

SPECIAL SECTION

This section has been added with the intention of encouraging responses to articles and transcripts published in previous editions. It has also been added to encourage individuals to submit scholarly reflections of their experiences at person-centered and client-centered workshops and training programs. Additionally, this section has been added to encourage submission of manuscripts by students and practitioners of creative works. It is the Association's intention to create an interactive journal promoting further development and growth in client-centered therapy and the person-centered approach.

A PLEA FOR UNDERSTANDING

by Thair R. Dieffenbach

Yes, I am getting older. It may take me awhile to get up from the sofa. I may not be able to hear as well as I did when I was younger - especially if there is a great deal of background noise. Yes, I may walk into a room and forget the reason I entered. I may misplace my keys, my hairbrush, and my glasses. I may forget where I was headed in a conversation, or I may travel to another subject.

Please do not talk as if I am not in the room. Do not talk behind my back or make faces that you think I do not see. When you start in this life your memory is like a clean chalkboard - every experience you have is carefully jotted down and easily retrieved. My "chalkboard" has been filling up for many years. The chalk has to overlap in order to fit. Sometimes when I go to retrieve something, it is tangled up with all the other information of my life.

If you rush me, or if you hover over me waiting to "catch" me forgetting, you only cause me undue stress and make my chalkboard wiggle and get out of focus.

I am not dumb, I am not a child. I continue to have opinions and much of my advice has been hard earned from the myriad of years that I have experienced on this fair earth. My body may fail me, my memory may fog, but my wisdom is still there if you will give me a chance.

When I was 30 and I forgot something, no one noticed. When I was 40 and forgot why I entered a room, no one dwelt on it. When I was 50 and lost my train of thought, it was because I had too much on my mind.

Please do not treat me differently because I am now 70, 80, 90 or 100+. I am still me and I still have a lot on my mind. In fact, I have more on my mind now, then before. My chalkboard may be crowded, but it is definitely not blank. Please remember that one day, if you are lucky, you may be my age and your treatment and behavior towards me will be a model for your children.

Please treat me with the respect that I deserve.

PRETENSE

*by Nicholas Mazza, Ph.D.
Florida State University*

pretense
is
the tool
that
pierces
and
inflates
in one round of thought

HAIKU POEMS

*by Joe Utay
Eastern Kentucky University*

Orange Cool Glow of Morning Sky

Ooh, now that's pretty.
Orange cool glow of morning sky.
Pulls me to the source.

The Crisp Morning Air

The crisp morning air
walks my dog every day.
My wound watch walks me.

LANTERN POEMS

(A lantern is a style of poem which began in the 1930s. It has 5 lines of 1, 2, 3, 4, and 1 syllables.)

*by Joe Utay
Eastern Kentucky University*

Love ...

Love ...

A door.

No, doorway.

No, passage way.

... Yeah.

Love Will. Heal

Love

will heal

starting now

still and moving.

Watch!

What? Listen.

What?

Listen.

To nature?

Does nature speak?

Oh.