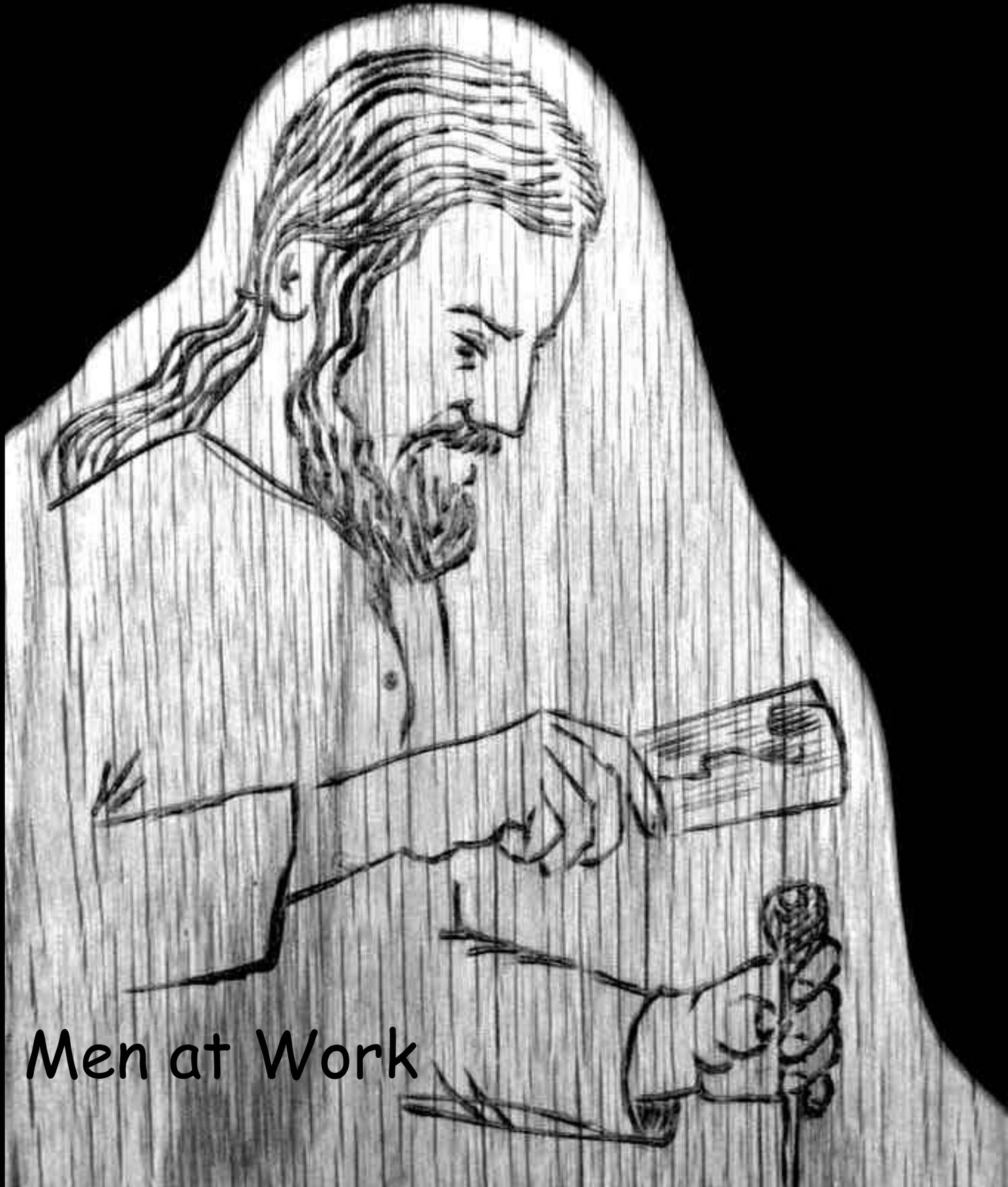


Fall 2003

# MAN ALIVE!

*A Journal of Men's Wellness*



Men at Work

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## Notes from the Editor

This issue's theme, Men at Work, was inspired by the upcoming annual tradition honoring the men and women who make our nation work. This day of commemoration is, of course, Labor Day whose origins can be traced back one hundred and twenty years to the first Labor Day in 1882. For many and certainly for myself, that day usually passes quietly and uneventfully with little or no thought or fanfare. In fact, this Labor day will be the first to which I have given much thought at all. I discovered, for example, that Samuel Gompers drew a sharp distinction between Labor Day and other national holidays: "All other holidays are in a more or less degree connected with conflicts and battles of man's prowess over man, of strife and discord for greed and power, of glories achieved by one nation over another. **Labor Day . . . is devoted to no man, living or dead, to no sect, race or nation.**" Another labor leader put it quite poetically when he said it is a day honoring those "who from rude nature have delved and carved all the grandeur we behold."

Good, honest hard work. A day's wages for a day's labor. Pride in workmanship and accomplishment, honor in a fair exchange, pleasure in camaraderie with the men and women who work side by side with us. By this labor we keep our families, our communities, our nation and the world strong, free and safe. Nothing more, nothing less. "WHAT?" you may say. "WHAT WORLD DO YOU LIVE IN?" Well, my rejoinder is simply this: that this is how it ought'a be. It is the same sentiment that arises unbidden, provokes tears and stubbornly refuses to be denied each time I hear the Star Spangled Banner.

This larger communal context for work can be distinguished from its meaning as seen through the lenses of our individual and very personal selves. It is, of course, rich and multidimensional as you will see from the thoughtful and heartfelt stories and poems in this issue of Man Alive! **As one poet says: "hard work is hard work . . . you are witnessing love."**

Continued on Page 13

## Apologies from the Editors

We need to acknowledge two errors in the last issue. Doug Banks had a grandson, not a granddaughter.

Allan Shedlin's correct e-mail address is: [ashedlin@daddy.com](mailto:ashedlin@daddy.com). We apologize for our oversight.

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## Man, Alive!

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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.

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# Readers Pick up the Pen

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Readers Pick up the Pen" is a periodic column in Man, Alive! In it we ask our readers to express their opinion(s) on a specific subject. We are seeking their opinion(s) to include — their personal experiences, emotions and heart responses to a selected topic. A given issue will focus on a specific topic and ask readers to write 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. Manuscript requirements and deadlines listed in the Publication Box on page two apply. This publication's topic is:

## Men at Work

### GUILT, SABOTAGE, PEACE

Mike Nelson

WORK! This is a word that has more connotations, interpretations and emotions around it than perhaps any other word. Work can be wonderful, horrible, inspiring, boring, generative, harmful...you complete the list as is appropriate for you.

For me, "work" has mostly been a lost and dark shadow that has lurked in the streets behind me for many years...still does, to some extent. Though I love work, especially physical work where I am moving and using my hands in an expressive, cathartic manner, I have had a mixture of feelings confusion, pain, laziness, resistance, passion, messages from my body or the universe, around the concept of work. Mix this all together, and what do you get: Bleep, Blip, and Blop.

This is extremely difficult for me to bring to the public eye...but I'm going to face what is one of my biggest fears and take the chance that I will be judged, hated, ostracized permanently from the human race, stoned to death, hung from a lamppost in public, or something of the equivalent. It's a fact that I've hidden publicly and privately. When I was 16 years old, the same summer I got my first job flipping burgers at Wendy's, my Dad's uncle died, and I was informed that I was a beneficiary of his estate. I overheard my Dad say to someone that I may never "have to work" a day in my life. SAY WHAT?! HUH?

So began a theme, and a story...that to this day, is still a challenge; but today the challenge is less debilitating and captivating than it's ever been. It's still not easy, but it's also not as hard as it's been in the past.

I won't bore you with all the details of my life around the subject of work, as to do so would consume tens of pages. But here's the general theme of how it has been: GUILT, CONFUSION and SABOTAGE...all in enormous quantities. Now, after 20 some years of unbelievable guilt, I can now see that it has been, for me, the most destructive emotion I've ever experienced. Here are three messages my guilt has given me: you don't deserve good work, because there are others who "need" it, and you don't; you are generally undeserving because you haven't "worked" for it; and you are lower than a dog turd because everyone you meet is "working" and you aren't!

The confusion has looked something like this, in the following order: What do others think I should do with my life? What should I do with my life? What do others think I should do with my life? What is it that I really want to do with my

life? What do others think I should do with my life? Sabotage has come in a couple of different forms. The most obvious form is that when something gets really hard, to the point that I feel I simply cannot do it anymore, I give up. I quit. I walk away, and never want to go back. But it haunts me—oh, does it haunt me! It follows me, sometimes for years, and sometimes I am even lured back into checking it out again for awhile. I say to myself, "Well, maybe I did like that, and maybe that's what I should do." I usually end up in the same predicament, perhaps different circumstances, but same basic feelings and frustrations. The other form of sabotage is that I get some message from the universe...like my body breaks down, or something else in my life calls my attention to the point of distracting me from my "work," or I keep hitting a brick wall (like phone calls for a job inquiry that never get returned). Actually, I don't really know if these are forms of sabotage, or just messages from the universe, angels guiding me along, steering my way for me. I'd like to think of it as the latter...but I also know sometimes I cop out very quickly.

In the spirit of optimism, I'll share two stories about what I feel were angels guiding me. In 1992, I earned a certificate from T-VI in baking. I love baking, but after having apprenticed in a couple of bakeries for six months, I was pretty sure that I did not want to get a bakery job on a permanent basis. Too stressful! Too demanding! Sabotage. Back to square one: CONFUSED! What now? My wife tried to convince me to volunteer with her for three months as an interpretive ranger at Arches National Park. I resisted; I screamed and hollered, mostly because I was terrified of speaking in public. I would rather go there and scrub campground toilets than speak in front of people. I asked the volunteer supervisor if that was an option, she said "no". So, two months later, I found myself with my wife at Arches, giving talks to 40, sometimes 60, people at a time. I ended up absolutely loving the work. I thrived. For the first time in my life, there was an inner presence emanating from me, a powerful, passionate, secure me. I was able to share with others what it was that really made me happy: rocks, plants, animals, canyons, flash floods, and cheerful blue skies. Sure, I got bored with doing the same thing over and over, and by the end of April, couldn't wait for the end of May to come...but I'd go right back to work every day, and let nature be my healer and motivator.

The second story of angelic help was an incredibly frustrating experience. In 1998, I had finally settled into making what I thought were definite plans. I was going to build and open a home-based bakery. I had land picked out, had drawn up blueprints, talked to builders and well diggers, and was very close to buying my friend's old bakery equipment.

Continued on Page 6

# An Elder's Grief about Work

Robert Francis Johnson

"I would like for you to design an industrial system for world culture that treats nature as its enemy to be evaded or controlled; that measures prosperity by how much of your natural capital you can cut down, dig up, bury, burn or otherwise destroy; measures your productivity by how few people are working, measures progress by the number of smokestacks...destroys biological and cultural diversity at every turn with one size fits all solutions and requires thousands of complex regulations to keep you from killing each other too quickly. Can you do this for me? Welcome to this morning!" William McDonough...

The Fundamentalist cosmology [religion] of Capitalism is killing us in this age of extinction and we don't seem to be able to even voice objections to the misery that has become work in America. I was blessed early in my life by two men. One was a gang leader in Staten Island, New York who was 5 years older than I [I was 13]. At times I would spend the night at his house where he turned me on to reading science fiction and we talked philosophy! He validated for me that it was ok to be bright, which led me to education and my calling. We didn't talk about this to the other guys in a gang that was more a family [and protection] than the gangs of today.

A little later in life, I was working retail for Sears and had an assistant store manager who used to advise me to leave Sears and get my college education so I would have some clout. He knew the company's assertion, that it didn't matter if you just had a high school degree, was bullshit, and I listened and found one of my callings, which was as a psychotherapist. The story was a happily-ever-after one, until managed care [limiting care, oh how we lie!] came into vogue.

I always felt that as a well trained well seasoned therapist I would never have to worry about income until about 10 years ago I started to realize the system didn't want well trained, experienced therapists. They wanted fresh out-of-college social workers who didn't seem to realize how unethical the system had become. It was forcing therapists to see so many clients that it was like flipping burgers, not working with people's souls It would also pay them 10 or 12 dollars an hour and they would book clients and give them unnecessary tests to increase profits. The insurance company profits take away the money that could be used for the clients and for the payment of therapists, or mental health centers. It has created a collapse of the community mental health system in America. Privatizing is actually a form of socialism for the ruling class.

It's not something you will read in the newspaper. I was in the northwest when I learned of this sad state of affairs and that was part of my decision to move back to New Mexico where I had a private practice for 12 years. Little did I know

that New Mexico had instituted licensing and it had no provision for working while you were applying. So, for 9 months this Elder and senior practitioner had to substitute teach and find odd jobs to support myself as I found the protection of licensing quickly turns into the gun of keeping people from working. They licensed me at a lower level than I should have been licensed, because I didn't take the right course descriptions in college 25 years ago. They didn't count one second of 23 years of professional experience in determining my license. [Such shaming of an elder!!!] It meant I couldn't take insurance and so my income has been one third of what it had been in the early years of my work.

**I have slowly found my way to relative peace with the situation as I see the bigger picture of how this is happening to many fields of work. My specialty of Ecopsychology helps me to see that these are the symptoms of a very sick culture. I offer people other views of the world that have an earth-based reference [the natural world is not insane] this is gratifying and is leading me to do more teaching. I feel that I will find away to financial peace.**

**A sad addendum to this coming back to New Mexico is that my experience with this men's community has been much more painful than supportive or helpful. The amount of passive anger I've encountered has been formidable, and passive anger is so toxic. The circle proved to be not large enough to include me back in, and some experiences were as painful as the work one. I still have male friends who have been special in my life, but what I just expressed was so incredibly traumatic that I'm just waking up to the grief of it, as I had to put the pain on hold while I just chugged ahead trying to survive. Speaking the truth about this experience is my way of healing, and hopefully will be a vehicle for more support for men in the world of 21<sup>st</sup> century work, as I'm sure my story is not a unique example of the erosion of human rights in our world. The Hopi Elders remind us that we are the people we've been waiting for!**

Namaste •

***New Mexico Men's  
Wellness Winter  
Cross Country Ski  
Weekend*** February, 2004;

Contact: **Lawrence Cook**  
(505) 898-2206.

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## HOPI ELDERS SPEAK

You have been telling the people that this is the Eleventh Hour.

Now you must go back and tell the people that this is The Hour.

There are things to be considered:

Where are you living?

What are you doing?

What are your relationships?

Are you in right relation?

Where is your water?

Know your garden.

It is time to speak your Truth.

Create your community.

Be good to each other.

And do not look outside yourself for the leader.

This could be a good time!

There is a river flowing now very fast.

It is so great and swift that there are those who will be afraid.

They will try to hold on to the shore.

They will feel they are being torn apart, and they will suffer greatly.

Know the river has its destination.

The elders say we must let go of the shore, push off into the middle of the river, keep our eyes open, and our heads above the water.

See who is there with you and celebrate.

At this time in history, we are to take nothing personally.

Least of all, ourselves.

For the moment that we do, our spiritual growth and journey comes to a halt.

The time of the lone wolf is over.

Gather yourselves!

Banish the word struggle from your attitude and vocabulary.

All that we do now must be done in a sacred manner and in celebration.

We are the ones we've been waiting for.

The Elders, Oraibi, Arizona

- Submitted by Joseph Woods •

# Men and Work: A Woman's Perspective

Cate Cardwell

I grew up believing (ah, the power of early training.....) that work, for girls, was a matter of choice. You could do it, or not. You could love it, or leave it. You could try to make the world a better place (but that would likely involve working with criminals or lepers, and you'd end up an old maid), or you could marry and raise a family. Like you were supposed to.

I married (as I was supposed to), and although I worked – in fact, it was my paychecks that created and constituted our House Down Payment Fund – I understood clearly that: (a) I did not, and could not, support the household, and (b) because my income was nonessential and there was no deadline for buying a house, if I didn't like my job, I could quit and find another at my leisure.

The leisure ended when my daughter was 2 and I embarked on the adventure of single motherhood. Up to that point, my jobs had been "just" jobs – not interesting or lucrative enough to warrant long-term investment. When I found myself suddenly responsible for fully supporting a household, work took on new meaning: it was now definitely a long-term proposition, and because it was long-term, I actually felt the need to derive some personal satisfaction from it. (Hey, mister, got change for a paradigm?)

As my roles with respect to both work and family changed, I experienced the demand that has been placed (until recently) almost exclusively on men, namely: you will do whatever it takes to bring in enough money – today, tomorrow, next week, next year, and all the years after that - to financially support your household and family. Job doesn't provide fulfillment, stimulation, or growth? Too bad. Boss takes credit for your work? Oh well. No advancement opportunities? That's life. I learned, I

understood – finally – that for most men, most of the time, work has not been a choice. It has been a fact of life. Sometimes an ugly fact. And yet, men have accepted and struggled and suffered and triumphed at work. Graciously. Wow.

**But I often think, wouldn't it be better for all of us if our pursuit of livelihood, whether by choice or necessity, reflected and united mind, spirit, passion and values rather than, as seems to be frequently the case, dulling and setting them at odds with one another? •**

## GUILT, SABOTAGE, PEACE (continued from page 3)

Foot surgery a few days before I was to close on the land turned into a surprise nightmare, and I ended up essentially unable to stand on my feet for seven months. Despite the pain, pus and infection, I was still "all systems go" with the project, and getting increasingly frustrated by my handicap. It wasn't until I completely surrendered to my condition, and stopped everything, that healing truly started to take place. In that surrender, I decided to take up watercolor painting (the last thing I thought I would ever enjoy). Today, painting is one of my biggest passions. I now aspire to create enough time and space to spend most of my "work" time painting.

I still don't have definite answers about what I want to do with my life. There are so many things I truly love, so many things I care about. I love gardening, I love baking, I love music, painting, poetry, teaching yoga, being outdoors. Can I do everything I love and succeed? My ego is perhaps my greatest saboteur now, because it is the one that says things should be done perfectly. It is the one that says my value is only in what others think of me. I know in my head that my ego also serves me well at times...though I'm not sure how.

There are some things I now know that I have not known in the past—things I get clearer on as the years go by. It's not a matter of what I want to do with my life, but rather a matter of what I am doing with my life. What is any of us doing right now, today? I am

renovating my house today. Can I fully BE in this process, and enjoy it without treating it like it is something to finish so that I can move on to the next thing? I now see that work is, like life, a process that we are in the middle of now, and now, and then now again. I also know that the "shoulds" are definitely not my friends when it comes to work. I do succeed at work that comes right from my heart, right from the very core of who I am. When I do what I love, I do just fine. When I do what I love, I am sharing with others the most beautiful and abundant things I could possibly share - Love and Joy. The answers are within, if I will only listen with generosity, patience and an open mind. •

19th  
Annual  
New Mexico  
Men's Wellness  
Fall Conference



October 2 - 5, 2003  
**See Page 16**

# A Decision for Life

Gary Carlson  
August, 2003

It was about this time, seven years ago, that I began to think seriously about retirement. I had told myself that I would probably retire sometime between 55 and 60, and I was then 55. But I had questions. Was retirement the right decision? Was this the right time? What would I do when I retired? Could I afford to retire? I wanted to make a good decision. My wife Charlotte and I had discussed my eventual retirement previously, and she had told me that whatever decision I made was fine with her. She encouraged me to follow the path that spoke to my heart. I had also talked of retirement with my men's group and gotten their support for whatever decision I made.

I had started working when I was a teen-ager, over 40 years before, and hadn't stopped since. Mowing lawns, gardening and delivering papers in the early years; working on a highway crew for several summers; waiting tables and working for chemical companies during my college years; and seven years of college and post-graduate education before I started my first real professional job at age 25. My career as a research scientist and technical manager at Sandia National Labs was interesting and challenging, and I mostly enjoyed the wide variety of assignments I had over the years. I was highly successful—I had well over 100 publications and presentations over the years, I was honored as Distinguished Member of Technical Staff, and I became a technical manager for the last several years there. But it had become stale. Now it seemed that most of my work was chasing research dollars and dealing with personnel issues. The excitement I had felt in the research arena was no longer there. Was it time for a change?

When I headed for the Men's Wellness Conference in October, 1996, my per-

sonal agenda was to work toward a decision about retirement. I would focus my attention during the conference activities, through talks with friends, and during my own personal time, on the question of retirement and post-retirement activities. The theme of the conference that year was Making a Difference, quite appropriate for the work I had in mind.

During personal reflection early in the weekend, my first "Aha!" was the realization that I had had a highly varied career, with many challenges along the way, all of which I had been able to meet successfully. So why should I expect my response to retirement to be any different or less successful? Aha!

I also had an important conversation with Reynold Bean, a good friend, who talked about his experience of trusting the internal messages he got from whatever source—heart messages as well as head messages. I knew that I needed to pay more attention to the heart messages—I was already good at listening to my head messages.

Because of my own personal agenda for the conference, the theme "Making a Difference" spoke to me of my future life as a retired person. Some of my thoughts were "The best is yet to come" and "It's up to me." Ken Betzen and David Johnson gave a highly appropriate (for me) workshop on the "The Challenges of Elder Age," in which we did a life review and I was introduced to a book, "From Age-ing to Sage-ing," which was soon to become my bible on elder year activities.

I also spent some time that weekend identifying potential retirement activities, beginning with pottery and gardening, two activities I was already pursuing, and adding in a number of potential service activities, including Habitat for Humanity, Community Center work, church work and mentoring work. I got very excited at the prospect of being of service to others—of making a difference!

The bottom line was that as a result of the personal and interactive work I did at the conference around the issue of retirement, I largely lost the fear I had felt at such a momentous step. As I left that Wellness conference, I felt one

of the greatest things about retirement is the tremendous range of opportunities that open up. Assuming that finances are not a major restraint (and with Charlotte still working, we had decided that we were OK financially), the possibilities are endless.

Was my thinking at the conference prophetic? In retirement, did I do the things I had thought I might do? Some things I did, but not all. Pottery, which had been a long-time hobby and part-time business of mine, became my new full-time business. I put heart and soul into learning to be a really good potter, with a focus on water fountains. I surprised myself at how successful I became at this venture. I also got very involved in the local potter's professional organization, which provided me with social interactions, training, and more opportunities to serve (as president of the group for three years and as board member on two major arts and crafts fairs for several years). I've just begun learning a new pottery technique (raku), so it looks like the pottery business will continue to keep me occupied for some time into the future.

On the other hand, I haven't gotten as involved in gardening as I thought I might. Instead, my interests have taken me toward wildlife habitat. For the past three years, I have spent time at the Rio Grande Nature Center State Park as a volunteer. I also have taken on a major development project in my living community, converting 5 acres of our land from agriculture to habitat. This has been highly satisfying, and our pheasants and other small birds and animals seem to appreciate it too!

Sometimes things happen that we can't anticipate. A few years after retirement, I developed a pinched nerve in my neck that left my left arm in pain and my left hand partially paralyzed. Surgery to fuse vertebrae in my neck was successful—my pinched nerve was relieved—but an unfortunate side effect was a paralyzed vocal cord. Even following three years of speech therapy, I now speak with a raspy voice, and I can no longer sing, which had been a strong interest of mine. I have had to grieve these losses, which have had a signifi-

Continued on Page 8

## My True Work

Joseph Woods

I started collecting pop bottles from construction sites when I was a kid. It afforded me a great deal of freedom from my parents at an early age. I moved up to a paper route while I was in high school. Every day, I covered a nine-teen-mile route on a Vespa motor scooter. Before a date I would drop by one of my customers and collect enough money to have a good time.

I paid my way through college, in part, by working at a grocery store. Then a couple of wonderful things happened in succession. I was given a scholarship by winning first place in a tri-state design contest, and then I had a chance to visit the graphic artists at a local TV station. I realized that it might be possible to make a living doing my art. What a wonder feeling that was.

A letter in the mail from the government put all of that on hold. The letter began; "Greetings..." My next job was learning to use weapons of every sort. I was finally assigned as a machine gunner on a gunboat in Viet Nam. The work was hard and the hours were long, but at least I got the chance to kill people. A fifty-caliber twin machine gun could really cause some damage. For my sanity and piece of mind my orders were changed at the last minute and I was assigned to an ammunition ship off the coast of Viet Nam. There were enough weapons in the small hold I was in charge of to have blown away all of Southeast Asia. I hate to think about what destruction those weap-ons caused to the people of Viet Nam.

As soon as I returned to "the world" I took my new bride to Mexico to live on the beach and consider my next step. I didn't have much of a plan when I returned to the states, but knew that I needed to turn myself in for being AWOL from my reserve unit. I was pleased to work a deal with them in order not to do any brig time, I returned to college on the GI Bill. My dream of making a living with my art returned. After drifting from one job to another I began to build custom homes in California. I got sucked into that for many years before I broke loose and returned to my art. I made a promise to my self that I would make a living with my art no matter how difficult it became.

Spirit guided me to New Mexico and I moved here without a safety net to a state with the most artists per capita. To this day I still get a great deal of satisfaction from creating something on canvas or paper that flows through me from the Source, but my commitment to myself has left me with a modest income.

My work has always involved Spirit, which is the connection to my art. More and more I realize that my true work is simply to remember who I am in relation to Spirit. I am sharing this connection to help others connect to Spirit by offering readings and classes. •

### ***New Mexico Men's Wellness 2004 Spring Retreat:***

April, 2004

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### **A Decision for Life**

(continued from page 7)

cant impact on me.

I mentioned earlier that the book *From Age-ing to Sage-ing, A Profound New Look at Growing Older*, by Rabbi Zalman Schachter-Shalomi, had become my bible. When I first read it, it spoke to me in important ways about the role of the elder, and of the potential joys and rewards of one's elder years. The first several years after retirement, I went to a number of workshops on the subject of Spiritual Eldering, as taught by Reb Zalman and others. This culminated in a training program that my wife Charlotte and I took to become trained to teach others about Spiritual Eldering, or Conscious Aging, as it's sometimes called. This has led to my third career, that of a teacher/counselor/workshop leader in Conscious Aging. I find I get great satisfaction from helping others understand the possibilities that are ahead of us as we transition from our earlier years of work or child rearing into later years with their own rewards. In the course of this work, I've also met a lot of other professional workers who have similar interests in elder activities. We have recently organized a new group called the Conscious Aging Network of New Mexico, to facilitate our working together to help seniors to live their elder years positively and productively.

So I look back at the decision I made seven years ago (with considerable help from the Men's community!) and say Yes! For me, early retirement from my first career was absolutely the best decision I could have made. The years since my retirement have been the best years of my life, so far. I don't know what's in the future, but as long as I am healthy I expect to remain busy following my passions, whatever they are at that time. •

## THE KID

Jim Mischke

**I remember a young guy in New York City. His father died when he was sixteen and finding a summer job was hard enough. He and his mom made it through the next two years on the \$10,000 life insurance check. After he graduated, full time work was harder to find. For a while he worked for a metal plating company, delivering freight all over the City. He got to know all of the expressways, fast routes, one way streets, and even the little side streets. But, driving a truck in NYC is not all that easy. That kind of shit gets old fast.**

This kid's neighbor was a supervisor for a construction company. Thankfully, Swede Larson came to the kid and told him he had a week's work for him. It was around the time of the World's Fair in the 60's. Construction was roaring. Cloverleaves, overpasses, ramps were all in the making. It was like Pharaoh had decided to build his final resting place. This kid came to work the first morning and got put on a crew that went out to the job site. As a little kid, he had had such a fear of heights that when he and his parents were waiting for the el (elevated) train in the City, he would have to face a wall so he couldn't see down to the street level. Now he was staring up at a surface not much wider than an I-beam and it was about six stories above. Worse, they were blasting with dynamite all around him. He got ready to immediately return home. His thought process was interrupted by the recollection of the unpleasant reality that he was broke—the thing that got him out there in the first place. Nothing to do but tough it out. He climbed up—veery carefully. All that day, he applied the epoxy waterproofing to the top of the structure while sitting on his butt, slowly and cautiously sliding back. Quitting time arrived and the kid noticed that something very strange had transpired. The fear of the height had left him. He climbed down and went home.

Swede Larsen had a new engineer named Ray Smith. Smith lived upstate and obviously couldn't commute. The widow next door had a room for rent. The kid started hanging around with Smith a bit. Smith was slated to run a job waterproofing a bridge between Pennsylvania and Hancock, N. Y. He invited his roomie to come along and make some cash. The kid had been to auto mechanics tech school, and with the help of Swede, he had found a '58 Olds 98 hardtop - with all the extras. Before graduation, the neophyte knuckle buster, had swung a deal with the paint shop next door to have "The Mauve Marauder" nosed, decked and painted candy apple red. Pedestrian sloughed, equestrian embraced, the world of the caballero had come into sight: horseman, mounted man, gentleman, knight.

The kid took the N Y State Thruway out of the city and north to this spot on the map. Riding high, riding tough. He pulled in Sat. night. Sunday, road sign frames had been built but needed to be painted white. "Paint the frames and-oh yeah-scout for a shop and rent it. Here's the company credit

card." Eighteen year olds! The frames got painted with slow drying house paint and the hasp got put on the shop with the screws exposed instead of covered by the hasp.

The crew that pulled in from Kingston Monday morning didn't like the house paint, they didn't like the hasp, they didn't like scabs (it was a union shop). They didn't like anything but alcohol. Looking back, scapegoating an eighteen year old seems natural, in light of the personalities. The kid got threatened with physical violence but kept his cool. Soon, the Kingston wives were down to Hancock, on the bridge: smoking, cursing, flirting. Kid played it cool. Soon the threats left.

Things got better. The kid hung around on weekends and got paid extra as the night watchman. He found a bar where the locals hung out. Two guys condescendingly challenged him to a game of 8-ball, even gave him the first shot. The kid was lucky. He ran the table and never said a word. Set down his cue and finished his beer. Best of all, the kid found a girlfriend in that town. The kid grew quite a bit that summer.

That summer ended. In the fall, the kid was a whole lot richer than he had been when he started out. He was a whole lot smarter, too.

**The girlfriend was revisited once, the bar never again. Most of the actors are gone now, and the car sold forty years ago to a guy in Merrick, N. Y. for \$500. All the rest blew away in the wind. Yet, now well into mid life, and far from New York, with a wry smile and ironic shake of the head, on occasion, the tale of one kid from New York City experiencing his first initiation into the work-a-day world of men, by a worker a little older and a little bit more prosperous, is still recalled. •**



## A link

Jeff Rahn

I sat on your belly  
you were drinking gin and tonics and chaining smoking salem's

we were watching Robert Marvin Hull and Stan Makita  
together we watched some of the best ice hockey of that time

you knew what it was like to explode  
you knew what it was like to stay one step ahead of the bill collector  
but usually you out skated society's limitations

you wanted the puck in front of the net  
and I wanted to give it to you

hard work is hard work and anytime you see it you're witnessing love  
Robert Marvin Hull, Stan Makita, Phil Esposito and his little brother Tony O

we missed the cup in seventy-two but Dryden was poetry  
by that time I was honing my own skills  
only a game, only a rink, only a link •

## Can An Old Dog Learn New Tricks?

Manuel Tafoya

To a man born back in the horse and buggy days when there were no radios, televisions, VCRs, DVD players, computers, or even electricity, it would be of no great surprise that I turned out to be technologically illiterate. I was one of those people who thought that it was not worth the bother to learn all this technological stuff. If I bought a digital watch, someone would set the time for me. If I bought a VCR, someone would program it for me. It was no big deal. I could always find someone to do it.

I have always loved to write, but I've always done it using pen and paper. When I retired, it was suggested I should consolidate the piles of handwritten notebooks, journals, and diaries into a typed-no-nonsense autobiography-type document. I started doing so, but as everyone knows it is very hard to move stuff around when you're using a type-

writer. When one of my daughters saw my struggles she suggested that it would be a lot easier using a computer. I said I did not have a computer. "No problem," she said, "I have a perfectly working Windows 3.11 with printer out in the garage. You can have it. All you have to do is take it home and set it up."

My first thought on seeing the computer was, "Me connect that thing? Is she crazy?" That thing had to have a hundred cables waiting to connect the computer to the monitor, to keyboard, to the mouse, to the modem, to the printer, to the telephone jack, and to the surge protector, to the wall sockets. Still, loathe to look a gift horse in the mouth, I set about to connect all those infernal cables. Then, wonders of wonders, when every last cable was connected and I turned it on, lights flashed, the computer hummed and whirled and said it was ready to compute.

My confidence bolstered a bit by this grand achievement, I decided to see how it worked, using my grandchildren as tutors. They were most accommodating. They taught me how to get into "Windows," then how to get into "Word." Then they left. In a matter of minutes I had them back. "Why can't I type on

this darn thing?" I demanded. My grandchildren laughed. "Grandpa, you have to open a 'file' before you can start typing." "Oh, so that's the way it's done?"

Well, needless to say, once I got the hang of it and saw how easy it was to do things on the computer, I was hooked. I then set about to learn how to use this wonderful contraption, and I have loved every moment. As a matter of fact I have become a Computer Nerd. I now realize how important and necessary the computer is, and I wonder "How could I have managed without it all these years?" And so to answer my questions posed at the beginning, "Can an old dog learn new tricks?" I would most emphatically say, "most definitely, he can." •



## A Young Man in Alaska

Jim Rogers

I remember flying out of Fairbanks in early December 1978. I'd taken a short call from the union hall. It was definitely winter in Alaska, cold temperatures and snow. My first stop was Anchorage. I enjoyed the warmth of the airport terminal on this winter day and wondered what lay ahead on the next leg of my trip. North to Kotzebue, then south to Nome. An unusual route to fly to travel, almost directly due west of Fairbanks. There had been whiteout conditions in Nome and I wasn't sure I would make it there today. The flights went smoothly, the weather cleared and I landed in Nome. I met another worker in Nome who had been there for days waiting to go to Teller, a little village of about 85 people about 75 mi. north of Nome. Our job was to help complete a school multi-purpose room addition.

We went out on the runway with our bags and met the pilot and plane, a Cessna 185. The plane has been sitting there for days and has frost and ice on the windshield. I could not see through the ice. The temperature was about 35 degrees below zero. The pilot helped load the bags for the two of us. A total of three including the pilot were flying. The engine started and the defroster started to burn a small hole in the frost in the windshield. I was shocked that we were moving down the runway; I could not see a damn thing, just a little hole providing minimal visibility. Then we were airborne and the windshield was just starting to clear. All I could see is white below and I was scared. I wondered, how he knew where he's going? Did I pack enough Arctic gear? If we go down will I be polar bear food? I asked the pilot how he knew where we're going. He said, "Look down there. See that broken-up bluish white stuff? That's the ice of the ocean, and the solid white is snow on the land. When the ice is on the left and the snow is on the right you're heading north. We follow this route and we should see a small

village, Teller, in about 50 minutes." This did not comfort me at all. Then he adds, "Of course we have instruments to go by." That reassured me that soon we will see the village.

We circled around the town to let our ride know we were coming. We landed outside of town on a frozen lake. Skis on snow make a gentle landing. Our ride into town was a Bombardier snow machine with toboggan style sled. I had to wait while the other worker went into town to our camp house. When I arrived and got situated I found myself three to a room, - very close quarters. I knew I had not come to luxury accommodations.

I was a painter and was told I would work nights and sleep during the day. I tried to get some sleep but was restless from the trip. I talked to the cook. I found meals were very basic. Good thing I liked peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. I found fresh water in a 55 gal. drum at the edge of the room. Every few days the cook would go out to the lake and cut blocks of ice with a chain saw. The blocks were then dumped into the drum to thaw. This was our drinking water. I noticed there were also about 20 cases of beer and was told I could drink that if I preferred. I was informed that the showers were saltwater, an experience I'll never forget, one that doesn't leave you with that squeaky clean feeling. I thought, "I'm glad this is only a short call; I will be out of here in ten days".

The time went smoothly. I had plenty of weed to bide my time with and distract me from who I was, what I was doing, and where I was at.

The return trip in a twin-engine Otter was great. I sat up front in the co-pilot's seat. Seeing Alaska is awesome when viewed from a small plane flying at lower altitudes.

I thought to myself my next trip would be to California or Hawaii.

**Check out the  
NM Men's Wellness  
website:**

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

## Musings of an S.O.A.

### RE: Work

R. Lawrence Cook

Sometime in my adult life I realized, "I am an S.O.A. - a Son of an Attorney."

It was my lawyer father (also an "S.O.A.") who modeled for me what it means to go to work and identify oneself with one's occupation.

My church youth minister re-molded that definition for me. I would learn about "true vocation" - where one's passion meets a world need.

I was blessed with a thirty-year career of living my passion as a public educator. When I "couldn't do it any longer," I remembered our teenage daughter saying, "dad, when you come home, you have nothing left."

Parker Palmer in "Let Your Life Speak: Listening for the Voice of Vocation" shook me with the notion, "when you lose a job, it may be because you have more important work to do."

So here I am, four years past my retirement dinner pondering the idea of work and labor. My birthday is always in the vicinity of Labor Day. For several years now, that weekend has become either one to split wood or think about the need still to do so.

A daily task of my everyday life is shoveling horse manure. One day doing so I realized, "my old-man was a 'manure-shoveler' . . . and someday, if I can, I'll be a 'manure-shoveler,' the same as my old-man."

Wearing the amulet of a New Mexico Men's Wellness elder, I am reminded of the intergenerational work I am called to continue.

At the Fall Conference, "Every Mother's Son," the word that came to me about my mother was, "verisimilitude" - "the appearance of being true or real" - "something that only appears to be true or real." I couldn't get myself to announce that word in the ceremony about our mothers; instead, I said,

Continued on Page 13

# Laborer

Jeff Rahn

I use to pick up two twelve foot two by twelve's and balance them against my stomach  
the weight helped ground my tailbone and center me

I fantasized about being the Russian weightlifter Alexeyev  
as I felt the weight drop into my legs

At those moments nobody criticized me  
for not being smart enough or not fitting in

I figured this is what laborers had done for thousands of years

since i was a tough guy I didn't wear gloves

sometimes I'd pick up three at a time just to prove my point  
I wouldn't be criticized by you or you or me

eventually my hands turned to iron  
my shoulders into granite boulders

some of the men said they'd never seen anybody as strong  
they'd say I was "an animal"

one time i was moving hospital beds for a moving company

myself and another guy were supposed to get help form two other guys  
but they never showed

my partner was a red neck hippie kid from Nampa or Caldwell Idaho

he was use to hard work

he'd worked hard his whole life

but he wasn't prepared for this

each bed weighed over two hundred pounds  
complete with reclining back

we started at 9:00am and didn't quit till dinner

he said he'd never felt anything like it  
I told him we'd see God

the next morning when I woke  
i couldn't get out of bed

my legs where as stiff as two twelve foot two by twelves

that night I dreamt I was a twenty foot dump truck  
with a red wood gate

my tires were as big as me. •

I realize now that one way to look at my work and labors, at this stage of my life, is to consider how to balance what appears to be true and what really is true. We are each called to transform our inherited and developed sense of being into the best ways we can live out our passions to meet the needs of the world, for ourselves and for all our relations.

**Before you tell your life what you intend to do with it,  
listen for what it intends to do with you.  
Before you tell your life what truths and values  
you have decided to live up to,  
Let your life tell you what truths you embody,  
what values you represent.  
Let Your Life Speak, p.3, Parker J. Palmer**

Others speak of work as an opportunity for new learning, adventure, mentoring, passion, service and spiritual growth. These are examples of its "good" meanings. You will also read some tales of the Dark side of work: disconnection from our loved ones, greed, destruction of the natural world, grief, loss and anger. Yet I feel heartened to read so many stories of men who are struggling to find integrity, balance, love and service in their work. I hope you will be too. Moreover, we have a special piece about men at work from a woman's perspective in this issue. If you ever felt unappreciated by women for what you did, read this one.

We at Man Alive! are deeply grateful to all those who submitted articles for this issue and to all of you readers who honor them with your attention. Special thanks to some women friends for their painstaking proofreading which is their way of demonstrating their belief in and support for Men's Wellness.

Love and hugs  
Gary

# Silence Most of All

**Robert Francis Johnson**

Someone planned the ovens  
Someone built the camps  
nail by nail by nail.  
Someone printed the forms  
Someone typed the names  
one by one by one.  
Hard to believe  
but it is true  
a nation of people  
just like you and me.

In a nuclear weapons  
factory  
a similar world exists  
Where people  
plan and type  
and nail  
one by one by one  
a greater  
holocaust  
and send their children  
only to the best of schools  
Just like you and me.

The moon turns  
the years pass  
day by day by day.  
The poor, people of color,  
Women, and the Earth  
become "it"  
As fascism rises from  
the ashes of our shadow.  
Economic and legislative

violence replace  
the camps with walls.  
The trees fall  
streams scream with poison  
and pain,  
our sisters bruise from the  
inside out from the violence,  
And the poor die for  
want of a dream  
one by one by one.

War and genocide  
get confused,  
as our arrogance  
and our insanity  
insulates us  
from the immorality  
and terror  
of our actions.  
Our silence feeds the  
Evil now,  
as surely as it  
did then.  
Evil is in us all  
refusing to live  
refusing to love  
refusing to see the sacred  
in all that exists,

**and of course silence,  
and of course silence,  
most of all. •**

**JOURNEYING  
WITH  
CONFLICT**  
**October 2 - 5**  
**New Mexico Men's Wellness**  
**FALL CONFERENCE**  
**See Page 16  
for More Information**

# A Good Reason for Hope

NMMW Summer Gathering 2003

Charles Fisher

**The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it. (Emerson)**

A movie or book review may encourage you to sample it for yourself. But for a one time event, like the Summer Gathering, a review is at best a chronicle to preserve it for posterity. And for those readers not able to attend, a review just leaves you wishing you'd been there to experience it, like Woodstock or the World Cup Final. (OK, maybe a bit smaller.) So this is not a review, but rather, a personal perspective on the honor of leading the Gathering.

You men of NMMW are an amazing bunch of brothers. That makes it both hard and easy to lead your conferences.

I took that responsibility for good reason: to express my gratitude to you all. Just for being you and being there. That makes it hard. Because, as we meet in the Great Circle so infrequently, you deserve, if not demand, that any gathering be meaningful, have a theme that resonates for you, to stimulate sharing, address some stuff inside yourself, and, if there's a good outcome, leave you feeling refreshed and reassured, and, better yet, inspired and invigorated. So, when I had to answer the question "Anything to Declare?" in my "Passport" at registration, I wrote "I so want y'all to have a good time."

Easy because I shared that responsibility with a fine planning committee composed of men that were experienced (it included five former Summer Gathering leaders), willing and able to undertake duties, and conscientious in discharging them. They readily recognized this was at least as much their conference as mine, I finally learned the art of delegating, leaving me free to worry about being a hopeless organizer, not wanting to over-compensate by becoming a control freak. I still wonder how I should take one attendee's remark: "This conference bore all the hallmarks of your personality"!

I confess I was over-ambitious with the themes; one evaluation correctly observed that the three linked topics could have sustained three conferences. But, in this time of insecurity and often orchestrated fear, I wanted us to explore a lot: whether we find comfort in memories of home, or its present embodiment, whether we stay conscious of homes in different places, different cultures, and what, if anything, gives us hope for the future. And since you learn a lot about people from where and how they travel, I wanted men to share their travelers' tales. At least we were never short of things to talk about.

I feel I grew up some more while facilitating the Summer Gathering. When I chose the theme of Home to Hope, I didn't know I would be saying goodbye to my mother, my last surviving parent, and the core of my first home, just two months before the Gathering. I had to confront the departure of my first nurturer. She was the family member closest to me in every sense. I was born two weeks premature, the day before her own birthday. Was I determined to be a birthday present? We shared many characteristics, including a desire to please, and not be a burden, so I was also confronting myself, when I contemplated on her.

When I learned of her death, I sought the counsel of wise friends among you. I carried you men with me to her funeral in the form of the Summer Gathering's talking stick. So the stick also journeyed to my home of origin, Sussex in England. Neither airport security nor customs questioned its good wood. The presence of your good will in the wood helped me know what to do with and for my family. As a result, I renewed long-interrupted acquaintance with relatives with whom I could at last relate. I helped my sister loosen her defensive stiffness. I played with a new generation of children. I had a beer with my nephew in my first visit to the pub where my father, buying the next round, dropped dead from a massive heart attack 20 years ago. And, at the end of it, I was glad to leave England to return to what I recognized to be my real home here in New Mexico.

I brought those new perspectives of home with me to the Gathering's campsite. Even after three years' absence, it felt like our summer home. It gave welcome shelter after nervously planting directions signs on metal posts as thunder roared and lightning bolts plummeted into the ground around me.

**Highlights of the Gathering for me: new faces that accepted my invitation to discover the Gathering; the sweat lodge that needed no fire or igneous rock to be filled with Spirit; a communal meal in the woods that was worthy of silver service dining; tales of adventure and exploration recounted with relish; joyfully greeting the now traditional Saturday evening rainstorm from the shelter of our new complex of canopies; one man's inspiring personal voyage to find hope in tragedy, pain, and fear that had us laughing and crying, often at the same time; the gifting ceremony miracle, that you always get what you want or need; the men of the circle bound to each other, arms around each other's shoulders, singing their hearts out in a Springsteen "mantra"; the man who, on the first night, was so angry with his first home, but who, by the end of the weekend two days later, declared how much he loved life; and as the last to leave the campsite, standing in the silent, empty circle, proud we had left it cleaner than when we arrived, and with the tiny young oak tree within the circle that men had carefully stepped round all weekend now bordered by its own small protective circle of rocks.**

Continued on Page 15

## A Good Reason for Hope

(continued from page 14)

My profound thanks to the Planning Committee, and to everyone who came and made the weekend. And for you, dear reader: it's hard never being able to have been there. The only thing you can do, with my encouragement, is attend the next event. That's easy. So, see you at the Fall Conference.

**In the time of trouble avert not thy face from hope,  
For the soft marrow abideth in the hard bone.**

(Hafiz)•

**The editors of Man Alive! wish to thank Charles for all of his hard work and fine leadership of the NMMW 2003 Summer Gathering.**



And there was Music



Homes of Origin



Is Joseph tripping again?



Locating one's ancestors on the Map



The Sacred Circle

# New Mexico Men's Wellness 2003 Fall Conference

## *Journeying* with **CONFLICT**

*These are some of the questions we will be asking at the conference to help discover the meaning of conflict for each of us:*

- What is our relationship to conflict and how do we feel about it?  
How do our ingrained perceptions affect the way we view conflict?  
How does conflict isolate us and contribute to our separation from ourselves, others, and the universe?  
Is conflict just a symptom of a deeper underlying issue?  
Is conflict about the absence of connection and love?  
What do we miss out on when we choose not to confront conflict face to face?  
What does the manner in which we face conflict say about us as individuals and as a society?  
Can we see conflict as a vehicle for growth, better understanding and connection?  
How can we establish a healthy relationship with conflict?

### *Join in the Journey*

*19th Annual New Mexico Men's Wellness Conference  
October 2- 5, 2003*

Questions about the conference? Contact:

Barry McIntosh (505)474-5579 or [kamac@cybermesa.com](mailto:kamac@cybermesa.com)

Howard Kaplan (505)856-7185 or [howard.kaplan@wilsonco.com](mailto:howard.kaplan@wilsonco.com)



Photo of so-called "Fifties Group." Seated (left to right): Walter Polt, Gaylon Duke, David Gittens, John Gervers, Todd Tibbals, Walt Schliemann, Larry Ribnick. Standing (left to right): Karl Ray, Ed Cooper, Joe Ruiz (deceased), David Johnson.

This photo was snapped along the Chama River in May 2003, on the occasion of the 15<sup>th</sup> annual campout of the 50's men's group—now in their 60's. These eleven men, mostly from Santa Fe and Albuquerque, and all born in 1939 (or close to it) "found" each other at the 1988 New Mexico Men's Wellness Conference at Ghost Ranch, Abiqui, NM, and decided to form a group. The next year they celebrated each of their 50<sup>th</sup> birthdays and went on a Vision Quest in Canyonlands, Utah. Since then they have officially gathered twice a year, done two more Vision Quests (with another scheduled for next year upon turning 65), and are actively growing older together.

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## NMMW 2003 Spring Retreat



## 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

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

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

**Robert Spitz — Santa Fe — 988-3541**  
robtsptz@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

**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 — 345-0457**  
secretgardensdkr@aol.com

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

**René Dominguez — Albuquerque — 856-0199**  
renedom@aol.com

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

**Hartley Wess — Albuquerque — 243-6888**  
hartleywess@excite.com

### Southern Region

**Neal Apple — Silver City**  
apple-allen@gilanet.com

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

**Jim Rogers — Las Cruces — 524-921**  
newvisjr@direcpc.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)

**PLAN on Attending the NMMW Fall Conference**  
**See page 16 for Details and Registration Form on Back Cover**

**Brown Bag Lunch – Santa Fe:** Wednesdays noon – 1:30 p.m. at the Men's Center (54 1/2 E. San Francisco 2nd floor (just off the plaza, enter the door to the right of the Hagen-Daz store). The "**BROWN BAG LUNCH**" is a "come one, come all" men's lunch group that has been meeting in Santa Fe for the past twelve years. A place to share from the heart and be listened to from the heart. Contact (505) 690-6619 for more information.

**Men's Lunch Group - Albuquerque:** Fridays 11:45 -12:45 p.m., at the Father and Family Center, 3214 Purdue Pl., N.E. (one block north of Central, west off Wellesley). A drop-in men's support group for men to talk about concerns and issues in their lives. Contact **Dave Breault** (505) 266-9233.

**Men's Wellness Adopt-A-Highway Project:** Saturday, September 13, 2003. Meet at Exit 234, I-25 and Tramway, at 9:15 a.m.. [Park on the southeast corner of the intersection in the open area next to the freeway.](#) Contact: **Bob McMain** at 248-1001 OR **David Johnson** at 266-9960, or to be added to the project email list email [rdrunr@zianet.com](mailto:rdrunr@zianet.com)

**New Mexico Men's Wellness 2003 Fall Conference:** Starting @ 7 PM Thursday, October 2 ending @ 12 noon to 1 PM Sunday, October 5, 2003. - Ghost Ranch; Abiquiu, NM; Theme: "**JOURNEYING WITH CONFLICT**"; Contact: **Barry McIntosh** (505) 474-5579 email: [kamac@cybermesa.com](mailto:kamac@cybermesa.com) OR **Howard Kaplan** (505) 856-7185 email: [howard.kaplan@wilsonco.com](mailto:howard.kaplan@wilsonco.com).

**New Mexico Men's Wellness Winter Cross Country Ski Weekend:** February, 2004; Contact: **Lawrence Cook** (505) 898-2206.

**New Mexico Men's Wellness 2004 Spring Retreat:** April, 2004; Contact: **Max August** (505) 690-6619 or **Kenn Holsten** (505) 992-1237.

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## OTHER MEN'S ACTIVITIES .... in and out of New Mexico

If you know of other Men's Activities, Please contact the editor(s) of Man Alive! •

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## Calling All Highwaymen!

New Mexico Men's Wellness  
Adopt-A-Highway Project

**Saturday, September 13, 2003 @ 9: 15 a.m.**

We invite you to join us for this community service project of New Mexico Men's Wellness. Join with other men for an invigorating activity, good conversation, storytelling, and manly camaraderie. Bring your son(s) or nephews or brothers. We'll take a walk, picking up trash as we go, and be finished by about noon. Safety vests and instructions will be provided. Dutch treat option for lunch.

To be part this clan of NMMW Highwaymen, 1) save Saturday morning, September 13<sup>th</sup> on your calendar; 2) arrive by 0915 MST at the rendezvous point, Exit 234, I-25, southeast corner (new location for parking); 3) wear sturdy boots/shoes, long pants and shirt, gloves; and 4) greet each other with the NMMW embrace. You'll be provided with trash pickin' instructions, a cute orange vest, great company, and then assigned to an elite clean-up team to beautify the littered shoulder of the highway. We'll finish by about noon. **Remember: You too can be a NMMW Highwayman!** Just check-in @ 0915 MST, 09/13/01, E234, I-25, SE corner.

For more info, call Uncle Bob or David Johnson @505/266-9960.  
Email: [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 behold,  
Service was joy."

Rabindranath Tagore

# *Journeying* with **CONFLICT**

New Mexico Men's Wellness 19th Annual Fall Conference

October 2 - 5, 2003

Ghost Ranch Abiquiu, New Mexico

## REGISTER

### REGISTRATION FORM

## NOW!

(Please Print Legibly)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Day Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Evening Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

City/ST/Zip \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ email \_\_\_\_\_

Registration Fee*	\$225
Scholarship Requested (Max \$125 )	(    )
<i>(Please include written Request)</i>	
Scholarship Donation (Please be Generous)	_____
Tee Shirt (Size [ ] S [ ] M [ ] L [ ] XL [ ] XXL)	
TOTAL ENCLOSED	\$ _____

Please check if you do not want your name to be used for other mailings relating to Men's Wellness.

Please check here if this is your first NM Men's Wellness Conference.

*Mail Registration Form & check, made payable to* **NM Men's Wellness**

*Note: \*Registration Fee includes room and Board, T-shirt and a subscription to Man*

*Alive! Please register early! Space for this conference is limited and it fills up quickly. Cancellations by September 2, \$125.00; after that no refunds.*

**P. O. Box 4732**

**Santa Fe, NM 87502**

Men's Network Press

*Man, Alive!*

P.O. Box 4732

Santa Fe, NM 87502

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