



EDITORIAL

The trauma of the last three weeks has marked the country. For some in Galisteo it may have seemed far away (not for me; my grandson and daughter-in-law were at a public school in the shadow of the World Trade Center...and got out in time). But the heroism and sacrifice of the New York City firefighters, EMTs, and rescue workers should make us appreciate even more the risks our own volunteer fire department is willing to take for us.

Raffle tickets for great prizes to benefit New York Fire Fighters' families are available from GVFR members; winner to TBA at Studio Tour. *Dedication*

Soon after the disaster, former Galisteo firefighter Michael Datoli took this picture of the Galisteo Volunteer Fire and Rescue as they paid homage to their comrades in New York City's Ladder Company 20, on Lafayette Street in downtown Manhattan. The company lost 14 members on September 11. One female firefighter, who survived, is a friend of Datoli's. He says this picture "represents the bigger picture, and the strong bond between firefighters, wherever they are."



(Photo: Michael Datoli)

STUDIO TOUR WEEKEND: OCT.20-21, 9-5

More than thirty artists will display their work on the 14th annual Galisteo Studio Tour, one of the first and longest-running in what is now a large number of Northern New Mexico area-art tours. You can get a map in front of the church as usual on that weekend, or you can get one early by calling 466-3099. See also the web site at www.galisteostudiotour.com.

This year will be even more mouth-watering than usual with a lot of food for the tummy as well as for the heart and the eye. The epicurean epicenter will still be Cocina de Mela serving hearty traditional New Mexican dishes at the Community Center. In addition, the Felty-Griscom house will offer coffee and muffins in the morning and then veggie burgers and turkey dogs; the Coopers and their daughter will serve cheeseburgers, bratwurst, and beverages; Janie Katz and Suzi Calhoun will offer stews and soups in Suzi's ceramic bowls, with cold drinks and dessert; and the Galisteo Inn will be selling green chile stew and roasted corn. *Buen apetito.*



Janice Felty Griscom is Miss Universe (see page 2)

FIVE GENERATIONS OF ANAYAS: Left to right: Clarita Anaya, her daughter Martha Barber, granddaughter Yolanda Herrera, great granddaughter Monica Herrera and her baby Gabriel.



PEDACITOS/BITS AND PIECES

Josephine and Andres Anaya's granddaughter Yvette Anaya, a junior at Santa Fe High, conceived the idea of collecting money for the Red Cross and the victims of September's terrorist attacks. She and two friends went into action with ribbons and coffee cans and raised \$3,000 in one day. It was then matched by Eddie Bauer, raising the total to an amazing \$6,000. The *Albuquerque Journal North* ran a story and picture of the three girls, who continued to make ribbons and sell them. They reported that having been able to respond to the situation made everybody feel much better.

The Ron Helman Quartet is playing regularly on Fridays from 6:30-8:30 PM at the Pink Adobe's "Jazz from the Dragon's Mouth."

In November, Linda Durham Contemporary Art is opening a New York gallery at 210 Eleventh Avenue in Chelsea, the currently hot gallery district. The Galisteo gallery will continue to show New Mexico (and other) artists who will now have a New York venue as well.

Kathleen Murphy has written another feature for the September *Eldorado Sun*, "Home Schooling 101."

FLY ME ON THE MOON

By Janice Felty Griscom

I've always admired the courage of acrobats who fly through the air so effortlessly, fearlessly. All in a day's work. A snap. I discovered this summer that flying through the air with the greatest of ease is not a snap. It's a terrifying experience.

July: I am singing the role of "Miss Universe" in the Philip Glass/Robert Wilson opera *White Raven*, part of the Lincoln Center Festival 2001 in New York City. It has been decided that the best perch for Miss Universe is on the moon. The moon, of course, should be swinging in mid-air high above the stage. This is called "flying" in stage terminology. Is this in my contract? Is this entirely necessary? Gulp.

My feat of courage starts nightly when, in tight sequined gown and grotesque blonde wig (make-up to match), I climb a

ladder and step onto a tiny metal platform just large enough for my feet, which is attached to a very large crescent moon, placing me in the curve of the moon. Get the picture? It is a *huge* moon. I am safely belted onto a rod attached to it. Even if I faint I won't fall. Very reassuring. Unfortunately, the question in the back of my mind keeps repeating, "What if the entire moon falls?"

Once an opera starts, there's no turning back. It's like a machine that grinds forward, propelled by the music, not concerning itself with queasy stomachs or fluttering hearts. The moon and I slowly rise. I smile weakly at everyone below—my dresser, my wig lady, the stage manager, stagehands, all becoming smaller and smaller.

Eventually the moon and I come to rest in the fly space—the area above a stage where dusty curtains and backdrops are stored. A glamorous place to wait for an entrance. They say it is forty feet up. I know it's higher. The singers on stage below look pea-size. I swallow hard, tear my eyes from the singers and look straight ahead into the dusty curtains five inches from my face. A less terrifying sight. Three stagehands on a catwalk nearby greet my arrival and crack a joke. I give an obligatory chuckle, then steel myself for a plunge into another reality.

The moon and I jerk and sway horizontally, positioning for the descent. I take a few deep breaths, my heart leaping anew when I hear the music signal my scene. I'll soon be lowered into view of the audience. Is my memory secure? Is there a frog in my throat?

I assume my stance with raised arm, switch my weight to my left foot, lift my chin and try not to hyperventilate as I descend. I realize I'm eye-level with the highest box seats in the theater. This terrifying sight is blotted from my vision when the full force of the lights hits me. All I can see now are the tiny musicians illuminated by their music-stand lights and the tiny conductor waving wildly. Too far away. Too far below.

After singing in Portugese about the mysteries of the Universe, I am again hoisted into the stratosphere before descending for the Finale. The best part of the scene is when I shakily climb off that tiny platform and wobble to my dressing room. It's stage magic, and I am a cog in a very large wheel.

CEMETERY UPDATE

By Maria Padilla

We have started collecting donations again to finish the restoration of the south side of the Old Cemetery wall. It was mowed once this summer, and some of the headstones have been repaired. Lucy Lippard has recorded the writing on each headstone and I have recorded them on digital camera floppy disc to be printed and given to St. Joseph's Parish in Cerrillos. (The Archives of the Archdiocese in Santa Fe also wants copies of both records.)

A new cemetery commission was set up on September 16, 2001 by Father Donnan Herbe of St. Joseph's Parish in Cerrillos. Father Donnan, Robert Anaya, Joe E. Chavez, Rudy Sandoval and myself were named for the cemeteries here in Galisteo. We are in the process of asking for donations to clean and fix up the new cemetery (on the north side of CR 42) as well as the old one.

Many of the surviving families take care of the newer graves, but the older ones closer to the road have been overgrown with chamiso and caved in by gopher holes. We have raised some money to start the clean-up process, and Richard Shuff has started the process of digging up the bushes and cactus. It will take a while, but as long as the donations are coming in, we will get it in beautiful condition and continue yearly maintenance for the years to come.

Donations of any amount will be greatly appreciated. Please make out checks either to "Old Galisteo Cemetery" or to "New Cemetery Maintenance," and send to Maria Padilla, 5700 State Highway 41, Galisteo NM 87540.

A SACRED GARDEN *

By Patricia Heller

Women need sacred space.

I never knew that until I moved to Galisteo, New Mexico, where I kept finding myself creating sacred places. It's said the veil is thinner here. I have to agree. This part of the country is so steeped in blessedness no one thought it odd that a woman from the Northeast would create a large, sacred garden with a replica of an old stone chapel ruin as the walls.

When I bought my property, I realized the rock wall the previous owner had built around the garden was poorly constructed. I decided not to be judgmental and to regard this flaw as part of the charm of the place.

Almost the first night after I moved in, the wind gusted to nearly 75 miles per hour. (Back in Nantucket, we call "gusts" of that velocity hurricane force winds.)

However, the next morning was beautiful, and I started a ritual of taking a meditation walk at first light. My property is situated mostly on a bluff with uninterrupted views that go on for miles in all directions. As I strolled towards the garden in the dim light, I had a vague sensation that something was different. Enchanted by the distant morning light playing on the far prairies, the glow at the base of the Ortiz Mountains, I let my uneasy feeling slip away.

Soon I reached the middle of the garden. Scrutinizing the situation in the dawn's early light, I realized my funky stone wall was gone! It had blown over during the night, and I was standing in the midst of a garden of rubble.

My first thought was "Oh, goody, a real physical exercise project outside on the land. Instead of having to do 'fake' exercise and lift eight-pound weights in a gym, I'll rebuild the wall myself."

I decided to put the first few stones back in place that moment, envisioning the whole project completed in a couple of weeks. But the rock wouldn't budge. It was anchored to China.

I put out the word I needed a stonemason and the synchronicity began. My new neighbor, Wendy, brought up her handyman extraordinaire, Angel, who could not only handle the stonework, but was also a carpenter, painter, contractor, and a sweet young guy who spoke only Spanish. With my two years of Spanish in high school, both of which I repeated in summer school, we somehow managed to communicate.

My "simple little project" required at least ten times more rock to complete the "chapel ruin" plan that unfolded in my mind

as the work progressed. I used to think of rocks as hard dirt. Dirt's everywhere. And with that clever deduction I figured I shouldn't have to pay much more than the cost of transporting them to my property. Not so. The rocks we were matching were quality old rocks. Apparently rocks with good lineage are right up there with fine art and antiques.

We decided to make the walls look like ruins by building up the corners higher than the sides. I'd noticed on actual ruins out here that the corner joints are stronger and disintegrate last on old adobe buildings, so the walls slope down from the corners into the middle.

Instead of putting one of the original garden gates back up, I searched for double arched doors and found them at Jackalope. New from India, they're made to look like old Mexican doors painted a faded-looking light blue. What the heck—I was going for the *illusion* of chapel doors, not authenticity.

Inside the garden, Angel created a flagstone walk in the shape of a Celtic cross. Where the arms of the cross came together, he fashioned a circle of rose-colored stone bricks with a morning star pointing north, south, east, and west. At the end of the east arm of the cross, he made a small stone altar where I placed a bust of Buddha to honor Eastern practices. To the west we built an altar for a marble cross with carved flowers entwined, honoring Western religions.

When Angel finished the stonework many months later, he constructed an arbor with straight benches of raw wood for the middle of the garden, curved benches to go around the circle in the cross, and two large chairs with high backs for the two inside front corners. Finally it was time for the garden itself. Linda (which means beautiful), our local gardener, helped me find the plants that would thrive on my blustery sunny bluff.

One morning I carried Linda's eighteen-month-old baby girl into the sacred garden and sat in the arbor. She put her head on my shoulder and became so still and peaceful, I thought she was asleep. I sat there for quarter of an hour thinking how connected we were at that moment. A feeling like this had also washed over me the first time I'd seen her, when she had been sick and I'd given her a healing. This time, however, it seemed different and deeper than healing energies, yet still vaguely familiar. As I sat there with incredible unconditional love pouring in and out of me from this completely trusting little baby girl, I began to realize what was happening.

Sitting in the garden, we'd tapped into a connection with something ancient. This child had taken us into a calm that originated before time. And then it dawned on me, she'd linked us to a state of Grace—peace beyond belief and a connection to all that is. Her mother, always amazed at her daughter's serene behavior around me, came over and told me she was not asleep, just totally content.

The baby's name? *Grace*.

* Excerpted from Heller's forthcoming book, *If You Hear the Message Three Times, Listen*.

**Fire Station Dedication
November 10, 1:00PM**

17TH ANNUAL LAMY/GALISTEO SHOOTOUT

We forgot to report on one major summer event in the September issue: the annual Lamy/Galisteo Challenge.

The shoot-out took place on August 26th in Lamy. Galisteo's **Chris Benjamin**, at 18 the youngest competitor, won the 25-pace pistol competition. (His first win was the 100-pace rifle competition in 1995, when he was only 12; his father, **John Benjamin**, is also a past winner, the only shooter ever to score a perfect 33 points in the pistol round, accomplished with his grandfather's World War I revolver.) Lamy's Britt Lee was high scorer in the pistol challenge and won the 1900 silver coin by being the first to hit it from 25 paces.

The 1942 maplewood 120mm artillery shell that constitutes the trophy stayed at Mark Lee's in Lamy, since this year's contest ended in a tie. The final event, when both teams laid into their side of a Chevy car hood (marked L or G) for 30 seconds with all they could muster, was also a tie. The metal was so badly riddled no one could count the holes.

TERRORIST WITHIN

By Ron Helman

In the light of our current situation, it is not so easy to talk about personal health. Our leaders have been encouraging us to "get back to normal." While on a run this morning, I was thinking about the personal terrorists within us – from allergies to heart disease.

Our country has been reinforcing everything from airport security to immigration. In terms of our own health, this could be translated into vitamins, exercise, good sleep, and a plethora of good habits for our own security. We need to care for ourselves before we can help others. Remember that in an emergency on an airplane, we must put on our own oxygen masks first, before we put them on our children.

It seems that "normal" is not good enough.

**EL PUENTE SPONSOR THIS MONTH:
VICKI SNYDER POTTERY**

GALISTEO CLASSIFIED

ADS ARE FREE, AND FOR GALISTEO RESIDENTS ONLY. Put in Box 77 (South on Rte. 41 at Avenida Vieja) or call 466-1276 by Nov.5 for next issue. Please advise for reprinting. **Looking for a long-term rental**, comfortable and spacious, two bedrooms plus. Excellent references. Melanie and Margarita, 466-6696.

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+++ EL PUENTE DE GALISTEO+++

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Please send letters, comments, suggestions, contributions to EL PUENTE, 14 Avenida Vieja, Galisteo NM 87540, or call 466-1276. (Make out checks to GCA, "for newsletter.")
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