Week five is coming up! Make sure to ask about our farm fresh eggs!

And for all the beet fans out there, here’s a recipe for roasted beets and sautéed beet greens!
http://augardens.com/category/beet/
Point of View
Garth Woodruff

Lani is an amazing designer. Suddenly I’m not the only one who feels this way and it’s keeping her quite busy. From time to time she smiles across our partners table, generously slips me a project just so I can keep myself fresh, exercise my creativity, and too kindly stroke my fragile ego. This last Sunday I sat in the dining room of a client’s house waiting for her to reappear from deep within her office to produce some pictures, when I was able to pause and enjoy her space from the inside. Large glass windows spanned the back of the home looking out over a slight rise that leads to a lovely Bernian wood. To be honest I was a little jealous. Every home that we have lived in over the last 10 plus years have had a great room sitting with large windows that take in a majestic outside. Our home in Virginia sits atop Blue Mountain; the front door stands at ground level, but in the back, where our back A-frame windows face, it sits easily 10’ from the woodland floor. More than once we have guests walk in and say, “Wow, I feel like I’m in a tree house”. Our first layer home in St. Joseph had large windows that looked out over the St. Joseph River. We spent hours sliding away our day, watching hooters and ducks stuck in the shallow river, or the Coast Guard ticketing sunburned weekenders.

Our home now lacks just that element and I’m finding it difficult to adjust. Claustrophobia and insomniac plague our every evening in contrast to our pasts, leaves blowing in the breeze. I have become so conscious of my views, that during a recent office move, I arranged my entire space with my desk at a catwalk angle just so I could see out of the studio windows to watch the weather. Everything epistemically was wrong. I was cramped in a corner, and life was miserable. But I could see outside a window! Today in a cold sweat, hands shaking, I found myself lied up.

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Kinked neck from looking at my monitor crooked, I jumped up, toppling my laptop and spilling coffee, in a frenzy to move my desk to a reasonable spot. With great relief I sat a few minutes later, easily in reach of everything and my monitor now in front of me, but staring at a sad white concrete wall. Now, 12 hours hence, I find myself clicking away on my keyboard in a much happier and window seal of an Amtrak train. It’s sunny and the Midwest sky is so large, animated and three-dimensional, that I forget for a minute that I’m on a train. Large fluffy white clouds, indicative of a day after a front passes through, individually round out as though they demand center stage, back lit by the sun, as to say, “Look at me!”

Before long I know that I’ll have to read myself to sleep. A few months back I had my boys, flush with Christmas iTunes money, load a long desired book on my iPad for me. It’s by Rudolf Steiner and it addresses the topic of spiritual ecology. I don’t have the patience for many books like this in my life. But, it fits the iPad purpose perfectly. I can only read about a page before I have to spend a week digesting it. Then after processing the very complex issues and deciding if or how they fit into my life and beliefs, I allow myself to continue with another paragraph or two. I’m tactile, and I usually like a real book that I can wrinkle, spill stuff on, highlight, and fold down pages in the evening when I’m ready to set it back on the nightstand. My iPad book on the other hand is there in a pinch. And a week ago when I touched it last, with only a few minutes between meetings, it was expounding on theories in the science from Goethe, specifically the three different modes of experiencing our senses. His first mode is what we do consciously with our senses. For instance, we simply see the clouds as they bob past the train window. The second is the impression they make on us: do we like them, are they disgusting, are we sympathetic about them? Most of the time I don’t think about stage two. And if some of us do consciously think of stage two, none of us think about stage three; the knowledge that we “acquire about the objects as they reveal to us the secrets of what they are and how they work”. These stages are often equated to body, soul, and spirit.

Take it or leave it, it’s fascinating. How many times have I sat gazing out my Virginia windows soaking in the two young Hickory trees and thought about where they came from, who planted them, why I liked them, and more importantly, what they can reveal to me about what they are? Long after I’m gone, these two trees will stand strong and tall over a family possibly like mine. They shelter the deck from the sun, generate a warm cozy feeling to a living space, and create a sense of living outside in a future society who will likely be even more inside. Pausing for a moment and consciously acknowledging the feelings beyond what I hear, taste, smell, touch, or see helps me appreciate the senses of a thing.

I guess I don’t need to read myself to sleep after all. I have clouds to figure out.
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