all things that emerge therefrom. From him proceed the spirits of the plants and animals which come from the earth.

Pachamama is the mother-spirit of the mountains, rocks, and plains, Pachacamac is the father-spirit of the grain-bearing plants, animals, birds, and man. In some localities Pachacamac and Pachamama were worshipped as divine mates.

[The Myths of Mexico and Peru, by Lewis Spence, 1913]

<http://www.sacred-texts.com/nam/mmp/index.htm>

When we flew out of Cusco the next day – Wednesday (Koyllurchaw, Venus the morning star) – it was with a feeling of fulfillment and achievement that we boarded the plane and lifted into the sky like a condor. We had traveled on the Inka Trail, and we had been in Machu Picchu, the City of Light. We had seen the Sacred Valley, and we had journeyed on the Path of Viracocha from Lake Titicaca to Cusco.

Now we on our way home. But first I had to stop at the US embassy in Lima and pick up my replacement passport. That was the first order of business when we flew into Lima and checked into Hostel San Francisco. After I had the new passport in my hands and put away securely back at the hostel, Susie and I were free to explore Lima and the surrounding area for two days.

On Thursday (Intichaw, the day of Inti, the sun), I wanted to visit the major pilgrimage site of Pachacamac. There was a bus going there, so we hopped onto the local bus for a 31 Km (19 miles) ride to the ancient pilgrimage site in the valley of the Lurin River. This was the place where the Oracle of Pachacamac resided. The museum still carried a replica of the pillar-shaped wooden totem pole deity with a two-faced Janus-type (past-future) feature on top. There were also representations of animals like snakes (representative of Ukhu Pacha, the underworld) and felines (representative of Kay Pacha, the physical world) carved on it. The oracle in its wooden manifestation looked like an androgynous being (masculine and feminine) and a world pillar (Tree of Life) simultaneously.

My concept of Pachacamac was that he/she was a dual demi-god comprised of Pachacamac (father sky-spirit) and Pachamama (mother earth-spirit). The duality of the divine couple (or masculine deity and feminine deity) was in essence a unity – the masculine deity was the animating principle, and the feminine deity was everything that was being animated. In short, Pachacamac does to Pachamama what the soul does to the body. Call it the Prime Mover, the Soul of the World, the Spirit that moves upon the face of the waters – the concept of the two in one or the one becoming the two is the paradox of monotheism vs. polytheism.

As I walked along the marked path of the archaeological site, I saw an evolution of religious thought over the course of more than a millennium. From an invisible creative force to a creator-god, Pachacamac appears on the scene of the coastal valleys of Peru to create the first humans – or the second humans, if the other creator (Kon) Viracocha is taken into account. In another story, Pachacamac is one of Inti's (the sun-god) three sons. The Incas, of course, made everything, including all the former deities, revolve around Inti (the sun-god).

The first section we walked by on our self-guided tour was the Acllawasi (or Mamacona), built by the Inca for the Virgins of the sun-god. The walking tour along the gravel road did not allow access to any of the buildings. They were roped off. It looked like there was extensive excavation and restoration going on, with workers excavating near some of the buildings. The two sections of the pyramids with ramps – there were over 15 of them – reminded me of the pyramids of Cochasqui that we had seen in Ecuador. The palace of Tauri Chumpi belonged to the Inca period. The Old Temple (Templo Viejo) belonged to the early 3rd century. The cemetery area was

located in front of the Painted Temple, where the wooden pillar (totem pole) of the god Pachacamac was set up. The elite were buried in front of the temple, which seemed to be the prime resting ground, right by the sea (place of origin) and near the creator-god Pachacamac. It reminded me of the vast Jewish and Muslim cemeteries at the Golden (eastern) Gate of the walled city of Jerusalem, where the people buried there would be the first to partake in the resurrection at the Last Judgment.

The most interesting building, of course, was the Temple of the Sun that the Inca built on top of the highest promontory in the temple-city. It was probably built on top of a previous temple, something that the Inca did, as well as the Spaniards after them. The Temple of the Sun area had a fantastic view of the nearby Pacific Ocean, as well as the surrounding hills and valley. Several rock islands along the coastline looked like people turned to stone, according to legend; or just a big whale and other sea creatures as the local people liked to see it.

I did not hear the oracle speak at Pachacamac. It had been silenced by the Spaniards centuries ago, just like the Oracle of Delphi (and other oracles) had been silenced by Christian zealots in the third and fourth centuries. I did, however, hear the ocean waves crashing on the shores of the Pacific Ocean later when Susie and I visited the suburbs of Miraflores. And I did finally get to see some of the places in the City of the Kings – Lima – including the pre-Inca center of the Lima culture named Huaca Pucllana.



The next day (Friday, Ch'askachaw, day of the stars), we took a flight out of Lima and flew through the celestial sky towards our home in California.

I wrote a final note for my blog:

Today, Friday June 11th, is the last day for Susie and me in South America. What an adventure it has been. 4 countries in 5 weeks. Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia. I would have to say that the highlight of the trip was the 4 day hike to Machu Picchu with SAS Travel tour company. Imagine hiking through the Andes on the Inka Trail, up and down steep passes, through cold and high altitude, chewing coca leaves to avoid altitude sickness. Then imagine eating 3 sumptuous meals a day cooked by the best Peruvian chef in the country. Continue imagining 2 porters carrying your heavy load. They were well paid. And then on the culminating morning, you enter through the sun gate and see the city of Machu Picchu appear through a hazy fog as the sun disperses the mist and brightens the sacred city of the Inkas.

Yes, it was an incredible Inka Pilgrimage, through the Sacred Valley and Cuzco, where the great Inca civilization made its center. It was also incredible to learn of all the pre-Inca civilizations (Moche, Chimu, Tiwanaku, etc.) that existed before the Inca (rulers) came along to bring all the previous civilizations under the banner of the Sun God (Inti).

The native people were particularly impressive, especially the Aymara people on Lake Titicaca.

The Spanish influence, of course, was spectacular in the capital cities of Bogota, Quito, Lima, and La Paz, where the central plazas and the cathedrals spoke of the glory of the Spanish Empire that lasted from 1534 to 1820.

Last, but not least – as I was flying like a condor over the continent of South America, the images of all the places I had seen, and the people I had met, came back to my mind's eye. I saw the legendary gold at the Museum of Gold in Bogota, Colombia. I recalled the Salt Cathedral of Zipaquira and the Muisca culture. I rode once again on a horse through the San Agustin archaeological site and walked with Luis Salazar through the groves of living stone statues. I relished the home cooked meals that Susie's friend Teresa prepared, and the picnic at Coconuco hot springs near Popayan. I contemplated all the images of the Virgin Mary at the Sanctuary of Our Lady of Las Lajas in the border town of Ipiales. I listened to the voice of Virgilio Pullas De la Cruz as he revealed the secrets of the Pyramids of Cochasqui near Quito. I swam in the waters of the great Amazonia with Gabriel Guallo Andi, who introduced me to the wisdom of the jungle people. I walked through the puma-designed Ingapirca archaeological site, and learned about the Canari people. I looked into the face of a centenarian, Lucila Guerrero, and discovered that there is a Sacred Valley of Longevity. I spent a night at Orlando Falco's Rumi Wilco Nature Reserve, where his trail system was a joy to explore. I visited the Lord of Sipan in Chiclayo, and I saw the Huacas de Moche (the Sun and Moon monuments) as the guide Wilmer Rodriguez led us through the great wonder of the Moche people near Trujillo, Peru. Chan Chan and the Chimu civilization flashed through my mind as Lucy showed us the great palace of the Chimu ruler. The ancient civilization of Tiwanaku and the staff-god Viracocha came to mind as we flew to Bolivia. Then the Virgin of Copacabana came into sight as we encountered her Black Madonna (Mother Earth) manifestation near Lake Titicaca. Spending two nights at Isla del Sol at Lake Titicaca gave me a perspective of the myths of origin of the Aymara and Quechua people, for it was here that Viracocha (the creator-god) and Manco Capac and Mama Ocllo (the first race of people) had their beginnings. Lake Titicaca was also the great lake of the Andes that had the floating islands of Uros, where the Uros-Aymara people existed to this day. Once again I was traveling on the Inka Express on the Path of Viracocha (Path of the Sun) to the center Cusco (navel of the world). And once again I was on the Inka Trail with Hilbert Sumire, who guided us to the City of Light – Machu Picchu. All this flowed through my mind like the sacred Vilcanota-Wilcamayu-Urubamba River.

These were the “hidden treasures of Pachamama” that I had encountered. The people, the places, the huacas (shrines), the Apus (mountain spirits), the archaeological sites, the living stone statues, and the spiritual deities of Pachamama, Pachacamac, and

Viracocha were all part of the vast treasure house that I had entered and seen with my own eyes. It was the treasure house of the Andean world, where the Chakana was the emblem of a three-tiered universe (Hanan Pacha, the upper world, Kay Pacha, the present world, and Ukhu Pacha, the underworld). It was a world where the condor, the puma, and the serpent appeared in all aspects of existence.

The Andean people say that the Pachacuti is a time of cosmic transformation. The 1,000 year cosmic cycle of day and night – divided into 500 years of day and 500 years of night – was their way of understanding the arrival of the conquistadors to inaugurate the dark time, and the new day at the turn of the millennium signaled the arrival of the renewal of Inka-consciousness, where Pachamama (Mother Earth) is respected, and Inti (the Sun) is utilized as solar energy.

There is a legend (or prophecy) among the Native American elders of both continents that when the eagle of the north continent and the condor of the south continent fly together in the same sky, there will be peace and harmony on earth.

There is another legend that says that the messenger of the Sun, Manco Capac, was really known as Amaru (“Feathered Serpent of wisdom” – like Quetzalcoatl in Mexico and Central America). From Amaru comes our word America, which means that Amaruca is “the Land of the Feathered Serpent.” The seers and shamans say that the Land of the Feathered Serpent is like the World Tree (Axis Mundi), whose branches reach into North America, its roots into South America, and the sacred sap of the trunk of the tree flows through Mexico and Central America.



THIS BOOK IS MY APACHETA (“LIVING STONE”)
WHICH I PLACE AT THE FEET OF PACHAMAMA
WITH A SIMPLE PRAYER OF THANKS:

“THANK YOU, PACHAMAMA,
FOR MAKING MY PILGRIMAGE
ON YOUR EARTH POSSIBLE,
AND FOR HELPING ME FIND
YOUR HIDDEN TREASURES.”

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