



# The Carnelian Center Newsletter

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.



## *The Birth of Salome*

It was in the darkness of twilight that I woke up to my waters breaking. My heart sank. I had hoped to have another home birth. A few months before my dear friend and neighbor, had been transferred to the hospital. Her labor had also started with the breaking of the waters. I had been apprenticing with our midwife, Sheri Raphaelson and was in attendance at my neighbor's labor. We had decided to transfer her to the Taos hospital after 18 hours. The labor had been difficult and there had been infection in the lungs of the newborn. The baby had recovered well and was growing plump and making developmental leaps and bounds.

As I lay in the dark I collected my emotions before waking my husband and turning on the light to make sure the color and smell of the amniotic fluid was healthy. I had learned a lot since my first home birth. The first birth had been at my godmother's house with a whole tribe of attendees and a heavy-duty labor lasting a day and a half. Having assisted at a handful of births and studying the process I knew a lot more about what to expect now. I knew I had to balance things between getting enough rest to make it through the next night and walking and moving to stimulate contractions. Legally, after the waters have broken, there is a 24-hour window to delivery, before a hospital birth is required. This is due to the risk of infection, which can put both mother and baby in danger. Because of my history, everything had to go just right to have the home birth I wanted. I knew first I had to accept the idea of having a hospital birth.

After determining all was safe I went back to sleep for a few more hours hoping the contractions would start. When I got up I was having gentle contractions that were sporadic. I started the day with a walk up the arroyo behind our house with my husband and our 3-year-old daughter Lorali. We walked about a mile up to the place where we had

buried the small sprout of a baby I had lost just before getting pregnant with Salome. We said some prayers, admired the small spring pushing up into a puddle in the sand, and then returned home. I was having more consistent contractions but still mild. It was a chill December day just a few days after my husband's birthday. There were a few inches of snow on the ground.

I had decided to name her, "Salome" when my husband was reading me his family tree. There was a woman whose name was Salome but went by Sarah. "That's it" I said, "I'm going to name her Salome, that's her name."

"Salome?" He said.

"Yes Salome"

I knew she was a girl because of the Ultrasound. I always felt safer with home birth having an ultrasound late in the pregnancy; to be sure the baby was healthy and ready to be born. I always like to find the balance between natural medicine and taking advantage of what modern medicine has to offer.

I made myself busy that day washing dishes and cleaning the house. I went on a couple more walks. My midwife, who was also a lawyer, came at the end of her workday in court. I always appreciated her past experience as an EMT and her down to earth common sense. She didn't provide the touchy feely, ceremonial side of birth but I had that covered. When she checked my dilation around sunset I was still 4cm., a long way to go!! More walking. The contractions became stronger. A couple close friends came to join us. My 3-year old, Lorali, went up to the

neighbors. The night was cold, soft and dark. Snow fell silently.

Because of the time limit, Sheri stayed through the night. I'd been having heavy contractions with a lot of discomfort where I had to stay still and breath through them. I was determined to keep the process moving forward. Feeling cooped up I dragged everyone outside for another walk. The snow was crisp and magical. The snow felt invigorating in contrast to the heat and strength in my own body as I squatted down into its softness through the contractions.

The biggest difference in this labor from my first was not just in my familiarity with the physical process of labor but in my relationship to myself and to the pain. I knew no one could take that pain away from me, and I had to contain it, to move down through it to the goal I wanted for my daughter and myself.

I had always wanted a water birth. This time the water was in the form of a wood fired bathtub in the corner of my house. My husband kept the fire stoked up. Sheri told me because of the broken waters I could only get in there after I was fully dilated. I soaked my feet in the hot water. When there is a higher risk of infection it is better to do as few checks as possible, so she checked me in the wee hours of the morning to determine if we had to make the drive to the hospital. I was almost there - just a bump away from being ready to push! She determined I was so close that the baby would come on the way to the hospital. My husband came to tell me of this as I was feeling the bath temperature. I will



## ~ \* Leaving Las Vegas \* ~

Growing up, raising a child and being part of a large, extended family in the mountain hamlets of northern New Mexico/ southern Colorado, has left me

always remember that moment. The water was now too cold as the first light of dawn softened the glass beyond the tub. I remember the soft smell of smoke, as the next railing contraction came on, and thinking, "here we go".

I had a trapeze bar that was hanging over the bed to hang my arms over during contractions. Six months later, 'Baby May', was hanging from that bar with her strong little arms. I delivered her at the side of the bed in a squat, next to the stove. At 25 hours her father held her swaddled next to the morning fire.

I had wondered how I could love a baby as much as my Lorali. I even had anxiety about it. As I held my baby Salome, all that melted away. She was amazing! Her energy was as unique as they come.

My friend Maria and I fell asleep with the baby in the bed as my husband did the morning chores. We woke up hot a couple hours later in the sunshine of the small solar house. Salome was breathing like a puppy as she dreamt. It was such a perfect sight. A great feeling of contentment swept through me. Lorali returned with her friend to see her new sister--a radiant and proud smile on her face.

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scarred permanently with a love for wild beauty, hot rich chile, and a keen understanding of humanity where you absolutely know you cannot survive without your neighbors, family and community's support. They are there when the car won't start on a snowy morning before work, when we can't afford to pay the rent on time, when we need some cheering up on a muddy spring afternoon. They are there to lift our spirits when we don't know what else to do. Sometimes they make life more annoying, too! That is when we must just take a break, until all is mended, forgiven and healed.

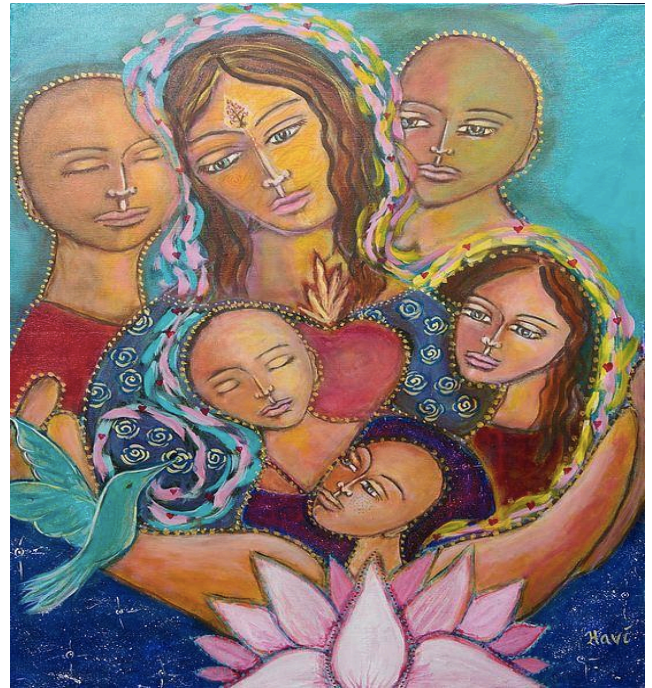
So, imagine my surprise, when I find myself living in an all-together different place, working and breathing in the hazy blue, less rarefied air of northern California. My high school sweetheart came back into

my life via facebook some years ago, and after nine months of distance dating, we decided enough of that. I moved out there, found a job no problem, and tucked myself into a corner of the apartment belonging to my guy and his just-graduated son. Things continued swimmingly, and later we moved into a rented house together. So far, so great!

The thing is ... I missed my home. The bright lights, the big cities, the traffic, strip malls and freeways, the expansive environment and natural beauty of California is not the same as that piece of sweet paradise that is found only here in New Mexico. I miss the land, the smells and tastes, the clear blue sky, friends and family, mountains, lakes and streams. So much! I miss the poverty and richness, the extremes of laughter, language, longing and belonging. So much!! I miss my sweet daughter, now in her last year of university up in Colorado. Too much!!! Clouds, storms, serene vast landscapes, high dry desert beauty. Sublime infinite connections, synchronicities. Tapestries of color, sound and silence. Where the music of being operates on full orchestral maneuvers by day and night. You have to walk softly or you might miss the magic, the majesty, the whispers of inspiration and guidance, blessings that are abundant and never ending. The people, food and fine, slow pace that can be found nowhere else.

While driving back from a recent journey here to touch the earth, see friends, family, laugh and sing under the stars of a cold night sky, I remembered something that had almost been forgot. To give thanks, to receive all the abundance that is ours by divine light, we have to give up something that is equally precious, every bit as noble and lovely in return. It may not be what we are ready or willing to sacrifice, but if it is asked for, then we must release it to that beautiful being that requests it. In essence, this act is one of the great lessons of our life. To give, we must be willing to receive, and let go of what we try so hard to hold on to for most of our lives: our expectations and projections of how we want the

world to be. Our strength and rigidities get tested to the nth degree. The way through it can get tiresome, mighty irritating, even grueling or painfully challenging at times, but for all that, it is also so very, incredibly beautiful, rich and astonishing, as it simply is. This two-day journey back and forth became a revelation of how much we seemingly give up to get, to know that it's really not a sacrifice at all, but an allowing of the unknown to unfold into what beautiful adventure exists right here in our path now. \* o \*



***A beautiful quote from a  
retired New Mexico Public  
School teacher named  
Reverie Escobedo:***

"I feel it is important to continue to remind adults that children are a gift and have come to fulfill their own destinies. When they make a blunder, behave poorly or do something that seems inexplicable to us, it is most often part of exploring what it even means to be alive in a body. Our guidance must be offered

with this in mind, with love as the foundation, without destroying self confidence or overreacting. I often have to visualize the child as a newborn, happily and readily received, so as to not concentrate on the error in question, but I am glad when I do so. I just see so

much meanness and exasperation where there could be joy. And I am not always able to practice it, either...it is a goal. Love to all and the children in our world."



## Meet Your Newest Carnelian Center Practitioner

I'm honored to be offering healing ceremonies at the Carnelian Center. My work is centered in a Peruvian lineage, Ka Ta See, which translates to "living in balance from the heart." Bone Throw Ceremony is one of the traditional ceremonies shared with individuals and groups. If you have questions about your health, relationships, home, work, navigating change and transitions, taking next steps in your life, this ceremony offers powerful guidance and "doctoring." More information is on my website: [www.joannedodgson.com](http://www.joannedodgson.com). Please call or email with any questions and to set up time to meet. Thank you! Phone: [505.579.0074](tel:505.579.0074). Email: [joanne@joannedodgson.com](mailto:joanne@joannedodgson.com)

## Carnelian Center Practitioner list

**Lluvia Lawyer Aby** (License #1902) Massage therapist and Core Synchronism blended to meet your needs. Infants through end of life. **Contact:** 505-689-2641

**Sarah Grant** (License #1038) practices Japanese style Acupuncture  
**Contact:** 505-992-1963 or [sarahg@farmersmarketsnm.org](mailto:sarahg@farmersmarketsnm.org)

**Cathy J. Robison**, (License #6599) is a licensed massage therapist who offers anatomy based therapeutic massage for health. **Contact:** 505-670-6124

**Maria Chilton** (License #1830) Massage Therapist since 1995 including hot stone massage also the owner and operator of *Little River Remedies*, a small herbal apothecary.

**Contact:** 505-579-4321 or [mariachilton@hotmail.com](mailto:mariachilton@hotmail.com)

**Rodrick Oknick**, Acutonics® Meridians stimulated with tuning forks and other sounds  
**Contact:** (575)613-3245 or [rodrickkok@hotmail.com](mailto:rodrickkok@hotmail.com)

**Elizabeth (Liza) Carson** (License #2206) Massage Therapist since 1995, comprehensive understanding of human anatomy. Her specialties include, Lomi Lomi (traditional Hawaiian Massage and Prenatal Massage).  
**Contact:** 505-579-9131

**Valerie Gonzales** specializes in deep tissue massage also experience in prenatal massage, geriatric massage and Swedish massage. My goals are to help my family and community live healthier lives. **Contact:** (505)692-3865

**Disclaimer:** The ideas and opinions expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily the opinions of anyone in particular. These articles are for entertainment purposes and we hope you enjoy!

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