



# The Carnelian Center

The mission of the Carnelian Center is to provide the community with affordable holistic health care services while nurturing the individual through art, education and cultural integration.

Our vision is to create healing in a beautiful, peaceful setting of therapeutic pools with respect for the ecosystem and the preciousness of water.

A Quarterly Newsletter

Issue #12 -Spring 2010

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## Announcement:

We still have yet to find a permanent location for The Carnelian Center. In the meantime we are in search of a temporary massage studio in the Dixon/Embudo area. So if anyone has a room, or space that could work for this, preferably with access to a bathroom, please contact either Maria @ 579-4321 or Lluvia @ 689-2641.

Thank you and Blessings!

## A Dream Come True



by Lluvia Lawyer Aby

When I was a little girl I wanted to be a ballerina. Most five year old girls go through this faze. For Christmas I got a pink tutu and leotard with pink, Chinese slippers and tights. I loved them and would play my red vinyl Swan Lake and Nutcracker records over and over and dance around the room. I imagined dance studios with hardwood floors and real practice bars along the walls. I spent hours on my trapeze and would go up there with my snacks and everything. I loved stories about people running away to join the circus or when my mom would tell me about

spying longingly at the gypsy camp that would sometimes appear near her house in the 1940s.

We lived in Carson proper for much of my childhood-- far across the gorge from Taos. Sometimes I would ask my mother if I could take ballet at the Bettie Winslow dance studio and she would always say. "Lluvia there is no way we can do that. It is too far and too expensive."

I remember going to a few of Bettie Winslow's end-of-the-year performances with all the children of different ages dancing. I remember the lovely costumes and sets. I wanted to be one of those children so bad and work at it and practice and stretch.

There was a teenage girl in Carson once who studied ballet. I remember her long, strong legs and the muscles in her arms. I so admired her. She did a small mock class one time with my best friend and me while her mother was visiting and I was in heaven. I practiced my positions and I remember there was talk of her doing a class with us but nothing ever came of it.

With my mom being a single mother, after I was six, dance classes of any kind were out of the question. But I always had dance. I danced at home and because my father was a musician and my mother a cocktail waitress I danced at bars.

Once I got to take a jazz dance class for a while in fifth grade in a dance studio that was just off the Taos Plaza. We were living in

town by then. After we moved to Dixon a friend's mother took us down to a modern dance class in Santa Fe once a week. I always remember that and I think of it every time I pass by that little studio.

Whenever there was a dance I was dancing. When groups such as OJ Okimoto and the Nigerian All Stars used to come play at the Old Martinez Hall in Taos I would dance almost every song. I remember there would be African Dance classes sometimes during these weekends and they would cost like ten dollars. My mother and I could never imagine being able to afford to go But we wished we could. The rhythms of the Jimbe speak to some part of my soul.

Dancing made me happy. Wherever it was. Whatever kind of music.

In collage I took four semesters of Flamenco but it was so hard and too much on top of all the Chemistry and Physics I was focusing on. Studying Flamenco was good for my posture and The spirit of the dance was very healing to a girl who had always been very shy and withdrawn with a bad self image.

As an adult I took a bit of belly dance which suited me more in that it was less about choreography and more amount learning moves and putting them together in your own way. The thing about which is my right foot and which is my left was always a little challenging for me

Now I am a mother who gets to watch her children dance. In retrospect I am grateful that I did not study ballet extensively. My feet

in particular are grateful and I am not fond of the rules and confines that go with ballet. The thing that has always brought me great joy is just dancing. Combining music and movement with the goal of expressing the spirit. I still dance around the house. My husband and I have spent a lot of time dancing around the kitchen in past years. We often wished we could learn some kind of partner dancing. We learned how to do the Cumbia badly on a quick trip to Mexico but that was about it.

Neither of us can remember whose idea it even was but we started to take Tango lessons a couple of years ago. At our first class we were thinking of it as a date and a way to spend a little time on our own away from the kids. We were both dismayed when after the first song the teacher said "Now switch partners.". Of course that is how you learn--by dancing with others who know more or less than you and respond and lead differently. We figured if we could learn Tango then other kinds of partner dance would come more easily.

Tango sucked us in to say the least. It has been a good way of being together for my husband and I. Inevitably it also forces you to work on all your issues (self doubt, social awkwardness, accepting peoples idiosyncrasies, etc...) and become more clear within yourself. Along with the dance of Tango comes a new level of posture awareness. For the follower it is like a meditation because your job is to empty your mind and listen. You might be able to hold one aspect of technique in your mind at a time but mostly you just have to be present and waiting for whatever comes in the next moment with this improvisational dance. Of course for the leader it is a different story. They are on the spot--choreographing, holding the music, using good technique, remembering sequences of steps, keeping track of which foot the follower has their weight on, and improvising around their mistakes all at the same time.

When we first became interested in Tango we thought that the dancers looked so serious and it put us off a bit but now we realize they are just concentrating.

So now I am really studying a complex dance I really love and it is like a dream come true. Each time we take a class or go out dancing it is a learning experience, there is something new to look at. I feel driven and inspired. I am so grateful to Ethan Gutierrez for coming to Dixon once a week to teach Tango. I am also greatfull to all the teachers and dancers in the Northern NM Tango scene for their delight in this dance. For more information about Tango classes and events go to [santafetango.org](http://santafetango.org).

Come and join us on the dance floor if you like, but whatever you do, dance. Dance is food for the soul, exercise, and fun. Like my mother would say, "One smile kills 1,000 germs" and chances are dancing just might make you smile...



## WAKE-UP CALL

by Galilee Carlisle

Outside my window, droplets of rain cling to the bare, black, locust branches. The plum blossoms are a pink cloud. The air is still. Here at my desk, I am comforted by soft socks, familiar pen and the sounds of the wood stove.

No, I am not on vacation. No, I do not live at the turn of the last century. This is our every day. This is the simple beauty that makes all life possible. In a time so wrought with fear and guilt, so governed by clocks and phones, so misinformed by industry and "science" --- it is easy to think that beauty, simplicity and comfort are options we can "gift" ourselves with, rather than truly grasping that they ARE our very nature and sustenance.

Just because you are reading this newsletter I am assuming that you care about the health and survival of individuals, communities and humanity at-large. If you don't, you might really enjoy what you are about to read. If you do - this may be a little harder - as it will come as a bit of a wake-up call.

Having done 8 years of research on the effects of wireless radiation, I have a huge sense of duty to inform others. True, sometimes I lose hope as I pour my mind, heart and soul into educating and still people choose short-term convenience over long-term health. Still, I believe there is a thread of deep concern that runs through all true humans upon which I can tug and strum. May we find resonance there.

OK, brass tacks....when I say "wireless radiation" I am referring to the wavelengths and frequencies that are both used and emitted by cell phones, PDA's, cordless phones, cell towers, WiFi, WiMax, "smart" meters, RFID chips, microwave ovens and digital TV. In the electromagnetic spectrum (EMS), this radiation falls between radio waves and infrared light. Wireless radiation is likely the most underrated and misunder-

stood health hazard on the planet today. This is partly because it is invisible and complex, but also because science and medicine have actively disregarded it and the news media, itself, is now a wireless industry - hell-bent on making sure it is not scrutinized.

One early evening south of Espanola, I saw a very tall many-armed metal tower with nothing apparently attached to it. I didn't know what it was, but I had a gut feeling that I was looking at a weapon. The year was 2001. Later that week, I found out that it was a cell-phone tower and there was much debate about the aesthetics of its placement. Sensing that aesthetics were only the tip of the proverbial iceberg, I began to dig for cold, hard facts. I was several years into my research "hobby/activism" that I learned how truly accurate my gut feeling that early evening was. Wireless radiation is a sinister weapon that harms us from the microscopic level of DNA to the cosmic level of intuition.

In an article of this length, on a subject of this magnitude, there is no way to cover it all. So, I encourage/invite you to use me as a resource. I have compiled 100's of articles, studies, letters and CD interviews I crave to share.

How is it that wireless radiation is so harmful? Here is the key: Life on earth has evolved with natural exposure to various forms of "background" radiation. These wavelengths and frequencies compose another part of the electromagnetic spectrum and are significantly different from those used by wireless devices. Some of them are harmless (like rainbows) and others are harmful (like uranium). There are no natural sources of wireless radiation on earth. We humans evolved our very complex physiology (and spirituality) in the ABSENCE of radiation coming from that part of the EMS. So, safe from external influence, we "selected" those frequencies to regulate many of our sophisticated, crucial internal processes and capacities. Much of our being is, hence, electromagnetic in nature. Scientists and inventors in the early 1900's who started to come upon technologies that worked with the microwave part of the EMS were quite astute to it's huge potential harm and even shelved many of their own projects with dire warnings.

Today, whose warning, unheeded, we are awash in electro smog. Some of us do much to avoid it, while others get on the "bandwagon", over-ride their gut feelings and even become lovingly addicted to their gadgets. What needs to be understood is that our intercellular communication is being interfered with every second we are in the presence of wireless. Some immediate effects include moodiness, anxiety, lack of concentration, headaches and sleep disorders. Within a year's time, we see signs of decreased immunity, impaired cognition, DNA breaks, hormone imbalances, allergies, memory loss and addictive behavior. Within 10 years, there are distinct increases in cancers (brain, eye, ear, breast and skin), leukemia and Alzheimer's-like conditions.

We are just at the beginning of a huge epidemic. Almost all of the radiation research programs have been actively defunded and dismantled. Regulations allow levels of exposure far above where health effects occur in almost all countries (with the US and UK being two of the worst). Brave scientists have been harassed, demoted, threatened and otherwise discouraged.

Meanwhile, people lead more and more hectic, placeless lives as facilitated by their wireless world. And we are somehow forced to accept ever-lowering standards of health and capability.

The physical health effects seem to garner the most attention if people are interested at all, but what hits me the most are the spiritual and social consequences. I am deeply saddened by the way that wireless communication erodes our exquisite god-given gifts of intuition and telepathy. These are “use-it-or-lose-it” skills and without them we are truly weak and vulnerable. The instantaneity and invasiveness of cellular phones and PDA’s have people neglecting their true powers of knowledge, organization and connection. People are all-too-often turning to the cell phone to seek answers, connection and security, all-the-while separating themselves from the people, places and spirits right at hand...who may very well hold the true support needed. I am reminded of a story I heard of a young woman heading to a party with a carload of her best friends. She broke into a cold sweat and could hardly breathe when she realized she had left the house without her phone. Even though she could rationally tell herself that everyone she wanted to talk to was right there with her, she could not undo the tentacles of panic and forced her group to turn back home to get her weapon (oh, I mean, phone).

I know everyone craves solutions... So, what can you do? I don't have room to go through all the recommendations here, so I'll stick to a key few:

Read the Bioinitiative Report (2008) and the Benevento Resolution (2006)...two international scientific documents. Never expose anyone under the age of 17 to wireless radiation. Get rid of all wireless devices in your life (I have experience helping people reorganize towards greater health and am available to problem-solve). If you absolutely must have a cellular phone, never keep it on or near your body and keep calls under two minutes. Let coffee shops, hotels, restaurants, etc know that there should be radiation warnings in their windows rather than the proud “We now offer free wireless!” stickers we so often see. When making plans and giving/receiving directions, be clear and attentive, so further phone calls are not needed. Use pay phones and thank those who have kept them operational. Trust that you have what you need. Simplify your life – it's never too late. Consider that what is now “normal” is heading us in a terrifying direction and dare to resist. Build friendships with others who also recognize this. The time is now to take very brave and unconventional stands against that

which is intentionally tearing at the very fabric of our being. Be well and beware.

Galilee Carlisle was born and raised with love in Dixon, NM and now farms and teaches with love in Olympia, WA. She will gladly do phone consultations and send you information on anything mentioned in this article. Contact her at (360) 915-7900 or galilee71@yahoo.com.

## Primavera Despierta! Wake-Up Spring!



By Melanie Kirby

Spring has indeed opened her eyes and taken flight bringing some flower power our way. This spring, similar to the past few, has been mixed. It has been confusing-warm and then cold again, soft and then rough. Unfortunately, the most recent cold spell really devastated the fruit tree bloom in our surrounding northern New Mexican valleys. As a beekeeper- and one who is really trying to learn to steward bees for sustainable permanence, I am saddened by seeing this creepy frost slink in in the middle of the night and steal the glowing embers of life's growing return. I am sorry for the apple farmers, and for our bees- who were going to help pollinate the apple blossoms so that we can all enjoy the late summer and fall harvest of fresh, sun-ripened apples.

And, of course, I am so very sad for my bees- who will not have this early bloom to nourish their reviving winter clusters. This is a blow to their early season diet and growth. Compounded with still mysterious disappearing stories and compromised habitat due to pesticides and GMO crops; it is a wonder that they are able to continue. CCD- Colony Collapse Disorder, was first announced in 2006. It describes the mysterious disappearance of honeybees from their hives. This epidemic has not abated, but is now noticed globally. The Land of Enchantment has yet to have confirmation of such a phenomenon. However, winter losses

of NM bees are higher this winter than last and many are wondering why.

Each season manifests so differently than its ancestors; whether that is due to global warming or cyclical changes or our own intuited or delusional perceptions. And while the reality of this frost was also a blessing by bringing much needed moisture to our area; I am humbled that the cycle of life can be so harsh and cruel- yet resilient. It makes us strong and flexible. Our plants and animals are reflections of this. Honeybees and native bees are good examples of strength. Despite the ups and downs of Mother Nature's dynamic moods, they are hanging on. And with help from the community- we can only hope that they can overcome their current plight- both by man and nature- to prosper and flourish.

For when they do flourish- we can't but be invited to share in their extra bounty: their collected propolis (tree/bush resin) which they seal their hive with is highly antimicrobial; their beeswax rehydrates our chapped NM lips and cheeks and also lights our farolitos in the winter; and of course, their sweet honey- a mixture of pollen grains and flower nectar and honeybee enzymes that is pura cura! This elixir is a known natural medicinal. Honeybees forage- flying from flower to flower collecting all these wonderful pollens and nectars. Even when they have put away enough for themselves- they still keep collecting.

Why is that? I think it is because Mother Nature, in all her forms and mysteries, has a sincere desire to share- and as humans who interact with her- we are humbled to partake. But let us remember this season, as you begin to hear the buzzing- to return our thanks to Mother Nature and to both honeybees and native bees by planting friendly flowers for them. Many of our area flowers are good for them and even for hummingbirds and butterflies. Wonderful flowers to plant include: Rocky Mountain Bee Plant, Sweet clover (yellow and white), mints, buckwheat, leaf fennel, hollyhocks, lavender, vetch, berries, and various fruits & vegetables.

Our beneficial pollinators help to produce fruit and veggies that we eat. We wouldn't have such the diversity of foods that we eat without them. And while the frost did take many early fruit blooms- those that survived will be the sweetest fruit this season. Let us remember that with every bite, we rely on a faith for next season's prosperity. This faith is one that consoles us knowing that spring will return year after year. What is an act of this faith? It is that we can help the early season by taking care today what we nurture for tomorrow- plant and grow!!!

If you are interested in learning more about our native NM bees and honeybees, please visit us at: [www.ziaqueenbees.com](http://www.ziaqueenbees.com) There is lots to learn and share as it takes a community to raise bees! We thank everyone for their help in promoting diverse flora for our native NM bees and honeybees.

VIVA LAS ABEJAS!

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# Anorexia



by Lorali Aby

Anorexia, the most dangerous eating disorder, is a terrible disease. An anorexic person deprives their body of food in an effort to become thinner. They feel the need to improve their self-image and they never feel thin enough. They see themselves as too fat, while others see them as too skinny. The most common anorexics are young teenaged girls. Most of them are in the United States. About 1% of teenage girls in the U.S. develop anorexia. 10% of these have a chance of early death as a result. Some of these deaths can be caused by suicide, while most are from starvation and nutrient deficiency.

The main cause of anorexia is low self-esteem. This can result from comparing one's self to the images of thin models who are the representations of what beauty is, and from physical and mental abuse. An example is if your friend or family members, or possibly even your boyfriend tells you that you are fat or ugly. Then you stop eating enough to make yourself thinner and then it goes on to damage one's health.

Anorexia can cause life threatening consequences, including: wasting of muscles, lowered immune system, heart damage, and the immobility of the digestive tract. Some of the many symptoms are shrunken bones, mineral loss, low body temperature, irregular heartbeat, and permanent failure of normal growth. It can also cause you to develop bulimia nervosa or osteoporosis. Brittle skin, shortness of

breath, weakness, anxiety, loss of menstruation in severe cases (for women), not wanting or refusing to eat in public, and obsessiveness of calorie intake are also consequences of anorexia. All of these will make you pretty unhealthy.

Anorexia also causes problems in pregnancy. It can cause the babies to be born prematurely, or it can cause miscarriages. A woman is supposed to gain 25-35 pounds during a pregnancy. Telling a pregnant anorexic woman to do this is like telling them to gain 100 pounds and it is almost impossible. Because of this an anorexic woman's baby can have health problems or can be born dead.

There are many celebrities who have or had anorexia. One is Mary Kate Olsen. She suffered anorexia for some time, until she checked herself into a treatment program. After her recovery she donated a thousand dollars worth of designer cloths that no longer fit her to a thrift store. Another is Alanis Morissette, who fought with anorexia for four years between the ages 14 and 18. This was while she was trying to get into the music business. And yet another was Kate Dillan. She was a thin model who was told by photographers she needed to be thinner. Then she battled anorexia for seven years. She now is a plus sized model. And the list goes on. Fiona Apple, Victoria Beckham, Karen Carpenter, Susan Dey, Sally Field, Calista Flockhart, Jane Fonda, Christy Henrich, Scarlett Pomers, Jamie-Lynn Sigler, and Courtney Thorn-Smith. All of these women had anorexia, either because they were told they needed to be thinner, wanted to be thinner, or were abused, so they did not eat enough. Most were exposed to images of very thin models and/or other celebrities as a representation of what one should ideally look like in this time.

If anyone you know has anorexia, treat them kindly and tell them that they look beautiful just the way they are. If they start getting too thin, or looking very unhealthy, tell them so before it is too late. Suggest to them and/or their families that they get medical and psychological attention, because an anorexic

person is unlikely to eat as a response to the body's need for nutrition. A twelve-step program is being used to help anorexics overcome their anorexia. There are also other programs that can help by including emotional support through love and understanding, along with nutritional and other helpful therapies.



**I really think everyone should try this!**

~ Jodie Marston

**A sweet gluten free, dairy free, vegan chocolate treat.**

1 part coconut oil (or butter)

1 part cocoa powder

1 part agave syrup or honey

add a little almond flour if desired, fruits, nuts or brown rice crisp cereal!

Experiment! the possibilities are endless and never buy a chocolate bar again.

If you roll them into truffle balls they taste better chilled in frig for awhile.

## Announcement:

We still have yet to find a permanent location for The Carnelian Center. In the meantime we are in search of a temporary massage studio in the Dixon/Embudo area. So if anyone has a room, or space that could work for this, preferably with access to a bathroom, please contact either Maria @ 579-4321 or Lluvia @ 689-2641.

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