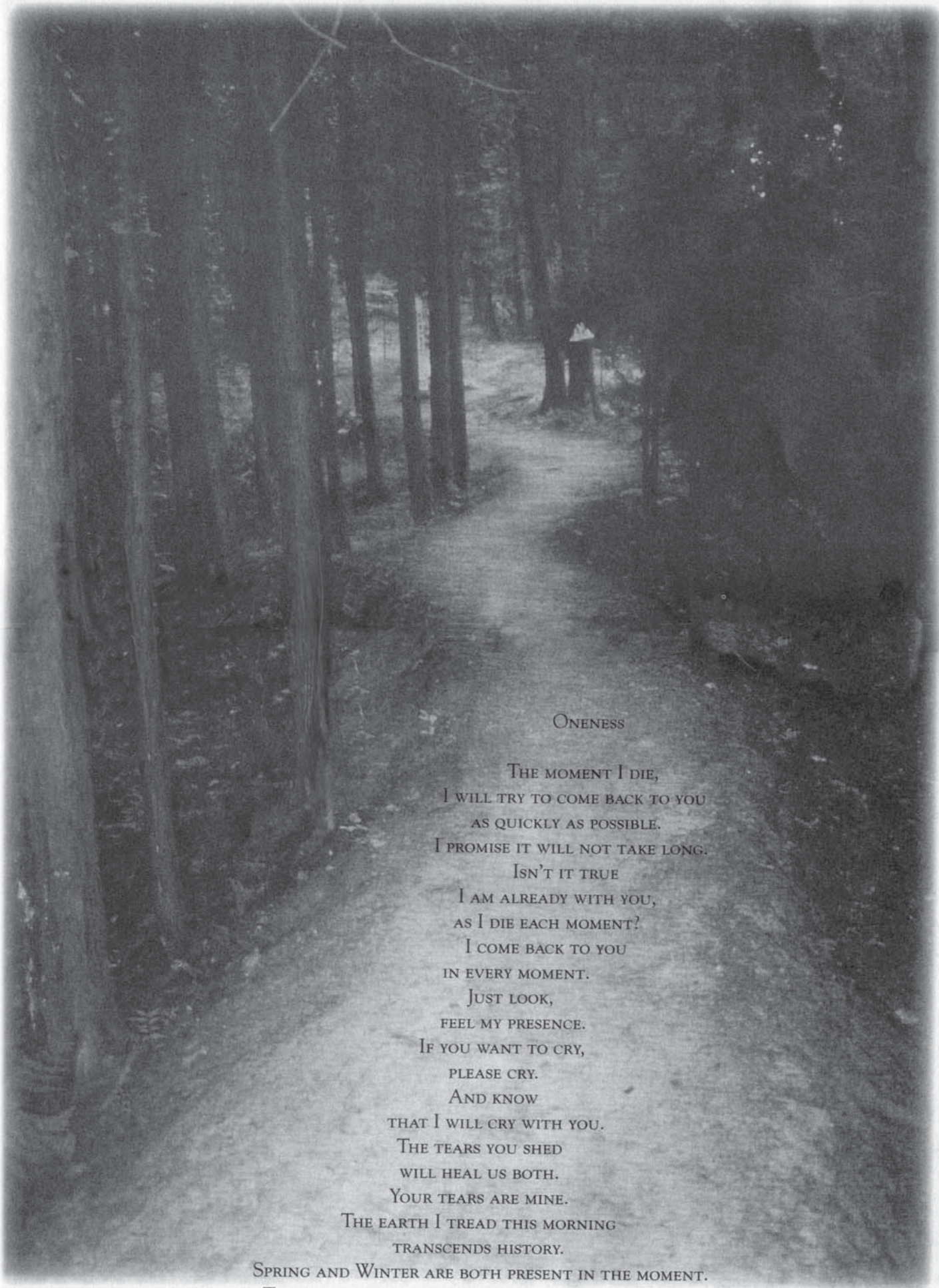


# A LIGHT IN THE MIST

THE JOURNAL OF HOPE

A HEALING ENVIRONMENTS PUBLICATION  
VOLUME ONE, NUMBER FOUR, 1997



## ONENESS

THE MOMENT I DIE,  
I WILL TRY TO COME BACK TO YOU  
AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.  
I PROMISE IT WILL NOT TAKE LONG.

ISN'T IT TRUE

I AM ALREADY WITH YOU,  
AS I DIE EACH MOMENT?

I COME BACK TO YOU  
IN EVERY MOMENT.

JUST LOOK,  
FEEL MY PRESENCE.

IF YOU WANT TO CRY,  
PLEASE CRY.

AND KNOW

THAT I WILL CRY WITH YOU.

THE TEARS YOU SHED  
WILL HEAL US BOTH.

YOUR TEARS ARE MINE.

THE EARTH I TREAD THIS MORNING  
TRANSCENDS HISTORY.

SPRING AND WINTER ARE BOTH PRESENT IN THE MOMENT.

THE YOUNG LEAF AND THE DEAD LEAF ARE REALLY ONE.

MY FEET TOUCH DEATHLESSNESS,

AND MY FEET ARE YOURS.

WALK WITH ME NOW.

LET US ENTER THE DIMENSION OF ONENESS  
AND SEE THE CHERRY TREE BLOSSOM IN WINTER.

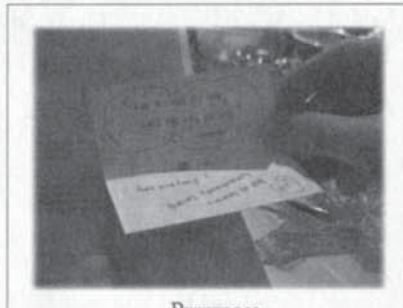
WHY SHOULD WE TALK ABOUT DEATH?

I DON'T NEED TO DIE  
TO BE BACK WITH YOU.

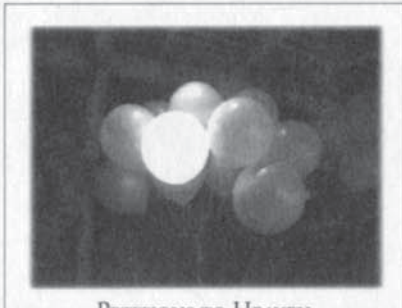
*Thich Nhat Hanh*



REMEMBRANCE



PETITION



PETITIONS TO HEAVEN



INTENTION



BLESSINGS

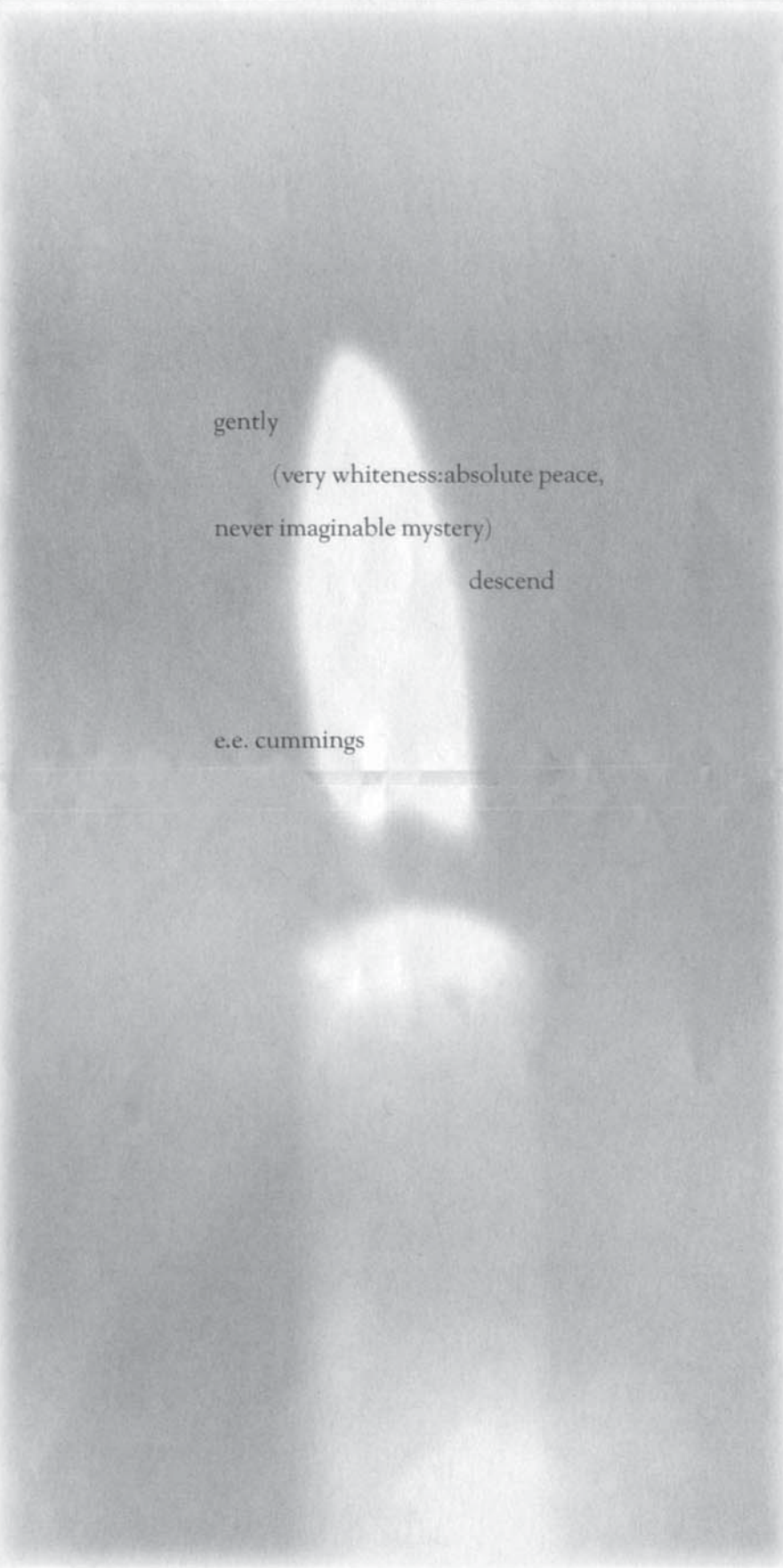
# AN EVENING OF HOPE



HOPE



CHAMBER SINGERS



gently  
(very whiteness: absolute peace,  
never imaginable mystery)

descend

e.e. cummings



IMPROVISATION



SERENITY



FAMILY



LIGHT



OLD FRIENDS



FORGED BY FIRE

# DECEMBER 14, 1996



WARMTH



COMFORT



HOME



GOOD FRIENDS



IN MEMORY

**T**he druidic adage, “truth is written in the stones,” seems especially apt when it comes to Victoria Stone and her design and consultation firm, *Stonecircle: Environments to renew the spirit*. Although her current project — a Labyrinth Garden at California Pacific Medical Center — is not a megalithic stone cluster by any means, the labyrinth, like the Celtic stone circle, is linked with the ancient idea of a sacred center of ritual and grows out of belief in the healing power of sanctuary.

In this excerpt from her proposal for the Labyrinth Garden, Victoria describes the inspiration for her project and details her vision in both its practical and metaphysical dimensions:

“The labyrinth is a symbolic pilgrimage or journey to the divine. It is an archetypal image that is found throughout history—from ancient Egyptian burial sites to Greek mythology and Celtic, Scandinavian and Native American cultures. The labyrinth is not a religious symbol, but an ancient spiritual tool in the form of a walking meditation. Unlike a maze, a labyrinth is a unicursal path which, when walked, facilitates the suspension of the conscious thinking mind.

There are three phases to walking the labyrinth. First, moving inward there is the release of everyday worries and mental chatter. Second, at the center there is an openness to receive direction, pray or just experience a stress-free moment. Finally, moving outward, there is an integration of the silence, and people report an experience of peace and rejuvenation. It is a simple but effective tool for emotional and spiritual renewal.

There is currently one labyrinth in San Francisco at Grace Cathedral. The staff at Grace Cathedral report that a large number of people come to walk the labyrinth before surgery or chemotherapy treatment. Because the labyrinth is an indigenous spiritual tool and does not belong to any religious tradition, it would be beneficial to make it available in a non-denominational setting. The labyrinth at California Pacific Medical Center will be the first to be placed in a health care institution.

...The image will be painted in durable deck paint directly onto the cement. Benches and trees will be arranged in the area around the labyrinth to create a sense of place...Not only will this design provide a means for supporting spiritual healing at the hospital, but it will create a visually beautiful design statement at the entrance to the hospital which is greatly needed. The Labyrinth Garden will also provide a gathering place for community celebrations and activities and enable the hospital to become a destination for anyone seeking an experience of healing and wholeness in their lives...”

Victoria Stone’s symbol of the labyrinth seemed especially relevant to this issue’s theme of a dark wood in that both images convey the journey involved in turning inward—from outer to inner self, from material to spiritual being. They are archetypes of our mythic imagination and suggest how in Stephen Larson’s words, “everywhere, and throughout history, images of the psyche have become entangled with the physical environment.” **DA**

Victoria Stone, MPH, can be reached at (415)826-0904.

**We** have fractured time down to the “nanosecond,” yet a language for expressing the emotional dimension of time eludes us. We do speak of “quality time,” but still quantify it in standard and unyielding chronological terms. And although time may seem to pass slowly or quickly, the clock inevitably reminds us that an hour is but sixty minutes which is but sixty seconds any way you look at it. What happens, however, when a part of us resists the conventional calibrations of time—when an internal rhythm refuses to capitulate to the clock? How do we adjust our schedules when, as Native Americans say, “the soul needs time to catch up”? What of time, for instance, in Dante’s *dark wood*, when we find ourselves confronting illness, uncertainty, or grief? Perhaps the question then becomes, do we even think of adjusting our schedule when our soul is no longer in sync with it?

Stephan Rechtschaffen, in his recent book *Timeshifting*, urges us to consider this question seriously and to step into a new awareness of time that allows for a more natural, biological rhythm: a “soul time” that is different for each of us. As a doctor he has seen the price we pay in stress-related illness for consistently maintaining a pace that pushes us beyond our emotional and physical means, often ignoring the physical symptoms that ask us to attend more to *being* rather than *doing*. For as Rechtschaffen astutely points out, we have been taught to value time only by how productive we can be in it. Consequently, time spent in contemplation or recollection seems wasted rather than well spent.

In an interview on *New Directions* radio, Rechtschaffen distinguishes between mental time and emotional time, recalling the distinction the Greeks made between *chronos*, chronological time, and *kairos*, mystical time. He suggests that when we do not allow for the slower pace of emotional time — when we do not take time to feel — the feelings accumulate to the extent that they become more threatening rather than recuperative, and a vicious circle of wanting more time but avoiding it ensues. Our relationship with time becomes even more embattled.

Clock-time may be inevitable, but as Thomas Moore maintains in his introduction to *Timeshifting*, “if we want to be healthy, we need to create time for ourselves.” If this seems easier said than done, it is worth remembering that time as we know it in its relentless precision is a social construct, and as such, requires an act of the imagination to lull its rhythms. Bear in mind that once upon a time, sundials marked the passage of time rather than *Swatch* watches, and if the *dark night of the soul* was longer than any other night, so be it, for as the Greeks knew, it takes time to feel, to heal, and to be. **DA**

**K**en Wilbur has written a very moving book about his wife’s cancer entitled *Grace & Grit*. But well before she died, he wrote a wonderfully accessible article which appeared in *The Journal of Transpersonal Psychology*. This short piece is one of the most honest and helpful statements we have read on the realities of the support person’s role. The fact that he loved her so deeply, yet struggled to renew that love in the face of the relentless drain of chronic illness, has much to teach us all.

Four points stand uppermost in my mind:

First, Ken speaks of the relentless presence of chronic illness. Unlike episodic crises which rise and fall, holding the interest of friends and listeners, chronic illness may drone on for years. Well-meaning friends have trouble sustaining support. Initially their compassion is felt, but there is so little for them to “do.” Ken tells us that merely being emotionally *present* is what is most desperately needed.

Secondly, the support person finds that all his personal concerns are dwarfed by the magnitude of the chronic illness, both in terms of severity and duration. How can one expect sympathy for a cold or work deadlines, when one’s beloved is struggling for her very life. The gross inequity of their situation breeds distance and isolation.

Thirdly, Ken urges all who find themselves in such a situation to seek professional help early. Do *not* try to be stoic and muddle through. The longer one denies one’s ambivalent feelings, the more difficult they are to resolve.

Finally, Ken’s key message is clear and succinct. In order to continue to experience love (the caretaker’s ability to feel love for the patient is absolutely critical to him as well as to her), one must maintain a sense of choice. Although it may appear academic, one must allow oneself to think the unthinkable. “I could choose to walk away from this person.” Because it is only in freedom of choice that the power of love can be felt. And that choice must be made over and over again. And again. **KS**

Dear Readers,

It has been a long, cold, dark winter. We at Healing Environments have been passing through our own dark wood, our own dark night of the soul. On Christmas Eve, Archie Ong, beloved and irreplaceable twenty-nine year old assistant to Sam, collapsed when a virus attacked his heart without warning. For six weeks he lay in a coma before he slipped away. For us it was a poignant reminder of the hidden blessings of terminal illness. There was no chance to say, “Archie — I love you.

Thank you. Goodbye.”  
For months we struggled with our loss. Now we share with you our own journey out of that dark wood onto the path home. May it help you with yours —  
Kate, Traci, Doree, Sam.

WHAT CAN  
WE DO WHEN  
WE FIND  
OURSELVES  
IN A DARK  
WOOD—  
A DARK  
NIGHT OF  
THE SOUL—  
TO NOURISH  
OURSELVES  
UNTIL WE  
FIND THE  
PATH HOME?  
CREATE A  
HEALING  
ENVIRONMENT.

### WHAT IS A HEALING ENVIRONMENT?

The realtor suggested that it might be a closet for luggage. It had an intriguing shape. About six by eight feet, the walls slanted sharply inward from a height of four feet, following the steep pitch of the roof, something like a pyramid. The moment I saw it I knew it would be my meditation room. Now tented with volumes of diaphanous fabric, a small oriental rug on the floor, a medieval stool serving as a tiny altar for my medieval madonna, it is my cocoon from the world. Morning and evening and at random times of great stress I check in, consult the *Course in Miracles*, and seek a stillpoint as the stresses of the world swirl around me. Morning and evening my cats sit waiting, expectantly, for the door to open. It is their inner sanctum as well.



KATE'S CLOSET

### Caitlin's Room

At Healing Environments Traci and I have constructed sample rooms for fictional patients. One of the favorites is Caitlin's room. Caitlin is a fictional AIDS patient based on a real young woman I read about. Now twenty-six, Caitlin contracted AIDS at the age of sixteen in her first sexual encounter—a one-night stand with a bisexual bartender. As she faces the



foreshortening of her life, she has sought solace in the Catholicism of her youth, now deepened with personal mysticism. She has discovered the music and writings of the 12th century abbess, artist and mystic, Hildegard von Bingen. Her all-white bed streams with light through star-laced curtains. An antique embossed coverlet and warm cream throw add texture. A beatific angel looks on, reminding her of another dimension of existence. Her bedside sandtray reminds her that, though AIDS has robbed her of her earthly hopes and dreams, a higher reality and greater love await her.



### Sam's Center

If you are on the move and love music as I do, then a Walkman or Discman with headphones is the best way to combine music and environment.

The other day I was walking by a small park with a grass knoll. I sat on the knoll, stared at the sky, put on my headphones, and listened to "Alan Watts Teaches Meditation," a spoken arts tape.

I then proceeded on my way with renewed insight and vigor.

### Traci's Garden

I am neither a landscape designer nor a great gardener. I have not committed my memory to different plant species or varieties, but I do love the sight and feel of plants and flowers.

I think my fascination started when I was in college. School was not easy for me. Every quarter represented another struggle for the grade. Through the academic years I was compelled to work in good flower shops. Mind you, it had to be the right type of atmosphere — well thought out, origi-

nal, taken care of. A well-intentioned environment. I enjoy the people who come into these spaces — their curiosity and desire to surround themselves with the same sort of primal need I have.

I find it very difficult, no matter



where I am in my own head, to be angry when I have a flower in my hand.

The rich color of the petals and stem — the way in which nature has created such a beautiful statement of evolution — it stops me in my tracks and puts me, for a moment, in a state of awe and thankfulness.

To prune and care for different varieties of plants gives me a sense of purpose when I seem to lose my way.

Certainly, it can not cure the dilemmas and frustrations in my mind but it reliably brings me back — close to my center. This place can be in any number of locations depending on where I am. There is no shortage of these environments — my garden at home, a great florist or a wonderful public garden.



### Doree's Table

*Caffe Verona* took me by surprise. A cup of coffee one late-summer morning, and I've gone back almost every weekday morning since. There are other places in my life which call to me more intimately, but there is something reassuring about the ambient music of cups and saucers, the muted voices of friends in conversation, and the anonymous companionship of others quietly absorbed in their morning paper — saddened, too, that Herb Caen will no longer be a part of their daily ritual. Maybe it is simply the prospect of having someone else make my morning coffee, or the aromatic smell of Italian espresso, but perhaps it is that a cafe — like a home — is, after all, another shelter for daydreaming.



## A PATH HOME

**O**n my recent trip to Japan I encountered, for the first time, a part of myself that I have never seen before. Japan fascinated me, in part because of the mystic beauty of the people, the landscape and their history. In part, because of my own desire to want to relate to this place from which half of my identity stems. (My mother is a mixture of several European communities, and my father is second generation Japanese-American.)

People are often interested in my nationality and background. The question always comes back to me, "Where are you from?" Texas. "No, I mean, where are you FROM?" I know my dark hair and the shape of my eyes (or for those who see it, my last name) interests them. I usually give in and talk about my nationalities and where I have lived. The exchange has become shallow, as my audience often times wants to know a single piece of who I am, not the whole. For so many years

I squirmed and flinched over the "where are you from" question — I forgot to seek and answer it for myself.

Going to Japan and seeing people who from my point of view resembled me — I had to come to terms with the fact that in their eyes I am not one of their own. My search for "who I am" and how my identity appears to others has suddenly changed 180 degrees. I am redirected homeward again — back to my *self*. For years, I realize now, I have been running away from it.

One of my personal missions in Healing Environments is to help people feel secure in expressing themselves. I have talked for years about identity, respect for one's self and others, and how to acknowledge these things. One of the many challenges in creating healing environments in institutions is maintaining a sense of identity for the person involved, whether a patient, caregiver or doctor. Characterizing your space with mementos of who you are and what your interests are can often support your identity framework, especially when you are not feeling well. For example, prominently displaying near the patient's bed a photograph that

expresses who that person takes pride in being can make a world of difference.

My trip to Japan was not only a business trip but also a coming home that I could never have planned. In Nelson Mandela's inspirational inauguration speech, he says that by being who you are you allow others to be who they are. I believe wholeheartedly in those words. I hope for all of you who read this that you feel empowered to do the same.

### Identity and Illness

Buddhists believe that the best preparation for death is to live consciously. One of the crises which a terminal prognosis may engender is a crisis of identity. The mask we have worn as a member of society is stripped away as we confront our own mortality. This may, in time, appear as a gift, as we reexamine values and priorities. But until we have touched base with our deeper, more authentic selves, we may descend into a painful, but necessary period of depression, a *dark wood* or *dark night of the soul*. We must "die" to our old, temporal selves, before we can experience the birth of a transcendent, eternal being. ■

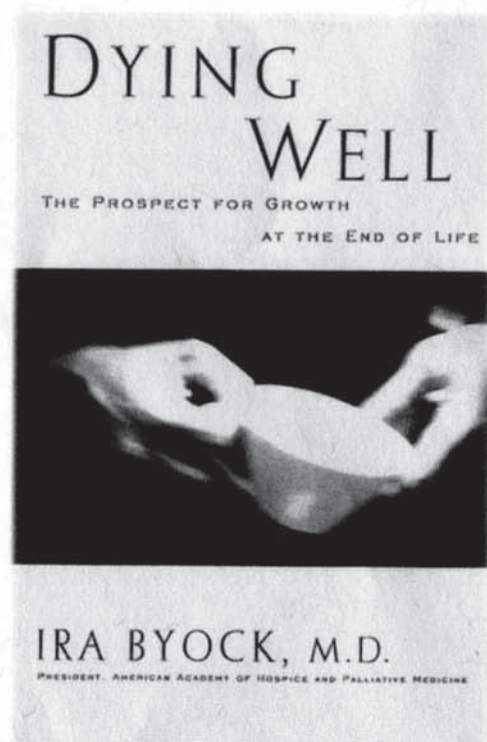


## DYING WELL

It was during winter vacation that I read Ira Byock's eagerly awaited book, *Dying Well*. A masterpiece of compassion, Dr. Byock's book shares the depth of his wisdom and experience with its readers. Now President of the American Academy of Hospice and Palliative Medicine and a former emergency room physician, Dr. Byock was inspired to improve conditions for the dying by his own father's death. At a time when hospice care was a new concept in this country, Ira Byock nursed his dying father at home, giving him the final gift of "dying well."

According to Dr. Byock, what does "dying well" consist of? "Dying well" means dying pain free, surrounded by loved ones, after having come to terms with the "unfinished business" of one's life. This "unfinished business" can be summed up in five key phrases: *Forgive me. I forgive you. Thank you. I love you. Goodbye.* Hospice workers under Dr. Byock's supervision encourage patients to resolve whatever old conflicts keep them from a peaceful departure from this life. Each patient's story and circumstances are different, but as he so eloquently illustrates in the sensitive narration of twelve widely varied and deeply personal life stories, everyone is capable of achieving some level of healing in the face of death.

These stories run the gamut from a young mother who clings tenaciously to life and struggles with excruciating pain (an extremely rare occurrence Dr. Byock assures us), to an elderly woman whose life has been so fulfilling that she is completely at peace with death. We read of the tragic death of a young child, the triumphant achievement of a courageous teenager, the second chance given a stoic middle-aged male.



Throughout the book, heart-warming instances of reconciliation and forgiveness, expressions of love and thanksgiving, illustrate how this most trying of times can become one of growth and transcendence. We come to understand that it is speaking the

# R A Y S O

unspoken which may prepare a patient to let go and be at peace. We also see how rather than burdening families, the dying offer their loved ones the same opportunities for growth and healing.

So positive is Dr. Byock of the healing aspects of the dying process that he has become a pioneer in what is known as the Missoula Demonstration Project. Under his leadership, the town of Missoula, Montana has become a model for the entire country—a model of the healing potential of "dying well." With grants from several leading foundations, Missoula hopes to teach the rest of the country how to find peace at life's end.

We at Healing Environments are in deep accord with Ira Byock. It was the contrast between my father's healing death at home and my mother's agonizing death in the hospital which led me to found Healing Environments with my good friend and colleague Traci Teraoka.

Let me share two anecdotes from my own experience which resonate with Dr. Byock's book. One day when feeling frustrated and ineffectual, speaking with my father by phone, two thousand miles from his bedside, I silently prayed: "Please God, help me help him." Suddenly my father said, "I keep going over and over how I lost my German colleague's friendship thirty years ago." The two men had had a cultural misunderstanding which had never been resolved. I had lived in Germany briefly as a child and been a German major in college. "Dad, let me write a letter to Werner for you in German. I'll send it to you for editing and we'll try to clear this thing up." My father had had few friends in his lifetime. He eagerly accepted my offer. A warm reply from Werner arrived by return mail.

After struggling with cancer for seven years, weary and in pain from some thirty metastases throughout his bones, my father chose to end his life by stopping eating. (A merciful process which Dr. Byock condones.) My stepmother was gone for the week, and I sensed that my father knew I would not offer resistance to his plan. My stepmother returned in time to have a meaning-filled time with him. All self-doubt was assuaged when I said goodbye to my father. His parting words were "Your acceptance has been a great source of strength to me.

Thank you.

I love you.

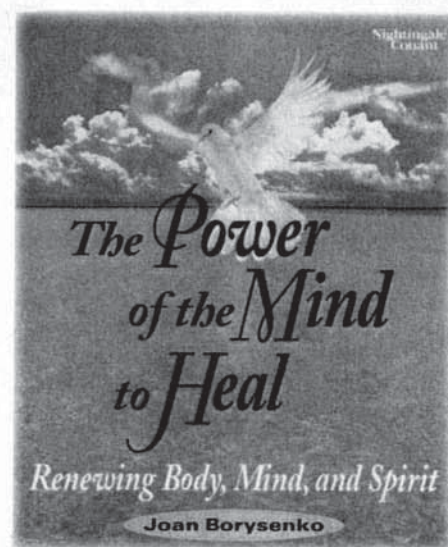
Goodbye." KS

## JOAN BORYSENKO

I first met Joan Borysenko over six years ago at a conference at Commonweal. She is so warm, gentle and unassuming, it is difficult to believe she is both a Ph. D. and co-founder of the Mind/Body Institute at Harvard Medical School. Joan found a smooth heart-shaped rock on the beach and gave it to me. Such acts of kindness are second nature to her.

I remember her sharing the fact that she had given a beloved AIDS patient a talisman of hers to wear around his neck. She was grief-stricken that she could not be present when he died. A conference had called her to New Orleans. Shortly after arriving, she heard a lonely solo trumpet on the street playing his favorite song, *Amazing Grace*, and she knew he had passed on. His family had the talisman plated in gold and returned it to her as a thank you for her loving presence.

In recent years, Joan has become increasingly involved in sharing the healing power of spirituality with her readers. A welcome addition to that library is a series of tapes entitled: *The Power of the Mind to Heal: Renewing Body, Mind, and Spirit.*



This audio tape series is one of the most effective tools for dealing with one's dark night of the soul. Through a combination of modern psychology and great spiritual traditions, Dr. Borysenko explores the mind-body connection and gives us tools to examine hidden beliefs, to transform fear into courage, and to experience the emotional healing of forgiveness, the power of prayer, and the spiritual insight available through meditation. Her warm and soothing voice shares with us the authenticity of her message, a message she has lived as a humble and heart-based healer. KS

# F H O P E

## THE SHAWSHANK REDEMPTION

One month after his surgery for lung cancer my brother was locked in deep depression. Whether his brush with mortality was responsible, or the fact that the surgeon had severed the nerves to his right hand, Jim was caught in the gridlock of despair. His nurturing wife was distraught. No amount of lovingly prepared gourmet meals could tempt his palate. Even the fact that he had been declared cancer free failed to lift his spirits.

Visiting from the West Coast for forty-eight hours, I despaired of reaching him through the dark cloud that enveloped him. As Pam, his wife, left the house to run errands, she ventured that perhaps a video rental would prove the best course of action. I was skeptical. Having nursed both my parents in their struggles with cancer, I knew all too well how tricky finding appropriate viewing material could be. On the one hand, most movies and television programs appeared vapid and irrelevant if light-hearted, while heavier fare proved almost invariably depressing.

As I walked into the video store I offered up a silent prayer. "Please, God, lead me to something healing." The first movie that caught my eye was *The Shawshank Redemption*. My eighteen year old daughter had first recommended it to me. I remembered being deeply impressed, but not until I watched it a second time with my brother did I realize how uniquely fitting it was for one in his position.

In *The Shawshank Redemption*, Tim Robbins plays Andy, a young, well-to-do husband who is falsely accused of murdering his wife and her lover. He is sentenced to life in prison — a very brutal prison with sadistic guards and an evil warden. Rather than succumb to either bitterness or despair, Andy becomes an existential hero — carving out meaning and, ultimately, triumph over a seemingly hopeless situation.

The fact that the protagonist was falsely accused made it possible for my brother to identify with him. Like Andy, Jim found himself "sentenced" to a struggle which felt both random and unfair. Why me? Why now? It is a life-threatening situation, fraught with danger and despair. Yet Andy fails to give in. Quietly and with great dignity and perseverance he scores small victories of spirit until glorious deliverance is his.

At a critical point in the movie, Andy is conversing with his good friend and fellow convict, Red, played by Morgan Freeman. He asks Red why he no longer plays the harmonica. "You can't let them get at what's inside. You can't let them take away hope." Andy's message speaks equally to those engaged in a struggle with life-threatening illness. Do not let the external facts of your illness define you. Connect with the inner and immutable you. Do not let disease rob you of hope. Transcend your circumstances.



In one of my favorite scenes, Andy finds himself playing records which have just arrived together with books for the inmate library which he is refurbishing. Suddenly he is seized with a defiant urge. He locks the door to the office, connects the record player to the outside speakers, and a beautiful aria soars over the prison yard. The inmates are spellbound. They all stand transfixed. It is a defining moment. Andy has made a gift to them of their humanity. It costs him a month in the hole.

At one point I realized that I had forgotten how violent the film was. I held my breath waiting for my brother's reaction. And then I realized that it was somehow cathartic. He had felt similarly violated by his cancer, his radiation, his surgery. The torture of the men was symbolic of his physical ordeal.

Another defining moment speaks to those with life-threatening illness. One of the oldest inmates is released after serving his long sentence. He has been so demoralized and disempowered by his imprisonment that he is no longer capable of functioning in the outside world. In despair, he hangs

himself in his halfway house. Red, who is at long last paroled himself, is tempted to follow his example, but something of Andy's spirit calls to him and he says, "Got to get busy either dying or living." He chooses life.

At the end of the movie I glanced at my brother. He was radiant. "Please thank your daughter for recommending that." The cloud had lifted, if only for a while. **KS**

## ESSENTIAL DESIGNS FOR LIVING

Until we write our own book on healing elements of design, we urge you to have a look at the beautiful coffee table book, *Zona Home*. A veritable feast for the eye, it touches upon many of the elements that we believe contribute to a healing environment. It invites the reader to explore the concept of home, to appeal to all the senses, to bring nature inside, to celebrate identity, and to honor the special energy of antiques and the handmade. It points the way to look beyond the superficial and materialistic, to put meaning into objects and to surround ourselves with physical representations of who we are.



DIVINE KNOWLEDGE  
CAN ONLY COME  
WHEN WE ENTER  
THE DARKNESS AND  
REST THERE TO  
LEARN ITS SECRETS.

Andrew Harvey

## A RETROSPECTIVE

Most graphic designers go through life without a lot of applause and without an opportunity to really digest what they have accomplished during their careers.

So, when I was asked by the university where I teach to have a retrospective exhibition of my work over the last forty plus years, I accepted the opportunity as a rare and challenging project.

I began the process by pulling out over one thousand pieces of design from my files. I approached the problem of funneling down to the ninety pieces that would be in the show. Intuitively, I waited for certain pieces to "speak" to me. As a measuring device, I gave more points to the ones that caused a certain exhilaration within me.

Life seems to go by in the blink of an eye — especially when you are facing deadlines on a day to day basis — there just isn't time to reflect and contemplate your past and relate it to your future. As I picked up a piece and held it in my hands, I could accurately recall my feelings, both when I landed on the idea for it and when I realized the best form for the design.

It was then that I realized the importance of the process that creative people go through. It is that moment of exhilaration that really matters. It is *now*, not yesterday or tomorrow, that I remember and cherish. It's what I'm doing *right now* — writing this article — feeling my pen touch the

paper and consciously valuing it as a meaningful experience: this is what makes life exciting.

Planning the future or recalling the past has value, but this exciting moment in one's personal history is what really counts.

I have had an extremely rich and rewarding life until now, which has been full of wonderful relationships with my family, my students, my associates, my clients and my friends. Now it is because of my special thirty year history with students that I decided to give them a gift!

Over the years there has been one consistent complaint that students have confided in me: "My parents don't know what I do. How I can prove to them that I can earn a livelihood?" My students were not getting either the financial or emotional support that is so necessary to a successful career.

I thought it over and decided to call the exhibition and catalog, *A Career in Graphic Design*, and to make it chronological. I wanted to give them a tool that students could use; they could say, "See, I can have fun and be paid for it."

It worked. The show was a highly successful event for students, their families, friends and colleagues.

I think one of the nicest comments I received was from another graphic designer who recognized that my work was not influenced by graphic design trends which have prevailed in recent design history, but in fact, reflected my own personal mannerisms.

Now I realize that this was a once in a lifetime experience — a bonus I received for a career in graphic design. **SS**

## ARCHIE

The pleasure I have experienced in graphic design has been greatly enriched by the creative people with whom I have worked.

Each year, I gave the most promising student in my class a job in my studio as an assistant designer.

Archie Ong was one of those students who was with me for three years; first, as an assistant designer and finally — and most importantly — as a friend.

Quite unexpectedly, this past Christmas Eve Archie collapsed. There was an assumption he had myocarditis, a virus that attacks the heart muscle.

I only partially realized Archie's contribution to my work when he was there, because he was constantly and gradually improving all the time.

To say it left a void is putting it mildly. I didn't know how I would cope with the loss.

I jumped into my work; my work has served me well in the past in getting through the tough times.

Archie was only 29, he knew what he wanted to do in life, he worked hard at his craft. His many friends and loving family are remembering all the good and sensitive things he did in his life. Archie, your time was swift, but you did leave your mark. **SS**

## GOALS FOR 1997

Facilitate Interior Design and Installation for Maitri AIDS Hospice (Traci)

Revise and Reprint Resource Guide

Produce Two Healing Environments Videos Based on An Evening of Hope

Publish Highlights of the First Year of *Light in the Mist* in book form

Conduct Workshops for Healing Environments

Organize Healing Environments Fund-Raising Theme Dinners

Write Book on Healing Elements of Design (Kate)

Continue to offer Tours and Consultations to Groups and Individuals

Continue to publish *A Light in the Mist* Quarterly

Produce First *Nightwood* Product for Holiday Distribution

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