

EDITORIAL: "WHO IN THE WORLD AM I?"

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It is with great humility and honor that I offer this issue of *The Person-Centered Journal*. This edition is a product of the authors, the editors, the reviewers, and a particular individual, Jo Cohen, who has been very instrumental in her efforts for this volume. Jo also accepted my invitation to act as interim editor during the decision and transition of a newly elected editor to be determined at the National Conference of the Association for the Development of the Person-Centered Approach. Hopefully, this will ensure consistency in publication, one of the struggles inherent in the growth of this journal.

This will be the last edition that I have the honor to facilitate. Upon reflection of the last seven years and my involvement with the journal, I wish to thank everyone who has invited me "down this path" and who has supported my meager efforts. One of the avenues for contribution that I found when I attended my first national conference of the Association for the Development of the Person-Centered Approach in 1990 was the journal. At that time *The Person-Centered Review* was in the throes of struggle and eventually was no longer published. I felt that it would be a great loss if there were not a medium for scholarly and creative, but most importantly personal expression and growth in regards to the person-centered approach. I was eager to offer my skills and open myself to continued growth in this medium.

Upon retrospect, I admit that I hungered for more - more about this "way of being" that seemed to so permeate my life, personally and professionally and on all other levels that defy categorization. I voraciously read and researched in an effort to discover what had happened to me, to identify and to understand this phenomena. Along the way, I found that my "being with children" in schools became richer and more wonder-filled - not only in a counseling capacity but with the phenomena of life and living and the miracle of actualizing. Upon remembering several incidents that occurred during these years, I know that I would have been thwarted in my attempts to be with children. Some of the incidents are - holding a young child in my arms as she wept - without words, without explanations, and being a part of the therapeutic healing that emanated from within the child; and, - standing face-to-face with a young man brandishing a broken bottle, threatening me and then himself, but somehow having a "knowing" that the threat, the broken bottle, the physical stance were merely reflections of his inner struggles and my being able to remain centered with that view of the world instead of my fears, and in turn the young man knowing that I have heard him - a part of him that others were unable to hear, but more importantly he was able to hear himself more deeply than ever before. These memories are memories of my growing in the "knowings" that I discovered in my sojourn enhanced by my involvement in the journal.

So, as I conclude my editorial duties, I again am reminded of what I have called "knowings" that I think that I have discovered. I have come to realize that just when I think I "have it," the "knowing" eludes me. I have determined that while the struggle to discover is a driving force for me, I believe that trying to discover is more than the process. Perhaps this is true not only for me

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but for the development of *The Person-Centered Journal*, a continuous and consistent struggle toward being. What is important for me is to know that I do not know - but the discovering and imagining is a trek that I have chosen. In the immortal words of Alice in *Alice in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll (1864),

Dear, dear! How queer everything is today. And yesterday things went just as usual. I wonder if I've changed in the night? Let me think: Was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is "Who in the World am I?" Ah, that's the puzzle.