

DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 416 426

CG 027 689

AUTHOR Wrenn, C. Gilbert
TITLE Intelligence, Feeling, Caring: Some Personal Perceptions.
REPORT NO ISBN-1-56109-073-5
PUB DATE 1996-00-00
NOTE 208p.
PUB TYPE Books (010) -- Opinion Papers (120)
EDRS PRICE MF01/PC09 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS *Counselor Attitudes; Counselor Educators; *Counselor Role;
*Life Satisfaction; *Personal Narratives; Values; Well Being

ABSTRACT

Counselor education had its professional debut in the 20th century. This book is a personal collection of memories, advice, and perceptions of C. Gilbert Wrenn, a pioneer in counselor training. Although the volume is intended for everyone, it is especially aimed at the scores of former Ph.D. students, colleagues, and friends accumulated over the author's 93 years. As stated in the first section, the author wanted to remind these associates of some of the ideas he's written about in the past and offer some reflections on the joy of giving and caring about life's values and relationships. These bits of writing are not about procedures of counseling, organization, or administration; instead, they try to touch on the unifying principles of life. The personal recollections are interspersed with poetry and there is always an emphasis on lessons learned from the past. Some of the chapters include: "The Culturally Encapsulated Counselor," "Growing into the Future," "Universe--Creator and Father--God," "Caring Within the Four Walls of a Room," "Our Universe," "Reflection on Personal Growth," and "Good-bye, Last Word." Appendices list the author's former doctoral students, his publications, and letters of appreciation to the author. (RJM)

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Intelligence Feeling Caring

Some Personal Perceptions

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C. GILBERT WRENN

Intelligence Feeling Caring

Some Personal Perceptions

C. GILBERT WRENN

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ERIC/CASS Publications
School of Education
University of North Carolina at Greensboro
Greensboro, NC 27412
1-800-414-9769

ISBN 1-56109-073-5





Gilbert Wrenn. South Africa, 1972 after retirement from ASU.

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Kathleen and Gilbert Wrenn.

PHOTO BY G. WALZ, 1994

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PREFACE

As the director of the ERIC/CASS publication program, I have had the pleasure over the years of helping to produce a number of very noteworthy publications — including some, like *Career Transitions in Turbulent Times*, (edited with Rich Feller and jointly marketed with NCDA), which included a number of contributors who were former students and/or friends of Gil and Kathleen. But never in my work have I felt as close to an author as I have with Gil in working to bring this publication to fruition. I've never stopped marveling at his warmth and perceptive empathy and the enormous literary skill he possesses. We are all truly fortunate to have had this remarkable man as our mentor and friend. Even a brief perusal of this publication will testify to how he has influenced the profession through his writings, through the students he taught and the friendships he has nurtured.

To ensure that his wise thoughts and cogent writing are available to present and future generations, this volume is being entered into the ERIC database. As such, persons around the world will learn of it, be able to read the abstract of it on the internet, and read the full text on microfiche at any one of the ERIC collections located around the world. Clearly, his words and ideas will transcend time and national boundaries.

Throughout our work at ERIC/CASS, we have appreciated the support and help extended by Gordon Sabine and Linda Ricketts — they were great. Kaye Davis and Star Reedy of my staff were invaluable. And, as always, Kathleen Wrenn was the warm and wonderful person she has always been and who has meant so much to Gil Wrenn's students.

Garry R. Walz
Director, ERIC/CASS
and Professor Emeritus
University of Michigan

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THIS BOOK, MY FAMILY, AND ME

Your first question may be, “Why did Gil Wrenn send this to me? What is he up to now?” The first answer is simple: you are one of my former Ph.D. students, former colleague, an old or new friend. Kathleen and I consider many of you as part of our extended family that we have been accumulating over most of our 70 years together.

The answer to your second question is not so simple. I want to remind you of some ideas that I’ve written about earlier, the joy of living, giving and caring about life’s values and relationships. Some of these are clearly and simply written — “Forward I Paddle,” for example, represents my philosophy of life. I also have included a few pieces of unpublished sketches and verses.

These bits of writing are not about procedures of counseling, organization, or administration. My knowledge of physics is laughable, but I am delighted by the literature of cosmology. I have a vague understanding of what Stephen Hawking is driving at in his joyful merging of Einstein’s Theory of General Relativity and Quantum Mechanics. His conclusion does not make me happy, his reliance on science alone may be adequate for him, but not for me!

The variety of topics may not please you, but Life is many-angled. There is a unifying philosophy back of this — maybe you can find it. One thing

about Life makes me happy — so many of you have achieved so much! Your philosophy shows Love of Life and of People. I won't mention names for that would make a long list. I have great fondness for each one of you who has kept in contact with me. To use an old saying in reverse, "Anything I can do, you can do better."

Now on the personal side: Kathleen (LaRaut) Wrenn is my most beloved wife and has been for the many years noted above. She was a music major at Willamette University with a beautiful high coloratura soprano voice which she used in solo work and choir direction until 1969. Her direction of choirs began in her high school teaching years and was practiced and continued in several parts of the United States. She was a member of the Minneapolis A Cappella Choir. After her voice failed to respond she became much more conscious of her piano and now, with other volunteers, plays the prelude and hymns for our Village Chapel services. Kathleen also plays frolicking old time songs for social groups. She is naturally a very loving person, having personal interest in everyone she knows. Our later years are the happiest of all.

Remember Bob (Dr. Robert L. Wrenn), the Ohio State University Ph.D.? A Professor of Psychology at the University of Arizona (since 1962) and faculty liaison for the Vice President for Student Affairs, Bob is the only faculty member to have twice received the University of Arizona's Outstanding

Faculty Achievement Award presented jointly by the Student Senior Honorary and Alumni Associations. In addition to his teaching duties at the University of Arizona he served as Director of Student Counseling from 1974-1984 and as Director of Student Resources from 1984-1993. He is the author or editor of three books in psychology and numerous articles and reviews. Bob has taught or counseled in various colleges, the University of California, Berkeley, the Ohio State University and at the University of Colorado. He is respected in his field of psychology, and is internationally known in Death Education. Bob is a loving son, husband, and grandfather. Bob has music (piano) as his second vocation. He has been engaged in University and Tucson circles as a professional Jazz musician since 1964. He plays regularly in various combos in the Tucson area.

Marcy, his wife of almost 40 years, is a talented clay artist (potter) and teacher in this field. She has developed an excellent national reputation as an artist and has hundreds of her artistic creations in galleries and homes. Both she and Bob are caring people, whose friends number in the hundreds.

Bob and Marcy have three grown children, two daughters and a son (Lisa, Susan, and David), each happily involved in his or her private world of home and vocation. Lisa also has two lovely daughters. This makes us happy and proud grandparents and great-grandparents (what a lot of long-legged words).

And now, what about me, the “old man” of the tribe? I am happy, healthy and with an excellent appetite (same weight). I love life and get along with people and have a great many friends here at Friendship Village. Friendship Village is a Life Care retirement village of 700 people. Many warm-hearted and caring people with a good sprinkling of faculty and other professionals. It is a friendly place and there are lots of things you can do for people here who are older and sometimes worried, sometimes lonely, sometimes ill.

Among all these happy things that I have, I am also blind! I have fought glaucoma for the past 30 years and then four or five years ago the pressure started going higher and the vision becoming a little less, but I could still read large print and write freely and see people. After a colon cancer operation last January, my vision dropped rapidly. I almost lost it entirely — no one knows why. At any rate, we put on a frantic battle, with laser beams etc., and came up with five percent left. I can't read anything, of course, or read my own writing and I can't see people's faces which is a great loss to me. My blindness has enabled me to have many relationships that I would not have had otherwise. First of all, I began counting on what I have left and not what I have lost and consider this a handicap and not a disability: far from that. I have learned more of touch and hearing, and made many friends who revealed their caring for me after seeing me with a white cane. I get un-

conditional help wherever I appear, whether I want it or not! That means a lot.

Being blind solved another troublesome problem for me. I had been considering for some time whether I should take on the understanding and handling of computers, but had almost decided against it anyway. Then the blindness came along and made it impossible for me to reach that goal, and solved that problem.

It has meant another burden for Kathleen because she has to do all of her normal reading and writing, and then add all of my mail and some writing, and a lot of other things to her normal activities. It is a burden she bears lovingly and patiently, but she gets pretty tired. She suffers as much as I do from my handicap.

I've said I consider "Forward I Paddle" as something of a very brief statement of my philosophy of life, and I think it is. I am still looking forward, dreaming about the future, and paddling. So I am still a happy guy.

Please believe me!

(One activity I am still involved in is with a large real estate firm where I am consultant to the President and counselor to his staff of 25-30 employees. I have been doing this continuously since 1973. I am still on the Board of Directors of two agencies, the Friendship Village Foundation — since 1986 — and the Tactile Museum for the Blind and Visually Impaired. This is a recent development for me. It

involves a completely outfitted mobile museum with some 70 statues and items of historical interest which is sent from school to school and town to town. For a museum, the sign over each item is unusual — “Please Touch!”)

Some reactions after reading the final manuscript:

1. I am a little unhappy about the unevenness of the comments about the achievement of former students. It is pleasant to read the comments about students who have visited me or written to me, in many cases more than once, over the years. You show real achievement and distinction and I am proud of you. I might be equally proud of the rest of you if I knew more about you. If any of you feel like it, you might write to me about yourselves. It is 30 years since we moved to Arizona from Minnesota and distance has taken its toll. I may not even secure addresses for some of you.

2. I am pleased with the manner in which the various sections of the manuscript are arranged. We have deliberately separated longer items from each other with one or two shorter items of verse or simple ideas not previously published, so the book could be easy reading and possibly entertaining for you. If you don't like an item, turn the page!

The hope is that some of these will be attractive enough to stimulate your thinking about yourself, or that of other people who may read this book. Bless you all!

CAUTION:

I don't want readers to be led astray by my frequent use of the first and second person rather than the third person. The third person suggests you should accept what is said as true or as a statement of authority. The first and second persons suggest I'm being personal and honest with you. I'm a fallible person and you should accept what I write only if it is what you truly believe or think is reasonable.

There is no "you should" or "you ought to" in my thinking. What's here is my personal belief or conviction but not yours unless you so choose. In all our relationships I've always held precious your right to be yourself, or I think I have!

Some of the pages of this short book allow you space for your notes. These may be more important to you in the long run than what you've read here. It is my hope that the variety of ideas will stir-up your thinking and lead you forward in the areas of value and belief. You might even enjoy it!

My Consulting Editor and close friend is Dr. Gordon Sabine. Over 45 years, Professor of Journalism at the universities of Wisconsin, Kansas, Minnesota, and Arizona State; Head or Dean of Journalism programs at Oregon, Iowa, and Virginia Tech; and Vice-President of Special Projects at Michigan State University. Has written many books over the years, plus over the past 10 years written seven comprehensive oral history books on professional leaders in the Phoenix area. He too is almost

blind. He is always assisted professionally by his writer-editor wife, Patricia.

I was fortunate to secure the cooperation of one of my former students as publisher. Dr. Garry Walz was a Professor of Education at the University of Michigan for many years while at the same time serving as Director of the ERIC Counseling and Personnel Services (ERIC/CAPS) Clearinghouse at Michigan. He and ERIC/CASS are now located at the University of North Carolina, Greensboro. He is a good writer and excellent editor and quite familiar with the publishing business. He is a man of many talents and someone whom I trust completely, and a close friend.

My warmest thanks to Linda Ricketts, my most competent secretary and computer specialist.

I am also indebted to a close friend and skilled typist, Doreen Fitzgibbon.

FORWARD I PADDLE

This brief poem has affected a good many readers, some profoundly, and they have mounted it on their desk or wall or read it over frequently. The poem expresses my philosophy of life, it is the way I have enjoyed looking at life — always aware of what the future may tell me with a much smaller regard for what lies behind. I guess this simple philosophy of life could be put in two phrases: the future fascinates me, I'm always seeking.

Janus,
God of the Beginnings
Had two faces,
One looking forward,
One looking backwards.
But the past is of little interest to me.
What it has taught me
Is now within me.
I need no focus there.

“My” Janus has but one face,
Looking forward,
Forward, always forward.
The future holds excitement for me.
And promise.
That is why I would not choose to be an oarsman.
They are always facing backward,
They see only from whence they came.
My choice makes me the paddler in a canoe.

I am facing forward.
I see no past,
I see only future.
And the God within me
Supplies the energy,
Guides the thrust of my paddle.

The goal,
The dream,
The promise.
Enough to draw me on.
As each shadowy form emerges
Another appears in the misty beyond.

I face forward and paddle.
Why?
I can do nothing else
And be true to my God.
A God who must be always
Seeking.
Even as I seek.

As I am drawn to what lies ahead,
I eat and sleep and dream,
As do all animals.
But I do more than dream,
I paddle.

The Educational Forum, 1992, Vol. 56, p. 119;
Vocational Guidance Quarterly, 1976, Vol. 25, p. 56

SOME THINGS I HAVE LEARNED AND SOME I AM STILL LEARNING

These excerpts from a 1985 paper are “somethings” learned from my life over the past several decades. I believe that every reader will find here a principle that touches his or her life. Is that so for you?

A. I have learned that I must consciously take some risks in living with others.

The following are risks that I take in relationships with other human beings.

1. There is risk in trusting others, because I may be hurt. There is also risk in not trusting others, because then they may be hurt. Often, they need some sign of trust or approval from me, and behind their masks they are very vulnerable. The hurt of seeming mistrust may be deep.

Perhaps I can handle the hurt of my risk in trusting better than others can handle the hurt of not being trusted because I have two protections.

First, my trusting of others is on a batting average basis. I do not expect every person to justify my trust. I am not a Pollyanna, but my own batting average over a lifetime of trusting has been high, perhaps .800 or .900. When my trust is violated, I am saddened, but I do not generalize from that one betrayal to all mankind or to all others of that age, sex, or hair color. My betrayal is an incident, not a con-

clusion or a calamity. I can handle it — I have in the past, and I will in the future.

My second protection lies in what I believe to be a firm psychological principle: People tend to respond to you in terms of your expectations of them. I trust, and that begets trust. I treat people with courtesy or confidence, and people tend to respond with courtesy or confidence. This has been a strong hunch of mine for many years, but recently some firm research has been reported that supports my long-held, intuitive feeling. It has worked for me.

2. I take a risk when I respond to my impulse to help others, to show caring for them, and to respond to what I think are their needs. So many times in my life I have failed to respond to my impulse or it has come too late — the person or the right moment in the situation has passed by. Later I chide myself bitterly for cowardice and suffer more than if I had taken the risk and been rebuffed, because then only my pride would have suffered. I have also had the experience of people seemingly rebuffing me at one moment (because they were too surprised or even shocked to accept help or caring), only to return later to thank me and to open up the relationship again. My sincerity of the offer finally “broke through” to the other person.

3. There is a risk for me in accepting help and love from others — they might expect something in return! That is really an ignoble thought; in my own mind I am seeing these other people as manipula-

tive and incapable of genuine generosity or unselfish love. What a put-down! “The other person is not as noble as I am!”

Accepting help and love from other people helps them just as I enjoy helping others. When I turn it down or immediately return “just as good” a gift, I insult their good impulses and hurt both them and myself.

4. I must risk making a positive move to correct a situation or to right a wrong. It may be the wrong move. Am I too proud to risk being found wrong? Again, however, only my pride is hurt, assuming that I have not endangered someone else in my move. People tend to have many complaints but few suggestions of remedies or moves to correct situations. The axiom known to all of us is a great truth: “It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness.”

5. I must risk asking a question when I am ignorant; otherwise, I remain rooted to my ignorance. Actually, I may be risking very little — the other person or the members of a group may be grateful for my asking a question that they also want answered. Of course, this can be overdone; I have been a nuisance at times and have realized it too late. But I have erred more often in not taking the risk.

6. When I disagree with people, there is a risk when I respond in a way that makes them feel attacked and defensive. I not only get into arguments that I really do not want, but I offend these other

people. I have learned that if I respond in ways that suggest that they may also be right or that they have rights to their own opinions, then I have helped them retain their self-respect. This is an important principle, and I have forgotten it on too many occasions.

Nations that react to other nations in ways that give the latter no chance to save face are building up to hostility and military action. History is replete with this kind of stupidity, expressed well by the following quotation: "The gentle art of saving face may someday save the human race."

B. I have learned to live with many uncertainties in my world.

It is important that I recognize some situations or trends as uncertainties, as uncomfortable as that may make me. I do not know enough or the situation is too complex or too much in flux for me to be certain. I must withstand the temptation to force an answer of certainty because the certainty is not there. The following are some of my uncertainties:

1. What will be the direction of the relationship between men and women? I hope men and women increasingly recognize that they are equal as human beings and accept the androgynous nature of both sexes, that persons of each sex recognize that they possess valuable qualities commonly attributed to members of the opposite sex (e.g., men may weep and be sensitive to others, women may take the

initiative and become assertive). This has been my hope, but the bitterness aroused by the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA) issue and its legislative defeat may settle both sexes more firmly into their sexual stereotypes. Women are not faultless in this connection; millions are completely passive and others plead their case with a negative psychology. I will not live to see a certain answer.

2. What will be the military consequences of the developing relationships between the nations of the world? Will there continue to be conflicts only between individual nations (mere brush fires when compared with World Wars I and II), or will society stumble — perhaps even as an accident — into a nuclear world war? I do not have a sure answer for myself on the nuclear freeze movement, unless it is bilateral. I cannot help but see the arguments of each side. I envy some of my friends who are on one side or the other — they may have more peace of mind than I have.

3. We Americans will continue to have a strong United States of America, but what kind of an America? What values will prevail? Who will be our international allies? Will a strong economy care for our great minorities, ethnic groups, and the young and old?

4. Will generations following ours (Kathleen's and mine) have the steady buying power and the relative financial certainties that we have enjoyed during most of the first 95 years of this century?

5. Will our courts of law move toward becoming courts of justice, or will they increasingly become courts of legal precedence and technical procedures?

6. Is it possible that the movement toward healing will focus more on the patient's resources than on the physician's resources, more on the individual's own inner potential for maintaining health than on medical science and technology and the ingestion of various chemicals?

I could list additional uncertainties, but perhaps I have named enough to make it clear that I must live peacefully with an awareness of much ignorance on my part. Several hundred years ago, Pascal wrote that "the greater one's circle of knowledge, the larger one's parameter of ignorance." So the longer I live and learn, the more I will be aware of my ignorance. A result of my growing older should be increased humility and a consistent practice of suspended judgment, because I know so little of all that I might know.

C. I am still learning.

This is, to me, the enjoyable part of my reflections. Learning is rewarding. It provides a sense of growth and a surprise or two every day. For instance:

1. I am still learning about the magnificence of the universe. I have been doing so ever since childhood and may continue doing so forever. When I was a boy in Florida, given the task of hoeing out the grass in my father's orange grove, I had to rest

occasionally—boys get tired easily! While lying on the ground and gazing into a limitless blue sky, I sometimes pondered where I would stop if I went straight up and kept on going. There is no ceiling; God's universe is infinite. To keep that up for long would have brought madness.

At that time I did not know about the wonders of the telescope or of the microscope worlds. The wonder of one of those worlds is that the ultimate elements of existence are the particles circling the nucleus of the atom at enormous speed. These particles exist merely as unpredictable bursts of energy (discussed by Fritjof Capra [1976] in the *Taos of Physics* and by George Leonard [1978] in *The Silent Pulse*) within a field of energy.

The other story was from an interview with an astronomer at the University of California (a Professor Spinard) who rather casually discussed his discovery of six new galaxies 10 billion light years away (one light year is the equivalent of almost 6 trillion miles). He said that he had determined that the temperature of these galaxies was about 27,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

I am still experiencing wonder after wonder concerning our universe, without and within. And it is a changing universe, not a static one.

2. In a very different area, I am still learning about the nature of love and caring. Caring to me connotes something different from love. To care for people is to be involved, to do something to help

them develop joy in their lives and belief in themselves, while moving toward becoming more the kind of persons they want to be. People can love and just soak it in, enjoy other people but not do anything. People who care act and show sustained concern over a period of time.

Can one care unselfishly? Caring brings its own reward — others may respond with love or gratitude. Also, however, people change themselves by caring because they respect themselves more. That is a reward. Can one ever give love, love (or caring) that has sole consideration for the other person, love that expects no return, no response, no gratitude? Am I big enough for that? I am not sure — I am still learning.

3. I am learning to respond honestly to personal praise (e.g., “That was the best talk I’ve heard in a long time”). How does one handle it? The most common responses are probably the worst (e.g., “Oh, it wasn’t much,” or “You can’t mean that”). These are responses of assumed modesty; in reality, however, they are dishonest. I fear that I like praise and sometimes act accordingly. Not only am I likely to be insincere in my responses of seeming modesty, I am telling the other person, “I don’t believe you” or “You don’t mean it”— in essence, “You are a liar!”

I am embarrassed by praise because, often, other people’s perceptions of me are more favorable than is my perception of myself. I have come to realize that it is important to accept the praise as sincere

and to reply simply, “Thank you” or “That’s kind of you,” and no more. Such a response is honest and makes the other person feel believed and appreciated. Sometimes my embarrassment still shows, but I am learning to respond simply to praise.

4. I am learning to understand the double meaning of achievement. The achiever is well respected in the American work-oriented society — “He gets a lot done” and “She is a hard worker” or “I simply cannot do as much as she does.” Not only do people often identify other people by vocations but they also identify their worth or quality by how much they have achieved.

In other parts of the world, “doing” is not as important as “being.” I have been a heavy achiever, have turned out volumes of writing and speaking, but with the passing years these have become much less important. All along I’ve said, “I’m a person first, then a professor, or what-have-you, second.” I have assured others who are less active because of age or infirmity that who they are is more important than what they do. I have told Kathleen that people love her for her personal qualities, her awareness of others, and her caring. She does not have to do all the things she once did, not at 93. Now I am beginning to learn that this theory also applies to another 93-year-old — me! I will live longer, I will strive less, and I may be of more meaning to others if I can learn for myself that achievement means being, maybe even more than doing.

5. I am learning to balance my uniqueness with my desire to be accepted and liked by others. This is difficult. How can I be uniquely me and yet be independent in a manner that does not offend others or drive them away from me? It takes a little courage for me to say openly, "Yes, I like to be liked and accepted, and sometimes my behavior is directed to that end," but I am not proud of such a motivation. To be me, the only me in the universe, is my most important attribute. I must be true to me, not to the world around me, and at the same time not alienate others. I do not know how to blend uniqueness and social acceptance, but I am learning.

6. I am also learning how to balance the development of relationships with those who need me and those whom I need. Both needs are real: I need and want some relationships that nourish me and boost my sense of self-worth, and I want to be a caring person for others and make them feel more worthwhile. Here again, I am still learning.

7. I am forever learning how to develop a growing, maturing relationship between me and my personal perception of God. For me, my God is within me and is a part of me, and I am a part of the infinite. I am a part of the total universe, and a bit of that universe is a part of me. I am not advocating any universal truth that is essential for everyone. Every person's God is his or her own perception, so I am speaking strictly for me. God is the best part of me. If this sounds like silly theology, that is okay. I

am not a theologian. My theology is not a set of concepts but a relationship, and that relationship is personal.

I sometimes wonder about the great paradox that God is the creator of a universe so vast that the human mind will never comprehend it and the God within, a personal God. Perhaps God is an aggregation of all of "His" creations and I do not exist except as an expression of one of those creations. For me, God is not dead because the universe is alive. Some 50 years ago, astronomer James Jeans stated that scientists (those who are the creators, the ponderers) had accumulated evidence that the universe is not a great machine that can be understood and managed, but that "the universe is a thought of God." To me, that means a living, pulsing, and changing universe of which all people are a part.

Journal of Counseling and Development, 1985, Vol. 64,
pp. 99-102

ANOTHER DAY IS BORN

As was common with me a few years ago, I love the night in which I dream. One morning as the dawn was breaking, the enclosed verse came to me. It was sheer delight seeing the night break into day, all the little things of life enjoying themselves. The contrast between dawn and noon-day had to be drawn with full knowledge that harshness sometimes seems overwhelming.

The gift of one new day,
Unique and precious,
Never to be offered again,
A new jewel on the lengthening
Necklace of life.
The gift is gently presented
As the soft black
Of the night
Merges into the even softer
Rose gray
Of the dawn.
The blades of grass arouse
From their sleep,
Stand up from the earth
And stretch,
Quivering with delight
As they lift themselves
Upward toward the sky.
The tree tops wave gently;

The flowers and shrubs
Shiver a little
As they shake off
The night's sleep.
The birds call sleepily
To each other.

The world is offering itself
To us.
A new day, now soft and gentle.
Soon the pitiless, revealing lights
Of sunshine and shadow
Will appear.
How will we live our day?
As the gentle dawn,
Or as the glare of bright noonday?

THE BEWILDERED BUTTERFLY

This is a fantasy about sowers and mowers interchanging and about the observer looking down from another dimension in life at those who would save the Tuft of Flowers.

Lines written after reading Robert Frost, The Tuft of Flowers, and dedicated to Bob, Helen, Sherrie, Walter, Eleanor, Mert, to all caring counselors in the years to come who are young in heart and sensitive to bewildered butterflies.

You are the bewildered butterfly.
Thus goes my thought.
Could I be the tuft of flowers
The mower left
Or could I help you find it,
Somewhere?
For you are not bereft
Even though the view
At times
Seems bleak.
Life's mower has left the
Tuft of flowers for you
Yet to be found,
Or already in your heart.

Then, to change the simile,
Were I the mower
And you the one who
Followed me,
Could we work together
Whether we in body
Be together
Or apart?
Whether I be living in this
World or the next?
Could we work together —
You turning the succulent grass
That others might find life's
Sweetness in it —
Both food and joy.

And then you mow in turn,
While I watch you
From so far and yet so near.
Watch with love and pride,
While you leave
Tufts of flowers
For future generations
Of bewildered butterflies.

The School Counselor, 1979, Vol.27, p. 149

THE CULTURALLY ENCAPSULATED COUNSELOR

This paper was written in response to the clarion call for counselors following the great shock of the Russian Sputnik threat. The American Personnel Guidance Association called me back from a sabbatical tour in England to do a book which would clearly outline the challenge ahead for counselors. With the help of a National Commission chaired by Dael Wolfe, Secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, this resulted in the 1962, The Counselor in the Changing World. "Wake up" I was saying. "This is a new and more dangerous world. We'll find safety in cocoons of the old reality. Do we as counselors have the courage to break out and meet the needs of today's reality?" I spoke almost as an Old Testament prophet, "Can you change?" The following article is from one of many speeches I gave after the publication of that book.

The report of the Commission on Guidance in American Schools projected developments in school counseling against a backdrop of anticipated changes in our culture. Since what we speak of as the guidance function in American schools² has grown out of certain values in our culture, presumably changes in that culture will affect the role of counselors in the school. It will also affect the nature of their education for the task. This is what the book is about. The last chapters analyze the anticipated tasks of the counselors in the school but the first

half, on the projected changes in our culture, is the only excuse for the book having been written.

ANTICIPATED CHANGES

Change has always been the one thing of which we could be sure. What then is different about the changes of the next decades? Two things only but these are awesome enough — the rapidity and the extensiveness of the changes anticipated. “Space flight” is near reality but its reaches are infinite when comprehended in relation to the projected size of our universe of intelligence. The astronomer Shapley has estimated that of the 100 quintillion stars available to our telescopes, perhaps 100 million of them have planets favorably constituted and located for the support of life. Many of these solar systems are billions of years older than our own and may be assumed to have developed some form of intelligence and culture far more complex than our own. We are now actively seeking to receive radio signals from these systems but some of them may have been seeking in a similar (or radically different) manner for millions of years. Contact will be made during this century — or it may be next year. When this happens our present perception of life and its unique significance will be sharply challenged. This is one illustration of the extensiveness of change.

Our own small world is becoming smaller by the moment — and more densely populated. America is no longer an island — islands no longer

have significance. Our economy of abundance must rub elbows with many economies of scarcity — with peoples who have only a fraction of what we have and yet who are well aware of what America has and is. They want some of the same and want it urgently.

People increasingly cluster in cities and America has become a constellation of urban galaxies. Metropolitan boundaries are coming to mean more than state and county lines. The family pattern of the early part of this century is no longer apparent, it is gone to appear no more. New patterns of family life are realities to be accepted and dealt with. An economy of increasing affluence is projected — how wisely will we spend our income? The Federal government must become increasingly concerned with education and social health at state and local levels. It must do so for such dimensions of our society are most critical factors in any modern consideration of national welfare. Will we gerry-build this development, allow it to overcome us, or control it wisely as we accept its inevitability?

Occupations will disappear and new ones appear with a speed that has little regard for the information about occupations that is now provided in printed form. Occupations with the same label will bear little resemblance to those occupations of a few years ago. (The term “school counselor” as used two decades ago meant only a fraction of what is meant by that term in current usage.)

Kinds of post-high school education, the

meaning of “college” procedures used in our schools, the growth of continuing education opportunities that are available over a lifetime — these are symptomatic of marked alterations that are appearing in our educational system. The science of behavior called psychology can be projected only a few years hence for, like all sciences, new knowledge appears apace and supersedes the old.

PSYCHOLOGICAL DEFENSES AGAINST CHANGE

Like Job of old we protest the inevitable, we argue about it. Even better than Job we protect ourselves from the disturbing reality of change by surrounding ourselves with a cocoon of pretended reality — a reality which is based upon the past and the known, upon seeing that which is as though it would always be. This is “cultural encapsulation,” an encapsulation within our world, within our culture and sub-culture, within a pretense that the present is enduring. Some of this evasion of reality is defensible for one can absorb the new at only a limited rate. More than this, we move more freely when we know the limits within which we can safely operate. But the rate of change is another thing. The rate of change in science, in technology, and in the interacting complex of pressures in our society pays little heed to what we see within our cocoon. The walls of our cocoon must be permeable so that pressure does not build up between the “reality” within the cocoon and the reality without.

The Commission Report makes certain recommendations regarding the counselor's role with students, teachers and parents, the counselor's place in the total school program, and the professional education of the school counselor.³ These are argued from the projected changes in our culture. The specific recommendations may be in error as inferences from cultural change or the culture changes themselves may be of a different order. But the most rapid change of our country's history will occur during the next decade or two, whatever its precise nature may be. What will keep these changes from being applied to the role, education, and life of the counselor — what indeed but the counselor's resistance to change?

It is certain that counselors are as subject as any to cocoon maintenance and reality evasion. Perhaps they have particular cocoon patterns of their own because of their sensitiveness to others and their desire to help. In his enthusiasm for helping a counselor builds upon his own securities — he communicates concepts and values which have given him security and which are actually appropriate to his past — perhaps even his present. Even if the counselor tries to work from his present to the client's present, a hard enough task, this is not enough. Counselors frequently must work to the client's future as well. To deal with two presents and one future is enough to disturb the bravest of men.

Here then, are some of the cultural encapsula-

tions which the counselor must examine. They may not all be distinctive for the counselor. What happens is that the counselor faces them with more urgency because of the critical nature of his relationship to the growing personality of the student.

SOME CULTURAL ENCAPSULATIONS

1. The tendency to be surprised or even unbelieving regarding changes in truth.

It is comforting to believe that at least some of what I regard as truth is ultimate truth, or is at least true for my lifetime. This cocoon is a hard one to leave. Of course we recall that at one time it was true that "the earth is flat," that "matter is matter and energy is energy," that "man's major motivations arise from instincts." What we forget is that our awareness of truth is so very young because we are so young a race of man. If we assume that man has been on earth for perhaps one million years (it may have been 10) this is a small part indeed of the total time in which man may exist and learn. One recent study suggested that whereas earth's future might be a matter of five or six billion years in terms of the normal processes of shrinkage and erosion, the expansion of the sun and its increasing radiation will mean that in something like two billion years the seas will be boiling and all life will be extinguished. There still is a striking difference between the one million years we have existed and the two thousand million

years we have yet to go. One to two thousand is a ratio that suggests a shocking infancy of man and his knowledge. Who then is to think that what we now consider truth is always to be truth, indeed, any part of it?

This might be the situation for empirically determined truth, but what if we also accept revealed truth? This is where I am safe. But am I? Why must we assume that revelation has ceased? Would it not be strange indeed if all inspired truth had been revealed to the very young, to the infant who has lived only 1/2000 of his possible lifetime? Why can we not assume that inspired truth is being continually experienced — through artists, poets, and sages if not through prophets?

Certainly the values that I hold — convictions of the worth of things and of people — are culture bound. They are also time bound. The virtue of “work for its own sake,” of “being mature before you marry,” of “knowing what you want to do and then hewing closely to the line” may be far less significant values for our children than for us. If the youth of tomorrow see work, marriage, and vocational decision in different perspective than do the youth of yesterday (us), who is to say that we are nearer the truth than they will be? They are reared for different worlds and for different values associated with these worlds. So if I rest secure in the cocoon that what I know is an ultimate truth or what I believe is an ageless value, that cocoon will betray me. My values are for now and for me — not for all time or for all people.

2. *The cushioning of the counselor in some academic cocoons which have little reference to our total culture.*

Nor may there be much evidence of an empirical sort. Some of these beliefs (academic folklore) are that grades are the most important thing in a student's life; that tests should be given to everyone; that learning is primarily from books; that having a vocational choice helps each person in his academic life; that students who fit in and express themselves well should be rewarded, etc. We are academic people and our academic cocoons may be most unrealistic in terms of either the future scope of human behavior or the reality of the world outside the school.

Similar to the above is the tentativeness of our knowledge of human behavior. Whatever we "firmly" know now may be firm as a principle but not as a law — perhaps we have no laws of behavior as yet. Because man changes with knowledge of man, we may never have laws. We must proceed upon the principles we now have but we operate within such large areas of uncertainty that we should be humble indeed. Above all, let us avoid dogmatism and encapsulation where the evidence is conflicting. For example, we do not now know how to resolve the antithesis between Skinner and Rogers. We are certain they cannot both be right, at least right to the extent that each thinks himself now to be. Operant conditioning with its sure movement of the person in the direction of that behavior which is reinforced by the

experimenter cannot be the complete explanation of behavior if Rogers' concept of the subjective self as a reality is also true. Who is to say that we now have any more than a small glimmer of light on the resolution of this crucial problem?

3. The assumption that the counselor may safely draw upon his own educational and vocational experience in counseling the student.

The danger in so doing is that the counselor is drawing upon his yesterday to help the student with his today and tomorrow. The world in which the counselor went to school and had his early job experiences is no longer in existence. The more rapid the rate of change, the greater the gap between yesterday and tomorrow. It is most human indeed to "draw upon our experience" but of this the counselor must beware. Some of what we have learned may be for tomorrow but most of it remains for yesterday. Dare we generalize from our past to the student's future?

SOME PROPHYLACTIC MEASURES

What can the counselor do to avoid these encapsulations? How can he become more accessible to today and to tomorrow?

1. We should persist in a regime of unlearning something each day.

Each day we should take some fact which is no longer a fact and persuade ourselves that this should be dropped from our vocabulary and from our cu-

mulative store of presumed knowledge. Each day we should examine some situation which seems very familiar to us but which no longer may be present in our society. Each day we should question some social relationship which was not present when we were a child but is very present now — such things as the new African nations, the Communist nation less than an hour away from us, the fact that our childhood family and its pattern no longer exists.

Each day we should question something that we believe but that other people of integrity may reject. This is to remind ourselves that there is a difference between our culture and the culture of the parent, the culture of the teacher, and the culture of the child. The thing that we believe in deeply may be something that someone else has every right not to believe in.

2. We should check items of information to be given to students in terms of the direction and rate of change, not just the accuracy of the information for now.

The what is only part of the story. How stable is the information? The counselor must continually tell himself “What I say is for now only. What I must do in whatever I communicate to the student is to suggest the direction in which change in the information may be anticipated.”

3. We should accept as an obligation the encouragement of students who think differently from us.

These may be uncomfortable people to live with, but is comfort our gauge? Students who think

differently are never popular, but they may be the hope of the world. Who is to recognize these differences and encourage them, if not the counselor? The counselor's task is to help a person with whom he does not agree to become his own man rather than someone made in the image of the counselor. Peter Vierick has suggested that the "hero of the day" is the man who is adjusted to the ages but unadjusted to this age. How can we help a student to respect his own differences rather than to deprecate them? How indeed unless we respect them first? We can help a student develop his own integrity even though it is a different integrity.

4. Finally, we must batter down our tendency to be self-righteous.

What is "right" is right for me only, and I should not be smug about its being right for anybody else. It is true that I believe in some things that are beyond fact, but these beliefs must be in Man's creativeness and resiliency and (for this writer) in the Creative Love back of man. Can we believe in something bigger than ourselves without feeling superior to those poor mortals who do not have such faiths and such beliefs? It is important that we believe, if we can believe without feeling superior about it. There can be a snobbishness about faith as there is about fancy.

If we return now to the need for security, I must remember that it is security in principles and security in faith that I seek for myself, not security in

facts. There is security in my faith of what man may know and become. There is security too in a kind of giving to life as well as a getting. We seek purpose constantly and there may be purpose in how I relate myself to others as well as how I come to understand myself.

5. And so the counselor⁴ must face change with trepidation and fight encapsulation with vigor. He must, it seems to me, have humility in the face of ignorance, have compassion for those who want to be loved, have courage as he struggles for the assurance that he may always seek but never find. Two men, many hundreds of years apart have said it well: "For whoso seeks the truth will find in nowise peace of heart" (Boethius); "You may seek either truth or repose. You must choose, for you cannot have both" (Emerson).

It will not be easy to be a counselor. Only the strong need apply.

1. C. Gilbert Wrenn, *The Counselor in a Changing World* (Washington, D. C.: The American Personnel and Guidance Associations, 1962).

2. Specifically "guidance" is a point of view which influences curriculum and teacher attitudes as well as results in the employment of school counselors and other pupil personnel workers, i.e. school psychologists, school social workers, etc. *Harvard Educational Review*, 1963, Vol. 32, pp. 444-449.

3. Wrenn, op. cit., chaps. 5, 6, 7.

4. This paragraph should perhaps have been written in the first person. Perhaps it is presumptuous to tell the counselor what he can do. All I really have a right to do is to tell myself. This is a personal kind of document throughout and all of my admonitions are addressed first of all to me.

“GREENERS”

This beautiful piece of poetry is out-of-place because it was written by someone else, or maybe it is in place because it is so beautiful I couldn't have written it. She did. The title is a symbol until you have read her statement; then you will see that the visit created a “greening,” a new life for the writer. I wish I had known these people as the writer did. They must have been exceptional. The poem involves appreciation, love and above all a feeling for moving expressions of thought. You will either like it or not, so I am taking a chance. The author is a long-time counselor.

To and After a Visit
I think of you when I behold
the wonder of a perfect rose.
Wherever I cast my eye today —
Whether backward on a quarter century past;
Or forward to my coming years of age;
Or inward to the serenity you seeded in my heart;
Or outward to others whom I seek to serve
as joyously as you have done and do so still —
I find you these —
the kernel of my best self.
You held and healed me when I hurt;
Guided me when I was lost.
Supported me when I was bereft
of funds, of health, of strength, of hope.

You never failed me, never criticized.
Through all the years you affirmed
my strength while imparting yours.
Slowly, surely you transformed
the turmoil of my life with
the tranquillity of your own.
How grateful I am to return to you
healthy, whole, hope-filled even as
you beckoned me to become.

And blessing beyond measure I discover
you both exactly as I remembered:
Full and overflowing vessels
of God's abiding and abundant love.

– *Lynn Leonard*

MY SHORT TENURE AS A HOME MISSIONARY AND EVANGELISTIC HELPER

This bit of writing takes you back 74 years in my life. I dictated much of this to my mother when I was on sick leave.

In December, 1918, I was suppose to have died several times. I had gone north from Florida to work in the war plants as a contribution to my country. I was too young to serve in WWI and felt the impulse to do something to help my country. I worked in the Star Piano Co. at a cross-cut saw making stiffening cleats for airplane wings; in an airplane manufacturing facility in Dayton, the Dayton-Wright Brother Airplane; in the Cleveland Chandler Auto Co. as a drill-press operator; and finally I landed an appointment at the Nela Research Company as a research assistant for a physicist and chemist. I was only 16 years old. This work took me up to the later part of December. I had been missing from my work for two or three days when the nurse came around with my landlord and broke down the door. I was unconscious and had a high fever and influenza. They put me in the "death room" where men were put who weren't expected to live longer than 12 hours. I survived the night and they told me again, the second day, that I would die in 12 hours. I was a week in this death room, continuing to live, observing many men

in different ways of dying. Death became very common.

During my long convalescent period I became more and more serious about some purpose in my life and that spring decided to go into the ministry, particularly some form of home and youth ministry. I wanted to help others and be more significant in their lives. The next fall, in September 1919, I entered the Athens School in Athens, Tennessee, a Methodist Mission school, with some attempts at ministerial training. I had no money and worked at everything I could to get some money: firing a furnace; as a busboy and finally as head waiter at the boys dormitory dining room; collected laundry; sold tickets; wrote a column for a local newspaper, the Knoxville Centennial; and so forth. I was ordained at the end of the first year as a deacon in the Methodist Church and prepared to take on a job the following fall. I landed that fall with \$8.47 in my pocket and the clothes on my back because my folks, loving though they were, had no money.

I was assigned a circuit of five churches and as a "Circuit Rider" my charge covered 40 square miles with the farthest church lying 18 miles from Athens; the nearest 11 miles. I know that the "figures" may not interest some of you so these couple of stories may tell the two aspects of my ministry.

One morning I started out on an 11 mile horseback trip clothed in a pair of pants, a shirt, and a long raincoat that I had found in the missionary

barrel. While I was at the church service that Sunday morning I noticed that some choir girls next to me were giggling and I was mortified and bothered by it; however, I tried to pay no attention to them. After the service I went to the backdoor and backed between two of the pews to shake hands with the members, as a good parson would do. A faithful steward of the church came up to me and whispered in my ear, "Parson, the seat of your pants is worn out and your shirt tail has come through." Mortified, I back further into the pews to hide my backside and thought to myself this is what the girls were giggling about.

When everyone had gone I got on my horse and rode to a member's home for dinner, always keeping my raincoat on, of course, even though it was rather warm in the home. I made several calls that afternoon, always with my faithful raincoat and breathed a sigh of relief as I entered the church for the evening service that night. It had turned brisk and the raincoat felt good. This was a fair sized church with a platform in the front. Between the minister and the congregation was a large wood-burning stove. Another faithful steward, noting I had kept my raincoat on, thought I must be chilly and stoked-up the stove until it was almost red hot. And I was too. The sermon was short and I got out as soon as possible, but I kept my raincoat on! I was very human then and could have had fun with that raincoat, but I was too serious to have fun.

The people were very kind and would never laugh at a preacher. I preached a religion of a loving and caring God and never spoke of a God that punished people, that's not my God. The people responded and liked me and wanted me in their homes. Frequently they had no money to give and brought me produce, cakes, hams, and perhaps tied a couple of decapitated chickens by their legs onto the back of the saddle bags. I would find my saddle bags full of produce and food and when I would get home the landlord would give me credit for the food.

One day while visiting a home, I saw they had a beautiful spray of peacock feathers. The peacock feathers were the only beautiful thing in the room of this home. I commented on the beautiful feathers and that night at the service a sweet-faced six year old boy came up to me at the front and handed me three of the tail feathers as a gift from their home — the best they had. I was very touched. I dropped to my knees to be near his height and put my arms around him. He leaned against me and kissed me on the cheek. I had to choke back my tears, a preacher should not cry.

The second story is about a ministerial friend of mine who lived in two cramped little rooms with his wife and three children and very little food. He had a circuit farther up in the mountains. One Sunday when he knew I was going to be home, he asked me to take his circuit. I accepted. I rode a tiny passenger train up the mountains and then walked

nine miles over rugged road to the deacon's house. He took me to the church that morning — a sight of total destruction. He explained to me that some angry men had taken out the stove, broken some windows, and had started to set a fire when something distracted their attention. So there I was!

We cleared away the broken glass and had the service. People came to church as usual though somewhat apprehensive. Brother Gambill had preached a service on no alcohol. This had reached the ears of some men in that area and aroused their tempers; they were feeling irate. Hence the destruction. It must be admitted that farmers who raise corn high up in the mountains found it very expensive to take corn directly from their fields to the market below. The roads were impassable except by horseback. Using their corn to make moonshine was an easy way to gain money with a minimum of excess baggage. It seemed reasonable to them.

I didn't discuss drinking in that service but two men were so drunk I asked the deacon to escort them out the door. After church we left and started down the road. Suddenly shots rang out behind us. The deacon said not to show any apprehension, that these men were out to scare us. He said not to run or show fear; we must walk straight ahead and not turn around or we might be shot. So we continued to walk on down the road calmly. At one point they road up in front of us and we just kept on going and they just kept on backing up. We continued on our

way and the men finally left without causing any harm to us.

During the afternoon I stayed at the deacon's house and didn't go visiting to any other homes. The deacon said it wasn't wise to do so. He told me the same crowd of men had killed two Federal Inspectors a few weeks back and had murdered one of their own men. So he advised me to get up early in the morning, in the darkness, and walk the nine miles back to the rail station. If they came back after me again it would not have been safe. He said, "I need to tell you Parson, we have lots of lion cats and bobcats in these woods and they have the nasty habit of hanging over the road on limbs of trees and dropping on any thing that moves." So he advised me to walk real close to the edge of the road, by the cliff, out from underneath the trees. I was to watch the trees with a vigilant eye for any sign of the cats, though it may do me no good. I walked on the edge of a steep cliff, in the dark, sensing cats every step of the way. It was real torture. I finally got on the train, headed back home, and thanked God very sincerely. I got home hungry and tired. I had to start classes as soon as I got in without any breakfast

I didn't report on my trip to Brother Gambill nor did he speak to me about it. It would have been unfair for him to admit he had been too frightened to go. I didn't blame him, he had three children, I had none.

The three peacock feathers the little boy

shared with me and the wild reception at the mountain church proved to be two ends of the spectrum of my experience as a home missionary circuit rider in the Eastern Tennessee Mountains.

At the beginning of the third year I attend a revival service in Athens. The meetings were well attended and I volunteered to help the evangelist's party care for the crowd.

The evangelist was a lovely woman by the name of Victoria Booth-Clibborn Demarest, a granddaughter of General William Booth — Founder of the Salvation Army in England. She was a poet, a singer, an actress, and a person of great love. At the conclusion of the Athens revival, Victoria offered me a position with them as an advanced agent and young people worker. I accepted the position and helped plan the next revival in March. My job meant traveling ahead, seeing that the promised money was made available, the tabernacle built, a choir organized, and living quarters found for her party of three adults and two children. I learned to love the talented Victoria and we worked smoothly together. I learned a lot as a youngster of 22 years.

One trip took me to Salem, Oregon, in the Spring of 1922. On the campus of Willamette University is where I saw the beautiful crowned Queen of May heading for her flower invested throng with two train-barbers and the May Day officials. She was beautiful and stately. I fell very hard for her at that time. I watched spellbound and lis-

tened to her sing her baccalaureate conservatory solo and fell even harder for her. I courted her very energetically for the three weeks I had there. I had thought of finishing college at Willamette University, and rather quickly decided this was the place to do just that. It would take me two years to finish and give Kathleen a chance to teach for two years; it just might work out. I wrote my mother in Florida that I had found the best college and went on about how wonderful the college was. I told her I was going to return to Willamette and finish college. My mother wrote back about my pleasures and then, because she knew me well, asked very gently the appropriate question: "What is the girl's name son?" Two years later Kathleen became my beautiful wife and we have lived and loved together for 70 years.

I was still active in the ministry during these two years, serving a short time as the YMCA Boys Secretary and at least a one year appointment as assistant pastor and young people's worker out of Jason Lee Methodist Church. During these two years I became more and more convinced that seeing young people for an hour once or twice a week when they were sometimes there and sometimes not was not what I wanted out of my experience and during the second year changed my goal from the ministry to counseling. My first year after college (BA) I accepted a position in Kathleen's Raymond Washington school as Vice-Principal/Director of Guidance, Debate Coach, and Head of the History

Department. Quite a handful but in a school of only 500 students it could be done. Kathleen's choir won five silver cups in the state competition that year; my debate team won the State Championship. I learned a lot about kids!

Our second year I accepted an appointment at the Oregon State Normal School in Mammoth, Oregon, near Kathleen's parents home. It was one of the really wild years of my life. Kathleen had a lovely job in music, glorying in her music teaching, and lived with the secretary to the school President. Whereas I was assigned to become Superintendent/Principal, etc. of the College's Training School, some 30 miles up in the mountains, in the lumber-saw mill town of Valsetz. The town had set a US record that year of 146 inches of rain. Sixteen college girls up for teaching experience lived in an attractive dorm with the four critic teachers. The only place for me was a bunk in the barracks provided for the lumber men at the lumber mill. The Chairman of the School Board was the big chief of the logging company there, a huge, burly man, and I dealt with him carefully but successfully. In spite of the constant rain, the terrible living conditions for children and people, there was nothing for their relaxation. We literally built a boy scout troop and cabin. I had no trouble as Principal of the school except for occasionally sending eighth grade or high school girls home for more clothing. They sometimes dressed to shock you and attract the boys, of course.

The roads down into the valley were far too muddy and poorly kept to be of any value. The sole connection to the valley was a single gasoline trolley car on a railroad track. I went down to join my wife each Friday afternoon and came back on Sunday afternoons. During those two days, our weekly times together, we found our time very satisfying. It was during that time we planned to leave all our cares behind in pursuit of my Ph.D.

THANK YOU, LORD

This bit of whimsy is about my deception of my wife and God is smiling at the humor! My beautiful loving wife is trusting me. She believes I did it for her. Well, what to make of it — is God really smiling?

In early morning
Half awake, half asleep
With my loved one
Lying beside me,
Lord, what a lovely time!

Shall I arouse more Fully,
Sneak out quietly
And prepare breakfast,
Pretending that she is very tired,
Needs my help,
Could use a surprise
To start the day?

Pretending that I know
Just how
To prepare a tasty breakfast,
Pretending that I do this
Out of love for her
(Of course, I do
love her, Lord).

Pretending — when
The real reason
Is that I am tired
Of bed,
Feel frisky
And want to get going!

I'm really helping me, Lord,
Not her.
Of course, you understand
Pretending,
You've seen so much of it.
Thank you, Lord,
For smiling gently
At my pretending!

And when she comes out
To the delicious breakfast
Smells,
And throws her arms
Around me and says,
In a sleepy voice,
“Thank you, Sweetheart,
For Getting breakfast,”
Then I will really think
I did it for her!
Thank you, Lord,
For understanding!

GROWING INTO THE FUTURE

The attached was written several years ago and became lost in my papers. Upon recent rediscovery, I considered it to be in line with the majority of selections. The number one movement is basic and I struggled with the imagery involved for sometime. It really becomes the source from which other selections flow. One or two of these, perhaps more, may appeal to the reader as something they can actually incorporate into personal things and into living. At least that is my hope.

PROPOSALS FOR PEOPLE WHO WISH TO GROW INTO THE FUTURE

To be effective during the next quarter century, I propose that people in all settings who consider themselves to be in the various helping professions, move as persons toward such attitudes, beliefs and behaviors as the following (the sequence of topics is in a random order):

- 1. Move toward** being oriented to the future and not to the past — the past has taught us something, but it is now dead, never to return. Time is a running stream in which past, present and future are overlapping and indistinguishable elements. The rushing water of the future is our present. Not to recognize this is to risk drowning on the rapids ahead.

2. **Move toward** being a person who is caring and concerned about other persons — on the job and off. A consequence of caring for others is that you are freed to share yourself with them.
3. **Move toward** accepting the full importance of a supportive, not a leading, role in one's job and in life.
4. **Move toward** developing a positive image of one's Self, one that sees strengths without apology and weaknesses without guilt.
5. **Move toward** developing a solid block of positive beliefs about people and about life, one of which is a belief in something greater than yourself, something which provides a high ceiling of possible fulfillment. Some call this a model, others call it God.
6. **Move toward** accepting a concept of work as a part of life in which the focus is upon the increasing importance of part-time work, changes in emphasis of the kinds of work most available, and a lifetime succession of changes in vocational approaches.
7. **Move toward** an acceptance of each person's right to be unique, to be different. Each person should be approached and related to in terms of his/her life space, not yours.
8. **Move toward** the development of supportive

human relationships as central to survival in a society that is likely to be crowded, impersonal, and conflict - burdened.

9. Move toward becoming authentic, congruent, and being openly what you are, thus saving the energy wasted in playing roles, and in trying to be what others expect you to be. The energy wasted in suppressing what you are is both exhausting and wholly self-defeating.

10. Move toward developing a sensitivity to the feelings of others as being important to an understanding of their motivations and behaviors. Response to emotion is more basic than response to cognition. Witness, in any major political campaign, the attempts to state and solve cognitive issues by successful appeals to the emotions of an audience.

11. Move toward an awareness of the destructive influence of certain isms — sexism, racism, ageism, and, in the field of education and work, fulltime-ism.

12. Move toward acceptance of holism as an all-pervading principle of both human behavior and human existence. Holism is both philosophy and psychology. It proposes the interdependent oneness of all men and women in a world called the Earth; the unity of all dimensions of the Universe, similar to the interdependence and yet the wholeness of all the complex parts of the body.

UNIVERSE — CREATOR AND FATHER — GOD

This article ranges widely — from infinity to eternity! It has been in preparation for some 25 years — my many reflections of growth. It is a personal paper, perhaps embarrassingly so to some readers who are embarrassed by the publication of intensely personal feelings. The paper is accompanied by two inserts, one about some startling things I have read about the Universe; the basis of my allegiance to a personal God. This paper is just a sharing of my thoughts, and is not trying to convince anyone of anything. Are you ready for the paper? It is full of surprises — mostly about me, I guess!

I believe in a Creator of the Universe. It is supreme in what we know as Creativity, Imagination, Intelligence, and Power. Such a Force, creator of billions of worlds (see *Our Universe*), and multi-billions of varied kinds of life, cannot to me be a personal He or She, Father-God or Mother-God. In terms of my most human perception, to attempt to step from Supreme Creator to a personal Father-God stretches me to the breaking point. Even to consider this distinction is a mighty drain on my limits of comprehension. Words do not help.

I also believe, however, that I am a part of this cosmic Creator. In a way that I do not pretend to understand, I feel that I am a part of a part of this God and that It, having now become He or She, is a part

of me. This belief is of my spirit whereas the awareness of the Universe is a creation of my mind. The spirit needs no intellectual affirmation, it is beyond the brain and its operation. Many minds over the millennia have tried to understand God, a case of the part understanding the whole. Jesus is for me the best expression of man's relationship to a personal God. This is meaningful to me because of my particular cultural and religious background. I can thus perceive God as the all-loving Father to whom Jesus related so fully (see insert The Demonstrator).

Somehow, God is within me and I am a part (a spark) of God. Such a perception is exquisitely personal. My perceptions may overlap at points, of course, with those of others, but there is no expectation that anyone's God is the same as mine, nor mine like anyone else's. Every other person's right to a personal perception of God is as sacred to that person as mine is to me. Many may agree with me that God is, but beyond a generalization of this magnitude, each person evolves his own concept of God.

My Creator God is beyond understanding but not beyond loving. Creator of all that is, God is at once the best part of me. I can worship God the Creator, but I can feel my personal God stirring within me as that part of me which is love, courage, tenderness, honesty, imagination, and understanding. From that inner part of me God flows out to others through gentle eyes, understanding words, a tender touch, a battle for others' rights, a mind that stretches.

The God-part of me will make real this touching of others' lives, if the rest-of-me gives Him a chance.

THE DEMONSTRATOR

I have written elsewhere in this collection that to me, one dimension (conception) of the Creator of the Universe is a God who related to the People of this planet Earth (to how much more of this Universe He related, we do not know). The Life of Jesus is for me and others of my faith a Demonstration of the nature of God as He/She relates to human beings like ourselves.

The story of Jesus' life is presented in the four Gospels: Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The identity of these men is uncertain but it seems certain the gospels were written at the very earliest between 60 and 100 years after the death of Jesus. None of these men had seen or heard Jesus. Their writings were based upon oral tradition stories about Jesus passed on from story-teller to story-teller. Books and other methods of learning were uncommon. Religious historians give us no assurance of direct quotations of what Jesus said or of how he lived. I have chosen to believe that what people saw Jesus do (behavior) would be less subject to error than what Gospel writers wrote about what he said.

So I have learned more about the nature of our personal God to His/Her followers from what Jesus did than what was said about him.

Two primary learnings for me:

1. He related to the image of a power within him that is beyond, something not understood by the mind but very real to him. Most of us in this age have this same feeling of something beyond us that communicates very subtly something within us that pulls us forward, with which one can communicate.

2. The most observable behavior of Jesus was his caring for and about people who hurt, who were handicapped, who were troubled, i.e. the cripple at the pool, the woman at the well, his acceptance of the precious ointment (a gift of love), the man possessed by a demon (a paranoid), the woman who grieved over her brother, the parable of The Good Samaritan (caring and giving to a fellow-human who was in need), the parable of The Prodigal Son (faithfulness in love and forgiveness), and other stories of loving behavior. I can follow Jesus here; caring for and about others can be my major concern in life. I can try to make it so.

AWESOMENESS

These reflections about God's creations are about the Creator's concern with the significance of man in the midst of the Universe. (Written in the middle of one summer night, dreaming out under the stars.)

Out in the boundlessness of the almost empty void of our Universe called Space, our solar system is a speck, an almost infinitely tiny particle in the greatness of God.

We live on a 25,000 mile circumference planet, one of nine planets orbiting around our sun, which in turn is a small star among 400 billion or more stars of our galaxy. This galaxy is one of 100 billion galaxies, all speeding away from our vantage point at an extraordinary speed, the farthest away (the oldest) at a speed which is 95% the speed of light. This is a universe which extends, perhaps infinitely, beyond the limits of our 10-billion light-years of sight.

Where are we, who are we — a not-quite-forgotten, indistinguishable grain of sand among the infinite sands of endless space-time?

Did I say forgotten? Not at all. For on our planet lives a creation of God called Man who has the capacity to envision this Universe. Man does not understand it, nor does he envision it except with that sub-creation of God's infinite intelligence called Man's Mind. Without Man's Mind there would be no

awesomeness, no awareness of God, no Universe. All of this exists in us, the grain of sand called Man, who of all earthly creatures, can envision the past, the future, the Universe, its Creator.

What we see can be only a part of the whole. That whole Man may never see, but as long as the mind of Man exists, it will be seeking, forever seeking.

Changing Contexts for Counselor Preparation, 1990,
Chap. 1, pp. 1-20

MUSINGS, A FANTASY

Anything added might spoil the fantasy — just enjoy it. Wonder how you think God perceives his creation.

It is very early morning,
Dawn is still hidden,
All is hushed and still
But the silence is alive
With a sense
Of the presence of God,
A feeling that God is awake and
Brooding over His children,
His humans who are sometimes confident,
Often anxious, often fearful.

God, the Father, has given
His children freedom to choose,
And was that wisdom?

Were I God I might be wondering
I gave them freedom of choice He might muse,
Was the gift to them worth the
Risk I took?
Would it have been better
To have said
This is the way, Follow me?

But I did not and look at
My beautiful creations,
Look at their history.
They have been monsters —
They have been Angels —
Which really are they?

Was I a wise Creator to have
Given them such freedom?
Only they can tell me the what
Or the when.
I am only their Father.

CARING WITHIN THE FOUR WALLS OF A ROOM

Caring for others is central to my thinking. In my earlier, very busy years, this was central in my purpose but not necessary in my achievement! The longer I live the more important it seems. You will catch it in two or three of the writings in this selection. The paragraphs that follow are excerpts from an article written for the Reader's Digest. The manuscript passed all the editors but the final one, it failed there! So then I sent it to a professional journal. It is meant to be helpful to anyone who wants to relate to people who are hospitalized, house-bound, or suffering from grief. In the middle of this selection I might include what one nurse in a troubled section of a hospital once said to me, Touch is a marvelous thing, your hand on some troubled person's hand or shoulder can bring security, some sense of intimacy and comfort. It costs nothing.

To be a caring person for someone who is bedridden, one must appreciate the world of that person.

It is a small and very specialized world. Nothing seems very real outside the walls of the sick-room.

How well one slept last night may be a major topic of conversation — the sleeping tablet didn't work, there was noise in the hall, the nurse woke me up.

Caring is listening to such topics as though they were of as much concern to the listener as to the patient. If patients want to talk about details of

their small world, let them. Caring requires a lot of listening in any circumstance, but particularly so when a person is shut in both physically and psychologically. There is so much that the patient wants to talk about and so few who have the time or patience to listen. Only one who cares will listen.

Sometimes the caring must show through attentiveness and facial expression before the patient will trust the visitor with all the really troublesome things that are so nagging. Listening to what is happening in the visitor's life or any events of the outside world often captures only half of the patient's attention. The other half is on the ill person's own feelings.

Caring is encouraging the patient to guide the conversation into paths meaningful to the patient. This means listening; listening with all of you if you care.

Visitors often try to bring the larger world into the sickroom to distract the patient. They tell a joke, give the latest family gossip or world news, describe something that has happened to them. These may be helpful as distracters, but only after the patient has had a chance to say all that he or she wants to say and if pain is not completely absorbing.

If the patient is seriously ill, and knows it, it is an insult for the visitor to treat the illness lightly. There is no need to be morbid or to talk in hushed or sorrowful tones, but accepting illness at the patient's own value is caring.

It is an established concept in counseling that reassuring a troubled client is associated with some real dangers. The reassurance may be interpreted as saying in effect, "Your trouble can't be that bad." Reassurance thus interpreted can be seen as rejection. "He just doesn't believe what I feel." Rejection also is seen in changing the subject to one more comfortable to the visitor. "He is not interested in me and my concerns."

HONESTY

Caring means being honest with the patient. Questions must be answered honestly if you really want to show caring. Lying or evasiveness is quickly detected by the super-sensitive ill person. Once your trust in the patient seems in doubt, then the patient's trust in you fades.

The hollow heartiness of some physicians who are reluctant to tell a seriously ill person the truth also is sensed by many patients.

It is not a question of either physician or another caring person telling all. There are wide differences in patient ability to handle serious news. But when direct questions are asked, the patient is insulted when the physician lies to them or uses medical gobbledygook to conceal the unpleasant truth.

Some physicians feel the patient should be told as much as he or she wants to know, no more. To volunteer traumatic information is one thing, to

answer questions honestly is another. Truth should be told in doses the patient prescribes. To go beyond the patients level of wanting to know may be as bad as lying.

The physician-patient relationship is paramount. Medical people other than the physician seldom have a right to tell the patient anything medical unless authorized to do so by the physician. This applies even more so to all professionals including counselors, ministers, and social workers. The only person other than the physician the patient should be encouraged to ask is the most trusted family member. But the buck stops there.

Some simple guidelines for those who visit a patient who considers himself or herself seriously ill:

1. Avoid bad news of any sort if the patient's health is fragile (e.g., patient is subject to cardiac arrest, is in intensive care or is just released from it, is recently out of surgery, or in similar situations).

2. Do not assume the right of the patient's personal physician to be the first to tell the truth about any medical diagnosis.

3. Do not volunteer bad news. If asked, check against 1 and 2 above before deciding to tell the truth (and be sure that you know the truth and are not just guessing at it).

4. Communicate bad news gradually, giving only as much as you think the patient can absorb at that moment.

BETWEEN SEVERE ILLNESS AND CONVALESCENCE

After an operation, or for other reasons, a patient is often kept heavily sedated. The effect upon the patient's morale may be well-nigh disastrous. A sedated person often is disoriented and confused. To open one's eyes and find that all is strange may be terrifying. Caring in such a situation is just to be there, to provide a familiar anchor point for the confused person. It may mean saying, "John, I am Carrie, your neighbor from next door (or your wife, or your minister). You're in the hospital and everything is coming along OK. Go to sleep again. I'll be here."

This may lift a terrific uncertainty from the tortured persons mind, and he or she then may drift peacefully back to sleep. No need to explain or be bright and cheery; it is enough just to be there.

Unexpected behaviors show up under the strain of illness. Most ill people want to be seen as rational about their illness, even brave if the situation is serious. But pain and anxiety put on the pressure. The mask will slip and the invalid's response to pain or to feelings of despair will clearly show.

How does the caring person respond when this happens? There is certainly no general rule to follow. Sometimes, particularly if the patient does not know how much of themselves they can trust with you, caring means ignoring, means pretending that nothing has happened.

More often, however, the thoughtful person will say, "It hurts badly, doesn't it?" or "You feel pretty low right now, don't you?" This gives the sufferer a lead if he or she wants to talk about pain or discouragement. If not, pass on. The move is theirs.

To care means to understand when the brave person — now ill — breaks down, when the unselfish, thoughtful-of-others person — now ill — becomes highly self-centered, when the person with a broad appreciation of life — now ill — becomes extremely narrow in outlook. This does not mean a fundamental change in character, of course. Basically, the patient still may be brave and unselfish. The unnatural behavior is a reaction to the unnaturalness of health conditions, to confinement to a bed. The world within the four walls of a sickroom is not the patient's natural world. So your tolerance is called for. Any rebuke of such behavior, no matter how seemingly deserved, merely makes the ill person feel worse.

I have found it possible to give the cantankerous, selfish, demanding ill person the benefit of the doubt, for pain and anxiety have caused me to behave in selfish and inconsiderate ways that I do not recall with any relish.

Grave illness and pain also may bring out the greatness in people. A person will absorb pain and despair with a calm and sweetness that puts the rest of us to shame. Frequently, they comfort others

around them rather than being comforted. All of their lives they may have been unappreciated people. It takes grave illness and pain to bring out their basic qualities of bravery and concern for others.

At one time in my World War II experience as a naval officer, I had the job of assigning young men to bomb disposal units at naval bases in the Pacific area. I hated doing so. The accident and death rate was high and I had a terrific feeling of guilt. In visiting in the hospital such a crippled officer, who had lost a leg, I felt guilty that I had sent such a beautiful young man out and said so. He responded, "That's all right, Doc. I took the risk when I volunteered. Don't be troubled by what you did. I'm alive and have the rest of my life ahead of me. You're not to worry." He was comforting me!

CONVALESCENCE

Finally comes a time when caring and patience are most needed. This is during convalescence, perhaps the first few days home from the hospital, then the long, long days of recovery. And they are always long days. The patient is beyond the critical stage, family and friends have picked up their normal routines — and the former patient is pretty much left to look after himself or herself. One feels pretty well in the early morning after a good sleep. It won't be long now, one thinks. Then fatigue sets in, and boredom, and self pity: "Will I ever be well again?"

The caring person must understand this phase of illness, too. Encouragement now, new interests and ideas, listening, yes but perhaps also an active contribution to the slowly developing normalcy of the person.

An ingenious friend dealt with such a discouraged person by saying: “It must be frustrating to move so slowly, but remember it took years to develop your illness and its going to take time to turn that around. Look, tell me all the things that you want to get done, and I’ll put them down on 3 x 5 cards. Then we’ll put them in piles according to how important they are, how long they take, who can do them. Then we’ll take the easiest, most important one . . .” and they were off and running!

Perhaps even more difficult is the patient’s understanding of this phase of illness — accepting fatigue and slow recovery, talking of recovery as better than last month, not better than yesterday. I have contributed reality at times by reciting the generalization that some medical person gave to me: Count on one month’s convalescence for each hour of anesthesia.

Not exact, to be sure, not true for everyone, but vividly suggestive of the much-longer-than-expected recovery time ahead.

To care you must accept for yourself the reality of slow recovery as well as the other’s sense of frustration. Then you will be able to swim along with the patient in that slow stream of recovery.

Too frequently, dedicated physicians and their support staff seem to the patient to focus their attention upon our bodies, not our morale, our anxiety, or our self-esteem. They take the four walls of a room for granted.

Our family physician in Minneapolis for many years, an energetic, robust, always healthy Norwegian, had visited me in the hospital several times during bouts of pneumonia. Then he contracted pneumonia and was taken to the hospital. I visited him, and his first comment was Gilbert, I have learned that the hospital and the world look very different from this side of the bed! Perhaps too few physicians have been patients.

We do not often enough appreciate the physician's side of a patient's illness. A veteran nurse once put it this way: "If he (the doctor) is really good, he is stretched out so thin that he doesn't have anything left by the end of the day. He is drained dry. Yet he is being judged because he is not as kind, or not as gentle, or not as understanding as this terribly sick, this terribly filled-with-need person wants him to be. A physician I know once said to me, I doubt that anyone understands how an illness affects a physician. I make five or six really traumatic decisions every day. I agonize briefly over the accuracy of my diagnosis, how to interpret each patient's developments of the past 24 hours or the past week, what is my best move now. I must decide and write it on

the chart. I spend more time studying a patient's chart than I spend in his or her room."

Loved ones, friends, non-medical helping professionals need to understand the impact of the four walls, to listen to those bound within them. They need to support the patient through the pain and fear and finally through the bleakness of convalescence. A caring person picks up where many medical personnel, for one reason or another, leave off.

Journal of Humanistic Education and Development, 1984,
Vol. 23, p. 11

A NOTE ON TENDERNESS

This bit of writing (not in good verse form) tells how the relationship between husband and wife changes when one of us is ill. The “giver” wants to take over and let the indisposed one have complete freedom from responsibility. That is love. The other one becomes a receiver — that is love, too. If that person doesn’t receive and relax, both are unhappy, or so we think.

Illness and I are friends!
Oh, not mine, foolish one, but
the illness of my beloved.
For then I am important to her.
She needs me.

She is quite independent ordinarily
and so am I.
We each take some pride
thinking in a child’s language,
“I can do it myself!”
But when she is ill
I become very important to her.
She gives up and I can take care of her.

I like that.
I like dropping my other work
and focusing on her.

She is so worth it and so grateful.
Our eyes kiss each other
each time I enter the room
Our sometimes sleepy love comes wide awake.
Each of us is very aware of the other,
each tender and concerned about the other.

So illness has its place!
“It restoreth our souls.”
Each pain, of myself or of my beloved,
is surrounded by a warm aura
of our re-awakened love and tenderness.

CARING IS

Some of this material was submitted in student reactions in a seminar. They were asked to give a statement about what they thought caring meant in a situation in which caring was implied. I have added to this statement from other sources. The reader may read statements that have direct meaning to him or her.

Caring is an essential function of human beings. It makes human beings different from other kinds of animals.

Caring is communicating that you care by saying so, by listening completely.

Caring is reinforcing positively the other's concept of himself as a worthwhile person. The other person's self respect may be at a low ebb — he or she badly needs a boost.

Caring is being available, all of you, when you say you will be available — caring enough to keep your promises.

Caring is saying "no" firmly at times, but with a willingness to give reasons for the "no." If this is not done, then blanket permissiveness may be interpreted by the other person as not caring, not taking the trouble to consider the issue, to become involved.

Caring is rejoicing with the other when he/she is happy as well as being with the other person when he/she is troubled.

Caring is listening when you would rather be talking.

Caring is hearing what remains unsaid.

The brightest blaze of intelligence is of less value than the feeling that some one cares for you. To live is to care, else one merely exists.

The essence of caring is contained in the story of the Japanese sculptor who confounded the curator of an American museum where his works were being shown. At the base of each statue the sculptor had placed a polite little sign, "Please Touch."

Definitions given by members of a graduate seminar I conducted at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, in the summer of 1971.

The World of the Contemporary Counselor, 1973, Chapter XII, pp. 278

PLEASE HEAR WHAT I'M NOT SAYING

I have used these lines perhaps more often than any other set of quoted lines in my entire teaching experience. I've used them in various classes and many public speeches. It is so clear to any basic psychological truth that I can almost imagine myself saying this and wishing I had the brilliance to say it. As the lines are spoken the room grows more and more quiet, finally to the point where you almost can hear a pin drop. At the close of the paper there is an almost audible sigh of relief that comes from the audience, true equally of small and large groups. Each person seems to be saying to himself/herself, that man is talking about me, I wonder if anybody else noticed it. When I've given these lines to a class or audience, I have frequently said I will leave a copy of this with you, please read it carefully. The psychological insight called for is very real. It may change the quality of your relationship with other people.

Don't be fooled by me.
Don't be fooled by the face I wear,
For I wear a mask, I wear a thousand masks,
Masks that I am afraid to take off.
But none of them is me.
Pretending is an art that's second nature to me.
But don't be fooled,
For God's sake, don't be fooled,
I give you the impression that I am secure,
That all is sunny and unruffled with me,
Within as well as without,
That confidence is my name and coolness my game,

That the waters calm and I am in command,
And that I need no one
Don't believe me, Please!

My surface may be smooth,
But my surface is my mask,
My varying and ever concealing mask,
Beneath lies no smugness,
No complacence.
Beneath dwells the real me,
In confusion and fear,
In loneliness.

I idly chatter with you in the suave tones
of surface talk.

I tell you everything that's really nothing,
And nothing of what's everything,
Of what's crying within me.

So, when I'm going through my routine,

Please don't be fooled by what I'm saying.
Please listen carefully, and try to hear
what I'm not saying,
And what I'd like to be able to say,
What for survival I need to say,
But what I can't say.

Only you can call me into aliveness.
Each time you're kind, and gentle, and encouraging,
Each time you try to understand
because you really care,
My heart begins to grow wings,
Very small wings, very feeble wings, but wings.

With your sensitivity and sympathy,
and your power of understanding,
You can breathe life into me,
I want you to know that.
I want you to know how important you are to me,
How you can be a creator of the person that is me
if you choose to.
Please choose to.
Do not pass me by.
It will not be easy for you.
My long conviction of worthlessness
builds strong walls.
The nearer you approach to me,
the blinder I may strike back.
I fight against the very thing I cry out for.
But I am told that love is stronger
than strong walls.
In this lies my hope,
My only hope.

Who am I, you may wonder.
I am someone you know very well —
I am a hurting member of your family,
I am the person sitting beside you in this room,
I am every person you meet on the street.
Please don't believe my mask,
Please come behind it to glimpse the real me.
Please speak to me, share a little of yourself with me,
At least recognize me.
Please, because you care.

(Author Unknown: Condensed and Edited by Gilbert Wrenn)

THE PHILOSOPHY - PSYCHOLOGY OF WORKING WITH PEOPLE

These few pages are a decided abbreviation of a 3,000 word condensation of a book chapter of 40 pages! I've also briefly outlined some elements of philosophy and psychology and then pretty much abandoned them for a final conclusion. In a sense this is not philosophy and psychology, it's Gilbert Wrenn talking about his view of the world and its demands. It is his view of how he adjusts himself to a world in the midst of turmoil, of change beyond the ordinary change. This is where we all are. How do you find yourself?

My personal philosophy I will not mention to everyone who brings a problem to me by any means. Nevertheless, it is influential in my thinking. I believe I am a part of the universe, one small grain of sand. My mind and thought may be part of a much larger system of thought and feeling. I find it impossible to keep my thoughts about this larger appreciation when I'm trying to respond to a problem or talk quietly with another person.

Similarly, I no longer deal with systems of psychology, but with major factors in the lives of the person with whom I'm relating. I know that he/she is influenced in their thinking by motivation, feeling, and self-respect as well as previous experiences and the nature of their present life space.

This unconscious influence of major philo-

sophical consideration and a very conscious attention to the immediate concerns of this person's life dominates my thinking. Part of this is a shift in Gilbert Wrenn's thinking, part of this is because the world I'm now experiencing is a strange and frightening life. The system of thought suitable for the world of 40-45 years ago (the Eisenhower period) seems flat and uncomfortable in the present.

We need desperately to have man's exquisite brain and sense of growth and power to bring us out of our present crises. Man has met many crises in his evaluation of the past 35 or 40 thousand years since cave-painting civilizations, and met them, everyone. This one he will meet. I won't be here to see it, but some of you will. There is a design and purpose in back of our total universe and of this planet segment of the universe. Some call it God, some call it man's spirit and brains influenced by God's presence within him.

You can see why former ways of meeting life's problems are not adequate to the present situation or future development.

The theory (method) should fit the client, who is distinctive, not the client fit the theory (your favorite one). That is putting the cart before the horse. The client is a distinctive individual and you must take a little time before making a tentative assumption about deciding how you will work with him, i.e. what philosophy or method you will use in counseling him.

ALONE

This was one of those moments when one is transported into another existence — out under the early morning stars, away from the madding crowd, the crush or relationships, or people in trouble, in agony, starving, yes, God, the world we have made for ourselves.

To be deliciously,
deliriously alone.

In a world of millions of others,
In the vastness of quintillions of worlds,
In the endlessness of time,
To be alone.

Flagrantly, boisterously, defiantly,
alone!

In this quiet, moonlit, midnight world of mine
Where I am alone in the Universe,
I have the freedom to be me,
The courage to be me,
To be gloriously,
splendidly, me.

Me!
Alone!

OUR UNIVERSE

During the last few years I've done quite a bit of reading on our universe. This has meant heavy reading in the field of cosmology and watching journals for new astronomical discoveries. This has been very exciting to me and I have made many notes. A selection of some of these brief statements is presented here. I have greatly enlarged my concept of the universe as my total world rather than thinking of my world only as life on our satellite. What I present here are greatly abbreviated statements of some actual conditions in our true world.

The cosmology literature of the past 75 years makes fascinating reading. For some time I have been intrigued with the conclusions of professional cosmologists. These scientists take the specific data of astronomers and other specialists and relate these observations of small items in universe knowledge to their meaning to the total universe. They relate the part to the whole. I have commented upon a few items from a much larger collection of findings.

1. Start with the dramatic statement made by Carl Sagan, a Harvard University professor, in his TV epic *The Cosmos*. He is pictured standing on a sandy beach with a handful of sand slowly sifting through his hand. He is saying, "There are about 10,000 grains of sand in my hand. If you counted all the grains of sand on all the beaches of our world, the total count would be less than the number of stars in our sky."

2. Collections, at differing levels, of gas concentration, called the Cosmos, cross a space that is 10 billion light years wide. Every particle, from each galaxy to each atom of the galaxy, is in constant motion. The amount of open space in our observable universe is far greater than the amount of space occupied by all the galaxies. For example, our “Milky Way Galaxy” (400 billion stars and a fairly flat spiral disc 10,000 light years thick) is 100,000 light years in diameter. In contrast, the distance between our galaxy and its closest neighbor galaxy is 200 million light years. Similar conditions prevailing for some 100,000 galaxies beyond the ratio of open space to the space occupied by galaxies is 2,000 times greater — all cosmic figures do more than “stagger the imagination.” Whatever the accurate ratio, the amount of open space is awe inspiring.

3. In star systems, stars are constantly dying and being born over eons of time. One stage in the long death pattern of a giant star became dramatically visible to us in the 1987 “Supernova.” This Supernova took place 170,000 years ago — i.e., it took the light rays 170,000 years to reach us, and the star was in a galaxy next door to ours.

4. There is evidence of space beyond the borders of our observable universe and evidence that our universe is expanding between 5 and 10 percent each 300 million years.

5. Much of our knowledge of cosmology is very recent. Astronomers and laymen thought that what

we now know as “our” galaxy, the Milky Way Galaxy, was the entire universe. In the mid-1920s an astronomer by the name of Price had become intensely interested in quick flashes of light that he kept seeing in what was the Magellan Cloud, far beyond our Galaxy. He concluded that they were nebula (explosions of dying stars) in another galaxy. Although debated, this was accepted. When the dust “cloud” became a far distant galaxy, things began to change. It became part of the universe — and all this as late as the 1920s!

6. Because chemicals present in our solar space are similar to chemicals of other stars in our galaxy, an assumption can be made that other star systems include satellites which occasionally may have atmospheric conditions that permit varied forms of life. Until recently satellites have been impossible to see, even with our most powerful telescopes, because they shine with reflected light and provide only a very small fraction of the luminosity of a sun so they cannot be seen through the much greater luminosity of the sun they attend. We see “our” satellites so clearly because only a few hundred million miles separate us, opposed to 23 trillion miles separating us from the nearest star in our galaxy. Because they have not been seen, people reason we have the only satellites and the only life in the universe.

The new Hubble telescope has changed all of that. Two different Arizona newspapers on October 19,

1995, carried amazing stories of two new developments. The first dealt with a very recent study giving startling evidence of a burst of new galaxies at about half-time of the assumed universe age of 15 billion years. This striking evidence opens up a new world of discovery on the irregular birth of galaxies. A galaxy is a constellation of hundreds of millions of star systems or suns so vast that the mind can't stretch so far.

The second discovery was that of a satellite around a star similar to our sun. The satellite was found on 51 Pegasus. The satellite was a large one, about 160 times the mass of our satellite earth, revolving around its sun at a very rapid rate. This has created great excitement. The star is a fifth-magnitude star and not far from us. A great deal of investigation is flourishing. Its significance is that there may exist satellites similar to those around our sun and, more than that, other satellites might see production of life as our satellite earth has.

In a more recent development, on April 13, 1996, another new satellite was reported. It is in the "Cancer Galaxy," 45 light years from earth (this is ten times the distance to the sun nearest to our sun in our galaxy). This satellite is possibly as large as our satellite Jupiter. This is the fifth satellite sighting to be reported since October 1995 and there are predictions that we are at the beginnings of a "satellite era."

7. The most stunning conclusion that has been

suggested to me over the years is the conclusion that our universe is only one of many universes in a space that is infinite. Carl Sagan in his 1994 “A Vision of the Human Future in Space — Pale Blue Dot,” dignifies the conclusion from Andrei Linde, formerly of Lebedev Physical Institute in Moscow and now a professor at Stanford University. His reasoning regarding the presence of many universes has convinced Sagan to apply the term “cosmos” to the total of all universes and the one in which we live he would call “our universe.” This concept stuns the mind. I simply can’t conceive of this possibility — but there it is.

TWO COMMON TYPES OF ERROR IN THINKING

The following two excerpts are from a much longer chapter on changing values in my 1973 book, The World of the Contemporary Counselor, pp. 114-116, Leading up to these excerpts from chapter five on "Some Dimensions of a Philosophy of Life," are three chapters dealing with some specifics: 1. Changing Values in "Past Experiences, Authority, Patriotism;" 2. Changing Values in "Women, Work;" and 3. Changing Values in "Sex, Drugs."

Making a generalization from a specific instance is a type of error which science constantly cautions us to avoid. Animals generalize very rapidly from specific situations: a dog once beaten avoids all men with anything long in their hands; a cat which singed its paws on a hot stove is not expected to sort out the heat of the stove. It simply avoids all stoves, hot or cold, black or red. People fall into this kind of thinking all too readily. "I'll never trust men again." "You can't depend upon parents to follow through; it only took one experience to teach me that lesson." "After that experience, I'll never ride in an airplane again." "I don't see anything hazardous about skiing; I had a fine time last weekend." "You can trust an Englishman; I had a very good experience with an English business man." "All principals are cheats — one certainly played me a dirty trick."

Such conclusions are not only lazy and superficial in the extreme, they are hazardous to one's safety and are limiting to one's future experience. People get themselves into frightful boxes by generalizing about themselves. A girl came to a counselor one day in a state of extreme depression: she was "no good," no one cared for her, she was "fat and ugly," etc. This was clearly a call for help, but rather than offering sympathy or glib assurances, the counselor helped by particularizing. She neither admitted nor denied the validity of the girl's statements, but realized that in back of these gross generalizations were some particular stimuli or situations, and that perhaps these, not the generalizations, could be handled. So she questioned gently:

"When did you start feeling this way?" (This morning as I was dressing.) "When, during your dressing, did your depression begin to be felt?" (When I looked in the mirror and saw my stringy hair, my greasy complexion, my fat ugly body — oh, I'm a mess!) "Are you depressed about you as a person, or about the way you look?" (I guess — it's about the way I look. I get along in school all right.) "Can you do anything about how you look?" (Well, I guess so. I do need a shampoo and I've got to lose some weight.) "Would you feel better about yourself if you looked better?" (I sure would!)

This is an oversimplification of the interview, of course, but the method used offsets some of the damage done by generalizing. People who damn

themselves by generalizing can be helped by particularizing. "All teachers hate me" might boil down to one teacher who gave what was seen as an unfair grade. "Nobody likes me" particularizes down to one friend who gave a snub or seemed to do so. "I'm no good" could mean, "I haven't finished that term paper that is due tomorrow."

A second error in "black-white" thinking is the error that the quality or value involved is totally present or totally absent. A familiar example of this type of error is found in any discussion of freedom. Total "free will" and "determinism" in the absolute have little meaning for anyone's life. Almost every situation in which you find yourself contains "a degree of freedom," seldom ever total freedom or its antithesis. I have heard class discussions by the hour and read papers by the score on freedom. Almost invariably in the discussion of whether or not one has "freedom to act," there was an assumption that total freedom was either present or absent, and was similar from situation to situation.

The use of the term freedom without qualifiers can be very misleading. The implication is that if one has "freedom" or "free choice" then the choice is completely free, without being influenced by past successful or unsuccessful experience, by social mores and expectations, etc. Such a conclusion is totally unrealistic. It bears a close relationship to the "either-or" fallacy.

Not only must the degree of freedom be speci-

fied, but it must be specified for a given person in a given situation. “Am I free to write what I wish to write in this book?” And the answer is “yes — and no!” I am partly free and partly restricted. I am free to choose topics — but only within the boundaries of what has meaning for me and what I think will have meaning for the reader. I am bound by my experience, by the canons of good taste, by my limited vocabulary, by time-and-space pressures, etc. I am more free on some topics than on others, more free some days than on others. “Am I free?” represents a question to which there is no answer! I am free, yes — and no. I am free to a degree.

THE FUTURE OF A PERSON — ME

This manuscript is about the same as when it first appeared in 1975. This has to do with the future of a person, not quite infinite but certainly beyond this life. It's about the death of the body not being the end of the person. It is my spiritual belief (and not a confirmed fact) that you do not die with the body and that is what this is all about. I'm not trying to indoctrinate anybody, I'm simply trying to share my opinion, my belief in this time of death of the body and release of the spirit. There is a lot of recorded evidence of people who have lived beyond the death of the body. Our son, Bob Wrenn, has for some 20 years been engaged in a course at the University of Arizona "Death Education," a specific dimension of this is covered in his course called The Psychology of Death and Loss, and it has changed the lives of many of his students. Perhaps this piece can affect yours, too.

Does it seem bizarre to you that I, at age 73, have a future? I currently talk to groups, attend boards and commissions, write, listen to others, love others. This is what I have been doing all of my life. I have an endearing wife, who looks after me beautifully, and gives love and service to many others while maintaining her own remarkable stature. She too is doing what she has done with me for the past forty-nine years.

Someday, soon perhaps, some ailment will attack my body and it will be unable to fight back hard enough. I, as I am known to others, will have ceased

to exist. Some people who love me deeply — my family, perhaps a few others — will keep the image of me alive and vibrant, but for most I will have become a rather vague memory, a loving memory, I hope, but only that. Is there a future for me beyond the time when the energy of my physical self is stifled and my body becomes ashes?

I think there is a future for me. I do not fear Death, for it affects only the death of my body. Of course, I may panic when Death knocks on my door, but as of now I see Death as introducing me to a new adventure. Life in my present state of existence has always been an adventure —loving, seeking, finding fulfillment in part, and then finding new goals to beckon me on. After the death of my body, the excitement will surely not be gone; it may increase. I take with me into my new existence all that I have become, and I will perhaps find a freer chance to become even more.

Of course, I know nothing of this life-beyond-the-body, but I have no fear of it, only a tingling anticipation. A few dear ones, in my family and out, will grieve as though I were gone. Unhappily, they are the losers, not I. They should grieve for themselves, not for me. If they could share with me the conviction that the “I” they knew in love and in spirit is not dead, that only the body is gone, perhaps they would mourn less.

I have heard always that one lives on and on and on in the lives of people one has touched and

that this is immortality. I accept this, but it is not enough for me. If the energy of this physical universe is never lost but only changes form, why not the same for the psychic energy of “me”? It has always seemed inconceivable to me that all that is built into a person should disappear with the stopping of a heart. If our Creator conserves energy in the physical world, He would surely do so in the spiritual world of “being” and “becoming.” I am one of uncounted billions of the universe, yet I believe that He cares to keep the “me” alive surely as much as He cares to preserve a cosmic ray.

Perhaps the spirit, the “person” part of me, has always lived, has been passed on from expression to expression of me over the millennia. This is an awesome thought, to be sure, but no more so than the mystery of our complex selves existing in the here and now.

Death, I do not fear you, but neither do I want you. I love too much of this life, and I love too many people. There will be anguish and longing for this life and these people—just before you lead me “somewhere.” But with all of the love and beauty here, surely there will be even more “there.” I trust you, Death. You are not my friend, but neither are you my enemy.

Perhaps Victor Hugo said it better, with these words, which have always lifted my heart: “When I go down to the grave, I can say like many others, ‘I have finished my day’s work.’ But I cannot say, ‘I have fin-

ished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight; it opens on the dawn."

Personnel and Guidance Journal, 1975, Vol. 54, p. 20

IT IS BETTER

This brief statement is one of choices with the suggestion that it is better to give the other person or yourself the benefit of the doubt. Make the choice in each situation that shows trust and caring in yourself or others, then test it by making the opposite choice — and be glad that you didn't!

It is better to run the risk of trusting another than to miss one person who desperately needs your trust.

It is better to make each human contact one of happy recognition of the other's worth than to be silent because conviction constrains you.

It is better to be gentle than to risk bruising another who is that day very vulnerable.

It is better to express openly one's love for another than to hide behind the starched skirts of convention (love as caring).

It is better to commit one positive act than to sit idly by and complain about the situation. (It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness.)

It is better to be open about ones belief in a God of love, creativity and continuing life than to be cowed by the possible scorn of another.

It is better to see the positive in a world that often appears sadly negative, to see the glass half-full rather than half-empty.

It is better to deal with both Heart and Head of a person than to communicate only with the Head.

FIXED STARS

This little story from the past caught my attention because we are so easily influenced by shifting images of despair and fear. Illustrations of these six fixed stars in our lives resulted. Fear and insecurity are common experiences. Each reader may find some one or two of their own fixed stars that will steady him/her.

Some 75 years ago the inhabitants of a remote village saw a frightening sphere of white light in the heavens, coming closer each night. They became panic-stricken. "It could be the end of the world for all of us!" Their priest noticed their great fear, but in looking at the sky he saw something else. So he called them together. "I see what you all see, a bright, moving star coming closer to us each night. I also see all the other stars in the heavens just where they have been night after night. These thousands of stars are not getting any closer, they are almost stationary. So look beyond the threatening moving star to the steady fixed stars and you won't be so frightened by the bright one.

We also have some fixed stars in these troubled times.

1. One of the distinguishing characteristics of people is their marked adaptability; when faced with change, we simply handle it. That is how we have survived.

2. We sense our potential strengths, the limits of which have never been tested.

3. There is the great power of love, the love you have for someone, and the love that someone or others have for you.

4. There can be also the presence of God within us, a partnership between the best part of us and our Creator; thus strengthened, we need never be alone again.

5. There are certain men and women whose integrity is deathless, individuals whom we would trust to the end.

6. Beyond these are certain principles of mercy, justice, and caring that will endure far beyond this generation.

With these fixed stars in our lives, we can meet painful change, even disaster, without panic. We can gain strengths because we face disaster. We can center ourselves day by day and can live each day as the beginning of a new life.

Journal of Counseling and Development, July/August 1992,
Vol.70

EXCERPTS AND UPDATES FROM THE CULTURALLY ENCAPSULATED COUNSELOR REVISITED

Once, as a young man, I revisited my childhood. I returned to the village where I had spent the first few years of my life and was sorely disillusioned. The houses and yards were all smaller, and dingier, than I remembered them to be, the streets were narrower, my swimming hole was a puddle — and only ten years had elapsed. I regretted the return.

So the request of Paul Pedersen to update an article of 21 years ago (Wrenn, 1962) aroused some apprehension. Would I be disillusioned again, find that my ideas were as shrunken in size as had been the houses and streets of my childhood town? [Following are some paragraphs of threatening situations that make the counselor seek safety and various types of cocoons and some suggestions for preparing for the future that he might adopt for his own protection.] Some excerpts from the original chapter (see references at end) include: Areas of concern about change that threaten complacency, Some kinds of encapsulation, Prevention and treatment of encapsulation. This was written to fit the social and international situations that faced us in 1985.

There are changes in every dimension of life;
change is a dimension of living.

A Few Situations That Are Threatening to Survival

1. The nuclear threat to the survival of civilization. (1995: Situation remarkably different from 1985. Several non-Soviet Union nations now possess

nuclear warheads or the materials for such; the dis-integrated Soviet Union has inherited several hundred nuclear warheads and Soviet Union is in dire need of cash.)

It does not matter who starts such a war or why; the slaughter of hundreds of millions with centuries of aftermath horrors will be the same.

2. The use of alcohol and mind-altering drugs is pandemic, starting with both kinds during childhood; high usage during the critical mind- and character-forming period of adolescence; the cowardly capitulation of otherwise responsible adults; the encouragement of drug usage as a political and social weapon to weaken entire populations.

3. Lawlessness or deliberate defiance of the law; personal, business, and government corruption; violence; personal danger; and widespread fear. (1995: The fear has intensified from our awareness of the organized opposition of militia groups heavily armed and hate-fueled in every part of the country). These groups are best organized under hate units operating in the interest of white supremacy and neo-Nazism. There are about 45 of these groups as of June 1995, up from 9 in 1994. The Southern Poverty Law Center (400 Washington Avenue, Montgomery, AL 36104) has successfully beaten down the Ku Klux Klan over the past 30 years and is now focused on the total present field of hate groups. In June 1995, the last report gave the figures

just cited. The presence of such hate groups imposes a threat to the peace and security of our communities as indicated by the following criminal reports: two members of the Patriots Council are convicted on federal conspiracy charges for plans to use biological toxin to kill federal employees and law enforcement agents; three militia strategists arrested on a weapons charge had in their vehicle — three military assault rifles, three semi-automatic pistols, one revolver, 700 rounds of armor piercing ammo, 21 magazines, six knives and bayonets, night vision binoculars and various items of military equipment. All weapons were loaded and readily accessible. Such militarized groups number 224 operating in 39 states.

These figures are troublesome but it must be remembered that they represent a very small fraction of this total population of the United States. They get the attention, as they should, but most of the states have laws to control armed militias. What we don't hear in the average publication is about the millions of people who are rather than causing trouble are contributing to each other, neighbor and state. Here again the tendency of reporting agencies, such as TV and newspaper, is to focus on the striking and terrible even though the numbers involved are small. Witness the October, 1995 march of half-million black men who wish to declare their loyalty to themselves, their families and society. That courageous march should not be forgotten.

Situations Threatening to One's Ability to Keep Up or to Feel in Control

1. The rapidity of the development of computers and robotics, both of which are confusing in terms of the stability of both skilled labor and middle management, are confusing in terms of one's ability to keep up with developments that become personal competitors for the integrity of one's cognitive self.

2. The pleas for help that come in every mail delivery leave us confused and frustrated. You cannot help them all; how to decide? To be reminded of starvation, the torture of political prisoners, the brutality and complete denial of human rights in some countries, and the hunger, injustice, and discrimination in our own country tears at the heart. My wife, Kathleen, and I divide them into several categories of need. We then decide how much we can give to at least one or two agencies in each category.

We cannot dig wells, feed orphans, or fight the Klan — one person is puny. But with our money added to that of 1,000 or 10,000 others we are a force that can do much.

SOME KINDS OF ENCAPSULATIONS

Three common reactions to the problems of our world, our nation, that lead to encapsulation are (a) a sense of hopelessness about the world — it's too big for one person to do anything about it — too far

advanced to stop it — it's too complex; (b) a denial of the reality of the change or the situation — it just can't be true — I don't believe it, it can't be real — it is highly exaggerated, give it time, it will get better; and (c) retreat to a conviction of the belief that its none of your business, retreat to I can't do anything.

1. These barriers to the acceptance of apparent reality are useful, they are comfortable. Holding them in mind, one can eliminate from immediate awareness anything that is too stressful to accept. The weaving of the cocoon begins with the creation of rationalizations, which, when dealt with strenuously or frequently enough, become one's personally valid substitutes for reality.

Facing a client's wishfulness with reality is one of the counselor's most important functions. This does not have to be harsh; the counselor has many ways of facing reality but saving face — "Yes, I see what you mean." There are other possibilities which have some evidence in back of them. There are many ways of helping a client face reality, but none of them is particularly effective if the client senses that you are ducking reality yourself and speaking from within your cocoon.

2. Counselors can unconsciously find themselves operating within the cocoon of their own work setting. The conditions of work, of the daily realities, of the kinds of clients, of the kinds of colleagues, can lull a counselor into seeing that small world as

synonymous with the larger world. It is your real world, but it is a limited one, perhaps an unreal one, to your clients.

Another kind of encapsulation is when you see your particular sampling of clients as representative of people in general. They seldom are. It is most risky when a counselor sees clients who are outside the counselor's cultural or sub-cultural cocoon. These clients are real but not to the counselor.

Counselors in any agency of society suffer from this limitation of reality — workers in hospitals, prisons, mental health clinics, and so on. The counselor in private practice is equally restricted in his or her sense of what people are generally like. Such a counselor sees only clients who choose to see a counselor, have the money to do so, have a crisis situation that forces them to see someone. The client, furthermore, will try to see the counselor whose reputation for a certain point of view or way of behavior is comfortable for the client. A Carl Rogers client would seldom seek out Albert Ellis, and a Gilbert Wrenn client would be one who likes what he or she has heard about Gilbert Wrenn. (I will never see some kinds of people as clients.)

3. A third type of dangerous thinking for a counselor is to interpret the world to the client from within the counselor's particular and unique life experiences. The cocoon woven here comes from a kind of conceit in assuming that the counselor's experience is of value to the client even though that

client is younger, was reared in a different world, and has a unique family background, school experience, job experience, and value structure. How can the counselor be so smug as to assume that his or her world bears any but the slightest resemblance to that of the client?

PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF ENCAPSULATION

1. Let us engage in long-range thinking, at least once a day. We are exposed to the short-range views every day by the news media, an unending procession of sad and negative events. To balance this daily thrust of thought that the world is rapidly unraveling, we need to consider what the Futurists are saying, for theirs is a very different story. They are students of long-range trends in social behavior, students of the trends in social, scientific, and philosophical thought; collectors of the reflections of leading thinkers in all parts of the world — their view is positive (Capra, 1981; Naisbitt, 1982; Cetron & O'Toole, 1982). I challenge anyone to read any one of the three authors books cited (and there are others) and not feel more positive about self and the future.

Exciting in particular is the movement of leading scientists toward the inclusion of transcendental and spiritual realities in their thinking. Here are two eminent brain scientists, both Nobel Prize winners, one saying that his lifelong studies convince him

that the mind is more than the functioning of the brain, that above both is something that might be called a soul (Eccles & Potter, 1977). The other wrote that the survival of humankind is not dependent upon more brain research but upon a restructuring of our values. He proposed the assumption of a religious commitment to the importance of values such as population planning, respect for the beauty of the land, the development of renewable energy (Sperry, 1983).

Our future is possible and appears to be good. Let us ponder these things and take heart.

2. Develop a habit of unlearning something every day — make way for the new truth by discarding what is no longer true. Each day we should take some fact that is no longer a fact and drop it from our vocabulary; examine some situation that is very familiar to us but is no longer present in our society; question something that we believe in but that other people of integrity — of another culture or subculture — may reject. Carl Jung once wrote that the serious problems of life are never really solved, that the meaning of a problem is not its solution but in constantly working at it. It is only this process of constant examination that saves one from a sense of futility.

3. We must trust other people to have solutions for situations for which we can see no light ahead. As we observe our troubled world, remember that many people are worrying about these same things and are finding solutions, are trying out op-

tions, are engaging in appropriate studies. We are not alone in the world. We must rid ourselves of the conceit that if we see no way there is no solution, that our thinking cannot be improved upon.

In particular, I feel that we who are middle-aged or over must trust our young people and their ingeniousness, inventiveness, and courage. They often do not know enough to be afraid and back off, so they forge ahead and get something done. Our image of the young is badly warped, for again the media portrayal is often of the young who are emotionally unbalanced, antisocial, amoral, personally vicious, and without respect for human life. These examples are only a small fraction of the whole body of young people; yet they get the headlines. Believe in the youth that you know — tell them so. Help them over their growing pains, their trial and error mistakes that are a part of learning. Give them confidence in themselves, and you will contribute to the solutions that they will develop during the next few decades.

In 1921 the Stanford University Research Institute issued a report on future life styles and values. This report, made for a group of corporations in the interest of planning their promotion, ended with a small report on the evolution of the symbols of success.

Past symbols: fame, being in Who's Who, five-figure salary, college degree, splendid home, executive position, live-in servants, new car every year, club membership.

Present symbols: unlisted number, Swiss bank account, connections with celebrities, deskless office, second and third homes, rare foreign car, being a vice-president, being published.

Future symbols: free time any time, recognition as a creative person, oneness of work and play, rewarded less by money than by honor and affection, major societal commitments, easy laughter and unembarrassed tears, wide-ranging interests and actions, philosophical independence, loving others, being in touch with oneself.

If this is to be the future, and some of it is in sight now, I am willing to stretch my present age of 93 to at least 100! (In 1995 I find some of these symbols ring true to the past and some are appearing for the future. With this encouragement I may want to live a little longer to see how the future develops.)

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WHO AM I?

This is a simple description from some 20 years ago and it's about how I have seen myself — my limitations, my opportunities, the dangers I live in, ways in which I can make a fool of myself or make myself significant in the lives of other people, how I observe various situations and various kinds of relationships. It is nothing for anyone to follow or copy and wasn't meant for that reason. It is meant to give you a glimpse of one person and what he thought about himself. The reader may find it interesting to write a personal description of himself or herself.

I am a product of history who is facing a world never seen before.

I am a product of the impact of rapidly changing outer realities upon my more slowly changing inner reality.

I am unique, irreplaceable, for, as inconsistent and weak as I am, there is no one in this world like me.

I am part of God — a very, very small part of the Infinite, but I respect myself for it.

I am, in part, and only in part, autonomous and free — but that is an important dimension of me.

I am in a psychological life space composed of both

the inner and outer me and all of the important others in my life.

I am not a lone star, but part of a constellation, all enclosed within my life space.

I am, therefore, a person who cannot be concerned only for the self that I sense and feel but also for the rest of me, those others who are a part of me.

I am a person with some beliefs, something I am for, not merely against; I stand on firm ground so that I behave not like a windmill but like a tree, bending with the wind—but rooted.

I am a person who must be always seeking but never expecting fully to find.

I am a person who is able to make occasional, but significant, contact with the life space of another — a contact between perimeters that sometimes exhilarates, sometimes frightens me.

But to make contact gently but firmly — with full knowledge of the others tendency to shy away, then perhaps timidly return — this is a function of both love and skill; this is my task as a counselor.

Personnel and Guidance Journal, 1973, Vol. 52, p. 82

REFLECTION ON PERSONAL GROWTH

In my graduate study at Stanford University, 55 years ago, I was taught psychology as a science. That was essential for that day and for any day. Over the next decade or two I learned slowly and sometimes painfully, that psychological understanding, imaginative teaching, and successful healing required more than well-honed left brain activity. These required that I learn to follow something inside me and to follow that same something in the other person. It is respect for the dignity and godliness in the other person, it is respect for my sense of the rightness of my behavior at the moment, the wholeness of me, the wellness that is my birthright. It is the recognition that I am a part of the infinite and that tiny spark of infinite within me that I call God, a recognition that gives me a sense of serenity, confidence in the unknown that lies ahead.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

This little love fantasy has not been published before — or seen by many. It is too personal. Even for this special collection for our friends, Kathleen was a little reluctant to have it included. I told her that I thought no reader would be offended and some might be lifted a little by this picture of how she inspired and lifted me. To me her warmth and sensitivity to music as part of her entire life is a wonder of nature to be cherished.

“Lovely hula hands” goes
the swaying Island melody.
But the sensitive,
creative,
musical
hands of Kathleen
Are far more beautiful to me.

These vibrating fingers
have used my hands
As a warm, responsive
keyboard
For these six decades
and more.

We have held hands
in diverse places

Over these many years —
at table grace,
at church,
at public places;
and in private
When the going got too rough
Because others present
Spewed out only negatives.
Or when the other's story
of grief
of guilt
Seemed almost overwhelming —
We pressed
courage and love
Into each other's
responsive palms.

The pulsing,
delicate,
Beautiful hands of Kathleen.
Long hours
at hard work
in our home
Have not changed
the slender,
almost fragile,
Beauty of these hands.

For how many loving hours
over the years

Have these lovely
hands of Kathleen's
Beat out their
musical rhythms
Against my receptive palms?
I, the unmusical one,
do not recognize the melodies —
But when I ask her
“What are you playing now?”
She always knows.

Tonight
I slipped into bed late.
She murmured a greeting
Then groped for my hand —
And the music
came pouring out!
I asked her nothing.
She was almost asleep.
But her music filled
my hand and my heart.

If I leave her before
she leaves me,
I know that she will miss
my hands.
But if she leaves first,
dear Lord,

I will know that
she is alive
somewhere,
But oh, how I will miss
her warm,
loving,
musical fingers
Beating
her life of beauty and grace
into my hungry, aching
palms.

SMILES

I have a collection of little “one-liners” I have kept for years, because they seemed to fit some particular occasion. I did not originate many of these, so I thank all those I stole from. I share them with you here just to prove you don’t have to be long-winded to be wise; many truths come in very small packages.

Wherever there is a human being there is opportunity for kindness.

Putting your best foot forward at least keeps it out of your mouth.

We can never do a kindness too soon because we never know how soon it will be too late.

Praise loudly, blame softly.

Never cut what you can untie.

When you dig another out of his troubles you find a place to bury your own.

If you growl all day, it’s only natural that you will feel dog tired at night.

It’s a rare thing to win an argument and the other fellow’s goodwill at the same time.

A man may seek either the truth or repose. He must choose one or the other — he cannot have both.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds. — *Francis Bacon*

One thing you can give and still keep is your word.

No one can make you feel inferior without your own consent.

You can meet friends everywhere, but you have to make enemies.

If you can't see the bright side, at least polish the dull one.

We cannot direct the wind, but we can adjust our sails.

Happiness is not life's gift to us but our gift to life. Life owes us nothing.

Past experience should be a guide post, not a hitching post.

Growing old is more like a bad habit which a busy man has not time for form. — *Andre Maurois*

It is better to wear out than to rust out.

The only thing worse than growing old is to be denied that privilege.

The measure of life, after all, is not its duration, but its donation.

By the time you get old enough not to care what people say about you, nobody says anything about you.

GOOD-BYE, LAST WORD

Bob Wrenn, as already noted, has been a Professor of Counseling Psychology with many other administrative jobs at the University of Arizona. Some years ago he developed a “Death Education” class that is somewhat broader than the topic and titled “Psychology of Death and Loss.” This has been a popular course, always over registered, which now has three sections. The brief article attached was sent to me, and I said to myself, “Wonderful. What an idea; why didn’t I think of that when I was teaching?” It has meaning to all of us in the academic world, maybe the wider world.

Those of us who teach courses in death education are usually left with the feeling that some of our students want more from us than we have had time or energy to give. Then suddenly there’s that last day of class. Already I’m experiencing survivor’s guilt over the death of my class! Where has the semester gone? Did my students really digest all the really important stuff I wanted to leave with them? Panic time!

What I actually end up doing on that last day of class is to review what we have learned about how we want to say good-bye to each other — within the framework of our own unique relationship to each other. Then I hand them my “Last Day of Class” sheet. Whatever else it does, it gives me closure on the semester’s lessons to my students, and God knows all of us who teach need a little closure from

time to time. Students also seem to value taking a piece of the teacher with them when all is over and done — even if it is only an 8 1/2”x 11” piece of mimeo paper. I encourage them to “hang out” just a bit after class to practice what they’ve learned about expressing their good-byes.

THE LAST DAY OF CLASS

I hope this class has been as much about process as about product. How you work with someone can be as important as what you both accomplish. These features are not mutually exclusive. So take the ideas below and at least consider them as you go about life’s business of working to assist others.

- Listening well to a person in your care is usually more important on most occasions than speaking.
- Every decision you make carries with it both advantages and disadvantages. There are no perfect decisions since there are no perfect people.
- The functional relationship between people dictates what their behavior needs to be. No more, no less. Don’t prepare scripts for relationships. Use the wisdom of the moment.
- Matters of the day are as important as matters of vision. They both need each other to survive. Help people to balance their concerns with their past and their future with at

- least an equal concern for the present.
- Love needs to be given and received more often than we are usually inclined to do.
 - A non-critical sense of humor goes a long way in keeping your perspective on the issue at hand.
 - It is important to realize you are not more important than those you work and live with.
 - When you say, “I don’t understand how she/he can do that,” it usually means “I don’t like what they are doing.”
 - Being confused is often a first step in the search for an emotion to be claimed and owned. People in grief need your support, not your advice. Let them talk — give them time. They want empathy, not sympathy.

You have the right to discard all these guidelines — but only if you have better ones to take their place. Learning never ends.

I congratulate you for staying with this class and completing its requirements.

ADEC Forum Newsletter, May/June, 1995, p.8

FORMER DOCTORAL STUDENTS

Following this introduction will be found two lists of names. The first is a list of those for whom I was major advisor throughout their program; chairman of each person's dissertation committee, etc. The total program of classes, exams, and dissertation took an average of four years, sometimes five, a few finished in three.

The second list is of those who started with me as major advisor, but because I left for either the navy or another appointment before they were finished, had to complete their degree with another advisor. All these planned their complete program with me and some had worked two or three years with me. In a sense, I was co-advisor.

For both groups, the entries made of their professional activities after the degree are very spotty. The information I had was obtained from personal correspondence, from visits or from meetings at conventions. Of the 90 or so people in the two lists, there are 10 I know very little about or have never seen since the exam. Some of the others I know very well from having seen them two or more times during the past years or having had correspondence with them at least once and having some knowledge of their personal lives. (Some I know extremely well and consider close friends to Kathleen and me. We have had some surprising visits here in Arizona from former students I had not seen or heard about for 10 or 15 years).

STUDENTS FOR WHOM I WAS ADVISOR OR CO-ADVISOR FOR Ph.D. AT UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA AND ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY 1937-77

Job information given is the most recent I have and only sporadic — sometimes only the first appointment after receiving degree and last known appointment. The information regarding appointments after the first one was the result of correspondence from the former student. With some I had no correspondence, I literally lost them, and with others the correspondence was early rather than later. I had no way of determining recent appointments except from correspondence. A few students have written me many times during the past years. I kept these letters for some time and had to get rid of them because it was too bulky. I kept the recent correspondence until just recently when I got rid of them all.

(D before a name stands for deceased and year after the name is when this person received the degree and I was the advisor. An* means the person was my assistant and a ** indicates long service. I probably failed to remember at least one assistant, my apologies, God bless you. Your memory will be faulty at age 93 too!)

D **Aalto, Ensio E.**, (1959) Counseling/Clinical Psychologist, Veterans Administration Hospital**, Brockton, Mass.; Lecturer, Stonehill College. Honored by King of Sweden.

D **Almos, K. O.**, (1956) Regional Partner: Rohrer, Hibler and Replogle, Chicago.**

Anderson, Lois D., (1961) Senior Psychologist, American Rehabilitation Foundation, Minneapolis.

Bentley, Joseph C., (1963)* Professor of Business Administration, University of Utah**. Consultant work in South America.

Blocher, Donald H., (1959) Co-advisor Willis Dugan. Over 35 years Professor of Education at University of Minnesota; Professor of Educational Psychology, New York State University at Albany; Fulbright Scholar University of Keele, England. Still teaches part time at University of Minnesota and writing history of Psychology.

Bloland, Paul A., (1959) University of Minnesota, Professor, Dean of Students, Vice-President, (Chairman of Counselor Education and Educational Psychology) University of

Southern California; Co-author major monograph. Mountain climbing is a significant part of his total life experience. He has climbed the highest peaks in Australia and Africa and the high points in 21 states for a total of 700 summits in all parts of the world. He is accompanied by his wife, Ruth, on a 153 summits in 11 countries.

Bradley, Arthur D., (1958) University of Minnesota. Over 39 years counseled Veterans; Counseling Centers, St. Cloud, Minnesota and Ft. Snelling; Chief of Counseling Service, Chief of Psychology Services VA Hospital, Minneapolis; During early part of career served four years as Psychologist US Army Airforce. Fourteen Awards.

Buer, Carl F., (1958) Clinical Psychologist, Racine, WI.

Burgess, Thomas C., (1954) Counselor and Professor, Counseling Center, Portland State College, Portland, OR.**

D **Buschmann, Edith Steadman**, (1963). Early death.

D **Butler, John M.**, (1949) Professor of Psychology and Development, University of Chicago**. Early death.

Carlson, Raymond, (1959) Dean of Students, Bemidji State Teachers College**; Professor of Professional Psychology and Human Development, University of Chicago (1961).

D **Carlson, William D.**, (1955) Dean of Students University of Nevada at Reno, Dean of Educational Psychology, University of Nevada at Las Vegas. Continued teaching after retirement — volunteered in public schools.

Christiansen, Harley, (1959) Professor of Education, University of Arizona**. Author, series of teaching booklets.

Crooks, William R., (1952, Co-advisor Dean Walter Cook) Professor of Psychology and Chairman of Department of Psychology, Oregon State University** for 20 years. Chairman of Committee brought Baccalaureate degrees — Humanities and Social Sciences — to Oregon State. Really enjoyed living in Oregon!

Cross, Theodore, R., (1955) Partner: Rohrer, Hibler and Replogle, Management Consultant, Los Angeles, Private consulting.

DeMann, Michael M., (1960) Private practice of Industrial and Counseling Psychology, St. Paul, MN.**

- Dickerson, Joseph H.**, (1958) Coordinator of Counseling Psychology, Perry Point, Maryland; Veteran's Administration Hospital**.
- Dorris, Jo**, (ASU 1970)* Director of Student Activities, Dean of Students, Oklahoma State University.
- Dugan, Willis E.**, (1942)* Professor at varying levels in many capacities, Professor at University of Minnesota (1942-66)**, President APGA (ACES), Executive Director APGA (1966-72); Director of Seven Counselor Training Institutes for NDEA (1958-66); Minnesota State Chairman March of Dimes; Visiting Professor at 15 universities; Family includes five children, 15 grandchildren, eight great grandchildren. Following retirement founded and developed toy woodshop for disabled men.
- D **Dunlap, Virginia**, (Walden University, Indiana 1973) Director of Guidance, Patrick Henry High School, San Diego, CA.**
- D **Estenson, Lyle D.**, (1951)* Professor, Carleton College. Early death.
- D **Evans, Catherine**, (1940) Counselor at Swarthmore College. Early death. My first Ph.D.

Farquhar, William W., (1955) Professor of Education, Michigan State University**. Inventor.

Filson, Thomas N., (1957) Professor, Northern Illinois University; Professor of Education, Flint College, University of Michigan.

Free, John E., (1964) Director, University Counseling Service, University of Pennsylvania**.

Glotzbach, Charles J., (1957) Prior to Minnesota served four years in US Army, from ROTC student to separation promotion of Major; Veteran's Service Officer for State of Kansas (1945-47); Counselor-Instructor Kansas State University (1947-52); 34 years University of Minnesota**, moved from Student Personnel work to Professor and Director of Personnel Services; member and Chairman of 20 college and university administrative committees and programs. Received Silver Star, Bronze Star (with cluster) and Purple Heart (with cluster).

Grant, Claude H., (1950) Director of Institutional Studies and Professor of Educational Psychology, University of Utah**.

Hedahl, Beulah, (1958)*(2 terms) Counselor, Michigan State University; Director, Counseling Center, University of North Dakota**.

Heist, Paul, (1956) Director of Research Division on Educational Impact and Career Development, University of California, Berkeley (More recently, Professor of Higher Education)**.

Humber, William H., (1942) Past-President: Humber, Mundie and McClary, Management Consulting Psychologists, Milwaukee**.

Jesness, Carl F., (1955) Senior Behavioral Research Analyst, California Youth Authority.

Johnson, Walter F., (1950)*President (1959) APGA; Fulbright Lecturer/Scholar; Thailand 1965-66; Towards end of 1967-Outstanding Achievement Award, University of Minnesota; Lecturers and consultant in 24 countries; 33 years (1948-81) at Michigan State University as Professor College of Education, Director of Graduate Student Affairs, Director of Faculty Development, Chairman of Guidance and Personnel Services; Consulting Editor of McGraw-Hill; First Chairman for Committee on State Certification of Psychologists;

Michigan State consultant for US Veteran's Administration and Social Security Administration and numerous other organizations. Requested and secured his Navy service with me at Pearl Harbor.

Jones, Elvet Glyn, (1958)* Professor of Psychology, Western Washington State College.

Kamm, Robert B., (1948) Dean of Students, Drake University; Dean of Undergrads Texas A&M; Past-President, Professor of Higher Education, Professor Emeritus Oklahoma State University. (Contributions to Higher Education through fellowship established in his name.) One-time UN delegate (France); wrote extensive history of Oklahoma State University.

Kendall, John, (1959) Professor and Counselor at Augustana College; Professor and Chairman, Department of Psychology, Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, MN.

D **Koester, George A., (1951)** Executive Dean, San Diego State College**; Psychologist — had been nuclear bomb specialist, responsible for final arming of Hiroshima-Nagasaki bombs.

Krebs, Marguerite (Cuddy), (1961) Highlights of total career: three years faculty at Loyola; three years Psychologist/Counselor American International School Kabul, Afghanistan (students from 29 foreign countries); 15 years Ann Arbor Schools, Michigan. Defense expert in court suit of parents against Detroit (her evaluations upheld).

Krumboltz, Helen B., (1956) Professor, San Jose State College. Private proactive counselor, Berkeley.

Krumboltz, John D., (1955) Co-Advisor Willis Dugan. Professor of Education and Psychology, Stanford University**. Author, designer various counseling instruments. Much research and development of appropriate instruments for such research based on behavioral counseling. Many lectures and assignments in this field. A leader.

D **Lee, Robert E.**, (1964) Coordinator of Rehabilitation Institute Program, Edwardsville Campus of Southern Illinois University**.

Leino, Walter B., (1956) Director, Division of Evaluation and Research, St. Paul Public Schools**.

Lewis, Charles L., (1955) Starting in 1955 served on faculties at the Universities of South Dakota and Tennessee and Penn State University in various capacities including Professor, Dean of Men, Dean of Students, Executive Dean and Vice-President. Executive Director to Executive Vice-President of APGA from 1971 to 83 and part-time consultant for five more years. Developed AACD Foundation. Since so-called retirement worked as a consultant for Federal Government and for Universities.

Lindberg, Robert, (ASU 1970) Director of Guidance, Phoenix Union High School District; Professor, University of Texas at San Antonio; Director of Extensive Radio Counseling, Texas.

Luckey, Eleanore Braun, (1959) Professor, University of Connecticut; Chairman, Department of Family and Consumer Education, University of Utah. Marriage counselor. National reputation.

D **Lyon, James B.**, (1959) Senior Counselor and Lecturer in School of Education, Stanford University. Early death.

Mahler, Clarence A., (1955)* Professor of Psychology and Head of Counselor Training, Chico State College, CA.

Markwardt, Rick; (1960) Professor of Psychology, St. Cloud State College, Member Lindbloom and Associates, Consulting Psychologists, Minneapolis.

D Matthew, Romine E., (1960) Physical Medical Therapist, University of Minnesota Rehabilitation Center and elsewhere.

Mouly, George J., (1949) Chairman, Department of Educational Psychology, University of Miami**.

Neale, Daniel C., (1961) Professor of Education, University of Delaware.

Nelson, Helen Y., (1952) Professor, Cornell University.

Nelson, Kenneth G., (1952) Higher Education Studies Branch, United States Office of Education**.

Nevison, Myrna, (1957) Professor of Education, Chairman of Guidance and Counseling Committee, University of British Columbia **.

Packard, Ted, (1965) Director of Counseling Center, Chairman of Education Psychology Department, Training Director with Counseling Psychology Students; University of Utah**.

Parker, Clyde A., (1957) Associate Professor, Chairman Counseling Services Brigham

University (11 years); Professor of Educational Psychology and Chairman of Counselor Education and Psychology, University of Minnesota (17 years) during this period I did a two year Fulbright lecturer as educational consultant in New Delhi, India, and surrounding territory. My successor at University of Minnesota; Psychologist, Clinical Director Center for Counseling and Therapeutic Services at McKay-Dee Hospital (10 years) Odgen, Utah.

Patterson, C. H., (1955) Professor of Educational Psychology, Chairman of Division of Counseling and Guidance, University of Illinois**.

Perez, Presentation y Tobias, (1954) Emeritus Professor, College of Home Economics, University of the Philippines.

D **Pouncey, Truman**, (1954) Owner of theaters, Counselor University of Kentucky; private practice, Pasadena, CA.

Ray, Philip B., (1962) Professor of Education and Counselor in Counseling Center, University of Maryland.

Remple, Peter P., (1955) Professor of Psychology, University of Alberta.

Renzaglia, Guy A., (1952) In 26 years of service at Southern Illinois University originated and directed Rehabilitation Institute which in the largest training program of its kind — Bachelors through doctorate; member and President of most human services and correctional organizations in Illinois and three Federal Districts. Known as an aggressive, hard hitting, highly supportive professor. States as his most notable achievement his seven children – three with Ph.D.s, three with MAs and one with BA (seems almost proud of them). After retirement re-focused vocational objectives and became the first vineyard/winery owner in Southern Illinois. He is a delightful iconoclast!

Rossmann, Jack E., (1963) Professor and Chairman of Psychology, Vice-President of Academic Affairs, Macalester College, St. Paul. Minnesota. Consultant and Evaluator North Central Association, 20 years. Thomas Jefferson Award.

Sagen, H. Bradley, (1962) Professor of Higher Education, University of Iowa.

Schnitzen, Joseph P., (1962) Director, Counseling and Testing Service, University of Houston**.

D **Seldon, Edward, (1960)** Chairman, Department of

Psychology, Wisconsin State University, River Falls**.

Shaw, Jack, (1950) Served both as Professor and Administrator during his 23 years (1950-73) at Colorado State College, Greeley; Was a Professor and holder of several Administrative posts in Greeley and University of Dhaka in East Pakistan (Bangladesh) with which Colorado State had a contract or support. This meant initiating a college and developing it. In Greeley developed Ph.D. program of studies and practice in College Student Personnel Work (major) and a college teaching subject (minor); Founding member of City Mental Health Association; developed program of support and International Education. Since retirement taught two years in a small college and private practice (1976-84). Jack Shaw Scholarship Endowment Fund established in his honor.

Simpson, Mary Anderson, (1952) Clinical Psychologist, Oregon State Prison.

D **Smith, Anita P., (1964)** Psychologist, Kenney Rehabilitation Institute, Minneapolis.

Stout, Ruth, (1956) Executive Secretary, Kansas State Teacher Association**.

Strommen, Merton P., (1960) Founder and developer of Search Institute over 35 year period (1960-95). Search Institute secured over \$7 million in grants for research on spiritual experience and church relationships of children and young people. Had an active Board of some 12 people from all parts of country, for instance I was on Board for the first 25 years and he ran this complex activity like a well-oiled organization. He wrote 12 large research volumes on the results and implications of these research studies. Search Institute is still active as a more complex development of original. Founder and developer of Family Life Institute, Augsburg College, St. Paul, a school for the development of Specialists in family life development through churches and homes. Author, with Irene, of three popular series on young people and parent's books: Five Cries of Youth, Five Cries of Grief and Five Cries of Parents. Conducted the Centennial Singers on a tour of the US and Norway.

Swan, Robert J., (1953) California State College, Long Beach**. Participated in four distinctive, different programs helping to found these; Educational Psychology Clinic, providing actual hands-on experience in counseling; Adult Learning Disability Programs; Establishing

career counseling core in the masters degree in counseling. Also contributed to a training career program for paraprofessionals. Robert Swan Award given by California Career Development Association.

D Taylor, Mary Glenn, (ASU 1973) Private practice in Phoenix.

Thompson, Jorgen S., (1956)* Army Military service 1942-46. Lt. Anti-Aircraft Artillery, First Lt. Military Intelligence, retired from Army Reserves in 1959 as Captain. Assistant Dean of Men, St. Olaf College 1946-47; 39 years at Augustan College, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, in various positions up to retirement in 1986. Adjunct Professor, Counselor Education ASU Spring Semester 1981. Medal of St. Olaf from King Haakon of Norway. North Central Intercollegiate Athletic Conference as Institutional Representative for 31 years, President four times. President of 11 committees and national organizations.

Tollefson, Arthur L., (1956) Associate Professor of Education, Oregon State University.

Walz, Garry R., (1958 Willis 'Bill' Dugan Co-Advisor with me.) Founded and Chaired Counselor Education Program at North Dakota State

University and Illinois State University and chaired the Counselor Education program at University of Michigan. Served as President of ACA, ACES and chaired ACA Counseling and Human Development Foundation. One of two founding directors of ERIC (Educational Resources Information Center) and has directed the ERIC Clearinghouse on Counseling and Student Services since he started it at Michigan in 1966. Over \$9 million in grants and produced 158 monographs. Has offered over 56 major national conferences on a wide variety of counseling topics.

Westlund, Ruth E., (1959) Dean of Women, Professor, Northern Illinois University**.

Wiener, D. N., (1950) Private practice, St. Paul Minn.

Winfrey, James J., (1963) Co-advisor Willis Dugan. Professor of Counseling, California State University at San Francisco**.

Wilk, Roger, (1957) Professor and Chairman, Department of Educational Psychology, University of South Florida.

Yamamoto, Kaoru, (1962) Professor of Education Iowa State University; Kent University, Ohio; Penn State; ASU; Professor of Psychology

University of Colorado Medical School at Denver; Editor Educational Forum and several other psychology research journals.

Zander, Donald R., (1959) Director, Student Activities Bureau, University of Minnesota.

Students with whom I started Ph.D. work and in some cases almost completed — but I had to leave for Navy duty or another university appointment and they had to finish with someone else.

Merchant, Vasant, (Finished in USC, LA) For 20 years or more Professor of Humanities, Northern Arizona University, Flagstaff; Brilliant Editor of International Journal of Humanities and Peace. Spoke widely at world platforms including two times at the General Assembly of the United Nations.

Pepinsky, Pauline, (1949) and Harold, (1946) (Polly and Pep finished with Dean Walter Cook) Ohio State University** in much research and writing in social psychology and psychology; Pep received the Director of Counseling Psychology APA Leona Tyler Award.

Ripley, Robert E., (1967, Finished with Dr. William

Seldon) Professor, Arizona State University; Professor/Instructor Iowa State University and University of Michigan; Consultant for the US Departments of Education and Labor, Motorola, Honeywell, and IBM; Seminar Leader; Elected to the British Literati Club; and Outstanding Citizens of the Year Award, City of Phoenix, Arizona. Author, with wife Marie, of three book series on raising children and family life; the first, *Your Child's Ages and Stages* in 1995 and the other two in 1996 and 1997.

Schilt, Alex, (1969) Closing Major Advisor with Sanford (Jeff) S. Davis; Vice-Chancellor, Indiana University, Richmond; President, Houston Downtown University, Texas; President, Eastern Washington State University; Chancellor, University of Houston Complex.

Soliman, Abdala (1967, Finished with Paul Torrence.) American University, Cairo, University of Kuwait, United Arab Emirates University; Major addresses at International Roundtable on Counseling; Translated much English into Arabic and Arabic into English, including Arabic Norms for Minnesota Multiphasic.

Willmore, Doloris Jackus, (1966, Finished with A.L. Raygor).

(This is another kind of part-time Administration Program.)

Bartell, Sherrie R., (Unofficial Co-Adviser, ASU 1976) I retired in 1972 so her major advisor was Dr. Lester Snider at ASU. I stayed on her list even after my retirement and I contributed to the development of her total program particularly during the last 2-3 years. I took part in her exams. Just following her degree she served for 2-3 years as District Clinical Psychologist in Hawaii as part of the state system of Psychology. Lectured for sometime at the Department of Psychology at the University of Hawaii, Hilo. Chairperson, Department of Special Programs, San Bernardino, CA; Consulting Psychologist Island of Hawaii; Research Administrator.

LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

It will not be news to anyone who has had the privilege of being a student of Gil Wrenn's or had contact with Gil and Kathleen (brief or extended) to learn how meaningful such a contact can be for those fortunate enough to have had it. This section contains a sampling of letters from persons who share in very personal terms what being a student of Gil and/or relating with Gil and Kathleen has meant and continues to mean to them.

Suffice to say that given the opportunity this collection of letters could have been expanded exponentially. However, given the limited time and resources available, invitations to write a letter were limited to those I knew, or knew about, who were close to the Wrenns. I'm sure, however, if anyone would care to write to the Wrenns they would be delighted to receive any correspondence.

Their address is: Friendship Village
2645 E. Southern Avenue
Apt. 305
Tempe, AZ 85282

Garry R. Walz

Dear Dad:

I am slipping this message in among those of your students as, I believe, we have taught each other a great deal over the years. It's a message you've heard before but, perhaps, others have not. Next to mother I probably know you better than anyone, albeit in a unique way, since we first cast eyes on each other some 63 years ago.

I think your students will recognize what I would say to sum up what I think of when I think of you:

You are a man who prefers to dwell on issues of philosophy, theory, epistemology, values, ethics and the cosmos than to issues of personal organization such as being somewhere on time or having concern for where you last filed X, Y, or Z.

You are generally forgiven for that, in fact admired for that by many. You are a shy man who can rise to the social occasion with grace and charm. You are one who is slow to anger and quick to forgive. You are gentle with people and understand more about them than you may let on to know. You are a man of your word. You are much loved. You have great compassion and empathy for those in need.

Some of the events I most remember about you are:

- 1) How you reacted when I almost burned down the garage. Piling up the fall leaves and putting a match to them is not cool — especially when they are in the garage proper.*
- 2) Taking your briefcase of work with you on our vacations.*

- 3) *Taking over my basement playroom when you wanted to start a journal (Journal of Counseling Psychology).*
- 4) *Smoking a cigar with me to teach me a lesson.*
- 5) *How you loved your flowers and potted plants.*
- 6) *How gentle and patient you are with mother.*
- 7) *How you have come to rely on me as I used to on you.*
- 8) *Our most recent trip to Maui — and then your time with the three grandchildren and four great grandchildren.*

I think I got the best deal of all — I never had to take one of your exams, but got the benefit of your teachings.

*Love as always,
Bob Wrenn, Class of 1931
1222 Big Rock Road
Tucson, AZ 85718*

Dear Gil,

I am delighted with the opportunity to reminisce about some of the experiences that have marked the forty years or so of my association with you. I first met you on a summer day in 1955. I had been a history teacher in Indiana with about as little interest in or knowledge of academic psychology as one could have. The history of the Civil War was my thing, not dueling self concepts, or a vengeful Super-ego.

My blissful ignorance of psychology was shattered when students began to ask me for help with personal problems. I soon found myself working with students in a very different way, with a deep commitment to helping, combined with a profound sense of inadequacy in doing so.

Someone told me about a man at the University of Minnesota named Gilbert Wrenn who ran a program in something called counseling psychology. If you want to learn about counseling, they said, Gilbert Wrenn is the man to see. It was the best advice I ever received.

I arrived in Minneapolis with my wife Betty, and our year old son, armed with the G.I. Bill and a contract to teach in the Minneapolis Schools. In my first meeting with you I was conscious of a deep scrutiny. I must have passed for ever after I have experienced nothing but kindness, support and encouragement. My first year was hectic with evening and Saturday classes combined with full-time teaching.

In the spring I began a traineeship at the Veterans Hospital. It was in the subsequent year that I really got to know you and to experience the caring and stimulation that you

offered students. The evening seminars in your home, the classroom challenge. and the practical consultations at the Hospital added up to a powerful growth experience for me. Somehow, thanks largely to you, the history teacher was left behind and I began to be a psychologist.

In the years since I have got to know you as friend and colleague. You have shaped my way of working with students profoundly. I have spent thirty-five years endeavoring to pass on to my students some of what you gave to me.

In the past forty years I have heard many words of wisdom from your mouth. The most important wisdom, however, has come from your life. It has said to me "Enjoy life by doing worthwhile, important things."

*Sincerely,
Don Blocher*

27128 Fond du Lac Road
Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90274

Dear Friends and Colleagues:

How can one compress a relationship of a lifetime into a few short sentences? When I arrived at the University of Minnesota back in the Fall of 1950, the name of C. Gilbert Wrenn was already well known to me from my Master's program at the University of Wisconsin. I wanted to meet him and, if at all possible, have him as my doctoral adviser but I had heard of his extensive doctoral load and wasn't at all sure that I would qualify in his eyes. I don't remember much about that very important interview except that the great Dr. Wrenn was kind and gracious and agreed to take me on. That was the beginning of a mentorship and a friendship with Gil and Kathleen that has endured up to today.

Like so many of his students I remember the monthly seminars at the Wrenn home, the always stimulating discussions that took place as we were forging a professional identity, the gentle admonitions I received when I didn't quite get around to beginning my dissertation after quals (I hope that Gil has forgiven me for the pressure I put on him to read that same dissertation so that I could graduate in June of 1959), and the pride we all took in his national stature in the field (coupled with frequent absences, of course). He modeled professionalism and mentorship for all of us who subsequently practiced or taught in the field of counseling and student affairs just as Gil and Kathleen's marriage was itself an exemplar.

In recent years, Ruth and I have been fortunate enough to visit with Gil and Kathleen in their Tempe apartment, usually around the Christmas season, and to catch up on their still busy and productive lives. In fact, it was on our visit this past Christmas that I had an opportunity to scan an early proof of this collection. I found it inspiring and moving and look forward to seeing it in its final form.

*With affection,
Paul A. Bloland*

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Wrenn:

There is a beautiful spiritual quality about the two of you, your way of life, your love for each other, your love for others, and the infinite giving of yourselves for the betterment of others. Even when one is not physically near you, there is a compelling force that keeps one in touch with you, your teachings, your professional modeling.

Dr. Wrenn, the counseling association members in Maryland will never forget your visit nor the core of your moving message. Many had read your works, but had never been fortunate to meet you in person. They were in awe and still bring the remembrances forth in conversation.

At each APGA, AACD, ACA convention, everyone looked for Gil and Kathleen. When one spotted you, the word quickly spread, "The Wrenns are here." Then, all felt that credibility had been given to the reason for being there. The convention could open in due form.

In 1983, the Association paid me their highest honor. I became the recipient of the coveted Gilbert and Kathleen Wrenn Humanitarian Award. Because around 1976 you too dared to take a giant step to give funds to the American Personnel and Guidance Association (now ACA), many have been honored in your name. What a thrill!

My last "special" visit with you was the evening we had dinner together in Phoenix. A group of us were there for a Foundation meeting. It was indelible for me!

In my professional development sessions with the three hundred professional school counselors in Baltimore County,

your works have been used and cited. In my classes at Loyola College, I usually describe the two of you as I refer them to references that are a "must."

You have given so much to others. It is said that the more you give, the more you receive. I know that you have willingly accepted the love and admiration that so many, many persons have for you. That's why we love, admire, and care for you so very much. Thanks for being Dr. & Mrs. Wrenn! Thanks for being Gil and Kathleen! Thanks for just being you!

*Very sincerely,
Thelma Thomas Daley
Coordinator of Guidance Services
Past President of ASCA and ACA*

C. Gilbert Wrenn:

1938 to 1996 -WOW that is 58 years!

In 1938 my first encounter with Gil Wrenn in his University office gave me feelings of warmth, acceptance and mutual interests. Gil was new on campus, a Stanford product, and a potential star in educational and counseling psychology. I had just completed a three year experience as assistant director of the National Youth Administration in Minnesota . Having been raised on a small Minnesota farm, I knew poverty first hand, and my experience with rural school teaching and then with the youth aid and work programs of the NYA gave me a renewed resolve to get more college training for a career in youth guidance. Gil Wrenn was the guy that I came to visit to learn what the University offered in preparation for a job in vocational guidance with young persons.

I had no visions of becoming a clinical psychologist or psychiatric interventionist in the lives of others. I just knew that young people needed help in planning their education in ways that would lead to appropriate career choices and the security of a life's work in their future.

Gil Wrenn held out for me the chance to learn more about youth and vocational guidance. After some critical reviews of my somewhat piece-meal academic background, I was admitted to begin my study for a Master's degree in guidance, and most remarkable of all, I was offered a teaching assistantship for \$100 per year plus the extra benefit of free tuition. Being married with one baby daughter and another on the way, this great

opportunity came at the right time. My year with Gil Wrenn taught me that Gil was first of all a warm and trusted friend whose caring attitude and personal warmth made earning a Master's degree quite easy. Gil recommended me for the job of counselor at the University High on campus when that position became open in the Fall of 1939. This counseling internship for the next three years was a godsend to me and my family. Gil accepted the fact that I was not interested in college personnel work or a clinical role in counseling. My goal, and Gil let me pursue it, was simply to specialize in being a school counselor who helped youth with needs as they existed in the depression and beginning of the World War II era. We school counselors took NVGA as our national patron with its attention to educational choices and vocational guidance as linch-pin functions of the school counselor. Minnesota offered a plethora of student personnel and counseling specialists with all the bruising rivalries known to academia. Wrenn's natural grace, distinctive style and national prominence kept him out-front in leadership. I held tight to my simple role of school counselor trainer and took advantage of the NDEA Act of 1958 to apply for and direct several academic year & summer counselor training institutes on the U of M campus; producing over 300 masters degree and 30 PhD students whom I mentored as professor and colleague of Gil Wrenn from 1946 to 1966. Our combined efforts at the U of M and a 58 year friendship have been classic!

As president of APGA in 1964, my challenge to the profession to tighten its finances & its administrative structure and governance went unheeded. Now, thirty years later, the*

divisive problem of multiple presidencies for one profession of fifty thousand counselors in diverse settings remains a critical issue.

*Bill Dugan, M.A. 1939; Ph.D. 1942
Shepherd Court Apt. 19
Sauk Rapids, MN 56379
e-mail: WDugan9491@AOL~Com*

** "Autonomy and Responsibility" P&G Journal. April, 1965.*

Dear Gilbert:

How the years have passed! I remember well our first meeting. You were not sure that I was a good candidate but you took a chance on me anyway. You were concerned about my youth and that fact that I did not do too well my first two years at Cornell University. You took into account that I had gone to an inner city technical school and I naively went to a Ivy League school on a scholarship. We parried about grades. You wanted me to get all A's. We compromised on half A's and half B's which worked out to be what I got. I was intimidated by your scholarship and knowledge. I never lost that respect for you and it took years for me to be able to address you as Gilbert. Without doubt you have been one of the most influential persons in my life. I cannot tell you how many times when faced with a crisis I have asked myself what you would do in a similar situation. The proudest moment of my life was the night you put my hood on at graduation.

This is a summary of what I have learned from you over the years:

- 1. Sleep is not important if you nap.*
- 2. Writing is hard work and requires editing and editing until it is succinct and clear.*
- 3. Students are our professional lives. Do not just give them what is listed in the catalogue.*
- 4. Keep up with the field. Read, read, read.*
- 5. Hold a standard for doctoral theses and make sure your students meet that standard.*
- 6. Out of class learning is just as important as in class learning, thus the Monday night seminars.*

7. *Spouses need to be brought along with the doctoral process.*
8. *Fellow graduate students are to treasure.*
9. *Learning is demanding and fun.*
10. *Most professors are terrible with their hands and cannot saw a board straight.*
11. *Some colleagues can be irritating as hell, but they can be respected if you look carefully and long enough. (I learned to read your body language on this one.)*
12. *Live a long life with a supportive mate and keep the mind active.*
13. *Get out of Minnesota winters.*
14. *Buy land and do not spend too much money on automobiles except for maybe a small sport model.*
15. *Watch bird life, it relaxes and makes one appreciate humans.*

Thank you for being the person you are. Your life and clear mind is a standard for all of us. Kathleen, thank you for the many hours you encouraged us to come to your warm and welcoming home. Your support of our lives and of Gilbert is a model for all of us to admire and follow.

*Warmest regards and deepest affection,
Bill Farquhar, Class of 1955
4360 Courtside
Williamston, Michigan 48895*

MY MENTOR AND FRIEND

For forty-five years he has been my teacher, advisor, and friend. In late July 1951 I knocked on the door of his first floor office in Burton Hall. Walking from Dinkytown I had been caught in a Minnesota thunder shower. Nothing about me was drip dry or permanent press! I had been Dean of Women and English teacher at a small college where I had been hired on the basis of my M.A. in English. I wanted Dr. Wrenn's advice on starting graduate study in student personnel work. I had only two undergraduate courses in psychology. With no transcripts or recommendations to show him, I was presumptuous to seek him out even for advice. Instead he said, "Well, you'll have to pick up some prerequisites in psychology, but I think you can begin with me Fall Quarter." And so I became one of Wrenn's graduate students!

HIGH POINTS:

Monday evening seminars at the Wrenn home in Prospect Park. (The Wrenns remodeled their home to provide a roomy coat closet for guests, and wide kitchen counters to help with the coffee service.)

Annual picnics for advisees and their families, scheduled for June 1 so that we could celebrate Mrs. Wrenn's birthday.

No host breakfasts at APGA conventions for present and former advisees with Dr. & Mrs. Wrenn. The first I remember was held in the Chicago YMCA Hotel. Wrenn encouraged as many of us as possible to go to the conventions, but he was also aware that many of us might have limited incomes.

Professional beginnings. The 50s were years in which counseling and student personnel work really reached professional status. I remember Wrenn sharing with us at Seminars the establishment of Division 17 of the APA, the establishment of Fellowship status for counseling psychologists through the ABEPP, the emergence of APGA from several smaller groups.

As the years have gone by, my relationship with Kathleen and Gilbert has gradually changed from advisor to very dear friends. Even though months may pass without a postcard or a phone call, I always have the warm assurance that I belong as one of their large family. The last time I visited them (1993) I listened to them talk about their activities and his schedule and thought to myself: They haven't changed. He schedules his life as full as possible. She helps him keep track of the people, past and present, in their lives. And by looks and gestures they continue to reveal the love and tenderness they share.

Beulah Hedahl

Dear Gilbert:

Nineteen Thirty Nine! That was the year of my first enrollment in one of your undergraduate courses and the beginning of a professional and personal relationship that became a kaleidoscope of experiences and events that shaped my career and the lives of the future members of my family as well. Professor Homer Smith at the University of Minnesota Department of Industrial Arts, used to say that "your career will have a much greater influence on you and your family than you will have on your career." Upon reflection, I have come to respect that observation.

In the tapestry of one's life there are consistently recurring strands that give a special meaning to the pattern that is produced. Although I had always wanted to be a teacher, finding a role model in you was an ideal that reinforced many of my decisions and determined the path I would follow.

Also interwoven into the fabric of our lives has been a golden thread of enduring love and friendship between Kathleen and Mary Jane — built on mutual interests, compatibility, and respect. Thank you for sharing our lives in such a meaningful way.

*Affectionately,
Walter and Mary Jane Johnson
4480 Copperhill Drive
Okemos, Michigan 48864*

Dr. Gilbert Wrenn and I met for the first time 43 years ago when I arrived at the University of Minnesota in 1953 to begin my studies. I remember this meeting as if it were a very short time ago partly because it changed my whole life in many ways. I expected that since he was described to me as a famous international psychologist that the best I could expect from such a busy man was his signature on my registration and some printed forms. But to my surprise Dr. Wrenn graciously invited me in and within minutes had me at ease and we talked for an hour. Within that interview he went over the basic program, informed me to my delight that the Department had approved me as his teaching assistant, had located a possible position as dormitory "counselor" with room and board, and signed my registration forms. When I left his office I felt as if I had the world by a string. Never had I felt so warmly received by a stranger with so much genuine expression of caring.

*As his assistant I had a desk in his office so I was in daily communication with him and got to interact with him under a wide range of circumstances. One observation that truly impressed me was that he was just as gracious and interested in everyone who came to see him as he was with me! Of course, each of us, I'm sure felt that he cared a little bit more for us! I was Dr. Wrenn's assistant at an exciting time professionally: it was during this period that he wrote his book *Counselor in a Changing World* and when he arranged for the publication of the very first issue of the *Journal of Counseling Psychology*, of which he was its first Editor.*

There is one episode involving me that portrays the

essence of Gil Wrenn better than any other incident that I can think of. I came down with a potentially fatal kidney disease and was taken in a coma to the hospital where I was confined for two months. During the period of my coma which lasted several days, Gil called every day to check on my progress. When I came out of my coma Gil was the first person I recognized other than the medical staff. He was at my side talking softly to me. I was filled with tubes and could not talk but I could understand him. He told me that once I got better both the assistantship position as well as the Dormitory job would be there for me. I also remember him saying several times: "Remember that you are not alone." I was too weak to cry but there were tears in my heart for the comfort he brought and for his obvious sincere concern for my well-being. I remained in the hospital over the Christmas period and to my great surprise and delight Gil and a graduate student friend of mine came to my room on Christmas Eve bringing with them a small Christmas tree and a duffel bag full of presents that they had collected from faculty, staff and students who knew me. They put each present around the tree for me to open on Christmas Day. The presents were delightful but Gil's giving of his time, his support and affection were my real Christmas gift that year. In 1987 in the Wrenn's annual Christmas note, Kathleen added a short post-script in which she wrote that she and Gilbert had learned how to have a truly happy Christmas. The secret she wrote was: spend most of your time helping others to enjoy. That is exactly what Gil was doing that night in my hospital room way back in 1953.

Elvet Jones

Dear “Special Friends,” Gilbert and Kathleen:

How very much Maxine and I love and appreciate the two of you! In reflecting on the first day I met you some 50 years ago, I recall that this neophyte came to your office with awe and with concern as to whether or not you would even consider serving as mentor for me! You did agree to give me an opportunity; I have been the recipient of your wise counsel and friendship ever since!

Before I say more good things about you, Dr. Wrenn, I do want to set the record straight on one very important matter. We have something very much in common. We both outmarried ourselves — and aren't we blessed! You have had your lovely Kathleen to keep you on “the straight and narrow” for 65+ years of married life; and, I've had my wonderful Maxine to keep me on track for nearly 53 years!

So many good memories come to mind, as I reflect on our years of association. I think of the delightful occasions you invited your students (and their spouses, too) to your home for fellowship and professional interaction. (I recall that if we came early we might have to wait on you a bit, if you hadn't finished reading the funny papers!)

And, I recall your consulting trips on which you took me with you to gather data and to assist you as needed. I especially recall the mid-winter train trip to Fargo, North Dakota. As a native Iowan, I thought I had experienced cold weather — but enroute to Fargo, I experienced a “new low!” Then, there was the trip to the great little Norwegian Lutheran College, St. Olaf.

I'm so grateful for all your help, Gilbert, both during the time of my graduate study at the University of Minnesota, as

well as subsequently. Among other things, you helped me to "break into print" and to engage in considerable writing through the years. And, it was because of your support that President Harmon of Drake University decided to "take a chance" and name 29-year old Bob Kamm as dean of students at Drake. You did so much to prepare me for a fun-filled and professionally rewarding career in higher education administration!

So much more could be said! Please know always of the love, thanks, and best wishes of both Maxine and me. We pray God's richest blessings on you always.

*Sincerely,
Bob Kamm*

Gilbert and Kathleen Wrenn — Some Personal Memories

I first met Gilbert Wrenn in the late summer of 1949. I had graduated from college that spring with a major in psychology. I had spent the summer in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan doing youth work and providing some other services for a group of small Lutheran parishes. When I returned to Minnesota it was mid-August. I had no particular plans, but it was suggested that I consider graduate school. I went to the office of the Graduate School at the University of Minnesota. They informed me that it was very late, but I could take some tests.

When the test results were in I received a call informing me that I had an appointment with Dr. John Darley, Associate Graduate Dean. He too informed me that it was very late, but gave me the names of some psychology professors. If one of them would accept me as an advisee, I would be admitted. My first appointment was canceled. My second appointment was with Dr. C. Gilbert Wrenn.

What a difference that appointment has made in my life! The fall of 1949 — that first quarter at the “U” — is memorable for two reasons. First, there was my own confusion and uncertainty. Almost all of my fellow graduate students were returning veterans with much more experience and sense of personal direction. Most of them actually knew what they were about! I was 20 years old, a non-veteran, and — to use the current jargon — I was “clueless.”

But there was something else — the Wrenns. There were the biweekly meetings at their home with wide ranging discussions about psychology, life, and personal goals. I was included. I felt

part of it all. With the patient guidance of Gilbert Wrenn and other supportive professors I began to see things more clearly and my own life plans began to emerge.

It has been said that a career path is what we see when we look back. My career path was neither straight or predictable. I left graduate school for four years to pursue a theological education. Then, with good advice from the Wrenns and other mentors, I returned to the University of Minnesota to complete my doctoral studies. At each fork in my personal career path it seems that the Wrenns were there to support and advise.

Most of my professional career has been spent in higher education — 20 years as a psychology professor and 14 years in administrative work. It would be difficult to overestimate the influence of Gilbert Wrenn on my life and work — advisor, mentor, role model, and friend. How fortunate I have been. I can only hope that I have been able to pass on to my students some of what I received from Gilbert and Kathleen Wrenn.

John S. Kendall

Dear Kathleen and Gilbert,

During an interview in Gil's office at Minnesota when I was a new graduate student and didn't yet know you, I was so scared I clumsily dropped all my books on the floor and had difficulty holding on when I tried to pick them up. Gil was appropriately helpful but I was so embarrassed.

Years later, when the two of you had breakfast with me in my Emeryville apartment, Gil started to pick up his cup to drink the coffee, but somehow the cup continued to sit on the table and the handle, clutched by the index finger of Gil's right hand, was the only part of the cup that reached his face. It was then I remembered the cup had been mended years before, and that morning was the very day the glue decided to let go. The astonished look on Gil's face, capturing his suddenly altered expectations, was priceless! We all laughed because what happened was indeed funny. But what a contrast to my embarrassment years before when in retrospect dropping all my books was pretty funny, too.

Why the contrast? Because during those intervening years I had come to know both of you personally, and what a pleasure it has been. There have been many happy occasions — evening seminars in your Minnesota home; a summer session when Gil taught at Stanford; dining in East Lansing, Houston, and Tempe; a social evening planned by Mary and Ned Flanders which included your granddaughter, Lisa, here in the East Bay. And of course, Kathleen's newsy Christmas poems have added

their own web of continuity. So many pleasant memories for which to be grateful.

*My warm wishes to you both.
Helen Brandhorst Krumboltz*

Dearest Friends — Both Kathleen and Gil:

It has been wonderful to wander about on a glorious spring day filled with thoughts of your patient mentoring and nurturing caring, about, and over me the past forty plus years! You always willingly share your generous love with us, who are awed by your incomparable personal loving care of one another!

Patient Teacher

As a brash, young graduate student, I was calmly and kindly steered through too many dumb (or naive at best) incidents of blurting out in Seminars; when meditation and deliberation was a wiser course. "Dr. Wrenn, Professor — is likely our best teacher because he stays on campus and meets all his classes." Your loyal Assistant Clarence told me quickly I was rude, discourteous and owed an apology; which you accepted but you suggested my remark was openly honest. A slow learner was I. Later in a Counseling Seminar, I suggested reality was being stretched about the impact and value of counseling, since it was unlikely any seminarians had selected our field as a career choice with counselor help. Again, your patience prevailed and you defended my clumsy candor.

Masterful Mentors Were You Both

Your wisdom in inviting wives and significant others to your home seminars was very unique for professors. The discussions at couples seminars of sacrifices faced to facilitate one another's development and growth had important impact upon our marital and familial lives. On another occasion, I

thought I made a fine performance at a convention and apparently puffed up too much. Gil, you privately praised me; but more importantly instructed me about obligations to others less assertive than I. That mentoring moment impacted greatly on my attending skills. I recall many incidents when that mentoring led to fencing a lot of people in rather than out of activities I was privileged to coordinate. Your explaining to me why you handed a beggar a dollar was so instructive! Kathy and Gil sharing your excitement about entering a Life Care Retirement Center influenced our choice of the exciting adventure we are now experiencing.

Caring, Sharing and Modeling

The Gilbert and Kathleen Wrenn Award for Humanitarian and Caring Person is a wonderful testimony to your lifetime dedication to sharing generously your talent and relatively modest financial gains from your efforts in behalf of our profession. It is not happenstance this highly significant annual award to a person selected from ACA nominees spotlights our humane caring counselors and related professional members. During its first six or seven years, the fund principal diminished because you insisted the annual stipend be sufficiently notable among many other recognition traditions. Your permission to seek private gifts to permanently endow the fund was granted. Incredibly, a mailing to a refined list of just over 100 Wrenn friends, drew over 60 donations; totaling \$10,000 to a now permanently endowed fund. A wonderful tribute to your reputations for kindness and constant helping caring about and for others!

*MUCH LOVE AND MANY GOOD WISHES,
Chuck Lewis*

Dear Gil,

For me to consider working on a Ph.D. was very scary in 1947. After getting out of the Army I had received the top job I ever expected: Chief of the Veterans Administration Counseling Center at the University of Colorado. I had a salary three times what I had received as a high school teacher. How could I give that up and survive on the G.I. Bill for three years while getting a doctorate?

Hugh Bell, a lifelong friend of Gilbert Wrenn, went back to Chico State College after we worked closely together in the Army. He offered to give Gilbert a strong recommendation for me. Gilbert not only had the University of Minnesota accept me, but he also told Hugh that he would like to have me as his teaching assistant. How could I turn down a chance to work with one of the top persons in college personnel work and counseling psychology? Of course, I happily accepted. This turned out to be the best professional and personal choice of my life. I dread to think that I might have ended up teaching public school in Montana all my life.

To be assistant to one of the best magicians in the counseling psychology and college personnel field was a priceless opportunity for me. Every year since then and even more in my retirement, I realize what an unusual opportunity I had with Gilbert. Some of his basic precepts that were most influential in my own work came from working so closely with him for three years.

- *One must have one's own strong, growing philosophy in psychology.*
- *One must have a deep caring and love for each human being.*
- *One must read and study for a lifetime.*
- *One's mistakes and ineffective behaviors can be used for personal growth, which he showed me as he struggled at times with his own weaknesses.*
- *One person can't really change another but might inspire, excite, awaken, and enjoy his struggle to be.*
- *To know and take good care of oneself must be learned.*

His impact as my mentor and model helped me professionally, taught me how to be a good consultant, and inspired me to be active statewide and nationally. Gilbert Wrenn, creative, bright, kind, caring human being, gave me hope and direction that have deeply enriched my life.

Clarence Mahler

Dear Dr. Wrenn:

Greetings! I write this letter to share with you some reflections on the occasion of my retirement this year. On April 22nd, Northern AZ University President, Dr. Clara Lovett gave a very memorable Recognition dinner honoring the retirees among faculty, staff and other employees. I completed 33 years at NAU (1966-1996).

I was thinking of my first meeting with you at the University of Minnesota in September 1957. I had read your writings while still at the University of Bombay, India, before coming to Minneapolis. The first week of advising, you and Mrs. Kathleen Wrenn invited all of your advisees to your home at Barton Avenue in Minneapolis, for an evening seminar. It reminded me of a very ancient saying of The Upanishads, "Vasudevam Kutumbakam," meaning the World is One Family. It was at your seminar that "the extended family" was initiated, that what you had written came to life like magic from the pages of a fairy tale, coming alive in glimpses of you and Mrs. Wrenn — "the compleat counselor" — alert, vibrant, dynamic, sensitive and compassionate, the balance of the "yin" and "yang."

As I look back at our friendship, I feel singularly fortunate to have known you and Mrs. Wrenn, among the most caring and humanistic persons. I hereby salute you and congratulate you on the occasion of your 70th Wedding Anniversary in June; for your many and valued contributions to counseling, not only as a science, but as an art, and for having influenced literally hundreds of thousands of persons around the world

with your writings and by your living example. You, Dr. Wrenn, offered not only sight, but, insight and foresight with you pioneer leadership in building the leaders of tomorrow. As Helen Keller has said: "The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen, or even touched. They must be felt with the heart."

It is with great joy, honor and a profound sense of gratitude I express my deepest love and appreciation for what you have meant to me personally, and wish you both many years of happiness and fulfillment that you have given others.

*With kindest regards and best wishes,
Sincerely,
Vasant V. Merchant*

REFLECTIONS ON MY BIRTHMATE

“Mary and I were born on the same day. We will let you determine which of us was born first!” During our time together doing workshops for Search Institute in Minnesota, those were the words used by my friend, mentor and birthmate, C. Gilbert Wrenn.

My life changed forever in 1961 when I read “Counselor in a Changing World,” then again in 1975, when I was moved by “The Changing World of the Contemporary Counselor.” Little did I know during the ensuing years that their author would one day call me “friend.”

Watching you, Gilbert, for all these years since that first day in 1979 has been a highlight of my professional and personal life. While I regret that I came along too late in your “formal” career to benefit from your guidance and wisdom, I am so honored to have been and to be a part of your later life. I have kept every one of your inspirational letters and Kathleen’s notes.

Newt and I have benefitted so much from the modeling we have seen in the two of you. What you do not know is the secret watching I would do in a restaurant booth for several minutes before joining you for lunch or dinner. The language of love radiating from your glances taught me more about marriage than an encyclopedia.

Remember the time you and Kathleen, Larry and Glenda Winkler, Newt and I did that unusually crowded presentation at APGA on “Partnership Mentoring”? What an exciting

experience. Your visit to Reno, dinner at our home, thoughts on my writing, advice for Newt and me: "Mary, don't let your work get in the way of what really counts in your life, Newt and the boys — and they are such good boys!" I doubt that you would have had the time to share so much of yourself had we had a professor/student relationship. However, listening to your former students makes me feel that you were always the warm, gracious caring person I have known these last twenty years.

There was the Mentoring presentation arranged by Bob Nejedlo with Garry Walz, Judy Miranti, and Barbara Varenhorst. What fun! There was the tribute to you and Kathleen in Reno. How fortunate that we have had the two of you with us for these past wonderful years.

Finally, my dear friends, Gilbert and Kathleen, imprinted on my mind forever is the image of the two of you, you in classic, handsome eyepatch, Gilbert, walking up to the podium in St. Louis, to present me with the greatest honor of my professional life, the Humanitarian and Caring Person award. You know that each day of my life I pray to serve in a caring manner as if you were watching over my shoulder.

Let us make a date to celebrate your 100th together!!

Mary Finn Maples

Dear Gilbert,

I was among your last Ph.D. students at the University of Minnesota before you moved to Arizona State, and I believe I was your teaching assistant during the last quarter you taught at Minnesota. Both experiences — being a Wrenn Ph.D. and a Wrenn T.A. were graduate school highlights.

As a Wrenn Ph.D. student, I benefited a great deal from the bi-weekly Monday evening seminars in your home — and always looked forward to Kathleen's "treats." Those conversations with you and your other advisees were a wonderful supplement to formal classes and research.

More than 30 years after we worked together (1960-63), what are some of the important principles/values/perspectives which I feel I gained from our relationship?

- 1. Family must be given top priority.*
- 2. An academic career can be very satisfying.*
- 3. Ideas should be shared through publication.*
- 4. Clarity in writing is essential.*
- 5. One has an obligation to participate in (and, if called upon, play a leadership role in) professional organizations.*
- 6. Be a good listener.*
- 7. The principles of AAUP are vital to higher education.*
- 8. When the issues are important, one should be an active participant in the political process.*

These principles/values/perspectives have been (and continue to be) important to me. Thank you for your extraordinary contributions to my life.

*Best wishes,
Jack Rossmann*

Professor C. Gilbert Wrenn and Mrs. Kathleen L. Wrenn

Dear Parents:

You have always called us 'Your Egyptian children,' your letters were signed "Your American parents." In 1961, coming to the States was my first trip abroad, suddenly losing family and friendship ties, and feeling alone in a new environment. From the first week you were more than a professor and advisor: the invitation to attend your seminar at your house, and with your loving smile you always greeted me in the hall and asked me about how I was doing?

It was my very good fortune that you selected me as your advisee. What an honor. What an education for life. In my first week at the University of Minnesota, I hardly understood any professor. In my moments of anxiety, your caring and loving smile brought me back to hope, and you simply said: "You will understand us, you will get used to our language." Two months later, when my wife came from Egypt, you visited us and invited us to a thanksgiving dinner at your house. Mrs. Wrenn adopted Nagat. Nagat's English was not so good; Mrs. Wrenn was her first real English teacher,

You have been part of our daily living, and I believe that is true of all of us. I refer to us, your graduate students as 'The Wrenn Academic Family,' and here is Garry Walz refers to us as your 'Extended Family.' You created in us the feeling of being a family. When you gave your keynote address to the Sixth International Round Table for the Advancement of Counselling, held in Cambridge in 1974, you said that you were especially

happy because some of your former students were present, and you mentioned the names of professors Walter Johnson, John Krumboltz, and Abdalla Soliman. Your Christmas letters were full of paragraphs on your graduate students and their families recent news and achievements. Through these letters, the newer generations knew their older colleagues, and when some of us met for the first time, we immediately became friends. The name of Gilbert Wrenn has bound us together. The excellent education we got from you in life philosophy and skills, and in counseling, made many of us try to live up to your expectations and many of us became noted figures in academia.

When you were leaving the university of Minnesota (December 1993) you wanted to be sure that you will leave each of us in safe hands. You met with each of us to help him or her complete the degree or select a new advisor. You helped me to get an excellent advisor, E. Paul Torrence who has been another example of the caring mentor and advisor, and whatever achievement I made, it was because of your facilitating care and teaching.

You made each of us feel that he or she is a scholar in his or her own right. You called me one early morning in April 1965 during the APGA annual convention in Minneapolis and asked me to summarize the Arthur Coombs-John Krumboltz debate. Over lunch when I handed you my comments you said that you were there and heard my question to Krumboltz. Then you said that you felt especially happy that some of your students became famous humanistic psychologists (e.g. C. H. Patterson), while others are noted behavioral counseling psychologists (e.g. John D. Krumboltz); others like me might pave a different path.

That indicated to you one important thing: you gave your students the freedom to develop into whatever philosophy and theory were meaningful to them. You encouraged each of us to become ourselves, to develop our own theory and philosophy.

My family have been very fortunate to be adopted by you. Nagat, Amel and I have enjoyed Mrs. Wrenn's wonderful motherly care. The many visits to you in Tempe have always brought us joy and feelings of worth. And we became brother and sister to Bob and Marcy Wrenn. And Amel grew up calling you Grandpa and Grandma.

I have been more fortunate than others in continuing to enjoy your caring till the writing of this letter. God bless you for all the wonderful things you have done for the many, many people you have known.

*Lovingly,
Abdalla M. Soliman, and Nagat,
Amel, Sherif, Kareem, and Sarah
Department of Psychology,
The United Arab Emirates University*

Dear Gil,

I reminisce as I write this letter, thinking of our unique and deep relationship that has grown over the years. I think of coming to you as a graduate student, delighted that you would serve as my major advisor, a role that has modified over the years. You have become my mentor and in an affectionate way, my father. During the 35 years that I served as President of Search Institute, you were always available as consultant and Board member, even though you hated to leave the warm climate of Tempe and come to a cold Minneapolis winter.

I have admired your many accomplishments, your speeches, seminars, books, and classroom teaching. The excellence of your professional career is very evident when I am in your office and see the professional awards that fill two of its walls.

Though excelling in your profession you have done so without trying to advance yourself. You have exemplified to me a caring, sensitive, faith-oriented life. I have said often to my dear wife Irene — “Gil’s life exemplifies the gospel, the core of which is love, caring, and serving the needs of others.”

I remember well the time you gave an acceptance speech for an award given you by the American Psychological Association in Washington, D.C. There were thousands of psychologists in the audience, a good share of whom, we can assume, were anti-religious. What did you do? In your concluding point you talked about the faith that motivates you and gives meaning to your life. The surprised audience burst into thunderous applause when you finished. Later, when having

coffee you told me that you did this as a calculated risk because you wanted to.

Please know that Irene and I have an abiding, deep affection for you and your wonderful wife, Kathleen. It is always a joy when we can see you in Tempe and enjoy a dinner at the restaurant by the lake.

Though now we are separated from you most of the year, you continue to influence my life as mentor. And let me add, both of you are frequently in our prayers — prayers of thanksgiving and prayers for your health and happiness.

*Affectionately yours,
Merton Strommen*

Dear Gil and Kathy,

We are delighted to share in this remembrance of how you touched our lives. You both amazed me (Tom) several years ago when you recounted our first meeting in South Carolina in 1965. I had the privilege of inviting Gil to speak and chauffeured both of you during your stay there. You became my heroes during that visit but I never thought among all the people you met that you would have reason to remember me. Your loving relationship so easily extended to all of your relationships that I felt it more deeply than I can express.

More recently, I felt especially privileged when Kathy told me that I was one of her “boys.” Next to singing with Kathy for Gil and Jane, what more could I ask for in a peak experience?

I (Jane) learned of Gilbert’s work while a graduate student at the University of Florida. Though never having met, I felt a special bond to this “giant” of my profession, whose presence seemed real even through the pages of journals and books. Imagine my surprise to receive a beautiful, encouraging, handwritten note from Dr. Gilbert Wrenn commending me on my dissertation research on older persons! I later learned that Gilbert had nominated the research for a national award, received from ACA early in my career. Over the years, I have come to know and cherish those handwritten notes on many occasions. They seem to come when needed most.

Your notes of encouragement and love throughout the years are still very present and special to each of us. Your unwavering faith and support have been essential at critical

times not always known to others. It's that kind of love which we strive to share through our relationships with others. We still read the book you gave us and share it with others, "A Touch of Wonder," which is what you have been in our lives. You have been role models for the relationship we share.

No doubt the most telling and touching story which we may have to share relates to our interview with you for the Chi Sigma Iota Distinguished Scholars Series. You will recall that you had each been sharing what was special about the other and your relationship over the years. Quite spontaneously, Kathy stopped and then looked at Gil and said, "Well, I have never had an inclination to have an affair but if I did, I'd want to talk it over with Gilbert because he's my best friend!" And without hesitation Gil responded, "And I would say, well, Kathy, I'm sure that you've given this a lot of thought and would want you to do what's going to make you happy!" We still talk about the trust, the respect, and the confidence which you conveyed through that brief disclosure. That taped interview is one of our treasures to this day.

Thank you for the many ways and the many times in which you have touched our lives and continue to do so. We only hope we can serve for others the role you have filled in our lives.

*With much respect and love,
Tom Sweeney & Jane Myers*

Gilbert and Kathleen Wrenn,

How fast time passes! It has been over four decades since I first had contact with you. Yet, many of my experiences are as vivid as if they occurred yesterday. At totally unpredictable times various memories will re-emerge and make me laugh, remember with joyful nostalgia or even cringe a bit. Here are some of my more cherished memories.

- *Being a young Air Force Lieutenant listening to a gathering of students in St. Louis saying, "If you want to learn counseling, study under Gil Wrenn at Minnesota." I did with Bill Dugan as Co-Advisor and it was one of the best decisions I ever made.*
- *Discussing with you earning a Ph.D. in Educational Psych even though I had never been a teacher — you consented after rigorous persuasion!*
- *The pleasure of coming to your house for the doctoral seminar and getting to know you and Kathleen as real persons — a delight! Kathleen still kids me about how "quiet I was." What a change!*
- *The pride and pleasure of having you select an article I had written for inclusion in the Journal of Counseling Psychology — one of my first major professional publications.*
- *My great appreciation at having you speak at conferences and workshops I put on over the years at Minnesota, North Dakota and Michigan. A special treat was having the two of you in a program at ACA in Reno where everyone's heart went out to you and Kathleen.*

- *Visits with you at Friendship Village and basking in the pleasure of spending time and reminiscing with you two about life and tomorrow — how caring and wise you both are!*
- *The special strength and verve it brings to me to think of you two and know of your love and support—with it I feel I can do anything and everything.*

So I say to you what a gift it has been to know and love you two and go through life with you in my mind and heart. Much of what I am most proud of about myself I owe to you.

*My deepest thanks and appreciation!
Garry R. Walz*

Dear Dr. Wrenn,

What approach should I take in writing a letter to you? Guess I could ask my adviser about that, like in the good old days. Everything today seems to be communicated by futuristic letter abbreviations, so let's see what that may bring. A few random letters:

3M Many Minnesota Memories

The fall of 1956, 40 years ago exactly. How time flies. I was just getting out of the navy, and off to Minneapolis to begin graduate school; educational psychology, a far cry from engineering, industrial psych, and naval science. I took a class from you that first quarter. received an A. and the rest, as they say, is history. I had made the right decision and with your help and encouragement, the future looked bright.

I remember the beautiful fall seasons of Minnesota, with the excitement of football and two Rose Bowl appearances. Unfortunately, I also remember winter and shoveling my car out of the snowdrift —during study time, of course. Then the spring season, all week of it. Summers were pleasant, especially if you liked mosquitoes. My first teaching began in summer with the NDEA Institutes. A few bugs in that, too, as I remember.

Fridays meant the Minneapolis Symphony at student rates — a beginning of a life-enhancing interest. (Kathleen did her part in that area also). When the Metropolitan Opera came to campus each spring, I attended all eight operas in seven days. Now I have season tickets to the San Francisco Opera — ten operas over four months, a little more leisurely way to fulfill

that passion. This year's opening, "Prince Igor" is on September 6, my 65th birthday. Good way to begin retirement.

U of M (Ultimate of Mentors)

Many people bemoan the lack of mentors these days. Was I ever lucky! The entire counseling profession looks upon you as a mentor, and I was able to receive my mentoring in the classroom, in the office (next door), the living room (yours), and the kitchen (Kathleen's), Monday nights at the Wrenns', what a nice way to begin the week. I still like to slip it into the conversation when others mention knowing you. That kind of one-upsmanship makes me feel a little guilty, but only for a minute or two.

APGA All Professional Goals Achieved (At least Approached)

Early on I learned from you that anything was possible if one only tried hard enough. After the Masters Degree came my first professional job—counselor at University High School. (My two sons went to San Francisco University High School 25 years later.) Then the doctorate and my main and last professional position, Professor of Counseling at San Francisco State University (SFSU). My tenure in ACES positions brought much pleasure and reward, not to mention many lifelong friendships. It was wonderful way to give something back to the profession, while bringing enjoyment at the same time.

SFSU Sincere Friend; Sage Undisputed

You and Kathleen were both good friends as well as surrogate parents to me, and I always paid great attention to

your advice: "It's data, not data, and status, not status." I even followed you out West: "Go west, young man, go west ." Of course, your announcement that you were about to leave Minnesota was one thing I heard loud and clear. I finished my dissertation and degree PDQI

*ACES Always Committed to Encouraging Students
AACD And Always Conscientiously Devoted*

There are typically a few scary moments and low points during a student's life; dealing with school itself, the professional future, and personal and family issues. It doesn't stop after the professional life begins either. The many moments of encouragement were so important, and devotion to the welfare of your students was extraordinary. During and after my two heart surgeries I have utilized many moments from our past to help me get through some of the rough spots.

ACA Are Certainly Appreciated

Yes you are!

I'll never be able to thank you enough for all that you have given to me and done for me, but I do hope you feel appreciated.

*With deep gratitude and great fondness,
Jim Winfrey*

PUBLICATIONS

By Gordon Sabine

“But you can’t do that.”

“Can’t do what?” Gilbert Wrenn responded.

“Do this book and leave out all the facts and figures about the other books and chapters in books and guidance booklets you’ve published over the years, and how absolutely huge their sales were.”

“Too pushy,” Gilbert judged. “Wouldn’t look good.”

“Well, then, if you don’t do it, I shall.”

And that’s how you happen to be reading the present segment and learning about this man’s truly astounding publishing history.

He had so much influence with students and colleagues in person. You already know about that. But how many more times his influence spread around the world through the printed page is revealed here for the first time.

He has various books and booklets printed in ten languages (from languages in Norwegian and Icelandic to Hindi, from Korean and Japanese to several South American Spanish dialectics, and so on.)

The most astonishing fact about the Wrenn publishing record is the total number of copies of his books and booklets written and books edited that were sold. The fact that many of those publications

had long, long lives — two were more than 50 years — contributed to that total, of course. But since his first book was published in 1931, that total number of books, booklets, tests written and books edited has soared to 5,836,000 copies.

Five million, eight hundred thirty-six thousand copies!

No, that's not a misprint. They were:

Eight books, 239,000 copies. They were:

WORKBOOK IN VOCATIONS with W. M. Proctor, my M.A. adviser at Stanford. Houghton Mifflin. Boston 1931.

TIME ON THEIR HANDS with D. D. Harley, American Council on Education. Washington 1941.

STUDENT PERSONNEL PROBLEMS: A STUDY with Reginald Bell. Farrar and Rinehart. New York 1941.

AIDS TO GROUP GUIDANCE with Shirley Pratt. Educational Publishers. Minneapolis 1942. Later published as *Planned Group Guidance*, American Guidance Service, 1961.

STUDENT PERSONNEL WORK IN COLLEGE Ronald Press, New York 1951. A first in its field.

LEARNING TO STUDY with J. Krumboltz and W.

Farquhar, Michigan State University. Ronald Press. New York 1961.

THE COUNSELOR IN A CHANGING WORLD
American Personnel and Guidance Association. Washington, 1962. A first book on the relationship of the future of society to the future of counseling.

THE WORLD OF THE CONTEMPORARY COUNSELOR Research Assistant, Lynn Leonard, Arizona State University. Houghton Mifflin. Boston 1973.

He wrote five booklets in a Study Habits Series published by the Stanford University Press, Palo Alto. The booklets sold 1,276,000 copies. They were:

PRACTICAL STUDY AIDS. 1931. Nineteenth printing 1956. Sold through 1971.

STUDY HINTS FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS. 1932. Thirteenth printing 1956. Sold through 1970.

READING RAPIDLY AND WELL. With Luella Cole, University of California, Berkeley 1935. Second Edition 1956. Sold through 1976.

STUDYING EFFECTIVELY. With Robert Larson, University of Illinois. 1941. Second Edition 1955. Still

selling, 1995. The first three booklets were each useful for 38 years or more, while this fourth booklet has a remarkable history of 54 years (sales of 816,000 — included in the above total for booklets) and still selling.

BUILDING SELF CONFIDENCE. Reproduced by Science Research Associates. Chicago 1953. This booklet also became Chapter 2 of a book by William Menninger, *How To Be a Successful Teenager*. Sterling Publishing, New York. 1954-1966. Drs. Karl and William Menninger were the founders of the Menninger Institute of Topeka, Psychiatry and Mental Health, for which Gilbert was a consultant at one time.

Gilbert also wrote *Study Habits Inventory*, a four-page test. Also a Stanford Press product. A tryout edition was published in 1935, with complete re-standardization and norm tables (with the assistance of William H. Humber) in 1941. Also a steady seller for 54 years — 1,986,000 copies -and still selling.

Both the booklets and the test above have sold in several other countries as well as the United States.

COPING WITH SERIES, twenty-three booklets written with Shirley Schwartzrock. American Guidance Service, Circle Pines, Minn., 1971 - 1982. The second edition, 1983, was written by Schwartzrock with Wrenn as consulting editor. The

booklets were on a variety of youth problems such as "Living with Loneliness", "My Life: What Shall I Do With It?", "To Like and Be Liked, Facts and Fantasies About Drugs", "Facts and Fantasies About Alcohol", "Facts and Fantasies About Smoking", "Crises Youth Face Today", "Parents Can Be a Problem", and "Coping With Emotional Pain". These booklets are written for youth and are illustrated vignettes of young people in action. The sale of first edition only was 1,330,000 copies. The second edition was still selling in 1994.

Gilbert edited 42 professional texts in a series on Counseling and Student Personnel Work, for Houghton Mifflin Co., 1961-74. He edited two other professional books: REAL FRIENDS, by Barbara Varenhorst and PROBLEMS OF CONTEMPORARY YOUTH by Shirley Schwartzrock, which still being published by the American Guidance Service. The total sale of all books edited is 1,005,000.

In addition, Gilbert wrote 41 invited chapters for books by other authors. Also, he was the Founding Editor of the Journal of Counseling Psychology and edited it for its first 10 years, 1953-63 and "grew" its circulation from zero to 3,000 plus. This was first published privately and then sold to the American Psychological Association, 1965. It now has a circulation of 8,500 (not counted in Gilbert's total numbers of publications sold).

RECIPIENTS OF THE ACA GILBERT AND KATHLEEN WRENN AWARD FOR HUMANITARIAN AND CARING PERSON

This is an annual award honoring a person who gives to others without fanfare or expectation of reward other than the personal satisfaction in seeing other people made happier or the social milieu given more integrity. Gilbert and Kathleen founded this award as a witness to their love and admiration for those who truly care for the welfare of others and who care about social issues and problems.

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Charleston, WV 25314
304/346-4720

1995 RECIPIENT

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Lynchburg, VA 24501
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1994 RECIPIENT

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Center for Play Therapy
University of North Texas
P.O. Box 13857
Denton, TX 76203

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902-C Avenue "A"
Tuskegee, AL 36088
205/727-8135

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5207 South Atlantic Ave
Unit 426
New Smyrna Beach, FL
32169-4550

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Richmond, VA 23221
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1986 RECIPIENT

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617/773-1945

Dr. Donnie G. Conner
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Richmond, VA 23221
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1985 RECIPIENT

Ms. Daisy E. Takacs
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Apartment #156
Port Charlotte, FL 33952
813/764-0755

1984 RECIPIENT

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ERIC/CASS
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800/414-9769

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1981 RECIPIENT

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(Deceased)

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Evelyn G. Rimel
708 North Grove
Missoula, MT 59801

1976 RECIPIENT

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Series (Identify Series): <i>(Author) C. Gilbert Wrenn</i>	
Division/Department Publications (Specify):	Publication Date: <i>1996</i>

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