

CHAPTER EIGHT

WHO WANTS TO WORK?

Marie's road back from nothing to becoming a productive member of society was possible only because of the assistance of the State of California's Department of Rehabilitation. This agency, funded with both federal and state funds, provides vocational training assistance to citizens who are vocationally handicapped because of physical or mental illness. "Voc. Rehab.," as it is affectionately called, has offices in almost all hamlets in California, and an equivalent service is available in every other state.

When Dr. Dailey first interviewed Sad Marie in March of 1978, she had no daily activities, except for helping her mother take care of the apartments where they lived. Dr. Dailey wondered what Sad Marie would be doing all day long, with no job or any prospects of one. Since she had a high school education and experience as a dental assistant, she was intelligent enough to learn some type of trade. Dr. Dailey referred her to the Voc. Rehab. counselor assigned to serve MHS clients.

Dr. Dailey's referral slip went to Haley Richmond, who had recently joined the agency. She was new to Voc. Rehab. but not to helping others. She had been a Child Protective Services worker for the Social Welfare Departments of Butte and Yolo Counties, working with Hispanic clients. But she hated to be always removing children from bad home environments.

After three years this difficult work, she welcomed the offer from Voc. Rehab. to work for them as a Spanish-speaking counselor.

Richmond was a determined young lady who did whatever was needed to help her clients. When Sad Marie first met Richmond, she found Richmond to be a short, red haired "upbeat" woman, whose attitude attracted others to listen to her and her way of thinking. She was bright and focused and looked on the positive side of every client. She wanted to know what her clients could

do, instead of what they couldn't do. Richmond was so lively, she put Sad Marie off guard. She was as positive as Sad Marie was negative. Richmond had her opinions, and Sad Marie dared have none. Richmond was her own woman, and a well put together one at that. Sad Marie was definitely not put together at all.

Becky was blissful now that all the planning was about to show results. She was blissful to be working again with Abby, Richmond's Essence. Abby and Becky had worked closely together in a previous lifetime with their respective charges.

To Richmond, Sad Marie was a pabulum-faced lady with very little expression and lots of tears. After asking the questions she needed for the official forms, she asked, "What do you want to become, vocationally?"

Sad Marie answered, "I want to be an interpreter for the deaf, to know sign language well enough to teach the deaf."

Richmond sat back and thought. Sometimes clients came to her with a completely impossible dream that they wanted her to help them accomplish immediately. Sometimes they had no idea what to do with a reasonable, achievable goal that they could

you are eligible to enroll there. We should have no trouble getting you signed up for those courses. Let me check with Doug Ince, a counselor at ARC, and see what he thinks of the idea."

Sad Marie was relieved that someone took her dream of becoming a teacher of the deaf seriously. She knew what it was like to be isolated from others because one could not hear, as she had spent most of a year that way. She felt, deep down inside her, that her role in life was to be a teacher to those who didn't have the physical abilities she was graced to possess.

During the next few weeks, she and Richmond had more discussions on what might happen in her vocational program. She was grateful Richmond took the time to describe how the agency operated. Richmond explained that rehabilitation counseling was one of the most personal relationships of a bureaucrat to an individual that there is in our society. It was a "start to finish" relationship and a very personal one at that. She explained that there were large peaks and valleys that would involve both of them. Trust had to build between them, and they both had to understand that not everyone is going to do everything right all the time. In a bureaucratic goofy way, it was like a marriage. They would enter into a relationship, each of them would learn more about the other, each would grow and expand, and they would work things out as they went through difficulties. The focus would be on helping Sad Marie toward independence by gaining the greatest possible abilities she could achieve.

Sad Marie appreciated that Richmond was a person who seemed different from other government workers she had met in the past. She focused on what Sad Marie wanted to do, not what she thought she ought to do. She didn't argue with Sad Marie that her choice of goals was ridiculous or silly. She just accepted it for what it was -- her choice. Richmond was asking Sad Marie, "If you could be anything you wanted, if you could be Queen for a Day, who would you choose yourself to be? Once you make that choice, let's you and I

get as close to it as we possibly can. If we can't get close vocationally, can we get close avocationally? If that is so, then we want to make sure that what you do vocationally doesn't take away from what you really enjoy, what really pushes your buttons. Maybe the vocation will be the means to an end, which will be something else you enjoy doing more. Sometimes the job itself is the end you are looking for, sometimes it is something else that you want to do with your life, and the job is the means to that end. Figuring that out is one of the primary things we need to do in this relationship of ours."

To justify spending her agency's money on Sad Marie, Richmond had to make sure she met the eligibility criteria. She had to have a demonstrable disability, a functional limitation to employment. There had to be a reasonable expectation that Sad Marie would obtain full employment. This last item was known as the feasibility that the client could ever be employed. This was a purely subjective judgment call. Feasibility, the "F-word," as it was called, could either make or break an application.

To get confirmation of a psychiatric disability, Richmond phoned me and asked what I thought was Sad Marie's diagnosis.

"She's one with multiple personalities," I said. "I'm not sure yet how many there are, but I've seen some violent and sexy ones so far, also a child one. I just started with her so I'm not yet sure what we're going to find in there. What does she want to become?"

Richmond was taken aback, having never heard of anyone with multiple personalities. She had immediate doubts about this doctor's sanity. She thought he must be crazier than his patient. She had never seen anything in Sad Marie like he was describing, just a mamby pambly very dull lady, who was completely unfocused. She thought that this was too far out, too hokey. It was a good story line, but it couldn't be for real. This guy must be conning this woman and collecting a fat fee for doing it. She figured she had a kooky loony for a client with an even kookier doctor.

Becky was aware that Richmond was not

ready to understand about her charge's illness. But the plan was in place and had to be followed. The time had come for Richmond to know the whole story of her charge. Becky talked to Abby and told her to watch her charge, Richmond, as the test for Richmond would soon be starting.

When Richmond met me, she found me to be her opposite in many ways. Richmond was short, and I was tall. Richmond was vivacious, and I was reserved. But on one point we agreed; we both wanted nothing but the best for our clients, including Sad Marie. After that meeting, Richmond's opinion of me was slightly better. I was still a little weird to her, and how could I have made such a wrong diagnosis on this beaten down lady who cried so easily over everything? Over time, Richmond and I grew on each other and finally became a cohesive force that was strong enough to help Sad Marie become everything she was meant to become.

Two months into the first semester of college, Michelle, a helper alter-personality, asked me to videotape Sad Marie and several of her "psychic sisters" so Richmond could realize Sad Marie really had MPD. Richmond agreed to bring a video camera to the Broderick clinic and film Sad Marie there. Ed Hasbrough, her partner, agreed to operate the camera so she and I could do the interviewing. Becky knew it was the time for Richmond to see exactly what was wrong with her charge. It was also a test for Richmond.

With Hasbrough filming them, I called out those alter-personalities whom I had met so far. Richmond met and interviewed Sad Marie, Mary Lou, Lisa Kay, Michelle, Wendy, Lynn, and Helen. All went well until Lisa Kay arrived. Richmond immediately seemed emotionally charged up and fascinated by Lisa Kay's descriptions of her sexual exploits. The more she told of her wild days and even wilder nights, the more Richmond was captivated and wanted to hear more.

Becky was concerned with the possibility Richmond was entranced with the exploits of Lisa Kay and was going to fail this test. She immedi-

ately communed with Michael, my Essence, and asked him to be sure I knew what was happening with Richmond as she interacted with Lisa Kay. Michael told Becky that his charge had noticed and was already alarmed. Michael had told Abby to calm down her charge, Richmond, as Lisa Kay was a "hostile psychic sister" and should not be praised or found exciting. Abby told both Michael and Becky she would let Richmond know this, but, because Richmond had not yet learned about her, she would have to tell her during her dreams.

Abby let them know they should not be concerned about Richmond, that she would change, as this was the first time she had seen anything like this. Richmond had found it intriguing, and that was all.

Becky and Michael asked Abby to continue to help Richmond work with Becky's charge. She knew that "The Creator" had laid out the plan, and that they could not stop it. Becky told Abby that she looked forward to working with her as long as Richmond had Sad Marie for a client.

Consciously, I thought, *"Whoa here! Lisa Kay is always trying to kill me, hates all men, is ready to slash my throat, and her Voc. Rehab. counselor is identifying with her most of all. What's going on here? If Haley is going to identify with the negative part of this patient of mine, I'm not so sure I want her on the case."*

I kept these thoughts to himself. The point of the experience was to persuade Richmond that my diagnosis was correct, and that was being accomplished. I calculated correctly that this unexpected side effect was something those in charge inside Sad Marie would have to keep in mind and deal with as needed.

Becky was blissful to see that Richmond was not completely taken over by Lisa Kay and her exploits. Becky knew that, inside each human being, is a side that wants to be reckless and to have the guts to say and do anything. That was the way it was with Richmond then in her life, as she had some growing up to do.

Richmond had a policy of sticking to the

vocational issues in her counseling and not wandering off into psychopathology. Her model of a rehabilitation counselor was to say, "This is what we are going to try to do. Let me know if there is a problem. If there is, we will try to fix it." Richmond carefully stayed on that one track, and she never moved into counseling of personal problems.

To her, it was like bringing up teenagers. She wanted to let them have as much self determination as possible so they could learn how to use it. At the same time, she had to be sure they didn't have too much before they learned how to use it. She let me do what I was supposed to do with Sad Marie, while she was on another track, doing what she had to do to assist her client.

Richmond was new to the community and had always enjoyed working with those involved in the agencies that could help her clients. She made it her mission to become acquainted with the various facilities in Sacramento and the surrounding communities.

During her initial visit to the Sacramento Rehabilitation Facility (SRF), she met the Program Coordinator, Rebecca Worth. Once she became acquainted with the staff there, they found they had a lot in common. They shared their feelings of frustration about some of the activities they wished they could do, improvements that neither of their employers were yet ready to allow them to make.

SRF operated a program for clients with developmental disabilities. Such places appeared to Richmond to be warehouses where "happy little campers" put doilies together. They all pulled up in the big yellow bus every morning, sat down at the tables and did their doilies. Then, in the afternoon, they all went home.

No one had thought to use such a facility for the mentally ill, but there was no rule against it. Richmond wanted a place where she could have Sad Marie observed, where the staff would let her know what was happening and how often, what kind of behavioral problems she had, what interactions with people provoked it, what actions led toward her stability. She wanted a competent

vocational assessment. They were to look at Sad Marie's behavior, the good, the bad, and the ugly, as it pertained to interrelationships with the consumers and the peer groups there. Then they were to let her know their opinion of her ability to work.

Richmond was willing to pay them to do that, including hourly pay for Sad Marie while she worked. During that time, Worth and her staff would observe and record her behavior for their assessment report to Richmond.

During the counseling sessions, she began to realize Sad Marie was not a stupid person. She initially seemed dull, because she was completely unfocused. She knew what she wanted to be, as far as a vocation was concerned. Otherwise, she was spread all over the map. It was hard for Richmond to bring Sad Marie to a point. She figured that she must be a nice person to want to help people, and signing would allow her to do that.

During the summer break from school, Sad Marie was assigned to work at SRF as a receptionist five days a week. Officially, she was there for Work Evaluation, Work Adjustment, and Work Experience. The official plan worked out between Richmond and Worth was for Worth's staff to observe Sad Marie long enough so that Richmond could have an impressive report that would support further training expenditures. So far, she had not gotten any flack from her supervisor, as Sad Marie was going to a publicly supported Junior College, where fees were minimal. But, for more specific training, which would involve expenditure of agency funds, she would have to be able to prove the "F-word," feasibility, to become employed. If she had proof Sad Marie had abilities to utilize, while the disabilities could be identified and scheduled for remediation, her plan of action would fly in her office.

Rebecca Worth was a young, vivacious woman with five years experience in the rehabilitation field. After receiving her master's degree in rehabilitation and serving an internship, she com-

pleted another year's internship in a psychiatric hospital in Oakland, California. She then worked in Yuba City for a few years, before taking the job in Sacramento. Although her job was to supervise the work experience of the clients with developmental disabilities, she was challenged and intrigued by Richmond's suggestion that she take on this mentally ill client of hers and see what they could find out about her. Richmond told her that the psychiatrist's diagnosis was multiple personality disorder. Worth had heard of the disorder but had never read anything about it. It was a big mystery to her.

When she first met Sad Marie, she was just another person to her. Worth did not have any preconceived ideas about her. She could assign her to any job she chose. Sad Marie appeared to be able to follow instructions and work as the center receptionist. Worth thought that job would be the best place for her to start, as Sad Marie would be acting as a staff member, not one of the developmentally disabled workshop clients. She would have regular contact with members of both groups, as well as with visitors. Thus, Worth could see how she handled a wide variety of interpersonal relationships in a work setting.

When Sad Marie met Worth for the first time, she thought Worth was a hippie from the 60's because she wore jeans and Birkenstock shoes. Sad Marie thought, "This person is not someone who runs a program; she isn't even dressed professionally. What gives here?" Sad Marie understood Richmond, but Worth was completely different. She had blonde hair and was a bit taller than Sad Marie. Worth's mind was sharp, and she was helpful and caring. To Sad Marie, Worth was bigger than life and attractive with her outgoing and helpful ways. Sad Marie was afraid she could not live up to Worth's expectations.

Becky knew Worth's Essence, Vicky, as she, Vicky, and Michael had worked together many times before with their charges, and each had worked in concert with the others without skipping a beat. Becky was blissful to finally be allowed to work with Vicky again. Worth had grown and was

listening to Vicky this time. In due time, Worth was going to become what she thought she could never become.

Becky told Michael to let his charge know how blissful she was that the three of them were back together again, like the Three Musketeers. Becky was blissful with the arrangements at SRF, but she asked Michael to tell his charge that major problems were coming soon.

Michael told Becky that he would let me know this in my dreams. He would be glad when his charge opened his ears to Michael, as I paid little attention to my dreams. Michael was getting concerned that his charge would leave his job of putting Sad Marie back together before the work was completed.

He expressed these concerns to Becky, who assured him that it was alright if I left before integration was finally completed, as they could finish what I had not completed before leaving. Becky agreed with Michael that their charges should start listening to them, but there was nothing more they could do to get their attention.

Worth wasn't sure what she had gotten herself in for. But she was in a defensive mode with her boss, and she felt a need to prove herself. So, instead of being cautious and taking things slowly, she committed herself and her staff to a full-time evaluation of Sad Marie for Richmond and Voc. Rehab. for as long as was needed.

Still, she gritted her teeth out of fear that something was going to happen. She didn't know what that might be, but she had the feeling that something would blow up sooner or later.

It did. Sad Marie came into her office after Jerry Daniels, Worth's assistant, had criticized her in a way that irritated her. Sad Marie was not programmed to become angry. She could only become mildly upset. It scared Sad Marie to become more than a little upset over anything because then people might abandoned her.

"Rebecca," Sad Marie whined, "I have been working here a week now, and I have tried hard to do what I thought you wanted me to do. I

have done everything just right, as far as I could tell. Now Jerry comes by and tells me I made a mistake!" Sad Marie was fuming with humiliation.

"Now just calm down and tell me what happened," said Worth, wondering what she had gotten into here. So far Sad Marie had only been sitting at that desk answering the phone and greeting visitors to the facility. What could have happened that would be so upsetting?

She continued to complain. "Jerry came by today and told me that he was sick and tired of hearing me talk to people the way I did. I thought I was talking just fine to people, but he said I was being rude to some of them. He even said that they might take their clients out of here if we weren't nicer to them. I've been nice to everyone who called, so I think he's way off base."

Sad Marie could feel herself going under, but there was nothing she could do. She had to get out of there before Worth saw something bad happen. Sad Marie started to get up, but it was too late.

Worth watched with an open mouth as Sad Marie's eyes closed for a moment, then her face became contorted with rage and fury. Little did she know that Sad Marie had done all the spouting off she was capable of doing, and her anger was now fueling Lynn, who felt men were always unfair and therefore fair game for her to attack.

"JUST WHO THE FUCK DOES THAT JERRY ASSHOLE THINKS HE IS, TELLING US WE CAN'T TALK TO STUPID PEOPLE THE WAY WE DID? JERRY WAS PROBABLY SNEAKING UP ON US WHEN THAT JERK OF A FATHER CALLED AND BITCHED US OUT ABOUT THE BUS BEING LATE PICKING UP HIS KID! DO WE LOOK LIKE WE GIVE A FLYING FUCK? NO! SO I TOLD THAT ASSHOLE TO TREAT US WITH A LITTLE RESPECT, AND WE WOULD DO THE SAME TO HIM! HE STARTED SCREAMING AGAIN AT MARIE, SO I HUNG UP! AND THEN JERRY, THE FUCKER, TELLS US WE

CAN'T TO DO IT! I HATE THAT MAN, AND HIS ASS IS MINE! I'M GOING TO LIE IN WAIT, AND THEN I'M GOING TO DO SOME SERIOUS HARM TO THAT BASTARD!"

Lynn was in full form, as furious as she had ever been. She was not about to take anything from the male of the species. Lynn pranced around Worth's office, full of hatred toward Daniels. Hdid she 0.00 rgBa00

office until she could calm down. Worth would be out as soon as she could. Lynn hated the idea of leaving, but it was better to leave and regroup so she could figure out how to put Daniels out of his misery. Lynn went along with Reynolds, who was muttering her big motherly comments as they moved down the hall.

Worth was completely taken aback. She could not believe what she had just witnessed. First, it was Sad Marie a little upset, then it was somebody else, someone who was in a murderous rage.

When Worth regained enough composure to dial the phone correctly, she called the Voc. Rehab. office. "Haley, Marie just went wild and really lost it. What do I do now?" she asked, in a breathless panic. "Haley, did you ever see any of Marie's personalities?"

Richmond answered, "Oh, yes, it's a fright to see what's in Marie. You must have witnessed one of her angry, nasty alter-personalities. It will be okay. It scared me the first time I saw it. Rebecca, just calm down and get hold of yourself. Why don't you call Dr. Allison and tell him about it? He should know what to do next."

Oh, shit, thought Worth. *A lot of good that would do.* She had called several other psychiatrists about their mutual clients, and none of them even had the courtesy to return her call within the day. When they did, they treated her like some stupid flunky who didn't know what she was doing. She was not about to put herself into that one-down position again. Still, she didn't know what to do with Sad Marie, who was now waiting with Reynolds out at the warehouse, while both of them were expecting her to figure out what to do. Oh, shit, she might as well call the shrink and get it over with!

She dialed the Broderick clinic number and asked to speak to Dr. Allison. She wasn't surprised to be told that he was seeing a patient right now, but the receptionist would give him the message. *That's what they always say,* she thought. *Then they forget to give him the message or he forgets*

to answer it. Oh, shit, what am I going to do now?

While Worth waited, she was still shocked at what she had witnessed, and she was still shaking but trying to appear calm. She watched the clock. *If that doctor doesn't call in 15 minutes, she thought, I will try him one more time. Hopefully, by that time, Marie will be calm.*

Five minutes later her phone rang, and Worth almost fell out of her chair. It was Dr. Allison on the line. She thought, *What gives here? He actually called back!*

"This is Dr. Allison," said the voice on the other end of the line. "What can I do for you, Rebecca?"

I sounded safe enough, and Worth gave me the bad news. "I've got Marie Kelly over here for a work evaluation for Voc. Rehab.," she said, "and she just blew up in my office and went berserk. I need some advice on how to handle her, or we can't keep her here." Her voice had enough pathos and tension in it to tell me that she was close to a total panic, and I knew I had better help her out.

I asked Worth to explain exactly what had happened. She finished by telling me, "Marie was upset, and then all of a sudden she went wild. She said she was going to kill one of my staff. Then she started throwing books around my office."

I told her to calm down. "What have you done so far?" I asked.

"I called our supply lady and had her take her out to her office in the warehouse to cool off. That was the only thing I could think of. She got mad at my young assistant. He's new on the job and not very good at correcting people. It really pissed her off when he tried to correct her."

"Well, it seems that you have the present situation under control, then. I would expect that, by now, Marie will have come back into control of the body, and she will probably be able to go back to her job. But, if you would feel safer, you certainly could send her home for the rest of the day. I hope you don't feel you have to, because then she will feel like a failure at your place, and that will be one more failure she will add to her long list.

But you talk to her, and see if she has regained control of herself and feels like she can cooperate with you."

"Okay, I'll talk to her when we get done here, but what do I do if this happens again?" She was pleading for help.

"I'll tell you what I can do," I continued. "I had to go over to the college and show the staff how to handle these blowups. Why don't I come out to your place for a staff meeting and show you folks the same things I did at the college?"

Worth was taken aback by this offer. Here was a psychiatrist, one of the high and mighty doctors in town, volunteering to come to SRF to meet with her and her staff. What was this world coming to? He had treated her as a real person, not someone he looked down upon, as the other doctors had done. Where did they get this guy? She was completely floored by the acceptance she felt from this man.

Worth and I agreed on a time when I could meet with her staff for a training session after work. I told Sad Marie about it at their next session, and she agreed to cooperate as she had with the counseling staff at ARC. Things had worked out much better at the school once they all knew the major players in this drama and what they could do should one of the angry ones act out.

The next Thursday, I arrived at the SRF after work. Sad Marie was the last of the clients to be there, as all the developmentally disabled clients had left on the bus. After clearing her desk, she joined me and the staff in the conference room. She knew what to expect, as Becky had already talked it over with her and had chosen which alter-personalities would be allowed to come out.

With the staff assembled, I went through my introduction of the cooperative, but sometimes feisty, alter-personalities, Sad Marie, Mary Lou, Wendy, Lynn, Michelle, and Lisa Kay. They talked enough to persuade even the most doubtful employee that they were very different people in this one body, hard as that might be to believe. Not only did they talk, but the "hostile psychic sisters"

started spouting off and showed the staff a bit of their anger. I made a few comments about why each one came about, just enough to show them that there was a logical reason for a seemingly illogical result.

The primary rescuer at the time was Wendy, and I emphasized that, in case of an emergency, they could call her out. I told them they should touch their client in the center of her forehead while calling for Wendy, and she would then be able to come out and take charge of the body. I demonstrated this on Mary Lou, who played the part of the angry alter-personality for this demonstration.

While Mary Lou was out, she asked to have some special training to help her grow up. She wanted to learn how to cook, read, and write. She couldn't learn any of that if Sad Marie was always sitting behind that desk out front.

Worth agreed to personally take charge of Mary Lou's training in those areas. They set up specific times when they could go to the kitchen where Worth would show Mary Lou how to fix simple meals. At other times, they would sit down with the reading primers, and Mary Lou could improve her reading and writing skills. Worth recognized that Mary Lou had to learn these tasks as her own person, as it was not possible for her to "borrow" these skills from Sad Marie. Mary Lou was designed to learn from experience alone.

Once Worth had seen the performance I orchestrated and had committed herself to the training of Mary Lou, she was hooked. She was thrilled to have met a psychiatrist who treated her and her staff as real people, who wanted to help them learn about this strange subject. She felt they were all part of a team now, a group working together for a greater good. She had a feeling she had been wishing and waiting for, but one she had not had before. It was great!

Within a week, the training came in very useful. Lisa Kay had noticed that Daniels, Worth's assistant, was young and attractive, and she had her eye on him for conquest. That he was one of

the persons who was expected to write a report about her for Richmond never entered her mind. He was an available male. Therefore, he was a worthy target for her amorous arrows.

However, Daniels was not interested in being seduced by an alter-personality of one of their clients. He tried his best to keep his relationship with Sad Marie, and therefore with Lisa Kay, strictly professional. It was hard to be calmly proper when Lisa Kay kept batting her eyes at him and making crude proposals that they meet after work to "have some fun."

It was difficult for him to tell Lisa Kay, "No" one moment and then have to carefully and politely correct Sad Marie the next. With all of them being so sensitive to criticism, it didn't matter what he said to her. Whenever he expressed any comment that was not flattering, she took it as another unfair criticism.

After one of these interactions, Sad Marie had had enough of what she considered unfair and rude criticism. She had been preparing for suicide for a long time and had secreted a couple of her prescription pill bottles in the bathroom there. As soon as she took the pills, Wendy came out and told Worth what had happened. Worth immediately dialed her psychiatrist.

"Dr. Allison, Marie just took an overdose in our bathroom. She's okay now, but Wendy told me about it, and I had to call you. What do you want me to do?" She told him which drugs she had taken. She also told him about the romance Lisa Kay had tried to develop with Daniels, and her decision to separate the two during the working day.

"Rebecca, from now on she won't be getting any more of those pills from me, if I can't trust her with them. At least she took the two together, as one counteracts the other. But I do have an idea.

"I recently met a new personality, named Pat. She's a helper personality who seems to be able to have a positive relationship with men, without feeling seductive or threatened. Maybe you

could ask her to operate the body at that desk for a while until I can get this mess straightened out."

Worth promised to try that approach. She also told me Sad Marie had done so well working around their disabled clients that they had invited her to stay on after her evaluation period was completed. Sad Marie could attend school and work at SRF during the fall semester. I invited Worth to come to my office the next time I was to see my patient in Broderick. Worth was intrigued and excited about the invitation.

At that session, I investigated the reason for Sad Marie's suicide attempt. Wendy explained how Daniels had shown little tact in dealing with Sad Marie's alleged faults, and Sad Marie again felt put down by a man in a position of power over her. But there seemed to be more to it than just an inept young supervisor. I knew such an overreaction usually meant a new persecutor alter-personality was moving to center stage, and I had better make her acquaintance promptly. Then I would know whom I was going to deal with during the next series of crises.

Becky often warned me in this way. Just as I was finishing therapy with one of the active hostile alter-personalities, she would push out the next one in line for my attention. Becky would make sure this new one got upset over some small issue, so I would have to call her out to find out why Sad Marie exploded over such a minor problem. In that way, I would be ready to face the new one just as I finished converting the previous persecutor alter-personality into a helper.

When I asked Wendy to let out whoever was becoming more active, she faded, to be replaced by a new and angry alter-personality I had never seen before. She identified herself as Veronica, and she proudly announced that she liked to cut up men. I cautiously questioned her about why she liked that method of assault upon my fellow masculine members of society, and she explained.

"Doc, you remember when Marie's father was molesting her at home, around the age of five? Well, that was when I came out. I just couldn't

stand by and let him do it anymore to her. I picked up a knife that was on the table and let him have it! I cut him right in the back, but I must have hit a rib, 'cause he just screamed and jerked away. I hoped to get him in the heart, but he was too fast for me.

"You remember that time when you thought Lisa Kay cut your thumb with a razor blade? Well, that was me. I decided that it was time to announce myself with the asshole boyfriend of Wendy's, but you got in the way."

I remembered that combat situation very clearly and was glad I had Sad Marie's purse in the closet at this visit. Before I could get any more history, she faded and was replaced by Sad Marie, morose as ever.

A week later, Worth joined me for one of my regular therapy sessions with Sad Marie. We discussed what had upset her at the SRF and discovered that Lisa Kay had been coming out too often for anyone's comfort, propositioning the males, and snapping at the clients. I decided to age regress her back to earlier working times, when she had a job as a dental assistant to an orthodontist. That was the first of her work experiences after high school, and I hoped it would show us a pattern of how she responded to the stresses of the job.

The orthodontist had given Marie conflicting instructions, which she could not handle, since she felt vulnerable to criticism any way she behaved in the office. As a result, Lisa Kay came out there, too, and did her best to sabotage the job situation, with hostile jibes at males who resisted her advances. Lisa Kay had no skills at solving the problem of how to deal with inconsistent instructions and turned to seduction or threats of violence to deal with all problems. This, of course, cost Marie her job.

As she watched this age regression session, Worth was captivated. Here was her client, a grown woman, moving back in time, as her doctor had instructed, and reliving events of years ago. Not only did she remember them, she was re-experiencing them as if they were going on right

now. Also, she had no conflict dealing with a man, the doctor, who had not been in her life at that time. That was the most amazing thing, that this lady could combine these two situations, her past employment and her present therapist, in the same scene without any mental conflict. Becky had brought back the younger Marie, the person who existed at the desired age. But this younger Marie was also able to accept whoever was in her present day world, which included the doctor and people in his office. What an amazing thing this human mind was!

When I understood what lay behind my patient's problems with authority figures at work, I age progressed her to the present time. At that point, Lisa Kay came forth to give me a piece of her mind.

"Dr. A, I hope you don't think for one minute I'm going to sit around and let Marie and Mary Lou get all the attention at that fucking center, do you? I have rights, too, you know. I think it's about time that Rebecca paid some attention to me, or I will cause major problems, and you know I can do it, too,"

"What are you talking about, Lisa Kay?" I asked.

"They've got Marie answering the phone and busy meeting someone most of the day. Mary Lou is learning to read and cook. But what the hell am I supposed to do? You assholes pay no attention to me unless I come out and try to be friendly in my own way. Then you get angry at me for being friendly. It's shit, I tell you!"

I scratched his head and wondered what we could do to solve this problem. Here we had one alter-personality being jealous of the attention paid to the needs of two other alter-personalities. What did Lisa Kay need?

I asked her, "Lisa Kay, what could you possibly want to do at the facility?"

"Doc, you know that they have a whole printing plant there, where they make up posters and signs and such? I've been looking at it, and I bet you I could learn how to work those machines

real well. Why don't they give me a chance to work on the printing press?"

I looked over to Worth to see how she was reacting to this request.

"I don't see why not," said Worth. "How about scheduling you for two hours a week at the printing press? Would that help?"

"Yea, that would be okay, but I would also like some time in Occupational Therapy. I've been watching those folks in there working on their paintings and metal work. It looks like the sort of stuff I could do, too. Can I have some time in there?"

"Of course, Lisa Kay," answered a relieved Worth. "How about another hour a week in OT for you? That would be about as much time as we can spare Marie away from her desk. Would that be enough to keep you from bothering the men on my staff?" She was hoping against hope that this wild plan would work. She had nothing to lose by trying. What she didn't know was that Lisa Kay had no interest in printing or OT. What she was interested in were the men who were assigned to those two areas.

"Yea, that would be okay. If I can have time at the printing press and in OT, I'll behave myself, I promise. I just want to be treated just like the others. I've got my rights."

Both the doctor and rehabilitation therapist agreed with her, glad to have that weighty problem solved.

A few days later, I saw an angry Lynn in my office, but she refused to talk about what was going on at SRF. The only thing she would divulge was that she was lying in wait for Daniels to make a move before she would destroy him. I kept trying to find out what Lynn had against Daniels, but all she would say indicated it had something to do with the fact he wore a beard. What she wouldn't say was that Marie's drunken stepfather had worn a neatly trimmed full beard.

Then Mary Lou came out and invited me to come to lunch at the center with her and the staff. She promised that she would cook me my

favorite dish, French toast, as Worth had taught her how to cook it. I gladly agreed to come eat lunch with her and the staff members, so we could discuss plans for her future.

At their next visit, Wendy was very disturbed when she came out. Lynn had gotten very upset at Sad Marie for being friendly to a man at the facility and sharing phone numbers with him. In retribution, she smashed up their bedroom, and Sad Marie had to clean it up. When she arrived at the clinic for her appointment, Lynn tried to cut her wrist with a razor blade. Wendy stopped her and gave the blade to the clinic receptionist, who gave it to me.

I decided to let Lynn talk out her anger in the office, and she stomped around the office spouting off about how she was going to kill Sad Marie for letting herself be vulnerable to those assholes she kept meeting. To Lynn, all men were assholes, no exceptions, ever.

I tried to use logic and reminded Lynn that her original function was to protect Sad Marie from harmful men, not to harm Sad Marie herself. In spite of my best attempts at persuasion, Lynn marched angrily around my office and threw a batch of books from the bookcase onto the floor. I finally got her to sit down by the desk, and then I saw her arm reach for pen and paper. She was going to do automatic writing, regardless of what she wanted to do.

The note read, "Talk to Marie as she is happy and wants to share things." It was signed "V." I was relieved that some help was on the way.

Not knowing who "V" was, I asked her to write more to explain who she was. The hand wrote, "My name is Virginia. I have been hidden, but find it is safe enough to come out if Dr. Allison wants."

I called out Virginia, who told me she was now 23 years old, but had started when Marie was age 10, when Marie had suffered a broken nose during a fight at school. Virginia identified herself as a helper alter-personality who took over to calm down such difficult situations. She had a piece of

advice for me for the next time I faced Lynn.

"Dr. Allison, there is a way you can get Lynn under control," she said. "Here, let me show you." She then put an index finger below each of my eyes and her long finger above each eye. "If you will put your fingers like this, above and below Lynn's eyes, you can make her stop hurting anyone."

"Thanks, Virginia," I said. "I'll try it out the next time I see Lynn. Please come out at the facility. You need to work out with Rebecca how you are going to cooperate with Wendy and Becky."

Virginia had some more advice for me. "When you see her next, just let Lynn talk out what she is upset about at the facility. She needs to get it out of her system and discharge the anger she is holding in."

I asked to talk to Sad Marie next. After we had discussed what she was doing at the facility, I asked to talk to Lynn again. She arrived still full of anger, but, as she talked out her concerns, she mellowed in tone and behavior. Her major concern was that Sad Marie would never be able to marry again, after she had had such a terrible time with her husband. She was more concerned about Sad Marie becoming an old maid than anything else.

Her energy finally faded, and she appeared to be ready to leave without any help from me and my fingers. Before she left, she wrote me a note, saying, "I, Lynn, will not touch those pills at all. That is my word. [signed] Lynn." I felt safe this time prescribing the refills for her usual medications.

During the training session I held for the SRF staff, I showed them how to touch any "hostile psychic sister" in the center of the forehead while calling for Wendy to come out and save the day. Worth had watched while I demonstrated on Mary Lou, all the while thinking that she could never do that. She didn't want to touch her client's head. What if she got a bad guy out? What if she pressed on the wrong place?

She didn't want to do that. What if she was

scared and couldn't do anything at all? Still, she felt reassured that Marie's psychiatrist was there and available. The other physicians she had dealt with, including her own father, were very impressed with being physicians. Dr. Allison was a person first and a physician second. He was not like the others she knew who couldn't see there were other professionals who made it all work. She could see that Dr. Allison had the capacity to see how it could all be put together as a package. That impressed her.

A time came when Worth had to use the training I taught her that day. One of her staff members reported that Lisa Kay was trying to seduce one of their male clients. Worth went to her and said, "Lisa Kay, you better stop it right now. We don't do that kind of stuff around here."

Lisa Kay screamed at her, "I'll do anything I damn well please!"

Worth said calmly, "We'll see about that."

Worth put her right hand on Lisa Kay's forehead and started calling for Wendy. Her hand was shaking, but she was determined to deal with this problem and do what she had to do.

Lisa Kay screamed back, "No one's going to call for anybody to take over from me, 'cause I'm not going to do it!"

Worth said right back, "Dr. Allison said it will work, and I want Wendy out now!"

Suddenly, the eyes closed briefly, and Wendy was there. Worth looked shocked and asked, "Who is this?"

Wendy said, "You asked for me. I'm here."

Worth now knew that I knew what I was doing, and she also knew she wanted to be a psychotherapist, too.

On Friday, Worth called me after Lynn started waving a knife around the facility. Sad Marie had been irritated by several people trying to talk to her while she was busy with some paperwork at her desk. Since she couldn't handle her anger at them, she let Lynn loose on them. This time, Worth had had it with such dangerous behavior. In spite of her personal affection for Sad Marie, she had to set limits. This time she warned

Lynn that any more knife waving would mean goodbye for all of them. She let me know she had taken all the risks she could afford to take.

The following Monday, I interviewed Lynn and Lisa Kay to get their story. I emphasized that Worth had no more slack to give them, and Lynn wrote out an agreement that she would wave no more weapons at the facility. She knew that she had better behave, or they would all suffer the consequences.

Sad Marie came out to complain about her weekend, during which her mother had gone gambling at Lake Tahoe without warning. Sad Marie was angry her mother had disappeared without notice. This was a repeat of many previous similar situations, but this time Sad Marie had been able to keep the anger in herself, called the SPS, and talked it out with the volunteer. She was able to avoid activating another alter-personality.

Lynn then came out to talk about her own anger, which stemmed from when Marie had been sexually assaulted at age 10 by three teenaged boys. She would not talk about the details, but a mellow Lisa Kay filled in details.

The next one to come out was Helen, the student. She was irritated while working at the facility because a staff member told her she had made a mistake on some paper work. She was sure she had not, but this was a replay of an incident in school, when a teacher and her lab partner had both criticized how she was preparing her lab report. When she turned it in, she got an A on the report, since she had been right all along. We talked over the various ways of dealing constructively with such misunderstandings at work or school, and she agreed to take it up with the staff the next time she was there. In this way, she could prevent holding a grudge against anyone, and they could realize how to avoid such misunderstandings.

Soon afterwards, Worth called me with an urgent request I see their mutual client quickly, as she was getting very agitated at work. Sad Marie complained of constantly hearing yelling in her head. When I saw her, she told me Jack, Gwen and

Lynn had been acting up and causing a great deal of commotion inside. Becky told me that the constant noise at the office caused Sad Marie to flash back on the continuous arguments between her parents. This, combined with the nasty internal words of these three hostile alter-personalities, was getting intolerable for her. Becky asked me to consider hospitalization so that the "people" inside could be calmed down.

I decided to try something in the office instead, to see if Sad Marie could gain control on her own. I put three chairs against the wall and called Sad Marie out. I told her to go into enough of a trance so that she could see Jack, Gwen and Lynn each in a separate chair. She reported that they were staring angrily back at her from their chairs. I told Sad Marie to imagine shackles around the ankles of the three troublemakers. She did and told me when the shackles were in place. I told her to have each alter-personality stand up and try to walk toward them. When she did that, she saw that none of them could go anywhere. That test proved to her that she could control her creations.

I decided to take it one step farther. I asked Sad Marie to put handcuffs on each of those in the chairs. She balked, becoming frightened. Once she showed fear, each of the "villains" came out and talked through her, telling me that what I wanted could not be done. They were challenging my ability to teach her how to keep them in control.

While Jack was out, I tried to undercut his energy system by telling him that Sad Marie was no longer angry at him (the real Jack) because she now knew what his life was actually like when they were both in kindergarten. Jack told me it was a lie, and I told him to check inside and find out for himself. Jack disappeared inside, checked around and came back out. He now knew I was telling the truth, but he still didn't believe me.

When all three had had their say, Sad Marie returned and I persuaded her to put handcuffs on all three of them. This time she agreed and did so. I told her she could let them go back inside her mind, but now they would not be able to get out

and create any trouble for her.

The next day, Worth called me from the facility. Sad Marie still complained about the noise going on inside her head, and she had loosened the shackles on the alter-personalities. I discussed with Worth various ways she could reinforce the desired imagery, and she agreed to do her best there at the facility.

When she called back a few hours later, Worth reported that she had followed Virginia's advice to have Sad Marie revisualize the three alter-personalities and reshackle Jack. She had also shackled Veronica, who had been left out the first time. In addition, she had suggested that Sad Marie visualize a tape recorder in the room with the four loudmouths, set to record. In that way, whatever they said would only be recorded on the imaginary tape, and she could play it back whenever she wanted to later and only have to hear it bit by bit. I congratulated Worth on a creative solution to a complicated problem. Now I knew she would make a fine therapist.

At a future session, I decided that it was time to deal with the Gwen alter-personality. When I asked Gwen directly, she let me in on her secret. At the time of her creation, Gwendolyn, a neighbor girl, was Marie's best friend. The same boys who had raped Marie had also raped Gwendolyn, who then developed a hostile Lesbian alter-personality. She was normally a friendly girl, and now she showed the opposite traits when the alter-personality took over. Marie and Gwendolyn experimented with Lesbian activities. She felt guilty about these sexual behaviors, even though they never were caught and chastised by adults.

I talked to this Gwen alter-personality about sexual experimentation by children this age, helping her come to terms with what was going on at the time. She listened carefully, but she couldn't change her mind at that moment. Becky came out and told me Gwen was going to think about what I said, but she wasn't quite ready to disappear.

At the next session, I knew if I was to integrate Gwen into Marie, I would have to join her

two parts together first. But I didn't know how I was going to do that.

First, I had to get an agreement from the angry Gwen that she wanted to change. When I called Gwen out, Sad Marie was grieving for her recently deceased grandmother. She was beginning to see that physical life was finite, and she might as well spend some time being happy. She agreed it would be a good idea to change her ways, but she didn't know how.

Then I touched her forehead and asked to talk to the friendly Gwen, who made her appearance. I told her to imagine in the chair next to her the boys who had raped her and Marie. I asked her to explain why they did it, but she had no answer. I asked her to do the "mind reading" routine, to go into the boy's minds, hear their thoughts, and feel their feelings at that time. By paying attention to their thoughts, she discovered they had not been able to get any sex out of their girlfriends, they were mean, and they hated the girls. She now felt that the boys and their girlfriends were equally responsible for the boys wanting to rape the two girls.

Once the responsibility issue was clear, the way was cleared for Gwen to integrate with Sad Marie. But first she had to "integrate herself." I tried to get the pleasant Gwen to give the nasty Gwen a big hug and absorb her into herself, but she wouldn't do it. I called out Becky to see what was wrong.

Becky told me my present plan would eventually work. But the pleasant Gwen could not do it because of all the fire coming out of the nasty Gwen. She suggested I try it in the reverse direction.

I called for the angry Gwen. I had her visualize the pleasant Gwen in front of her. I asked the angry Gwen reach out and bring the friendly Gwen into her bosom, and the integration of the two parts of this alter-personality came about. She was then ready for integration into Sad Marie when the proper time came.

At the next visit, I age regressed Sad Marie

to the age of five and talked to a little girl who hated her father and believed he would rather have had a boy child first. She knew she had to be a boy to make her father love her, which was her motivation for creating the Jack alter-personality in the first place. I, who had three beloved daughters, talked about how wonderful it was to have daughters. I told her that she should accept the fact that she was a girl, and she need not change her sex to get her father to love her. I hoped this would further undercut the need for Jack to exist at all.

During all these escapades, Worth was patiently teaching the young Mary Lou how to read, cook and do other domestic duties she wanted to learn. Mary Lou came to love Worth as her mom, and she proposed Worth be her new, adopted mom, after I accepted the role of her new dad.

Worth helped Mary Lou grow, and Mary Lou loved Worth so much. Worth was the mom she had secretly wished she had so many times late at night when the fighting and yelling was going on at home. Her mother did not like her, but Mary Lou could never understand that. She thought that after Father killed Bonnie, her dog, Mother would stop hating her. But anything she did displeased her mother even more after that.

How Mary Lou wanted a new mom and a new dad. She finally got her new dad in me and discussed with me who could and should be Mom. When she told me her choice was Worth, I agreed with her and hoped Worth would think the same way.

She was so scared to ask Worth. In their reading class, Mary Lou started talking about how children needed good parents, and how she didn't have good parents. She kept talking as Worth listened. Mary Lou finally told Worth that she had asked Dr. Allison if he would become her new "dad," and he had agreed.

Mary Lou explained to Worth that she had told Dr. Allison whom she wanted to be her new mom, and that he said she should ask that person privately. Mary Lou stopped long enough to look at Worth, and Worth was looking at her with a

puzzled expression on her face.

Then Mary Lou asked Worth if she would be her new mom. She was her mom in her dreams, and she had helped her to learn to cook, read, and write. Isn't that what a mom does? Also, a mom cares that her child is doing good and only wants the best for her. Mary Lou hoped Worth would not start laughing. Mary Lou continued and asked Worth, "Please think about it, but please, please BE MY MOM!"

Worth was surprised to hear what Mary Lou had the courage to ask of her. But Worth had never been married. How could she be a mom to an adult woman who had many alter-personalities in her? How could she be Mom to this person? What would it imply? What was she going to have to do if she accepted?

Worth needed to talk to me to get guidance. She had to find out if I indeed had agreed to become Mary Lou's dad. How does one agree to such a thing? What was Worth going to tell Mary Lou right at this moment? Mary Lou was waiting for an answer. Worth had to give Mary Lou some kind of answer.

Worth said to her, "Mary Lou, I am very flattered by you asking me to become your new mom. But I need to talk to Dr. Allison to find out if he agrees and what I would have to do. Do you understand?"

Mary Lou felt her heart was going to break because she was sure Worth thought she, Mary Lou, was being silly. But that was not true. Inside, Becky told Mary Lou to let Worth talk to Dr. Allison.

Worth phoned me. "Mary Lou just asked me to become her new mom. She told me that you had agreed to be her new dad. Is that true?"

"Yes, I agreed to become her new dad," I replied. "In the past I have found it necessary to find a new set of parents for certain MPD patients, but this was the first time I couldn't find someone else who was qualified. So I agreed to be her new dad and still be her therapist. I hope it works out, but I didn't see any other option."

"But what does that mean to you and me?" she asked.

"There are two basic terms," I answered. "The first is that you love her in the same way that you would love your natural child. That is a state of feeling, not a set of actions. Whatever actions you take depends on the total situation. But all you have to do is be there and be someone that she knows loves her for who she is, and who hopes she will improve as well. You do not need to do anything specific.

"The other term is that you have to realize that the contract is for the life of both parties. If you are not ready to enter into a lifelong contract, tell her so now. But, if you do accept, you cannot resign when you change your mind.

"On the other side of it, you can set any terms you want. What I insisted upon is that she do nothing to interfere with my natural family. They come first, especially when I am at home, off duty. She agreed to that. She has to develop her own social life with her own friends. I am not a part of that. But she can call me to ask questions any grown daughter would ask her father, and I promised to answer them to the best of my ability. You should set the same sort of practical limits on her behavior. She doesn't want or need anything from you in the social world. All she needs to know is that you love her as you would any daughter you might have. Can you do that?"

There was a pause on the other end of the line, while Worth let the idea soak in. She could see the practical nature of the plan. Here we have a part of a person who had never felt the love of her natural mother, for whatever reason. She had never basked in the glow of appreciation for what she was, so that she could flower into womanhood, knowing that her parents cared for her, and wanted the best for her, whatever that might be. Now, she was reaching out to the two individuals in her life who seemed best able to do that, and Worth was one of them. The doctor had seemed reluctant to accept the role of Dad, but he had set limits he could handle.

This was not something she had to do. This was something she was invited to do, and she could set it up in any way she felt would work. No, she had never been a mother, but she had never been married, and so the opportunity had not been hers. But she knew in her heart that she would be a good mother when the time was right.

What could be wrong about practicing motherhood with Mary Lou? Here was a perfect situation where she couldn't fail. As Mary Lou had pointed out, she was already acting the motherly role with her. She was only being asked to formalize the role of adopted mom. She was not asked to take a baby home and feed, clothe and house her from infancy. If she insisted, Mary Lou would not be involved in her personal life outside of work. She didn't want anyone to tell her what to do there.

"Okay, doctor," she finally said, her voice calm and decisive. "If you can do it, with those terms, I guess I can, too. I'll go back to Mary Lou and tell her I accept her request, that I'll be glad to be her adoptive mom from now on. I hope you're right about this. I've had no reason to doubt your judgment so far, and I will have to trust you on this. But I never expected to get into this much involvement with a client when Haley brought her to me."

"I know how you feel, Worth," I said. "I never expected it either. But at least I've had four kids to practice on, and they have all done well. If I can't be a good dad to this new one, I don't know who can."

"No, I guess not, but this is all new to me," Worth said. "I've never had a child, but this is one who will take care of herself for the most part. I'm sure glad you're her therapist, Doc, because, if you weren't, we'd be in a real mess by this time!"

Worth called an excited and anxious Mary Lou into her office. Worth spoke of the agreement Dr. Allison had with her regarding his becoming her dad, and she asked her if she remembered what that verbal contract was. Did she remember she was not to interfere in his personal life or cause problems with his family? Mary Lou clearly

remembered the terms of the contract.

Worth then told Mary Lou she would love to become her new mom if she would agree to the same conditions she had for Dr. Allison. Mary Lou was delighted and said she would agree to all the conditions. Mary Lou and Worth hugged. Mary Lou had her new mom.

Mary Lou was now complete. She had her mom and dad, and she was part of a family. Now she was someone who was lovable and wanted. Her new mom and dad loved her just the way she was. Mary Lou did not have to bend over backwards to get her mother and father to love her anymore. She was needed and wanted and, most importantly, loved.

Becky was blissful that the plan was finally in place and accepted by these humans, even though the humans never knew why they were asked. Becky and Faith decided not to let anyone else in on why it was important for the child, Mary Lou, to have her mom and dad in place at that special time. They knew the time was coming soon when the Original Personality was to emerge, the next necessary step for Becky's charge to achieve complete mental health. It had taken a long time to bring the plan into force, and even longer for it to be acted on and accepted by these human beings. Becky was blissful and let Faith know all was going as planned. Faith told Becky the CIE knew how well events had gone, and she should continue as she had been doing, as all was working as planned.

In October of 1979, Worth decided to leave SRF for another job. She called Mary Lou into her office and told her about her plans. She promised Mary Lou she would stay in touch with her because she was her mom for her lifetime.

Mary Lou cried and screamed, "Everybody leaves me, and they never stay in touch like they say they will! You won't either! You're like all the rest! You will just leave me and never see me again!"

Worth tried again to explain that she had to leave because of the constant conflicts with her

boss. Mary Lou didn't want to hear that. She just knew that it was her fault, that she was a bad daughter, and Worth wanted to get away from her.

Finally, Mary Lou blurted out, "YOU ARE NOT MY MOTHER ANYMORE!" She bolted out the door, heartbroken.

Becky called me from the facility after hearing the sad news. She told me that this news had triggered in Sad Marie a replay of the breakup with a best friend, Carol, when they were both living in Sacramento. Becky told me that she thought they should deal with that past event soon, so that Sad Marie could then deal with Worth's leaving on its own merits.

When Becky arrived at the clinic, she explained the relationship with Carol and Sad Marie. "Carol had been her friend ever since they were in grade school together. Carol married Pete right out of high school, but they didn't get along well and were separated after a couple of years. During their separation, Carol was involved with a high school boy, Gary, and Marie was her only confidante. Carol was always upset about what she was doing, but she didn't know how to get out of it. Then, when she finally decided to go back to her husband, she dropped Marie, and wouldn't even talk to her after that. It really hurt Marie, after all she had done to help Carol through the hard times. I don't know why Carol broke off with Marie."

I decided to go to the source. I asked to talk to the Marie who had known Carol, and she obligingly came out. I asked her to visualize Carol in the other chair so she could talk to her and find out why she broke off contact with Marie.

At that point, Lynn came out and said, "Doc, I'm not about to let you do that. I know why Carol refused to have anything more to do with Marie, and you don't need to ask her."

"If you're so smart, Lynn, what was her reason?" I challenged her.

"It's just that Carol learned all the things about Marie's problems because of how close they were. Anybody would break off with Marie if they knew all that about her. It's as simple as that."

Lynn's reason didn't quite ring true for me, but, since I knew nothing about the reason for the breakup, I had to play it by ear. The first thing I had to do was to get Lynn out of the way and get in touch with a more reliable informant.

"Well, if you're right, Lynn, then don't interfere," I said. Once she had said her piece, Lynn retreated back inside.

When my patient's eyes opened, I couldn't tell who it was. This one didn't seem familiar to me. As usual, I asked, "Who is here now?"

"I am the Essence of Carol, Marie's old girlfriend," came the emotionless answer. "I am to Carol what Becky is to Marie. I was there while Marie was helping Carol through those hard times, and I really appreciated her support. It was very kind of her to stick by Carol when she was making so many mistakes and ending up so miserable. Carol became very dependent on Marie, since they were together so much during such a difficult time in her life."

This whole conversation was a mind bender to me, even though I had hoped for some clues about what Carol had been thinking. I was used to getting such information from my patient "reading the minds" of the others in such relationships, but I had never in my wildest dreams expected to talk directly to the Essence of another person via my patient. Will wonders never cease!

While I had the chance, I figured I might as well take advantage of it. Who was I to turn down the chance to ask questions that needed answers?

"Then what happened to their relationship when Carol went back to her husband?" I calmly asked, as if I talked to the Essences of strangers every day.

"After I had talked to her long enough about the mess she was making of her life, she decided to quit seeing Gary, the teenaged boyfriend, and go back to Pete, her husband. Once she made that decision, her life started improving, and she broke off with all her friends from that scene, including Marie."

I knew I would have serious difficulty getting Sad Marie to believe any of this. I would never have believed it myself if someone had told me the same story. I asked "Carol's Essence" to repeat what she had said to me into my dictating machine. Sad Marie could then listen to the voice of "Carol's Essence" on the tape. Maybe that would convince her she was not the bad person Lynn was telling her she was. Carol's Essence agreed.

I put a clean tape in the recorder and handed the microphone to Carol's Essence. She repeated what she had said to me, phrasing it as a direct statement to Marie. She added, "Carol thought you were a nice person, Marie, but she didn't want to have anything to do with you in her new life because of your mental problems. She just didn't need anyone else with problems in her life right then. But she didn't tell you that then because she didn't want to hurt your feelings any more than she already had. Her main reason was that she felt she had to sever relationships with everybody who had been involved with her when she was separated from Pete. She wanted to start over with all new friends who would know her as Pete's wife."

With that message taped, Carol's Essence took her leave. When Sad Marie came back in charge, she listened to the tape with surprise. She accepted the idea that these two relationships were quite different, and that the reasons for the separations were completely different. Doctor and patient both sat there, amazed, and wondering what would happen next in this strange relationship.

Both Worth and Larry McDougall, her other assistant, had decided to quit working at SRF, and Sad Marie was most distressed. I met with Sad Marie, Worth and McDougall. She presented three hostile, murderous alter-personalities, but they were counteracted by Virginia, the helper. With Virginia present, they worked out a plan that would allow Mary Lou to continue coming for cooking and reading classes four hours a week at the facility. McDougall would handle her work-study program at ARC, and Sad Marie would maintain some sort of contact with

Worth after she left the facility. This discussion with Virginia was recorded on tape and played back to Sad Marie when she calmed down enough to come back in charge of the body. I agreed to pass the word onto Richmond at Voc. Rehab. the next day.

Shortly after Worth left her position, Richmond accepted an offer to move north, where she could promote into a supervisor's position. Sad Marie was reassigned to another vocational counselor, Marcelena Gutierrez. She was not at all like Richmond and did not believe anything in the file about Marie's problem being MPD. Becky had known for some time that Richmond would be leaving and that her charge would be "thrown into the lion's pit," as far as Voc. Rehab. was concerned. But I had just about finished my part of the plan, which was to integrate her charge before I left Yolo County. The integrated Marie was then left with Gutierrez, whose Essence was new to the job and had not grown with experience. Since there was nothing Becky could do to change the plan, Gutierrez finally released Marie from Voc. Rehab., as she could not meet the expectations Gutierrez had for her. Marie dropped out of sight, from the point of view of that agency.

Over the next decade, Richmond moved up the bureaucratic ladder, while living in a small town environment. She had always felt that the mentally disabled were discriminated against by everyone in society, including her own agency, and that the primary reason was that nobody seemed to know what to do or how to do it. Therefore, people made up reasons why they shouldn't do anything at all.

She was a creative lady who loved trying out new ideas, and Sad Marie had been one of the clients she practiced on. One example was her method of giving Sad Marie gas money to go back and forth to college. If she had given her cash, Lisa Kay would have used it for drinks at a bar and a motel room afterwards. So she created her own voucher system for Sad Marie at a local discount gas station. Any time she needed gas, she could fill

up at that station, and none of the alter-personalities could get the money. That was just one example of how she used her creative skills to make the plan work.

She had a variety of supervisors, and she learned something from each one of them. She was able to pick traits up from each of them that she wanted to emulate, and she worked on copying those into her own personal bag of tricks. She was able to succeed at a basic level well enough so the "F-word," feasibility, was not as big an issue as it would be for someone who was struggling coming up with a great enough number of satisfactory cases.

In that way, she could do what she thought was the real mission -- providing vocational rehabilitation services to people who wanted to go to work. Whether they had severe disabilities or not-so-severe disabilities, she didn't discriminate. She invited them in, made them welcome, and did whatever she needed to do to help them on their way up.

Over time, her way of seeing clients gradually became the approved way of the agency. For one thing, she tailored the rehabilitation plan to the client. Obvious as that might seem to the outsider, sometimes counselors expected the impossible from disabled clients and ignored the possible.

At the time she worked with Sad Marie, the proper diagnosis was one of the critical eligibility criteria. Richmond was convinced that no rehabilitation counselor could make any kind of a diagnosis -- the individual relationship made the difference. What was needed was basic caring and understanding faith in the individual client. She felt that if she communicated to someone that she believed them, and she thought there was room for growth, then they could do it. It didn't matter if it took a lot of time. If they took 700 baby steps, that was as good as one big step.

In the earlier days, Richmond had to work against the official agency stand that the diagnosis was most important and the disabilities could be assumed from that diagnosis. But now her point of

view has become the accepted standard of the agency. Now when applicants come in and tell a counselor they have a disability, the counselor accepts that as where the person is. All they need to do is to contact someone who should have a valid point of view, such a counselor, a doctor, or a school psychologist, and take their word that this person has that condition. If that information is enough to write up a plan, fine. If not, then they get to know the person well enough to help the client to make the best decision. They now give the client the lead. No longer do they tell a person that the agency knows what is best, so sign on the dotted line and just go along with their plan.

Voc. Rehab. has moved out of the maternalistic model, and now says to a new client, "What do you want? Okay, how do we get there?" If the client doesn't know where they want to go, the counselor can throw a lot of experiences at them and let them choose. Because of the federal Americans With Disabilities Act (ADA), they are finally realizing that people with mental disabilities have brains, and that they are going to be much more actively involved in a plan if they feel it's their plan. If they feel they own the plan and want to do it, they will believe in it and think it is a good idea.

Because she was so chagrined about the lack of her agency working well with persons with mental illnesses, she developed an apprenticeship program for people to learn on the job, similar to what Sad Marie did at SRF. She developed Memos of Understanding with all the private and nonprofit agencies in the area so that her clients could go there for work experience and get grounding in what they wanted to do. They could "shake the bugs out," and develop some competency in basic work habits. To her, the more she acknowledged the abilities of the clients, the more abilities they were going to find in themselves.

After the integrated Marie's divorce from her second husband, Becky felt it was time for Marie to get back into the workforce. With the

positive experience with Richmond behind her, Marie reapplied for vocational rehabilitation services at the Sacramento office, where her thick chart was pulled by the present counselor, Jane Nichols. All the history of the MPD diagnosis was in there, but Marie no longer suffered a vocational disability from that problem.

Nichols certified her to the Limited Employment Assistance Program (LEAP). The six acceptable categories of disabilities were orthopedic, visual impairment, mental retardation, hearing impairment, amputation and learning disability. Since Marie's two recent back surgeries had left her with a residual orthopedic disability, she was qualified for that program's benefits. Nichols sent her for training at the EBM Business Institute, where she learned WordStar 5.0 and Lotus 1-2-3 on the computer. She graduated fourth in her class of 25. After graduation, she applied for the government Office Assistant I & II (OA I & II) jobs, which required general office work and typing skills. Nichols supplied certification forms that the Department of Rehabilitation considered her a disabled person as part of LEAP.

After applying for several jobs, she was called in for a rating interview. She was rated third, fourth, or fifth for the positions she applied for. Two weeks later, she was called in for an interview for one of the jobs, and she was hired. She was an OA I after a probationary period of nine months, and then she graduated to an OA II level. She has been steadily employed ever since.

After I had seen how well Worth related to Lisa Kay, I took her aside and said to her, "I can see that you have missed your calling. Instead of working all day long with the kind of clients you have at SRF, you should be a psychotherapist. You already have the skills and personality to do what I have been doing all day long, and maybe better than I do. All you need is to get the proper training and credentials."

I had never before seen someone who was such a natural therapist. I didn't want her native

talents to be wasted anywhere else. There were few enough innately talented therapists around, I knew, and she was one of them. I couldn't let her waste her time doing anything else.

Worth listened but could not believe her ears. Here was this not really high and mighty psychiatrist telling her that she should change careers and spend her time doing therapy with the mentally ill. Sure, she had thought of that briefly on occasion, but it was only a fantasy, and fantasies don't come true, do they? Maybe for some people, but not for her. But he really meant it. She knew me well enough by this time to know that I didn't kid around about such things. She knew I was concerned about the quality of the people working with the mentally ill. After all, I had given courses at the American Psychiatric Association meetings and in Sweden, too. But to think that I thought she was capable, much less talented, at doing my kind of therapy -- that was too much.

But she was at a crossroads in her life, both personally and professionally. She knew she could not continue as she was, since she seemed to be forever fighting one bureaucrat or another. As a rehabilitation counselor, she was destined to forever work in someone else's agency, always plugging along while someone else made the decisions whom she worked with and what she was to do with them. It would be a welcome change to be her own boss someday.

After leaving Sacramento, Worth took a job in a private psychiatric hospital in Northern California. She returned to school and earned her MFCC license. She worked part-time at the hospital with inpatients and part-time in her own office, seeing patients for individual or group counseling. She didn't seek out multiples, but she did specialize in persons with histories of sexual and physical abuse.

Worth also decided on her own self improvement program. She became active in a weight reduction program. In psychotherapy, she worked hard on her own problems, many stemming from her own difficult teenage years as the daughter of

an egotistical physician. She upgraded her self image and changed herself from a scared, shy little girl who was ashamed of herself to an elegant, sophisticated lady who was quiet and dignified. After several poor choices of male companionship, she married a co-worker at the hospital, and became an instant stepmother to a developing young lady.

All this time she was fascinated by mentally ill people, but scared of them, too. Her therapy was really her own search for herself, trying to find the bits and pieces of herself here and there, in different people. Her psychotherapy supervisor told her she should have been an archeologist, since she liked to look under rocks. She was intrigued by the shadow side of people, the dark and gucky side. One of her favorite movies was "Silence of the Lambs."

Her experience with Sad Marie and Dr. Allison made complete sense to her. She could see how a woman could have some horrible trauma when she was little, and a part would come and take care of her. To see it unfold in front of her eyes was incredible to her. She didn't understand it intellectually at first, but she did comprehend it at an intuitive level.

Mary Lou was right when she told Worth she would not keep in touch with her as she had promised. Worth's personal life was a mess at the time, and she had to make many changes. She was sure Sad Marie would die by suicide, and she didn't want to be a part of that. So she fell back on one of her basic defenses, cutting off contact with old friends and not letting anyone in on her new life. For the next 13 years, she made no attempt to find her "adopted daughter," and Marie had no idea where she was.

Becky knew the plan had to be followed, but it had to wait until all parties were ready to get back together. The time was right only when I gained the inner strength and resolve to read my copies of Marie's clinical notes and then locate her. When I did, the plan was put back into action, where all had left off 13 years before.

When the integrated Marie married her second husband, she tried to find Worth, to invite her to the wedding. But she couldn't find her. I had kept in touch with Worth with my Christmas letters, so I knew where she lived. When I first contacted her, she took several days before she dared answer my letter.

Becky knew her charge was agitated at the prospect of meeting her mom again, the one who had left her. Becky knew Marie now was able to handle the situations that were coming along, but neither Mom, Dad nor Daughter would have been able to deal calmly with each other before then. Becky was blissful to commune with Vicky and Michael again.

Marie had to explain this to Worth, who felt guilty about deserting her, as Mary Lou had predicted. Marie could understand about feeling guilty, as her whole life had been one long guilt trip. But Marie had come out of that valley of despair and no longer let guilt feed on her. She tried to explain to Worth that life is too short to let guilt rule your life.

When Marie and I finally showed up on Worth's doorstep after 13 years, Worth could not believe her eyes when she saw the present day Marie. Actually, she had never met the original Marie, who had only come out in my office after Worth had left town. Now Marie was a woman who was trim and well groomed, focused on her project, emotionally stable, and holding no grudges against her.

As these two grown women who shared a common past talked, the barriers came tumbling down between them. Worth and Marie found each other, and Mom and Daughter are now a unified pair. The guilt that Worth had is now dissolved. Mom and Daughter have found their way to each other and will feel their way through the relationship as it grows and matures. Each is happy to have found each other. Mom, Dad and Daughter -- the family is now complete.

What was planned by Becky, Michael, Vicky, and Marie's CIE, Faith, Hope, and Charity,

had now come full circle. The family that was planned so many years ago to help the original six-month-old Marie grow is now a reality. Each member of this unique family leads separate lives, as each has his or her own family to consider. Each member of this family is one with the others when they are together. Each can call the other, and Marie can call when she needs a Mom's guidance or a Dad's acceptance. Becky and the others knew this family would be complete one day, and that Becky's charge, Marie, would benefit from the love and support of this unique family, as each person in this family has a special need that is fulfilled by the others.

Becky and the CIE knew that each person in this unique family can grow and help each other. Marie has a family that most take for granted. She has a warm, loving Mom and an understanding Dad, and she still thanks Becky, Faith, Hope, and Charity for their wise counsel in finding the Mom and Dad she now has.