

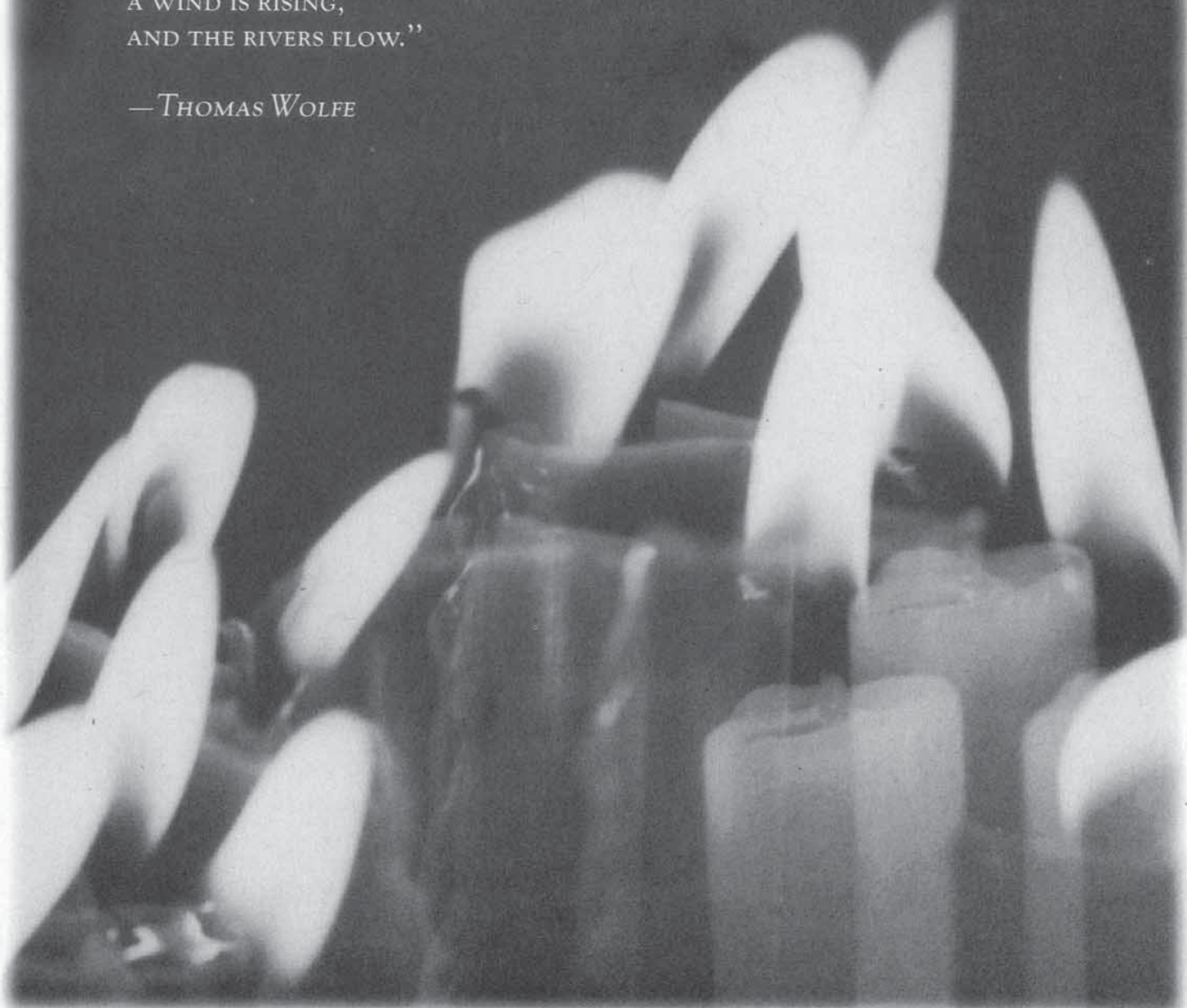
# A LIGHT IN THE MIST

THE JOURNAL OF HOPE

A HEALING ENVIRONMENTS PUBLICATION  
VOLUME TWO, NUMBER TWO, 1997

SOMETHING HAS  
SPOKEN TO ME IN THE NIGHT,  
BURNING THE TAPERS OF  
THE WANING YEAR;  
SOMETHING HAS  
SPOKEN IN THE NIGHT,  
AND TOLD ME I SHALL DIE,  
I KNOW NOT WHERE.  
SAYING:  
"TO LOSE THE EARTH YOU KNOW,  
FOR GREATER KNOWING;  
TO LOSE THE LIFE YOU HAVE,  
FOR GREATER LIFE;  
TO LEAVE THE FRIENDS YOU LOVED,  
FOR GREATER LOVING;  
TO FIND A LAND MORE KIND THAN HOME,  
MORE LARGE THAN EARTH —  
"— WHEREON THE PILLARS OF THIS  
EARTH ARE FOUNDED,  
TOWARD WHICH THE CONSCIENCE  
OF THE WORLD IS TENDING —  
A WIND IS RISING,  
AND THE RIVERS FLOW."

—THOMAS WOLFE





WE  
THANK YOU  
ALL  
FOR SHARING  
SO DEEPLY  
WHO YOU ARE.

MAY YOUR LIFE  
BE FILLED WITH  
HEALING VOICES  
IN 1998.



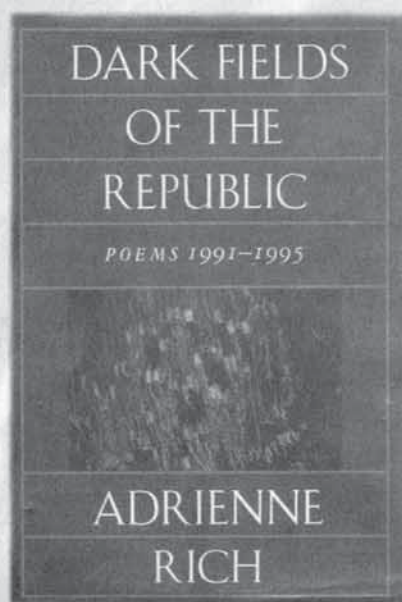
KATE, TRACI,  
DOREE AND SAM

POEMS RECALLED  
FROM SILENCE

"Before men read, the ear and the tongue were subtle, and delighted one another with the tunes that were in words." W.B. Yeats

As the poet W.B. Yeats knew as well as anyone, there is no better place to find a tuneful word than in a poem,

but, then, he knew of course how to listen and to hear these melodies. In recent years, the popularity of audio-recordings and of bookstore-sponsored poetry readings has burgeoned, and so, too, has our opportunity to find our own way back to the music of the spoken word.



The contemporary poet Adrienne Rich has given us one such invitation in her 1995 collection of poetry, *Dark Fields of the Republic*, which was first published by W.W. Norton with a cassette of her audiorecorded reading of the book's poems. This combination of oral recitation and printed verse gives us a chance to explore the relationship between the written and spoken character of language—between artifact and expression.

In an article Adrienne Rich wrote last year for *The Nation* about her experience editing Scribner's 1996 volume of *The Best American Poetry*, she tries to describe what she was looking for in her selection:

*I was listening, in all those pages and orderings of words, for music, for pulse and breath, for nongeneric voices. I was looking for poems with a core (as in corazón). The core of a poem isn't something you extract from the poem's body and examine elsewhere; its living energies are manifest throughout, in rhythm, in language, in the arrangement of lines on the page and how this scoring translates into sound.*

I was reminded, in this passage, of other instances where Adrienne Rich has discussed the importance of the "living voice," to use Yeats's phrase, and the power of breath and sound to move the language from a code to this generative core, or heart, of which she speaks. In "A Leak in History," for example, Rich links the oral rendering

of poetry to the sensual vitality that is essential to the struggle for life. Remembering her seventy-year-old grandmother's ability to recite for her a poem she'd learned in a convent school as a girl, Rich recalls that "such recitations let a child feel that poetry (verse, really, with its structured rhymes, meters, and ringingly fulfilled aural expectations) was not just words on the page, but could live in people's minds for decades, to be summoned up with relish and verve, and that poetry was not just literature, but embodied in voices." When she concludes her essay, Rich evokes the organic connection between music and poetry, between the line and the lyric, reminding us that the breath that is used to produce song is also "Ruach," spirit, the human connection to the universe.

Rich, who reads with restraint and with subtle intonation and stress, communicates a kinesthetic experience of her poetry that enhances, or amplifies, our aesthetic one. The poet's intention becomes manifest as her voice explores the formal nuances of the text, the felt quality of sound—through her inflection, vocal gestures, resonances, rhythm and the "breathing between words"—which is Rich's phrase. Meaning becomes inseparable from the sound, shape and rhythm of the words.

Of all the theories that seek to understand poetry as a mode of speech, David Abram, in his book *The Spell of the Sensuous*, offers one of the most intriguing approaches to this question and, by extension, to an appreciation of Rich's reading. It may be that the title itself leads me back to the elemental nature of language and its original habitat of sound: the word "spell," as Abram reminds us, in Old English initially meant "to recite a story or tale." Beyond this, though, Abram, in his foregrounding of human language as a carnal phenomenon, rooted in sensory experience, addresses a more provocative relationship: "the soundful influence of words upon the sensing body." Abram explores the way that language becomes a sensuous presence "afoot in the material landscape." His understanding of the interplay between spoken words and the senses returns the poem to the body, reuniting it with what he calls the "animate flux of the world," where, for Adrienne Rich, poetry has the power to "evoke and catalyze a community...to recall people to their spiritual and historic sources."

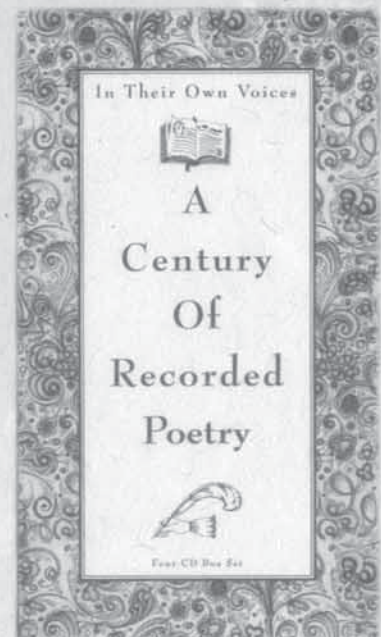
When Rich asks us, in "Someone is Writing a Poem," to pay attention to the "working history of words themselves, how someone has known them, used them, doubted and relied on them in life," she is asking us to listen so that we can recall the poem from its silence. In her reading of *Dark Fields of the Republic* she also asks us to listen, not only to the poem as she hears it, but "to a part of ourselves reawakened by the poem, a need both emotional and physical that can be affirmed there," as she writes in "Voices from the Air."

If the poem is, as she says, an "instrument of embodied experience," then the poem as artifact must have its complement in vocal expression to be fully resonant. There is no lyric pretense of being overheard, it is, rather, a question of actively being heard. The silences Rich writes about are not

merely abstractions—as she has taught us—to break them, then, we need "poetry as a living language...performed to a community, read aloud to the dying, recited by heart," as she writes in *The Nation*. We need a poetry that reverberates with the sound of the living voice, which is, in essence, "imagination's cry," the shared register of our common language. **DA**

Adrienne Rich's essays quoted from *What is Found There: Notebooks on Poetry and Politics*, W.W. Norton, 1993

IN THEIR OWN VOICES  
A CENTURY OF RECORDED POETRY



If you'd like to attend a poetry reading unlike any other, treat yourself to a feast of words. Listen to Walt Whitman, Marianne Moore, W.H. Auden, and Maya Angelou, among a chorus of other poets, read their poems as part of Rhino Records four-CD collection, *In Their Own Voices: A Century of Recorded Poetry*. And for those of you who wish to enhance your literary background, a companion volume with a glossary of poetic terms and essays by contemporary writers is included with these original audiorecorded readings. **DA**

Poetry is given life  
because it is, basically,  
a transcription of voice  
and of breath—  
and of the silences between.

When a poet reads,  
the creative process is  
somehow recapitulated.

We almost hear  
the muse whispering  
in the poet's ear.

Erica Jong, from her introduction to  
*In Their Own Voices*

## HEALING GOSPEL

I am meeting Lexi, my dear friend of thirty years, for dinner in San Francisco. I have come to learn what drew her to gospel music and what it has done for her. Lexi has had some difficult times in recent years. Widowed at forty, left with three beautiful young daughters to raise on her own, challenged with lupus, with several cancer scares and, not surprisingly, with depression, she tells me singing in a gospel choir has inspired significant changes in her life.

Since she was a child, raised in a highly intellectual home with no religious tradition, Lexi has longed for a sense of spiritual connection and community. Still not religious in the strict sense, Lexi tells me that gospel music speaks to her on a deeply heartfelt level beyond words. "Music crosses boundaries and creates a common language."

Three years ago, seeking to renew her interest in music, Lexi was drawn to a course on gospel music at College of Marin, north of San Francisco. It is taught by an older black woman, Helen Stevens, who sees as her mission the task of spreading the power of gospel music. After attending classes for a year, Lexi was told that she might join The Lighthouse Singers, the only white gospel choir in the Bay Area. Singing gospel has helped Lexi experience the spiritual connection she has yearned for her whole life.

### KEEP YOUR LOVING ARMS AROUND ME

Whatever comes  
Just keep your loving arms around me  
Keep me in your care  
Let me know you're there  
Keep your loving arms around me

When I'm in need, I can call on your name  
You've been my friend on whom I can depend  
Keep your loving arms around me

Hold me when the storms of life are raging  
And the billows round me roll  
Keep your loving arms around me  
Keep your loving arms around me

Hold me  
Hold me  
Keep your loving arms around me

—Gospel Song

It is hard work and Helen is a stiff taskmaker. Members of the choir are expected to learn songs without sheet music, to attend rehearsals and performances without fail. But, says Lexi, "Anyone is welcome. There is a mission to bring the word of God to all faiths. It opens up your heart. I feel this is HOME." Her face lights up as she shares the moving words of a favorite gospel song: "How can you not agree with, 'This is the day the Lord has made. We shall rejoice and be glad in it!'"

In addition to meeting her spiritual needs, gospel singing has offered Lexi an opportunity to cross barriers, to be in touch with different communities on a deep, authentic level. "When we sing in black churches we are accepted. Our mission erases barriers. We are all part of the same community." The Lighthouse Singers is the only all white gospel choir sanctioned by the Gospel Association of America.



Lexi shares with me her most poignant choir memories. Last Christmas, singing at San Quentin, she felt the power of music to cross other barriers. Standing in the prison yard, hand in hand with prisoners, singing carols in a circle, Lexi looked up at the barred and boarded windows of the prison cells. Lexi's voice catches as she recalls how the wooden boards moved back and forth, beaten in time to the music by the unseen men. Lexi treasures the prisoners' handshakes, thanking the choir for coming in from the outside to bring them holiday cheer. Once again, music brought the gift of community.

Singing at a nursing home, Lexi recalls meeting Helen's ninety-nine-year-old mother. Worn down by age and infirmity, Helen's mother sat lifeless in her wheelchair. Then Helen wheeled her up to the piano and asked her to join in. Suddenly the old woman was transformed. Singing *Amazing Grace*, the light in her eyes was transcendent. She died a month later.

Lexi sang at her memorial service at Solid Rock Baptist Church in Oakland. Before this experience, Lexi had always dreaded attending funerals. Three black choirs and one white choir participated. When all four choirs joined together Lexi says, "The roof was lifting off. What a sendoff! Singing someone on their way. That's what it's all about!" Summing up the gift that gospel music has brought her, Lexi concludes, "There's nothing intellectual about it. It's about connecting at a heart level." Amen. **KS**

## HEALING WORDS

It was a difficult time for me. I had become accustomed to crying myself to sleep, but as a morning creature, I could count on waking at dawn to a sliver of optimism. Then it happened. One morning I awoke sobbing, just as I had gone to sleep the night before. "What, oh WHAT, are you trying to teach me?" I railed at the universe. "Surrender," came the answer, calm and clear as a bell in my head.

Some of us are born into a tradition of prayer. Some of us discover prayer

when our backs are against the wall and in desperation we open to the universe for an answer or help of any kind. Some of us remain skeptical to the end, convinced that prayer is no more than the voice of superstition.

Perhaps no name has figured more prominently in the field of spirituality and medicine than that of Larry Dossey. Trained as a doctor of internal medicine, Dossey accepted the traditional scientific view that prayer was mere placebo. After practicing for some time, Dr. Dossey was stunned to discover scientific evidence that prayer had a statistically significant impact on the healing process. And he has not been alone in this awakening.

Courses on spirituality, healing and medicine are now offered at five of the country's leading medical schools, including Georgetown and Albert Einstein. In addition, a third of all U.S. medical schools now offer courses in alternative medicine, which often addresses the impact of spirituality.

Dr. Dossey urges patients and doctors to consider the effects of prayer in conjunction with traditional Western medicine procedures, not in place of them. He suggests that we consider prayer to be "connection to the Absolute," that we find the mode of prayer which best fits our individual personality and belief system, and that we entertain the possibility that the spiritual connection itself may be of greater value than a desired outcome. For example, establishing a relationship with the Divine, be it within or without, may ultimately be of more significance than whether or not we are cured of our cancer.



Dossey encourages us to think of prayer in the broadest sense, not culturally bound. It may be wordless. Above all, Dossey says, "Prayer is an attitude of the heart." Work itself may become prayer with the proper intention. Meister Eckhart, the thirteenth-century German mystic, suggested that it is enough if man utters only one prayer in his lifetime: "Thank You."

I have been blessed to have experienced the healing power of prayer many times. Not that I have always been given what I desired, but rather I have come to believe that I stand in relationship to the Divine. I am never alone in my suffering. As Krishnamurti once said to his followers, concerning what they might say to a dying loved one, "Wherever you go, a part of me will go with you." **KS**

Books by Larry Dossey:

*Healing Words*  
*Prayer is Good Medicine*

## CHALICE OF REPOSE

*"It is in the experience  
of beauty that we connect  
with the Divine."*

Therese Schroeder-Sheker

**W**ith the voice of a Gaelic angel, the clear, pure soprano lifts the listener heavenward. We are listening to Therese

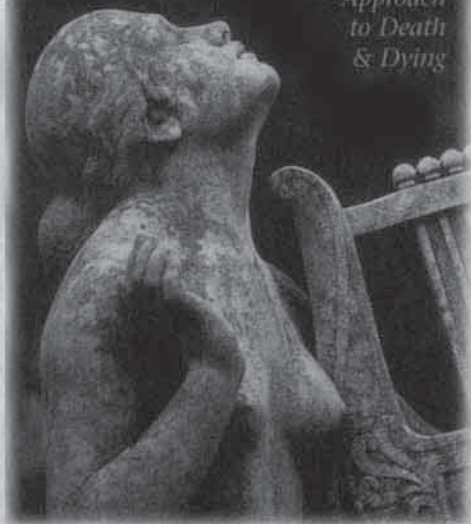
Schroeder-Sheker, founder of The Chalice of Repose Project in Missoula, Montana. For more than two decades, Therese has blended her passion for music with her intention to ease the passage of the dying. The result has been the practice of music-thanatology.

Based on the principles of monastic medicine in the eleventh-century abbey of Cluny in France, Chalice of Repose seeks to tend the dying with the healing harmonics of the harp and human voice. Therese was first called to this work shortly after graduation from music school.

THERESE SCHROEDER-SHEKER

## CHALICE of REPOSE

*A Contemplative  
Musician's  
Approach  
to Death  
& Dying*



Arriving for her shift in a geriatric home, she was informed that an elderly man with emphysema was about to die. He had been a difficult patient who had pushed all offers of help away. As Therese entered his room and found him gasping for breath, she extended her hand. Rather than pull away, he grasped it tightly, and Therese understood his need of her. Crawling instinctively onto the bed, she cradled his emaciated body in her arms and sang to him as a mother might sing to a child, comforting him and enabling him to let go.

Today, musicians come from all over the world to minister thus to the dying in Missoula, Montana. Like doctors on call, they respond at all hours of the day and night to the bedsides of the dying. In hospitals, hospices and homes, they attune their melodies to the

unique rhythms of the individual, easing both physical and emotional pain and thus enabling a conscious and peaceful death.

Therese chose the harp not only because she considers it an ethereal instrument, but because it serves as a metaphor as well. With its vertical strings forming an earth-sky axis, the harp requires constant tuning, just as we require constant spiritual attunement if we are to be of service. The symbol of the chalice was chosen as a sacred vessel which is designed to both give and receive. The gift of the chalice is repose, or deep, holy sleep.



Therese herself has experienced a great deal of loss. She has had to work through her own personal wounds in order to bring death into the fullness of life. She has learned that she needs the fall and the winter as well as the spring and the summer. In her words, "Transforming our sorrows (losses) into the substance of our lives is about reconciliation. We humans must reconcile love and loss, and the risk involved in becoming fully human and fully capable of loving."

Shortly after my mother's death from cancer, I saw Ingmar Bergman's film *Cries and Whispers*. In the film, the housekeeper holds her dying mistress in her arms just as Mary holds Christ in Michelangelo's *Pieta*. I grieved as I remembered my mother's lonely death in the hospital. If only all of us at the hour of our death could be cradled symbolically in the healing arms of music and compassion. May Chalice of Repose light our way. **KS**

*Chalice of Repose—A Contemplative Musician's Approach to Death and Dying*

The video may be ordered from  
Sounds True 800.333.9185

## A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING

**Y**esterday afternoon I experienced the most moving memorial service I have ever attended. The young man, Nick, had been an acquaintance of my daughter. I found myself crying continually, so poignant was his early death and so profound the grief of his mother. What made the funeral deeply touching was the degree to which the family shared their love and pain. The mother, who is a well-known writer, enclosed two heart-felt poems printed on vellum in the program, chronicling her love and fear for her child. His brother read an entry from Nick's journal entitled "If I should die today..." and most heart-wrenching of all, halfway through the program Nick's compelling recorded voice came over the loud-speaker system singing "I'm All Alone," a haunting song of his own creation.

*Courage  
is like love,  
it must have hope  
for nourishment.*

N. Bonaparte

I realized as Laura and I poured out of the rose-filled cathedral with hundreds of other mourners, that the family had given all of us a profound gift. By daring to connect with the depth of their love and pain, they had encouraged us to live on a deeper level. By showing us how their creativity contributed to their healing, they invited us to explore these avenues of healing as well. Their grief became our grief. We cried not only for Danielle, but for all mothers who have lost children; not only for Nick, but for all children whose lives have been cut short. We cried for ourselves, for the human condition, for the heights of love and the depths of loss. We cried because in the end we cannot take away another's pain, we can only accompany him on his journey.



I sit here now, once more moved to tears, looking at the radiant, whimsical smile of a handsome young man with sparkling eyes, pictured on his funeral program, dead at nineteen. And I thank his mother and sisters and brothers for baring their souls, and helping us to get in touch with ours. **KS**

# F L I G H T

If I die, survive me with such sheer force  
that you waken the furies of the pallid and the cold,  
from south to south lift your indelible eyes,  
from sun to sun dream through your singing mouth.  
I don't want your laughter or your steps to waver,  
I don't want my heritage of joy to die.  
Don't call up my person. I am absent.  
Live in my absence as if in a house.  
Absence is a house so vast  
that inside you will pass through its walls  
and hang pictures on the air.  
Absence is a house so transparent  
that I, lifeless, will see you, living,  
and if you suffer, my love, I will die again.

—Pablo Neruda

Si muero sobrevíveme con tanta fuerza para  
que despiertes la furia del palido y del frío,  
de sur a sur levanta tus ojos indelebiles,  
de sol a sol que suene tu boca de guitarra.  
No quiero que vacilen tu risa ni tus pasos,  
no quiero que se muera mi herencia de alegría,  
no llames a mi pecho, estoy ausente.  
Vive en mi ausencia como en una casa.  
Es una casa tan grande la ausencia  
que pasarás en ella a través de los muros  
y colgarás los cuadros en el aire.  
Es una casa tan transparente la ausencia  
que yo sin vida te veré vivir  
y si sufres, mi amor, me moriré otra vez.

—Pablo Neruda



**PABLO NERUDA**  
**ABSENCE AND PRESENCE**  
BY LUIS POIROT  
TRANSLATIONS BY ALASTAIR REID

Nobel Prize winner Pablo Neruda is one of the most widely read poets in the world. In *Absence and Presence*, some twenty of Neruda's friends contributed their collective memories of him, a beautiful tribute to the man and his spirit. Also included are photographs of Neruda's residences and his artifacts, in artful juxtaposition to his poetry. One is left with a sense of having known this passionate and gifted man, thankful for the heritage he has left us all.



## TIMELESS VOICES

Because we use and listen to it everyday, it is easy to take the human voice for granted. We forget that the voice is a wondrous gift that expresses poetry, song, and conveys unlimited emotional qualities.

At this time of the year, song and singing have special significance. I would like to recommend some vocal music that has come into my life recently.



My recording collection has been generated mostly through the recommendations and gifts of friends and family. My son Nathan, who works in the entertainment field, has become my main source of music information. With his diverse knowledge of music, he always keeps me in touch with the newest releases that he knows will appeal to my interests, whether it is classical, contemporary classical or jazz.



Recently, Nathan introduced me to the vocal music of *Leçons de Ténèbres* by François Couperin. As I sit back in the darkness of my listening space, I am

delighted by the voices of Patricia Petibone and Sophie Daneman as they intertwine in space, forming a lyrical texture which creates a thrilling and joyous musical experience. By weaving together these two sopranos, a harpsichord and a cello into early 18th-century arrangements, Couperin has created a profoundly beautiful composition.

After my introduction to Couperin, I was inspired to search my record collection for more vocal music. In the midst of my search, I came across *The Christmas Oratorio* by Johann Sebastian Bach. I put it on and was awed as the breathtaking voice of a young boy ascended over the organ, church choir and orchestra. Bach's works all seem to have an ephemeral, uplifting quality for me, but this work is even more so.



*De Profundis* by Arvo Pärt is another piece which recently impressed me. This 20th-century composer draws his inspiration from medieval sources, but goes on to create original compositions from there. The deep, sublime chanting of Pärt's choir has a meditative quality that brings one to a higher level of being. Pärt will surely become an historic figure.

Nathan surprised me again with the new Kronos Quartet album, *Early Music*. An eclectic collection, these pieces are as old as the 9th century and as contemporary as the most recent works of today's classical composers Arvo Pärt and Harry Pach. This very interesting collection shows how well these short pieces from different time periods relate to one another. Good music transcends the test of time. **SS**



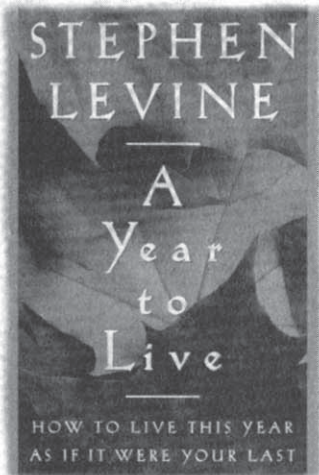
François Couperin: *Leçons de Ténèbres*  
Sophie Daneman and Patricia Petibone  
William Christie Les Arts Florissants / Erato

Arvo Pärt: *De Profundis*  
Theatre of Voices / Paul Hillier / Harmonia Mundi

Various Composers: *Early Music*  
Kronos Quartet / Warner Bros.

J.S. Bach: *Christmas Oratorio*  
Regensburger Domspatzen  
Collegium St. Emmeram / Archiv Produktion

**T**he other evening in the bookstore I came upon several stunningly beautiful books. Two are tributes to dead loved ones, inspired monuments to love and loss. All moved me deeply and I commend them to you as inspired holiday gifts.



**A YEAR TO LIVE**  
HOW TO LIVE THIS YEAR  
AS IF IT WERE YOUR LAST  
BY STEPHEN LEVINE

Stephen Levine's greatest gift to us is the idea that ALL of us, not just those struggling with a life-threatening illness, can benefit from a conscious effort to live this year as if it were our last. He and his wife, Ondrea, undertook a year's experiment to do just that and they share with us the transformative potential of such an act. One of Stephen's concrete suggestions is something which we champion here at Healing Environments. Consider creating an altar of significant symbols to honor your life. Live with the awareness that you, and every moment you spend on earth, are sacred.



**THE POSSIBILITY OF ANGELS**  
A LITERARY ANTHOLOGY  
EDITED BY SOPHIE BIRJOTTI AND  
ILLUSTRATED BY PETER MALONE

This latest gem from one of our favorite publishers, Chronicle Books, is an anthology of literature and folklore regarding the presence and promise of angels.

With poetry and prose by John Updike, Emily Dickinson, Gabriel García Márquez and many others, as well as more than sixty glorious illustrations, it is a treat for both the eye and the heart. Edited by Sophie Birjotti, a

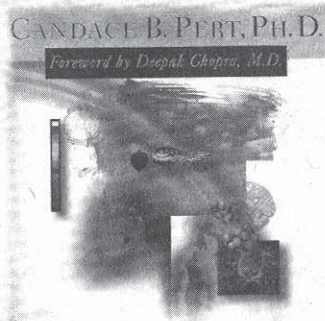
documentary filmmaker specializing in the arts, and illustrated handsomely by Peter Malone, visiting lecturer at St. Albans College of Art and frequent contributor to *The New Yorker* and *The Times*, London, *The Possibility of Angels* is an inspired gift offering for the holiday season.

See page two for one of Peter Malone's beautiful images.



**A TIME TO GRIEVE**  
MEDITATIONS FOR HEALING AFTER  
THE DEATH OF A LOVED ONE

Several of our visitors, hospice volunteers and grief counselors, have alerted us to a small and special book. Written by grief consultant Carol Staudacher, *A Time to Grieve* appears to be especially helpful because of its accessible format. When one is consumed by grief, the prospect of reading a book from cover to cover is daunting. Taking this into account, Carol has broken the grief process down into one-page entries, which both acknowledge where one is and point in the most helpful direction to move. Each page starts with a problem, followed by an inspirational quotation. A brief discussion clarifies the problem, and the page concludes with a positive affirmation designed to bring understanding and relief. *A Time to Grieve* would make a thoughtful gift to anyone suffering the loss of a loved one.

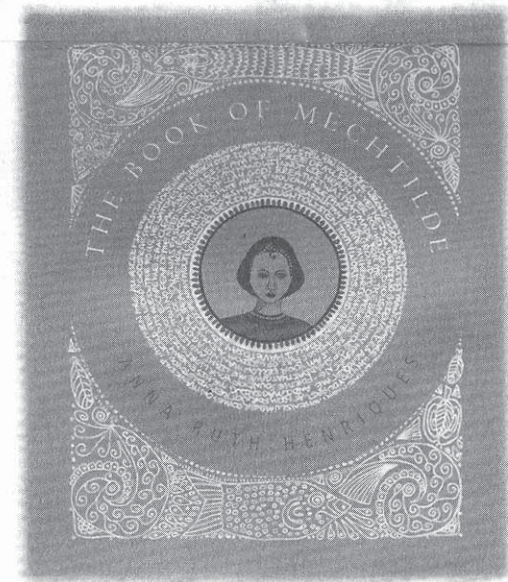


**WHY YOU FEEL THE WAY YOU FEEL**  
**MOLECULES**  
of **EMOTION**

## MOLECULES OF EMOTION

WHY YOU FEEL THE WAY YOU FEEL  
BY CANDACE B. PERT, PH.D.

I first heard Candace Pert speak at a Commonweal lecture more than five years ago. Her animated and lucid description of the biomedical links between mind and body inspired me greatly. We were thrilled to learn that she has written a book relating her discoveries in the exciting field of psychoneuroimmunology. Now a Research Professor in the Department of Physiology and Biophysics at Georgetown University Medical Center in Washington D.C., Candace shares herself personally as well as professionally in this fascinating book. Discoverer of the opiate receptor, Dr. Pert now does AIDS research in addition to her teaching. The implications of her discoveries affect us all.



**THE BOOK OF MECHTILDE**  
BY ANNA RUTH HENRIQUES

Anna Ruth Henriques is a thirty-year-old artist of Jamaican descent. She lost her mother to breast cancer at the age of eleven. At the age of twenty-two, sitting at her grandparents' kitchen table in the Caribbean, she began a tribute to her mother which would take her seven years to complete. The result is a modern-day illuminated manuscript, chronicling her mother's life and death. She shares with us all how art can be used to transform loss into a passionate celebration of life. Its beauty is both luminous and transcendent.



# We

thank you now for love, the great, the miraculous gift. For love in the body that comforts, for love in the emotional body that delights and frustrates and instructs, for the love of our sacred circle of friends, for love in the spirit beyond all walls and wounds, bounds and ends.

Love, we thank you for love, love that stirs and soothes us, love that gathers us into all joy and delivers us from all brokenness. Love that hears the soundless language, love that imagines and dreams, that can conquer all and willingly surrenders everything. Love that brought us into our lives and love that will carry us home.

—*Daphne Rose Kingma*

Excerpted from *A Grateful Heart*, edited by M.J. Ryan  
Copyright Conari Press, 1994.

We are pleased to announce the marriage of Traci Teraoka, Co-Founder and Co-Director of Healing Environments, to Dr. Richard Marc Patel  
October 4th, 1997

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.

HEALING ENVIRONMENTS  
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