

My Mother's Cabin: A Design in Memory  
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Abstract

Located in rural Mount Laurel, Virginia,  
on the tobacco farm my mother was raised,  
this house grew from the use of  
memories as a design tool:  
my childhood memories  
not to mimic, rebuild, or remake,  
but to create new space for new memories.  
To create a space where, one day,  
my son could retreat and remember  
his childhood.

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Daniel Beck, Julie Faloon  
and the rest of my studiomates

my parents and family

my Marines

Dr. Post for telling me stop digging ditches

Falcouner Construction and Allegheny Construction  
for allowing me to dig ditches

and finally

my wife, Erika, for asking me what I really wanted  
to do for the rest of my life, and then making it happen.  
Without her, this would not have been at all possible.

In memory of  
LCpl Jourdan L. Grez and Maj Michael E. Weston  
who were my motivation

For my son, Alasdair Jourdan Hackworth



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## Introduction

I remember, as a child, waking up as the tires hit  
the edge of the long gravel driveway,  
the small hill obscuring the house just beyond it.

As we would crest that hill,  
the light from the porch, framed by its columns,  
became visible forming a bright square that meant  
we were there.

My grandmother, my mother's mother,  
would be waiting at the screen door.

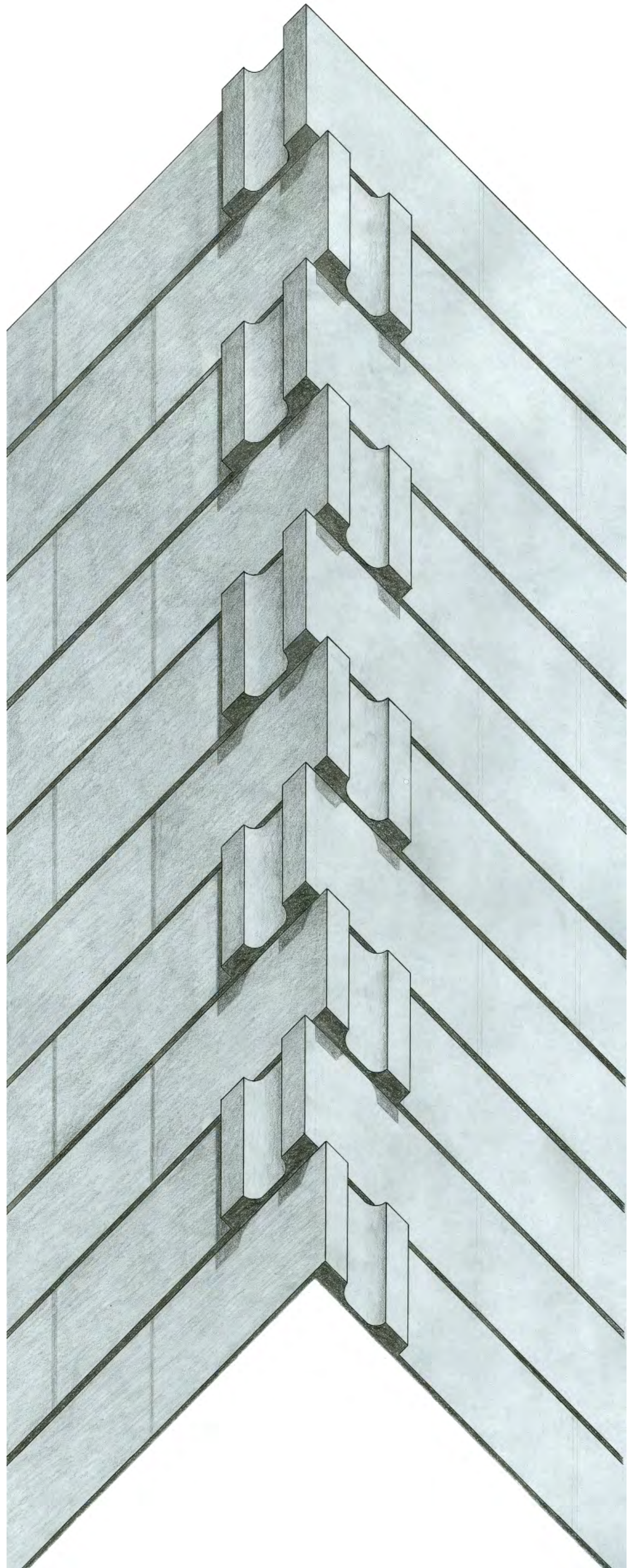
This is where my memories of my grandmother's  
house begin. This thesis is the house of a new  
grandmother, to create the memories of a new son.

That long axis of approach with the warm light at  
the end, the sound of the rain on the metal roof,  
the child's sense of scale, I tried to capture  
my memories and reshape them  
for my mother and my son.

To create a home.

To create an escape.

A place for me to attempt to leave behind  
the harsh memories of war  
and slip into their place memories of  
my childhood.















































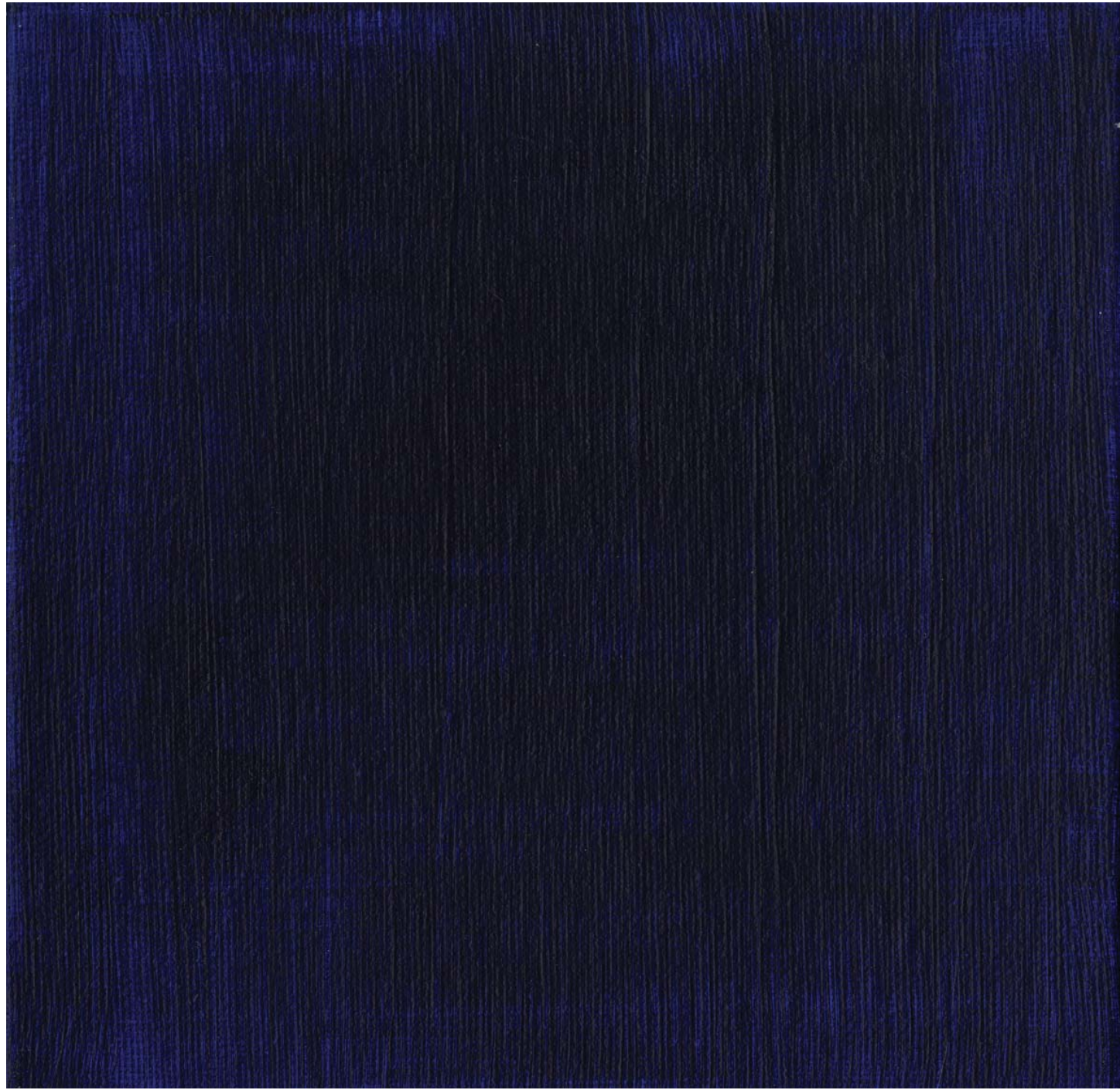




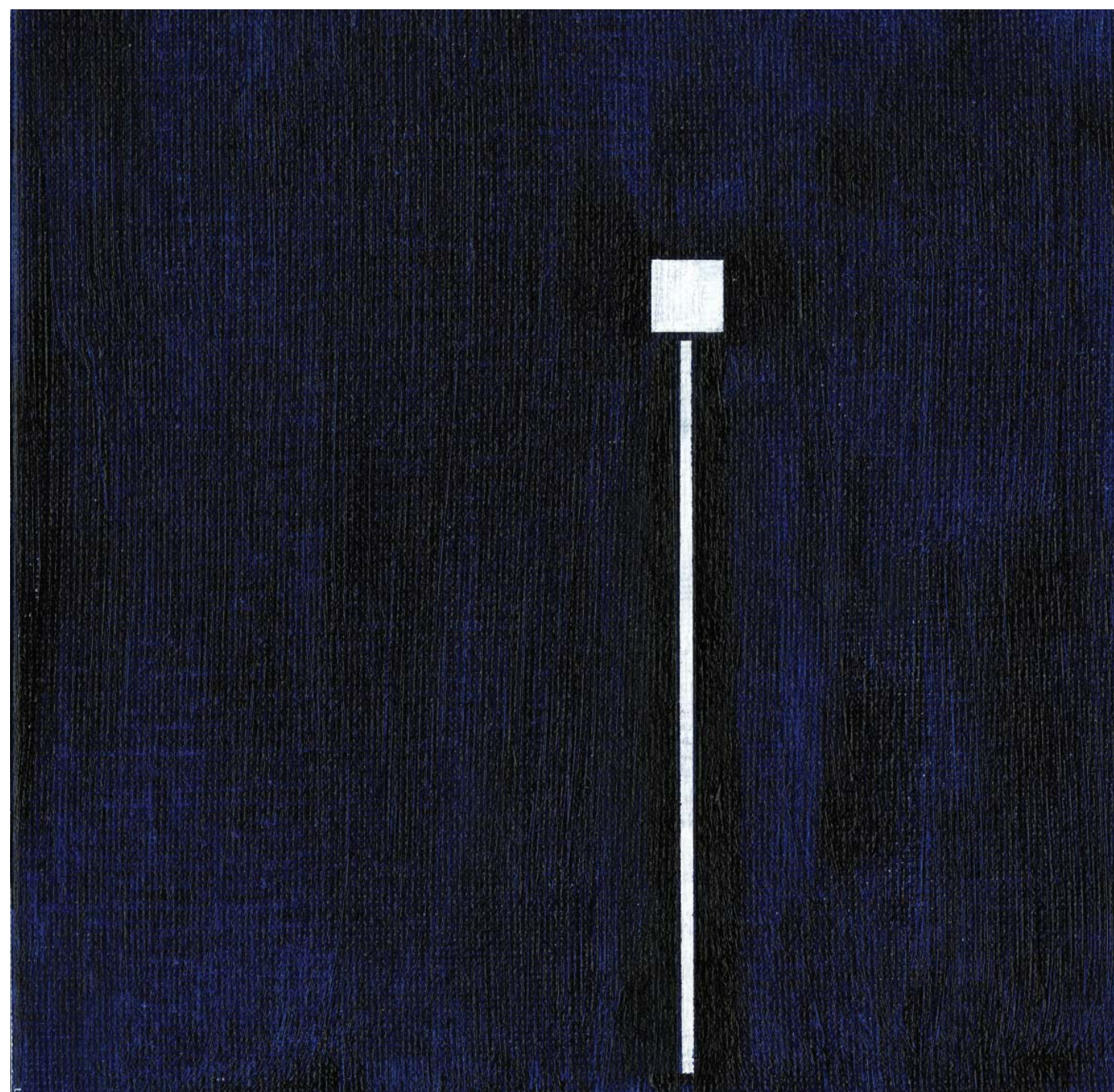




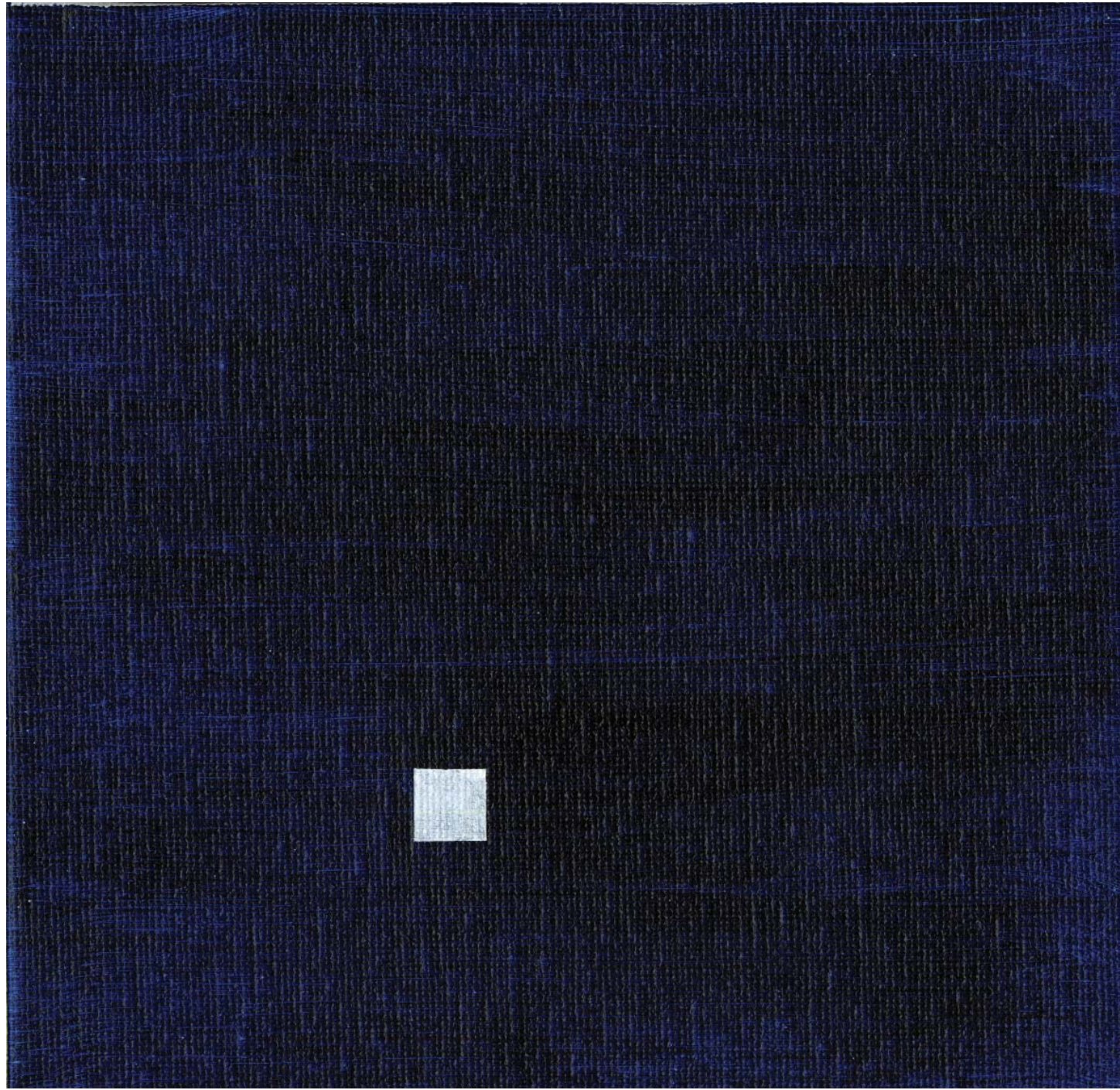




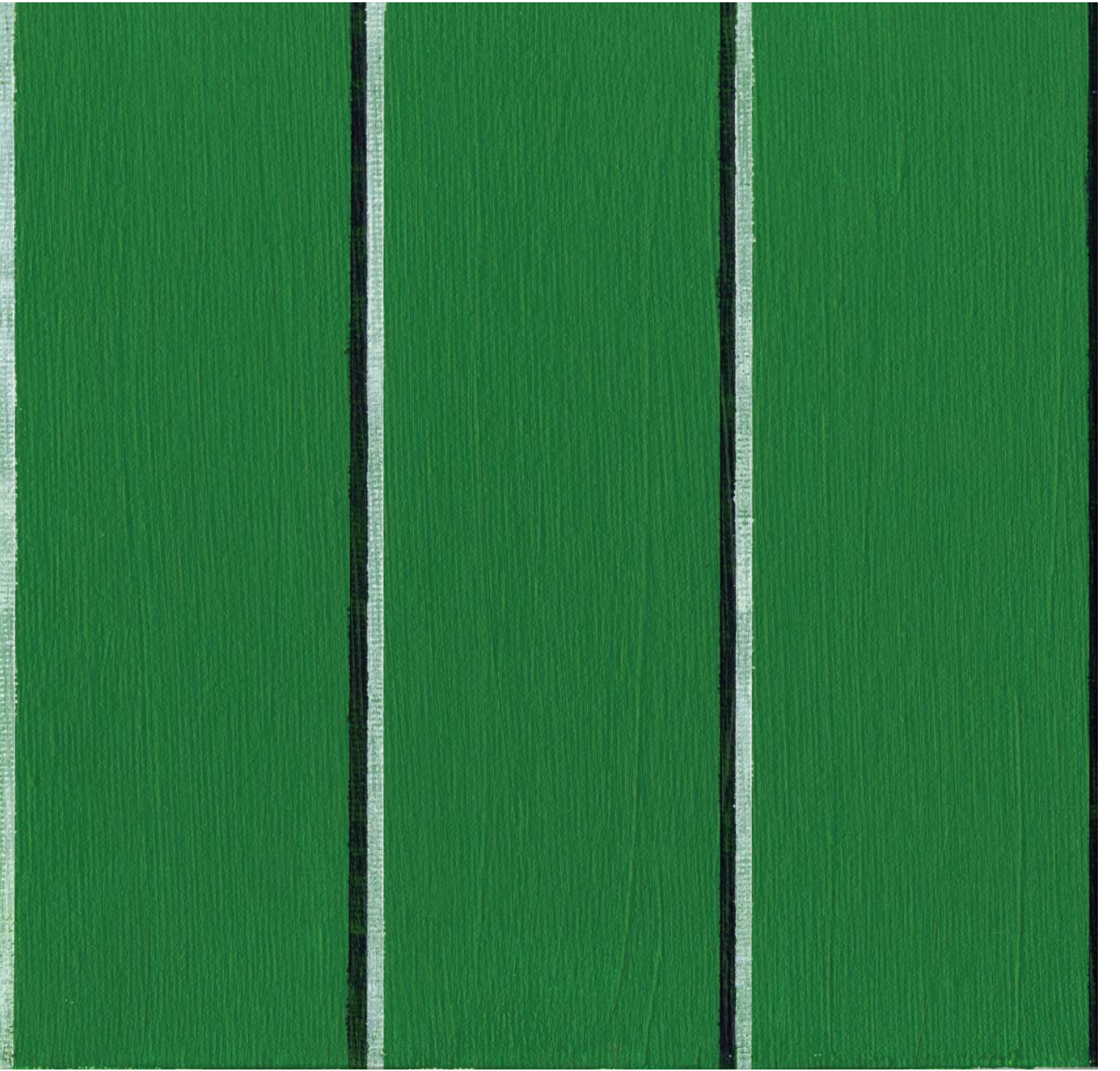




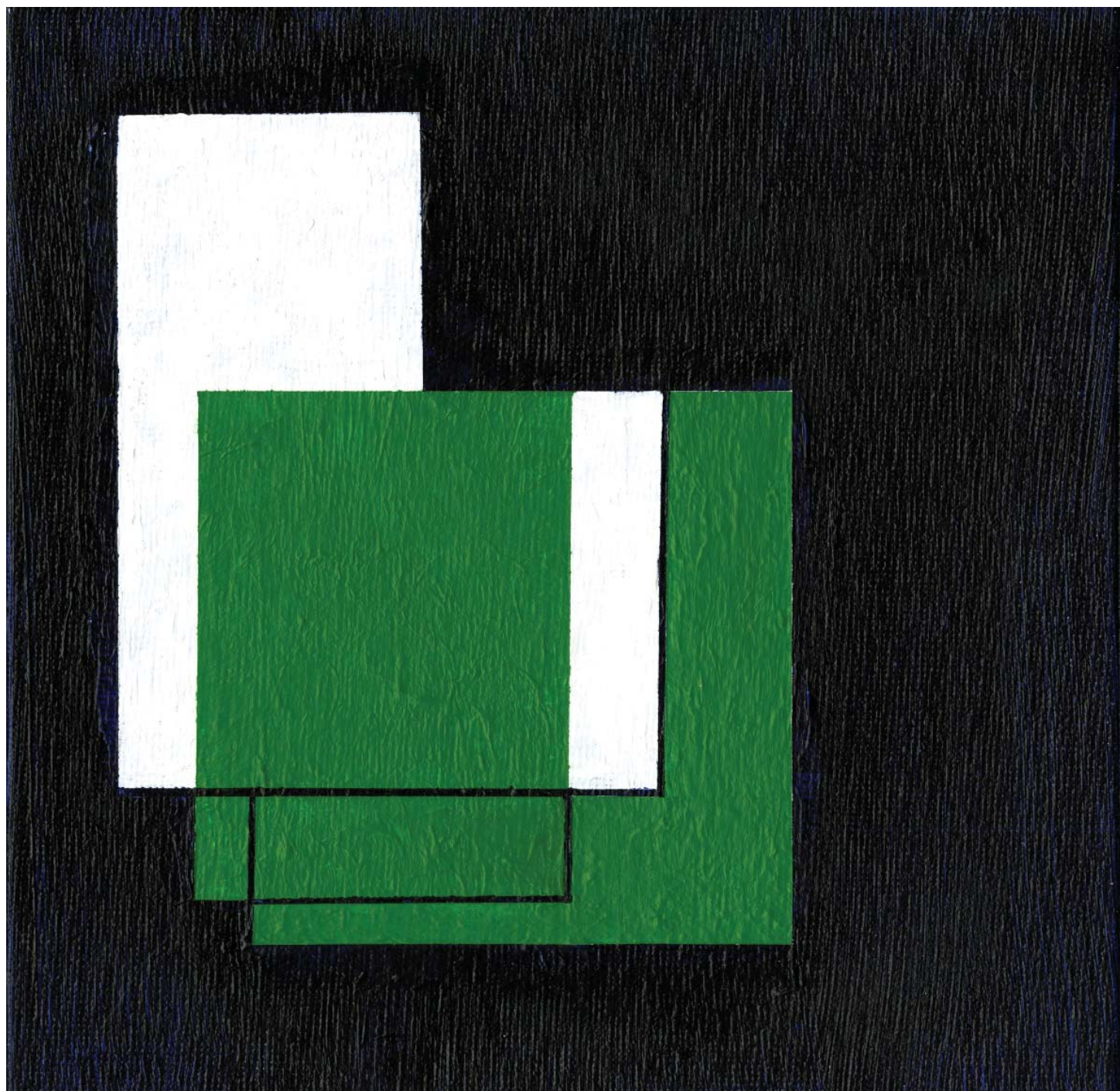




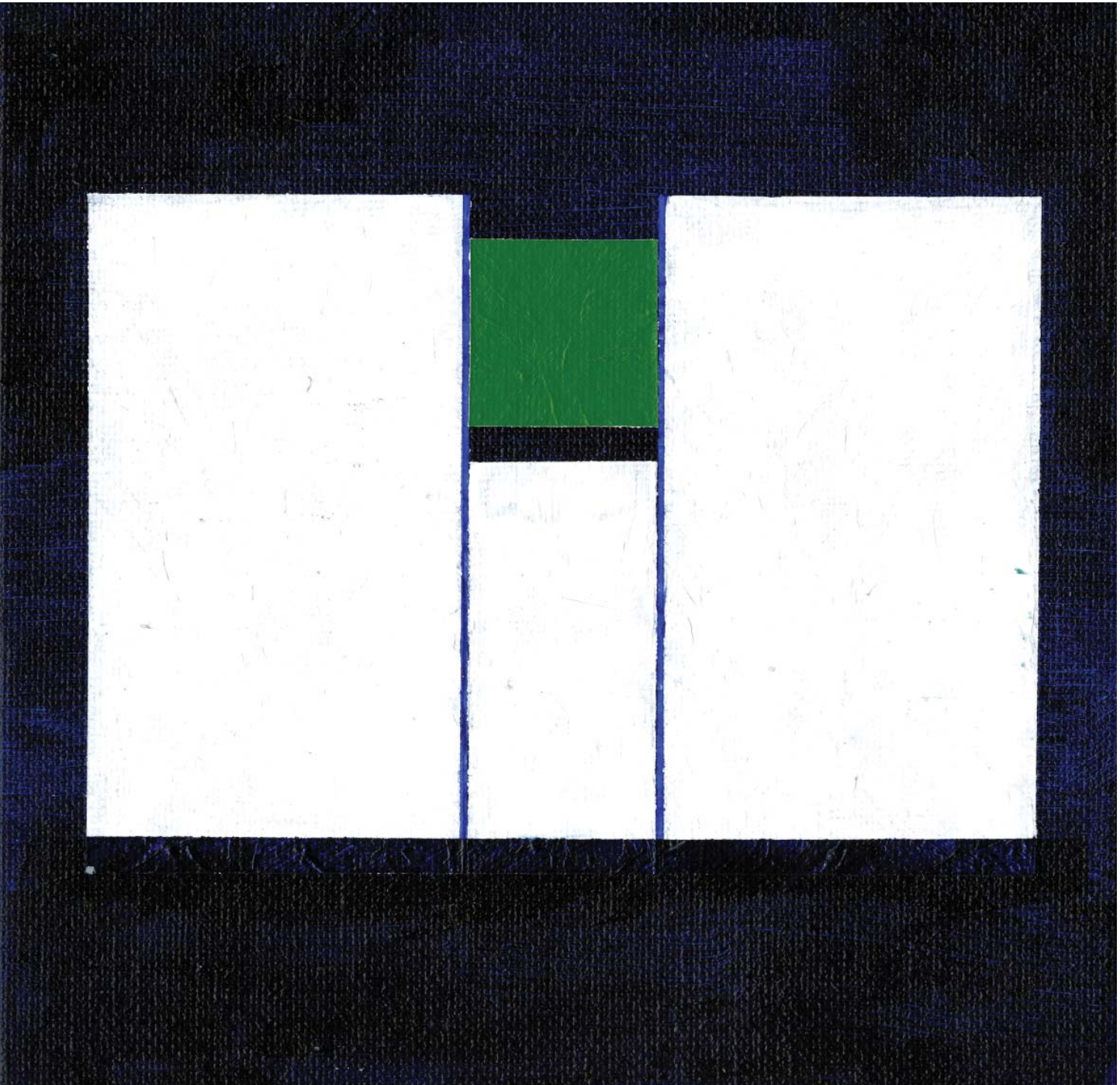




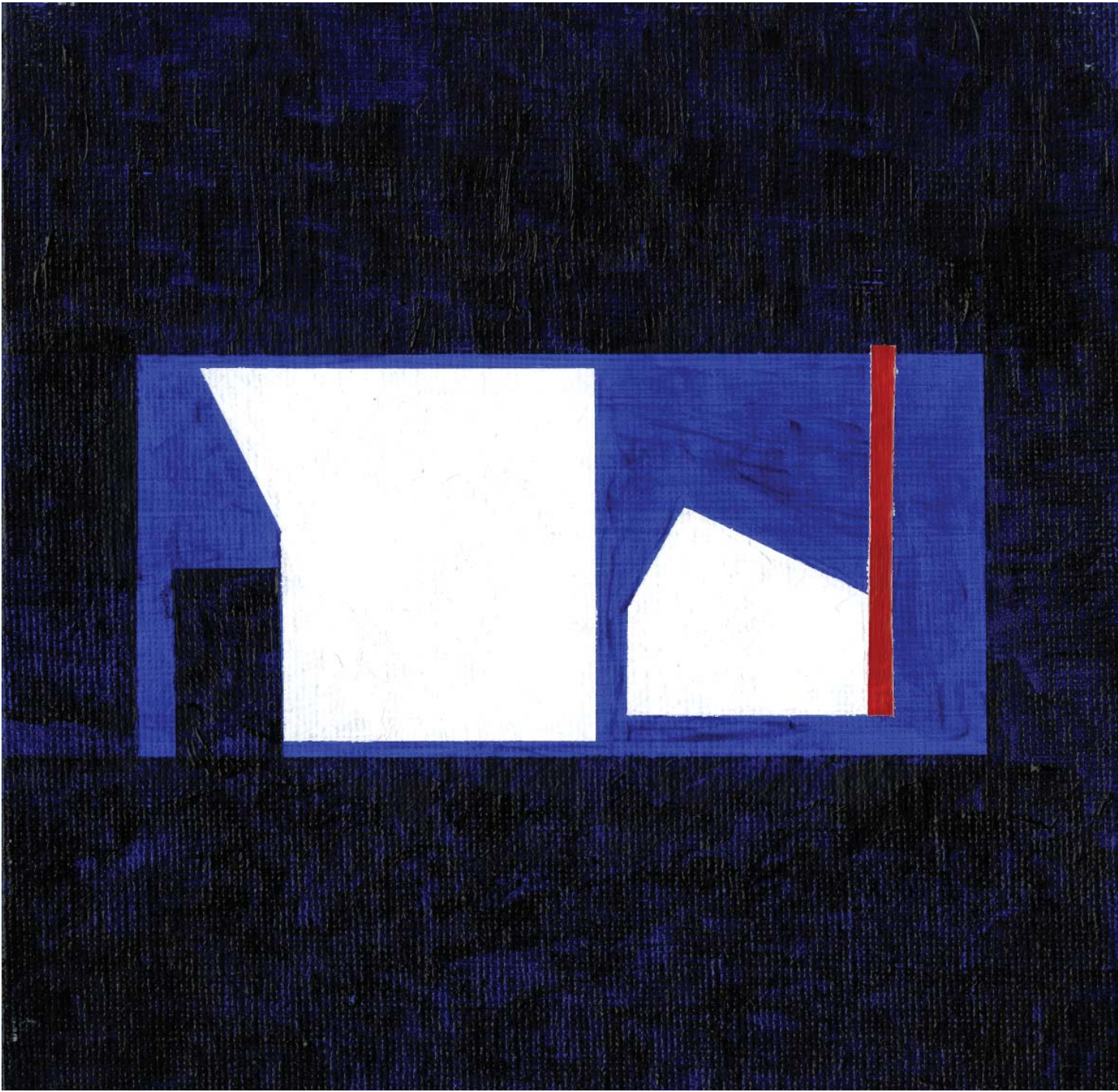








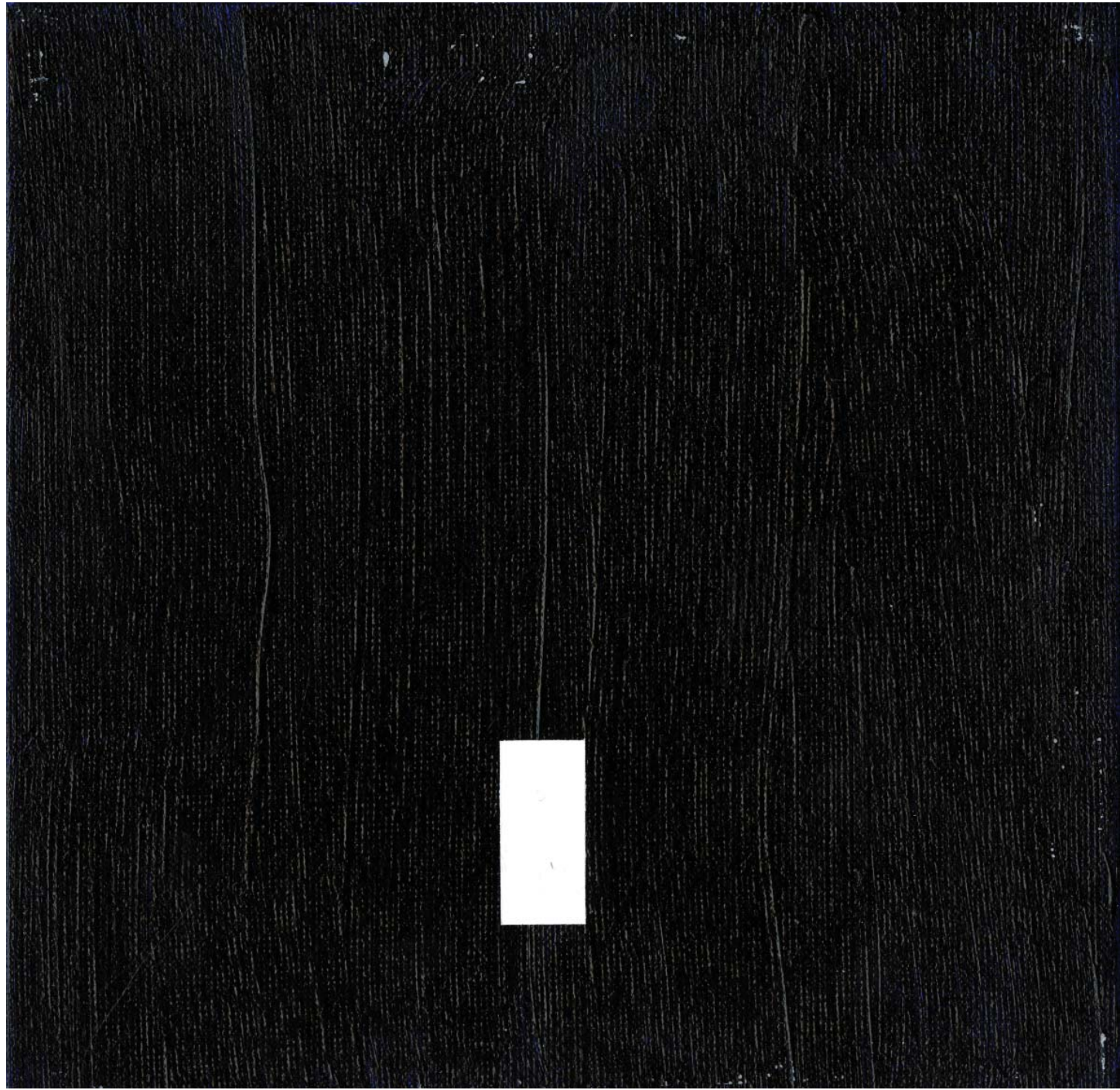




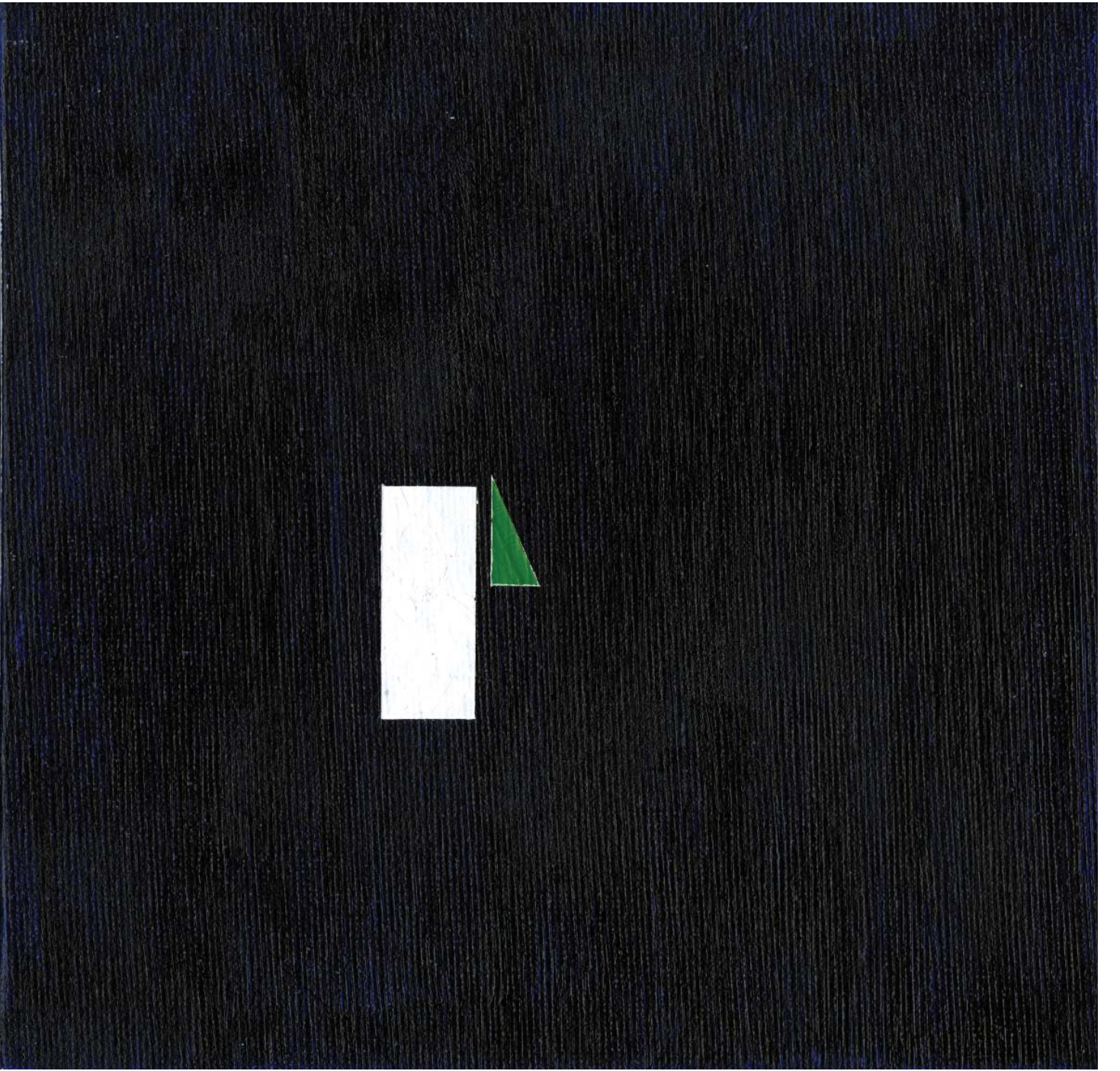




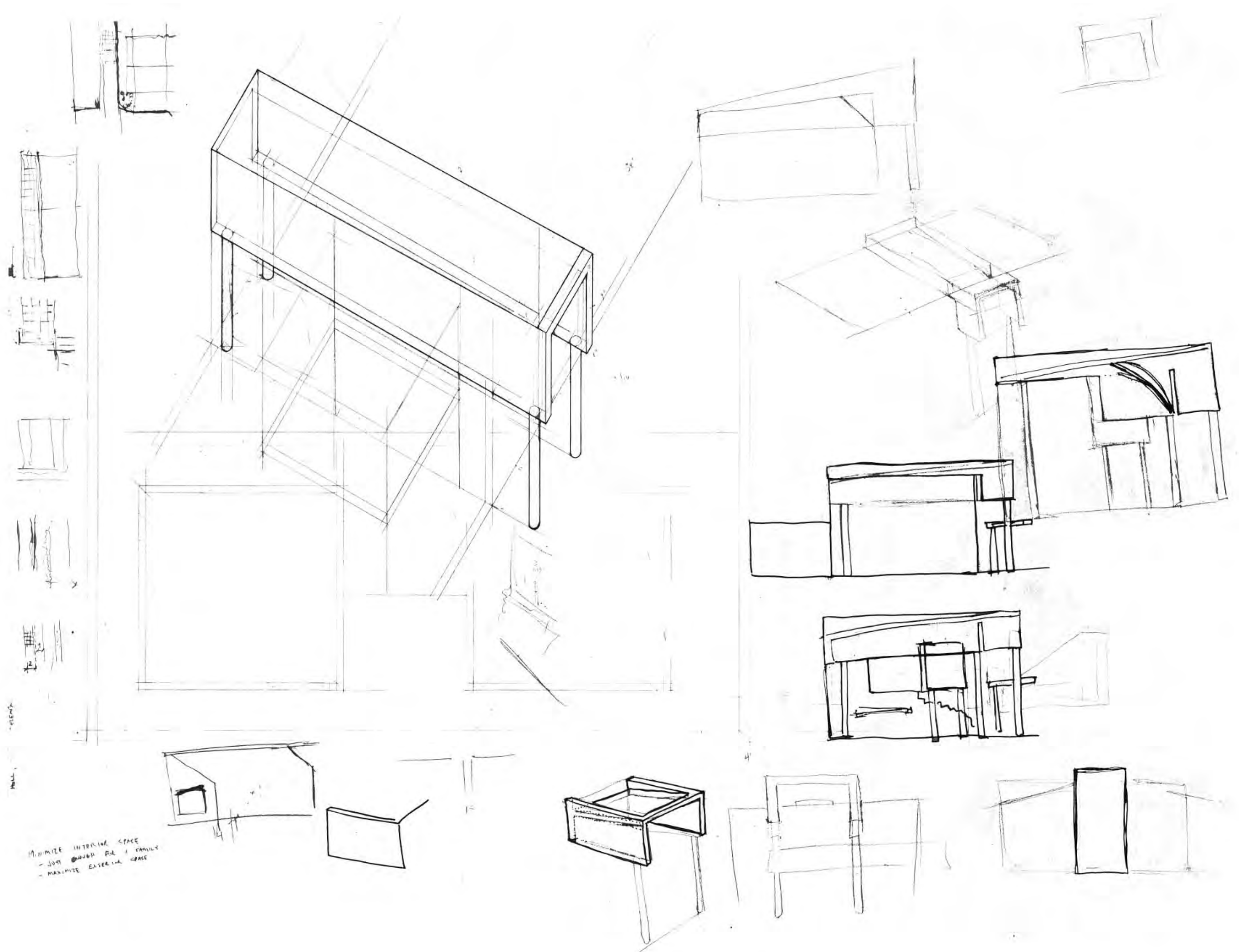






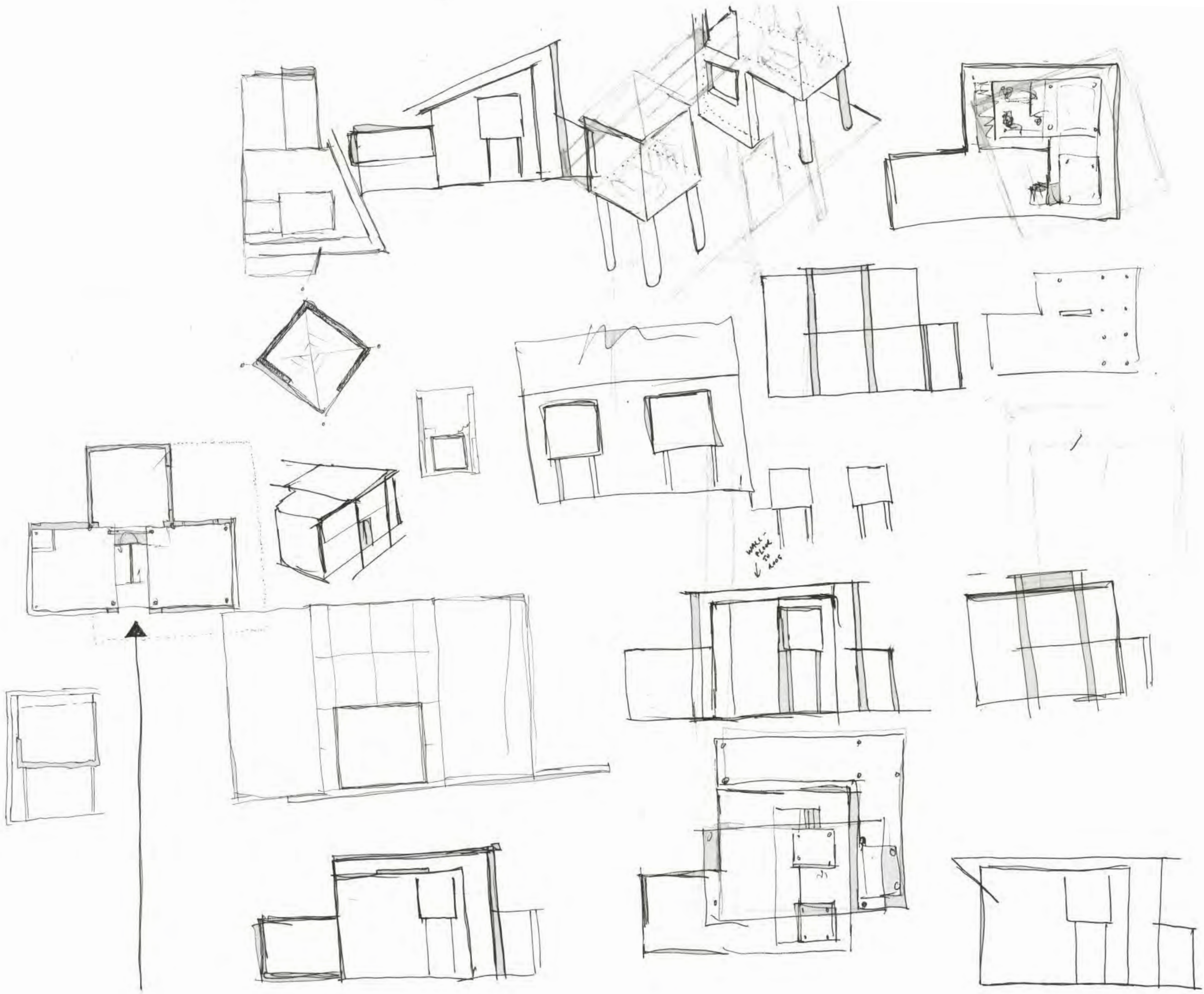




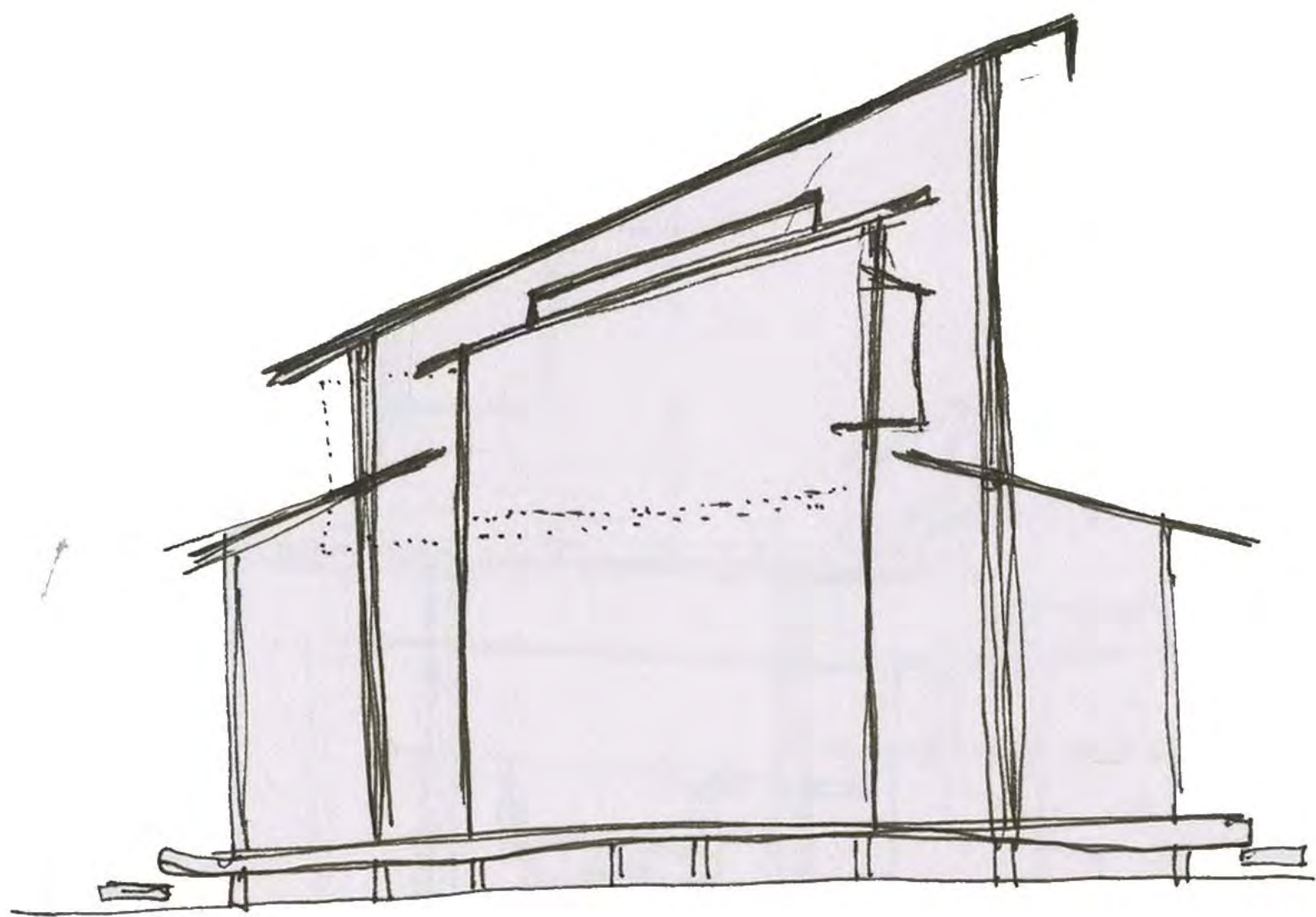
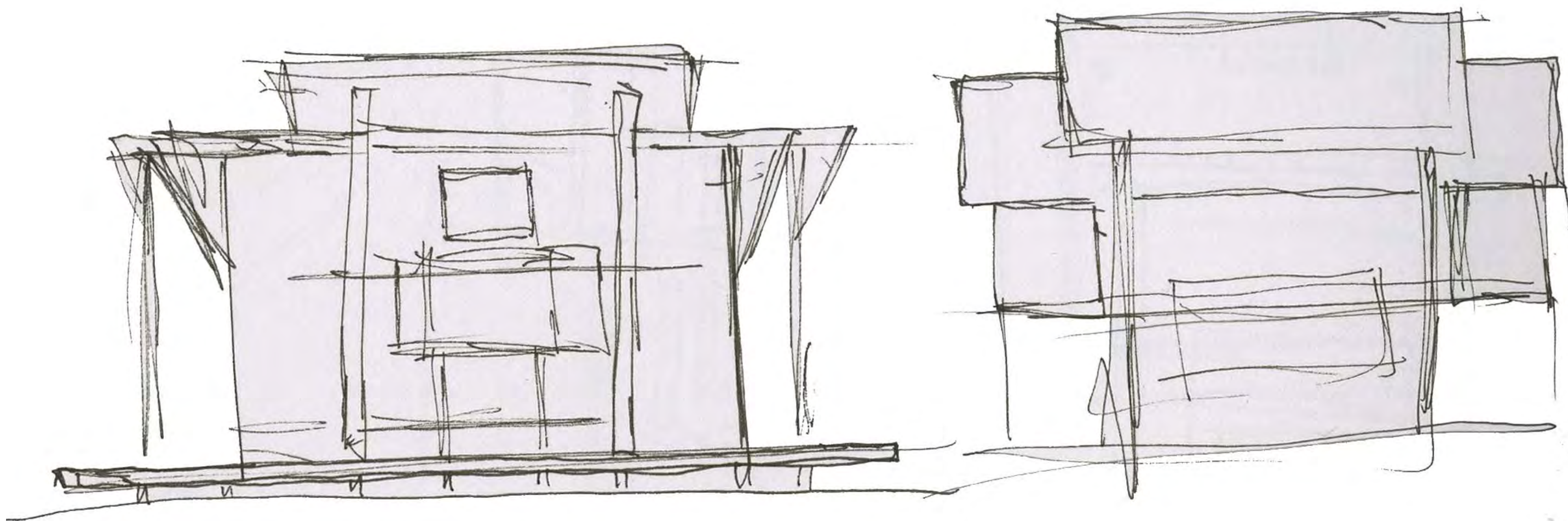


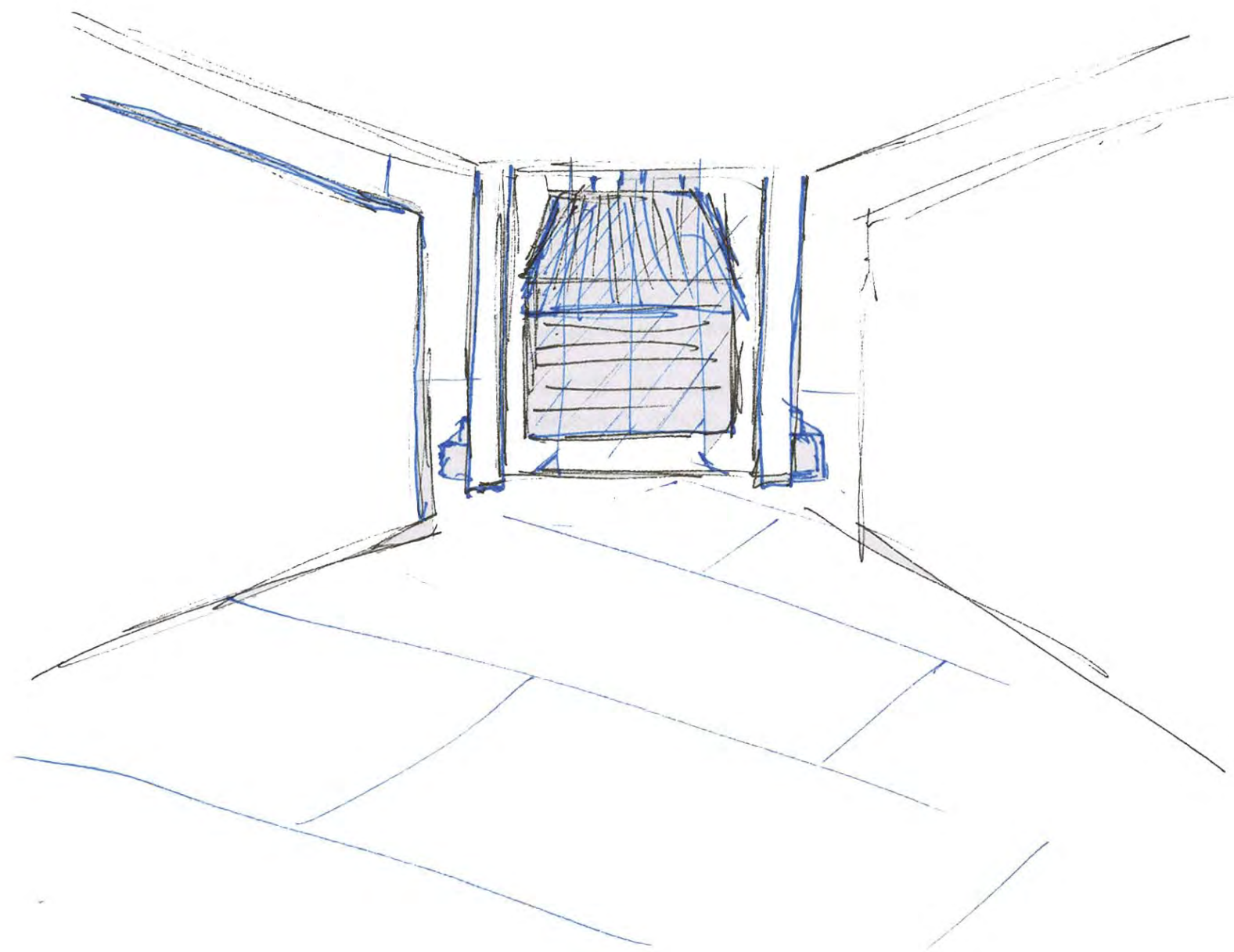
MINIMIZE INTERIOR SPACE  
- JUST ENOUGH FOR 1 FAMILY  
- MAXIMIZE EXTERIOR SPACE



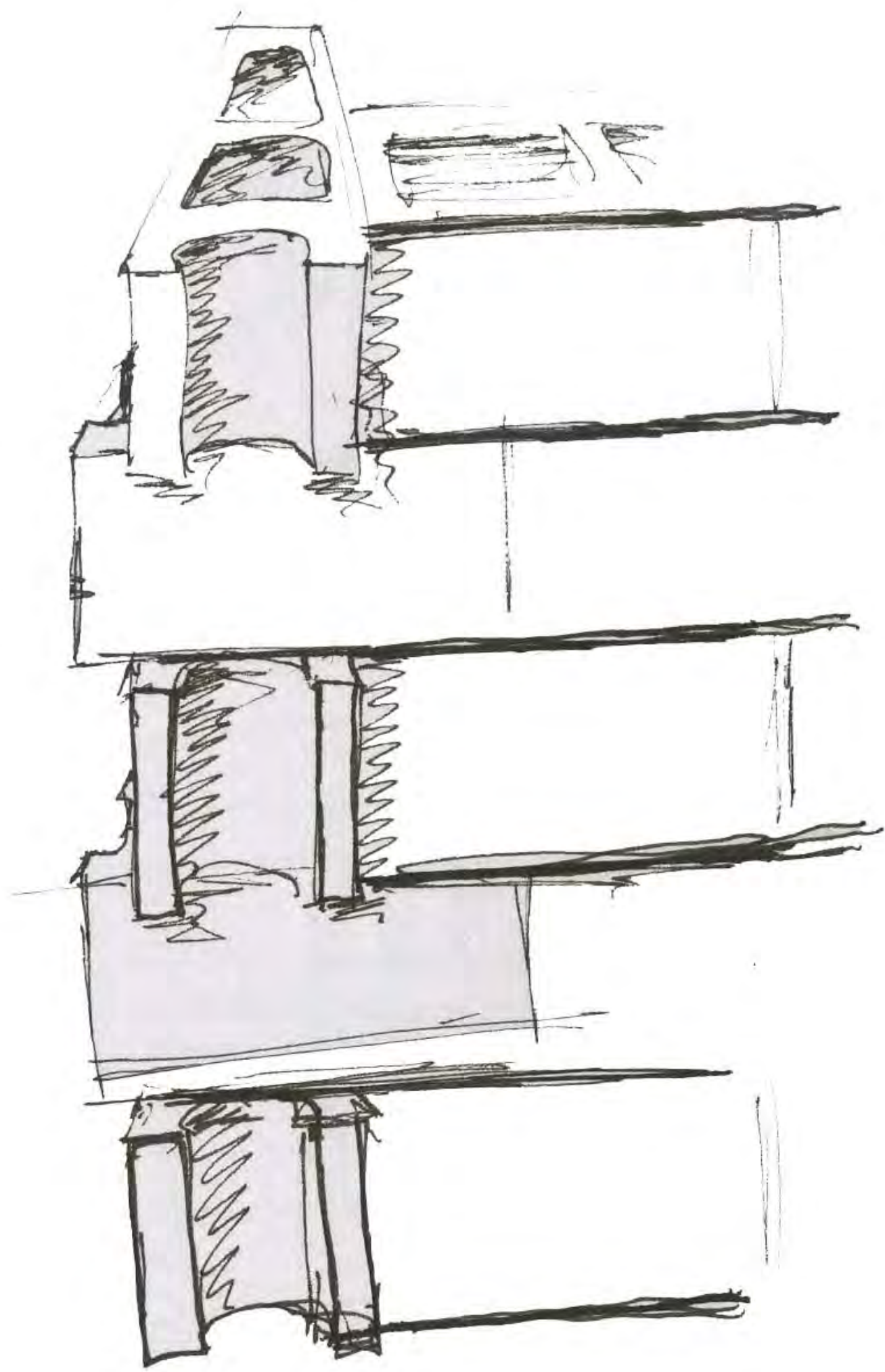


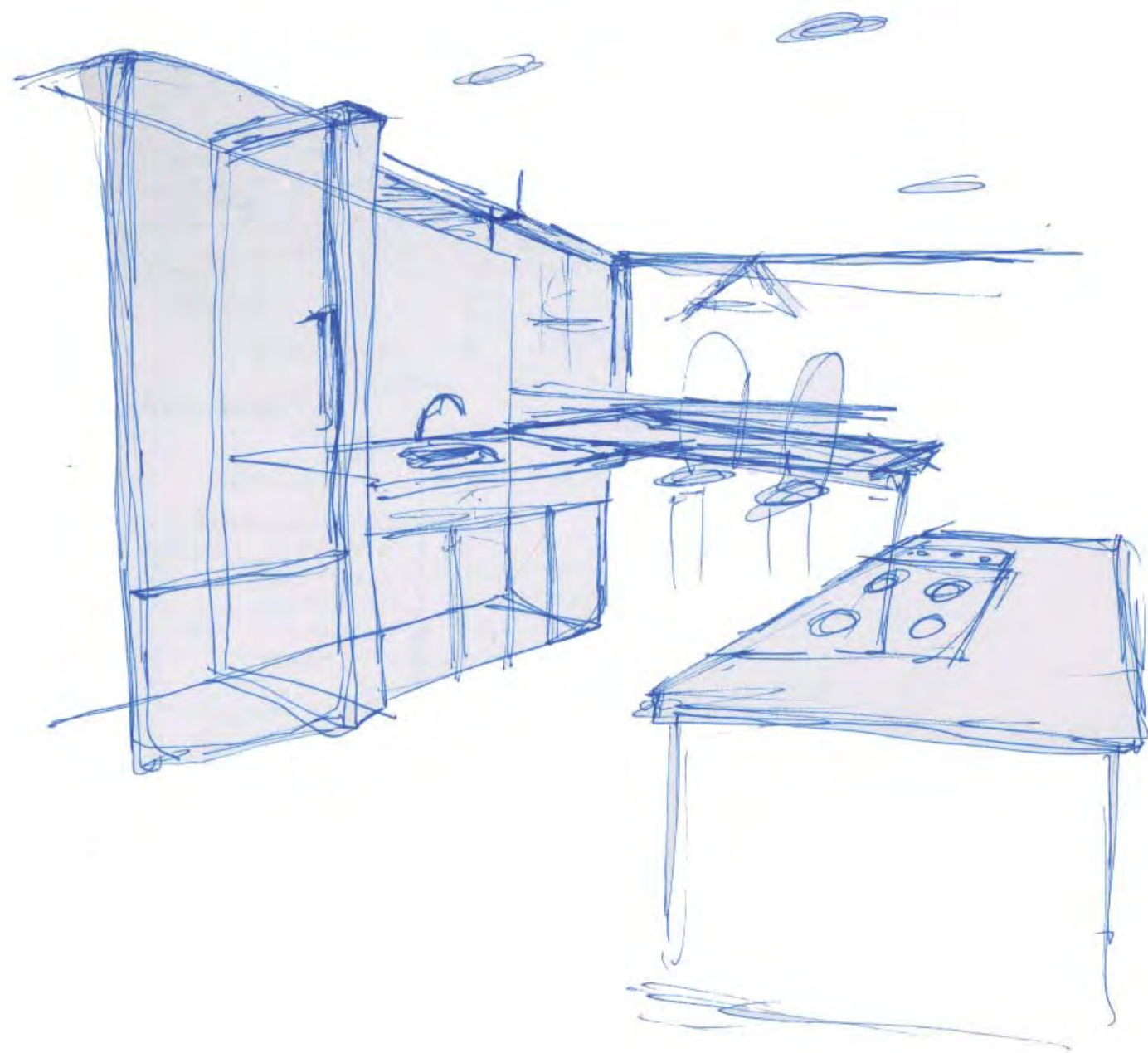




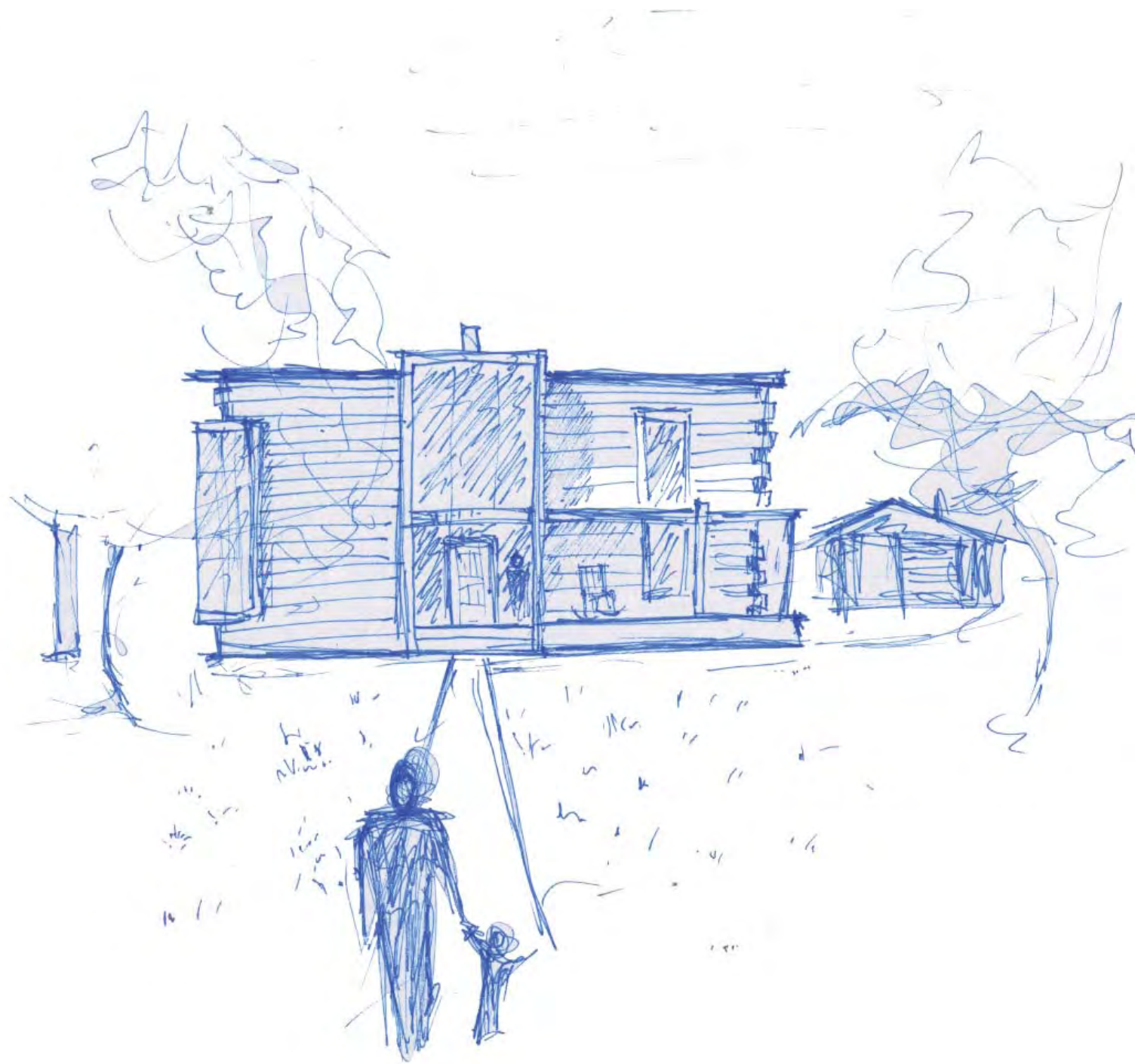


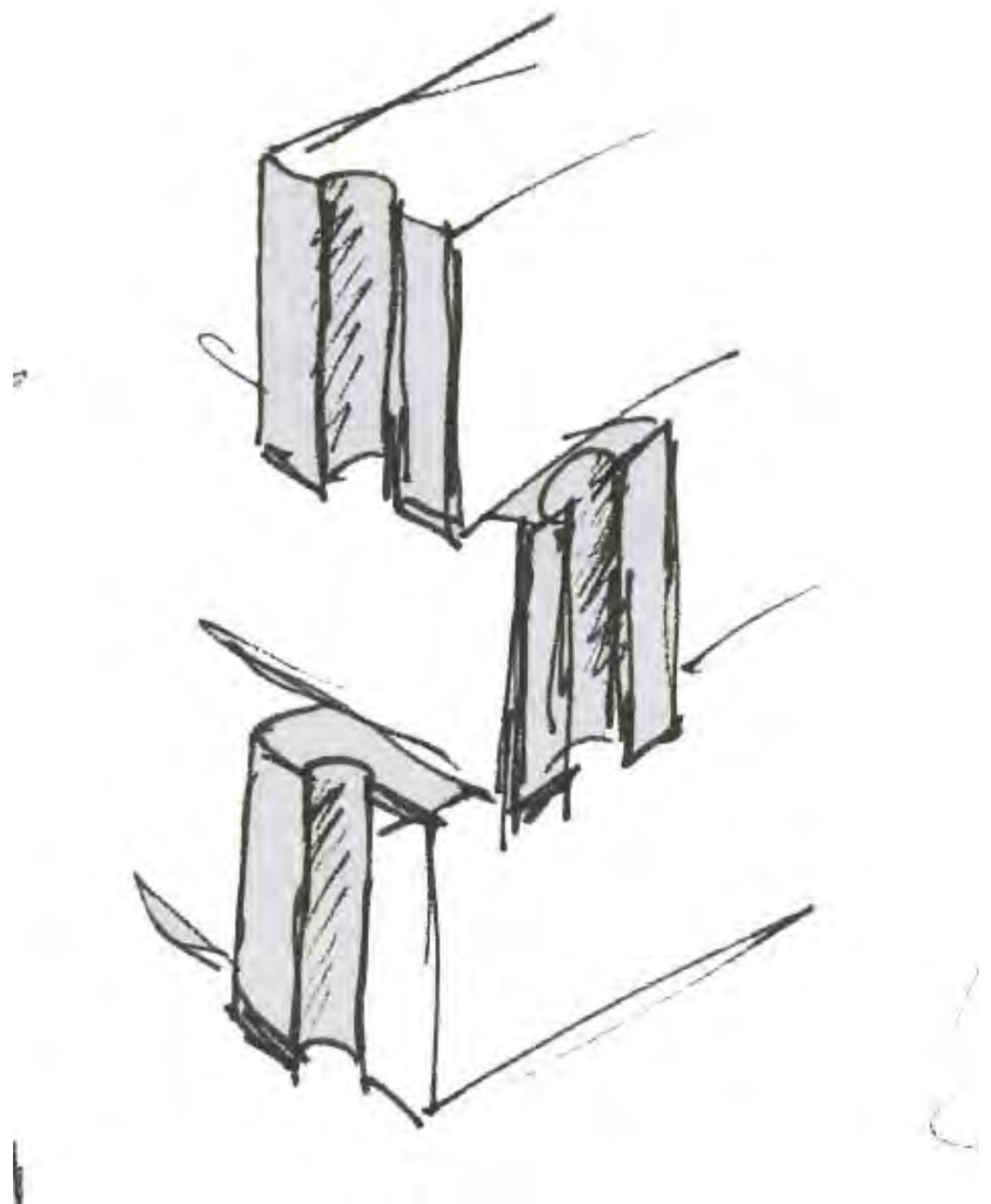








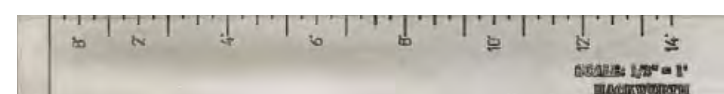
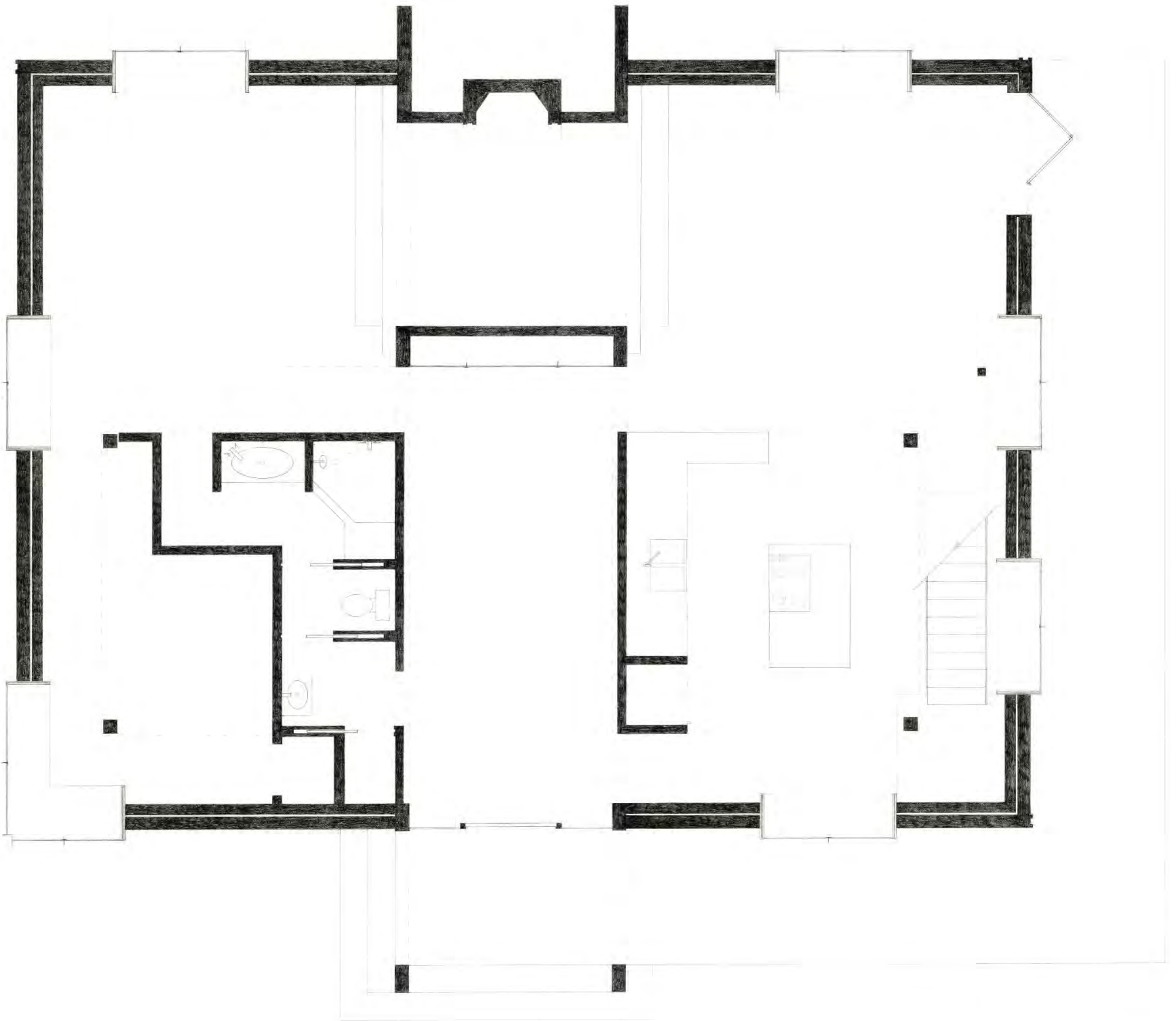














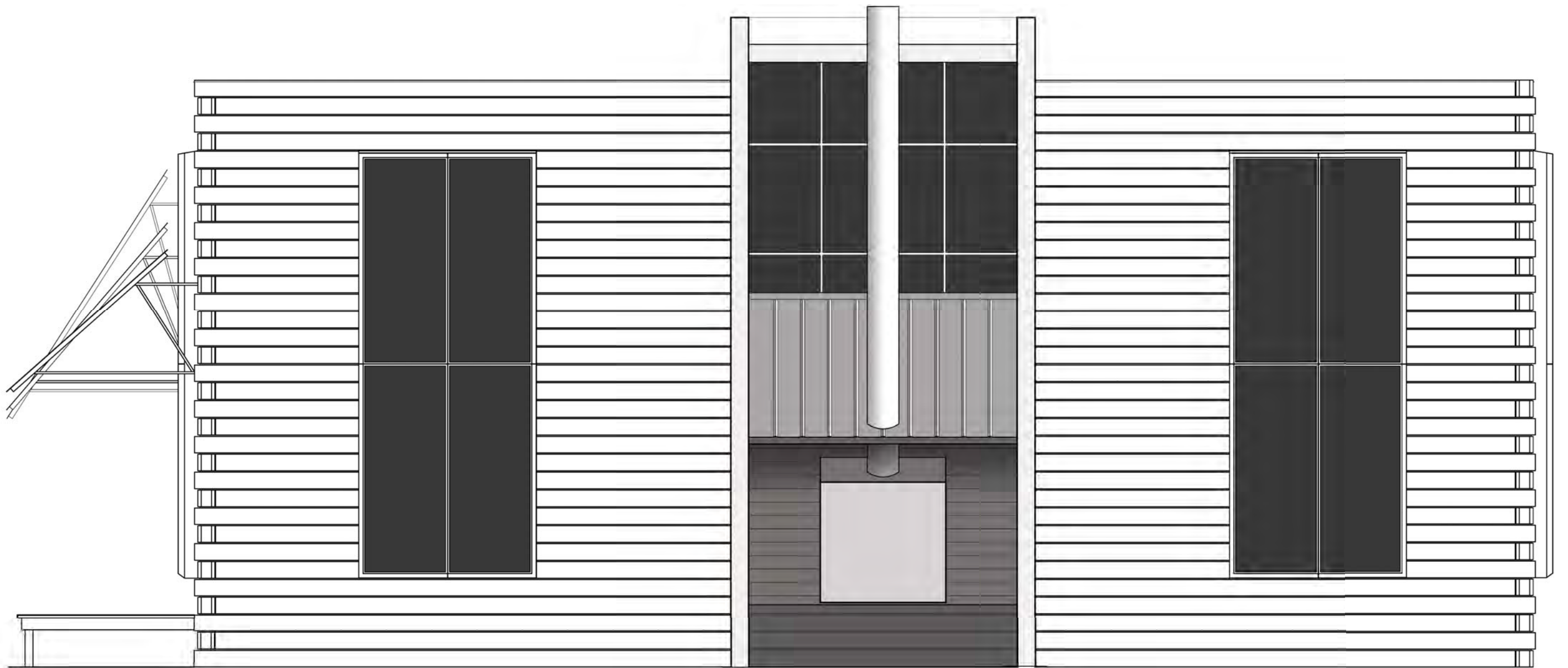




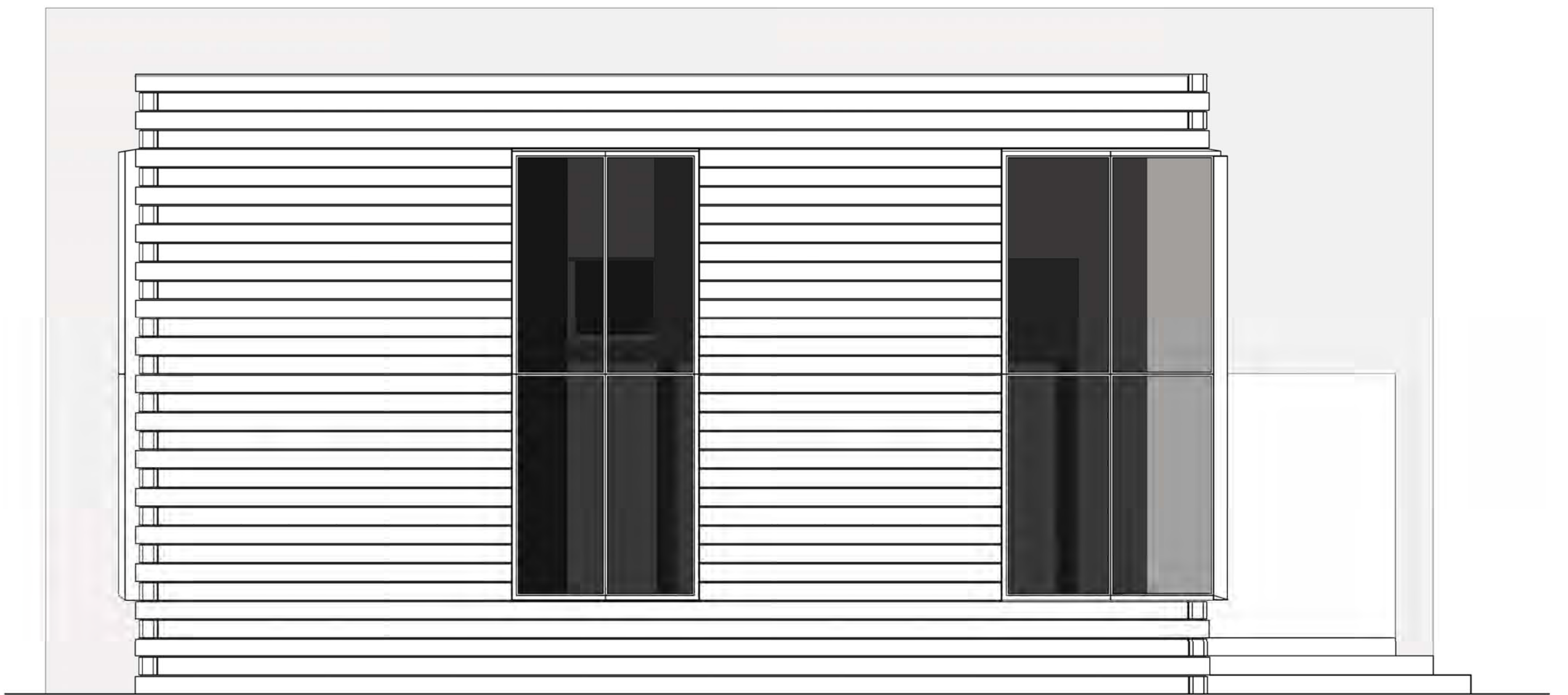




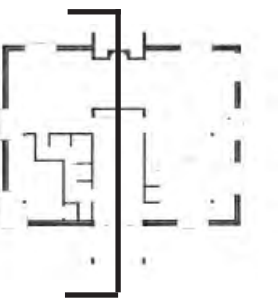
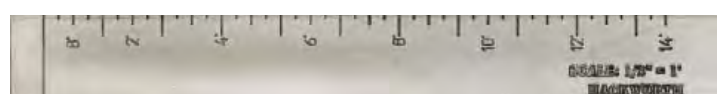
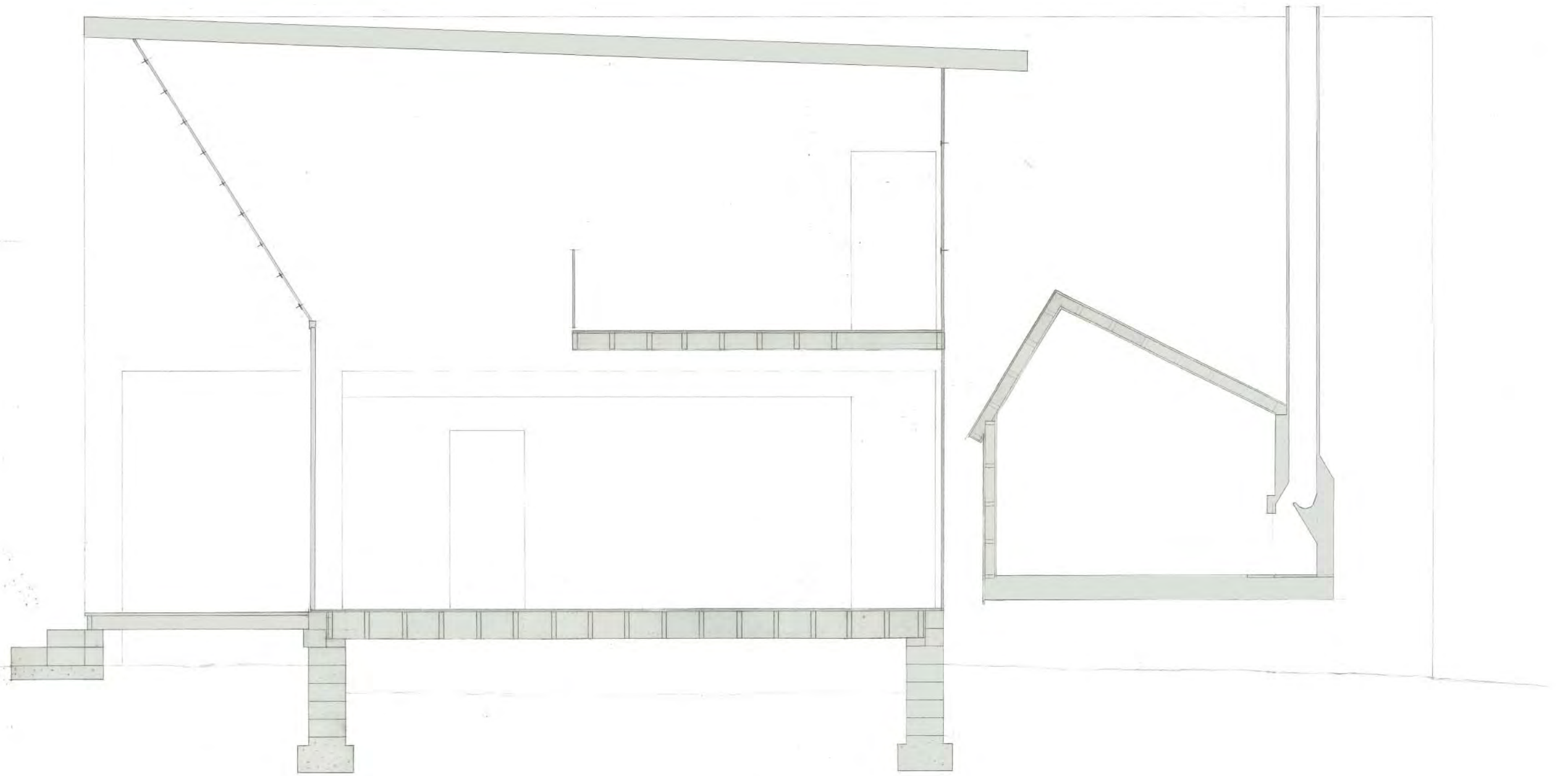




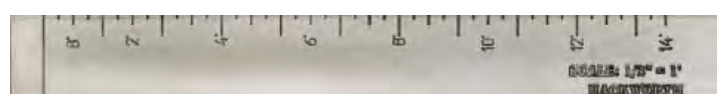
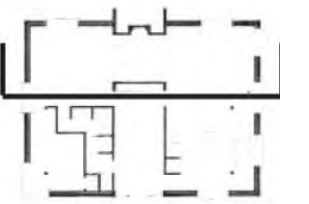
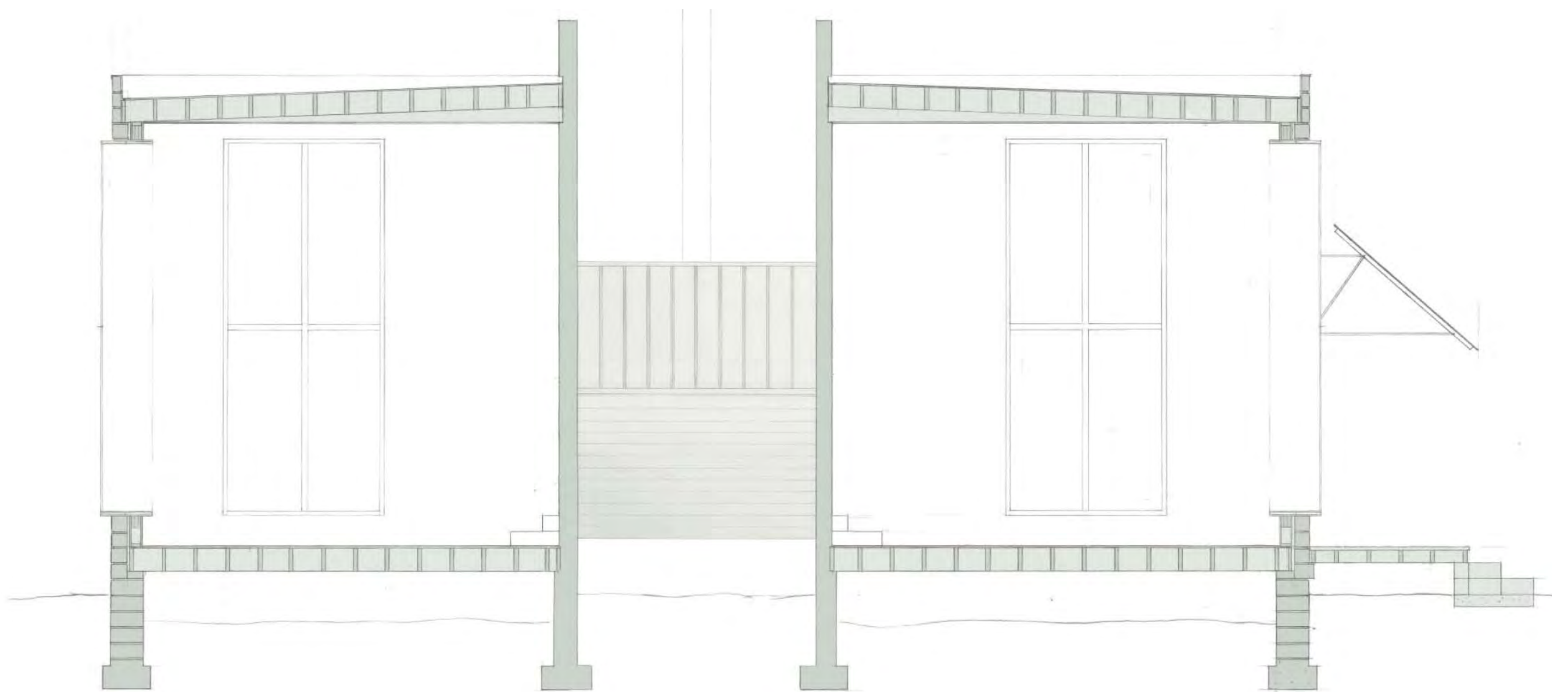




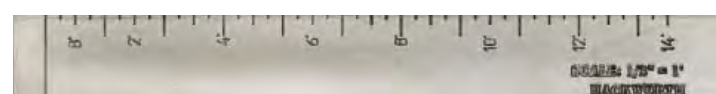
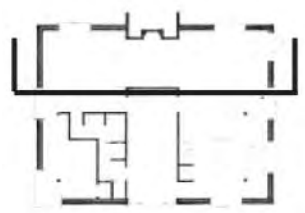
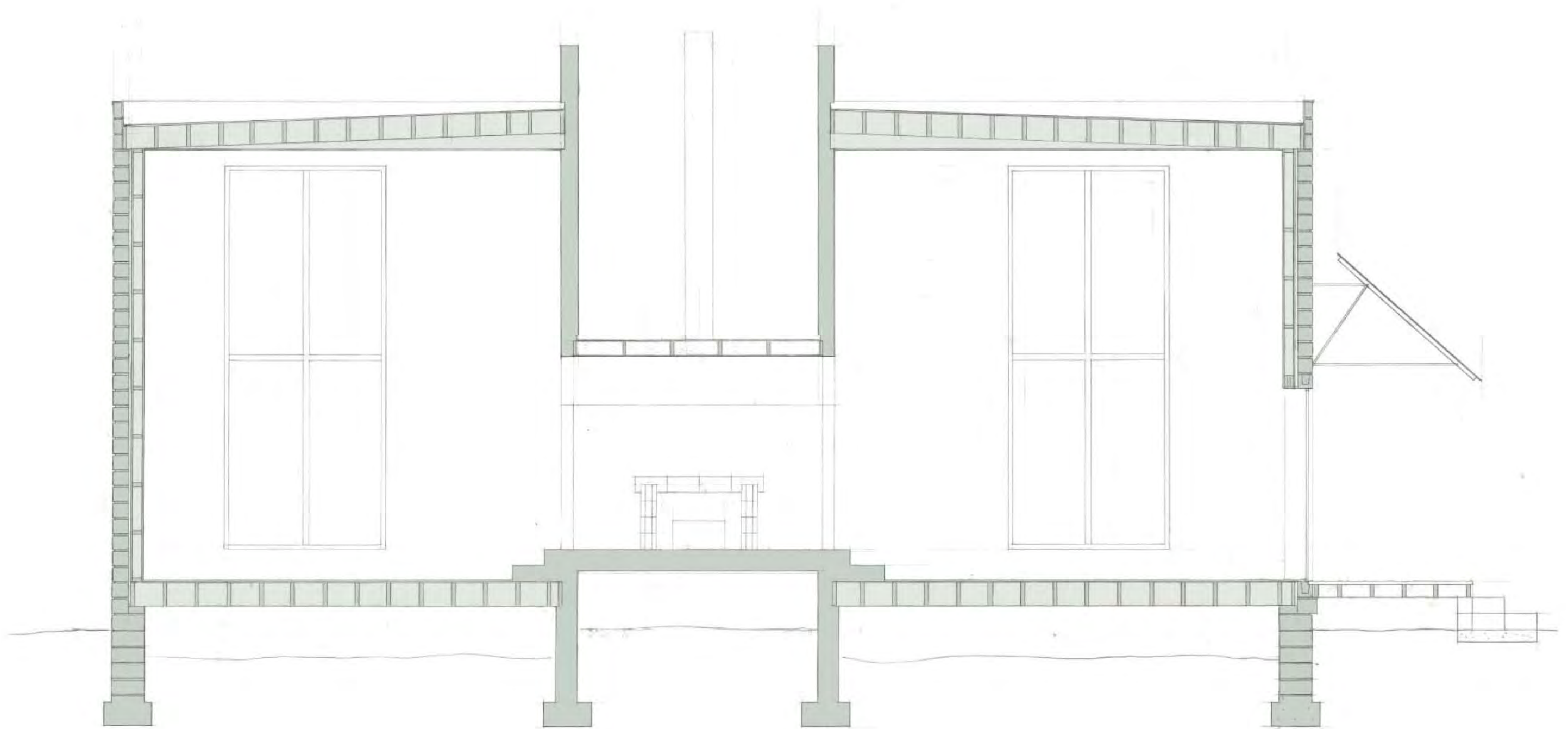




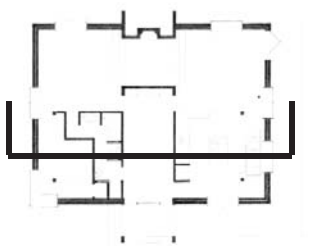
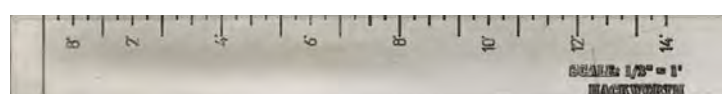
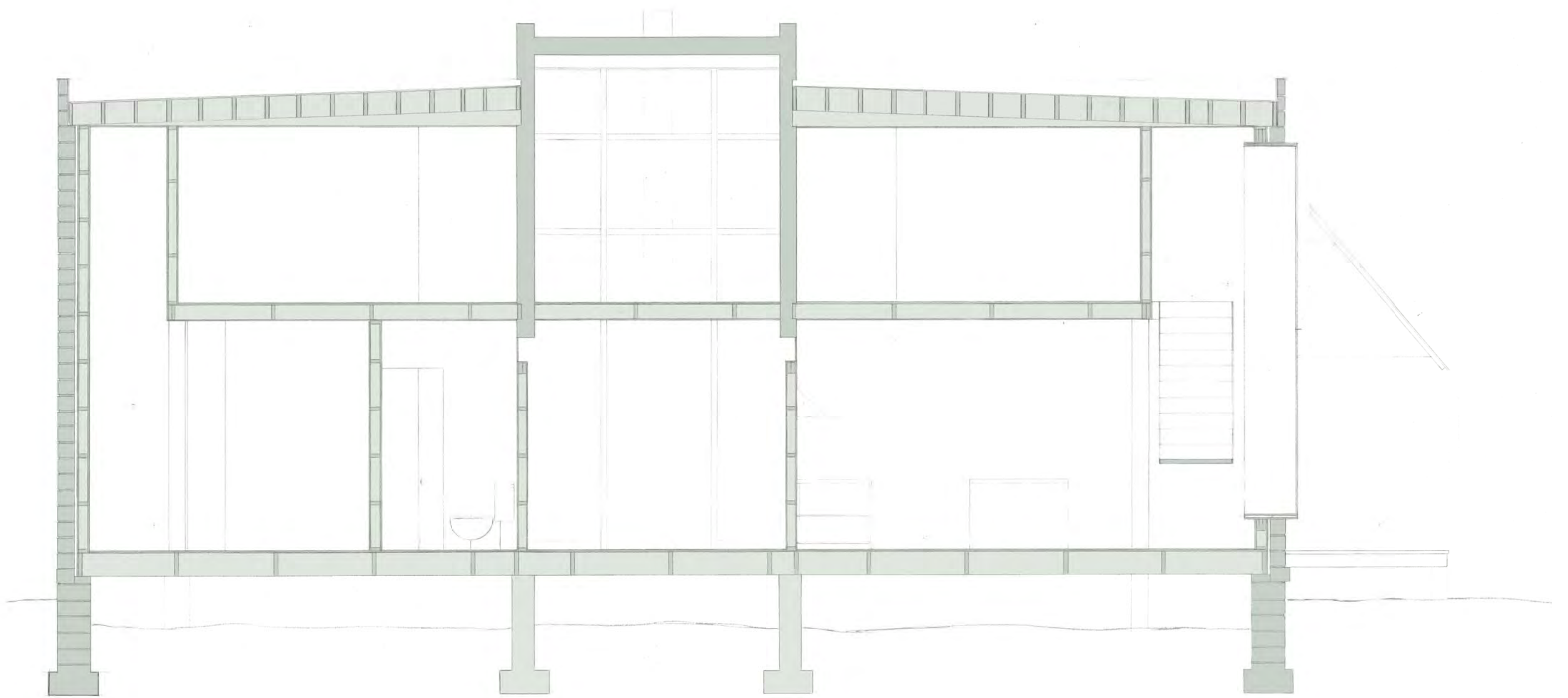




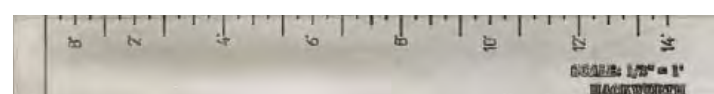
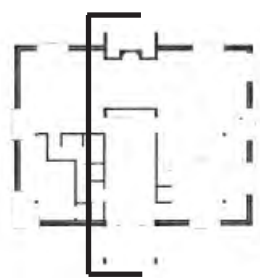
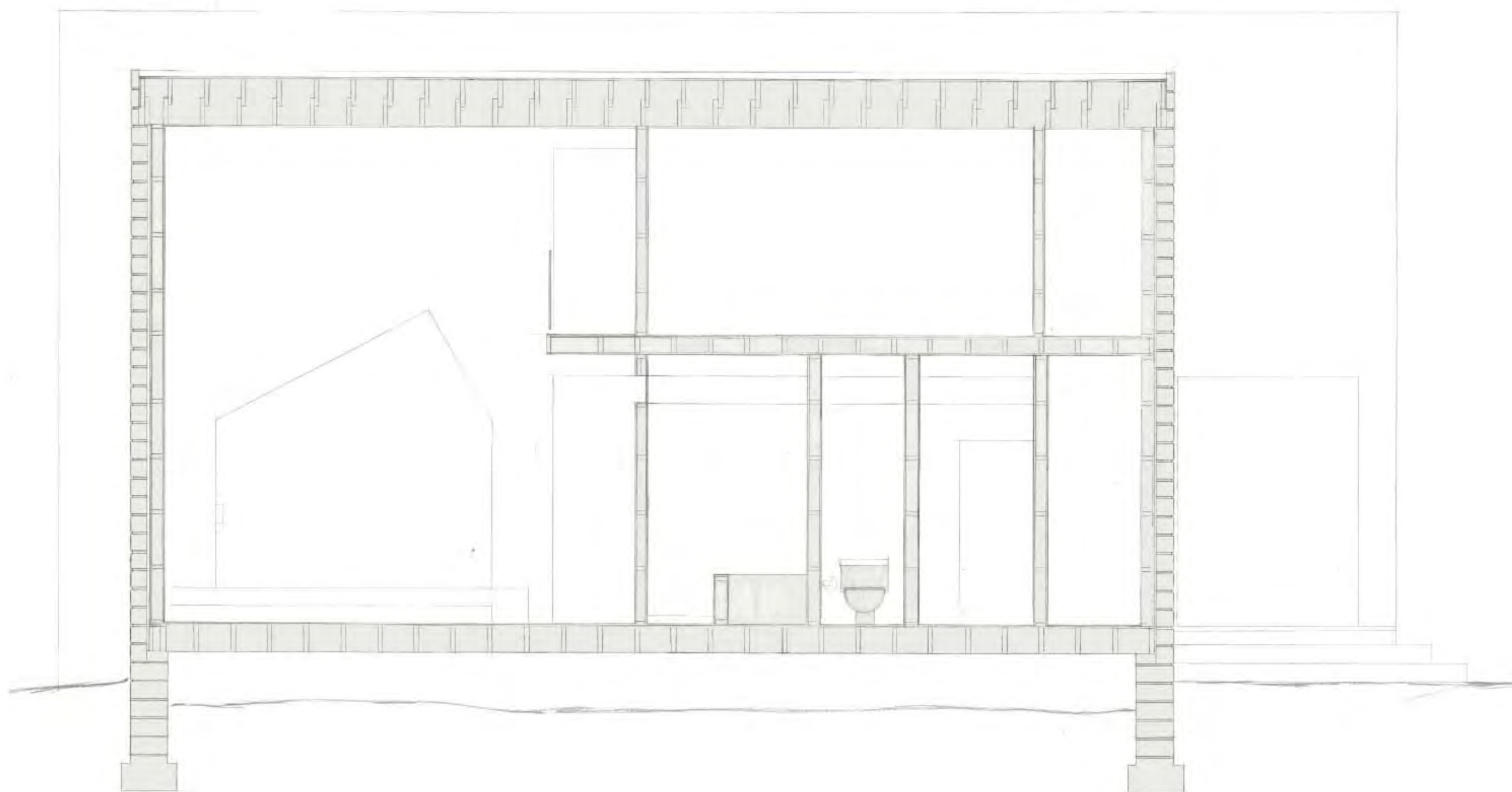




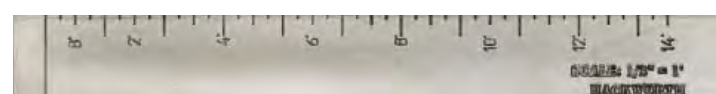
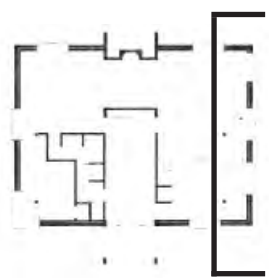
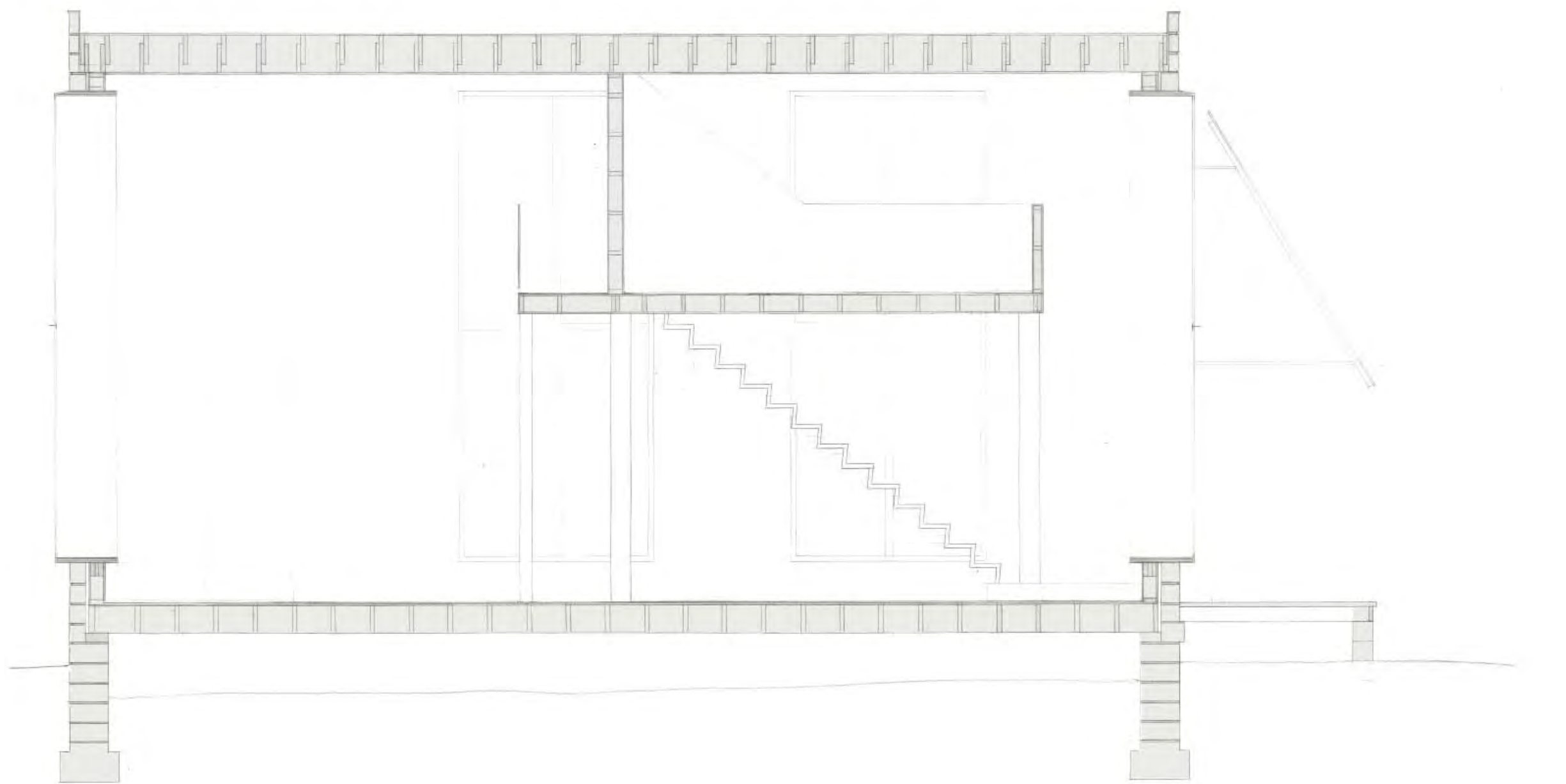














## The Spine

Taking the long approach the gravel driveway creates, I used this axis to create the spine of the building, demarcating the living spaces of the home. To the west, the private areas: the bedroom, the bath, a living room. To the east, the more public areas: the kitchen and dining or gathering room. This spine carries through to a clear story, which reveals on the other side the gabled fire room which spans between the east and west halves of the home. This room is the literal and figurative bridge between the public and private spaces.

The concrete is left rough to give this main element its own tactility.



