

Welcome.

You're seated in a room unlike *any* other.

Above you glows the *Persian Ceiling*—a radiant canopy of hand-blown glass by artist Dale Chihuly.

Before we begin, take a moment to find the place where your body wants to be.

You might choose to sit on a bench, sit cross-legged on the floor,
or lie down completely—directly beneath the shimmering canopy above.
Let your posture reflect how you wish to experience this mindful moment.

If you've been here before, consider seeing it from a new perspective.
Sometimes a shift in position can open the window to new wonders.

Once you've settled in...
Allow your body to soften.
And let the art meet you where you are.

Take a deep breath in...
And a slow breath out.

Feel the floor beneath you.

Allow your body to root to the earth.
Now, lift your gaze to the world above you...

This isn't just a ceiling—it's a living tapestry of light and color.

You've entered a world above and beyond—
a ceiling transformed into sky,
into a garden,
or into a dream.

Overhead, glass blooms.
Petals and vessels, ripples and flames—
Suspended forms, twisting and stretching
toward something unseen.
Each piece glows with color,
lit from above,
casting waves of amber and aquamarine,
ruby and violet
like sunlight dancing through water.

Here, in this space,
light and color are not just present—
they are *alive*.

Shapes swell with mystery.
Some seem gently crafted.
While others feel as if they formed themselves.
All of it, held in that delicate place—
where artistry flirts with wildness,
and precision gives way to play.

Like the artist himself,
forever dancing at the edge—
between control and surrender,
intention and instinct,
order and flow.

This ceiling does not ask for explanation.
It invites you to *wonder*.

What are you seeing?
What do these shapes become?
A garden of light?
A tidepool of stars?
A heavenly tapestry unrolled?

Let your breath mirror this mystery—
Inhale, soft and slow.
Exhale, open and easy.

Some forms might feel familiar:
a blossom, a wave,
a treasured relic from long ago.
Others are entirely new—
as if washed ashore from another world.

Let your imagination wander.
Let it bloom.
Let go of the need to name, or know.
Just *feel*.

You are walking through a Persian garden of light—
a place of medallions and mosaics,
of swirling lines and secret meanings.
The ceiling becomes a portal,
a carpet that rises,
a canopy of heaven made by hand.

Here, art and nature intertwine.
Glass echoes water.

Light behaves like breath.
And color becomes feeling.
This is not a ceiling—
it is an atmosphere.
An environment.
A moment suspended in wonder.

And just as Persian gardens once mirrored paradise,
this space reflects something timeless—
what's possible
when imagination becomes form.
When craftsmanship opens a doorway to the divine.
When art transforms not just what you see...
but who you are.

So breathe again.
Gently.
Deeply.

Let yourself be held by this place—
its colors, its curves,
its quiet invitation to pause.

Before you rise...
look again.

What do you see now?

What does it feel like—
to be inside something so beautiful?

What changed in you, inside of you
while you were looking?

Carry that with you.
That spark of awe.
That quiet joy.

Because here, beneath this garden of light,
something in you remembered
how to wonder...
and how to feel.