



# The Carnelian Center

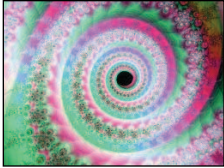
The mission of the Carnelian Center is to provide the community with affordable holistic health care while nurturing the individual through art, education and cultural integration. Our vision creates healing in a beautiful, peaceful setting with respect for the ecosystem and the preciousness of water.

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**All We Have Ever Prayed For Lives Inside Our Soul**



By Lluvia Lawyer Aby  
Pages 1 & 2

**The Power of No**



By Ruth Bowman  
Pages 2 & 3

**The Wake-Up Call**



By Ruth Bowman  
Pages 3 & 4

**Te Amo**



By Jeanne Treadway  
Page 4

**Winter Blessings!**



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## All We Have Ever Prayed For Lives Inside Our Soul



By Lluvia Lawyer Aby

All we have ever prayed for lives inside our soul. There are times when the magic seems to have been swept from the face of the earth and other times when the very sky seems to speak of the deep mystery. At this time of transition between one calendar year and the next I find myself wondering what the hell is going on?!

As far back as I remember I was looking forward to being alive in 2012. I would figure out with my mother how old I would be? My mother loved studying Mayan culture. She would paint their mythical world in bright acrylic landscapes on her easel. They would come to life in her dreams and visions, which she would retell to me as bedtime stories. She was an astrologer and lived on the Hopi reservation for a year where she learned many intricacies of the culture and the Hopi prophecy. I grew up in a world where one learned to expect magic and miracles. But at this moment I wonder where all that is. I am a self-proclaimed skeptic longing for magic, miracles as well as peace and sanity on Earth. But things are insane, mundane and prayers for peace seem in vain. There was no great shaking of the earth over the solstice, no days of darkness. There is some darkness though, showing itself through the dehumanization of creeping technology, global corporate power, the joyful consumption of toxic enticing foods with fantastic new labeling, violent sexualized drama-

driven media spoon-fed to all of us in different portions. As we interact with all of this it touches on the dreadful hollow feeling we all feel creeping in now and then.

Empty feelings hit hard because we are all searching for meaning. This is a world of great chaos where forever and always the cycles continue. We are born, we get a chance to live as children, youth, adults, maybe even grown ups, then grow old and pass on making room for the next generation to do the same. As we pass through our lives we wish to grab some means to hold it all to make sense of it. We look over family trees, photo albums, history, holy writings, laws of nature, letters kept in some special box trying to put something together but it is just too big to grasp. It doesn't fit in the palm of your hand or detangle itself in your mind. I find the times I am most at ease is when I just let go and give into the moment letting it be what it is.

But people, I feel myself changing. It is something I can't put my finger on but I know it is there. I can't say how or why. Maybe I have just

come to look at all my experiences and sensations as some great metamorphosis. Just a new perspective I guess, but it feels so real. It is not always painless or productive in a daily accomplishment kind of way but it is strong and I hope it is bringing me closer to the magic. I find myself having a lot of fun with friends and family and find the conversation often turns to more meaningful things. I am overjoyed in a personal, for no particular reason kind of way about being alive in 2013 and I hope you are too. Maybe this is the magic. Each lack of calamity gone unnoticed in its monumental absence. I hope for change.....

## The Power of No



By Ruth Bowman

While climbing onto the massage table for a Reiki treatment, my friend grunted and gasped, voicing her complaint over an old aching injury that was still causing problems in the area of her ischial tuberosity (or buttocks).

“So, how are you doing?” I asked her. She said she didn’t know; maybe it had something to do with all work and no play making her a dull girl. “Not dull”, I thought, “just carrying around an old pain for a really long time, like lugging a large

backpack for miles and miles, and why ...?”

On further investigation I noticed her pain had referred to a warm, inflamed area further up at the middle of her spine, and was also affecting both calves, the left ankle, right kidney or ovary, and both feet. Her head also carried extra energy I noticed, too.

Sometimes it doesn’t feel appropriate to discuss these impressions while assisting someone during a treatment. Sometimes it does. Often it’s better to clear the mind of all these thoughts and let the universal life force energy just flow through the body and hands as needed, and step out of the need to “help” through conversation.

At one point or another generally I do feel compelled to bring up some idea that feels relevant. Other impressions based on experience and knowledge as a practitioner might also be discussed. Talking is usually kept minimal but sometimes this is not always the case. It just depends on what feels important in the moment.

What I understood most powerfully from my friend’s session, and over and over again with others in recent months, is that many folks seem to be having trouble saying “No” lately, stretching themselves too thin, then getting into trouble later

on precisely because they didn’t pay attention to their own inner warnings. Maybe they haven’t been listening to their instincts, out of a sense of duty or an urgent sense that the job has to get done now, or maybe they’re being “too nice” or not honoring their own limitations or ignoring the smaller twinges that started up months ago.

When the larger twinge happens, be it a back injury, leg pain, illness or crisis of one kind or another we act surprised as if it came out of nowhere. On further reflection, we realize the signs were there but we kept on ignoring them. Something was maybe telling us to do some yoga, get more sleep, eat more salad, less sugar and coffee or alcohol. But did we listen?

So... the power of NO is akin to Know phonetically and epistemologically too, methinks (but don’t quote me on that). Knowing and NO-ing can save us lots of time and hassles in the long run, and reap oodles of rewards in the serenity and sanity departments as well. It’s worth a little bit of investment, learning to take time out for our selves ~ to hear and be guided by what our inner self or WILL is willing us to do ~ then developing the gumption, gusto and great okay to go for it ~ even if it means just sitting there and being peaceful.

Our inner judge which likes to

yak at us constantly like a jabbering hyena with bad breath can only be quieted by first paying attention to it. Hear what the inner critics are saying, "Do this! Do that! If you don't, you'll be considered a such-and-such ..." etc. Realize these thoughts are just that ~ thoughts. They are neither right nor wrong; they can be noisy and clamor for attention. Quietly, hear them, then let them go. Focus on your breath. Deep breath IN, and deep breath OUT. Do this for several minutes. Let whatever thought drifts into your awareness just float away. Deep breath IN and deep breath OUT. Do this for a few more minutes.

Let your awareness sink deep down into your body. Do you notice any aches or pains, twinges, cool, warm or itchy spots? As with thoughts arising, just notice, and let them soften and relax. Allow your body to sink into whatever position you're in. Deep breathe IN and deep breathe OUT for a few more minutes. So there you have it: a relaxation/meditation exercise for the new year. May your knowing be ever brighter and divinely inspired as you give yourself permission to march to your own unique drummer and be fully awake, brilliant, beautiful and alive as you are N.O.W. Happiness & blessings to you for a glorious new year!

## The Wake-Up Call



*By Ruth Bowman*

En garde! Have you ever had a "wake-up call"? Not the kind where the hotel manager calls you at 5 am. The other kind, where suddenly "Blammo" you are aware in an instant Ala-kazam flash! sis-boom-bah kind of way that things must change, and NOW.

The power of this kind of knowing is unmistakable. It is legendary, often the purveyor of miracles, a veritable silver lining behind the dark, gloomy cloud that has been lurking for days, months, maybe years asking for us to change.

We hear it said often at the hospital. People show up with illnesses, calamities or experiencing sorrow and pain of all kinds. It always amazes me when I hear this phrase uttered, for I know it beckons like a blinking- pink neon sign that Big Change is a-Coming. Touching

wood, crossing myself and throwing salt over shoulder, I think "and may it happen with the utmost grace and divine inspiration possible!"

Awareness is key. What is this flash of insight, this epiphany telling us? To strengthen our body? Hone our wits? Become more flexible, brave, loving, patient? Maybe it's telling us to listen more carefully to the quiet voice inside. First it asks, and if not heeded, then that quiet voice begins hollering, telling us "slow down, take it easy!" or "write that book!" or "help your child", "call your Dad" ...

Maybe so. Only you can know. Please pay attention to this inner voice when it cries out, dear reader. It can lead you to a better life, a more comfortable body, improved relationships and amazing experiences, not to mention a wider perspective. The universe is not always linear or logical (as far as our puny brains can fathom, anyway). Following these gut hunches can take you on the path less traveled to a magical world full of surprise and delights, awareness and relief.

From saints to sinners to the average bear, the



mystical wake-up call is pervasive. It can happen to anyone; it might happen to you. If so, please pay attention. Then ride the wave with as much grace as humanly possible! Stay tuned ...

**Te Amo**



By Jeanne Treadway

Frigid wind slithered  
around my window  
this morning  
reminding me  
of last year's cold  
froze gas pipes and  
you.  
As I dashed to tend  
fires  
you somberly called  
me  
but I could not find  
nor coax you from  
your arctic nest.  
Early the next morn-  
ing,  
protected by  
mittens, hat, scarf,  
down vest, wool  
coat,

thick socks, warm  
boots  
I braved the icy  
blasts  
to seek your agree-  
ment:  
Please come live  
with me,  
at least until spring.  
I carried bribes as  
well,  
smelly and greasy,  
fit for your Small  
Highness.  
Where had you shel-  
tered,  
bravely shivered and  
called?  
Checking the wood  
pile,  
under the car, inside  
the horno,  
between the lilacs,  
near the well,  
echo-locating meow  
for meow,  
my feet grew stiff,  
my neck hot  
before I lifted the  
hood  
and felt you uncurl  
sinuously into my  
heart.  
Ah, little one, little  
yellow boy,  
please come live with  
me,  
at least until spring.

When I was in the  
hospital  
Carmen cared for  
you.  
When I returned,  
you cared for me.  
Fierce little male  
child  
sleeping round my  
neck  
under my arm,  
whenever I whim-  
pered  
your silky musical  
loving soothed me.  
When I slept you  
tormented Molly,  
pounced on Lince,  
bossy and passionate,  
stealing food and  
favorite nap boxes.  
When I cried  
you sang me lulla-  
bies,  
sun myths and  
dreams,  
your faraway home  
tales.  
Gigantic heart and  
ego  
most assured of glory  
and first caresses,  
my golden boy,  
my little solar love,  
Te Amo,  
please come live with  
me,  
at least until spring.