

FEATURE

On a journey...

The Taj Mahal can be extremely crowded, especially at the weekend when hoards of Indian tourists from around the country flock to this national treasure of theirs. Today is Sunday, but we are here early so there are only a few people milling around the ticket area and the lines to get our entry tickets are negligible. Here we split, because Wendy and Sylvia have to go to another booth and pay a whopping great fee as foreigners, something that I've always despised about entry to historical sites in India and Nepal, where the financial discrimination between Indians and foreigners is quite frankly unfair. As I have an OCI card, a lifelong residency status in India, I veer off to the ordinary queue to pay the Indian fee, which is less than one quarter of their price!



Susan at the Taj Mahal, Agra, India

After entering through the security gate, we watch monkeys leaping up and down the inner walls of the complex, tentatively creeping up on the bins nearby the security gates, pouncing to retrieve all sorts of food items from their interiors. As you're not allowed to bring any consumable products inside the complex at all, the monkeys habitually take advantage of the continual supply of fruits and snacks that have been deposited in the bins by the guards, who've taken all food items off people while they are entering.

Then, as we round the inner walls to the front, comes the big moment as you approach the entrance to the South Gate, where there's a perfect framing of the actual edifice of the Taj Mahal within its doorway. I've done this once before and am not expecting to experience that same moment of 'Wow' again when seeing this gorgeous white structure, but I do! Marveling at its petite and alluring quality in the distance, enticing me in, it is simply so beautiful, so harmoniously in perspective that I just don't want to take my eyes off it. Then I remember the lingam residing within its bowls.

Technically speaking, it is literally magnetizing us towards it with its extremely powerful energy and not just from the gate of the complex, because its magnetic quality seems to stretch across the entire world to make it probably one of the most desired global tourist destinations on Earth! Seemingly attracted by pictures of its beauty and world-famous renown, not aware that it is 'actually' pulling you towards it with a power that may only be felt by you at a more subtle level of your being, once you find yourself in its confrontation, it captures your heart! It's no wonder that Rabindranath Tagore called it, 'A Teardrop on the Cheek of Time', because its delicate beauty really does make you stop in your tracks. I close my eyes for a moment and just feel it. It must be actively playing with each and every person's energy field, but with conscious knowledge of its presence, by the power of sheer intention and awareness of it working on you, the effect should theoretically be stronger.

After savouring the initial moments, we snap a few perfunctory photos at the end of the avenue that stretches out directly towards the temple before starting to walk towards the building itself. The symmetry of this avenue incorporates a central channel of water with two pathways flanking its sides. This in itself is telling, as in the subtle body of Hindu belief lie three main channels of subtle energy along the torso of the back; the Ida to the left, the Pingala to the right and Sushumna in the centre. We take the left path whereupon along this route, the first major port of call is in the exact centre of the water channel between the South Gate where we've entered and the temple itself. Here, a large marble deck rises above ground height and gives you a perfectly mirrored image shot of the temple ahead of you in its waters, surrounded by subsidiary ponds with trickling fountains. Surrounding this, a park of grassy patches and pathways in between, plus squared off sections of flowerbeds, all in perfect symmetry, extend to each side of the three main avenues and larger trees line the outer perimeter before getting to its walls. Now I am intrigued at the floor plan of this complex and look at a map of the entirety of it, online to see if I can detect more evidence that this was originally a Hindu temple. There are different ways of seeing it, which largely depends on how far you extend the layout. Just taking this core area inside the inner walls, it would already fit with traditional positioning of the 7-chakras of Hindu phi-

losophy, wheels of subtle energy that line the body from the crown of the head to the base of the spine, so that where we are standing now upon the deck, would be that of the heart. Then, if you were to extend the layout to beyond the river that flows behind the Taj temple, to where the foundations of the 'other' intended black Taj are, that we visited the other evening for the sunset viewing, as well as outwards in the other direction from the South Gate, to an area called Taj Ganj, which is a busy historic area in the heart of the city, whose symmetry also fits into the whole, even then where we are standing now would still be the central point of it all. So, I conclude that it's anyone's guess where the actual perimeter of this complex really lies! Rightly so, the Yamuna River itself should also play a part in an energetic power grid complex such as this, as scientifically speaking, a huge body of water has a great effect on the operation of electromagnetic energy, but whether it's as an integral part of it, or lying upon its exterior, is debatable. Plus, this is Yamuna, one of the 4 holy rivers extending out of the ancient Char Dham pilgrimage sites of the Himalayas, a fact, which is not to be dismissed in the grand scale of things.

As we wander into the actual temple section at the end of the avenue, I am now alone, as with my ticket I have to go through a different entrance to that of Sylvia and Wendy, who have VIP tickets. Because I've been delivered new information that is not set in my mind as something concrete yet, my mind is freely wandering, exploring the possibility of what I have just learned. There are so many ways of looking at it and I can certainly say that it makes a lot of sense. But if it is really so, then I am also intrigued by how such a huge truth could have been covered up so completely that millions of people coming here from around the world are shielded from even getting to hear about the fact that this was one of India's greatest Shiva temples. Maybe it's the fact that every guide and any information about it tells the story of the Taj Mahal as a great romantic love bond between a king and a queen, an archetypal dream that plucks the heartstrings of anyone who hears it, stirring the yearning that each of us have for fabled love, but ultimately keeping the veil across the truth firmly in place. I am now circumambulating the building, taking my time, not studying and analyzing it, but feeling it, aligning my own system with that of the shape, and the energy and power it holds. By the time I have



Sylvia, Susan and Wendy at Taj Mahal, Agra, India

spiraled to reach the interior, I am in a meditative state and stop in each of the cardinal directions around the tomb area to close my eyes and just feel. At the third point of the four, in my mind's eye I am transported to the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid of Egypt. Before this moment, I had never associated the Taj Mahal with being a power spot like other temples such as the Great Pyramid and in imbibing this new paradigm, am actively connecting to something much larger than I could have ever

ing consciously reactivated through many people, who are aware of this phenomenon, visiting key points upon the lines and enlivening them back into motion with their own consciousness, which is, of course, not disconnected from that of the Earth, a macro identity of ours.

Wendy suggests that we visit the little temple by the river again that we had found yesterday, so we skirt the perimeter of the walls of the Taj Mahal complex, but instead of passing straight through the beautiful walled



Sylvia with South Gate of Taj Mahal in the background, Agra, India

imagined doing here. If you are open, if you are willing, you will receive! Because we are only allowed to stay inside the complex for 3 hours, we enjoy the place to maximum and then sit in a coffee shop for some refreshments outside. Here, the three of us talk about a greater world grid connecting all power spots, parts of which is still very much active and parts of which has obviously been damaged or is partially damaged due to unconscious human activity over past millennia. These are now be-

garden down to the river, find a little gate indented into the wall, with roses climbing around it. Never in our lives do we expect it to open, but the chain that ordinarily would close it, is not locked. Easily passing through, we find ourselves in an intriguing space that holds an air of mystery to it.

To be continued...

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