



# Seasons of the Architect

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**What does it take to make a project happen?**

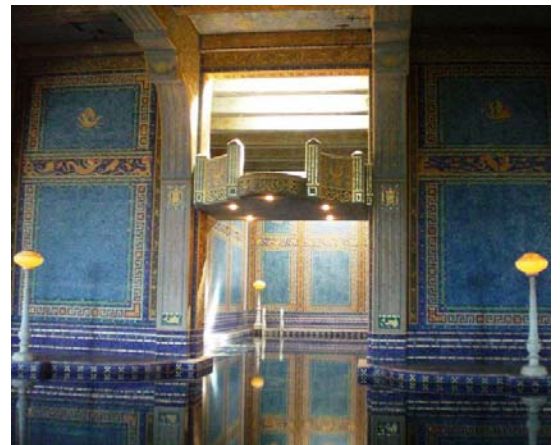
*Drive, passion, ego – relentless pursuit of a vision.* These things help overcome the odds.

The really tough projects need all these ... and something more. Some adventures we, as architects, get involved in can be so complex and overwhelming that rational observers might deem them doomed. *Those are the adventures that crystallize, in my mind, in the seasons of the architect.*

**Spring** Ahh... the euphoric glow; the exhilaration of a new unfolding opportunity, *abundant* with potential, *bursting* with *delectable dreams*, *delicious notions*, and *mysteries* to be revealed. Flashes of insight ... followed by moments of grandeur.

Ahh ... spring! What a joy! Everything in bloom! - Fresh, Glistening, Exciting, Limitless.

My face is flush with excitement, explosive enthusiasm, I am bubbling over with passion. Egads – what heady times these are.



# Summer

With progress, and time, the glow fades.

Now the landscape is warmer, and rolling. The horizon is prominent ... and an objective. A group has gathered, and we march forward – at times beating drums, at times loosing dogs to keeping all gathered. Long hours, a sometimes tedious focus on detail, placing pieces together, bit by bit, keeping in mind the great whole taking shape. Drawing by drawing, file by file, relentlessly moving forward, with one eye always on the horizon, to make certain the direction is true.



# Fall.

The shift in season is a surprise: the warmth of summer now gives way to a chill that is like a surprising slap in the face. From seemingly out of nowhere, one after another, internal and external obstacles appear ... each demands in turn ... focus ... energy ...

The tougher it gets, the clearer things become. *A warrior emerges, ready to fight the good fight ... for the good of the project.* In the heat of the moment, all distractions disappear. Intensity takes everything and distills it to a point. Forward.

# Winter.

A gray sky overhead. It's done. Is it? ...

Feeling a bit empty, a bit exhausted, a bit burned out. Now and again, doubts bubble up, looking back on the long path that crossed deserts, glaciers, roaring seas, giant chasms. There's a deep satisfaction that preserves the love and keeps the cold at bay.

*Hey – my eyes light up. Ahead, just ahead...* There's that glimmer ... the poetic touch of green pushing up through snow! Ah, spring. Just around the corner – another project!

