



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.

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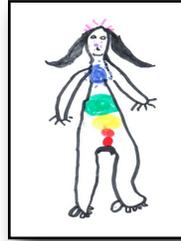
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What Is Community?



By Einar Kvaran

Everyone gets to define the word "community" for themselves. It is a complicated concept and probably most of us use it in slightly different ways. Here is some of what it means to me.

When I looked "community" up in the dictionary I discovered it residing around "common", "commit" and "communication" and this seemed a very natural place for it. It is my belief that we are currently witnessing the crumbling of American economic structures and perhaps many of its social frameworks. It appears that new

ideas, either ones already in place or new ones that are being developed, will be required to pick up the ball that the Military Industrial Establishment has just fumbled.

My definition of the word "community" is "a group of people to whom I want to give something of myself". In return for this giving I will receive something back. But this exchange is not necessarily a one-for-one arrangement. It is not like working for wages or even trading and bartering, though I expect to see much more of those too. Rather, community arises within us more out of a feeling place than a thinking, logical place. The place where "giving" rather than "getting" resides. It grows more from a sense of communal belonging, more from a sense of personal and group identity than from where the "self" part of ourselves lives. Often what I get back from contributing to a community is the feeling of having done the right thing.

I have defined Dixon as a "T" shaped area, reaching from the Embudo Station to the county line past Rinconada and then up through the town of Dixon and onward to include the Embudo River watershed area. It is an area with almost as many communities as there are people. There are the broad ethnically defined "communities" - the Anglo, Pueblo, Hispanic ones - but are these, "communities" as I am using the word? Are these groups ones to whom I would feel

inclined to give my energy to just because I might be a member of one of them? Not really, not for me.

I do consider myself to be a part of the library community, the Dixon food co-op community, the KLDK radio community, the Embudo Valley Environmental Monitoring Group community. And more. Often the sense of community begins at home. It includes my family, then my close friends and neighbors and then those with whom I share some common sense of purpose. I believe that being a member of a community is good for my physical and mental and emotional well being.

John F. Kennedy once challenged Americans to not think about what their country could do for them but what they could do for their country. That is my idea of "community."



Medical Tourism

By Violet Hill



We have joined the trend toward medical tourism at our house. It started after we moved to Dixon and stopped having health insurance. Our first experience with it was getting hernia surgery done. We knew surgery would need to be done, but it wasn't an emergency. There was some time to do research before any decisions needed to be made. The internet is wonderful for discovering information from everywhere in the world.

We tried to think what the best questions to ask might be and decided on what was important to us. After looking at all the factors we could think of, it was decided that any decision we made would be based on three main things.

- 1.) Who does the best job of this surgery?
- 2.) How much does it cost?
- 3.) Where is it and how much does it cost to get there and stay there?

The gold standard for surgery of this sort in the Southwest was the Mayo Clinic in Phoenix. Their prices and the information about their surgery is available on line. We discovered that the most famous place in the world, with the highest success rate was in Toronto, Ontario. Once all was said and done the rate at the clinic in Canada was 25% of the rate in Phoenix. The difference in service was drastic.

In the US this surgery was out-patient surgery requiring a pretty lengthy recuperation period at home. At the Clinic in Canada, the surgery was done and the patient stayed in the hospital for three days because that is the period in which they felt the patient was most susceptible to problems. Even with the relatively lengthy stay, the surgery was still a quarter the cost of super quick several hours in the hospital that is the standard for American hospitals.

The hospital in Canada wanted some information from our local doctor. I was a little worried about what he would say before hand, but our appointment turned out to be rather surprising. He really approved of the choice. His personal experience was that he had hernia surgery done in Santa Fe at the

same time one of his patients had the same operation done in Australia. He said that with the high cost of transportation and a two week vacation at the beach, his patient ended up still paying less than he did and the outcome was the same – successful surgery.

We decided to make a vacation trip of it and drove to Toronto. We were medical tourists in the fullest sense of the word. We stopped at various places and visited friends and family on route. The hospital was an old one that only does hernia surgery. The grounds were beautiful and the whole thing was set up to be efficient and thrifty. The rooms were not like luxury hotel rooms, but the place was certainly well appointed. The day of the surgery patients were give medals commemorating that fact that it was the day the hospital was doing its 300,000th hernia operation. Now, that's a track record!

Based largely on that highly satisfying experience, we had faith in the idea of medical tourism. When next we faced a case of elective surgery, it was automatic to look at all the possible choices. Since what was needed was orthopedic (arthroscopic) shoulder surgery, it was easy to use the internet and look at the choices that presented themselves.

After looking at many options, we also signed up with two separate brokers. They each then offered us choices of possible locations, surgeons and time frames. We looked at possible choices in Asia, Europe, Canada, Mexico and Costa Rica. Taking non-medical factors into account - such as that Thailand was entering a period of civil unrest, India was too expensive for this surgery, and many of the Mexican boarder town and cities were engulfed in drug war violence, became part of the sorting out process.

We looked at each of the surgeons and read many bios, watched video clips of a number of them on the internet and looked at videos of many hospitals. When all was said and done, there was one doctor with training and certifications that made him stand out from the rest. He was our choice. We then decided what was important to us in terms of timing of the surgery and booked it.

We ended up choosing a doctor in Puerto Vallarta and had the surgery done at a really beautiful new hospital with rooms that resembled those in a resort. Again there was a hospital stay in Mexico, where our previous American experience was with out-patient surgery. Again this time we marveled at the speed and ease with which it was all accomplished at a fraction of the cost of having it done in the US. While in Puerto Vallarta, we discovered that there is a medical advocate there, an American R.N. who arranges for people to have the work they need done. In the future (if we ever need to do this sort of thing again) we would also look to more local

people like that as well as the American brokers. We now own a book that rates surgeons and hospitals in Mexico by specialty and region. This makes research on choices in Mexico even easier.

An email just arrived from one of the medical brokers that they are now affiliated with some insurance companies. This means that people needing surgery of various sorts who have health insurance may also find themselves in India or Mexico or Germany. Times keep changing. As we know our medical system is currently broken. Until such time as we as a nation can figure out how to fix it, going somewhere else might be our best option. It has worked for us both now in the past.

The Chinese Foot Torture



By Roger Chilton

Breech delivery was the easy part. Mastitis, six months later, was the hard part.

"Wean the baby! Wean the baby! Any idiot knows to wean the baby!"

These were approximately the words of Dr. Spinning, chief physician at the eleven-bed Embudo Presbyterian Hospital - both now defunct. Dr. Spinning disapproved of home births, hippies, breast feeding, perhaps even breasts. It was he who had performed the one and only medical examination we'd had, and announced three or four days pre-part-um, that the baby was properly situated for normal delivery. We had been unable to determine this at home, even though we had delved into a variety of manuals on birthing, from a policeman's pamphlet on emergency delivery to the voluminous British Midwives' Handbook, skipping over information on breech births, it being our vague plan to go to Los Alamos Hospital if such were the case. As it happened, Dr. Spinning was wrong about the

position, and we were very lucky in the delivery, which in itself is another story.

Six months later, Dr. Spinning spun out, "Wean the baby and go on antibiotics!"

Mastitis is a very painful inflammation of the breast caused by the staphylococcus bacteria. Eventually, two children later, the reintroduction of hot water into our hippy lifestyle at last defeated staphylococcus. At the time however, we didn't know what to do.

An unemployed Presbyterian minister in the community gave us some xeroxed pages from a published book called "Stories The Feet Can Tell", by Eunice Somebody, describing a healing practice she called Zone Therapy, known today as Reflexology. It consisted of applying pressure with the fingertips (or some suitable substitute such as a pencil eraser) to specific points on the feet, mostly on the bottoms of the feet. These points supposedly corresponded to particular organs or areas of the body. The "stories" were all dubious accounts of miraculous cures of everything imaginable, from backache to cancer. Even the word, Reflexology, sounded rather quacky. But we tried it.

Pressing on the point indicated for breast on the "foot chart" caused an instantaneous reaction in the patient: she jumped out of her skin. When we got her back into her skin, we restarted the procedure, less intensely this time. There was overnight improvement and within three or four days, two or three five-minute treatments per day, it was bye-bye to mastitis.

Since that day, almost forty years ago, Reflexology has been our family's medicine of first resort, along with a few local herbs. We've always referred to it as "The Chinese Foot Torture". It can be painful, a sharp, localized, pinprick of a pain which is brief and does not persist after treatment.

How does it work? "Chi" is a sort of electro-chemical process which circulates along the (11 or 12) meridians-paths-throughout the body. The meridians terminate at the extremities, hands and feet. During illness or injury, minute crystals can form at these points and can be broken up by pressure, thus unblocking the flow of Chi and restoring vitality to the organ, muscle or area.

Over the years, we have used reflexology for countless ailments and disorders. It can be done with a friend, by oneself, or with a professional. We've always looked at the charts and gone directly for the points cor-

responding to whatever complaint we had, most often with very satisfying results. Recently, however, I treated myself to a professional treatment, with no particular complaint. The therapist systematically worked all points all over the feet, holistically treating the whole body rather than specific organs. The result was a feeling of well-being, enlightenment, lightness and infallibility that persisted for almost a week. Could be addictive!

My Little Flame...



By Lluvia Lawyer Aby

Bedtime stories and being tucked into the covers are some of the sweet memories of childhood. The memory of my mother's lullabies, her beautiful voice singing into the darkness, and the many stories she read to me as a child are written into my being. There is one occasional bedtime ritual which wrote itself endearingly onto my sensational memory and that is the story of, as my mother called it, 'My Little Blue Flame'. This was not the mainstream, child tucked into bed, ritual but one that was steeped in my mother's devotion to mysticism and eastern religion and her creative knack for having the spiritual be a part of our everyday lives.

There I would be in bed, restless and talkative and I would ask her "Mommy, would you please do 'my little blue flame'?" I would lay on my belly with my pillow tucked under my head and neck and she would pull the covers down from my back. "Now close your eyes and imagine...." she would begin. I would let my eyes shut and create pictures of her smooth words. "Once upon a time there was a little blue flame" and she would place her fingers all gathered together on the covers above my tail bone. She would bounce them up and down together like the hooves of tinny horses as she described the character and purity of this

tinny blue flame- the essence of spirit and being. "Then this flame decided to enter the body and it came into the first chakra and its light became red" She would spread her fingers out talking about the beauty and strength of this red light. "Then the little blue flame moved on into the second chakra" and she would move her fingers up onto the sacrum and talk about the flame changing to a brilliant, deep orange spreading its light and energy all through that part of the body. "Then the little blue flame continued on into the third chakra and here its light transformed to a brilliant yellow fire which filled the belly." My mother would brush her hands around the lower back illustrating the spread of this nourishing yellow light. Then her fingers would gather again on the center of the lumbar spine as she went on. "Now the little blue flame continued its journey further up the spine until it reached the center of the chest, the home of the heart chakra. Here the little blue flame transforms into a pure, emerald green light which spread through the chest, filling the being with ever expanding love." Her hands would brush outward in a smooth spiral around the upper back. "The green light was full of all the energy of growing things and burned with the colors of every leaf in every forest you can imagine. This pure love calmed the body and filled it with bliss and healing. Again the blue flame returned to the spine and traveled up along the spine into the neck. Here it entered the throat chakra and its blue color illuminated the chakra. Here was all the blue of the oceans and the sky, of each river and stream. It is from this place that the voice came. The voice which could express the feelings of the heart and soul." Her fingers would dance around on the back of my neck then return to the center with just the index finger remaining as it brushed up the back of my head. "Now the little blue flame entered the third eye." Here she would usually bring her finger around to touch my forehead, unless of course I was already asleep. "The little blue Flame turned indigo, then purple, then ultraviolet moving into the bud of the lotus within the mind. Its power and strength caused the bud to begin to open." At this point she would move her hands to the top of my head, spreading her fingers out slowly and methodically from the center out, from the center out. "The lotus spread its petals. A thousand petals unfolding-- and as the lotus bloomed a pure white light rose out of it entering the uni-

verse... Now go to sleep little Lluvia" At this point I would say, if I were even a little bit awake, "Do it again mommy, do it again!"

So this was one of the ways in which I was introduced to the concept of chakras. As an adult I have studied, with great interest, what they mean in the human body, the human experience, and in my own practice. My personal knowledge of the chakras and the ways in which I work with them in my practice are most influenced by the study of Polarity Therapy (the work of Dr. Randolph Stone) and Core Synchronism Therapy (the work of Dr. Robert Stevens, NTS, ND of Albuquerque). Robert Stevens in turn gained much of his inspiration from Dr Stone. I Find it helpful and often timely to be presented with information on growth, healing, connections, and other such facts about the physical/ emotional being. This information seems to present itself in one form or another at the right time for my own growth process. Through a book I find, a radio program, or a conversation with a friend. So it is in this spirit that I present you with the following attributes of the Chakras. In hopes that it may have some personal meaning or significance to one of our readers.

1. Root Chakra, or Muladhara, (red) located at the bass of the spine. This being the first chakra, associated with the element of Earth. Earth being represented by the bones which are further separated into hair, skin, blood vessels, and flesh. The Earth element is associated with the neck, bowels, and knees. Earth is nourished by those foods which grow in the earth i.e. root crops. An earth body type is strong, stocky, and muscular, with a grounded perhaps stubborn personality living in the physical world.

2. Second chakra, (orange) located in front of the sacrum, central to the cradle of the pelvis. This chakra is associated with the element of water. Water being represented by reproductive fluids with further elemental breakdown into saliva, sweat, urine, and blood. The water element is also associated with the feet, generative organs, and breast/heart. Water is nourished by foods that grow just above the ground: squash, lettuce, greens etc.. Water types tend to have clear, glassy eyes; may be somewhat overweight; and are easily influ-

enced and emotional.

3. Third chakra, (yellow) located at the level of the umbilicus (belly button) but at the spine. This chakra is associated with the fire element. Fire is represented by digestion and problems of the fire manifest in imbalances of hunger along with those of sleep, thirst, lustre, and laziness. The fire element is associated with the thighs, solar plexus, and head. Fire is nourished by those foods which grow a bit further above the ground: think of grains that ripen in the heat. Fire types are fast and strong and tend toward dry, irritated conditions.

4. Fourth chakra or heart chakra (green) is located in the center of the sternum associated in physical relationship with the thymus gland. The heart chakra is ruled by the air element which is associated with imbalances of speed which can be further divided into those of lengthening, shaking, movement, and contraction (for example: vertigo, cramps-). The air element is associated with the shoulders, ankles, and kidneys. Air is nourished by foods which grow in the air, tree crops i.e. Fruits and nuts. Air types tend to be tall and lean, to be thinkers and readers, and not so grounded.

5. The fifth chakra (blue) also known as the ether chakra. Ether or sky can be thought of as space-- the place that contains all the other elements. It is the balance. Ether can be associated with all major joints. It is the place of emotion and is represented by grief, further divided into the emotions of desire, anger, love, and fear. This chakra reverberates within the thyroid gland.

6. The sixth chakra or ajna is also known as the third eye, located between the eyebrows within the pituitary gland in the midbrain. This is an energy point where all elemental energies come from and return to.

7. The seventh chakra or sahasrara is not always thought of as a chakra but as bregma; an energy center where the pure universal energy/spirit enters the body in a clockwise spiral. This energy meets the physical body through the cerebral-spinal fluid that is generated in the midbrain. The energy of life opening and closing through this point, the breath of life.

Conjuro

By Carla Friedman



Dream of flawless blue sky
 draped plateaus
 & arched doorways that
 welcome Cuandero's ghost
 into rooms curved, bulging
 and concave
 where candles squat and
 flicker like
 shadows of old women
 and blue corn.



"In the depths of winter I finally learned there was in me an invincible summer" ~Albert Camus



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