



"The parks are places where recreation reflects the aspirations of a free and independent people"

-- Joseph Sax\*

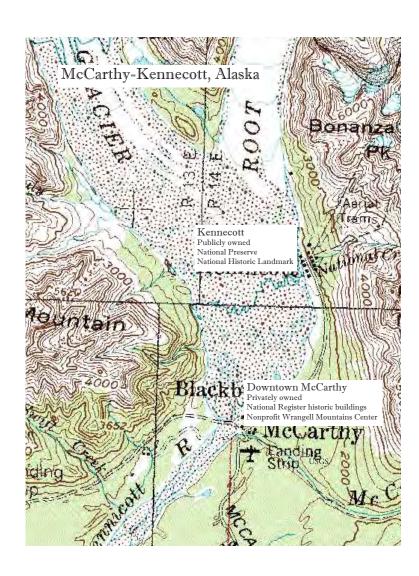
### Fort Worden State Park/National Historic Landmark

434 acres
1,000,000+ visitors/year
30+ years operating experience



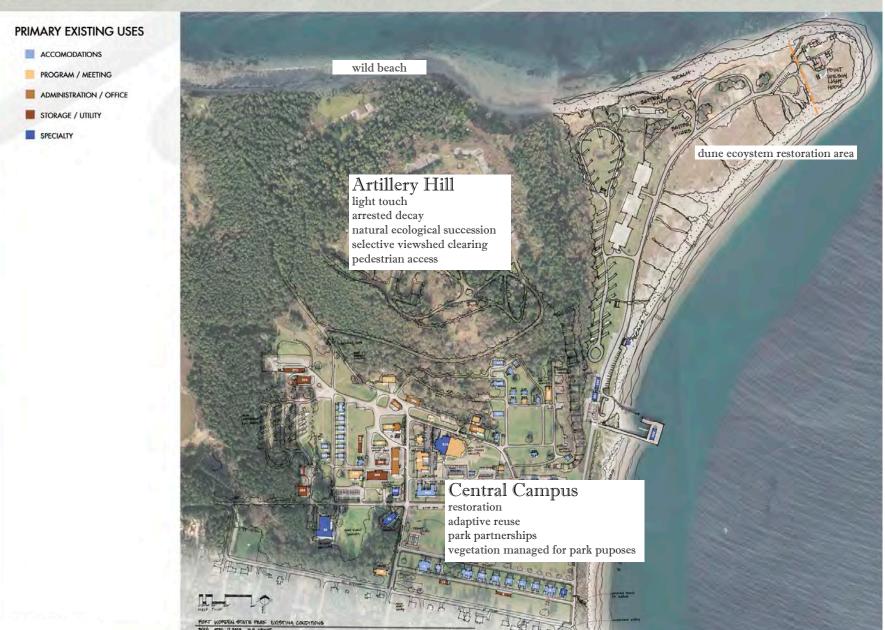
Fort Worden State Park/National Historic Landmark Port Townsend, Washington







# FORT WORDEN SITE & FACILITIES USE & DEVELOPMENT PLAN





- Freedom to explore and discover
- Partnerships
- Historic integrity of structures facing the visual core
- Architectural modifications for adaptive reuse elsewhere
- Arrested decay with ecological succession in light touch areas
- Restoration of ecologically significant areas























Visual historic integrity supported filming An Officer and a Gentleman with Richard Gere at Fort Worden.







### Integrated with the Community





#### Park Partners















#### **Architectural Modifications for Adaptive Reuse**



Historic fort gymnasium adaptively reused as yoga and meditative arts studio by park partner







Paint stripped from historic entrance to reveal natural wood



Marine Science Center (park partner) natural history exhibit building. Covered extension and skylights added to the historic structure; native vegetation added in front. Construction funded by private donations and grants. Exterior of the building to the left, now used as a campground store, is constent with the historic period of the Fort Worden military base.



Side view of natural history exhibit added extension, with newly built storage shed behind the building.



New shower/toilet building under construction in the Fort Worden campground, with solar hot water heating panels.



STATE PARK PROJECT FORT WORDEN STATE PARK

BEING CONSTRUCTED BY PRIMO CONSTRUCTION SEQUIM, WAS SOURCE OF FUNDS STATE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION ACCOUNT HISTORICAL PRESERVATION FUNDS.

\*\*CONSTRUCTION OF BUILDING SIZEORT WARDEN STATE PARK, IS BEING, SIRPPORTED IN PART BY A SAME AMERICAS, TREASURED OR WANT ASMINISTERED BY THE RATIONAL PARK SERVICE DEPURTURENT OF THE INTERIOR.

\*\*YOUR RECREATION TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

"Construction of Building 502 Fort Worden State Park is being supported in part by a Save America's Treasures grant administered by the National Park Service Department of the Interior."



McCurdy Pavillion, an auditorium/concert hall comprised of the Fort Worden military balloon hanger, which now serves as the stage area, with a large seating area added to the historic structure. Funding supported by private donations.



## Arrested decay/natural area zone



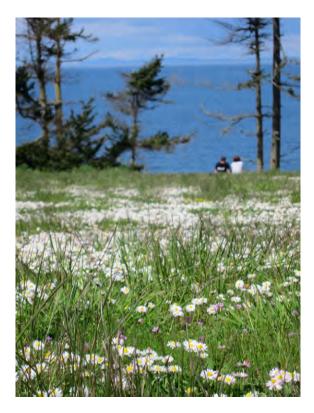














#### Pedestrian access









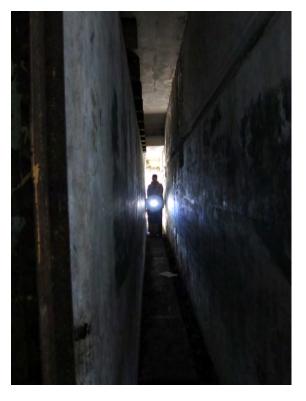
Fort Worden trail





Comparable in Kennecott



















# Clearing for Structural Preservation and Visual Sight Lines









Interpretive Signage and Exhibits

















### Interpretive Partnerships



Commander's house Restored by volunteers Period furnishings Operated by Jefferson County Historical Society







Coast Artillery Museum - A park partner

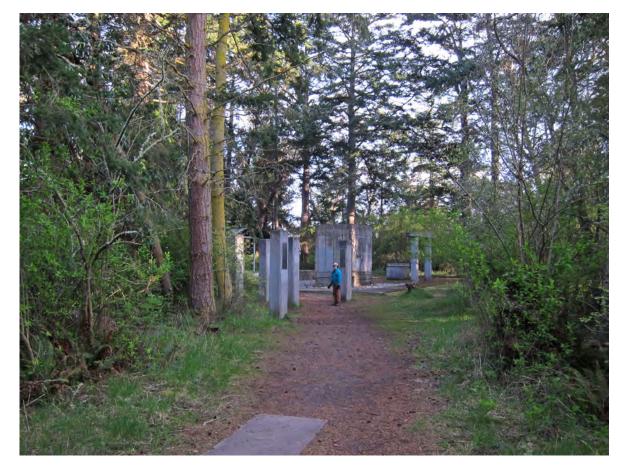


Vistor informaton near the park entrance, operated by Friends of Fort Worden











#### BLACK MARSH ECLOGUE

Although it is midsummer, the great blue heron holds darkest winter in his hunched shoulders, those blue-turning-gray clouds rising over him like a storm from the Pacific

He stands alone in the black marsh more monument than bird. He watches the hearts of things and does not move or speak.

But when at last he flies, his great wings cover the darkening sky, and slowly, as though praying, he lifts,

almost motionless as he pushes the world away.

#### SONNET

Often I return to the halfhidden bower beside the sea as though the sea were a woman and I

her occasional man.

From the hill unwinding to her shore, I watch her languid dance unfold: blue riffs of power, blue swirls riding forward in her channel.

And the man I think I am comes down to muse near dark-shadowed pools in the bower of the woman the sea is she, the forever faithful, in whose dark eyes

the reflection of self, mercifully, is lost forever. CLOISTERED

It was summer on the north coast, the wrong coast, they call it in the East. It was summer. And summer means rain.

Rain dissolved the islands in the sound, it buried mountains and turned the ocean gray. I listened to it rattle at my window.

Funny, how you wake some days in the middle of the morning, and know somehow a part of the world has died,

another language lifted from our tongues, another way of knowing. And you don't know whether the pulse you feel is yours

or is the fading beat of the world.

An eagle is not a symbol for a thing.

It was early summer or late spring,

I listened to the rain. For all its tenderness and wealth, the earth is often a meagre gift.

But to know and not to speak is the greatest grief. Listen. The world flows away like a wave.