



PROFILE

How I Came to This Work

Life is constantly offering possibilities, many of which we avoid. Some are vital and we have no choice - they make their urgency known by the pain that accompanies them.

So it was as I went through a divorce thirteen years ago (we separated the day after my daughter's second birthday). I was thirty-five and doing everything I could contrive to avoid my soul's birthing pains. I was even willing to hold onto a marriage that served neither of us. Fortunately my wife had more courage.

This was decided the day before I traveled to work on a project. While away, my wife moved out. I returned on a cold night, late. Entering the house, the ground floor appeared little changed. As I walked upstairs and looked down the hall into my daughter's (Kate) room, I saw nothing. It was empty, and I finally saw my own emptiness. I had no choice how to respond.

My home was a bungalow with a central hearth. I spent that winter cloistered away, held by the fire, entering the fire, learning to love the ashes.

There I was, an architect, really a poet who writes with space and form, finally exploring my inner Home. The path was inclusive, centered on Rumi and Mystical Christianity, two wings of a bird. And the way lead to simple understandings, centered on the vision that our life's journey is a process of finding Home in the world. This vision is hinged around the knowing of my inner Home being mirrored by my outer, physical home. As I deepen my knowing of my inner Home, so my relationship with my place in the world transforms. And this works inversely. My sense of peace and clarity expands as I open myself to the grace and power of nature, or fully dwell in my home, learning the intimacies of space - always further opening my heart to love.

My greatest teacher sits beside me now, in front of a fire (I'm remarried, with two stepsons, my dad, and four cats) - Kate. Young children tend to say yes! to life; they demand to be known and to know (to love is to know, all of it, with devotion); they're fearless; they're unconsciously one with their source; they see everything being alive, inviting a response - they're a spring flower, bursting through the soil. One day I was sitting on the floor, in a depressed-stupor, when Kate grabbed me, shook me, and said, "Daddy, get up and play!" So I burst (well, slowly rose) through the soil of my grief (the divorce was only the iceberg's tip), taking the time to taste each layer. I explored my way through meditation, poetry, nature, dance, and playing with Kate, the fruit of which are writings forming the core of the vision I'm serving (found at www.HeliconWorks.com).

In exploring Home and creating our home, the work is always to identify that which is life-giving, wherein the spaces we dwell put us in intimate relationship. Once these impulses are revealed, through creative and meditative exercises, my work is to embody them in poetic and compelling spaces where my clients can fully live into the lives they desire. I'm their Home-midwife, helping give form to the beauty they love.