

title

Krysta Kavanaugh, 1 August 2026, 844 words, page 1

A woman met with a Wise One. As a parting gift, the Wise One gave the woman a beautiful box. The instructions were, "Once you place it somewhere, you cannot move it." She thought that a strange request but agreed.

She placed it in her bedroom on a corner table.

But later she realized it needed to be surrounded by more beauty. So she changed what else was on the table. Then she changed the whole bedroom. After a while, each room in her home also changed.

It seems that's happening for me. I bought a recliner that is also a glider for the living room. A comfortable place to sit.

It's now transforming my living room. Out with the burgundy leather couch I got free from Freecycle; looked good but not so comfortable to sit on—or sleep on. That lightened the room.

In its place I put my striped fainting couch, full of gold and burgundies. It now sits along a wall that is painted a different shade of burgundy.

Above it is a lithograph of Hanalei Bay, a place on the north end of the Hawaiian island, Kauai. Remember the song, "Puff the Magic Dragon"? That was written, while high the story goes, about this exact location.

When I see this image, it draws me in: it's mysterious, inviting, almost spiritual. I'm thoroughly relishing it.

Then there's my Queen chair, purple cushions with gold trim. I feel regal—and comfortable—while sitting in it. Above it is an authorized fake, bought from the French pavilion at a World's Fair. It's a P. Chabas painting of a tasteful nude woman is standing in the water up to her calves. The two together embody femininity, grace and beauty.

I have found homes for two expensive pictures I bought 40 years ago. They spoke to me then and they still evoke responses today.

IN between those two groupings is a magnificent amethyst on a pedestal. The actual geode is 12" wide and 25" high. Craggy pieces of deep purple—my favorite color—look rich in the daylight, and stunning when it's dark outside and a gallery light is focused on it. It creates interesting shadows on the wall, while making the purple glisten. That was expensive too.

I only mention cost (not value) because on the upper left corner of the wall, is a watercolor I did and framed. It's an abstract, I've always loved it, and now its blues and greens leads the eye into Hanalei Bay. The purples brings the whole wall together, and the soft reds bring out the large bouquet of flowers below.

The flowers are on a cherrywood with a green marble round top stand. The flowers are a couple feet high. The whole thing reminds me of the gorgeous arrangements for their customers' pleasure in a high-end hotel.

As I finished the whole wall last night, I could only sit and be mesmerized by it. The whole wall has become a work of art. It has just enough without being crowded or empty. It has beauty everywhere—a feast for the eyes. And I find it strangely relaxing—looking at my south wall.

The east wall is complete, with a different vibe and purpose than the south beauty wall. It has a comfortable recliner. Next to it is a sandstone, 2 shelf table, with intricate designs, like on a Native American stone carving. It carries memories and is my memorial to dead ones. with pictures and objects. But what's there is enlivening and I feel delighted looking at it, rather than sad. Next to it is a plain oak chair yet rich in its color and showing its oak inner beauty, with a soft scarf caressing it. Above it

title

Krysta Kavanaugh, 1 August 2026, 844 words, page 2

is a watercolor of my grandmother, my dad's mother, who died when he was 16. I was named after her. It brings me closer to my ancestor.

The new recliner that started all this is about 1/2-2/3 into the very large living room. It divides the space. It faces the north wall with the TV. I also bought a buffet to store all my DVDs and exercise equipment. Of course it's back is meant to be against a wall, so not finished really. It's back is now facing the chair and into the living room. I'm going to paint it the same south wall color to bring the room together.

In the middle, between the 2 recliners and fainting couch, is a unique glass table, It has two heights and is tear-dropped shape. Because it's glass it feels open even though it's big. I have one beauty object on each tier.

The room from the buffet to west wall contains a far-infra red sauna, a power plate, a total gym, and various other exercise and healing equipment. Two different room uses divide by buffet.

When I see the room now, something shifts in me. It's more open and spacious and my insides mirror that. It's unique, like me. It has distinct areas, each with a different purpose.

title

Krysta Kavanaugh, 1 August 2026, 844 words, page 3