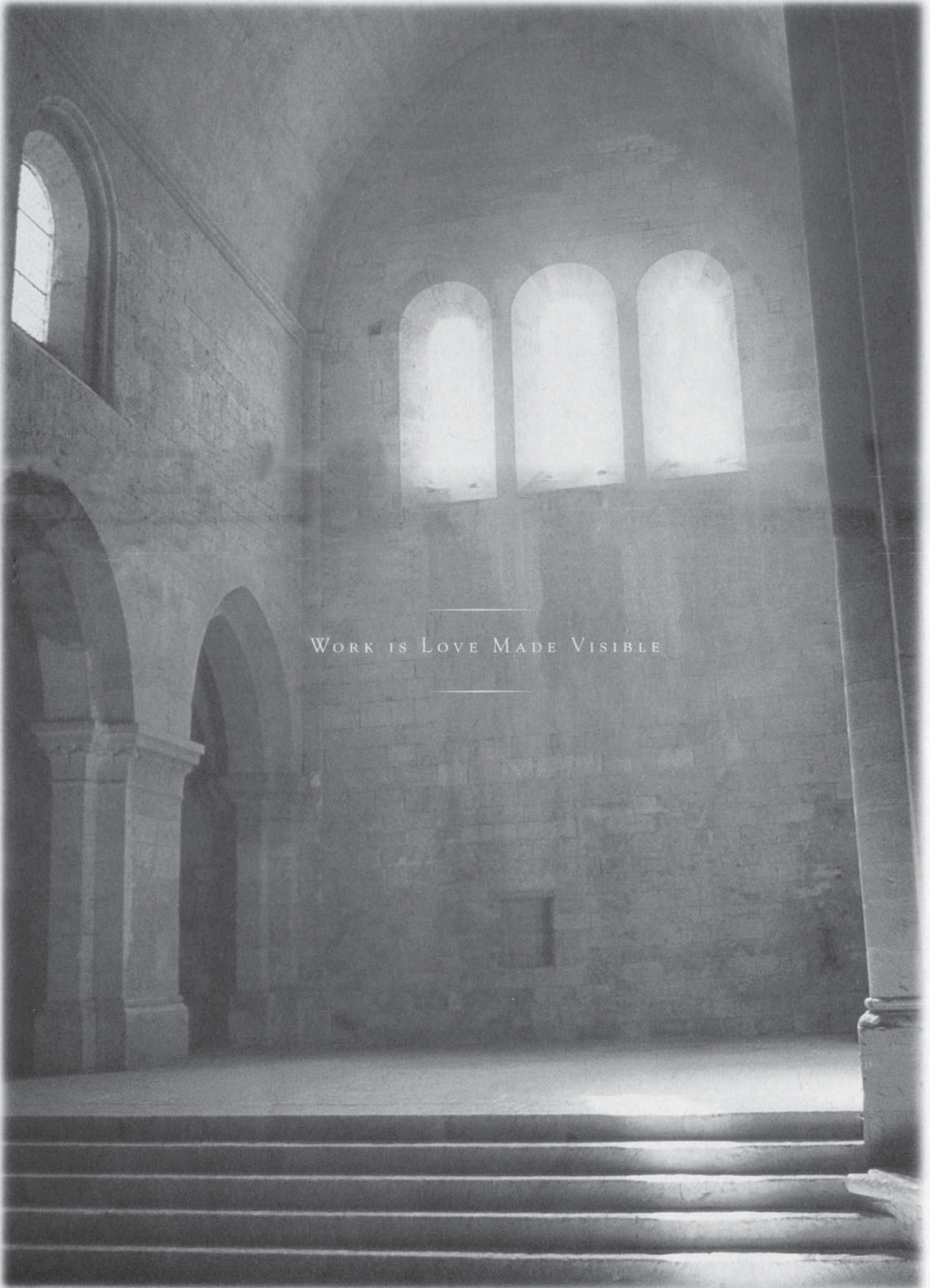


A LIGHT IN THE MIST

THE JOURNAL OF HOPE

A HEALING ENVIRONMENTS PUBLICATION
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WORK IS LOVE MADE VISIBLE

Quote by Kahlil Gibran

MODELS FOR THE MILLENNIUM

If we are to survive as a planet, we must reorder our priorities. We must meet the challenge of the new millennium by reinventing ourselves, by reviewing and renewing our values, by committing ourselves to creating a society in which vision and compassion replace materialism and self-indulgence as the dominant themes.

We must create new models. Models which utilize our highest values, our greatest creativity. In order to solve problems which continue to haunt us, we must go beyond existing forms and formulas. We must create new models for the millennium. **KS**



HEALING ENVIRONMENTS: A NEW MODEL

Healing Environments is approaching its fifth birthday this fall. For those of you who are new to us, let me tell you a bit about how we came to be. As is often the case with a sense of personal mission, Healing Environments was born out of personal pain. I had lost both my parents and several of my closest friends to cancer. As I faced my own mortality, I was determined to do something to help others with what I had learned.

It was at that point that I met Traci Teraoka Patel, a young woman who shared my passion for art and design and my vision that they might be used to relieve the suffering of the seriously ill. Blessed with the backing of an anonymous donor, we created a unique, small nonprofit dedicated to comforting patients, their families and caregivers by connecting them to the transforming power of the arts. As Traci and I reviewed our efforts in preparation for our fifth birthday, we asked ourselves what changes might be made in order to ensure that our original vision would continue to be made manifest.

As a public charity, both of us would be required to leave the board of directors after two three-year terms. Watching two of our favorite nonprofits lose connection with the vision of their founding directors, we decided that we would prefer to relinquish public charity status in favor of becoming a private operating foundation.

What is a private operating foundation? A private operating foundation is a private foundation which, rather than

making grants, operates its own program in accordance with its mission. What does this mean to you? Your donations will still be tax deductible. You will be assured that the newsletter will continue to be sent free of charge and that Healing Environments will continue to have the same character you have come to expect. Traci and I will be able to remain on the board and have the luxury of making decisions driven by compassion rather than considerations of cost.

We hope you understand our concerns and concur with our decision. Here's to the continued marriage of creativity and compassion! **KS**



GUIDELINES FOR MODELS IN THE NEW MILLENNIUM

1) Let us address that level of reality which is above (or below) that which is visible.



2) Let us replace materialism with the search for meaning.



3) Let us address people's deepest needs; their highest aspirations.



4) Let us value emotional as well as intellectual intelligence.



5) Let us celebrate the right (creative) as well as left (analytical) brain.



6) Let us create a world which honors the feminine (emotional) equally with the masculine (intellectual).



7) Let us seek to feed our souls as well as our bodies.



8) Let us seek to use every ounce of creativity and every drop of spirituality within us.



9) Let us refuse to be limited by our age, our income, our education or the amount of time remaining to us.



10) Let us value compassion more highly than the bottom line.



11) Let us seek to empower and acknowledge others.



12) Let us each give our unique gifts to the world and leave it a better place.



13) Let us be all that we can be and do all that we can do, with kindness.



14) Let us learn from the pain which life has given us to help others on their journey.



15) Let us ask for guidance. **KS**



WORK IS LOVE MADE VISIBLE

by Kahlil Gibran

And what is it to work with love?

It is to weave the cloth with threads drawn from your heart, even as if your beloved were to wear that cloth.

It is to build a house with affection, even as if your beloved were to dwell in that house.

It is to sow seeds with tenderness and reap the harvest with joy, even as if your beloved were to eat the fruit.

It is to charge all things you fashion with a breath of your own spirit,

And to know that all the blessed dead are standing about you and watching.

...

Work is love made visible.

Kahlil Gibran
is
Author
of
The Prophet

BILL CROFUT

by Chris Brubeck



Bill Crofut was a folk singer with a genius for making things happen. When faced with a terminal illness, he exhibited great courage in his determination to spend his last days making a final recording. Narrated by Meryl Streep and destined to benefit children's charities, it may be ordered by contacting Healing Environments.

I must tell you about Bill's last days. He wanted so very much to make sure that his last project, a CD to benefit children's charities, would be completed. Most of it was—some from a live BBC broadcast of our concert in England with Dawn, other tracks done while he still had a voice this fall. He pushed ahead and timed other recording sessions between his chemo and radiation so he could play banjo on a few more basic tracks.

When Bill was too weak to even play the banjo any more, he asked me to get the essential group of musicians together for a last recording session to complete the project. Chris Brown (friend and engineer for many CDs) set up his recording equipment in the Crofut's house; Susie and the rest of the family moved a bed into the living room. Surrounded by musicians and microphones, Bill had the extraordinary willpower to produce the session from his bed.

Julianne Baird came up from Philadelphia and sang with her daughter. Carver, Joel and I played. The look of delight on Bill's face was incredible. The sparkle emanating from his soul through his eyes lit up the room and was undiminished despite the frailty of his body. To inspire Bill Keith on banjo, Crofut had Susie show him Erica's fantastic illustrations of the children's song, "Table and Chair." Bill was in Hog Heaven as Bill Keith's additional super funky bluegrass banjo went on tape. Decades before, Crofut's musical journey started on the banjo, and it had come full circle as the last live instrument he was going to hear.

The missing songs had been recorded, and now icy rain was beginning to fall. Before Julianne drove back to Philly, Bill wanted her to hear how

the record was going to end. While at Abbey Road, we recorded an excerpt from Hansel and Gretel with the London Symphony Orchestra. Bill's vision was to have Paul Halley's children's choir perform the vocal back here in Connecticut.

He made it happen. And by good luck while up at Temagami, Bill brought along a DAT machine and recorded a beautiful little lullaby by David Grover. Originally there was no intention of this tape becoming part of this record, but it is a blessing we had it to work with. Joel and I added guitar and piano. Bill's vocal and interesting banjo arrangement were the heart of this touching song.

Soon you will share the incredibly moving experience we all had. It was like a scene from a beautiful but tragic movie, only somehow this was reality. Bill lying in bed, surrounded by his friends, listening to this gorgeous music. He was in such a peaceful state knowing that his vision was now fulfilled. Somehow Bill found the strength to see it through.



He told some of us in private as we were leaving that now that the record was complete he could die. It is surreal that Bill, who was highly suspicious of organized religion and most things mystical, pulled off a miraculous display of spiritual control. Susie told me the next day that Bill was in a very different headspace and was now ready to let go. Bill would certainly have had every right to be angry about what had happened to him. But he kept focusing on what a wonderful life he had been given. With the deepest sincerity, Bill told me how touched he was by the outpouring of letters from around the world, phone calls and visits, the opportunity to savor the unique relationship he had with every member of his family. I think a source of strength for Bill's final months was an ever increasing faith in humanity, reflected in the goodness and love that was constantly coming his way. This love was the fuel that enabled Bill to really transcend the negative of his situation. As much as I have admired Bill for all these years, how he managed the last weeks of his life inspires me to admire him even more. God, what a display of courage!

The world is a much better—and definitely more interesting—place because Bill Crofut gave so generously of his spirit. He will be sorely missed and long remembered. For those not lucky enough to have known Bill, his spirit will live on forever through his music.

RESPONSE TO THE POWER OF RITUAL

by Bob Grubbs

A friend gave me the most recent copy of your delightful newsletter. I was especially struck by the article on ritual. I agree with the power of ritual in our lives and the need for its restoration. But, I have a note of hope to add. Three years ago, I lost a 16-year-old son in a tragic accident. I was then, and continue to be, amazed by the behavior of his siblings and friends. They have developed and used their own rituals to deal with the loss of their brother and friend and have proved quite comfortable with this process. The site of the accident has been maintained as a mini-shrine since immediately after his death. Names and remembrances are spray-painted on the street at the site, and green ribbons, which were adopted as signs of hope for him and then themselves, adorn a telephone pole. The ribbons and paintings are regularly renewed. The area around his grave is regularly adorned with ribbons, athletic award medals, roses, notes, a wide array of tokens, etc. His grave is visited so often that we chose a bench instead of a traditional headstone. His friends come regularly, especially at night and sit and talk with and about him. Many of these young people are now away at college, but they continue to visit on a regular basis. I think the lesson here is that while we, the adults of this end of a millennium, may have lost our ability to ritualize, the generation we are raising has found it and made it theirs. If we do not see this, perhaps it is because we are blind to rituals that are outside our tradition or experience.



A COLLABORATION
WITH SPIRIT:

An Interview with Rina Swentzell

Fiind your way to the heart of the Santa Fe Indian Hospital and you will discover an unexpected haven: a loving collaboration of beauty, necessity and generosity of spirit that finds its expression in the lyrical space of a courtyard. Although I visit Santa Fe regularly, and have myself contributed to the busy traffic on Cerrillos Road, I have never noticed the modest structure sitting somewhat back from the road, and perhaps I never would have. But because of Rina Swentzell I negotiated my way past Norman, the security guard, down the labyrinthine hospital corridors to the quiet shade of the courtyard. And because of Rina Swentzell, her family and friends, this sanctuary was there.

When I met Rina, who is from Santa Clara Pueblo, to interview her on an afternoon in early summer, the fact that she was recovering from a broken leg did not seem to daunt her in the least. She not only put me at my ease with her warm greeting and gracious demeanor, but also apologized for not having swept the courtyard so that I could see it at its best, commenting as she maneuvered on her crutches that funds at the government-funded hospital were increasingly limited, especially for the facility's maintenance staff. And so our interview began with my questions about how this courtyard—its sheltering ramada (sunshade), pots of alyssum, violets and salvia, comfortable adobe bancos and life-affirming mural—had come to be.



Roxanne Swentzell

RS: I don't know if you saw photographs of this place before; it was just concrete, glass walls, and there was a trash can sitting right in the middle, and that was it. There was nothing, and this is at the center of the whole hospital—the heart—and it's empty, it's barren. And it wasn't until about a year and a

half ago that a Navajo friend of mine, Gloria, and I were standing in the hallway there. I'd been here for ten days and as I was pushing my IV around this courtyard I'd been thinking, *This is so sad, this is so depressing.* And as I stood with my friend we both thought....*This is so pathetic—Why must we come to a place like this?* Even though at another level we were very appreciative of the doctors and the nurses and the care we received here, we were *totally appreciative*, but we didn't feel we had to give ourselves to the sterility of the place....And so we started talking to people, and it was amazing. We held sessions in the waiting room, talking to patients that were here, and asking them what they thought should happen.



Rina Swentzell

As we began to talk, we found that nobody felt it [the courtyard] was an acceptable place the way it was. Most people wanted the whole thing covered over,...but Gloria and I did not want to cover this because we felt strongly we wanted the sunshine to come in here. This is the only place in the hospital where you can just come out to feel the wind, the breeze, the sun, to see the stars at night, watch the clouds go by, and that was what we were really seeing as part of the healing that was missing here....People may not think that this is about healing but it is.

We talked about what might make it feel like it was also an extension of the communities that it serves, and so we brought in what we could from the communities in terms of making this place feel comfortable: the adobe for the bancos; this ramada, which is a traditional structure used in the communities for storage of things drying—of food—up on top, as well as for shade. We talked to the communities for contributions and volunteers to work. All these posts were contributed by the Santa Clara Pueblo, and all the small vigas were contributed by a staff member. The pine is from trees up north—that's meaningful. And as we collected the materials, we began to wonder how we were going to get it done because there was no way the hospital was going to give any of its staff people or its maintenance people time to help us

with it. But as we were looking for people to help work on the place, we went next door to the Santa Fe Indian School and we were able to pull some manpower over here from those strong high-school students.



DA: What were people's reactions as the transformation took place?

RS: When the work actually began, I think it was really startling to the place; it was like an invasion of the place. An incredible energy—everybody was so excited. The Indian staff people would stand at the window. There were some doctors who came in with their hammers and they would help us lay adobes. But the main crew was really my family: my sister, all three of my daughters, their children, one son-in-law and my husband. They were the people that were ready to give their time, and they had the skills: skills to lay adobe, skills to do the carpentry—this is what we do. This was primarily a woman's project, by the way. Men were a part of it—like my husband and son-in-law—but in the real inner core it was my sister, myself—my three daughters and Phyllis Montgomery, the executive Director of the Santa Fe Forum. Phyllis was there from the start and supported the project in more ways than one, since she also administered the grants we received from the Institute of Noetic Sciences and the Fetzer Institute.

As patients in the hospital began to see what we were doing there was a real sense of excitement—that something really amazing was happening—and it was. It was one of those moments in your life when you feel, *Ah—if we could continue this, it would just be incredible.*

We were in the middle of mud and laying adobe in here when one little old Santo Domingo woman from the Pueblo down south pokes her head in at the door, great big smile on her face, and of course we had mud all over us, and there were kids everywhere....She pokes her head in at the door and I looked over at her and she says:

Oh...here we are. As if to say: *Finally, finally we had created a place where we had brought our energies.*

This has been a very important place for all of us. Children are born here, all treatments happen here, people die here, and so it becomes a very important place in our lives and in the lives of the communities. We meet people here from all over the place; it's not just health care going on, it's also a real active gathering place. And so that statement by that older woman saying, *Ah*, with real expression, *yeah, here we are*, was exactly what we were wanting for the place. **It was life happening.** It was not an empty and a sterile place anymore. All of a sudden it was infused with great energy. And the entire hospital staff kept saying that. The doctors and nurses who

worked here for years said there was such an infusion of energy into the place that it affected the way they wanted to do things. It affected the way they wanted to care for people.



DA: *I was thinking when I was sitting here yesterday that there was a sense of being pulled, especially by the mural, into life, not so much out of reality, because there's reality everywhere—this is a hospital—but I felt that the cycles represented there, the things that really matter, somehow made me feel connected to a larger story.*

RS: And the whole making of it was that. I got my daughter [Roxanne Swentzell] because nobody else in town would do a mural like that for practically nothing, as a contribution to the place. I knew whatever she would come up with would be exactly what we were wanting to say with the place, which was that healing is about life and life activities, and being a part of that cycle that goes on around us, of eating and cooking and weeding the garden or taking care of each other, and raising children. And the amazing thing is that though here we are from the Santa Clara Pueblo doing this whole thing, throughout the process, people from the other Pueblos, any of the Indian people, would just open the doors and come in and say: *I know who that person is; that's my aunt.* It was universal enough for all of the different pueblo communities to come in and say: *Now that's so and so—I know who that is....*



DA: *Could you tell me more about the border of the mural?*

RS: They are pottery symbols from the Mimbres people. They did beautiful black on white wares down in Southern New Mexico from 1050 to 1250 or so, and they're all pots taken from burial sites. The designs are just exquisite. We all identify with the designs from that time, and identify with the past, and that's why we decided to put them on the bottom of the mural there because it's as if life activities rest on our past. Those are all symbols of where we've been—a reminder of the beauty that comes out of our past. It's like they flow out of the ground creating the activity above it, allowing us to draw strength from their beauty.



DA: *If I were to describe you and your background, what would you want me to say about the perspective that you bring to your work on this project?*

RS: That's a hard one because I don't even know if there is a label. I don't

know how to begin to do it because for one thing, my big concern is really family, and that's why I was able to pull in the family in the way that I did. One of the things that I love about this place is that I can come here anytime of the day—any day of the week, and find people I know here. And be in connection with them and be able to talk to them. Not as an architect, or a whatever, but as a person. And I don't know that I want much more than that. When we label ourselves, it's really anti-healing, in the larger sense of the word, because then we stop the flow of our energies and there are only certain things that we can attend to—or think that we can attend to—things we can address. And I would like to be able to help Roxanne paint a mural when I feel like it. I'd like to be able to sweep the floor if it gets on my nerves enough, without feeling, *Oh, I shouldn't be doing this.* In the pueblos we've lost that sense of capability—or I think the world in general has right now. And I wanted us to gather back here again in a place that we consider as an extension of the communities, and be able to show that if we get together, of course we can do it. And we did, we did do it.... This feeling of capability has drained out of us to such an extent, and this facility to a great extent tends to drain the feeling of capability and energy out of people when you come and they take care of you and you're not a part of your own healing. You're not a part of realizing that you need the sun, you need the wind, you need people's energy to heal. That gets lost in such a sterile place. And in that sense this is a very small effort, a very personal effort to make a difference someplace...in a small corner of the world.



DA: *Is there anything that you might want to use this interview as a forum for in any way. Do you have anything that you would want me to say that hasn't come up?*

RS: Coming from a Pueblo world, as it were, the belief out there was always that if we give ourselves, if we give our energy, if we give our time and all—there is something that swirls and comes back to us to help us be better people. And that's also in terms of healing as well. Our healing is not just contained within the physical body. It's dependent on the energies that flow around us and then through us. And if we close ourselves off, it's almost like putting a wall around ourselves and we don't feel that we can participate in all the energies swirling around us. Then I think we don't heal. Then we do die. It was like this place when we first came to it—with nothing but concrete and glass—it was totally empty and dead. And all of a sudden there was a small swirling that started to happen. And it just started moving. And the

incredible thing that I experienced throughout this whole project was that it would do things by itself. That there really was a spirit that began to grow out of it, out of the energy that we gave to it. And that spirit then began to determine how things were going to be done. Almost by itself it would show us what to do next. So that after a while you began to feel, not that you were leading it, but that you were being led by it. And I think that gave me a lot of impetus for life. For my own life. It just made me trust that there is something greater than myself in the world.



DA: *When you say that, I know I deeply share your belief, but sometimes given the way of the world, I feel my own trust challenged. What do you do to sustain your trust in difficult times?*



Ramada Courtyard

RS: It's very much like this project; a feeling awakened in me that something needed to be done here. I have forty million other things I should be doing, but something here is going to be so important for other people. *Why should I think that I can do something that would make a difference here?* But of course we can—and how can we? It's because it is not *I can*, but *we can*. Because when it goes to the *we*—when I know that I can pull in my daughters, my sister and all the other people around me—then I know that it's possible. I can't do it by myself. And somehow if I remain in that *we* mode instead of the *I* mode, then there's always somebody in that *we* group that can help remind me of these things that I lose track of. And that energy includes those clouds and all. If you're open to it, there are always reminders. And it is a making of the way. There's an incredible amount of trust there that comes with saying *we* instead of *I*. **DA**



Design icons used are taken from those in the actual mural.

COMPASSION IN ACTION

To be nobody but yourself in a world which is doing its best to make you everybody else means to fight the hardest battle which any human being can fight and never stop fighting.

e.e. cummings

The following are excerpts from Ram Dass and Mirabai Bush's *Compassion in Action*. On many occasions in the last year I have carried this book with me—on airplanes, before speeches, and when I temporarily lost touch with hope.

I believe there is an infinite amount of inspiration in these pages. They shoot to the heart of the matter of how and why we should act with compassion. To find your way when dealing with illness, when trying to find your mission, when you find yourself having to stand up for something you believe in—these are the challenges that life offers us. Ram Dass and Mirabai Bush offer conversational contemplations and inspiration for compassionate action. I have included some excerpts because they have inspired me on so many occasions.

The path of action encourages us to respond from the deepest, most conscious, best informed and most intuitive place we know. We bring everything we have to this situation, and we act bravely—from the place in ourselves that we trust. We listen and ask questions and look for ways that not only relieve the immediate suffering but also go to the root of the problem. We get in touch with who we are inside, and we remember that everyone else is very much like us, longing for basic human needs, for a peaceful and nourishing life and for love.

We remember that we all share that great gift, the human heart, and we try to keep it open and act from it. And for action to be compassionate we need to eliminate the idea of object, we need to be here together doing exactly what needs to be done to relieve pain and suffering in the simplest way we can.

You are the architects and designers of social policy and change. We are each born with a gift or talent that can be applied to our families, our livelihoods and our life's mission. You are actively involved in this process called life. The time to act is now—in the present.

(Compassion in Action: Setting Out on the Path of Service, by Ram Dass and Mirabai Bush, Bell Tower, An imprint of Harmony Books, A division of Crown Publisher, Inc.)

Maitri

Living in an age where invention and science run speeds otherwise incomprehensible—it can be difficult to live purposefully in the present. I am an advocate of a program which has to live in the moment. It has little to do with invention and the quest for

millisecond fact-retrieving information. This example is MAITRI: Residential Care for those living with AIDS based in San Francisco.

Maitri, for those of you unacquainted, started with one man and his desire to help people dying with AIDS. In an effort to get them off the streets, he opened up the bedrooms of his Zen center in San Francisco. He honored individualism and spirit. Eleven years later, Maitri has served over two hundred men and women living with AIDS.

What makes this program a model? That's easy—compassionate care. Doing what needs to be done for each and every individual that comes to them. But more importantly the people that provide the services are what makes this program work. I am learning how to love and grieve through Maitri. The following are two examples of what have inspired me during my time there.



On Grieving

Once a month on a Tuesday afternoon there is an open invitation to join together for a memorial service to honor those who have passed away. It is a simple ceremony in Maitri's living room—candles are lit in the memory of each person. Poetry and songs are shared. And there is a beautiful moment when those attending are asked if they would like to say a few words about the person who has passed on. It is here that I trust in this process most—remembering the individual, being sad at not having him around, or even in remembering what a quirky personality he had. The room seems to light up with knowing smiles—yes, we have remembered who that person really was and how we cared for them regardless. At one of these ceremonies a volunteer added these words, "It was in sitting bedside with this resident, in the hours before he died, that I realized how closely joy and grief could come."



Dennis—the Art Resident

Some people find the right groove in their occupations or pastimes and go with it. I know one such person at Maitri. He came to us when our rooms were full and he got one of the coziest (small) rooms we had to offer. When he feels well, he extends his friendship and beautiful smile to every resident and staff member. He has become part of the vibe that is Maitri.

He started dabbling in paint shortly after he moved in. Since that time he has created large collages about faith and friendship as well as hosting an art show at a local coffee house with his own work.

When he has his bad days all of his charisma and joy are nowhere to be

seen. It makes me angry that the disease makes him feel so bad. I see him frozen to the bone and in great distress and suddenly those warm smiles and creative impulses seem so far away.

The inspiration in this man is the fact that when his health returns he gets back to work: poetry writing, painting in different styles and media, and taking care of other residents. Where does he find the strength? Why doesn't he just give up? I have seen him so angry and pained—yet he keeps coming back to us again and again. He exudes life and living in the moment. Illness has not stripped him of his identity. He gets back up and fights for his spirit.

There is a strong dedication to the founder and his mission. He honored individualism and spirit. Issan Dorsey passed away one year after he opened his Zen center's door—his legacy lives on. How amazing—to think that one act could trigger such a response. **TTP**



A SACRED MUSICAL MODEL

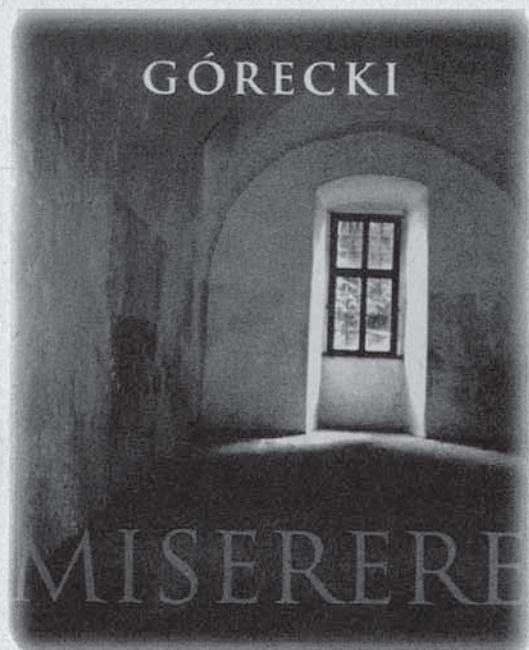
Let the new century be heralded in through music. Let music become an instrument for coping with life when it is not easy.

Some classical composers seem to show a responsive sensitivity to our increasingly stressful lifestyles.

In 1981, Poland faced a national crisis about peaceful sit-in demonstrations.

The contemporary Estonian composer Henryk Górecki responded with *Miserere*, a sacred work for unaccompanied choir.

I enjoy meditating at dusk with Górecki's music. There is a kind of dignified and serious formality about it



that I love. It sends an emotional sensation through me that brings me closer to what Alan Watts called "it," a sense of knowing that I am at one with all living things. **SS**

Henryk Górecki:
Miserere,
Chicago Symphony Chorus,
John Nelson, Conductor.
Electra/Nonesuch Records

MODELS

by David Campbell

In Silicon Valley, where young millionaires are made daily, it has been recently noted with irony that the rate of charitable giving is significantly low.

While Silicon Valley commerce, ingenuity, intelligence, vision, commitment and prosperity are all truly astounding, it was interesting to learn recently from a Rabbi that in Hebrew the word for charity (tzedahkah) also denotes righteousness. Built into the structure of the language seems to be the recognition that one's spiritual welfare or religiosity is determined partially by how one relates to those who stand in need. Perhaps also there is a recognition that while all are born and abled differently—relatively blessed and/or challenged—there is a universal opportunity to live in more equitable ways which might render charity, as we have come to know it, with a new face.

This discrepancy between what could be and what is has inspired Kate and I to host a series of evenings on the nature and future of philanthropy. We have enjoyed an ongoing conversation about how we might promote the development of new models for social change as we approach the millennium. Perhaps we could think of this as a time to reconsider our fundamental relationships to community and society; a time to reconsider obligations and opportunities for service, and to continue living these questions into their unique, individual, and dimensional answers.

We believe in abundance—abundance in spirit, abundance in the material world and perhaps, most importantly, abundance in community. We invite you to share with us your ideas and experience as we continue to discuss models for the millennium and as we work together in community towards a brighter future.



IT'S A GAME.

For certain, each of us will go through many transitions during our lifetimes. Many will be unpredictable. Some good luck and some not so good luck will force us to make changes and alter our lives in some way. It's the game of life that we are playing.

I believe that those of us who know it's a game, and treat it as such, are happier people than those who look upon life as a heavy and serious burden.

Serious, did I say serious? Of course it's serious. Only serious and difficult games are fun. In fact, the more challenging, the more emotionally rewarding it is.

I have a close friend who is disabled and who plays the game of life very well. It would be easy for her to fall into a depressed state and feel sorry for herself. Instead, she is mostly in good spirits and wins over anyone she meets. I have learned a great deal from her.

Recently, I heard a Joseph Campbell lecture on audiotape that illustrates this game idea impressively:

There's a curious and extremely interesting term that is given to things by a certain aspect of the Japanese language.

There's a kind of very polite discourse which is known as "play language" (asobu-katoba) where one instead of saying "I see you have come to Tokyo," says, "I see that you are playing at being in Tokyo." The idea is that people do what they do voluntarily as one end of the game, life is a

game. Every life's challenges can be eased with the concept of *amor fati*—the love (acceptance) of one's fate. To embrace one's destiny and work with it positively, rather than expending one's energy in fighting the inevitable.

Joseph Campbell submits: *This is a glorious approach at life, that what has to be done you do with such a will, that you play at it. This is what Nietzsche called, "the love of life."* **SS**



CREATIVE FUN

As an artist, I want to relish every hour, every moment of the creative experience. It's not work, it's play. It's fun. The day I consider that what I do is work is the day I will give it up.

In fact, the times that I am away from my "funstuff" are the very times that are likely to be depressing.

Here are the steps I take when involving myself in a creative project:

1. I try and learn as much as I possibly can about the subject I will be working with.
2. Then, I forget about it.
3. Blank paper is scary stuff, so I get my feet wet by scribbling on it immediately.
4. The more I scribble, the deeper I go into relaxation. Sometimes, I draw or write for hours. A lot of it doesn't make any sense, but I know there are ideas buried deep in this sea of nonsense.
5. Guess what? Eureka! I strike gold. Ideas are born! I can feel the exhilaration. The spirit is satisfied. I am happy. I am winning at the great game.
6. The game continues. Manipulation. Experimentation. The hand becomes magical as though a mysterious force was guiding it.
7. Production. The idea takes shape. Reality emerges as form becomes visible.
8. Start a new project. Another game begins. **SS**



HELP US CREATE A NEW MODEL

We have had wonderful words from many of you. Among you there is a wealth of wisdom and experience, creativity and caring. Share with us. For our last issue of the millennium we would like to showcase your thoughts and feelings on life and death, love and loss, bereavement, ritual, prayer, meditation, intention, grace, gratitude, forgiveness, transformation, models for the millennium—anything and

everything of great significance to you. Send us your poetry, your photographs, your hopes and your dreams.

We cannot promise to include them all, and we may need to edit some, but we would love to be an instrument of community and connection.

Let us know if we may publish your name and town. Please do not send photographs or artwork which you need returned. If the response is sufficient, we may carry this feature on into the next millennium.

Bless you and thank you for sharing who you are.

Kate

TOGETHER
WE
WILL
COMFORT
THE
SUFFERING

OUR MISSION

Our mission is to aid the current movement toward holistic medicine—toward treating the whole patient (mind, body, spirit) and encouraging hospitals, hospices and individuals to nourish patients, families and caregivers with healing environments. What is a healing environment? We believe a healing environment is one that offers sustenance to the soul and gives meaning to experience. It is one that enables those who are suffering to transcend their pain by connecting to the universal through the transformative power of beauty and art, and that gives comfort through this connection.

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