Alvin Video

Hakim One

When we know enough to be a good listener... we are starting to put our finger on it.

Where there is a community begging to be heard, can you hear us?

All ears and thumbs and hope feeding ourselves by feeding others one serving at a time...

enough seconds to give and get along this spiritual path

part change, part justice, part trust is what I give.

Seeing New Mexico for what it is and what I can be

Antionette Video

Hakim Two

Because one day you wake up, not alone, part of an awesome group of people making a difference, and you are one of them.

A “better world” maker. an alchemist of equity, an advocate for well being A promotora of purpose, and you give, because you care.

Because what is the point of working if it does not improve the lives of those who need help. The difference you always wanted to make deep down inside,
but didn’t know how, the “how” is outside ...
making a difference was just a job, 
now making a difference is our job.

Dreaming up jobs for people who dream jobs,  
and one-day, you

waking up in it,  
fighting to stay in it.

**Medley (Joanna/Farah/Robert) Video**

**Hakim Three**

Albuquerque is my alarm clock, no sirens just silence  
sitting on the precipice of greatness  
perched upon the indomitable spirit of our past. Woke.  
Where we once imagined matriarchy  
and made magic out of $.83 cents on the dollar  
minus maternity.  
We want a world that is in love with itself,  
like obnoxiously in love with itself, that takes groupies instead of selfies because family takes care of family,  
because our moms and dads raised us right.

We give for  
grandmothers whose hands were made soft by work...  
because our hearts are made softer by this work  
and that’s not “a bad thing.”

**Anne Marie Video**

**Hakim Four**

There is no college for this sort of caring.  
Not when you want a community, and not just “a place.”  
No university to teach us how to stop revolting around ourselves  
to get us outside the gravitational pull of our own egos  
and escape the atmosphere of our own suffering.
We are frame makers, with people
the real portraits of our canvas
the work done before us, even without us,
in the community before we arrived
all wood, and hammer, and heart...

To make more prominent the person,
the painting, the power, the perspective.

To adorn, demolish or place a window through the walls,
to stand across from our communities to show them
how beautiful they are ... and provide the ammo
to shine brighter.

A midwife of sorts, helping us give birth
to the solar systems inside us, because we are all
someone else's whole entire world, at some point,
and it's nice to know we aren't caring
alone.

Jessica Video

Hakim Fine

Because there is a student,
ironically named “Justice,”
sitting in a New Mexico class room right now
who barely escaped her circumstances
just to make it to school, this morning.

Scratching her head at the math of her name,
whether justice is quantitatively measured in employment numbers,
per capita income, and mortality rates...
or in quality
of life.

or if she's the sum
of all the people that came before her, making a difference for those who come after her or just another broken equation?

Because we were once *that* student. Because we were once in need. Because we cannot imagine *that* child’s future 20 years from today, in a world in which all 55 foundations in this room do not exist.

Philanthropy is our interconnectedness to one another made visible, by rendering the invisible, unforgettable.

To make *this* work omnipresent, to make our jobs obsolete.

At the other end of the bottomless giving well inside us there is only peace… and a story of “why”?

Because I didn’t do anything specific to deserve what I’ve been given and others didn’t do anything to deserve what is not available to them.

Because I am lucky to have so much. Because it is a privilege. Because I can. Because I must.

Because people are not data points, and dollars aren’t enough.

Because we are rolled up sleeves underneath sunbaked skin where you can see the Rio throbbing inside us.
We are the parents
of a 105 year old future.
Lovechild of the First Nations
and the technicolor horizon.

The descendants of those
who gave everything for us to be
in this position right now…

To give of ourselves
and never give up.

**Gabe Video (End Credits/Transition)**

- end-