



# 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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Putting words  
On paper to  
Express in part,  
Thoughts from me  
Right to  
Your heart

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## Beauty Is More Than Skin Deep

Beauty is more than skin deep  
Beauty is unique grace and confidence  
a shining light that sparkles through the eyes, and smile  
it's not what you look like it's what you project

By Ruth Bowman

Wasted from the recent pilage by IRS attackers on my annual income, I asked my friend, Nora, to come over and share some tea & sympathy. She arrived with a bottle of the latest skin-rejuvenation product in tow. This slick package of kryptonite promised everything but the kitchen sink! Dark circles, shadows, bags and creases be gone!! In exchange for eternal youth, surely I too would be willing to pay one-quarter of my

daughter's pending wisdom teeth extraction to look like Joan Rivers with a facelift at age 70. What sane mature woman wouldn't want to look more like Barbie than Grandma Moses having a bad hair day for years on end?

Well, me, for one. First of all, this mysterious elixir, some kind of concoction gathered from the floral freeways of Santa Ana, made me nervous. What could this pickled Orangutan juice really do to my wrinkles and chin in only 5 days of the "trialperiod", not to mention in 3 months? Hmmm. Well, it could leave me more plumped up and pimped out than a hunk of Wonder Bread on steroids, maybe. It might even slim down my bosom, tuck my tummy, and destroy my behind, if all the reviews were half believable. And since the media always reports the truth, what was the harm? Who cares if it cost an arm, half a leg, and erased my dubious chin?

Contemplating these deep dark issues while walking to

get groceries, \$20 bill clutched in hand, I spied a man and dog with a cardboard sign asking for food. "Heck", I thought, "I could buy him and 16 other dudes with dogs a \$5 subway sandwich for the cost of just one non-recyclable bottle of this Joy juice, OR I could smooth out my well-earned lined face and sweep the thought of all these hungry people under my dusty mental carpet, AND JUST FORGET ABOUT IT !!!

Fiscal fortune doesn't preclude philosophical fortitude normally; however, on this day of daze it did ~ and me, the man & dog, and this little tube of magic Delerium had something and nothing, but merely everything to say to each other on the meaning of life, pride & vanity, freedom, the pursuit of happiness, and the survival of some beautiful wrinkles, if I do say so myself. In god we trust! No?

So, as my friend stretched her hand across the gap between us, proffering the sacred ointment, I faintly heard the loud clanging of alarm bells.

They were shouting, "this is against your principles! What about your morals ?? This could be wrong!" It felt as if I was being offered heroin, a doorway to another world I might never escape, opening up the old belief that perhaps I am less than the beautiful, uniquely individual person I was born to be. This was no ordinary lotion; it was Cesium on a stick! Kab-laaaaam !!

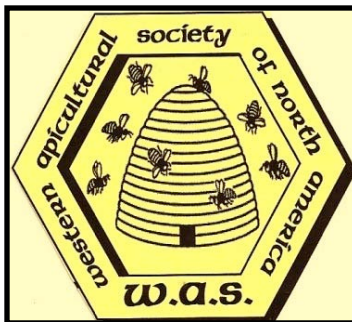
I could see two pictures in my mind's eye: one was the cover photo of a coffee table book called 'The Athabaskan Peoples' portraying a deeply-lined richly smiling grandmother of about a hundred years old. Her face grabbed and ignited you with its luminous, layered intensity, like a treasure map revealed. This honest, disarming face wore lightness like a child. The other mental picture juxtaposed to that one was of some models in a make-up demonstration. Maybe pushing twenty, these faces carried no lines or wrinkles, and no character whatsoever. Beyond boring, they were like masks awaiting the numinous entrance of spirit that only age and experience can bring. "Ahhh," I thought, "this elixir wants to not only erase my lines and definition, it wants to carry my spirit off to the hinter lands and deposit it there, bereft and forgotten." I had to resist; oh my very soul depended on it!

Tune in next time to Too-Much-Coffee-Mama's Squalid Approach to Substandard Living ... Be safe & well!!

"In my country, people suffer because they have too little. In America, they suffer because they have too much."

~ Andrei Codrescu

## Hear The Buzz? Don't Miss The Swarm!



*By Melanie Kirby,  
2013 WAS President*

Buzz....Buzz....Have you heard what's coming your way? A giant swarm will be descending this fall into the Land of Enchantment! This year offers some exciting and unique opportunities for those interested in learning more about pollinator health and promotion. The regional non-profit education based organization, the Western Apicultural Society of North America, will be swarming for the first time to New Mexico this autumn for their annual conference. The conference theme, "Colony Consciousness: Working Together to Preserve, Protect & Promote Our Pollinators," will take place October 16-19th, 2013 at the La Fonda Hotel in Santa Fe. This multi-day event features invited speakers from around the globe and includes presentations on not only honeybee health and management, but also on alternative and native pollinators, apitherapy (therapy using bee products, including stings), current research into environmental and agricultural practices as they affect pollinators, and also a pollinator themed art

exhibit debut and kids' corner.

The conference begins with an evening social on Wednesday, October 16th. The following two days present full agendas with general session talks and specialized block sessions on a variety of themes including Planting for Pollinators, Diversified and Reverential Agriculture, Breeding and Genetics, and HoShinDo Apitherapy demonstration. Early bird registration for the conference is now open and costs \$125 for the full conference, \$60/day and \$35/half day. The conference also concludes on Saturday, October 19th with a tour up the High Road to Zia Queenbee Co. bee farm.

The Western Apicultural Society is a non-profit, educational, beekeeping organization founded in 1978 for the benefit and enjoyment of all beekeepers in western North America. Membership is not required to register and attend the conference. Early bird registration is recommended though walk-in registrations will also be welcome. If you are a farmer, gardener, scientist, teacher, beekeeper, student, or community participant interested in learning about the scientific artistry of pollinator stewardship and how you can preserve, protect and promote them, we encourage you to attend.

For more information on WAS and on this year's conference, please visit: <http://ucanr.edu/sites/was2/> or email: [ziaqueenbees@hotmail.com](mailto:ziaqueenbees@hotmail.com).



# The Bonding Experience



*By Sylvia Ernestina Vergara*

What is a bond? It is a connection that extends the awareness of self either positively or negatively. An example of the bonding experience is when a baby is bonded to its mother via the umbilical cord. Through this magical pathway, vital energy and nutrients flow to the new-forming baby. Once the child is born and the umbilical cord is cut, the bonding experience still continues throughout life. The earth and its context of daily experiences become the new mother. Part of the legacy of this bond is the return to aesthetics of the natural world. This is when we feel a deep communion and appreciation of nature and we are moved by its mystery and beauty. To me this is the great synergistic experience that continues to occur in present time.

The power of “familiar”

The issue is how to transfer and understand the nature of the bonding experience. If one assumes it is ongoing, varied, powerful and also dynamically diverse in intensity and multifaceted (possible to experience multiple bonds simultaneously), then one can focus on the activity of the bonding experience.

An important focus is on the “familiar.” What is familiar is a recurring situation or context in which we feel the presence of our existence. The familiar may not necessarily be aesthetic or pleasant. Yet, it has a power because we recognize something of ourselves in the familiar. In transferring a bond away from a familiar, unhealthy or unpleasant con-

text, one has to realize that even if one is given a beautiful and perfect context experience, that it might be rejected because it is not “familiar.”

There is a possibility of introducing a new bonding transference. For example, if you are going to switch from having coffee to drinking tea, don't do it when you are used to having coffee in the morning.

Introduce the unfamiliar at a different time. Have everything for making tea present. Lay out the tea, the cup, the teapot, the container for heating the water. Take time to choose the tea you would like to drink. Ask why you would drink that particular tea. Is the tea medicinal? Is it because it smells pleasant to you? Smell the tea. Touch the tea if it has a texture or is a tea you have harvested. Touch the dry tea to your lips. Make emotional, spiritual and physical space and time for a pleasant cup of tea. What are you doing when you drink the tea? Where are you? Are you in pleasant surroundings when you drink your tea? This shows that when you go through the steps of drinking tea that you are also starting a bond with the tea itself and also a connection to where you are in time and space.

## Unmanageable Beauty



*By Therese Wolfe*

I don't remember the shade of paint on the walls but I remember the rain. I remember gratitude flowing in my veins, helping the cortisone along. I remember the mirror breaking as we left Maria Teresa's and the excruciating pain on Daniel's face because we would be late for the drip. One life holding the other.

*I remember, I remember.*

I remember courage taking root between us, at once anchoring down and hovering. I remember looking down the long hallway and seeing Daniel's small weary frame.

*I remember, I remember.*

I close my eyes for a moment and re-open them to the first chapter. And even through the din of voices I manage, thankfully, to hear my own voice, the Reader: “In the shade of the house, in the sunshine on the river bank by the boats, in the shade of the willow wood and the fig tree...”

An hour passes because of a book, because literature is like water, because Hesse leads me with his distinct, undimmed voice. Because I know Daniel has fixed the mirror.

\*

An impaired man slouched in a chair across the hall lifts his head and smiles Italian style. I smile back because I believe smiling helps belief, though I am weak. I have no balance. Words slur. I make high-pitched sounds. My right eye is stuck. The list is humiliating. Also, I wet my pants. I'm afraid of wheelchairs. So I will walk, if only on Daniel's arm. Even if it takes hours. Even if it feels impossible. Even if I can't. Even when I think I can't. Even if I am what makes people stare. Even if I cry. Even if we lose our way. Even if I fall. Even if I can't see. Even though I'm terribly frightened.

But let's be clear, I told myself, it's temporary. Hallways with empty chairs; hallways with faces in the chairs, the bodies overflowing, of themselves asking for help. White-gowned nurses with harried faces, earnest flecks of snow.

\*

Dinner was a piece of bread and sunflower seeds. We read books. Daniel woke me: “I think the drip is finished.” “Has it been three hours?” “Happy Thanksgiving”.

Later in the bathroom, we saw blood on my thigh. “Is it my period or did I nick myself shaving?” He touched me there.

“It’s your period. Let’s have a baby.” “A what!” Oh how we laughed.

\*

Why is this so hard?  
Because love.  
Because 48 is not 22.  
Because gray hair.  
Because Multiple Sclerosis.  
Because beauty’s terror is temporary and lasting both. Incredible nature knows Her task and yet I fumble. Clumsy soul! Soil, I say, take every seed offering. Wet nurse of the earth. Milk of growth. Unselfish breast.

\*

None of this is easy. Oh the body.

\*

But there were times I thought perhaps it wasn’t true. At first there were no signs of the disease. I hadn’t lost anything physically. Only certain things that Daniel and I could know and sometimes see: numb hands, an off-balance moment, tingling sensations in my spine, cold feet. I looked healthy. I felt normal if I didn’t talk about it. I didn’t tell anyone for nine years. My mother sent Wal-Mart vitamins. I didn’t want to identify with the disease and I didn’t want to feel stigmatized. I don’t trust the human race as regards suffering. In The Brothers Karamazov Ivan Karamazov says to his brother Alyosha: “A man is rarely ready to admit that another man is suffering...”

\*

Then I had a crisis. I cried a lot. “Who, if I cried out, would hear me among the angelic orders?” I read poetry and understood. I kept reading poetry: “Let us go then you and I, When the evening is spread out against the sky Like a patient etherized upon a table”. I couldn’t even bathe myself properly. I couldn’t stand up in the shower. Daniel cleaned me. *Why are you whispering?* Because I’m ashamed. I saw him suffer when I suffered, and I suffered yet again. *And?* I don’t know if I can go on writing this. It is painful to remember. *Try.* I don’t know. *Don’t stop, you must try.* But who cares? What if no one cares? Why write it all down? *Because you love to write, and there is the chance someone cares.* I’m scared of failing. *You can’t fail. This is your story and you can’t fail your own story.* But what if I do fail my own story? *You won’t fail your own*

*story.* How do you know? *I don’t, but neither do you unless you try.*

\*

Suffering, it makes you trustworthy. And the nameless faces fell into mine with their hopes and joys, their sorrows and their grief. And I did not ask, to be sure, I did not ask and they did not say, did not need to say what I could so clearly feel. Oh!

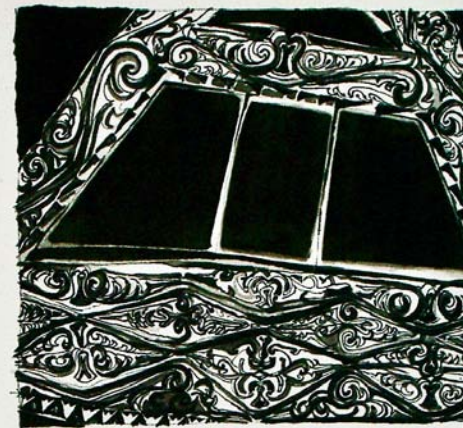
The thumping heart that also bleeds, the joyful soul with fruitful seeds took possession in a private session, became life-long members, asked to stay then kissed good-bye the embers.

And how to explain if I had to say what happened on that rainy day? Have you seen the snow-white woods after a storm and the peculiar and elusive light that is blue when everything is in fact white and thread-worn? Of the transparent moon hung high in a pale blue sky on a clear day and of being startled. A hard driving rain is worrisome and young garden tomatoes die in the winter frost. I think of Modigliani’s painting of a woman with a generous face for whom he felt gratitude when she helped him. Elena was her name. I have joined. So much I didn’t know because I thought I knew. I have stayed away longer than I wished. Hush! There’s room in the pew.

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I am 49 years old and have been living with multiple sclerosis for nearly eleven years. I was diagnosed in 2001 after experiencing symptoms for a few years prior to the time of diagnosis. I am a painter and a writer.

While living in Umbria, Italy from 2007-2010, I experienced the worst relapse (the exacerbation of symptoms) of my life with MS in the winter of 2009. I stopped painting for a year and began writing of the experience I had gone through that changed my life. My poem, *Unmanageable Beauty*, is a testimony to the difficult, painful and yet beautiful experience of that relapse.

I am currently writing a memoir, *The Sweetest Life: Love, Illness and Sugar Addiction*, chronicling the twelve year period of my life beginning with the diagnosis of MS, to living in Italy, and overcoming a sugar addiction.



RHYTHMIC DRINKS AND WHINY SEEDS IMPRINT  
THE NIGHT AIR ECHOING THE UNDLATING  
WATER VINES OF THE LAKE, WAVES OF BARK  
FROM THOUSAND YEAR OLD TREES AND  
THE NET-LIKE WHORL OF UNCONDITIONAL  
FOLIAGE.



I remember now there was no  
wind. The air had vanished.  
The shadow, heated and abundant  
was gentle perspiration flowing like  
molten cobalt glass to fill the  
empty space.

**The Carnelian Center wishes  
you a Happy Summer!**



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