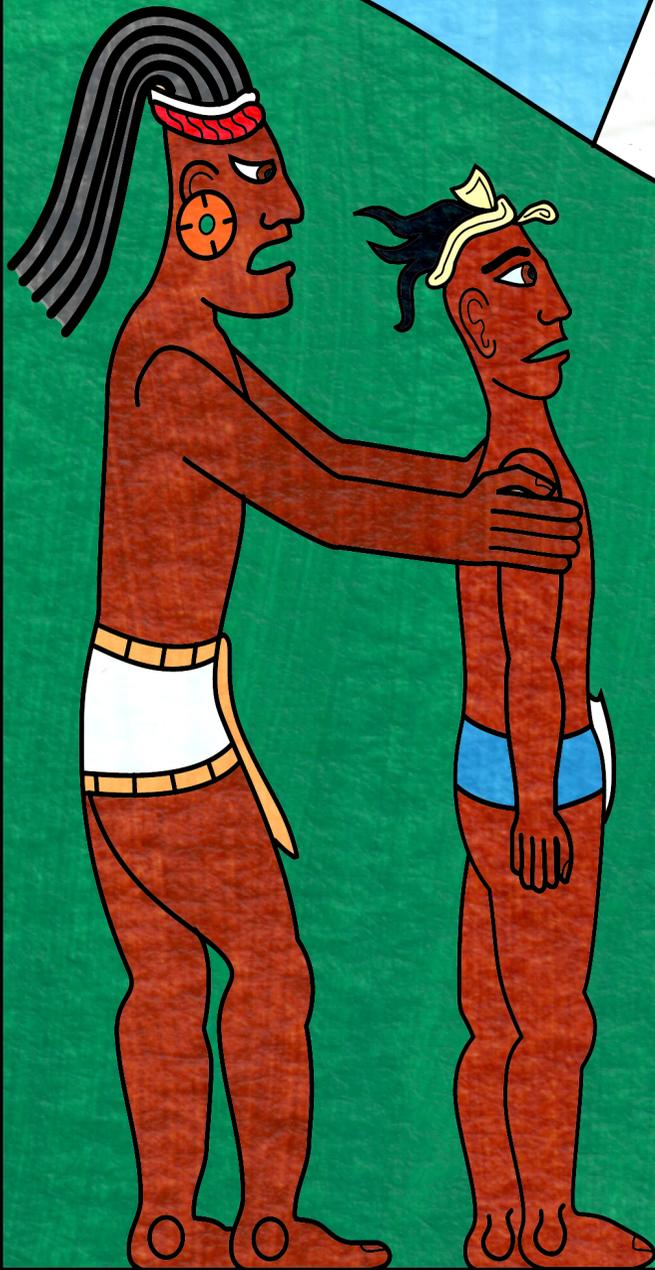


In The Temples of My Fathers

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by
Randal
Doering

In the Temples of My Fathers

Randal Doering

This is a work of fiction. All characters and events portrayed
in this book are either fictitious or are used fictitiously.

The cover illustration comes from Randal Doering and is entitled,
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*This book is dedicated
to the Maya Indians of Central America
Past and Present;*

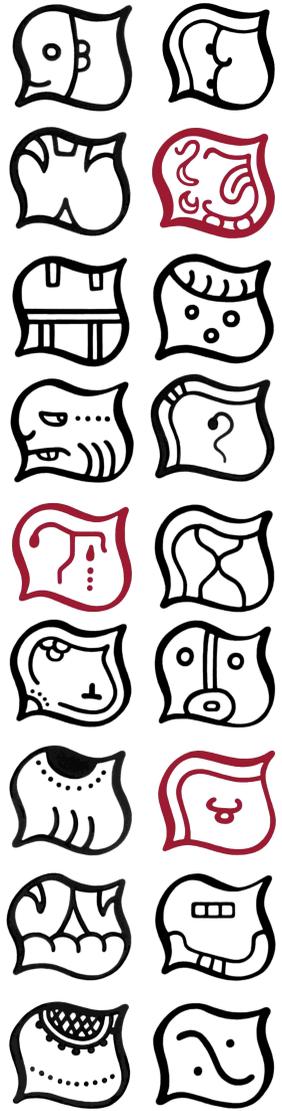
They have given the world much.

Acknowledgements

I consulted many works for research for *In The Temples Of My Fathers*. These works I list below, so that if you find yourself interested in Mayan culture and civilization, you can refer to them to learn more.

A Forest of Kings by David Friedel and Linda Schele
The Ancient Maya by Robert Sharer and Loa Traxler
The Black-Man of Zinacantan by Sarah C. Blaffer
The Blood of Kings by Linda Schele
The Book of Chilam Balam of Chumayel translated by Ralph L. Roys
Breath on the Mirror by Dennis Tedlock
Chamulas in the World of the Sun by Gary H. Gossen
Dictionary of Maya Hieroglyphs by John Montgomery
Heart of Heaven, Heart of Earth by James D. Sexton and Ignacio Bizarro Ujpan
Ignacio: The Diary of a Maya Indian of Guatemala by Ignacio Bizarro Ujpan
The Interpretation of Cultures by Clifford Geertz
The Maya by Michael D. Coe
The Maya Vase Books by Justin Kerr
Maya Cosmos by David Friedel, Linda Schele and Joy Parker
Mayan Folktales edited by James D. Sexton
Painting the Maya Universe by Dorie Reents-Budet
Popul Vuh book translated by Dennis Tedlock
Popul Vuh movie produced by Patricia Amlin
Reading the Maya Glyphs by Michael D. Coe and Mark Van Stone
Ritual of the Bacabs translated by Ralph L. Roys
The Spoken Word and the Work of Interpretation by Dennis Tedlock
Star Gods of the Maya by Susan Milbrath
Time and the Highland Maya by Barbara Tedlock
Tortillas for the Gods by Evon Z. Vogt

In addition to book research I took two trips to the Maya region of Central America. One trip was throughout this region, to get the feel for this civilization's scope, and the other trip was three months I spent at Lamanai, in Belize, for in-depth research at a single site. There is simply no substitute for doing on-the-ground exploration for the sights, sounds, tastes and feel of a people and their culture.



A Kernel

The day of my birth was 17 Ch'en 11 lx, a day when harvest was coming to an end and the delicious foods of the fields were plentiful. It was a good day to be born because on lx days the ancestors of one's mother are close and watchful, and it is true that my entry into this world was easy for my mother and for me. On that day I was given my infant's name, and the surname of my mother, and the surname of my father, and my mother sang to me that my lineage is one of the oldest in my village. I was told by my father that our bird is the potoo, the night bird with bright yellow eyes, but that is an evil flier which spreads suffering under its wings, and maybe he was bitter when he told me this. Our tree is the red chacté, which gives strong poles for the blood-staff of the priest but cannot be used for furniture because it shatters when bent.

Because of the things that have happened my given names are lost now, and I have fled to live in this hut in the dead city of my ancestors, this place they called K'ulwitznal, or Holy Mountain. There are wild dogs in the jungle that surrounds me, but their cries are poor comfort on lonely days. Sometimes I walk through the jungle to the village where I was born and lived until my sixteenth year, that place I can no longer name for fear of leading evil spirits to my people, and there I can hear the sounds of life that keep my heart from dying. On certain days I must creep close to watch the men working in their fields and the women washing clothing and carrying water. Children run about or help their parents or throw stones at ain the crocodile, who lives in the river near the village. Then I remember the way it was for me in my childhood, with my brother, before the lords of the night won their victory over my lineage and over me.

My name now is ah-Kiinsah, Killer of His Fathers, and the stories I hear told about me are stories of my betrayal of the powerful men of our village. But those stories are full of lies, and if I say nothing, no one will ever know what truly happened. In this place of howler monkeys and black wasps I have plastered the walls of my hut, and here I will write of my life in the village and in the temples of our fathers, and the things I discovered there. When I am gone and someone reads these words, they will learn of the treachery of those who were supposed to protect our people, and the truth of why I did what I did.

