

(1)

I received a message on my phone machine last Tuesday from Debe Bloom, whom I did not know. She and her husband Rick had seen some furniture I had made and ~~was~~ asked if I might be interested in building an Ark for their temple's Torah. Although some years ago I was married to a Jewish woman, I did not know what an Ark was ~~was~~ ~~was~~. I have a body of work that focuses on sanctuary art and reliquaries and this could be a dream commission.

We met a few weeks later and I learned that the Ark was to be a memorial to Debe's twin sister who had passed away the previous year. The design requirements were very broad. Historically, Arks are as varied as the communities who have them.

(2)

We got together a month or so later joined by Thos Singer who added a clerical perspective as well as practical and ~~historical~~ historical input. I proposed ~~three~~ design ideas and was delighted and challenged with the consensus to build an Ark that resembled an ~~over~~ large Torah or scroll. Each cylinder would open and could house one Torah. It would be lighted from within yet constructed ~~in~~ so the light would emit outwards. The elements of the construction would echo repetition, essential in ritual.

This became my exclusive project ~~for~~ for the next two months, ~~following my~~ ~~hunches~~ As I followed my hunches in the pursuit of these ~~the~~ ideas, I knew

I was much too ~~too~~ involved to (3)
evaluate the results of my work.

Then, one day near completion, a
friend stopped by the shop, ~~to~~ in a
state of some anxiety, to talk and
proceeded to ~~talk~~^{embrace} the Ark. ~~I~~ ~~then~~

By this gesture I was able to
judge the success of my efforts.