

PATRICK
BY KATE STRASBURG

IT WAS A weekend in early December. Snow had not yet begun to fall in New Hampshire. Crowds gathered on the streets of Portsmouth for the annual Christmas parade, blissfully unaware that they were soon to witness a tragedy. Nine year old Patrick climbed on his Boy Scout float and sat down above the rear wheel, his feet dangling. Patrick's father and little brother joined him for a time, but his father left soon to meet his mother in the crowd. Suddenly the heavy float turned a sharp corner and Patrick's pant leg was somehow caught and the little boy was dragged under the wheel. The driver of the rig didn't hear the shouts to stop. Because of the crowds and barricaded streets, the ambulance took twenty minutes to arrive. Patrick died at Portsmouth Hospital without his parents at his side.

Love is Forever had just come off the press. While compiling the Children's Issue, we had the idea of including a small children's book to help parents and children deal with loss. When I heard of the tragedy I phoned to have two hundred copies shipped overnight. Patrick was my grandson's age – tall, slender and sweet, just like my Kyle. I was overcome with sadness for his parents and despair at the unfairness of it all. I went to his funeral and could not stop sobbing at the thought that God had taken him to heaven because he was so perfect. But the priest said that God gives life; he does not take it away. I continued to cry for days, so distraught at the frailty of life.

But a wonderful thing happened at the funeral home. I had gone there to deliver the little books for the wake. As I was leaving, once again I started to cry and suddenly I hear a small voice singing the first line of a love song from the thirties: "Heaven, I'm in heaven..." Vinny, the florist shared an equally mystical experience with me. He said when he reached over the open casket to place the flowers for the wake, he glanced down at the boy's face and saw to his amazement that it was absolutely radiant with peace and joy. He said in all his years of flowers for funerals he had never seen anything like it.

Sister Nina told me that the long line of visitors passed the little books out into the streets where they were read, bringing fresh tears of healing. Since little Patrick's funeral, hundreds of our first tiny books have brought comfort to those with unspeakable loss—reminding them that the love they have been given can never be taken away, that they will never be alone. That love is stronger than everything, stronger than death.



My friend Sam gave me a few copies of Love is Forever. I gave it to some relatives that were grieving over the loss of a young son in a car accident. It helped ease the pain. The feedback was amazing, everyone wanted to know where I got it. I would like to purchase 25 of these to give out to friends and family. I could give a check to Sam or send it directly to you. Thank you for this wonderful book.

John



THE GIFT OF GIVING
BY KATE STRASBURG

A FEW DAYS after four police officers were brutally killed in a shoot out in Oakland, Judy, owner of Emily Joubert, a Woodside florist and boutique, called me with a question. She had been horribly shaken by the incident and the thought of four young families left fatherless. One line from a tiny book of healing kept coming to her: “You can comfort yourself by giving to others.”

Did I think it was a good idea for her shop to host a fund-raising sale of donated goods for the orphaned children and their mothers? Of course, I said. We sent four complete sets of our tiny books of healing, as well as a select group for the four families. Soon after, I heard they had successfully raised twenty thousand dollars—five for each of the four young families. Judy was comforted by being able to reach out and help.



*the gift
of giving*

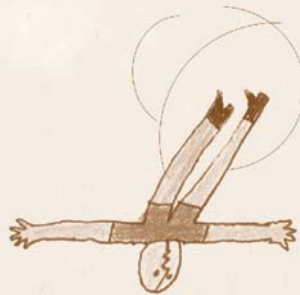
*We all know
giving is better
than receiving*



But did you know
giving is the greatest
gift you can give
yourself?



When your life
spins out of control



*You can comfort
yourself by
giving to others*



*When Mary was told
her baby daughter had cancer
she crocheted blankets
for other sick babies*



*Crocheting brought
her comfort*



*When they told
Peter he wouldn't
live for long*



he started caring
for orphans
with AIDS in
Africa



Last Christmas
he sent 1,000 toys
to Africa with his
toy drive



Peter is still
alive and
thriving



As Sister
Corita Kent said:
When life sends
you lemons
make lemonade!



(and give it away)

DEATH IS NOT THE ULTIMATE TRAGEDY IN LIFE.

THE ULTIMATE TRAGEDY IS DEPERSONALIZATION —

DYING IN AN ALIEN AND STERILE AREA SEPARATED FROM

THE SPIRITUAL NOURISHMENT THAT COMES FROM BEING

ABLE TO REACH OUT TO A LOVING HAND, SEPARATED

FROM A DESIRE TO EXPERIENCE THE THINGS THAT MAKE LIFE

WORTH LIVING, SEPARATED FROM HOPE.

NORMAN COUSINS

ANATOMY OF AN ILLNESS

A SHOOTING STAR
BY TRACI TERAOKA



SHOOTING star?

Our destined trajectory was not to have Healing Environments live beyond Kate and myself. Can I take that back now? Now I can — thanks to that fabulous information-filled place in cyberspace and our blessed archive of *A Light in the Mist*.

Every page of our publications have been put online so you can browse, read, order, contact and donate — basically find solace and comfort at any hour with dedication to beauty and design. That is a wonder.

I have written many times about my struggles with racial identity and defining a sense of myself. Another similar struggle lies within the questions often aimed at students: “Where are you going to college?” and “What do you want to do for a living?” “I see myself doing something of meaning — I will build a base for myself with the education, jobs and experience that I collect over time and hopefully that will fuel the meaningful work that I become involved with.” Little did I know how true that would be.

Healing Environments was incorporated in November 1994. We created this small nonprofit with a quest: “We believe in this with heart and soul. Can we make a difference? Let’s start by creating a model.”

I have had the great honor of working with Kate Strasburg to make meaningful environments for the seriously ill. Kate is one in a million. A gem. Why? Because she has a profound relationship with suffering and beauty. Her concern for using creativity to manifest meaning and comfort is a real objective that she has realized time and time again. It is a selfless act.

Over the years we have worked with graphic designer Sam Smidt to create everything from our business cards to all the pages of our fifty publications of *A Light in the Mist*. When we first encountered Sam he toured our Healing

Environments space and said, “I get it. It’s about transformation.” Kate and I were a bit dumbstruck and nodded in agreement. Instead of having to defend the idea we found a kindred spirit in Sam. He has remained devoted to creating and shaping our publications. He works tirelessly — creativity and our mission being his fuel. Our regular Wednesday morning meetings are opportunities to present new layouts and final versions before they head off to blue line and the printer.

I believe this work is prolific. The rate at which Healing Environments organically grew — to the point that the mailing list was a hearty 12,000 strong.

I have been able to bear witness to countless stories from our readers — unbelievable stories of suffering, serendipity and transformation. Thank you for allowing me into this space of healing.

What have we learned thus far?

We are the students. The patient and caregiver are the teachers. I remember Kate and I dashing to a meeting at Stanford Hospital to meet with the Art and Healing Department. We arrived in “business mind,” briefcase in hand. When we entered the meeting room we bounded into the first moments of a cancer and art program. “Want to draw?” they asked. “O.K.” we said. We put our briefcases down and we liberally drew on paper instead. Great lesson. Sometimes it is better to drop the briefcase and be willing to change your perspective.

Did we accomplish our goals? Yes. Yes. Yes. Defying common sense with heartfelt intention. If we had listened to the skeptics we wouldn’t have tried this project at all. It’s true. “Why?” “What’s the point?” “Show me your business model to make sense of this.” Well... thankfully we turned to each other instead and decided we knew why and we had work to do to make it happen. My lesson: If you have an idea that you love — be careful from whom you seek approval. Not everyone will support your idea or your abilities. Know who your allies are when protecting a vision.

I look back to our original goals, broadcast in the early newsletters, *A Light in the Mist*. We felt there was so much that needed to happen. As it turns out — a lot did happen. Life and yet more life rushed in influencing the direction and theme of every project that we became involved with. In trying to create the timeline we wanted to recognize the many events, personal and global, that reminded us how vulnerable we all are to suffering as well as joy. We realized the newsletter could

evolve and be experiential — a healing tool in itself, a resource, an offering. One of the most profound lessons I have learned in this work is that without the people who care and who are committed there is no health care. It is to those crusaders, warriors and healers that I dedicate my work. You know who you are. I have been astounded by the strength and tenacity of the people who make good things happen. They work on every level of the system. Thank you to those people and families that find the courage to Show up and Love despite the overwhelming suffering. What a tremendous difference it makes to heal the world one person at a time.

I am so grateful for this opportunity to make a difference in the lives of others. Thank you for this experience and allowing me to share with you.

Blessings today and everyday.

COMFORT, MEANING AND ART



COMFORT, MEANING AND ART

Design and healthcare. Keep it simple. I hate the moments you encounter when big politics and budgets hold down every decision in a project. Great projects suffocate under the tug of war between bureaucracy and creativity. While visiting Kate back East I had the pleasure of seeing a lovely hospital in York, Maine.

Beginning in the parking lot and moving to all corners of the hospital there was a tangible relationship between care and design. The volunteer showing us the hospital remarked that they are very fortunate to have some well-heeled donors in their community. I disagree. I think to myself, “There was a willingness to let good things happen and let the priority be creating a healing environment.” I don’t think that has anything to do with money. It has everything to do with the mandate to create a patient-focused healthcare setting.

Thank you to Stephen Verderber for inviting me to participate in an International Healthcare Architecture Conference panel about creating healing environments. The setting was the University Medical Center at Groningen in the Netherlands. It is a fantastic example of patient centered design. “Each outpatient clinic has its own image and unique identity. The building itself does not dominate or overwhelm, but instead empowers the patients who visit it and the people who work there. It is sometimes called “a city inside a city.” because of the architecture, with covered streets that lead to the nursing units and outpatient clinics. This philosophy has led to a hospital that is unique in Europe.” Indeed, there is a sense of place within the main areas — with vast choices for dining, shopping and taking care of business such as a bank, postal office, hairdresser, libraries and a market.

I have seen many healthcare settings that cry out in despair while being surrounded by money. There is a larger problem. A problem that needs to be addressed and talked about until there are more models of care. Take the models that exist and teach others how to do the same. Share. Talk. Make more models.

Flexibility. Times change. Let us have hope in the next wave of advances.



DIGNITY BY DESIGN
BY TRACI TERAOKA

T

HE FIRST TIME I encountered the San Francisco AIDS foundation client service space I was struck by the expansive space — filled with a wall of light. The space had a huge presence — towering over the staff and clients. Unfortunately, it dwarfed the people inside and often felt uncomfortably hot with the large arch-shaped glass windows and 20' tall vertical blinds.

They asked Healing Environments to change the environment to see if it would affect the overall morale of their clients and staff. The goal was to create a sanctuary for the clients. Lance Henderson, former development director called Healing Environments after seeing Maitri — a residential hospice facility in San Francisco — in the fall of 1999.

I remember driving downtown to the 6th Street corridor called the Tenderloin — filled with the homeless and drug addicted. The streets seemed dirty and the people forgotten. Once inside the building — you were safe for a short while. I thought it was interesting that the first piece of artwork that you encountered was a large, grainy black and white print of a one-way street sign pointing towards a wall.

The program and services that they offered could drastically change a person's life. Yet there were so many obstacles to overcome and navigate just to get to that door. We wanted to carve a pathway that would guide and support the clients toward the staff and programs. While waiting for their appointments we wanted to surround them with restful groupings of furniture and information. Our approach? We used warm colors and framed textiles from different countries. We added some large wood furniture pieces to alter the sense of proportion of man and woman to their space. We used tall plants (really good fakes) in glazed containers and changed the location of any large black and white prints that

contributed to the “dwarfing of the client.” We framed all of the program offerings, brochures and community resources within a line of bookcases which became an elegant display of paper and information. Even the hallways and the consultation rooms were included in the make-over.

We hit a bump in our process — we wanted to add a library table to the program area. Admittedly, it was beautiful. The table created momentary concern for some of the staff. What if the clients vandalized or mistreated the table? Imagine piles of gum stuck to the gorgeous underside. Somebody’s name carved into the top? Kate and I explained that for us the risk was worth it and if it caused such problems we would assume all responsibility and replace it. So, the library table came in. And stayed.

The effect on the clients was transformative. They treated the space with appreciation and respect. We had given them beauty. And that beauty had given them dignity, respect, and above all, hope.

A NEW MEDICAL MODEL

BY KATE STRASBURG AND TRACI TERAOKA

San Francisco Medicine

November, 2008, Vol. 81, No. 9.

A FEW YEARS AGO, we were asked to address a conference of forty Midwestern hospitals in St. Louis on the importance of healing environments. Forty hospital CEOs sat in skeptical silence, waiting to be convinced that we were about more than pretty pastels. We pulled out our favorite statistic from *The Wall Street Journal* (Dec. 3, 2002). The Barbara Ann Karmanos Cancer Institute in Detroit, Michigan, found that after their transformation into a healing environment, patients gave themselves 45% less self-administered pain medication in the refurbished facility. Out in the audience one of the hospital CEOs took out his checkbook and wrote out a twenty thousand dollar check to his staff to begin the healing environment process.

But what, you ask, exactly IS a healing environment? We believe a healing environment is one that speaks to the depth of the patient experience—one which enables patients to transcend their suffering by surrounding them with beauty and meaning, placing them in a larger, supportive context. If this concept seems lofty and esoteric, let us share with you an article we read long ago in *The Journal of Holistic Nursing* (March 2001). The article was entitled “Strengthening Transcendent Meaning.” Its thesis was that in order to reduce patient suffering, nurses were to aid their patients in their search for transcendent meaning. It is precisely this which we attempt to do with our healthcare design.



Modern medicine does a very good job of treating the body, but, as my dying mother-in-law told her attending resident at a prestigious teaching hospital, “Young man! I’m more than a piece of meat!” A great deal of needless suffering occurs because we treat the patient’s body without sufficient regard for his or her spirit.

There is abundant anecdotal evidence that healing environments relieve suffering. Last week an oncology nurse called to thank us for a family lounge adjacent to a palliative care room. A young mother in her thirties, with two small children, had spent her last week in the palliative care room, with her family in attendance. The family asked who had decorated the lounge, adding that it had been of enormous comfort to them and made it possible for them to be emotionally present for their dying loved one. Another grateful family donated a Bose sound system to a palliative care room. A third proposed a donation of \$30,000 to create more healing environments in the hospital.

What does such a room look like, you ask, and how does it provide such comfort? It is not just a matter of soothing colors and comfortable furniture, although both of these are important. Beauty alone can comfort, but meaning coupled with beauty can enable both patients and their families to transcend their suffering by connecting to a larger reality. The art in this small room included an inspiring



poem about death by Tagore, the Shakespeare of India, as well as a lovely woodcut with Emily Dickinson's poem about hope.

The average hospital is antiseptic, not only physically, but also emotionally.



Modern medicine is organized to heal the body, with little regard for the spirit. In fairness to hospitals, financial and time constraints often place questions of design at the bottom of beleaguered budgets. But as The Barbara Ann Karmanos Cancer Institute statistic attests, hospitals would do well to raise the importance of design.

Fortunately, there has been a shift in recent years from grey hospital walls to pretty pastels—from cold, sterile institutional environments to warm, homelike healthcare settings. But we have a long way to go before we adequately address the deepest needs of the patient's spirit. In ancient Greek thought, Kosmos was the word for the universe which encompassed mind, body and spirit. There was no concept of the compartmentalization which exists today. Perhaps much of our suffering stems from our attempt to separate one from the other, when in reality no such separation exists. Modern psychoneuroimmunology teaches us that emotions are not, as previously thought, entirely localized in the brain, but rather spread throughout the body at the molecular level. This is the physiology of mind-body medicine.



Willis Harman, former futurist of the Stanford Research Institute in Menlo Park, California, long ago gave a speech which is forever engraved upon our brains. In it, he explained that science, before Descartes, believed in the unity of all matter. Descartes, by introducing modern scientific method with its concept of independent variables, deconstructed this vision of reality. Now, thanks to theoretical physics, we are beginning to reconstruct reality to be the complex, energetically interconnected and interdependent phenomenon it is. (Theoretical physics has established, for example, that instead of three dimensions, the universe contains at least ten).

For a healing environment to be all that it can be, we need to be cognizant of this complex interdependence. We need to rely upon both intuition and intention, as well as evidence-based design. Those of you who have either been hospitalized yourselves or lost a loved one in a hospital setting will need no convincing. What is needed is a new medical model which acknowledges, as Dr. Rachel Naomi Remen emphatically states, that there may be healing without curing. That there may even be such a thing as a healing death.



We are often asked if our design relies upon the Chinese art of feng shui. It does not, but it does rest on the concept of energy. We firmly believe that patients and their families and caregivers can sense when a room has been designed with the intention of relieving suffering. And this realization brings comfort.

Let us give you a few more examples of how our philosophy extends beyond standard healthcare design.

The meditation room of a New England hospital had been exquisitely and expensively designed, with linen upholstered walls, indirect lighting and stone paneling. All the beautiful, bare bones were in place. But the room remained largely unused, except for the occasional consult. It was the addition of plants, a fountain, nature photographs, the Tagore poem, soothing music and a lit bookcase filled with art objects and comforting reading materials which brought it to life. These caring details made tangible the intention to heal.



The hospital chaplain shared with us that immediately after the completion of the installation, a nurse who had just lost a beloved patient spent a long time in the room, recovering. She also noted that many staff members began making a practice of both beginning and ending their day by checking into the room for a few minutes. One staff member shared that daily visits to the room enabled her to deal with her husband's suicide.

Which brings us to another point. We are not only designing for the patient population and their families. The professional staff require just as desperately to have their needs addressed. Patients, families, and professional staff form an interdependent triumvirate, each affecting the other. We cannot expect our doctors and nurses to continue to provide compassionate care if their own spirits are not being renewed.



Another meditation room in a hospice contained a large and exquisite stained glass window, yet the room had remained virtually unused for eight years except for staff meetings. Once again, after adding beautiful landscape photographs coupled with such words as compassion, comfort, and hope, a beautifully carved wooden chest, poetry, lovely plants, a comfortable couch and meaning-filled bookcase, we considered the room complete. That very night a dying father lay on the the sofa, his small daughter cradled in his arms. The room held them with healing intention.

The head of ICU in a community hospital found the response to the adjacent, redesigned meditation room so positive, that he asked if we could bring some of that energy into his intensive care unit. In response, we framed a meditation for his patients and their loved ones which read (frieze-size, so as to be easily visible from the beds): “May you be free from pain. May you be free from suffering. May your heart be at peace.”

Staff and patients alike can sense when their emotional needs are being addressed. The daughter of a dying patient in a healing palliative care room said gratefully, “This room is so beautiful, it reminds me of the sea.” Framed nautilus shells and a soft blue color palette brought the ethereal comfort of nature to a sterile room.

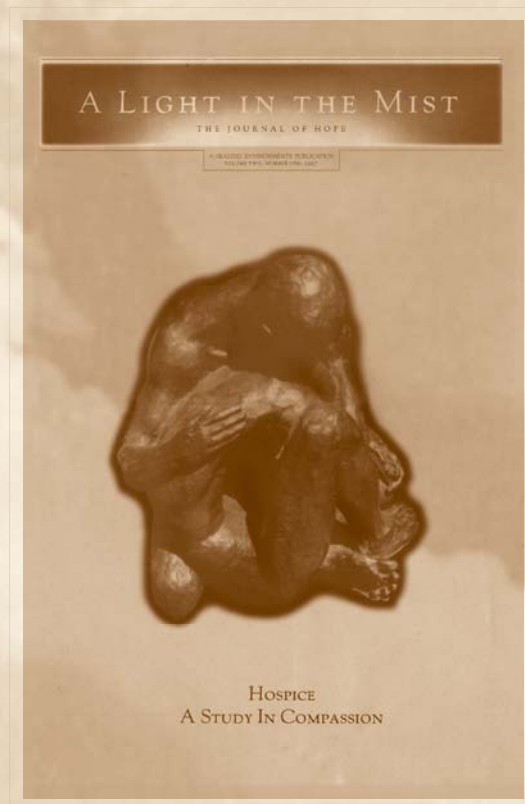
In conclusion, we ask you in the medical profession to get in touch with the core of suffering—which lies as much in the spirit as in the body. We ask you to seek to soothe that suffering by bringing the exterior environment into alignment with the innermost needs of the patient. We ask you to help us comfort the suffering by creating healing environments. Help us design with the intention to heal. Help us create rooms which heal bodies, minds and spirits. Help us create rooms where souls can rest in peace. Together let us comfort the suffering.

COMPASSION

After we created our design showcase in Palo Alto and began to publish *A Light in the Mist*, one day Traci said, “But I want to create an actual healing environment for the dying.”

She volunteered for the design committee of Maitri, a San Francisco residential facility for people living with AIDs. Traci ended up designing and furnishing the fourteen bed hospice, which is regarded as one of the most healing in the country.

Our issue on Compassion chronicled its inspiration and creation. Traci went on to serve Maitri for ten years on its board.



TEXT FROM COVER →
HOSPICE
A STUDY IN COMPASSION

A LIGHT IN THE MIST

THE JOURNAL OF HOPE

A HEALING ENVIRONMENTS PUBLICATION
VOLUME TWO, NUMBER ONE, 1997



HOSPICE
A STUDY IN COMPASSION

ON THE NATURE OF COMPASSION
BY KATE STRASBURG

“ I AM SORRY to have to hurt you,” the doctor said. My eyes welled up with tears. Not because of the pain. Because of the compassion. In ten years of intrusive tests for my condition, no one had ever acknowledged my pain.

All of the world’s great spiritual traditions stress the importance of compassion. From the Latin *cum passio* — meaning “with suffering” — compassion is the gift of “being with one who is suffering.” For nothing increases another’s suffering more than a sense of isolation, a sense of being alone with one’s pain.

What is the path to compassion?

First and foremost, in order to feel compassion for others, we must feel compassion for ourselves. To connect with the pain of others, we must have connected with our own pain. In order to do so, one must let go of fear and also of judgement. For compassion and judgement cannot go hand in hand.

Secondly, and this is extremely difficult in Western society, we must let go of the need to “fix” things. One of the greatest barriers to a sense of compassion is Western arrogance. A hard lesson of the AIDS epidemic has been that for the first time in recent history, Western medicine has been faced with human suffering on an overwhelming scale. Suffering for which there is no cure. Suffering which we cannot “fix.” Americans have been forced to confront their fear of death, their denial of death, their tendency to see death as defeat.

We have been forced to discover a new reality — the reality of transcendence. The reality that one can be “healed” without being “cured.” The reality that quality of life may be more important than quantity. The mystery that tragedy may beget epiphany, and that a spiritual awakening may be born from an epic epidemic.

But how can one rest in the face of death, day after day, without being numbed by the pain? We secular Americans have tended to stress self-reliance and stoicism. These will not serve us for the long haul. Those of us who do not have spiritual traditions will have to learn to look deep within. We will need to draw on our higher selves, on the universe if not on a deity, to renew ourselves in our commitment to compassion. We will need to explore tools of renewal, such as meditation, to be refreshed and reborn daily. For as a Japanese sage once said: "A clear wind can blow ten thousand miles."

So then, let us create a circle of compassion. For ourselves. For our loved ones. For all those struggling with life-threatening illness. For their caregivers. For their medical personnel. Let us, like Maitri, form a community of compassion. Let no one suffer alone.

Source: Compassion Issue



dignified, beautiful, peaceful place to live and die.

I've been friends with Traci all these years and she and Healing Environments have helped on a number of small scale projects at the Comprehensive Cancer Center at Alta Bates where I now work. And just like with Maitri, each project – a nurses' break room, a “quiet” room for patients away from the intensity of the infusion clinic – has brought that familiar touch of beauty and grace. Stepping into a Healing Environments designed space is an oasis in the center of the storm. And for all of us working in health care environments or accessing them as patients, we know there are too few oases. And when we find ourselves in one, in the middle of a busy hospital or clinic or hospice, we can relax and breathe and be comforted.

-Rev. Maura Singer Williams, MA

Spiritual Care Coordinator

Alta Bates Summit Comprehensive Cancer Center, Berkeley, CA



BEAUTY AND PEACE AT LIFE'S END
BY MAURA SINGER WILLIAMS

IT WAS 1996. I was the Program Director at Maitri AIDS Hospice, and after so many years in the cozy, homey, cramped, elevator-less, magical, 8-bed Victorian houses that had been our home for so many years, we were moving to a brand new, ADA compliant, 15-bed facility on Duboce Ave. Among the thousands of details surrounding the construction and the move, one that weighed heavily on my heart was how we were going to re-create the sweet, homey, peaceful atmosphere of our beloved Victorians. We had no money in the budget to pay a designer and when the pro-bono firm showed us the fabric and furniture samples and first drafts of the interior, there was a distinct nursing home flavor, and a deflated sigh of resignation from Maitri staff. Maybe our new facility would have to look like a nursing home.

I can't remember how I first found Traci and Healing Environments. A dream, a vision, an angel whispering in my ear? But the day Traci swooped down from the heavens and into my life and the life of Maitri was exalted. It really felt like we had been saved... from mediocrity, from drabness, from depressing conformist design.

It was a dream come true. I remember shopping with Traci for one-of-a-kind antique armoires for each of the rooms, seeing the design develop into something that was definitely functional, but oh so beautiful and creative and even exquisite. Like the entry wall of the stairs leading up to the 2nd floor of Maitri. Traci found a Chinese brush painter to create the most beautiful, gentle, wispy mural so that as you were walking into the facility, it felt like being carried by the wind up and up until you were welcomed by the deep earthy browns and reds of the altar to Issan Dorsey, Maitri's founder. And then further welcomed into the plush inviting living room that felt even better to be in than most people's houses. And that was just the beginning. You can see for yourself if you go there (www.maitrisf.org). Still going strong and as beautiful as ever and still gracing residents' lives with a





MAITRI ENTRANCE HALL.



“Goddess,” by MAYUMI ODA GREETs ALL WHO COME TO MAITRI AND
ACKNOWLEDGES THOSE PEOPLE WHO HAVE RECENTLY PASSED.



MORE THAN THE SUM OF ITS PARTS.



TRACI SEATED WITH TWO MAITRI BOARD MEMBERS,
JOE TORRES AND WILLIAM DEVROUGH '99.



MAITRI GARDEN —
“MAY WE ALL HAVE THE LIGHT,
THE WAY OUT OF SUFFERING,
THE WAY HOME.”



INSCRIPTION NEXT TO FOUNTAIN IN THE MAITRI GARDEN.

HOME

Everyone who visited our Palo Alto design showcase had the same question. How can we incorporate the concept of healing environments in our homes?

Traci and I decided to create a model “healing home” in a small house in Palo Alto and offer tours to help our readers.

The Home Issue documented the principles we discovered in creating a personal haven.

TEXT FROM COVER →
NOTHING IS MORE INTIMATE
THAN HOME AND THEREFORE
NOTHING IS MORE PROPER
TO THE SOUL.
-THOMAS MOORE

