

Dear Itzamna,

Thank you for all that you have done to bring happiness into our lives; watching the starlit night at dark, gazing out at seas. It reminds us of how much power you have; you created the whole planet and we promise to take care of it.

Near Mexico, the poor are getting sick as they do not have enough money to buy food and they are getting ill; we ask you to use your wisdom to save those people who are in danger. I remember the last time you appeared, the Sun rose and the Bird of Heaven came down through the clouds; you saved the injured, so I hope that you can help the poor.

Your wise self is so holy for taking care of those who have been sacrificed to the Gods or who have been killed in Battle.

O ancient one, please ask Kinich Ahau to reduce the heat coming from the Sun; our land is dying! Maybe Chaac could use his magical staff to bring down rain so we can grow our crops,

Thank you Holy one,

Amen.