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**APRIL 26, 27, 28  
NEW MEXICO MEN'S  
WELLNESS  
2002 SPRING RETREAT**

***Hummingbird Music Camp  
In the Jemez Mountains***

**REGISTRATION on  
BACK COVER**

## When I Was Twelve -- Part IV

(Final installment of a four part series)

Ray Ortiz

When I was twelve, I got sick and had to spend the rest of the next year alone in bed in a dark room. My mother had been set to take me and my sister up into the mountains for a week-end but my lingering cold, sore throat and fever worried her a little. She scheduled an appointment right before we were to leave, just to get a prescription for some medicine to take along. I'll never forget the doctor's first words as he put down the stethoscope: "It sounds like Rheumatic Fever rolling around in there. He's not going anywhere."

Instead of throat lozenges and a few pills, the prescription I got was to lie in bed and be still with absolutely no stimulus until the fever broke. It was going to take about a year the doctor said. For me it sounded a lot longer. There was to be no light in the room, no television, no books or music, and minimal visitors except for a few adults. I was not even supposed to get up to go to the bathroom.

Overnight my bedroom became like the bomb shelters I had seen on TV during the Cuban missile crisis. Heavy black blankets were draped over the windows. No light at all came in except when the door would open to let in some occasional people and light. All the pictures were taken down off the walls which I could have hardly seen anyway. Only a very large crucifix was left hanging on the wall opposite my bed. With Jesus hanging there day after day, I was just relieved not to be as bad off as if I were nailed to a cross.

I had to take penicillin six times a day, like the Gregorian chant schedule that Philly Joe had told me about in his stories about being a monk. I respected him even more because six times a day is a lot if you have to do it for a whole year. I quickly learned to drink only a sip of water with the pills and nothing else the rest of the day so I wouldn't have to use the disgusting bed pan as much. I had to use it at least once a day though or there would be proof that I was getting out of bed.

My visitors were my mother and sister at breakfast, my mother at lunch and every pill break, my grandparents at dinner and darkness all in between. Stories and images would come at me all day in the darkness and well into the night but I would try not to remember them because I was still afraid of going over the edge, of being hauled away to a mental hospital like my dad.

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***Man, Alive!* is a journal of men sharing from the heart the joys and issues of being male.**

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**Submission Deadlines**  
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November 25, 2002  
February 25, 2003

**Submission Formats and Requirements**

Paper is okay, but please send submissions as a text file via e-mail if at all possible, to save us having to type your words into the computer. Photographs should be in .jpg format. We'll be happy to help you do this. Please keep submissions below 1500 words.

We reserve the right to edit all submissions. No fees are paid and no submissions are returned. Copyright of all published material reverts to the author on publication. *Man, Alive!* reserves the rights to publish a given piece not only on paper, but also on the web (and possibly any other media, such as CD) which MA chooses to generate under its copyright © 2002 Men's Network Press.

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***Notes from the Editor HELP!***

Once again the winds of change are blowing at *Man, Alive!* This issue will be my last as editor, and as I prepare to take my leave, there are some thoughts I would like to share in parting.

When I took on the task of editing *Man, Alive!* at the Fall conference two years ago, it was because there was serious discussion going on at that time about whether or not to cease publication due to lack of interest. The former editor had been asking for two issues for someone to step up and relieve him. No one had. So, of necessity, he simply made it known he wasn't doing the next issue.

Living as I do some 500 miles removed from the heart of the Men's Wellness Community, *Man, Alive!* was always my link to the community, the tie that kept real the connections and experiences I had, and had shared, with the community. It seemed to me it was a vital part of the community, a metaphorical town hall, community plaza, and recorder of community history. And so (encouraged and abetted by Rene Dominguez who shared my views and willingness to give something back) I volunteered. Together, we took on the tasks of working with Sal Trepiedi, the then-managing editor, to get the next issue out.

It has been rewarding to have been involved in the production of the last six issues of our quarterly publication, and not the least of those rewards have been the experiences of working with team that currently gets out each issue. Now, however, it is time for me to move on. We have approached several individuals with invitations to take over the editorship, but no one has been able to accept. It seems therefore that the appropriate thing to do is to throw the issue back out into the community. *Man, Alive!* is, after all, the community's publication. So, here it is. This is my last issue. The next issue needs to get out. There is a full support team in place and anxious to keep working. What is missing is someone willing to take on the editorship.

**Is there anyone in the Men's Wellness Community who cares enough about the publication to step forward and take on its editorial joys and responsibilities? If so, contact Managing Editor Bob McMMain at [RdRunr@ZiaNet.com](mailto:RdRunr@ZiaNet.com) or (505) 248-1001, or Production Manager Rene Dominguez at [ReneDom@aol.com](mailto:ReneDom@aol.com). I will provide a full written description of what I do on each issue, and be available on a consulting basis if problems or questions arise.**

Each and everyone of you out there reading this are members of a remarkable community, several hundred strong and well into its second decade of existence. As a community dedicated to men's wellness, you have outlasted the Robert Bly craze, the wild man craze, the Promise Keepers, and corporate firewalking. You have outlasted the press's cynicism and the rampant patriotic fervor of two wars. You have done so because you have carved your community out of heart space, structured it on foundations of acceptance and personal responsibility, and individually cared enough to hold in place the interwoven web of personal relationships which provide the ongoing dynamic tension at its core which keeps it vibrant, alive, and growing. Surely, in such a remarkable community, there is someone who cares enough to step up to the challenge of helping guide *Man, Alive!* through the inevitable surprises of the next phase of its -- and of the community's -- existence.

**That is my prayer.**

***Gordon Mustain***

## When I was Twelve Part IV cont'd from Page 1

So I would see the images and visualize the stories only for a short while, then I would retreat to the haven of the history lessons I had memorized, slowly going over the details, battle by battle, debate by debate, expedition by expedition.

There is only so much history to fill up a year of days though. Eventually, I snuck in a few comic books and a spare prayer book which I knew my mom would not miss from the large bookshelf in the next room. I would leave the door open a little to let in a small bit of light to read by. The comics, like the history lessons, got a little repetitive so I finally landed on the prayer book.

I took to the prayer book as much out of fear as out of boredom. I had been in the middle of altar boy basic training with a very strict priest when I got sick and I didn't want to fall too far behind in learning the prayers I would need to know to serve mass. So I used my spare time, and there was a lot of it, to memorize the altar boy half of the Catholic mass in Latin. Although I was praying in a language and about a ceremony that I didn't really understand, it was still good. It made my dark days more peaceful, put a fence around the stories and images that flashed in like light from the doorway. The hour of homework I was allowed after supper each day seemed like a reprieve.

In the end I was very happy. On the way to the hospital for tests, I saw bright light and intense colors around town that I had forgotten were out there. When the doctor said I was cured, I slid off the examining table and tried to jump in my joy but my legs gave out because I had hardly used them in a year. My father had just been let out of the mental hospital for a short time and was there to catch my fall. He swooped me up into his strong arms. I felt protected again. I was grateful because my mom had my dad back and I could step out of his shoes for a while. I could go back to the playgrounds, play a little ball, be free again.

On the day my dad dropped me off for my first day back at school, I was under strict orders not to play any games. I was supposed to just talk with my friends and try to relax. I saw his car stop at the far edge of the parking lot for about five minutes so he could check up on what I was up to. I had also learned some patience in the last year so I just waited him out. As he drove around the corner, I got into the first basketball game I could find. After I relaxed a little out there on the court, my shot began to come back. At altar boy practice after school, so did my Latin prayers for the mass, all recited in good order and accent. The priest was satisfied and so was I.

From my year with rheumatic fever, I learned that fear works in strange ways, coming in out of the dark-

ness at all angles, like the rays of light through the doorway of my black room. Fear could possess an hour or an entire day. It could be about my illness, or my dad's plight, which could be mine. It could be about my mother's struggles or whether I could help her in the ways she needed help. It could be about losing Philly Joe or Dolores or just about whether my Latin prayers were going to be good enough for the priest impatiently waiting for me in the sacristy.

I learned some lessons when I was twelve which I understand more completely now, on the other side of forty. I have learned that although I may be like my father and Philly Joe in some ways, I can draw from their emotional and spiritual strengths instead of their weaknesses. I have learned ways of holding onto intensity, compassion and depth of feeling without becoming completely consumed by their fires. I have slowly learned to let go of my impatience, to wait for the return of those few whom my heart has chosen in love if they wander away from me, or I from them; to persevere until our wandering paths come together again. I have learned not to withdraw from the pleas and demands of love for fear that the person I love can be taken from me at any time.

From my illness I learned the lessons born of simply being alone, so that now, when the time comes to be with others, I am truly ready.

## NM Men's Wellness Spring Retreat

**"48 Hours of Reflection"**  
**Max August**

This is your invitation to join us on Friday, April 26, 2002 at Hummingbird Camp (North Campus) in the Jemez Mountains for a "retreat" from familiar routines and stresses.

You will enter into an experience where you can leave your clocks and watches at home, turn off your cell phone and listen to your inner voice. This will be a time of reflection . . . you can choose how much, or how little, contact you will have with the other men (and you won't "miss" anything either way).

The emphasis is on taking time to be alone with one's own thoughts and Self without the competing noise, distraction, and stimulus of our normal, or not so normal, everyday life. While still having available, if you want it, the mutual support and exchange of the other men in our 48 hour retreat community.

**Continued on Page 4**

# Final Day of Santa Fe Meditation Vigil

Victor LaCerva

*(Editor's Note: In our last issue we ran an article about the 41-day candlelight meditation vigil organized and led by New Mexico Men's Wellness founder Victor LaCerva, at the state capitol in Santa Fe to mark the state's first execution in 41 years. What follows is Victor's description of the last night of the vigil.)*

The vigil ended last night with a rally of a couple of hundred people, who gathered in peaceful protest at the Capitol to listen to a few speakers, and participate in an interfaith prayer vigil.

Speakers included legislators who had sponsored (and almost passed) a death penalty repeal bill in the last session, Terry's current lawyer (Terry was the prisoner scheduled for execution), the current president of the NAACP in Santa Fe, a youth group, a founding member of murder victim's families support groups, and the public health doc who organized the 41-day vigil.

Good words were shared by all and our hearts went out to acknowledge the suffering of the victim's family. The lawyer spoke a great truth: he said that Terry was ultimately defeated by hate. Everyone in prison hated him, the victim's family hated him, the public hated him. His decision to end his appeals, and his conviction that he wanted to die, was in some ways evidence of both his defeat and his transformation. He repeatedly said that he wanted to die to give closure to the victim's family, a selfless act.

At 7pm, candles ablaze in a beautiful autumn night, we all fell silent. One heckler on the periphery of the crowd clapped aggressively, while another on the other side of the crowd yelled "it's time for justice, big time!" The entire crowd's response, including babies and little children, was to maintain the respectful silence. And do you know what happened? Another small victory over violence! The hecklers became silent as well, until we received word that Terry had died, and there was a collective sigh as we bowed our heads in respect for the passing of a life.

After the protestors dispersed, after the organizers collected the trash and put it in my truck, after the TV crews and reporters had packed up and gone, I sat there on the lawn, the very spot where I had sat and fasted in a circle of candles for 12 hours, and wept — tears for the slow progress of mankind in its evolution, tears for all the suffering we create in our world, tears for the seeds of future suffering we continue to plant. And tears of gratitude for the future.

There were many young people in the crowd last

night, ready to learn, and to carry forth the torch of truth and understanding. I am confident that we will never have another execution in this state, that never again will we bomb a country and ignore the plight of refugees and the rebuilding effort required afterwards.

**Small victories, perhaps, but palpable ones.**

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## NMMW Spring Retreat cont'd from Page 3

You may choose . . .

- Silence
- Fasting
- Silence & fasting
- Meditation
- Reading
- Walking/hiking
- "Dialogue"
- "Focusing"
- Reflection
- Contemplation
- Prayer
- to go within

. . . or, you may use art, journaling, writing, and yoga which would require you to bring your own materials . . . the choice will be yours and the time will be yours.

Some men, and you may be one of them, will be available to mentor others in the processes they use.

There will be opportunities for small talking circles throughout the weekend. We will end with a large talking circle the afternoon of Sunday, April 28, 2002 where we can share what we have discovered.

All meals will be provided for those that are eating (6 meals). For those that choose to fast liquid nourishment will be available.

Please register early because space is limited. For more information contact:

**Max August @ 505-577-4065**

**MaxAugust@Earthlink.net**

**Robert Spitz @ 505-988-3541;**

**robtspitz@aol.com**

**Plan on arriving 4pm-6pm on Friday April 26.**

**Plan on Leaving 4pm on Sunday April 28.**

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## REGISTRATION - Back Cover

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# Mother Dear

Ralph Larkin

Mother dear can't you hear how my heart does hurt.  
You did before, when I was young, and you made it go  
away.

But now you add to all my pain and always think you're  
right.

And I must fight off demons every single night.  
Why can't you see the pain in me and make it go away.  
Cause mother dear, you are my pain from year-to-year,  
and day-to-day.

## Recovery: Meeting Myself

Art Panaro

This is a story of recovery, the story of a mentor who came into my life, and my apprenticeship. As a graduate student of counseling, I served my internship with drug and alcohol abusing clients in a mental health clinic. Up to that point, I had studied a range of basic mental health issues and had reviewed many unresolved issues and puzzles in my personal life. However substance abuse neither had been a pathology I gave much thought to, nor was it one of the issues I felt I needed to examine in myself. My teachers and guides had certainly alerted us to the prerequisite of a good counselor, that he exercise a searching investigation of his addictions, shadows, and power issues. I had concluded that any changes I had to make about my drinking were small enough that just a little caution and restraint were all I needed to keep myself in balance.

I began to notice how much I drank and started to adjust it to a level I thought was appropriate. This, along with the fact that I did not see my drinking history as problematic, I thought would be enough of a response to guidance of my teachers. None of my professors or guides ever confronted me that I had a drinking problem.

After graduation I was hired by a community mental health agency to work with DWI court-ordered clients. Some seven months later, a new clinical director was hired. He introduced himself to all the clinicians, and then asked that we, one by one, make an appointment with him to introduce ourselves to him. My interview had a vast and unexpected outcome for me. After talking about my recent education and training, I revealed that I was a drinker, but a moderate one, I thought. Yes I had taken seriously my teachers forewarning to be watchful and cautious regarding my personal habits. I saw no inconsistency between my choice to drink and my work as a counselor.

The new director listened patiently, then got right to the point. Based upon what I had revealed, he felt that I had not actually looked carefully enough at my drinking. He counseled me to stop drinking for 30 days, observe myself carefully and report back to him what I had experienced.

However, he was not just skimming the surface of the matter. He was not kidding around. He also wanted me to attend AA meetings, which I had never done, except for a period, a few years earlier, when I attended Adult Children of Alcoholics meetings. At AA I would start to learn the recovery process in which some of my clients were already engaged.

Then the "bomb shell" exploded. He ended by saying that, if after 30 days I were to tell him I was going back to my regular habit, then he could not retain me as part of his staff.

In hindsight I now realize that to continue my drinking would not advance the clarity and discipline that I would need to practice. In the director's clinical opinion I was not the light drinker that I thought myself to be. Can you imagine my surprise, chagrin,

fear and disappointment at being served with such a notice? It appeared that my career was in jeopardy just at the moment it had begun. In reality I was being told "Physician, heal thyself", but this was not how I saw the matter at that moment.

In fact I went with the program and not only survived the challenge, I am thriving. The examination of my life I had begun in graduate school began to take on a different quality as I gave up my usual relief drinking and heavy partying. I had considered all that as "just a part of life". In hindsight I see that the way I drank was a problem. Had I continued and lasted in this profession my personal life could not have been authentic and congruent with my professional calling.

In giving up drinking, I have not given up my own personal search for joy, happiness and elation. Now I no longer assign the job to the quick fix of immediate and artificial gratification by drinking alcohol. Pumping up the brain chemistry with stimulants is quite inferior to balanced, natural inputs such as good diet, exercise, and healthy joy and fun.

I generated a metaphor to explain my recovery. I see life as if it were a beautiful pool of clear, cool water. At birth we are placed in this pool and we swim about in joy and freedom. Then as life goes on, debris, wreckage and dirt begin to fall into the pool. The water gets dirty and clogged. So we climb out and sit on the edge of the pool. Time passes and we get bored. The pool was a wonderful thing. Perhaps we can get the effect of the pool again by pulling a great, large canvas over the pool to cover the trash. This we do, and we paint the canvas with all kinds of color and shapes. However, even the canvas becomes an eyesore and a problem in itself.

Here is my interpretation: The trash and garbage that get thrown into the pool are life's outrageous slings and arrows of misfortune and abuse. The canvas is the addiction to getting high as a way of masking all the dirt. The canvas may appear attractive and appealing, but it conceals and suppresses the troublesome issues. During my graduate studies, I had kept the canvas over my pool, but had gone under it to clean out the mess of my past, which indeed I had done well enough. The job of further and

**Continued on Page 15**

# Open Letter to the Community

**Benjamin & Sharon Miller**

*On the first anniversary of their daughter's death*

Dear Family and Friends,

This has been a year of deep heartache for us. We have lived through one year without our beloved child, Caitlin. Our arms ache from not being able to hold her, our ears stay perked for her delightful giggle, and our eyes keep looking for her. No matter what we do or do not do, we are constantly and painfully aware of our deep longing for Caitlin. Managing or controlling this level of grief is unthinkable. The hours and days go on, and we continue to listen to our hearts for our next direction. This is our focus.

Caitlin struggled with being a sensitive and independent teenager, and she accomplished so much in her short life. In her fifteen and a half years she felt the joy of giving and receiving love. She understood the wisdom of forgiveness and could forgive. And she recognized the beauty and grace in others. She passionately loved her family and friends and lovingly shared her time and possessions with them. Caitlin was a natural confidante and a willing counselor for those feeling down, confused and lost—friend or stranger alike. Her words of encouragement and blazing smile came from a maturity way beyond her years. Many stray animals have good homes thanks to Caitlin, including our Taj. Her sense of humor, her laughter, and her delightful way of radiating love were infectious. She was a very old soul with a healing heart.

Today, Monday, November 26th marks a year of grief. The accident was on Monday, November 27th. Caitlin died at about 7:25 a.m. in Benjamin's arms. We will mark these days, Monday and Tuesday, as we will the rest of the week, with prayer, silence, candle lighting, spreading of rose petals (Caitlin's favorite flower), healing song, and sharing time with those close to her.

Your prayers and loving thoughts have helped us and those close to Caitlin continue to breathe throughout this difficult year. Again, we thank all of you for the many ways you have chosen to support us. Your kindness and generosity has helped us as we struggle with integrating our loss of Caitlin into our lives. Instead of automatically returning to what was once the norm for us; i.e., activities, work, community involvements, we are attempting to listen to what is appropriate for us now and follow that guidance.

Many of you have contacted us wanting to know how to support us at this time. Think of Caitlin and give thanks that this world was blessed with the visitation of her Spirit. Think of us and honor our process and know that we are led by our love of Spirit and our intuitive hearts.

We love you and thank you,

*Sharon and Benjamin Miller*

## I Thought I Knew Love

I thought I knew love.  
 I was content taking in  
 the expanse of the horizon at dawn  
 and at dusk, releasing it back to the night.  
 My heartbeats were measured,  
 in the songs of birds in the trees.  
 Then, you came bearing gifts and  
 the pathways of heart became intimate.  
 We walked through mists of old doubt  
 and there found a passage of new faith.

We became comfortable in the darkness  
 because there we also found light.  
 Now, the horizon is inadequate.  
 My heart beats to the infinite symphony  
 of waves on a night seashore.  
 I feel the beauty in the darkest crevices  
 of the earth, below the ocean,  
 underneath still water in the depths,  
 and my love can no longer be measured  
 except by the space taken up by stars.

*Ray Ortiz*

# Notes from a First-time Conference Attendee

Bill Guse

When we want to show honor and respect for a man, we say, he's a real gentleman. A real, gentle, man. I had the privilege of spending four days with 110 real, gentle, men. I have had very few examples of gentle men in my life. What a gift to be given this diverse collection of gentle men.

I had my fifty-third birthday at the conference. Now I can claim fifty-three years of life experience. Yet there were more men there with more life experience than me, than with less. Although I learned equally from younger men and older men it was another gift to me. My own father died when I was 19 and I have not had a lot of older gentle men in my life. I felt so blessed by the presence of the elders at the gathering. I felt very nurtured and loved and worthy when older men would take the time to talk to me, to reach out to me, to hug me, older men who felt I was worthwhile and a good man and who told me that. My father has been dead for 34 years and couldn't tell me these things. I am so grateful to hear praise from my fathers.

At the end of the conference a young man I hadn't met or spoken with came up to me and told me of a moment when we faced each other in a blessing dance, and how he felt my presence and light and how young I felt to him. He took the time to come tell me that. And I did that with other men, went up to men I hadn't met and told them how something they had said or done had moved me or touched me in some deep part of myself. How their presence had made my life richer. It was a place of honesty and open heartedness and being present in the present moment. We explored our pasts — our relationships with our mothers — but we were also present; healing, growing, nurturing, and forgiving, ourselves and our mothers and each other.



Rick Heptig

I saw more male tears in those four days than in my previous fifty-three years. I saw men stand and speak to a circle of one hundred other men, their voices breaking with emotion. I saw men stand before 100 men and weep with their whole bodies, hearts and

souls. They were not embarrassed or ashamed. We were not embarrassed or ashamed. I saw men reach out to hold one another while they cried. No man was left to cry without the comfort of another man, or a circle of men, holding him. As we cried for one another



Rick Heptig

we healed ourselves. As we supported one another we healed ourselves and shared our healing, too. As we told our stories of abuse and loss, of fear and joy, we created a place in one another where healing could occur.

**The love and support and sharing at the fall conference created a place where we could be ourselves, and that is the first step in every healing.**

**INTERESTED IN SEX / SEXUALITY?**

**JULY 19 – 21**

**NEW MEXICO MEN'S WELLNESS**

**2002 SUMMER GATHERING**

*Santa Fe National Forest*  
*Just east of Cuba, NM*

**See Events Page 15**

# Gifts

Mark Bennett

*Bit by bit I realized he would be with me, I looked into my father's eyes.*

*Eric Clapton: My Father's Eyes*

I saw him, sitting around at home, waiting to die. My mother was afraid to go anywhere with him ..... afraid he would **die on her** away from home. I wanted to ask him to take a trip with me. When I was little, he was always gone, or worn out from work and travel. Only a couple of times can I remember growing up that felt special to me. These were the two business trips he took me on when it was just us, when I had him all to myself, when that deep unspoken longing for his blessing and attention was met in some way.

I finally resolved to ask him. I wanted to give him a gift, a chance to visit someplace that meant something to him. Dad, would you like to take a trip with me? Is there somewhere you would like to go? (...before you die....unspoken, but in the room between us.) He only paused briefly before responding. "Yes, I want to see Yosemite National Park....and I want to see the big redwoods....and I want to take that drive up that beautiful highway along the California coast, south of San Francisco".

So we agreed to go. I made all of the plans. We flew into San Francisco, rented a car and spent a week going to every place he wanted to go. He and I had never been together alone for more than a couple of hours as adults. Always, others had been around; my mother, my children, my sisters and their children. For a week....in the car....over meals....in hotel rooms.... we had only each other. Part of me was hungry for this....Part of me was terrified. What would I find? What would he tell me? What wouldn't he tell me?

My intention was to give him something before he died. What I didn't understand was that it was I who was to receive a gift. So what did I receive....? I received his appreciation for my effort and time to make the trip possible. "Thank you for the trip of a lifetime". But more importantly, I received his stories.....windows into his life and his journey that I had never heard before.

Somewhere in the middle of a long drive across the central valley of California, we began to talk about his experiences in World War II. "I went to see 'Saving Private Ryan' recently. When I was in the landing for the invasion of southern France, our LST was waved off by the beach master. We turned around and took our place in line again. The LST that took our place took a direct hit. When we pulled the men out of the water, some of them were only parts of bodies."

"Was that the closest call you had?"



"No, I was lost overboard from my ship in the Mediterranean. A British ship rescued me."

"What was that like?"

"I don't remember a lot of it. But I remember how afraid I was floating alone in the sea until I was rescued. Those sailors on that ship treated me like royalty. Then I returned to my unit, where I was treated like crap, as usual."

"What do you remember most about that time?"

"I remember where I was at the end of the war. A recruiter came through our unit in Italy looking for strong swimmers. I volunteered to train as a frogman.....underwater demolition. After we completed our training in Hawaii, my unit was attached to a Marine amphibious assault force. We were going to be one of the lead elements in the invasion of Japan. I was going in ahead of the first wave to blow up beach and landing obstacles. We knew that we were cannon fodder and it was clear that many of us wouldn't make it back. We were en route from the Philippines to Japan when the announcement came that the Japanese had surrendered. I remember how crazy we all went on that ship....laughing, crying, jumping up and down. We were going home. So I came home from that war, married your mother, and you were our first child."

I thought about this 18-year-old from a small city in Iowa whose passage into manhood was so intense and

**Continued on Page 11**

## Death Chant

To stay the ebbing beats of a failing heart,  
you agreed to what you said you never would -  
a third open-heart operation.

I know you hoped for a miracle  
or that you would never awake.

But that was not your path.

Mother's fear

.... her need to leave no stone unturned

.... her unwillingness to let you go,

with a proud and dedicated doctor as partner,  
led us into your nightmare scenario.

When you said you wanted to go home to die,  
the doctor said you were not in your right mind.  
So he ordered you restrained, sedated, and put on a  
ventilator.

So much suffering, invaded by tubes  
and magnificent, horrible machines.

The breathing machine the worst.

Hours sitting there with you,

its Darth Vader sounds filling my mind -

Hooooooo Haaaaaaa Hooooooo Haaaaaaa.

With plastic in and out of every opening in your body,  
you were tied to the bed frame.

The nurses said you became agitated  
just before your bowels moved.

The rectal tube couldn't catch it all.

They handled you like a baby as they cleaned you  
and the bed.

Then your remaining kidney failed  
and they hooked you to another machine  
that sucked your life's blood and returned it -  
over and over.

One day you told me you had a question.

I lifted your breathing mask.

It took several tries before I could make out your  
words.

"How important is manhood to a man?"

A storm of anguish roared in my heart  
when I heard you name the magnitude of your  
losses.

I began to watch the nurses as they worked with the  
machines.

I hatched schemes to deliver you from your night-  
mare....

Could I turn off something without raising an alarm?

What about a pillow over your face  
with all of my weight on top of it?

The anguish still resonates inside me.

Mom could only bear to spend  
so much time in the room.

So I sat with you, eyes open, trying to stay present.  
Salt rivers ran down my face, matting my beard.

I waited for the end.

My practice became the transformation  
of heartache into prayer energy,  
that your wishes for life and death would be  
granted.

On that afternoon when you started to fail,

I stood vigil by your side

my eyes empty of tears.

I made the calls to the women  
as I had promised.

They rushed to your bedside.

I stood back, waiting

as they draped you like shrouds,

clinging and sobbing into your dying body.

After a time, I heard my quiet, strong voice say,

"We need to tell him that it is OK to go.

I'll hold his head. Mom, you hold his feet."

Like some Benedictine prior

I began a steady chant of spare, clear words:

"Your work is done.

There is nothing left to do.

We are all okay.

It's time for you to leave.

Go home. Go home."

In that timeless space, it seemed only moments,

before the monitors of your life pulses

began to fall, steady and smooth,

a battered, old airplane dropping out of a thun-  
derstorm

at the end of a long, turbulent flight,

finding clear, quiet airspace

on the way to a perfect landing.

After so much struggle, so much suffering,

how peacefully you left,

melting away in my hands.

**Mark Bennett**

## Readers Pick up the Pen

*EDITOR'S NOTE: "Readers Pick up the Pen" is a regular column in Man, Alive! In it we ask our readers to address subjects on which they are the only authorities -- their personal experiences, emotions and heart responses to selected topics. Each issue we will select a specific topic and ask readers to write a couple of paragraphs about it. Topics will be intentionally broad in order to give room for expression. Writing style isn't as important as thoughtfulness and sincerity. Just two or three paragraphs will suffice. We will edit the submissions for clarity, but you will have the chance to approve any major changes made. The manuscript requirements and deadlines listed in the Publication Box on page 2 will apply to submissions for this column. **The TOPIC for the SUMMER ISSUE will be: WAR: Is there such a thing as a good war?** Let us hear from you.*

# GRATITUDE

## GRATITUDE IN MEXICO

His appearance was that of an old man. Perhaps, in reality, he was no more than sixty. I wondered how he lost both legs, as he sat on the curb playing a raspy tune, while attempting to tap out some syncopated rhythm with a broken drum stick in one hand and a maraca in the other.

I assumed he was a street beggar. There are thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of them in Mexico. Here in Jalapa, the mountain Capital of Veracruz State, I had seen perhaps a dozen such people. He was by far the most interesting. There was a certain gleam in his eye that spoke of clarity and even satisfaction. Every night on my walk through the hilly Capital I passed. And every night he smiled a broad expansive smile as I dropped a couple pesos in the jar beside him.

Here I was in Mexico, yet again. Wondrous Mexico! So real! So raw and earthy! I love the night life - where all of humanity pours out into the plazas and narrow streets. Young and old, rich and poor, invalid and athlete, saint and sinner - all mixed together like a rich flavorful stew. On this trip, however, it was the Old Man who lingered in my thoughts night after night.

Finally, it was time to leave. I thought I would pay one last visit to the Old Man. I wanted to hear those sounds and rhythms once more before I returned to my more civilized existence North of "la linea." I wanted to do something special for the Old Man. Actually, what I really wanted to do was linger a little longer by his side and soak up that seductive smile that made him glow, as he bounced slightly on his stool with each staccato blast of the harmonica.

Purchasing two extra tamales, I rounded the corner to present this offering to the aged warrior-musician.

In an instant I was the one smiling a broad smile. There, on the curb sitting next to the old man were two little girls. They each had plastic containers filled with food. They were all eating, laughing and having a merry time. In a matter of seconds, two adults, a man and woman, accompanied by a barking dog (who himself appeared to be smiling - as dogs sometimes do), seated themselves next to the Old Man and the two little girls. The curbside now became a banquet area, the site of a

spectacular "grand fete" or, at least that what it seemed to be to me.

Suddenly, the Old Man's eye met mine. He motioned to me to come over. "Tu quieres comer algo?" "Would you like to eat something?", he asked in between mouthfuls. I was really stuffed, but without the slightest hesitation, I replied, "por supuesto," "of course," muchas gracias.

I don't know how long I lingered there, eating and laughing with the old man, his daughter, son-in-law, two grand children and, of course, their smiling dog. However long it was, it was far too short. As I walked away and turned back to give a final wave, I felt so thankful that I was able to share a little of piece of his happiness. In his poverty, he seemed to be the richest man in the World.

**Barry Cooney**

## "GRATITUDE ATTACKS"

One day I woke up and found myself at the bitter end of a long-term relationship. I'm referring to the ugly part, where real estate and vehicles get divided. Fear and resentment overwhelmed me and I spent many long painful weeks on the "pity pot."

My mentor suggested that I stop worrying about the things I might lose or could not change. He asked me to make a list of the things I had to be grateful for that day. Miraculously, the process of making a gratitude list opened my heart, brought me out of fear and into the present. My whole attitude changed and to my surprise there were many blessings to be grateful for. I realized that gratitude was a fast track to a state of grace.

I began to have what I have come to call "gratitude attacks", the experience of being brought to tears by pure gratitude. These many years later I'm still in the habit of making gratitude lists. So if you should drive by me on the highway and notice my eyes filled up with tears, not to worry. More than likely I'm just having a gratitude attack.

**Scott Sharot**

**Continued on Page 11**

**Gifts cont'd from Page 8**

uncertain. I considered all my harsh judgments about this man, who had survived, returned from the war.... to marry, give me life, raise a family, and live a conventional, conservative life.....a life of certainty. Our conversation roamed from the war through the rest of his life, his mentors, his distant, forbidding father, his corporate successes and battles, and his three decades struggling with a diseased and failing heart.

On that trip, Dad continued to bless me with statements about his pride and confidence in me and the life I have made for myself and my family. But there was a different, more profound blessing that I received. I came to a greater understanding of my blood and psychological lineage because I saw my father as another man, reflecting on the life he had led. He became more complete in my eyes.

As he died, I held his head and watched his eyes. They became fixed and lifeless. As his spirit left the old, scarred body, I saw his eyelids twitch until they were almost closed. With his death came another blessing, represented by this haiku:

**Holding you, dying  
Seems safer than I believed.  
Your last gift to me.**

**Readers Pick up the Pen cont'd from Page 10****A SICKNESS SUFFERED BY DOGS?**

I first thought gratitude was a simple thing, but after a bit of research, I found many diverging opinions on the subject. French philosopher Jacques Maritain (1882-1973) described gratitude as, "the most exquisite form of courtesy," while from Josef Stalin's view, "Gratitude . . . is a sickness suffered by dogs." I almost could not fathom Stalin's remark, were it not for my Buddhist background. In Tibetan Buddhism, devotion to one's spiritual teacher plays an exceptionally large role. In the West, however, where we are taught to be free thinkers, self sufficient, and able to do it on our own, placing all of your trust in someone else is a little scary. Devotion is for cults like Jim Jones, many think. It's a weakness. Stalin saw gratitude as a weakness. For him, gratitude was to owe something to someone which, being a Soviet leader in the early 20th century, could understandably be a little frightening. I believe what Stalin did not realize is that gratitude is not a debt. It is a joy and gratefulness regarding one's current situation. And if we are truly grateful for our current situation, or even just an aspect of our present

## Men's Wellness Adopt-A-Highway Project

**Bob McMains**



Hi Guys. Mark this date on your calendar and come join us for this New Mexico Men's Wellness community service activity. Bring a friend. We have a two-mile stretch to pick up trash on I-25, just south of Bernalillo. Look for our signs on I-25, northbound at mile marker 238 and southbound at mile marker 240.

The next clean-up date is **Saturday, March 23!** Meet at 9:15 a.m. in the Park-And-Ride lot, next to the cemetery on the southwest corner of I-25 and Hwy 550 (old NM 44). Join this men's work group for invigorating activity, fun, and camaraderie. We'll take a walk, pick up debris as we go, and be finished by about noon. Dutch treat for lunch. Bring work gloves, hat, long pants & shirt, sturdy boots/shoes, and water. Safety vests and instructions will be provided. We'd like to have at least 25-30 men in order to clean our whole two-mile section of I-25.

Please RSVP. Call Uncle Bob for further info @248-1001 or email at [rdrunr@zianet.com](mailto:rdrunr@zianet.com).

**"I slept and dreamt that life was joy,  
I awoke and saw that life was service.**

**I acted and beheld,  
Service was joy."**

*Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941)*

condition, then it follows that we must also be grateful for all of our past circumstances. Regardless of how joyous or painful it has been, our past is what has brought us to where we are... the present. According to the Mahayana, or Great Vehicle, approach of Buddhism, we should be grateful for all that life presents us, because it gives us the opportunity to better ourselves. If others praise us and show us kindness, then it gives us the opportunity to be humble, and not

**Continued on Page 13**

# VETERAN'S reflections

*Editor's Note: Veteran's Reflections is a column we will be running from time to time (as submissions become available) in which Men's Wellness community members who are veterans of military service may express themselves. There are no fixed topics or viewpoints, but whatever is written should be personal, should in some way touch upon the writer's military experience, and should relate in some way to the general broad topic of men's wellness.*

## Black Water Below

Joseph Woods

I had heard that there was a war raging in a little country called Viet Nam somewhere in Southeast Asia. My friend had returned with a steel bar in his arm and a different attitude about life. Too involved in my own life at college I really hadn't given the war too much thought. A good friend of mine laughed and said that he had received his draft notice and that he was sure mine would be waiting for me when I got home that day. He was right and my world changed from that moment on. I felt that I owed my country something so I passed a simple test and joined the Navy Reserves.

"Get a hair cut and come back next Thursday night in a suit" the old salt, said. The following Thursday night I returned to the Navy Reserve unit with two of my good friends with fresh haircuts and clean suits, a life changing event in itself. We were told to wait until the memorial ceremony was over. "Who is the ceremony for?" I naively asked. "One of our guys died in Nam" was the reply. "The Reserves go to Viet Nam?" I asked, "Of course" came the sharp reply. I got a bad feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Less than a year later I found myself on the deck of an ammunition ship off the coast of Viet Nam. Actually I felt lucky. I had been trained as a machine gunner on a small swift boat. I knew a lot of the guys on the gunboats were returning to the world in body bags. Life aboard ship was difficult and dangerous. We did nothing but handle bombs of every type including nuclear bombs. We worked long hours and accidents became an all too common occurrence. I once had a full pallet of sixty-four, five-inch projectiles accidentally dropped on top of me while working in a deep tank at the bottom of the ship. A quick side step saved my own life, but didn't help my shipmates who were hit by the ricocheting projectiles. My ears have not stopping ringing since that day. I was the only person on board who was outspoken against the war. My shipmates feared losing the sixty-four dollar hazardous duty pay we received each month, if the war ended.

As an escape from the stark reality of the ship, in my rare free moments I went forward to the bow and watched the dolphins ride the perfect bow waves below me. I dreamed of being with them. I was a surfer and the ocean was home to me. I thought that I could just lean over a little more and I would fall into that beauti-

ful warm, clear water. The dolphins almost seemed to call to me. I remember thinking that I could float out there for hours before the end and I would be totally free. I thought about it a lot.

Steaming into Hong Kong in heavy seas at night, I had an experience that would change my mind about checking out. We were ordered to stay below deck because of the heavy seas. Although our ship was over four hundred and fifty feet long, we were taking heavy rolls in the big seas. The crew's quarters were cramped, smelly and smoky and I longed to be up on deck watching the big waves. I quietly walked up a ladder to the 01 level, opened a hatch to the deck and stepped out into a black, windy world.

I stood there and held onto a railing until my eyes adjusted to the dark. Huge black waves were rolling past the ship under a dark gray sky. I knew it was thirty feet down to the water line, but I was looking up at the waves! I literally held on for dear life as the ship rolled and the cold, dark salt water washed over the main deck below me. I felt alive for the first time in months. The cold wind blew in my face and I could taste the salt water in my mustache.

I worked my way forward, holding onto the inboard handrail. I hoped to work my way down to the main deck. Although I couldn't see it, I knew that there was a ladder not more than twenty feet in front of me, that lead down to the main deck. I would need to let go of the railing and carefully walk forward the twenty feet to the ladder. Taking a deep breath I let go of the railing and stepped forward. As I stepped out past the superstructure I was hit by a blast of wind which blew me towards the starboard side. I was able to stay on my

**Continued on Page 15**

**Readers Pick up the Pen cont'd from Page 11**

get caught up in pride and arrogance. Even if all we have are critics calling us names, we should be grateful, because if we are apt students, our critics will teach us patience in the face of adversity. In Shantideva's *The Way of the Bodhisattva* he writes:

***Contempt and scorn that others show me  
Now and in my future lives—Since none of it can  
bite and swallow me,  
Why is it that I'm so adverse to it?***

And for those of us who are actually physically harmed by enemies, we can learn from those experiences, and resolve not to bring that same torment down upon others. We can be grateful to our enemies for having helped instill us with this resolve. Well, what about diseases, such as cancer? How can we be grateful to something that is slowly killing us? Disease and sickness can be among the greatest blessings known to humankind. From disease we think, "Oh no! I don't have much longer left! I'm gonna die." It helps us realize the impermanence of our lives, and can motivate us to stop fooling around, and figure out what really matters in life. That is the most precious gift of all.

Again, Shantideva:

***So like a treasure found at home,  
Enriching me without fatigue,  
All enemies are helpers in my bodhisattva work  
And therefore they should be a joy to me.***

Understanding gratitude in this way (being grateful to all that life has offered us), a very salient point of American author Anne Morrow Lindbergh comes to

mind. "One can never pay in gratitude; one can only pay 'in kind' somewhere else in life." If we receive these all these wonderful opportunities to make us who we are, to better ourselves, and to better the world we live in, it doesn't do to just be grateful. We must, "pay 'in kind' somewhere else in life." What is the one thing that everyone has and no one wants? Suffering. What is the one thing that many do not have, yet everyone wants? Happiness. Being grateful to all past circumstances, which have made us who we are, how can we spread this treasure of happiness?

**Gerry Prindiville**

(Editor's note: Gerry sent this from Kathmandu where he is currently living and studying at a Buddhist monastery.)

**GRATITUDE COMES LIKE GRACE**

Gratitude seems to come from the same place, and in the same way, as grace. I rarely ask to feel gratitude. Sometimes I find myself feeling grateful in the most unlikely circumstances. It's the gift that allows me to be glad when I find myself still alive after a wreck. Wounded perhaps, or deeply hurt, but breathing and moving.

I want to be grateful when the enlightenment I asked for comes with a lesson attached. I want to feel gratitude when someone does me a kindness or something "good" happens in my life. More often than not however, I don't. Some less worthy emotion captures my attention and I go with it. Which makes gratitude all the more precious when I do have it.

**Tim Murphy**

Mountaineer Men's Group

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## The Bitter Butter Incident

Moving  
Alabama to Michigan  
South to North  
Culture shock  
for a fifteen year-old boy

Our land is wide and deep  
With room for the patriarch's organic garden  
and a barn for a cow  
But the future lies hidden  
While we are emptying the truck  
and filling the house

Work is halted  
Dinner is ready  
Around the table sit  
nineteen year-old Tommy  
fourteen year-old Jimmy  
twelve year-old Michael  
and Daddy with me to his left  
The food is calling to our hungry  
Bodies and souls

whose nurture is required  
for lifting and toting  
Making a house a home

Knife in hand  
Tommy scrapes  
The innocent butter stick's crown  
Daddy growls  
"You don't cut it that way!"  
Others laugh softly  
out of earshot  
A snicker is my mistake  
His left hand flies fast  
Wounding my cheek

To the barn I run  
Escaping the pain of his presence  
Hiding my rage, my shame  
Swallowing the bitter taste  
Burning, burning inside  
Plotting revenge  
**Bob McMMain**

## DIRECTORY OF CONTACTS FOR MEN'S GROUPS IN NEW MEXICO

*(This directory is a work in progress. Please send corrections, additions and subtractions to GaryMcFar@aol.com. Let's get every men's group in New Mexico represented on this list. It will provide a rapid means of disseminating information pertinent to Men's Wellness among groups. Also, if you are interested in joining a group, you can use this list to find a group in your area and then contact the representative to find out if the group is open or not, it's exact meeting place and if it meets your needs. Gary McFarland.)*

### Northern Region

Max August -- Santa Fe -- 820-1248  
maxaugust@earthlink.net Intergenerational  
group and the "Wounded and Clueless" group

Scott Dow -- Santa Fe -- 450-4650  
scottjdow@earthlink.net

Rob Hawley -- Taos -- 758-8176  
rob@taosherb.com -- New Warriors group

Bill Kaul -- Farmington -- 327-6396  
fb&gclub@acrnet.com

Victor LaCerva -- Santa Fe -- 983-4233  
victorl@doh.state.nm.us

Robert Spitz -- Santa Fe -- 988-3541  
robtspitz@aol.com -- Wednesday Lunch Group

Paul Zelizer -- Taos -- 758-9066  
mrc@laplaza.org -- Men's Resource Center of  
Northern New Mexico

### Central Region

Dave Breault -- Albuquerque -- 266-9233  
dbreault@lobo.net

David Cain -- Albuquerque -- 346-8157  
wcain@email.usps.gov

Michael Hamilton -- Sandia Park  
eagle\_call@msn.com

Bob Hollingsworth -- Albuquerque -- 294-4908  
hollingsbooks@thuntek.net  
Writer's group and a regular group

Gary McFarland -- Sandia Park -- 281-9477  
garymcfar@aol.com

Tim Murphy -- Mountainair -- 847-1850

David Robertson -- Albuquerque -- 344-5489  
dkr5489@aol.com

Pat Sauer -- Albuquerque -- 299-6749  
psauer@accessinn.com

### Central Region (cont'd)

Sal Treppiedi -- Albuquerque -- 275-7258  
salteaches@yahoo.com

Hartley Wess -- Albuquerque -- 243-6888  
hartwess@excite.com

### Southern Region

Neal Apple -- Silver City  
apple-allen@gilnet.com

Tony Harris -- Las Cruces -- 524-1899  
antix@zianet.com

### Websites of interest to Men:

[www.menshealthnetwork.org](http://www.menshealthnetwork.org)

[www.malemenopause.com](http://www.malemenopause.com)

[www.vix.com/menmag](http://www.vix.com/menmag)

[www.menstuff.org](http://www.menstuff.org)

[www.themenscenter.com](http://www.themenscenter.com)

[www.menalive.com](http://www.menalive.com)

[www.nmmenswellness.org](http://www.nmmenswellness.org)

[communities.msn.com/nmmenswellness](http://communities.msn.com/nmmenswellness)

## Taber and Dominguez to Host "Wisdom Years" Event this Summer

Longtime men's wellness community members Cliff Taber and René Dominguez will host a special program for men over 50 years of age June 7-9 this year.

The program, called "**The Wisdom Years**", is being presented for the first time in New Mexico, and focuses on issues relevant to men as they pass the half-century mark of life experience.

For more information, contact René Dominguez at (505) 834-9802 or by email at [renedom@aol.com](mailto:renedom@aol.com).

## NM Men's Wellness

## Calendar of Events

**Wednesday Brown Bag Lunch** - Wednesdays noon – 1:30 p.m. at the Men's Center (541/2 E. San Francisco 2nd floor (just off the plaza, enter the door to the right of Hagen-Daz store). The "Brown Bag Lunch" is a "come one, come all" men's lunch group what has been meeting in Santa Fe for the past eleven years. A place to share from the heart and be listened to from the heart.

**Men's Wellness Adopt-A-Highway Project** - Saturday March 23, 2002. Meet at 9:15 a.m. in the Park-And-Ride lot, next to the cemetery on the southwest corner of I-25 and Hwy 550 (previously NM 44). For more information call Bob McMain at (505) 248-1001 **OR** David Johnson at (505) 266-9960. To be added to the project email list, send a request to [rdrunr@zianet.com](mailto:rdrunr@zianet.com).

**New Mexico Men's Wellness Spring Retreat** - Hummingbird Music Camp, Jemez Mountains, NM; Starting @ 4 – 6 PM Friday, April 26, 2002 ending @ 4 PM Sunday, April 28, 2002. Theme: **48 HOURS OF REFLECTION**. Contact Max August (505) 577-4065; email: [maxaugust@earthlink.com](mailto:maxaugust@earthlink.com) **OR** Robert Spitz (505) 988-3541; email: [robtspitz@aol.com](mailto:robtspitz@aol.com)

**New Mexico Men's Wellness Summer Gathering** - Santa Fe National Forest, east of Cuba, NM; Starting on Friday, July 19, 2002 ending Sunday, July 21, 2002. Theme: **SEX/SEXUALITY**, Contact Leo Klinker (505) 833-3981; email: [leo69alloysius@earthlink.net](mailto:leo69alloysius@earthlink.net)

**New Mexico Men's Wellness Fall Conference** - Ghost Ranch; Abiquiu, NM; Starting @ 7 PM Thursday, September 25, 2002 ending @ 12 noon to 1 PM Sunday, September 29, 2002. Theme: **"YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED"**..... Contact Stephen Feher (505) 263-3590 (day) / 771-2924 (eve) / email: [sfeher@bestcoaching.com](mailto:sfeher@bestcoaching.com) **OR** Barry McIntosh (505) 474-5579 email: [kamac@cybermesa.com](mailto:kamac@cybermesa.com)

### Recovery: Meeting Myself cont'd from Page 5

further refinement of my mind and soul would not begin to be completed until I removed the camouflaging canvas of mindlessness that my drinking produced.

The Buddha was once asked:

**Who are you? What are you?**

He paused and responded, **I am awake.**

My quitting alcohol and working through my recovery has not only brought me to a meeting with my Self, but it has brought to an awakening Self. All the best and the same to you.

**Arthur Panaro, MA, LPCC**  
(505) 438-0010 EXT. 20  
[apanaro@thelifelink.org](mailto:apanaro@thelifelink.org)

**MAN, ALIVE! is available online at**  
<http://www.nmmenswellness.org/>  
**Check it out!**

### Black Water Below cont'd from Page 12

feet, but I was out of control. I knew I was about to be blown off the ship. The thought of being thrown into that black, cold water filled my head with fear.

I suddenly felt a pain across my stomach and realized I was doubled over the small chain that acted as the gate to the quarterdeck. I was hanging over the side looking straight down into the black water below. My life flashed before me as I hung there. I was able to pull myself up when the ship rolled back up and I made my way back to the inboard railing. Had I gone over the side no one would have realized I was gone until role call in the morning. I said a silent prayer of gratitude to the person who had hooked the chain.

The next day I was walking the streets of Hong Kong, very happy to be alive. I knew I would get through my Viet Nam experience all right and I promised myself I would head for a tropical beach in Mexico as soon as I returned to the world, which I did.

*Ó Joseph Woods, 2002*

# NEW MEXICO MEN'S WELLNESS – 2002 SPRING RETREAT REGISTRATION FORM

Plan on arriving between 4pm-6pm on Friday April 26<sup>th</sup>. Plan on Leaving 4pm on Sunday April 28<sup>th</sup>.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_ email: \_\_\_\_\_

City, ST, Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Please reserve my space(s) ..... @ \$120.00 each = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Circle type of space ..... Camping or Indoor

Will you be Fasting? ..... Y / N if yes - \$20.00

(You can change your mind & pay for meals at the retreat)

Will you be observing Silence? ..... Y / N

**Total Enclosed = \$ \_\_\_\_\_**

**Send registration and check to:**

**NM Men's Wellness**

**P.O. Box 23346,**

**Santa Fe, NM 87502.**

*We will send you a confirmation and instruction letter with directions upon receipt of registration.*

Men's Network Press

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