

## Sacsayhuaman



On a spiritual pilgrimage to Peru with Andrea in June 2007, while tramping around **Sacsayhuaman** outside Cusco, taking pictures and checking for energy lines, we came upon a three foot circular depression. It was cut into the surface of a rock out-crop. The site overlooks a wide valley north of Sacsayhuaman fortress temple wall. Pepe, our guide, retired professor and Inca Spiritual Master, was checking the stone basin rim with his compass. It reacted in a most unusual way. Its erratic behavior

indicted that the basin was over an **electromagnetic anomaly (a vortex!)**.

The group formed a circle around the basin and opened with a short **ceremony**. I could not get into the circle; not because I did not want to, but because I could not. It was the energy. It made me so uncomfortable I had to move back. The ritual began. I had to move back still more and then found a comfort zone to observe the rite. Pepe seemed to be doing a cleansing and blessed each group member as they stood in the depression.

**Things began to change.** The distant Andes vanished into a white glowing light. The Sacsayhuaman walls went, as well as some group members; three four at a time in rapid succession faded into the encroaching **glowing mist**. I don't know if Pepe was moving or not. A **beam of light** came down at about a twelve degree angle and formed on the person standing in the depression. I do not know who it was or if she experienced anything. It was about three feet through and conformed to the rim edge of the basin. The beam was opaque, constant, long and straight like an electric arc lamp. I'm not sure about the color of the light it gave, but it stood out clearly against the mist. Perhaps all color....

The fog had formed rather like shaving cream from a can and obscured everything and everyone not essential to the vision. It had covered the ground and basin up to the knees of the young lady of the beam. There she was, luxuriating in the light. Her arms down, palms to the front and upturned. Her hair dark and in blue jeans. Head back and face exposed to the beam of light, but not looking directly into it. By this time I stood quite alone, just observing the phenomenon.

Up to this point the color was natural, like a color photograph. I saw the whole thing as though through my own eyes. This abruptly changed. Now there was no girl in full color standing knee deep in shaving cream. My vision now was not through my

eyes, but from outside. It was like I was a floating whisp of smoke that could see, **not with eyes, but from the soul**. What I saw now was a head and torso with all the serene classical beauty of a Nefertiti in marbled blue and gray. Just the hint of a smile and an air of love and peace.

That was all and the whole thing was gone. My full color vision returned and I could see the last vestiges of mist being absorbed back into the earth. People were moving about and I became aware that some minutes had passed.

I do not know if our lady of the beam was the last person to step into the basin vortex or not. I never stepped into it myself. Too much of a struggle with the energy. I could not adjust fast enough. I knew I would have been transported immediately.

My little inside voice spoke to me, “In this place all things are possible. There is no past, no future, only the eternal now.”

Andrea and I spoke briefly about there being no past, no future, only the eternal now. We shared a hug.



**Daryl Capps – “He of The Blue “**