

LOSS, GRIEF, AND GROUP WORK

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In this narrative, the author reflects on his relationships with four faculty colleagues who greatly influenced his professional life. He describes how he came to terms with the loss of these friends by facilitating a mutual aid group.

Four former group work colleagues had a profound impact on my professional life. We were faculty members at the Columbia University School of Social Work from the late 60's through the 70's and 80's when group work flourished. During this unique era, these four colleagues provided strong, innovative leadership to the School and to various fields of practice. Their distinctive contributions over the years inspired students and professionals alike. They are all now gone, but my memories of these colleagues who became close friends, Hyman Weiner, William Schwartz, Mary Funnyé Goldson and Irving Miller, continue to leave an irreplaceable void. For this special issue of *Reflections*, I would like to tell you about their contributions to group work and about their personal qualities, so much an integral part of the deep affection and respect each evoked. It is ultimately to the healing power of a group that I turned to help me with these painful losses.

Hyman J. Weiner

As a first-year group-work student at Hunter College, I was required to take a program skills course with students from Adelphi and Yeshiva. I was not happy to square dance or to make puppets on Monday mornings at 9:00 a.m., as rotating instructors taught us their specialty. When we began a unit on the use of games, I had my first encounter with Hy. I was immediately captivated by his intellect, enthusiasm, and wit. Our contact in that class was brief, but left a lasting impression. I never

imagined that thirteen years hence he would become my colleague, my mentor, and my close friend. His death, due to a tragic home accident in 1980, left a major void in many people's lives. I would like to reflect on his career and give you a flavor of the man.

After graduating from Brooklyn College in 1949, Hy attended the Columbia University School of Social Work. Hy was already visionary about the future direction of professional education and practice. While he majored in group work, he thought that social workers should be trained in more than one method specialization. So in the second year, he enrolled in casework and group work. In his characteristically disarming and self-mocking wit, he explained this decision as his desire to be "trained poorly in two methods rather than just one." Unlike many group work graduates who pursued careers in settlement houses and community centers, Hy moved to develop group services in the health and mental fields.

In his first position at Blythdale Children's Hospital, and in subsequent positions at New York Medical College, Albert Einstein College of Medicine, and Bird S. Coler, Hy developed and administered innovative programs. His interest and passion for the field of health became firmly established in those first ten years of his professional career. And so did some of his humor! Hy, for example, would tell about the socially conscious physician who, when patients could not afford surgery, offered to touch up their X-rays. He

would also tell a story about an elderly Jewish man who was in a car accident. When the ambulance attendant placed him on a stretcher, covered him with a blanket, and asked him, "Are you comfortable?" he replied, "Yes, thank you, I make a decent living."

Hy was restless and eager to forge new ground, to take on new challenges. The drums beat loudly, and in 1961, he expanded his role and became the Director of the Sidney Hillman Health Center of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, a mental health clinic in a labor-management health facility. Hy had a special feeling for this consumer population. His own father was a loyal member of that very union; some members knew his father and Hy felt a deep professional and personal sense of connectedness. His humor from this field of practice was very special and my favorite. Hy loved telling about the unemployed worker who had heard about the War on Poverty, but could not find where to surrender. He also described a union member who told his social worker that his pillow talked to him. When the worker inquired, "Do you talk back to the pillow?" the member indignantly responded, "What's the matter with you? Do you think I am crazy?"

The decade of the 60's was rich and exciting for Hy. He completed his doctorate in 1964, co-founded the Michael Schwirner Memorial Fund (established to promote civil rights activities in the South in memory of a murdered college student), and published articles about social change and group work in health settings. In 1967, Hy joined the Columbia faculty. Because he insisted on remaining close to practice, he worked half time with staff at Harlem Hospital to develop case material. He was an exciting teacher of group work and developed new courses in non-verbal communication and interdisciplinary collaboration. He played a special role for those of us who were junior faculty, providing supportive mentoring and encouraging creative

teaching efforts. He would quote Yogi Berra: "The trick is not to make the wrong mistake."

A few years later, Hy secured a grant to design and implement a demonstration project aimed at developing mental health services for members of the labor force. He created Columbia's Industrial Social Welfare Center and, in doing so, he opened up a new field of practice for social work. By 1975, Hy's desire for new challenges led him to become the Dean of New York University's School of Social Work. I vividly remember one telephone call in which he described meeting with a student who had flunked three courses (Human Behavior, Research, and Casework) and received the grade of "D" in Social Welfare Policy. When Hy inquired, "What accounts for your poor academic performance?" the student, without a moment's hesitation, replied, "I guess I spent too much time on the Social Policy course." We howled at the absurdity of the reply. Hy missed teaching, his former colleagues, and faculty involvement in program development and returned to Columbia in two and a half years.

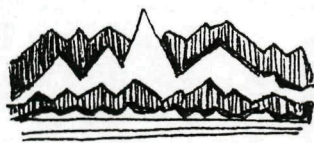
In a short time, the School was again stimulated by the excitement and energy he brought. In curriculum development, Hy urged the faculty to cease reminiscing about the "good old days," reminding us "the only good thing about the old days is a poor memory." He worked with colleagues to develop a Health and Mental Health concentration, pointing out that the health policies were "progressing from a state of anarchy to a state of total chaos." To make a teaching point about professional competence and influence in complex organizations, he implored: "The best way to start a fire with two sticks is to make sure that one of them is a match."

Hy also secured a training grant in the field of maternal and child services. Increasingly, he involved me in providing leadership to the Project. Following Hy's death I became the director and along with several academic and professional colleagues—Rita



Black, Bea Seitzman, and Florence Stein—carried on his mission for nineteen additional years.

Hy left the profession a powerful legacy. He maintained vital connections in both the worlds of practice and education, building a clearer synthesis and integration between the two through his ability to grasp the “practice in the theory” and the “theory in the practice.” More significantly, affection for human imperfections, a marvelous sense of humor, a delight in the absurd, and a capacity to give unconditional support enhanced the lives of everyone around him. Twenty-three years later, he still lives deeply in my heart.



William Schwartz

Bill died in 1982, two years after Hy. I first met Bill in a seminar for new field instructors that he taught in 1965. The seminar had a profound impact on my intellectual development and career. Bill introduced me to new and exciting ideas about social work practice and education. Learning from Bill required involvement of the mind and the heart, one or the other was insufficient. If one were willing to risk, to be open to a paradigm shift, and to invest oneself in the learning process, one would be professionally transformed. One would experience inconceivable intellectual and emotional breakthroughs, as layers of conventional thinking would be challenged. Through his teaching artistry, Bill helped people to critically examine their underlying assumptions and actual practices. He would lead people to discoveries about the subject, about themselves, and the most difficult task of all, about their integration. His talent was to take complex ideas and present them succinctly, directly, and without jargon.

Bill was a man of profound ideas, of moving away from traditional and established thought. His ideas live on in the writings and teaching of others who were exposed to his genius. His ideas have staying power, and I would like to discuss what I consider to be his major intellectual contributions.

1. Social work function. Bill resisted moving toward casework's medical paradigm, and instead attempted to refine the social goals traditions. He proposed a bold conception of social work function in which the worker maintains a dual focus on the individual and the environment, mediating their transactions. This simple notion is packed with powerful ideas. The emphasis on improvement of the transactions between individuals and their social systems, rather than on the pathology of either, allowed for equal concern with prevention and rehabilitation; with normal developmental concerns as with areas of dysfunction; with private troubles as with public issues. The emphasis on mediation function also provides the practitioner with a clear role conception that is responsive to the complexity of organizational practice and the agency and client encounter. If practitioners align themselves with their clients and disown their agency, they lose their function, credibility, and effectiveness. In contrast, if practitioners align themselves with their agencies and become their agencies, they lose the opportunity to engage their clients. The professional task, therefore, is to represent the organization without becoming it, and to mediate the transactions. What a powerful, powerful idea!

2. Social work method. The historical development of group work focused upon the problems of knowing, valuing, thinking, and feeling. Bill's commitment to the development of a professional method led him to emphasize the technical issues of doing, that is, in the helping process, identifying how one helps, the ways in which the worker moves, the primacy of professional skills. Too often, scholars disdain method, acting as if it represented

a lower level of abstraction. Bill, however, realized that specifying method represented the most difficult task of all, and without it, one had no profession. Treating what the worker knows or what the worker hopes to bring about or what the worker feels as absolutes resulted in an evasion of the task of specifying the means. Whoever studied with Bill learned to respect the helping process, to become curious about one's helping actions, and to evaluate their responsiveness. I am indebted to Bill for my preoccupation with method in teaching, advising, direct practice, conducting workshops, participating in staff groups, and consulting. It has shaped my professional being.

3. Mutual aid. Bill provided us a clear rationale for "why" group: the value of people experiencing others in the same "boat," navigating the "rocky waters" of life and struggling with similar life issues and concerns. Members' concerns and needs are experienced as less unique and as less pathological. This process releases the group's potential for a multiplicity of helping relationships, not just one social worker helping, but everyone assigned the job of helping. As members experience support and the collective demands and expectations of the group, they are more likely to listen to responses from their peers and to move into more taboo and painful areas. The group serves as a microcosm for social experiences and interactions.

4. Phases of helping. Bill placed the mutual aid processes within four interrelated helping phases: preparation or "tuning in" in which the worker prepares herself to move into the group experience; development of a mutual agreement or "contract" in which the worker helps group members to develop a common focus; the actual "work" in which members deal with group tasks and any obstacles that impede mutual aid processes; and termination in which members separate and the group ends or the worker leaves. Bill's notion of developing mutual agreement by

contracting with group members was a groundbreaking formulation from past modes of practice. Those of us educated prior to our exposure to Bill's conceptualization largely learned prescriptive methods of practice, namely, we were indirect and some times acted on a hidden agenda. Bill introduced the "mind-boggling" notion of being honest and direct, of making explicit statements about group members' commonality, the agency stake, and the worker's role. How this simple idea simplified our professional lives! I often wondered how come many of us did not see the obvious. I guess seeing the obvious is the true nature of insight.

5. The group as a social system. Bill introduced social systems theory in a manner that was easy both to understand and to apply. He suggested that a group was much more than merely a context for individual treatment. It had its own structure; it had its own culture; it had its own phases of development — it had its own life. The worker had to pay equal attention to helping the individual to use the group as well as to help the group elaborate its social system. Once again, Bill took complicated abstractions and made them seem obvious. These were wonderful ideas around which to build a curriculum and around which to develop professional method.

Bill recruited me for a faculty field instructor's position. He was my early mentor and later we became close colleagues. The shift in relationship from mentor to colleague was complicated and created some tensions between us. Nonetheless, I continue to hold him and his contributions in very high regard. His brilliance, ideas about social work practice, astute sense of humor, and spirit of inquiry will always be with me. That is the soul of a man: that his ideas and spirit will live on with others.

Mary Funnye' Goldson

Mary and I joined the group work department as full-time teaching faculty in the

fall of 1972 (I began at Columbia in 1996 as a faculty field instructor). First as non-tenured and later as tenured faculty members, we supported each other through periods of intense School conflicts, and, in the process, developed increased trust and affection for each other. We collaborated on curricula development, participated on School committees, conducted workshops, and respected each other's professional viewpoints. When our sons went to the same college, our friendship and mutual affection further deepened. Who would expect that this dignified and multi-talented African-American woman from Alabama and this immigrant Jewish man from Poland would forge such a strong bond? This friendship came to its sad end when Mary passed away in 1990. Yet, for the last thirteen years I have continued to feel her intellectual, emotional and spiritual presence.

Mary was a charismatic and brilliant person. She was knowledgeable about art, music, and literature and had magnificent aesthetic tastes. Mary embodied diversity, seamlessly moving in and out and across racial, social class, gender, age, and sexual orientation boundaries. While fully identified as an African-American woman, she was a people person, a citizen of the world. She judged people by their deeds, not by their appearance. She comported herself with great dignity, class, and style. When Mary spoke, everyone listened. She had a magnetic presence. She is as close as I have ever been (and probably will ever be) to royalty.

Mary was a superior teacher. She lit up a classroom with her substantive range and capacity to engage students with the subject, each other, and herself. She developed and taught courses in group work, non-verbal communication, interdisciplinary collaboration, foundation practice, advanced clinical, family and child services and organization theory and influence. She skillfully navigated the stormy waters of a primarily white institution with professional and personal integrity.

She demanded and commanded respect and did not suffer fools. Her intelligence, passion for social justice, directness, and magnificent sense of humor earned her deep respect and affection by all. In my opinion, she was a jewel in the system.

Mary was an accomplished person, but never self-promoting. She became a major child advocate in New York City and State. Through her roles on government task forces, the Citizens' Committee on Children, board membership, consultations, training, and scholarship, she influenced child welfare permanency planning policies. She was a significant force in shaping integrated and comprehensive services to families and children. These services helped strengthen and keep poor families together.

Einstein wrote: "The most important human endeavor is the striving for morality in our actions. Our inner balance and even our very existence depend on it. Only morality in our actions can give beauty and dignity to life." Mary brought inner balance to our professional and personal lives. Mary brought beauty to our lives. Mary brought dignity to our lives. When I think about Mary (which I do often), I realize that there are stars whose radiance is visible on earth though they have long been extinct. Mary's inner strength, beauty, dignity, and brilliance continue to illuminate our lives though her physical being is no longer with us. Her radiance is particularly bright when the night is dark.

Irving Miller

Irving was my primary mentor and my "chief rabbi," who helped and taught me throughout my academic career. I hope to capture the brilliance and persona of this very special colleague and friend who died two years ago. Before beginning his academic career, Irving served as the Director of Social and Community Activities, Madison House; Associate Executive, Brownsville and East New York YM and YWHA (1945-

1950); and Executive Director, Vacation Camp for the Blind. These experiences sparked a deep commitment to the value of social group work in fostering membership participation and mutual aid.

Irving began his career at the Columbia University School of Social Work in 1950. He taught several generations of social work students until he retired in June 1987. He offered his students brilliant insights about the human condition and piercing clarity about social work function and roles. Many years after graduation, a student wrote: "Your teaching has never left me. What you taught me, I own. Whatever success I have had, you gave me the opportunity to succeed... To those who have known you, your smile, your caring, your wisdom, your knowledge and skill, I can only say what an honor, what a pleasure, what a joy!"

Irving made distinctive contributions to Columbia's curriculum in conceptualizing the organizational environment and its effect upon clients and professionals, and in developing a responsive professional methodology to help clients and to influence the organization. He redefined the meaning of individualization, pointing out that it means finding a way to say "yes" to a client or student — to bend the rules, to make an exception, to use policies in service of people, to be a professional rather than a bureaucrat. For the next 30 years, many of his colleagues taught this brilliant notion to their students. In 1966, Irving also wrote Lucille Austin, a casework colleague, a note that she read to her doctoral classes. The content had a profound impact on Carel Germain when she was a doctoral student. The note read:

"One or two comments may be made concerning the frequently observed discrepancy between the way we conceptualize and communicate a process, like study, diagnosis, and treatment and the way things actually happen in life. We try to

teach, describe and communicate what we do or an ideal model of it, and consequently, we develop a rational, logical, orderly, consistent way of doing so, such as, study, diagnosis, and treatment. In practice these overlap, overflow and intermingle because of the innumerable and unpredictable details and variety within which nature confronts us. Logic and reason never quite describe or predict reality; one is symmetrical and manageable; the other is much less so. Let me offer a bit of heresy: I wonder if the constant need for casework teachers to admonish us about being dynamic, and not static suggest the possible need to modify and/or re conceptualize the casework model."

In the late 1980's, Irving became concerned with the application of business principles to social agencies. He wrote:

"The accountability emphasis, however justified it may be, in many ways has also confused the issues of what is efficiency and effectiveness for a human service organization as compared to other organizations. It has in fact introduced 'business' conceptions of efficiency and what are desirable outcomes in human service organization. The rush to accountability has created a means/ends problem about whose interests are being served by accountability. One should not assume that the fruits of efficiency and accountability are equally distributed among the various constituents of a human service agency."

How profound! How visionary! Irving had an uncanny ability to redefine complex phenomena into more manageable and solvable terms. He sensitized me to the complexities and ambiguities inherent in the human experience.

As a colleague, Irving made work so much fun. Each day was a wondrous adven-

ture, beginning and ending with our car pool where we relived the events of the previous days and present day, and relived them once again. Irving loved conversation. When my fan belt broke and knocked out my power belt and I could no longer steer the car, I warned Irving to brace himself for a possible crash. He calmly retorted, "Let me finish my story first." He always had his priorities. Irving's wit and quick retorts are ingrained in the memories of his colleagues. The late Charley Grosser and I conspired for Charley to run into his office and call the phone on a crowded elevator and for me to answer and announce: "Irving, a very important call for you!" Without a moments hesitation, Irving responded: "Tell your friend Charley that I may be blind, but I am not dumb and also tell him that I am busy on my other phone." And when a colleague entered the School's elevator and haughtily informed us that he had breakfast with Secretary Elliot Richardson, Irving had waited for over a year for this moment to respond: "That's funny, I had dinner with him last night and he didn't mention that he was going to see you in the morning."

Irving loved to tell the story of a faculty meeting in where a motion was made to send a colleague a condolence card. Before the dean could call for a vote, Irving raised his hand and exclaimed: "When I die, please do not make a motion to send my wife a condolence card. She could not take a vote with several abstentions." Parenthetically, when Irving died, there were no abstentions.

Irving was a mentor to many colleagues and tried with varying degrees of success to help us all to write better — to express our ideas more clearly and concisely. He helped me with my dissertation and he helped me with many articles. His admonitions, to this day, ring in my ears: "less is more;" never "address" the problem (to make the point, he would wave "hello, problem, good-by problem"); never write "in terms of;" never write "at this point in time" (write "at present"); never "center around on" or "focus in on" (center

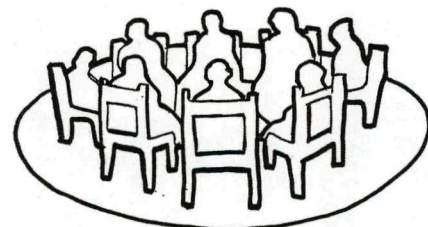
on and focus on will suffice); use short words, active verbs, and so on. He taught us to value nuance and to struggle to be precise in our meanings. When I write, Irving is always on my shoulders lending me support and his critical eye.

Irving made a major difference in the lives of many people and we all carry his lessons with us. His death leaves a huge void. I miss his wisdom, his toughness, his love, his zest for life, his gift for language, and his ability to make each of us feel special in his life. He was my mentor, my neighbor, and my intimate friend.

In thinking about the loss of these special colleagues and friends, I thought about the potential of bereavement groups. In reviewing students' papers, one caught my eye because of the content of group members' conversations. The social work intern had formed a short-term group for people who had experienced the death of someone they loved to cancer.

I know from my own losses of family members and close friends that the feelings surrounding the death of a loved one are strong and complex. The group members who lost a spouse described feeling terribly alone and incomplete. The group members who lost a parent identified the loss of their longest consistent and often precious relationship. Group members described how their friends and relatives were unable to tolerate their sadness and urged them to bury their grief and to move on with their lives. This pressure from people close to them added to their adaptive burdens. The mutual aid group provided grieving members with a safe place to share their painful losses, their loneliness, their memories as well as their struggles to cope and survive. A vignette from the third session had special meaning for me:

Jackie: I hear what my family and friends are saying. But I



don't understand how do I simply forget my mother and go on with my life?

Social work intern: Your friends tell you to forget your mother in order for you to move on?

Jackie: That's how they make me feel (begins to cry)... I don't want to forget her. We loved each other.

Social work intern: Do others feel the pressure to forget and get over your grief (looking around the room)?

Eva: No matter how hard I try, I can't forget and I won't.

Others: (verbalize agreement)

Joan: I feel like I have to forget my mother, place her behind me, or I'm never going to be okay again, but I think about her all the time.

Social work intern: Maybe you can stay connected on some level while still trying to go on with your life.

Gina: Yeah, I never want to lose that connection. I mean, I know my husband is dead, but he was a huge and important part of my life. How could I ever forget him — why would I ever want to forget him?

Betty: (nodded) If I forgot my husband it would be like he never existed — like my life never existed. Why do people want us to forget?

George: Maybe they think that by telling us to forget, our pain will go away. They do not realize that they increase our pain.

Social work intern: (I noticed that Debbie looked like she wanted to speak.

Tears were streaming down her cheeks) Debbie, you are feeling a lot right now.

Debbie: Everyone is talking about forgetting, but I can't forget my husband. Maybe I am crazy, but I feel him with me all of the time. At night I wait for the door to unlock at 6:30. Sometimes I even hear his voice. I must have something wrong with me, right?

Gina: If there is something wrong with you then there is something wrong with me too. I'm sure I'm going nuts (laughs). My husband loved his car — he had it washed every week. Well, I was out driving it the other day and I realized that the car had not been washed in several weeks. I heard his voice asking why I hadn't washed it lately. So if anyone is crazy it's me. (Group members laugh.)

Social work intern: It is very common to feel a sense of presence or to hear the person saying things that they said before. It's how we all handle loss. I know I did when I lost my father.

Gina: (Laughing) Whew... So you mean I'm not going nuts.

Social work intern: Certainly not, but worrying about going nuts must be scary (looking around the room).

Linda: I don't feel my husband's presence or his voice, but I want to. I want to remember him and feel his presence more than anything, but I can't. I only remember his sickness and his pain. His illness lasted so long that I can't remember him any other way. It's funny because I find myself talking to him, asking him to let me know that he is out of pain now. I also ask him everyday questions. I just wish he could answer me.

Others: (Group members were silent).

Social work intern: (I remained silent to let us all process what just had been discussed).

As I read this practice vignette, I was moved by the group members' ability to express the depth of their pain and confusion. Their yearning for their loved ones resonated with me. Sadly, they could not express their feelings and thoughts to family members and friends. However, as they turned to each other for support, the members realized that others were also worried about losing their sanity and were struggling with similar reactions and concerns. They were making important social and emotional connections.

In the fourth meeting, group members decided to bring in photos or mementos of their spouse or parent to share with the group. Most of the session was devoted to the exchanges of experiences and memories. In the next session, Debbie began the meeting with the photos she "forgot" to bring the previous week. This discussion had particular meaning to me.

Debbie: I remembered my pictures this week (she pulled them out and proudly shared them).

Others: (Group members silently look at them, then starting talking among themselves).

Social work intern: How was it for all of you to share your pictures and mementos? We didn't get a chance to talk about it last week.

Eva: It was good, but I'm glad it's over.

Betty: I agree.

Linda: It is still hard for me to look at his pictures.

Marta: I agree, he looked so healthy and alive — it's hard to imagine.

Joan: Yeah. It was hard to look at the pictures because it was the first time I looked at them since my mother died. I am glad you all suggested it because I ended up feeling good. I decided to leave them out to look at every now and again.

Social work intern: You had mixed reactions... (Jackie interrupts)

Jackie: I left my pictures out also. I thought it would make me sad but it didn't. I was surprised that it brought me great joy. I could see the sparkle in my mother's eyes. I loved that sparkle.

George: I need to ask you a question (looks at me). When does the presence of somebody leave your memory?

Social work intern: I am not sure what you mean George - could you explain what you mean?

George: What I mean is how strong should a deceased person's presence remain with you and for how long?

Social work intern: George, I am not sure. For each of us it's different. How strong is your wife's presence for you?

George: I was going through some things in the basement and I ran across some of my wife's things — the pictures (his voice cracks) and some invoices from her business. Anyway, it was like she standing right next to me — I could feel her presence so strongly — it was like I could touch her (a tear ran down his cheek), but I couldn't — I kept trying to, but I couldn't.

Gina: I feel my husband's presence all the time. It is comforting to me. I don't want to lose it, but I am scared that it will decrease over time. It probably has already.

Linda: (Looking at George) Everyone experiences things differently — no one can tell you how long it will last. Maybe you need her presence now but not later.

George: I really do need her right now — I miss her terribly.

Social work intern: Sonia, you seem to want to say something.

Sonia: I feel my father's presence often. I find it comforting and I use his comfort when I need to. I recall my memories.

If I were a member of the group, I would feel supported in my need to keep an active connection with my loved one and reassured that I did not have to listen to the voices that were pressuring me to forget and to move on. I would have learned that my responses to loss and grief were normal. This support would make me feel less alone, less isolated, and less doubtful about my own reactions. It seems as if the group members appreciated

the social work intern's gentle exploration and ability to stay out of the way of the free-flowing mutual-aid processes.

As I think of my former group work colleagues and friends, the effort has been how to cope with the enormous void they leave. I thank the members of the bereavement group for lending me vision, for conveying the value of holding on to the presence of the lost loved ones, their ideas, their humor, their creativity, and to the fact that their life touched and gave additional meaning to the lives of others. I visualize my current and former colleagues' faces - the twinkle in their eyes, their strong personalities and their enormous professional contributions. In these and other ways, they will always be a part of me.

References

- Adapted from memorial service Fourth International Symposium on Social Work with Groups, Toronto, October 1982.
- Adapted from "In Memoriam," *Social with Groups Newsletter*. (2001) 17(1), 7-8.
- Adapted from "The President's Pen," *Social with Groups Newsletter*. (1995) 12(3), 1-3.



"Life is Sharing the Same Park Bench"

This image was created by artist John F. Morrell of Rochester, New York, and serves as the logo for AASWG, Inc. (The Association for the Advancement of Social Work with Groups) The original can be seen as an outdoor wall mural on the corner of East Ninth St. and Rockwell Ave. in Cleveland, Ohio.

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