



the changes to Bill's original Japanese farmhouse notion, many vestiges of that Asian aesthetic remain. Rooms are crowned with stout fir rafters that extend beyond the windows to support broad, overhanging eaves. A coven of cubbyholes under the stairs pays homage to the stair-step tansu, and shojilike panels fitted with translucent white glass reveal rooms (or views) with artful discretion. There's even a Japanese soaking tub in the master bath.

Bill and Karen lived out of state while the home was under construction. Sadly, Bill never got to see his vision fulfilled. Three months before the house was completed, he was diagnosed with cancer. Although the crew from SBI Construction worked feverishly to wrap up the project, Bill passed away before the home was finished.

Today, a single framed photo of her husband graces Karen's bedroom shelf, but his spirit infuses every corner. It was Bill who campaigned for the home's easy indoor-outdoor flow and insisted that Lawrence save the original home's Hobbit-like front door (now consigned to the passageway between the garage and kitchen).

"It was his way of saying, 'This was another house before, and we thought it was worthwhile to remember that,'" Karen says.

Karen takes comfort in these memories and cherishes the house all the more because of them. "I never felt, Oh gosh, I don't even want to live here because we can't share it together," she says, "because I feel like he is here and is sharing it with me." 

See Resources, last pages.

