The Quest

or

How to Remember what Never Should Have been Forgotten in the First Place

Thesis Work
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The Sacred...
An exploration of how to recognize, address, and design opportunities for the sacred.

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Table of Contents

Abstract

Beginnings
The Sacred and the Designer
The Pursuit
The Precedence
Field Study
Rome, Italy
Ephesus, Turkey
Architecture
Objects
Method
Site

The First Rituals
Go To Sleep
The Bath
The First Time - Self Ornamentation

The Retreat Center
Mission Statement
Cohesive Arbitrary Programming

Places and Rituals
Arrival
Place
Entry
Circles
Bridges
Making
Sleeping
Bathing
Growing
Conclusion
Abstract - A quick summary of the what's and why's.

I've felt the sacred everywhere; at the dinner table with my family, in the woods on a snowy night, and even, (though its rare), up in studio. And in all of those times, when I realized the sacred is when I realized the moment. When my mundane actions became sacred was the very moment I noticed them. when I acted consciously rather than habitually.

Furthermore, this consciousness is a result of finding connection to others, to myself, to the world, and to God. When I felt those connections, when I became aware of those connections, I touched the sacred.

As a designer, I have the potential and the power to encourage and allow that kind of connection to occur in those who encounter my work. If I understand the rituals that allow for connection, I can design with them. Furthermore, I can design the rituals themselves, letting them inform and guide the design.

I do not think I can create the sacred. To hope to do so would be ludicrous. If we maintain that any activity has the potential to be sacred it follows that any activity has the potential to be profane as well. What I can do, however, is provide opportunities for the sacred. And if one person finds a window, set just right to catch the morning sun, and draws strength from the encounter, I have succeeded. And if one person notices the ground fall away as they climb into a bed just high enough, or watches the colors from a stained glass window sweep across the floor every afternoon, and those activities become rituals in their lives, I have succeeded then as well.

So that's what this project is all about, an attempt to create those moments where the sacred is possible. Not to force any action, but to allow for and encourage interaction.

So, before I designed the spaces, I had to discover the ritual behind them, I had to create the ritual behind them. So I sat, and wrote rituals, stories about the people in this place, and what it was to be them and be there. In them, I wrote about how the place felt, and what it looked like, and what I felt when I was there. Sometimes the stories were journal entries, sometimes they were narratives sometimes they were a few sentences long, and sometimes a few pages. In any case, all describe, in one way or another, how someone might touch the sacred, might make a connection, through ritual made possible through place. And as I wrote, I drew the rituals. I drew them as movement and as place, until a ritual place began to emerge.
From there the design was easy. The place existed already in the stories. From everything to what it had to look like and how it should work, to what it should be. Place and ritual, hand in hand.

And so, I guess, at the end, the first step in creating connection began with me, with my connection to the people and places and activities I was designing for. And yes, in that connection, I can touch the sacred through architecture too.

The building complex itself is rather simple. A main lodge divided in half, with a kitchen on one side and a family room on the other, bordered by a greeting porch to the south to catch the sun and a shaded porch on the north to see the site. The ground floor is full of the essentials of life, the pantries and bathrooms, the well and the greenhouse, the mechanical room and the storage space. The studio space is to the east, removed from the main body of the building, across the bridge. It faces due south to catch the sun's rays. The winter sleeping spaces are located up the hill to the west, nestled in the woods. The summer sleeping spaces are at the far north, scattered on the very edge of the field. There is a bathing spot on the river, for the warm months, and a place for gathering and self-ornamentation in a grove of trees to the north of the lodge. Beyond those things, there are lots of gardens and paths, and special places scattered throughout the site.

But all of that information is speaking about the project in such an abstract manner, such a cold manner. And it certainly not how the spaces were created. They were created of ritual to create a moment of connection. And so that is what I'm hoping you can see within the work. Not a place, as such, but a moment. Moments created by this place that allow you the kind of connection that is the sacred.

If you can, even just a little, then the project is a success. If you can then I'm on the right path as a creator, not just of buildings, but of sacred moments.
The Sacred and the Designer

Man, in his quest for the sacred, often looks for that which is beyond him—out of reach. This argument is not against that which seeks the Greater. Rather, the search for the sacred must not be to the exclusion of man.

The journey, inward and outward, must lead to discovery, not of an untouchable world, but of man's role within the world, his role within the sacred planes. We seek our relationships— to Mankind— to God— and to Ourselves— and that search becomes our sacred quest.

The journey itself, therefore, must be given due credit. For it is in the search, in the wayfinding, that we came upon the sacred. In our quest to the guru on the mountain, we pick up bits and pieces of wisdom until, by the time we've reached him, we've already discovered our own answer.

Space needs only to allow for the exploration of these relationships, allow for another step in our quest, to have the potential for sacredness. Sacred space helps us define, for ourselves, our place in the world.

The place itself then is not the end. Space as a built definition of all that is sacred, can not exist. It can only aid in the process of discovery of the sacred becoming, for a moment, sacred itself. No one form, no one geometry, holds the key for all that is sacred, anymore than one activity ends in the discovery of sacredness and another does not. Many paths may be correct. Many forms may be correct, given the person who encounters them, the timing involved, the moods involved, and a thousand other factors. Sacredness is transitory

That being the case, our goal as designers must be to discover how to create spaces and places that allow for knowledge to occur. To be sensitive to the opportunities for knowledge, understanding, and connection that arise in the everyday. To recognize the inherent value in these actions, as crucial steps in our quest for God.
We are designing moments. Rituals. Opportunities that can be discovered by the user to increase their own connection to and knowledge of the self. From these designed rituals, arise our spaces. In form, in texture, in material, our spaces can be designed to enhance the opportunity for the discovery of the ritual behind them.

Space can evolve from ritual.
Ritual evolves from connection.
The Sacred lies in connection.

Not everyone will discover the opportunities inherent within a space.
Not everyone will discover the designed ritual.
Some will breeze through the space unaware.
Some will discover rituals of their own.
And some, some of the time, will discover the built rituals of the space.

That is acceptable.

The designer is not God and cannot judge the human mind, human reaction.
The designers responsibility lies only in providing the opportunity to brush against the sacred. The opportunity to discover ritual. The chance to increase understanding.
If the chance is provided, the designer has allowed the opportunity for a space to be, momentarily, sacred.

And if it is—just for a moment, than we are the most successful of designers.

Rituals of Life-
The day to day activities of Man—can guide our forms, write our songs, and celebrate the act of living.

Rituals of Movement
Rituals of Ascension
Rituals of Sustenance
Rituals of Connection
Rituals of Rebirth
Rituals of Passage
Rituals of Transcendence
Rituals of Life
Rituals of Death
Rituals of Fear
Rituals of Purification
Rituals of Pain
Rituals of Pleasure
Rituals of Hope
Rituals of Loss
Rituals of Season
Rituals of Community
Rituals of Celebration
Rituals of Self
Rituals of Nature
Rituals of Universals
Rituals of Peace
Rituals of War
The Pursuit
(A Quick and Semi-Biased History)

Throughout history, man has pursued a definition of the sacred. Land, trees, woman, and even stones start to hold, for one reason or another, qualities that man regards as sacred. Special qualities that remove them from the realm of the normal and everyday, remove them from the "profane" (Eliade).

This being the case, the quest was, in essence to the exclusion of man himself. The quest was for the "Other", an understanding, in built form of the powers that be that are not intrinsically related to man himself. Related only in terms of the negative, "That which is not like man is sacred." By virtue of this definition, man himself became profane. His sole responsibility and role in the process, therefore, was that of a humble servant and sometimes sacrifice.

As man began to see himself with no inherent value, the quest for the sacred changed into the quest for appeasement of the Powers that be. If man understands himself to have no worth than, logically, God would understand man the same way. Therefore, to avoid punishment for their inherent unworthiness, or to at least detract attention from it, the goal was created to appease the Forces in an angry and unforgiving universe. A paid for peace, through golden mosaic, 20 story dome, and sacrifice, ... always sacrifice.

In built form, the quest to appease took on it's most definable shape. As the peasant slaves starved, they carried the stones to build the monuments to an unforgiving god. Did they have the hope that their suffering would manifest itself in some otherworldly reward? Perhaps. Surely the process of suffering = reward didn't aid them in their day to day struggles against hunger, disease, and death. For those in power, however, the theory of suffering and sacrifice producing rewards somehow from the gods, did, in fact seem to be working well. They were, after all, rich, well fed, and in power. Building the temple must be just what the gods wanted after all! And they certainly were suffering as well. After all, they paid the bills, and weren't those some of their best peasants that had died laying the stone? They were giving a lot up. Surely they should be rewarded.
So if the great monuments to God were built at the expense of another’s sweat and blood, for mostly corrupt rulers trying to buy the favor of the Powers That Be, and a little glory for themselves on the side, what do we use as precedent for true sacred space? It is important to note here that, occasionally, there was, in fact, a ruler who was trying, very, very, hard, to find God and to please God, but why, so often, has the quest failed, resulting only in the discovery of the dark side of the soul, the part of ourselves that destroys. Why do we so often move away from God when our goal is to move towards Him? Why? And how, after thousands of years, can the process change?

Imagine a quest that was different, where the quest for the sacred began with the journey into the self and led to the discovery of God. Where the definition of the sacred changed, from a thing, untouchable, and removed from the level of human existence and understanding, to a thought that man too, by virtue of being man, is himself sacred. Sacred because he emerged from the sacred, as do all things.

Imagine a mentality where appeasement was unnecessary because God is already pleased, pleased with mankind merely for living fully. Where the sacred is not squelched and cramped into stone walls, but is allowed to infiltrate into the world. A mentality that the quest for understanding, for living, was truly sacred.

That being the case, the only true definition of the profane would come into play in that which destroys the sacred.

The only true profanity. Only that which destroys.
The Precedent

If our precedent does not lie within the context of the motivation behind the construction of sacred space in the past, or even in the forms themselves, it would still be foolhardy to claim that nothing of the history of human expression of the sacred is of value to the designer. There are, throughout history, a series of elements, of forms, of thoughts, that reappear again and again, breaking the borders of time and culture. These aspects of our essential humanity must be understood within the context of our new search for the sacred.

They are the Universals, and our expression and understanding of the sacred must begin with their understanding. Historically, they are the definers of the human experience.

* The Journey
* The Elementals: Air, Earth, Fire, Water
* Light/Dark
* Life/Death
* Time
* The Self/The Other
* The Greater
* The Planes: Heaven, Hell, & Earth

These, the universals, have always been, will always be. They bind man, regardless of time, culture, or religion. Modern man alone has attempted to claim amnesty from the universals. We create false day with electric lights and false summer with gas heat. I suggest, however, that a sense of the universals remains within us. Is that so, a designer cannot rely on the universals to transmit a message, rather they must reintroduce man to the universals themselves. It is not a process of teaching, so much as reminding mankind of what they always knew and have forgotten.


Are excellent resources of modern thought on sacred space/ritual.

Other architects also touch on the sacred without defining it as their goal.

The works of Tadeo Ando, Frank Lloyd Wright, Faye Jones, and James Hubbell, provide guidance into what a sacred space can and should be.
Other Peoples Ideas

To be human is to be religious
To be religious is to be mindful
To be mindful is to pay attention
To pay attention is to sanctify existence

Rituals are one way in which attention is paid
Rituals arise from the ages and stages of life
Rituals transform the ordinary into the holy

Rituals may be public, private, or secret
Rituals may be spontaneous or arranged
Rituals are in constant reformation and evolution

Rituals create sacred time
Sacred time is the dwelling place of the eternal
Haste and ambition are the adversaries of sacred time
Is this so?
Robert Fulghum

In traveling to sacred places, I keep realizing it is the home that holds the greatest promise for transforming the world. Meditations on the most common and unwatched daily actions bring the most intimate gifts of grace.

Shaun McNiff

We shape pour dwellings, and afterwards our dwellings shape us.

Winston Churchill
For everything there is a season,
And a time and a purpose for every matter, under heaven;
a time to be born, a time to die;
a time to plant, a time to pluck up what is planted;
a time to kill and a time to heal;
a time to weep and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn and a time to dance;
a time to throw away stones and a time to gather stones;
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing;
a time to seek and a time to lose;
a time to keep and a time to throw away;
a time to tear and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence and a time to speak;
a time to love and a time to hate;
a time for war and a time for peace.
For everything there is a season,
And a time and a purpose for every matter under heaven.

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8
Field Study
Sistene Chapel - Rome, Italy
Field Study Number One

...and I'm so excited, because here we are in Rome, the hub of my faith and the center of my creed. Here, if no where else, I can learn what is it to be in a sacred space. The Sistene chapel. A place where god and man lie linked together in an eternal touch of life. That place, if no other, must be sacred.

So I went, paid my entry fee, and walked through the endless corridors and showrooms that are the Vatican. Walked among treasures of old, oils from the masters, obelisks from some Egyptian grave, and the jewels of worldly kings: attempts to mimic the majesty of God. And then, before I knew it, there I was, in the chapel.

...And it was nothing. The people were loud, pointing at images, and talking, and laughing, and the rustle of their coats was drowned out by their commentary. And the guards raced to catch the tourists who attempted to sneak a couple of flash photos in, to avoid buying them at the entrance, and signs everywhere said "Don't touch. Don't touch. Don't touch!"

..And it was beautiful. And it was cold. And it was a museum.

It was not sacred. Not to me.
Mary’s Home- Ephesus, Turkey  
Field Study Number Two - Journal Excerpt

...so the boat got canceled last night, a storm on the Aegean sea they say, although I’m not 100% sure that I buy it, everything looks calm from here. The upshot of it all is that we are, for the moment stuck here. One more day in Turkey. There is literally nothing to do. This place is a tourist town which, I am positive, is annoying and very fun in tourist season but, for the moment, it’s merely dead. Everything is closed down. No restaurants, no clubs, no stores. Worse really. Than a place with merely nothing, we can see the hints of action and life is the empty store fronts and the boarded up bars. Ghosts. The only reason really to come here is the beauty of the coast, reason enough when it’s beautiful. Since it is not, however, the only reason to be here is to catch the boat to Greece, which we can’t do because of the stupid storm! Arch! One day was too much- two days is ridiculous! What are we going to do with ourselves? Rumor has it that Pam may organize a tour- I hope so.

...So, we are on our way to Mary’s house. Catholic tradition has it that Mary, the Mother of God, was entrusted to the Apostle John on Christ’s death bed. After the resurrection, John took Mary to Ephesus, on the top of a mountain, to live out her final days. The house we are visiting is, supposedly, that very house. I have to admit, I’m more than a little skeptical but, it should be interesting. More interesting, at least, than sitting portside, and waiting for the boat, and the storm, that just aren’t going to show up.

...It’s taking a very long time to get up the mountain. The roads here are narrow and dogleg back on themselves time and time again, but the scenery if gorgeous. Fields and fields of olive trees, running down the mountainside onto the open fields at their base. We hit a little town now and again, a group of maybe 20 homes, whitewashed clean, warm in the weak sunlight. The roads take us in front of the homes, then double back, virtually into their backyards. Clothes hang on line, snapping in the breeze and children play with mangy dogs. The most car sick of us can’t help but smile....

.....I have to stop writing and be here.....

....That place. That wonderful place. The top of the mountain was full of trees and birds and then the bus stopped, in a tiny clearing. The air up there smelled different, new, and fresh, and green, and the sun bounced through the leaves on the trees and onto my face. The house was small and rough, several simple stone rooms with a flower and a candle, offered to the Blessed Mother, glowing in the cool. Just outside, a stream fell down the rocks, cold to the touch, and birds sang in the background, and you could hear them because everyone, from Japanese tourist to Atheist college student, was quiet. An old nun greeted us in, I think it was in Polish, and gave me a medallion with the image of Mary on it. I stepped away from the others and cried.

....It was beautiful. It was simple. It was sacred.

....And was it Mary’s house or not? It doesn’t even matter.
The Objects

As an architect, the challenge lies in not merely espousing theory on how the world works, lives, and thinks, but being able to express those ideologies in built form. Test the theories in concrete and steel. So, if there are truly universals, it should be possible to build a place that speaks to them. A space that can take the sacred planes, the elements, and man's attempt to link himself with God, with himself, and with the world, and express those ideas. There lies the task of project number one. A study of space as it relates to the universals.

The actual study, however does not have the luxury of that sort of simplification. Rather, it must encompass the theory that all can be viewed as sacred, and express this discovery, this journey, into that sort of understanding, through the realization and design of ritual. In essence, place built on a ritual that allows for connection to the sacred is sacred at the moment when the realization through ritual occurs.

Programmatically, the best place to begin is at a retreat facility. It allows for a bit of simplification in that those who enter are already actively searching for the sacred. It does not, however, simplify the project in terms of the program, or in terms of the final goal, to build, not space for housing the sacred, but a built opportunity for the discovery of the sacred.

Inherent in the program there will be gathering space, cleansing space, sleeping space, private space, community space, cooking space, meditation space, dancing space, eating space, dressing space, etc. At the current time the sizes of the spaces has not been determined. All spaces must be built on ritual and reflect the idea that man himself is sacred, as are the activities of man.
The Method

In the end, the goal of a thesis exploration should be not only the creation of an object in space but a deeper understanding of some aspect of the world. My goal, is to understand the scared a little better. What we, as humans, understand to be sacred, how we express it, and what a designer can do to facilitate the recognition and expression of the sacred.

Research of historical precedents, modern views on sacredness, as well as modern examples of built space that acts as sacred space, are necessary starting points in the process and have been explored, though research will be an ongoing process. Site analysis, has been accomplished, including photographs, foot exploration, the attainment of maps, memory models, etc. The site does need to be further explored graphically, through the sketch.

The next stages in the process are as follows: The sacred rituals will take form. Once they are designed, the spaces of the built structure will take shape, molding themselves out of the ritual designed to occur in, around, and through them. At that point, the two activities, the design of space, and design of ritual, can evolve simultaneously. Each building off of the other.

The method of design shall consist of written text, describing ritual, story boards, (to lend the stages of ritual graphic reinforcement), and finally, study models of spatial qualities, (i.e. light, scale, texture, etc.).

By the end of the semester, the goal is to have the pieces of the larger community designed. To have several daily rituals laid out and a good comprehension of how the spaces grow out of them. The spaces, at this point, should be understood in detail, what they are made of, how they are laid out, what the textural qualities are, etc.

Once the spaces and rituals are at a point of near completion, the complex itself can begin to evolve. The pieces of the puzzle can come together to create a stronger whole than the sum of it’s parts. This phase needs not only to fit the puzzle pieces in a comprehensive plan, but also to create rituals of its own, most importantly the rituals of transcendence and journey. This phase will need extensive study in the third dimension to facilitate the understanding of others who approach the project without the benefit of the written word. Graphically, as well, the project must make the design intent clear, crystallize the moment of ritual for the casual observer.
Site Analysis

The Physical
The Site is approximately 300 Acres in Brown County, Indiana. Located virtually across the street from the north entrance to Brown County State Park, S.R. 46 marks the southern border of the lot, and Old S.R. 46 forms the eastern border. A 60 foot drop in elevation defines the northern and western edges of the site. It lies in the flood plain, created by the dramatic drop in elevation. The land itself is divided virtually in half by Salt Creek North.

For all intents and purposes, the site is a bowl. All of the water from all of the surrounding sites is drained directly onto this one (save the southern most border which peaks at the highway). There is ample evidence of flooding and high waters, as witnessed in the deposits of debris on the high banks of the creek, and in various portions of the forest and fields.

The main portion of the land has been used primarily for farming, though many trees remain. The area bordering the creek retains a strong tree line, and the northern end of the site, (where the elevation drop occurs), is essentially forest land. There is also a layer of trees, varying from one or two, to dense foliage, that lines the highway.

The site does retain one large field, at the base of the northern drop, that has not been used for farming. Bordered by trees, the field is full of 3 foot wildflowers, thistle, etc, and receives almost full sunlight all day long.
The creek itself ranges in size depending on the season and yearly rains, and varies from 6 to 30 feet in width, (most around 25 feet). It enters the site at its southeast corner and exits at the site’s southwest corner, completing a “U” through the site center. There are no manmade bridges across the creek within the site, however there are two in the immediate vicinity by virtue of the highway. A fallen tree and a beavers dam create natural, work intensive bridges within the site.

There is evidence of ample wild life within the site. Several beaver dams change the flow of the creek, and hoof and paw prints abound at the water, and through the corn. From the uncut field, birds could be seen over the trees and past the highway, once there was a hawk. Small animals also abounded here, scattering when human footsteps came near.
Neighbors
The Site is right across the street from Brown County State Park. The park is blessed with a large amount of visitors during the year, and hampered by a deluge of them when the foliage turns in the fall. While the one lane highway bordering the site on the south, is pleasant enough, (for a highway), during 3/4ths of the year, it is inadequate. The entire road, for several miles in each direction, is filled with stopped traffic.

The high ridges, bordering the site on the West and North, are occupied by light, single home, development. On the East is a large, single family, farm. The land on the South, on the far side of the highway, is rapidly being developed. Just beyond the entrance to the state park, there exists a quaint “Mom and Pop” type restaurant, a highway campsite, (read trailer park), and a country western bar where, if you’re lucky, you can catch the best Elvis impersonators in the state.

The View
The views afforded one within the site are quite beautiful. The elevation drops make visual access of surrounding homes virtually impossible from ground level, however they could exist within the context of a tall building, or if the homes are built directly at the crest. The south side, however, does afford a problem, as the view of the highway is less than charming. Fortunately, scattered foliage and a 12 foot drop from highway plane to site plane, blocks some of the visual and auditory interference.

Movement
Circulation is retained within the physical barriers of the site, naturally, by differences in elevation. However, within the site itself, the only natural determiners of path appear to be the U of the creek, the trees that lie along its edge, and a variety of animal paths.

creek edge. The field, as well, is full of sound and life. Birds and butterflies skim the wildflowers and earth bound creatures; rabbits, raccoons, and snakes, scurry away as man approaches. The woods are full of birds, and owls, and deer.
The First Rituals
Go To Sleep
Ritual Number One
Go To Sleep

The first stirrings of quiet - the longing for rest, whisper softly as I sit amongst friends and laugh and smile and bask in their glow. But the pull of the darkness grows stronger. Stronger and stronger and louder and lower and weights on my head, pushing it further into the and I fight to stay here in this good place a while longer, but the always wins. And so it's time to go - to be alone - to let the great leave the company of my friends - to go alone. It's time to let go.

So I force myself to get up and leave the warmth and light of the circle - and weave my way alone through the dark tangle of trees and out to where the long grasses scratch my bare legs and the hairs on my arms stand up in the cold. My nipples get hard and I wrap my arms around my self, trying to keep my heart, my warmth, my light and I look up, at the dome of the sky and the stars are so bright, so bright and cold and piercing and so very far away and I feel small. But I can't help standing there a moment longer.

And then it's time to go. The darkness calls again and the momentary clarity of the stars fuzz in my head and I hurry. Escape from the cold, from the openness, from a scale too big and too wide and too alone.

I head to the trees, at the edge of the clearing. And it's too dark to see but I feel the ground change under me, feel it level and clear and become soft grass and warm earth under my bare feet. And The call comes stronger and stronger the pull towards the warm and dark. A place to nestle. The whisper is a roar know and my head is full of dreamings to come and the stone

wall rises under my hand like years ago, under the door and through the where so many hands have touched it before. I

I climb the stairs and the last step, and pull and the door swings open with a lazy fluid squeak, and my bed glows in the candlelight.

The warmth of the place rises to my face, as I lift my

I begin, once again, to relax. All the tension and cold of the lonely

ground, and I pull off my shirt and untie my skirt and they fall cold as catch me and my warmth spreads beneath the sheets, a cocoon of warm air. Slowly, my arm sneaks out from under the blankets, and turns the crank that opens the roof, and once again the stars shine bright above me, but this time I'm safe, and warm, and fuzzy again, and I cup the candle flame with my hand and blow it out.

When the darkness descends this time, I let it, uninhibited, and it enters with a rush under the cold white stars, surrender. And I begin to instead of a whisper, fall and fall and
Sleeping Space

The sleeping shall be small enough for one to feel cozy and large enough for two to feel comfortable. It shall nestle at the edge of the clearing, just in the trees, with a clear view of the stars. It shall be made of cob and wood, with a roof on a pulley system, capable of providing shelter when necessary and wings whenever possible. The path shall be made of stone, and lined with green, growing things, with a special consideration given to morning glories and nightshade. The sleeping spaces shall all face East, so they may open their doors to the morning light, and shall be situated far enough away from each other so as to provide each occupant with a substantial piece of land and peace of mind, as well as to enjoy the crickets at night and the bird song by day.
Sleeping Space

By Night

By Day

Sleeping Space (Summer)
Summer Sleeping Space

Summer Sleeping Place - Entry

Summer Sleeping Space - Model

Summer Sleeping Place - Plan

Roof System Detail
The roof of the summer sleeping space can open up entirely- like giant wings- so one can lay in bed and watch the stars.

Sleeping Places - Location
The individual units lie at the edge of the incline, just beyond the tree line, at the point where field, hill, and tree meet.

Summer Sleeping Place - South Elevation

Sleeping Places - Grouping and Location
The Bath
Ritual Number Two
Ritual 2 - The Bath

On the way to the baths, I pass through the unknown field, the sun hot on bare shoulders. The wind lifts my skirt, swirling legs in the caresses of an intimate. The sky is as wide and blue and I walk with confidence and joy in my movement, in my ability to walk.

At the opening in the grass lies smooth stone, cool and slippery, and I step cautiously, and bending to open the dam and allow the water trapped in the pool to flow along, once set free, bubbles and gurgles, and laughs, alongside my path, barely beating me to our point of intersection, rushing over my feet in a swift, cool caress, as I cross to the other side.

Trees bow above my head on the far bank, sculpted, and the heat of the day gives way to warm speckled shade. Rainwater has gathered in the first rock, and I remove the grime and tension of the day. I discard my robe on the rock.

Just around the bend, the light glimmers on cool water. I find myself fully submerged, floating. The screen above me shades me from the sun, and gentler than they had any right to be. The screen flaps quietly in the breeze.

I don't know how long I lay in the pool, sinking deeper and deeper in to myself, letting the wind, and the water, and the sound, purify and cleanse my very spirit. I give myself fully, conscious of my right to give such a gift, and, like the most gentle of lovers, they me back, new, and young, and pure.

When I arise, the sun is lightly lower in the sky, and I feel new, not new, but restored, returned to the self I was meant to be. I stand straight in the pool, fabric of the screen, and entrance.

The sunlight has around me glows with light, I step to the door and sweep the cloth from the exit, look out, surveying the entire world at my feet.

With one final concession to the bath, I open the last floodgate, allowing my water to once again accompany me, it back to the river, and me back to life.
The Bath
The Bath is to be a place of rest and ritual cleansing.

With a variety of shade giving devies and mutli-pools - water storage, floating, and cleansing, the bath is transition space. A respite from the heat of the day, a preparation for the pleasures of the evening, a return to true self. It will draw it's water from the river and reurn it to the flow upon the completion of each cycle. The bath will be at one with it's surroundings, out under the open sky, built of stone, and wood, and water.
Self Ornamentation

Every time I approach the hall, I remember the day I turned thirteen, the first time I was allowed to join the People as an adult and not a child. The flight up the stairs seemed endless, and I wanted to run, but I was a grown up now, so I tried to ascend with an even measured pace, worthy of being a woman. From the top of the steps I looked down at the group of girls behind me, watching, and waiting, and wishing it was their turn. Then I turned my back and walked alone.

The top of the entrance felt like a whole new realm. The hall glowed, as I had heard it would. The walls seemed to absorb the light and hold it there, just for me. There was no sound, save the distance chirping of birds and the slow rhythmic beat of my shoes along the ground.

In one of the bays ahead of me, the light changed, became brighter and clearer than the rest of the hall. Everything in it was real—was defined and heightened. It was to that bay that I turned.

The stairs within were steep and long. Twisting back on themselves. But the clarity remained with me, and the knowledge that the journey was somehow essential pulled me forward.

At the top of the stairs, she waited. The painter. The old woman of knotted hair and withered breast who shown with the beauty of a woman.

She sat me in the wond of the small room, in a copied out corner, just big enough to hold my body, on a soft silk cushion and with her finger raised my chin until I saw her eyes to eye.

We held there for an eternal moment. She looking into my eyes, me looking back into hers, and with a brague nod, as if she had decided something, she turned to retrieve her paints.

Slowly, meticulously, with the air of an expert, she dipped her brush into the henna and traced the patterns of life on my hands, my arms, my face.

The pinpoint line of her brush outlined and highlighted the planes and valleys that were me and as she progressed, I felt them for the first time. I felt my body defined and shaped and molded and at that moment I claimed it, for the first time as mine. When I stood, and she faced me in the window, allowing me a glimpse of the place where my people gathered, I felt strong enough to face them as me.

The descent down the stairs and to the end of the hall passed in a blur, till I stood at the heavy stained glass doors. The colors of the glass felt on the patterns of my newly claimed body and I passed to gather my courage for the briefest of moments. Then I opened the door, stood at the head of the steps and faced my people.
Self Ornamentation

The approach shall be smooth and clean, a series of crisp steps and calm pools. The building shall be constructed of wood and concrete, with windows of Pellon and stained glass. The room at the top of the stairs will be large enough for two, one in the sitting niche, and the other within the larger space. The stairs will be lit by a light well with clear large windows allowing light in. The doors at the end, shall open at the top of a series of long, low steps and reflection pools, culminating at the place of meeting.
North Elevation

First Floor Plan
Self Ornamentation

Self Ornamentation - Purpose
The hall for self ornamentation is not about vanity. First and foremost, it, like the bath, is a celebration of the body. An act of joy in the self, and in being alive. Secondly, the ritual is about transcendence. Becoming one thing, then another. For the girl in the story, the place is about transcending from girl to woman, but the principal is applicable to anyone. For the adult experiencing the place, the ritual becomes one of transcendence from the everyday plane of existence to the special plane of celebration, a transcendence from everyday self to celebration self. Moreover, the place offers opportunities for rituals of recreation. For becoming someone or something different than what you were before.
The Retreat Center
Mission Statement
This center exists for the study of connections.
* Between the self and the self
* Between the self and mankind
* Between the self and the world
* Between the self and God.

Any man woman or child is welcome to come and stay and look and learn and leave when it is time. There are no rules but one, that respect is paid, at all times, to the sacredness inherent in life itself.

God Be with you.
Cohesive/Arbitrary Programming.
There shall be the following areas inherent in the sanctuary/retreat facility.
Some, (like the sleeping, bathing, and ornamentation places), have already been extensively programmed. The rest of the spaces, for the most part, are second semester work and part of the main facility.

5 Sleeping lodges - capable of sleeping 8 comfortably. should include a gathering, central, space.
Indoor Bathing rooms- Approx. 5-8 individual units, plus simple washing space too, ie. sinks.
Large Gathering Hall- Separated from the main body of the building. Capable of housing up to 100.
Community Room/ Family Room- Capable of holding 40 cozily. Should Have enough room to accommodate groups and privacy all at once. Should be cozy in the winter, (lodge feel, maybe a big fireplace, lots of wood), but have the capacity to open up in the summer.
Office Space - Located out of the main flow of traffic. One person space for caretaker.
Living Space- Year round one person living space for caretaker.
Kitchen Space- Capable of seating 40 and handing or more meal preparations simultaneously. To be staffed by those visiting site. Lots of counter space and light. Open space for working areas but niches, tables, and chairs for those who came to watch and talk and sit in the warmth of the kitchen.
Outdoor walking space- Lots of paths running in and over the site.
outdoor gathering space- Several slightly sheltered designated gathering areas for working, eating, etc out of door.
Reflection Garden- Definitely located behind the lodge. Include elements of water, tree, plant, and path. Similar feel to Japanese villa garden.
Large enough to accommodate many people simultaneously without being intrusive.
Bathrooms- Use soft light and natural materials to create pleasant resting space. Approx 8 units.
Parking Space- Enough for no more than twenty cars. Landscapes and as unintrusive as possible. Removed fro the main building.
Greenhouse- within easy reach of both the outdoor gardens., (shared storage), and the kitchen. Bright colored and warm. Could have vents to draw heat into other areas of the building.
Gathering Porch/Greeting Porch- On the South side of the center. Links exterior and interior, but is also a primary gathering space in he evening and morning. Lots of detailed wood work with rails wide enough to sit on.
Circulation- The links between the spaces occur in hallways, on porches, and out of doors. The rituals of transcendence and arrival occur here.
Library- Small, bright room. Separated from main body of action but within visual access of it. Stocked with books to inform and inspire.
Studio Space- Separate from main building. Lots of light. Room to accommodate 10- 15. Some public, some private space.
Meditation Space- Small, dusky room large enough for one. Simple materials, pure and unobtrusive. Natural or candle lighting.
Mechanical space, ADA Access, and emergency access all need adressed as well.
Arrival
We came on S. R. 46, a little two lane highway, past rolling hills, and hardwood forests, and farmers fields. The turnoff was marked by a small wooden sign, we’d never have noticed it if we hadn’t been looking. The gravel road was marked with trees and it banked sharply as we pulled off of the highway, we had to drive very slowly there. As we moved down the road, the drive turned sharply and we drove next to the highway for a bit, alongside, but separated by 12 feet of berm and trees. It was strange, like we were on a whole new plane. At the end of the road we turned sharply again, till our backs were to the road and we faced a gorgeous grove of trees. There was no choice but to park- the road had simply stopped- so we parked, picked up our bags, and moved further up and further into the site. In the grove, the trees were busily breaking the sun into shards of light on the ground, and we followed the path for a long, long way. Finally, a glimpse of light ahead, until the trees broke and we stood in a field, full of long grass and wildflowers. At the very edge of our site we could see the lodge, and it got larger and larger until we stood at the bridge, and the lodge was so close we could almost touch it. And we stopped there for a moment, and then stepped onto the bridge, one by one. Our footsteps sounded as we crossed and I could hear the people on the porch shouting “Hello!” and “Welcome!” And then we reached the steps and the railing and climbed, up and up until we stood at the top, at the same level with our new friends, and looked back at where we had come from. Then we turned, and walked in.
Lynn - Arrival

We walked the last bit, "over the river and through the woods as it were," until we stepped out into the sun of the open field. There were flowers everywhere and the heavy drone of bumblebees, and I watched the long grasses bowed low as the breeze passed. The path we walked was wide and clear and patterned with stones and soft grass, with river rock delicately bordering the sides. At the end of the path was our goal, the main lodge, the welcome porch, with its long wooden stairs that led to the circle door. It was beautiful.

The building rested low in the grass and its long low porch reached out to meet us. Above the roof line, the building lifted a single hand to the sky.

The greeting porch was one of my favorite places in the world. It seemed everyone found their place on it from the first day, and returned their consistently to watch the sun rise and set, and to greet newcomers as they walked across the field. It was warm in the morning and cool in the afternoon, with ledges just big enough to sit on and lean out over the field. In the evening, after supper, everyone made their way to the porch, and we watched the sun burn out and the lightening bugs come out. Sometimes, we would open up the wooden doors that led into the family room, and kids and bugs moved freely in-between.
Building Section - (Looking East)
The most difficult mountain to cross is the threshold.

Danish Proverb

As previously mentioned, the Heaven Earth pillar is a icon consistently utilized throughout man's historical search for the sacred to link the planes of heaven, earth, and the underworld. The entry speaks to that tradition. At its uppermost portion, the “steeple” reaches to heaven, and contains openings to allow light to filter into the space. It’s midrange is that of the human. At this critical center point is where the first physical connection to the retreat center occurs as it is where the book lies. As each new retreatee arrives it is here, under the light of heaven, firmly rooted to the earth that he signs his name. At this level the walls are adorned with text and engraving of vines, man, art, and nature, inextricably linked on the human plane. On the ground floor the pillar continues, for it is here that the drinking well lies. Practically, the spot is ideal, for the water is always in the shade, is guarded from leaves, bugs, etc. and lies within easy reach of the gardens, greenhouse and bathing facilities. Spiritually, though, the heaven earth pillar is completed in the well, with a “bottomless hole” reaching indefinitely underground.
"You have noticed that everything the Indian does is in a circle, and that is because the Power of the World is in a circle, and everything tries to be round...even the seasons form a great circle in their changing, always coming back to where they were. The life of a man is in a circle, from childhood to childhood, and so it is in everything where power moves...."

Hehaka Sapa, Ogala Sioux/Lakota Holyman

Any project that attempts to address the sacred in design without proper study of our ancestral archetypes, is inappropriately arrogant, and runs the risk of becoming limited, both by time and by culture. In other words, without an understanding of the historical sacred archetypes, one has no other option than to design from ones own experience. Lava lamps, bean bag chairs, and bell bottoms are perfect examples. At the time of their creation and implementatiobn they, (arguably), were appropriately expressive of the mentality and mood of an era. Today, however, they speak to us only as icons of that era. Sacred space cannot be addressed as lightly, if our intent is to embody some concept of timelessness and universal appeal. (An important note here, however, is that, while this particular study addresses physical permanence as well as ideological permanence, this is not necessarily the intent, nor should it be, of sacred object. Some objects, like the Buddhist sand mandala, speak to the universals but have an exceedingly limited physical life. Within the context of these sacred rituals, the destruction of the object is as important ritually as the creation and existence of said object. Those temporary objects, structures, etc, are, however, the subject of another thesis.). Our goal is to transcend temporary meaning and discover those forms that have the capability to reach beyond our own cultural ideology and generation. Within the context of history, the designer has the opportunity to discover those forms, shapes and spatial qualities that transcend particular religious or cultural bases, to become a universal symbol.

Among the most predominate sacred archetype is the circle. Long recognizes as a symbol of power and continuity, the form has been the subject of both legend and architectural expression. As a geometry that disallows for rank and reaffirms unity, the circle presents itself in native american teepees, as the primary organizational unit of King Arthur's court. It provides our models for understanding of direction and our models of the universe. As a recognized symbol of power, the circle orders the pillars at stonehenge and is the mythocal home of the fairy dances in Ireland. More traditionally, the circle becomes the domein the domes of russian orthodox churches, muslim mosques, and byzantine cathedrals.
In the context of the retreat facility, the power of the circle is utilized primarily as a pause in ritual progression. The Tree Moment provides a good example. As a break in the linear progression from waking space to sleeping space, as well as from hill to valley, the widening of the path around the trees trunk differentiates that one tree from all of the others in the forest, suggesting and opportunity for reflection and awareness by providing an opportunity for both the former and the latter.
The wheel outside the door is just the moon.

Those objects hanging from the eaves.

just Autumn clouds.

Liang Li (A.D. 850)

**Transition Hall**

Similarly, transition hall acts as a pause in linear movement. This space, whilst providing an intermediate space between waking space and sleeping space, also acts as a gathering space. A place for children to meet their parents before bed, and neighbors to stop and greet each other before breakfast. Here, the sun takes on a central role. As day progresses, the radial windows reflect its path on the mosaic compass points on the floor. The link to the sky is reflected in the details of Transition Hall as well, with the sun on the East, and the moon on the West. A universal connection on the walk from waking to sleeping, and back again each day.

Transition hall is a pause. A reflection of the movement of the sun and sky. A central element in the role of the retreat facility to encourage the acknowledgment of one's connection not only to oneself and others, but to the universe as a whole. To recognize that the patterns and rituals that govern the universe, are inextricably linked to the patterns and rituals that govern our lives. Sleep with the moon, rise with the sun.
The Fairy Ring

The Fairy Ring acts as an arguably more whimsical link to the circles heritage, (though I suspect if you ask any good Irishman he'd recommend that one not take the power so lightly.). Nevertheless, the fairy ring lies to the North of the art building. Cobbeled with inlaid square stone and surrounded by six trees, the fairy ring does not lie in any immediate linear path. It is, however, a break in the continuum of the field. To reach this ring, therefore, one must travel out of one's way, with the ring as the goal rather than the intermediate zone. The ring provides both gathering place and inspiration point for retreat goers.

Fey Ring-
On the North of the Art Building

Paving Detail

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
...and you whose pastime is to make midnight mushrooms...by whose aid,
Weak mortals though ye be, I have beckoned
The midnight sun...

Shakespeare,
The Tempest

Paving Detail #2

Fairy - France March 19, 1997
GAH & SKM
Rituals of Transcendence- The Bridges & The Links

One of the most important of human rituals is that of transcendence. The idea that it is possible, desirable, and necessary, to move from one state of being to another should one desire to access the sacred. The need for transcendence is inextricably linked in man's understanding of the sacred planes, those of heaven, earth, and the underworld. Built elements, like church steeples, and the heaven/earth pole attempt to symbolically, (and literally), link the planes, making transcendence possible. Historically, various religions of the world also utilized hallucinogenic drugs, meditation, and holy leaders to make transcendence possible.

In the everyday sacraments and rituals, transcendence between planes, and states of being, also occur. Within the context of the retreat facility, many planes of existence create the whole of a day. To recognize them as distinct entities is the first step, leaving us next with the responsibility of creating a method to access them. The physical symbol of the bridge offers the designer one opportunity to provide that link. Within the context of the facility, three bridges come into play. The first is the foot bridge. This bridge, just large enough for one, spans the creek that segregates the Northern from the Southern side of the property. This ritual of transcendence is the final break between the "real world" and the grounds of the retreat facility. More than two different physical areas, the bridge is a transcendence in states of mind. The second bridge is the sleeping bridge. This bridge separates two different states of consciousness, that of the sleeping and the waking mind, between the sub-conscious and the conscious mind. The last bridge is the art bridge. This bridge, too, is about states of mind, linking the planes of being and of creating.
The Art Bridge

The Bridges within the project fulfill essential roles as units of separation between states of being. The sleeping bridge separates states of mind, a link, (and a break), between the conscience and sub-conscience. Likewise, the art bridge separates doing from being. Creation requires a unique set of mind, a "zone", in other words, as distinct from the everyday as intense meditation, hallucinations, or dreams. The bridge is a symbolic symbol of the ritual of transcendence, from one state of being to
The Bridge

Elevation

Section
The Art Building.

The Art Building is arranged in two levels. The main level contains three studio bays—large enough to house two comfortably. Each bay has two large, southern windows as well as baffles for indirect light. Sinks and storage line the sides of the gathering space in the central core. Two stain glass windows adorn the art building, on the North and East facade, coloring the very ground of the studio. The second floor in the studio is a loft space. This space is a room for pause and inspiration before the creating. Filled with books, art, etc, the loft offers an overlook of the studio as well as access to a porch that offers an overview of the site. Likewise, the main floor offers outdoor access as well. On the main floor, the porch is large enough to be considered exterior work space (rather than merely an overlook).

"and I'd go to the studio first thing every morning, climb the steps to the loft and watch the sun rise through the colored glass. The colors moving across the floor made my fingers itch for their paints. I made myself wait until the colors hit the center table and then I would rush downstairs, gather my materials and move into the sun of the front porch. I don't know how long I stayed every day- but I rarely left while the sky was still light. Sometimes, while the sun set, I would sit down on the porch and let my feet dangle through the rails, and think about what I would make tomorrow...."
Sleeping Lodges - Positioning - Separation and Reconnection

The location and arrangement of the sleeping lodges is as critical a part of the ritual of
going to bed as the building itself. The winter lodges are set into the forest high of the hill.
Connected by a series of bridges, steps and paths, the movement between the lodges is a constant
series of separation and rejoining. This separation and reconnection is reinforced on several
levels.

In the evening, on the path to sleep, the five lodges fall away visually, one by one, as the
hill is ascended. The main lodge as well is rapidly removed from sight as one moves further into
the shelter of the trees. Reconnection happens in the lodge itself. Hidden among the trees, the
light from the sleeping quarters is allowed to sift through the trees and beckon one home.

The reverse happens on the way down the slope, on the path to wakefulness. On the way
down, reconnection is achieved visually as one emerges from the trees and sees the rooftops of
the fellow lodges reappear. Certain areas, (transition hall and the tree moment for example), are
specifically located to allow for the unplanned reconnection, on the chance that two travelers,
upon waking, would stop to rest at the same point in the path.

The lodges themselves have a similar pattern of separation and rejoining. Located around
a central hub, each sleeping space is suited for the couple or individual, yet the option remains

Laura - 13yrs old  Every summer the whole family would go to
Brown County together. Mom said it was to get to know each
other. it always took a day or two to get used to no T. V. or dish-
washer, or radio. It was hard to get used to quiet. to listen just to
birds and silence and wind and each others voices. The first time
we went we sat in the family room at the lodge and just stared at each
other, and couldn't, for the life of us, think of a thing to say. We went
to bed early that night, might as well have, the dark was sort of spooky.
Anyway, the next morning I woke up really early, (I never do that at
home), and my room was warm and bright. I slid out of bed, feet first,
and looked into everyone else's nook and saw that they were all asleep.
I stretched in the family room, and warmed my hands on the fire, then
headed outside. I took a walk in the dewy grass that morning and
watched the world wake up. It was pretty interesting. I definitely
recommend it. Anyways, I ended up in the bathroom. It was really
cool, warm and damp, with a slippery stone floor and plants growing
everywhere. I stood in the shower a long time and thought about the
rest of my day......
Sleeping Lodge

Unlike the Summer sleeping spaces, which are scattered, open, and individual, the Winter sleeping spaces enclose the user. Large enough to comfortably accommodate 4 pairs. The sleeping space as a whole is in the tradition of the sleeping lodge, a smaller family within the larger family of the retreat goers. The beds themselves are organized radially around the heat source. The fire place also offers the central gathering place and focal point for the family room. The beds themselves are raised three steps above floor level, (like those in the summer house), and the actual sleeping space is small to trap and hold body heat. Each sleeping space has an East facing window to offer the opportunity to wake up with the sun.
The interior bath is as impotent a ritual glorification of the human body as the exterior bath, (though the ritual, and therefore the design, differ drastically). The interior bath, rather than being a study in openness, is sunken into the earth, a sheltering of nakedness, rather than an open celebration of it. The winter baths take their atmosphere from the Japanese concept expressed in the book In Praise of Shadows wherein it is maintained that even the most beautiful of women would never dream of exposing the naked bottom of her feet. Within this bath, nakedness is protected and coddeded, rather than being exposed.

This is not, however, meant to imply a sense of shame, degradation, etc. Rather, this bath, used in colder weather, when the exterior baths are inappropriate, shelters its user. The earth, rather than being pedestal and backdrop, becomes womb.

The entry is a study in stone and stained glass, approached via a radial staircase around Transition Hall. Upon entry, the sink room is warm and humid, atmosphere granted largely through a stone floor and a clerestory, supporting a plethora of plant life.
Moving further in, the privacy level increases. Beyond the sink room lies the toilet room. The stall walls are thick, each with a private cloth ceiling. Light fixtures above the cloth cause the atmosphere to be softer than then materials would otherwise suggest. The fixtures here are made of cedar, adding the warmth of living wood to the relative cool stone.

The deepest room is the shower stalls. These stalls, a system of interconnecting stone rings and stained glass figures, creates sheltering arms for nakedness in the cold of winter. The showers are entered via stone bridges crossing a small running stream in the floor that makes use of the high water table. Each stall is just big enough for one, with an entry that wraps each user in.

The last step in the process is a quiet room just beyond the showers. This room, large enough for two, contains clean towels, robes, and enough space to dress and compose oneself before reentry into the exterior world.
The North Garden

The Garden System to the North of the building takes its cue from Japanese villa gardens. Planted to ensure the pleasure of the user rather than to sustain their physical existence, the gardens inspire meditation and movement. Like the villa garden, these gardens attempt to create the universe in miniature, complete with miniature mountains, (out of stones), and manmade islands in miniature lakes. The temptation exists, however, within the context of a pseudo perfect, controllable landscape, to affirm its superiority over the unknown, uncontrollable plane of existence, and the desire to remain within its context is a powerful. The north garden is intended not as an idealized escapist universe, but rather as a transitional plane, from the walls of the facility, into the site at large, and further into the universe at large. The retreat is not an escapist fantasy. It merely provides the opportunity to recreate and rediscover a world view before stepping back into the world with the intent and strength to test its merit. The garden is the first step into the larger context.
Eating
Meals were different at the retreat. For one thing they were a lot more work. There was no fast food, and no cook, and mom said she certainly wasn't the only one who was going to eat so everyone had to pitch in. In the morning, it was my job to go to the greenhouse before breakfast. First I'd weed my box, and then I'd pick the food we needed for the day. I always made sure to pick extra tomatoes. I loved fresh tomatoes. There was celery and cucumbers too. I always complained, actually, about the morning chore but, truth be told, I loved the greenhouse. It was bright and clean and very warm. It smelled good too, like earth, and plants, like growth. In the mornings it was quiet, I had it all to myself, but I liked it in the afternoon too, when it was bustling with life, everyone picking food for their lunch. Some days, Mom would come in and weed my box with me, we talked about a lot, our hands together in the dirt...
Miscellaneous Moments/Places

Butterfly Door - Located at Entry to Art Bridge

Access to Winter Sleeping Spaces

Floor Detail - Entry Hall

The Family Room - Main Lodge

Sleeping Lodge - Garden Entry

Wine Cellar - Perspective
More Miscellaneous Moments/ Places

Chapel/Gathering Place Elevation

Kitchen Elevation

Kitchen Window - Looking onto Greeting Porch

Meditation Room - Ground Floor, Main Lodge - Section

Meditation Room Iso.
Conclusion
Conclusion-

Access to the scared is possible.
Access is made possible through connections.
Connections to others, to ourselves, and to nature can give us connection to God.

As a designer we have the potential to help others establish these connections.
We have the potential to create moments of access to the sacred for another.

Ritual is about the creation of moments that allow for connection to the sacred.

If we, therefore, design ritual, we can design moments.
If our buildings emerge from the ritual we can design for connection.
If anyone discovers the moments, discovers the connection, we have designed for the sacred.

It is not an easy thing to do.
Attempts often fail.
Man is often oblivious- even to the best design in the world.

But we try anyway.
And some day, at some point, a random man or woman may notice, may connect.
And that makes it worth it.
Bibliography


