

CHAPTER TEN

GENEALOGY OF ME

My confrontation with Sad Marie's brother about her letter from the Social Security Administration was my first exposure to her family's dynamics. A frightened, not too bright, younger brother was doing Mother's bidding by lying to his sister about a most important letter to her.

Then, at the SSI hearing, her mother sat icily by me, so chilling I shivered on a warm day. I had intruded on her sacred territory, and that she did not like. She believed nothing about her daughter having alter-personalities. She had to have a perfect daughter to prove to the world she was a perfect mother. I implied she had a defective daughter. How dare I defame her in that way!

Before moving to Yolo County, I had a busy psychiatric office in Santa Cruz. I treated my patients with MPD in the local hospital's psychiatric ward. In the conference room, I often saw my patients' relatives. I valued their input on how we could work together in keeping their child, and my patient, out of the hospital in the future. I did not blame them for their children's difficulties. I was tougher on the patients and pushed them to accept responsibility for the reactions they had to the assaults they complained of suffering at the hands of parents and spouses.

If Shelly Garrett had ever wanted to sit down with me to discuss how she could be of help in her daughter's recovery, I would have been glad to cooperate. But she never did. I, on the other hand, did not go looking for her, after I discovered she had no willingness to listen to my ideas. I had long since learned that when someone doesn't ask for advice, it is pointless to offer any.

During many of the therapy sessions, Sad Marie complained about her mother's behavior. She didn't like her mother going to Lake Tahoe to gamble without letting her know in advance. She didn't like being financially supported by her

mother. If Mother were to again consider herself an invincible gambler, she could well go to jail for embezzlement a third time.

If I had chosen to call Sad Marie's mother in for a frank talk, I would have been caught in a double bind. First, Sad Marie would have suspected me of telling her mother complaints she had about her, and this would have made her home life more difficult.

Secondly, if I brought up any of the complaints Sad Marie had about her mother, Mother would likely tell me Sad Marie was lying. I would be in a bind about whether to believe my patient or her mother. Maybe she wasn't telling the exact truth; maybe she was. What was important was that she was free to discuss it with me without risking my checking out her every statement for literal accuracy. If I had, therapy sessions would have turned into fact proving sessions, and therapy would have come to a halt. It simply did not matter to me, as therapist, whether Sad Marie was "justified" in feeling how she did about whatever her mother did which made her angry.

So I only met with Mother when her daughter asked me to, which was rarely, but in her presence. There were times when Sad Marie told me wild stories I wished I could check out with her mother. But I controlled my natural curiosity and accepted that I had to be satisfied with ambiguity. That is the price of being a psychotherapist, not a detective.

Marie's mother was born Shelly Posner, the first of five children. Her father, Billy Ray Posner, was a typical Southern man from Missouri. He was six feet tall, strong, with gray hair. He did not believe in touching his grandchildren, but they knew he loved them. He was a man's man, but he also enjoyed the company of ladies.

Doris Mae Posner was also from the

South, a heavy set woman, five feet six inches tall, with light hair. She, too, did not like touching her grandchildren, but she would not stop them from hugging her. Shelly watched her father beat her mother and saw how Doris Mae stayed with her husband, in good times and bad. This example of the long-suffering wife guided her when she married her two husbands.

Shelly was the target of some her father's harsh discipline, but he only beat her when she had done something wrong in his eyes. When she did do wrong, she knew she would be switched or paddled, sometimes severely.

Both Shelly's parents died years ago, but Shelly will not talk about them to Marie, even today.

Shelly's childhood was much like Marie's, as both were the oldest child and a daughter in the family. Shelly was expected to take care of the younger children, cook, clean the house, and go to school every day. The oldest of her three brothers, Charles Posner, served in the US Army in the Korean Conflict, where part of his skull was blown away in combat. His doctors gave him a glass eye and replaced part of his skull with a steel plate. Everyone thought he was going to die, but Shelly was not going to let that happen. After a year in the Veterans Administration Hospital, during which she visited him every week, he came home.

Charles had been a smart young man, but his wounds left him without memory and unable to read, write, spell or count. When he came home, Shelly read to him for hours from third grade books. She took care of him to make sure he survived. He later died of a heart attack.

Shelly was never close to another brother, Harold. After Shelly married, her mother gave birth to her only sister, Gloria. Those two sisters have never gotten along with each other. The last born was Fred, and he has not been in touch with any of her family.

Shelly was born in Jefferson City, Missouri, and her family moved to Stockton, California, when she was eight years old. They next

moved to Del Paso Heights, in Sacramento County, to a middle class neighborhood. They lived in a three bedroom, two bath house with a small front yard. They had no modern appliances, such as a dishwasher or garbage disposal, as Doris Mae didn't like newfangled gadgets.

The family grew vegetables in the large side yard. The garage, in the huge back yard, was a separate building with the car door as the only opening. A shed attached to the garage was a favorite hiding place for the grandchildren, when they came to visit.

Shelly's home was not the most cheerful one on the block, but it was functional. Her father had a girlfriend, whom no one talked about. Shelly felt sorry for her mother as she watched how Doris Mae reacted to the neighborhood gossip. Her mother kept a straight face and never confronted Billy Ray about his infidelity. Shelly learned that a woman must support her man, no matter what. Nobody in the outside world was to ever get a glimpse of what happened to her and her children behind those closed doors.

After high school graduation, Shelly spent most of her time at the North Sacramento Roller Skating Rink. She hoped to compete in national roller skating competitions. She had many male partners and was featured in a training film for military personnel, showing servicemen the joys of good, clean fun in Sacramento.

Shelly loved to roller skate and the visiting servicemen enjoyed skating with her. She had an interesting job at McClellan Air Force Base repairing bombsights. Off hours, she was usually at the roller skating rink.

One weekend, a friend brought in a new sailor to meet her. He introduced Shelly Posner to Frances McKenzie, the handsomest man she had ever seen. He stood more than six feet tall and had an olive complexion, dark hair and dark eyes. Shelly lost all sense of reality. Her defenses evaporated, her limits disintegrated, and they went to bed that night. Two weeks later they were married.

After the wedding, Frances was honorably

discharged from the service. They rented a small house on Taylor Street. He went to work at McClellan AFB as a bombsight quality control technician and later was promoted to computer operator.

When Shelly learned she was pregnant with Marie, Frances ordered her to quit her job, since he was to be the breadwinner in the household. She needed to stay home and act like a proper housewife should. Shelly felt he was being unfair, as she thought she could have children and work as well. But she did as she was told. She stayed home and delivered Marie. When Marie was four months old, they moved to the house on San Martin Street.

While Marie was growing up, Mother returned to work at McClellan AFB, now as a receptionist on the swing shift. Father continued to work days as a computer operator. When Marie was 10 years old, Father told Mother she would have to quit working again. He was upset his wife was constantly working and not taking care of the children or cleaning the house. Father "knew" the neighbors were talking about him behind his back, saying he couldn't make a good enough living to allow his wife to stay home. After much arguing, Mother finally quit her job and stayed home to look after their children as her husband expected. Marie was delighted, since she now hoped Mother would protect her from her father's daily sexual abuse.

Father had other plans for his eldest daughter. She learned she was never going to feel safe as long as he was alive. He started running errands with his daughter, such as going to the grocery store, having the car lubricated, or buying clothes. Thus he was able to continue his abuse of Marie, this time in the back seat of his car. The abuse usually took place when he parked in a wooded area in Rio Linda. Soon she became afraid of their family sedan.

With Mother and Father both home every evening, family life was worse than ever for the McKenzies. Father started yelling at Mother for no apparent reason. During meals, he would slap her in the face. The first time the children saw him do

this, they thought he was playing a big joke. Marie realized her father was not kidding and shepherded her siblings into their bedrooms, told them to stay there, and closed the doors. She then went out to her parents and pleaded with them to stop fighting. They did not even acknowledge her until Marie stepped in front of her mother as her father was striking a blow. When his fist came down, it hit his daughter's head instead of his wife's. He was shocked and surprised and came to his senses, at least for that night.

After two years of fighting, Mother and Father decided that they could not live with each other any longer. In the divorce settlement, Mother was awarded the house, a car, and child support. She asked for no alimony, since she wanted to be sure Father met his responsibilities to their three children.

Mother looked for work as a bookkeeper. She had some experience in that field during her summer jobs in high school.

After living the life of a divorcee for a year, she married Sam Garrett. By then she needed someone to take care of her, to make her feel beloved. Garrett recognized a good thing when he saw one, and, being the con man he was, he readily talked his way into her heart and bedroom.

Since Garrett was always drinking and rarely working, all the responsibility for bringing home the income was left up to Mother. Father steadily withdrew his personal and financial attention from his first family, as he married subsequent wives. Mother kept going back to court, trying to force him to pay his owed child support, and he fought her all the way.

Mother was in and out of jobs as a bookkeeper for small companies, as she and Garrett moved several times to keep ahead of the bill collectors. She always worked for companies that were struggling up the ladder to success, where she was the only person handling the payroll, receiving payments, and billing customers. Only she signed payroll checks. She had full control of each firm's money.

After five years of working at a carpet warehouse in Sacramento, she found her financial problems at home were more than she could juggle. She needed to have her children were properly dressed for school. They had to have shoes, coats, notebooks, and pencils to go to school. Where was she going to get the money? WHERE THE HELL WAS SHE GOING TO GET THE MONEY?

Mother loved going to Lake Tahoe to play Bingo, 21, Roulette, and the slot machines. She was usually lucky. Over a period of months, she kept returning to the casinos, but her luck did not hold for long. When she came back so poor her children were going to bed without food, she decided that she could "borrow some money from work." When her luck returned, she would repay the money she had "borrowed" without anyone knowing about it.

After a few years of surreptitiously slipping her employer's money into her purse before driving up to Lake Tahoe for the weekend, she found that she had "borrowed" too much to pay back, with her debt now totaling six figures. Mother wondered how she was going to pay it back, now that Garrett had left her suddenly, and she was alone again.

Mother decided to continue working as usual, and, hopefully, no one would find out about her indiscretions. But her employer began to wonder why his thriving business was not returning a profit to him, and he asked his accountant to conduct a surprise audit. Within two days, the report was on his desk, and he called the police. Mother had obviously been embezzling money from him for some time.

By this time, Mother and children were too poor to live on their own, and they had moved in with Mother's parents. She had called in sick that day, as she had the flu. But she also had a premonition that her scheme was about to be discovered. Marie's last class at the Sacramento College of Dental Assisting ended at 2:45 p.m. Her brother and sister both left school at 3:00 p.m. Marie always met her siblings at their school and walked

home with them. Within 30 minutes they would arrive at their grandmother's front door.

That day, they saw a police car drive past them as they were turning the last corner before arriving home. They were curious and thought one of their neighbors must have been injured. They hurried to see what the policemen were doing on their block. When they arrived where the police cruiser was parked, they realized it was in front of grandmother's house. Grandmother Posner tried to stop them from coming into the house, but Marie rushed past her to face her mother standing there with handcuffs on, between two burly policemen.

Marie freaked out and lunged for the policemen. She hit and kicked them, while yelling and screaming to let her mother go. She knew whatever had happened to cause them arrest her mother must be her fault. She screamed at them to take her instead, because she was to blame. She yelled at them to let her mother go. As this was going on, Grandmother Posner took the two younger children to the back yard and asked them to pull up some vegetables from the garden.

Inside the house, the officers reacted firmly. One of them took Marie into another room and closed the door. They then led Mother to the police car, put her in the back seat and drove away. Marie came out and saw her mother leaving in the patrol car. Marie died.

Becky had to work fast. First she had to create another false-front Marie to replace of the one who had just disintegrated. She also had to decide what to do with the memory Marie had of the police car coming and of seeing the two officers with her mother in handcuffs. She knew Marie would not be able to handle that particular memory, since now her sole remaining parent was gone, and Marie would be sure it was her fault. Becky put a red flag on that part of Marie's memory and sent it to the Akashic Records, where it would be available to Marie in the future, but only if cleared by Faith, Hope, and Charity. Becky would not let Marie remember what happened to her mother until the time was right.

The hastily manufactured new Marie was unable to see her mother leave the house with the policemen. She had a "negative hallucination," as Becky blocked her ability to see Mother, the policemen, or their car, as they drove away from Grandmother Posner's house. The new Marie had no idea what had happened to her mother and asked her grandmother, in all innocence, where her mother was.

Her grandmother's Essence was in constant contact with Becky, and they decided it would be best for Grandmother Posner to make up a story to tell Marie about her mother's absence. Grandmother Posner explained to the now calm Marie that her mother had been asked by her employer to take an assignment in an out-of-state office for a few months, working on his accounts there. Grandmother Posner carefully told this story to Marie, while the smaller brother and sister stood by.

Neither of the younger siblings had seen the police take their mother away. When they heard Grandmother Posner telling Marie that Mother had been asked to work out of town, they accepted her explanation as fact.

Grandmother and Grandfather Posner agreed to maintain that fiction about their daughter's absence with everyone they talked to, hoping no one would be rude enough to tell the children the truth. The ruse worked, and all the children managed to continue school in reasonable peace while their mother was in the Sacramento County Jail.

Mother returned home three months later, with a trimmer figure, having lost weight on the jail diet. All three children thought their mother looked fantastic. They asked how her work had gone and if she had had fun while she was gone. Mother, protecting her children, told them work was fine, and that she had enjoyed herself.

She returned to the same type of work with other unsuspecting employers. No one ever checked her references, and no one thought to ask her if she had ever been arrested and convicted of embezzlement. So she never had to lie about her criminal history.

Several years later, she worked as the bookkeeper for a company that made custom doors. Marie was 20 years old and had moved out of the family home to her own apartment, which was paid for by Mother. The two younger children were still at home. In Mother's mind, she needed money to be the gambler she truly was. She kept trying to win enough money to pay bills, keep food on the table, and otherwise keep their lives intact. Of course, that never happened. She used the same self-justifying excuses she had used the first time and started taking money from her present employer. The amount again reached six figures, her employer again ordered an audit, and again her embezzlement was discovered.

This time Marie was visiting at her mother's house when two policemen knocked on the door and asked if Shelly Garrett was there. They had a warrant for her arrest and moved to take her with them. Mother turned to Marie and said, "Your money caused me all that I own."

At that moment, Robert was born inside Marie's mind. "He" lunged at the officers and tried to grab their pistols out of their holsters. The officers reacted swiftly to "his" attack, twisted "his" arms behind "his" back and threw "him" to the ground. They handcuffed "him," as well as "his" mother, and drove them both off to county jail. The next morning, the assistant district attorney decided to use his discretion and dropped all charges against Marie. He could understand her overreaction to her mother's arrest and figured that alone was enough punishment for her.

At the same time Robert was created, Becky also made another Marie, one that was designed to cope with her feelings of guilt that Mother was buying her love and setting conditions on how she should spend the money Mother gave her. This new Marie did not know she had a husband and child or a mother in jail. All she knew was that she was all alone in the world. Therefore, she had nothing to feel guilty about and no reason to be angry at a nonexistent mother.

Mother was sentenced to two years at the

Rio Consumes Correctional Facility. The Posners decided that the children were old enough to know the reason for their mother's absence this time and told them the truth. The only trouble was that their slant on the truth laid the blame for their mother's embezzlement on the children.

Becky had to explain to the false-front Marie that she had a mother and a child. Therefore, Marie went to visit her mother at the correctional facility with her baby son in tow. She talked to Mother through the telephone, while they looked at each other through the plexiglass partition in the visiting booth. She visited her mother every week, but her siblings never came. Marie knew it was her duty, as eldest daughter, to emotionally support her mother in her time of need.

Now that Marie has since grown up and become psychologically one person, she has been dealing with her mother in a more mature and adult fashion. Mother still treats Marie as if she is between the ages of four and fourteen. Marie does not stand for that. She lets her know she is an adult and expects to be treated as one. They have had their arguments, but Marie holds her own.

Frances McKenzie grew up in Dinuba, California, the son of Amanda and William McKenzie. Amanda was the ideal American grandmother who loved her children and grandchildren and always tried to make and give them special gifts. When the grandchildren visited her, she fixed them tarts. After she had fashioned a pie for dinner, she would gather the left over dough. She rolled it out on the breadboard, put a small dab of jelly in the middle and covered it with another piece of dough. She baked these along with the pie. Each of the grandchildren helped make his or her own tart. She allotted six to each grandchild, who carved his or her design on the dough so that it would bake right in. In that way, there were never any arguments over who should get which tart.

Amanda was a frail, gray-haired woman, standing five feet, seven inches tall, and weighing no more than 100 pounds. She appeared so fragile

that the grandchildren thought the first gust of wind would take her away. She always had a smile on her lips, and she greeted each visitor with a hug and a kiss. Grandmother McKenzie was a beautiful woman, and Marie wanted to live in her house forever. The love she received there gave her a glow that she never experienced at home.

William McKenzie was as typical a grandfather as Amanda was a grandmother. He had little hair left on top, he was round, and his belly shook when he laughed, which was most of the time. He was perfectly built to play Santa Claus any time of the year.

These two ideal grandparents lived in a white house with steps leading to the front porch. To Marie, the porch was gigantic, with a swing and five chairs. When she walked through the front door, she felt she was stepping back in time. On the walls were four cookoo clocks, but none of them agreed with another one. Marie always felt the clocks were announcing her arrival, as one would chime first, then another one five minutes later.

The large front room had a daybed along with six recliners and two rocking chairs. Beyond it was the dining room table. Victorian era furniture, knickknacks and beautiful porcelain dolls adorning the room. The bed in the room reserved for visiting grandchildren seemed so tall Marie thought Grandmother and Grandfather McKenzie put extra mattresses on it. This reminded her of the fairy tale, "The Princess and the Pea." Its thick quilts and many pillows made Marie feel warm and safe. A dresser and two chaise lounges completed the furniture. The room was also decorated with porcelain statues, ballerina figurines and a cookoo clock. The bathroom had an old style tub, and the wallpaper had pictures of beautiful ladies and handsome young men all over the walls.

From there, Marie could go into her grandparents' gigantic bedroom with its twin beds. Grandfather's bed was decorated for a man, and Grandmother's bed had a gigantic pink quilt with pink pillows with ruffles on it. Marie felt that, when she sat on that bed, she would sink into

oblivion.

Past the dining area was the kitchen. They owned no modern conveniences. Everyone had to use their own two hands in the old-fashioned way. There were cupboards and cabinets on all the walls. In the middle of the kitchen was a dining table with six chairs, where the adults and older grandchildren sat and talked. Outside the kitchen was the service porch with its washer and dryer. Those were the only modern appliances the elderly couple felt they needed.

When Marie left the service porch, she was in the rear yard, where the garage was located. There her grandparents housed their 1949 Cadillac, black with brown interior. It looked as if it had just come from the showroom.

Ralph was Frances' oldest brother. The next younger child was their sister, Patricia. Then came Frances and his twin brother, Raymond, the youngest children in the family.

Aunt Patricia was very quiet and only spoke when she was spoken to. Rarely did she get invited to talk, however. Marie always sensed that Patricia was a sad and lonely lady, but she didn't know why.

Uncle Raymond was outgoing, smart in school, happy with his family and loving toward his parents. The children loved Uncle Ralph and Uncle Raymond. Frances, on the other hand, was studious and did not appear to like his brothers or his sister. Marie always had the notion that he hated his parents, but she could never understand why.

Frances rarely took his children to visit his parents. He never wanted his children to stay long at his parents' house as he was afraid Marie might let her guard down and tell someone what he was doing with her at home. To prevent that, he stayed around his daughter during the visits. This reinforced his warning that, if she said one word about his abuse, she would pay dearly for it later. Marie loved being around her grandparents whenever she could. She never said much, laughed when she was supposed to, and kept quiet when appropriate.

Becky knew why Frances and his parents didn't get along well. Frances had found out he had another brother born after Patricia and before him. He had heard rumors his father did not want another boy around the house then and told his wife to put the baby boy up for adoption. Amanda did not want to lose any of her children, and she fought to keep the baby boy. William was insistent and signed adoption papers at the hospital, forcing his wife to sign as well. The next day their baby boy was taken home by his new parents, and Amanda went into a severe depression when she returned home.

The reason William did not want another boy in the house right then was that he was about to lose his job. He did not tell Amanda the bad news, as he considered that to be a man's worry. Her duty was to take care of the home and children, and his was to bring in the money. But now he couldn't, and he didn't know how long it would take him to get another job.

Five years later, Amanda became pregnant with the twin boys. By then, William had a steady job, and money was coming in regularly. He was happy to learn that his wife was expecting.

William, a heavy drinker, often came home drunk. A month before the twins were born, he arrived home inebriated, and he and Amanda got into a wild argument. He slapped Amanda so hard she bounced against the wall and fell to the floor in a heap. She began labor, and William rushed her to the hospital. An hour later, Frances made his entrance, with a difficult breech delivery. Three minutes later, Raymond came, screaming his lungs out.

As the twins grew up, William's alcoholism was in full force. His personality deteriorated the more he drank. When he got nasty, Frances was the one usually targeted for the abuse.

One day, Francis was browsing through the family Bible and found a name "Baby Boy McKenzie" listed, without any other information. He had heard talk at extended family dinners about a boy who had been adopted out, but he had never

asked anyone about those rumors. Now he asked his father what happened to the brother who had been given up for adoption. William told him he had no other children. Frances shoved the Bible into his father's face and demanded to know where that "Baby Boy McKenzie" was now.

William could no longer deny the facts of the missing son. He told Frances the story, and tried to explain that he felt he had no choice other than to put the child up for adoption by a family who could afford to raise him. Frances did not want to hear his explanation, let alone understand why he had done such a despicable deed. He yelled at his father, told him he was a no-good drunk, and that he was going to find his brother and bring him home.

William said to his son, "You can't find your brother because he died five years ago from scarlet fever. If you care to see him, he's in the cemetery."

Frances was devastated. He told his father, "You killed my brother, and I will never forgive you! You are dead in my eyes."

Frances lived up to that oath. Whenever his father would try to talk to him, Frances would start walking away. William would stop his son and slap him, and the battle was on.

The other siblings tried to calm down the situation, but without success. They tried to explain to Frances that their dad had to do what he did in those times because they didn't have enough food to feed the family. His mother, Amanda, told him that it was her fault as well, so he should hate her, too. Frances never believed any of their explanations, as he did not want to understand what they were saying. All he knew was that he had had a brother, and that brother had been put up for adoption and was now dead. The family was never the same after that. Never again were they close.

In Dinuba, the Morgans lived next door to the McKenzies. Their daughter, Marie Morgan, attended the same grade as Frances. They walked to school together and were inseparable. Frances and Marie Morgan became a romantic item. Fran-

ces became obsessed with her. She was the cheerleader type, full of vivaciousness and joy, the complete opposite of himself. He saw her as a complement to himself. She was everything he was not. He needed her so he could be a whole person at last. He had to have her with him all the time. But Marie Morgan wanted to do some living first.

As a result, he became possessive of her. She enjoyed having a good time and wanted to enjoy the company of a variety of both young men and women. She did not want to be tied down to one man who wanted her presence 24 hours a day. She felt smothered by Frances' constant presence. She liked him, but she liked many other schoolmates, as well. She was that kind of a young lady.

When Frances started suggesting they go off together to a motel room, she panicked and realized this boyfriend was getting too serious for her. She wanted to stay a virgin until she married. She wanted to go out, have fun, and get acquainted with lots of other young people. There would be time enough later to decide whom she would stay with forever. She was not interested in one night stands. That was not the way her parents had raised her, and she agreed with them. She was waiting for Mr. Right, and she wasn't sure this driven young neighbor boy was the one for her.

She told him she liked him a lot, but she wasn't ready for anything serious. She just wanted to have some fun while she could. She knew there was a war on, and she was worried about the young men she had grown up with. She also knew the war would be over someday, and she wanted to be ready to settle down with the right man when that time came. In the meantime, she didn't want to commit herself to any one man.

Frances was devastated by what he considered rejection. He did not see her comments as those of a young lady mature beyond her years. He saw them as a personal insult to his quality as a human being. He had asked her to be a part of his life, because he considered her to be the missing part of him. He had seen how others lost interest in being his friend after a few minutes with him. With

her by his side, he "knew" all mankind would love him forever. Without her, he was only the dark part no one wanted to be around. He had to have her, and now she had said, "No."

Frances joined the US Navy, came to Sacramento on leave, and met Shelly at the roller skating rink.

Shelly had never had a whirlwind romance before. Francis was in love with Marie Morgan, but Shelly pulled him into her erotic net, as she wanted him above all others. She considered herself a plain girl, and her sense of inferiority had fueled her competitive drive in roller skating. She felt she had to "play all her cards" to hang onto this handsome sailor. She knew if she became pregnant he would feel obligated to stay with her. So she left herself wide open to become impregnated and succeeded on the second date. She kept up her

idea panicked him. He knew in his heart she was blatantly manipulating his feelings, but he couldn't stand the idea of losing someone who was so willing to grant his every sensual desire.

With the last meeting with Marie Morgan still ringing in his ears, he knew she would not respond to his beck and call, regardless of what he did. Here in front of him was this other sensuous woman who was willing to commit herself to his every whim, if he would commit himself to her forever. Was he willing to pay that price?

With the old adage "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" in the back of his mind, he agreed to Shelly's suggestion they might as well get married, since they were acting like they were already. They were married by a Justice of the Peace in Sacramento. Frances' tour of duty was just ending, so he changed his mind about reenlisting, took his discharge and went house hunting with Shelly by his side.

Then he turned to finding a job. Shelly suggested he apply at McClellan AFB, and he was hired as a bombsight control technician. He became the person who inspected Shelly's work. She didn't mind, since his proximity gave her a chance to see him every day at work as well as at home, and that way she was sure no other woman could get between them. She was not about to let this wonderful husband get away from her.

After WWII, he retrained to a position as a computer operator, and he stayed in that position until his death. He was a reliable employee, always on time, able and willing to do whatever was assigned to him, and he never entered into office politics. He was also a loner. New employees tried to get to know him, but he always rebuffed them, unless they had something businesslike to say to him about the project he was working on. He never chatted with anyone at coffee breaks or at lunchtime. He ate alone, ignoring all attempts to bring him into social activities. He clearly wanted to be left by himself, and he never pried into anyone else's personal affairs.

Shelly proudly announced her pregnancy

only a couple of months after they were married. From that point on, the marriage was no longer the solution to all his problems. Now it was the cause. He realized his fantasies of being totally satisfied by the woman of his dreams would never be fulfilled. Now she would have a child to deal with, and he would lose out in the competition for even his wife's attention. Now he would have to be the good husband and father, and his escape route to get back together with his lady love, Marie Morgan, was destroyed. He now realized marriage to Shelly had been a terrible mistake, and he was trapped by society's expectation he should stick with her through thick and thin. After all, that was part of the marriage vows, wasn't it?

In his bitter, resentful mind, the machinery was turning as he tried to figure out how to turn this fiasco into something of value to him. How could he compensate for being trapped by his sexual drive into a marriage he didn't want to continue, with a child-to-be that he would rather ignore? In his inner calculations, there was no consideration of the feelings or needs of his wife or unborn child. All he considered were his own needs and desires. Nothing else mattered.

When Shelly's obstetrician told them their firstborn would be a daughter, the various parts of his plan of revenge fell into place. First, the baby girl had to have a name. He and Shelly had discussed what to name the child, but he had stalled, not wanting to commit himself until he knew the sex of the baby. Now he sprang his trap. He told Shelly firmly, without room for debate, that the child would be named Marie, the name of his lost lady love. They had never talked about that "other woman," but Shelly had heard about her and had done her best to keep Frances' mind off any other woman. But now he wanted to name their baby after her. She was shocked and hurt.

Next, the baby's middle name was to be Francis, the female spelling of his own name. She was going to clearly be labeled as "his daughter."

Shelly had just come out of the delivery room and was groggy from the anesthesia and

narcotics she had been given. She could not marshal her forces to argue with him. She still hurt and was tired from the long labor, her first. She just wanted to get it over with. Realizing she had to get physically better first, she decided she would give in to her husband, if that would avoid a fight she couldn't handle right then. In her drugged state, she agreed with her husband's insistence they name their first born daughter after his old girlfriend and him, too. She was to be known as Marie Francis McKenzie.

In Frances' mind, the naming of this child was the same as branding a calf. Now that he had marked her thus, she was his. She was also a replacement for his lost lady love. He could do with her what he wished, even destroy her, if he so chose. She was his property, because he had laid claim to her on her first day of existence as a full human being. No one could dispute his right of ownership, even her mother.

Even though his lost lady love had many fine positive qualities, he had seen her only as a supremely attractive sex object. Since he was at the stage of life where the male's sexual drive is at its peak, he sexualized the relationship to the point where, in his fantasies, he saw her as an extension of his penis, which belonged inside her vagina. If they were sexually joined, then her physical beauty would be part of him. By adding all she was to himself, he would become a whole person. He saw her as a prize to be worn in public around his penis, a garland that covered over his own ugliness and inadequacy. Then no one would know he was defective and undesirable, since her perfection would wrap itself around him and his organ, fooling all who saw him into thinking he was as wonderful as she was.

When he molested Marie on her first birthday, he accomplished several goals. First, she was a direct replacement for her namesake, his lost lady love. He could fantasize having sex with the perfect woman of his dreams, and he could develop the sexual reactions from touching the small female who was really his daughter. While he was probing

her little vagina, he was telling her soothing, "loving" comments, saying to her that in this way he was showing her true love. He actually believed what he was saying! He thought only of himself, and he ignored the fact she was a living person, too. He was unaware she could tell what he was thinking and feeling, since Becky had already dissociated six months before when Shelly had physically tried to kill Marie. She was then operating with the first of many false-front alter-personalities, as the Original Personality had gone into hiding inside her mind.

The first time, at six months of age, Becky adapted to Mother's hostility by creating a subservient, compliant false-front alter-personality who would never anger Mother. Now, at one year of age, Becky had to deal with a father who was treating her charge as if she was an adult female! The two roles could not be accommodated in the same alter-personality. Once Becky realized she had to work quickly to deal with this new problem, she hustled to create the second false-front alter-personality to take over from age one on. This one had to keep Mother satisfied and had to be able to cope with a father who insisted that sexual probing of his year old daughter was proof of his love. Becky knew such an idea was nonsense, but she had no way to stop his behavior. This man's mind was so twisted by his bizarre reactions to previous relationships, he was on a pathway of destruction of his firstborn child. Becky had to stop his momentum, as her primary job was to keep Marie alive, so that she could fulfill her Life Plan. She knew that Father felt he had a mission to destroy his daughter, and Becky knew she had to protect her charge in any way at her disposal.

The reason behind Father's drive to destroy his daughter lay in the other prong of his hostility toward the two most important women in his life. He had dealt with the rejection by his lady love by creating a substitute in his baby daughter. The rejecting woman could go to hell, as far as he was concerned. He had found and fashioned a replacement. He didn't need her anymore. He had a com-

pliant female for a sexual object, one who could never tell him to leave her alone, because he owned her. She owed her very existence to him. She would be his forever.

On the other hand, Mother was the one who had played his erotic harp strings so expertly. He was trapped in her web and could never get rid of her and return to his lady love. So he had to hurt her, in retaliation for her seduction of him. How does one hurt a woman the most? He could leave her, but then she might find another, a better man. That would be no answer. He could beat her up, but then she might throw him in jail, and that would not be an answer. Or he could harm her indirectly, by hurting her firstborn child. That method of punishment would be perfect to satisfy his need for revenge.

If he hurt her child, she would be hurt, as every mother bonds early with her child, usually in utero, while many fathers often do not bond until months or years after the child's birth. The child is a part of the mother, psychologically, and to hurt the child would be to hurt the mother, by proxy. Mother could do nothing to stop him. If she was not in the room, she could not prevent the harm being done. If he beat Mother herself, she could physically defend herself. She couldn't stop what she didn't see happening when she was out of the house. All he had to do was wait until Mother was gone and he was babysitting. Then he would be free to punish Mother by proxy, and she could do nothing to stop him. That was a perfect way for him to get back at both those women who had done him wrong.

Over the years that Father carried out his pattern of sexual abuse of his firstborn daughter, he maintained his job at the AFB and never gave his employers any cause for concern. He was a careful, meticulous worker, who took great pains to do every assignment just right, and he was praised for his careful work. What his supervisor rewarded, however, was not the usual ethical concern to do a good job for the employer who is paying his wages, but an intense internal drive resulting in

compulsive behavior.

This was manifested in other ways, as well. He was a meticulous dresser. He would never leave his home without checking several times in the mirror to be sure every hair on his head was neatly in place. His tie had to be laying just so down his shirt front. If he found a food spot on his shirt, he had to strip it off right away and put on a clean shirt. He had to have his silverware on the dining room table laid out according to the diagrams in the books on etiquette. He always sat in the same position at the table, and never varied his approach to his dinner. He would not eat two bites of meat in a row, as he had to take one bite of vegetables, and one bite of potatoes before he could eat another bite of meat. Otherwise, he would get too anxious to digest his food.

Where did this drive for "artificial perfection" come from? Inside, he still had the capacity for guilt. He, too, had an Essence, but his Essence was unable to move him from his drive for hurting others while thinking he was looking after his own interests. His Essence had been unable to teach him that one looks after oneself best when one looks after others in one's own family. Father would not listen to that idea. He was Number One, and those who hurt him deserved whatever punishment he decided to mete out to them. So guilt was the only way that his Essence could push him to change.

Over the years, as his behavior became increasingly immoral, his Essence tried harder and harder to make him feel guilty, so he would face up to his misbehavior and stop it. In doing so, what was created were counteractions to neutralize his feelings of guilt. These reactions were what typically come from unaccepted feelings of guilt -- compulsive acts that symbolize attempts to cleanse oneself of sin. Instead of cleansing his soul, he only cleansed objects in his environment. Since that could never relieve him of the guilt he felt unconsciously, the actions had to be repeated over and over again. In spite of all his Essence could do, Father never acknowledged any of the damage he did to his daughter. He considered the perfect

husband as one who went to work every day and brought home enough money to support his family. This he did, at least while he was residing in the household he was supporting. When he moved out, he saw no further purpose of spending his money for the support of someone besides himself and his current wife.

During her own marriage, Sad Marie attempted to reach out to her father so that he would at least know his grandson, her boy Mark. One Christmas she took her year-old son to his grandfather's home and knocked on the door. Father opened the door, but then he told her he had no children or grandchildren. He closed the door in their faces. Why?

Here again, his twisted reasoning was at work. He had used his daughter as his sexual substitute for his lost lady love. But she had grown up. She actually put in his face a child of her own. That meant two unacceptable facts. One fact was that he was her parent, and responsible for at least part of her upbringing. He did not want to accept any responsibility for any of his actions. In addition, he was bitter that his daughter had not appreciated how much he had loved her, after he had shown her that he did so many times. He really believed his lies to her, he had repeated them so often.

Now she was showing him her child, evidence that she had betrayed him by having sex with another man, her husband. How dare she want anyone else but him? Hadn't he shown her how true love is expressed between a male and female? Why should she want to act that way with any other man? But she had, with her husband, and he hated her for it. She, too, had betrayed him.

In his childhood, when he found his parents had put "his" brother up for adoption before he was born, he took the "betrayal" of his parents personally. They had sent away a brother he felt he deserved as his friend, since he had no friends. His father had deprived him of the one boy who would have been his only friend. Now George Kelly had taken away from him his only sexual love object.

This baby of theirs was being shoved in his face of proof of their betrayal of him. They had no right to do that to him!

After he and Mother divorced, he started drinking more, as his inner forces were so conflicting, and he had no way of managing them with only neurotic symptoms. He tried to numb his feelings of rejection, of failure, of loss of his sexual objects. Then he met Samantha, who agreed to be his second wife.

That marriage was no more successful than his first one, as he had no way to substitute anyone for the wife he had come to despise. He started battering her when he came home intoxicated. Finally, after a few years, she had had enough and ordered him out of her home.

In his final search for the perfect woman who would make him whole, he met and married Betty, his third wife. He repeated the same drunken battering pattern with her. He was in the process of divorcing her when he died alone, at his own apartment at the age of 46. His brain tumor, a pinealoma, had grown so large that it blocked the channel that must remain open to allow cerebrospinal fluid to flow from inside his brain, where it was created, to the outside surfaces of his brain. This created an internal hydrocephalus (water on the brain), killing him when the internal fluid pressure was more than his brain's life support centers could tolerate.

Since Father died in 1974, there is no sure way to know how long he had been suffering from his pinealoma. It must have been a slow growing mass, as he was not known to have complained of physical symptoms, such as double vision. He did not mention to anyone the increasingly severe headaches he was having, which he used alcohol to numb. He worked up to the day of his death, and his cold body was discovered after he had not come to work for three days.

In those days, forensic scientists could not tell much about this type of rare tumor, so no further studies were done on it. It is now known that some pinealomas are what are called "germ

cell" tumors, in that they are seeded by a primitive cell from the fertilized egg. This primordial cell has the capacity to create any type of mature cell that the human body can have, such as cells of hair, teeth, eyes, and sexual organs. Some pinealomas produce sex hormones, both male and female. The production of such hormones can now be detected in the blood stream, and this permits detection of this tumor before it causes death. Just what might have been going on in the hormonal state of Father will never be known, but this was one other factor that may have pushed him to behave in such a bizarrely harmful fashion toward those who attempted to love him.

In Santa Cruz, I had made rounds with my psychiatric inpatients on a ward where each room had full view of the largest cemetery in the county. The choice of location next to the cemetery had been made by the Catholic sisters whose order owned the hospital, and they had not consulted me for my opinion as to the best location for their hospital.

My own office was located on one side of the cemetery, and every patient leaving my office parking lot had to drive toward the cemetery. I became used to seeing the gravesites every day as I went to work.

When Sad Marie told me about her frequent visits to her father's grave, the idea of using a cemetery in a therapeutic way was not foreign to me. With a cemetery in full view of my office and hospital ward for a decade, I frequently had to consider its implication on both me and my patients. I had also had a number of patients who felt some place was a particular problem to them, and I had been willing to visit those places where my patients felt uncomfortable. I accepted the concept of a bad feeling being associated with a physical location.

When Sad Marie told me she regularly visited her father's grave to talk to "him," I knew I would have to visit the gravesite with her, to find out what was really going on. In preparation, I age

regressed her to age 25 during several sessions. In those meetings I learned why she visited her father's grave repeatedly and what happened there.

As the regressed 25-year-old Marie, she did not believe her father was dead and buried. Since she had not seen his body at the funeral, she had told herself he was playing a trick on her, that he had run away to avoid ever seeing her again. She was sure someone else was buried in the grave with his name on the tombstone. Every week, when she went to the gravesite to put fresh flowers in the holder, she heard a voice telling her to come to the gravesite, that everything would be well.

During that stage of therapy, she frequently heard the voices of Joyleen and Mary urging her to commit suicide. Joyleen admitted she was trying to upset Marie so much that she would be thrown out of Sihaya House. I told her bluntly that, if she succeeded, I would send them all back to Crestwood Manor. I hoped the horror of returning to that dreaded place would stop Joyleen from putting Marie out on the streets.

During the second session devoted to getting the details of the cemetery visits, I met and talked to a two-year-old alter-personality named Paula, who preferred the nickname of BooBoo. She told me she loved her daddy even though he was sick, and that was the reason he did bad things to her. After she left, I heard from the 25-year-old age regressed Marie about her latest trip to her father's grave.

On August 18, 1980, I scheduled a visit to the cemetery in South Sacramento to visit my patient's father's grave. I invited Suzanne Richards, her counselor at Sihaya House, to come with us. I knew that anything might happen, and I might need another pair of hands to deal with a crisis. I drove them out to the cemetery and parked. Sad Marie guided us to her father's grave.

I intended to conduct my usual therapy session at the gravesite instead of in my office. I wanted to be in control of what happened, as I dared not let anyone inside my patient take over at the grave and drive her into bizarre behavior. I had

to consider the attitude of the managers of the cemetery, who would not cotton to a visitor running hysterically through their cemetery, with her psychiatrist chasing after her! That would do my professional reputation no good, either!

First, I had the two ladies sit on the ground next to the gravesite of Frances McKenzie. I asked Sad Marie to close her eyes and grow younger until she reached the age of 25 when she was going to the cemetery to visit her father's grave. When she was age regressed, she said, "I'm walking up to the grave. I see a man standing there. He looks something like my father, but I can't tell if that's him or not. I think it is, but I'm not sure. He's opening his mouth to talk."

"What does he say to you?" I asked quietly.

"He wants me to go to the hospital where he was last and kill the doctors who treated him! He says they didn't cure him, so they have to die. He wants me to kill them for him! He wants me to take revenge on them! I can't do that, doctor!"

"Of course not, Marie," I reassured her. "What else does he say?"

"He says they didn't cure him when he went to have his appendix removed. That is when he died, and he says they have to pay for that with their lives!"

"Keep talking to him, and tell me what he says."

"I told him my father didn't die of a bad appendix, so he must be somebody else. He nodded and admitted he was really an agent of Lucifer, here to avenge all those who died at the hands of bad doctors. He says my father has really gone to Hell."

"Well, that sounds more logical than the first story," I replied. "I think that is enough for now, Marie. I want you to grow up to the present time as I count up from 25. Twenty-five, 26, 27, 28, 29, and 30. I want the 30-year-old Marie out now, ready to talk to me about what has just happened."

When my patient came back to the present,

I asked the two ladies to return to my car, where Sad Marie explained her feelings from the time of her father's death. She felt guilty about not being able to be with him at the time of his death. She felt that she, his eldest daughter, had a special obligation to be there at his time of crisis. Each time she came close to these feelings, Joyleen came out to interfere. I kept bringing Sad Marie back to those feelings of her inability to comfort her father at the time of his dying. She was finally able to accept them, illogical as they were.

She then decided to send the strongest possible love messages to her father's grave, in hopes he would now know that his firstborn had loved him in spite of all he had done to her. When I asked her if she thought he had received her messages, she said, "Yes, I know he knows. I've done all I can to let him know how I felt about him."

She started to cry then, and I decided it was time to drive back to the clinic. I had done all I could there.

While Richards and Sad Marie sat in the back seat, Joyleen came out and grabbed the door handle in an attempt to jump from the car. Richards foiled her attempted suicide. After that narrow escape, Becky came out to stay in charge of the body until we all arrived safely back at the clinic.

The next day, Sad Marie attended the Stepping Stones Day Treatment Center and was depressed, hearing Joyleen and Mary telling her to kill herself. When the staff called me, I told them she had been to her father's grave the day before, and she needed to express her grief by having a good cry. Since Sad Marie had been conditioned to avoid expressing her feelings in common physical ways, I suggested that, if she could watch a sad movie, maybe that would trigger her tears to flow and relieve her depression.

Two nights later, while watching TV with the other residents at the House, on came one of the most powerful tearjerker movies of all time. Sad Marie felt obligated to sit and watch it with the other residents. As the plot unfolded and tragedies

piled upon tragedies, tears welled up in her eyes and overflowed down her cheeks. Waves of grief poured out of her very soul, and her body was wracked with sobs.

The other residents turned to look when they heard her sobbing, as they had never seen her have any emotional responses to the movies they loved to cry with. But she didn't see or hear them, her tears were so blinding. She sobbed and cried, cried and sobbed, until the movie came to its expected Hollywood ending, and all lived happily ever after.

Becky knew I was correct in ordering Sad Marie to cry, so Becky unleashed a tidal wave of tears while the plot was unfolding. Sad Marie cried as if her heart and life depended on it. Becky was blissful the doctor had prescribed this particular treatment.

For the first night in weeks, Sad Marie slept relaxed and quiet. The voices were not there to plague her for at least this one night. She was grateful for the reprieve.

When she saw me the next morning, Sad Marie was in better spirits than she had been in a long while. She was glad to be able to tell me she had been able to follow my prescription and have a good cry. She was finally able to feel the way she should have when her father died.

I tried to age regress her to age 25, but BooBoo came out instead. She told me, "It's time for me to go, doctor. I was here only to deal with her father's death. Now that Marie has been able to handle it herself, I'm not needed anymore. Thank you for being so nice to me. I'm glad I met you. Goodbye."

With that farewell, the two-year-old Boo-Boo disappeared, and I continued with the therapy that still needed to be done. There was plenty of that to do.

Shelly McKenzie begrudged living the life of a single parent with three children. After a year had passed, she realized Frances was not going to beg her to take him back. She opened her mind to

a new man in her life. She also needed a new car.

While she visited a used car lot looking for a replacement for her worn out jalopy, the salesman was all smiles and friendly phrases. Sam Garrett knew how to put on a jovial appearance to strangers, being an accomplished confidence man. When he wasn't in the middle of one of his own schemes, he sold used cars. He was always looking for new opportunities, and he sensed in Shelly a willing pigeon waiting to be plucked. He realized that she was vulnerable when she mentioned her husband had left her and now she had to shop for a car alone. He was so sympathetic about her plight she almost believed him when he told her he understood the feeling so well, since he had been single for only a short time himself. He failed to mention that his last girlfriend had kicked him out because of his constant drinking and not paying his half of the shared expenses.

After selling her a used car for twice its worth, he asked Shelly to meet him for drinks and dinner that night. She agreed, and the romance began. He avoided picking her up at her home, and he never let her come to the dump he lived in. He did not want her children to meet him before he had finagled an agreement from her, as he knew kids were sharp and could see right through him. He wanted to control the situation so he could impress her with the fine traits he wanted her to believe he had. Once he learned she was steadily employed, and her husband was obligated to pay child support, he figured he could slip into the family by the back door. He planned on collecting his social security early.

When Mother told her children she was bringing home a wonderful man to be their new stepfather, they were eager to meet him. But when he arrived, started giving orders, and suddenly lost his job, they knew Mother had been snookered. She was the perpetual gambler, but she never covered her bets. This time she had lost and lost badly.

The first time I arranged to meet with Sad Marie's exhusband, George Kelly, Lisa Kay was

active at Sihaya House. When Sad Marie's son, Mark, was visiting her, Lisa Kay came out and spanked him hard enough to sting. Sad Marie called me when she discovered what had happened and saw that Mark was frightened. I recommended she send the boy back to his father until a later time. I then arranged to meet with Mark and his father to see what I could do to smooth over this difficult situation.

In Santa Cruz, I had worked with single mothers with MPD who were living on welfare and raising their own children well. They tried hard to give their children a proper upbringing, while attempting to avoid the mistakes their parents had made with them. They loved their children dearly, even though they sometimes manifested angry alter-personalities who were short tempered with them. I also had seen how these preschoolers had been able to differentiate between "Momma" and "that other lady," and they clearly knew that sometimes "that other lady" took over her body. But they didn't hold the behavior of "that other lady" against their mother. I encouraged them to know the difference and realize that "Momma" loved them all the time, even when "that other lady" was talking. My experience with those children was useful in dealing with this nine-year-old son of Marie.

Sad Marie, Mark, Kelly, Kelly's new wife and I all met at Denny's Restaurant to talk. Kelly and his wife sat at one booth, while Sad Marie, her son and I took another booth.

I carefully explored Mark's perception of his mother's mental state and realized that the boy was wise beyond his age. Mark was able to understand there were several different people using his mother's body in turn, and he knew they all had different opinions of him. He considered Sad Marie his real mom. He knew she loved him dearly and was sorry she wasn't well enough to have him stay with her all the time. He was welcome to stay with her as much as they decided was good for both of them.

Mark explained he had become frightened

when Lisa Kay came out at the House and yelled at him for what he had done and had swatted him hard. He didn't think he deserved to be punished that hard, but he didn't hold it against his "real" mother.

I confirmed what Mark had observed and agreed it was not safe for him to be with his mother very much right now. I explained that Lisa Kay was upset about some of the things we were talking about in therapy and was having a hard time controlling her temper. She needed to calm down before it would be safe for Mark to be around his mother for overnight visits. I assured Mark I was working on the problem, and I hoped my treatment would work in time. If it did, Mark could look forward to overnight visits with his mother soon. I explained that Lisa Kay did not have anything against Mark personally, but she was angry at many people. Mark understood and was relieved to learn he was not being punished for being a bad boy.

All the while I was talking with Mark, Sad Marie was sitting across the table, keeping calm and pleasant. Becky was keeping Lisa Kay out of action for the time being, as she recognized this meeting was important. Becky did not want Mark having any guilt about what he had been punished for at the House. Sad Marie was appropriately supportive of her son and showed him by what she said and did that she loved him and would make the necessary changes to be a good mother to him. She wanted him to know she loved him as he was.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelly and Sad Marie agreed that overnight visits should be suspended until later in therapy, when Lisa Kay was no longer a danger. Kelly was willing to let Mark visit anytime Sad Marie could handle the situation, as he had no desire to interfere with her being a mother to her son. I was glad to see that Kelly appeared to have grown some since he had married my patient.

Later during therapy, I was conducting a careful exploration of each year of Sad Marie's life, so Mary Lou could know, feel, and accept whatever had happened during each year in turn. When

we had reached age 18, she was reporting memories of the marriage to Kelly, and the birth of a son at age 19.

During the first age regression session to age 18, Marie produced reports of a horrendous first year of marriage. The alter-personality, Mary Lou, who was growing up year by year by learning all about these crises, was concerned about the welfare of Sad Marie, who brought the body in for therapy.

"Dr. A," said Mary Lou, "I don't think we should talk about what George did to Marie when they were married. It was so horrible she won't be able to handle it. It could kill her."

"Mary Lou," I replied, "I appreciate your concern, but we have to cover all of this material. You need to know what happened, accept the pain as your own, and then figure out a way to stop hurting so much. I can't keep secrets from anyone for fear of what this will do to them."

I called out the new, improved Lisa Kay, who had become a reformed helper by then. "Hello, Dr. A," she chimed. "What do you want to see me about?"

"Lisa Kay, we have a major problem here," I said. "Mary Lou is objecting to believing any of this terrible stuff she remembered George doing to Marie in their first year of marriage. She thinks that if she accepts it as true, Marie will die. What can we do about getting her past that?"

"Doctor," replied Lisa Kay, "she has the mistaken idea that if she grows up and replaces Sad Marie, then that is killing Marie. But that isn't the way it works. Look at me! I am no longer what I was. I grew up, and I'm still here. Of course I'm different, but I didn't die."

"So I notice," I said. "You're still here, after accepting as true all the troubles that created you in the first place. How can we get that over to Mary Lou?"

"Let me write her a note," said Lisa Kay. "She should believe me. I've been through it all, and I'm still here. That might convince her to listen to you." She wrote a note, "Mary Lou -- I did not

die when I left. I am still here. Marie will not die if she accepts what Dr. Allison needs to tell her. Please work with him. [signed] Lisa Kay."

Lisa Kay faded from control, and Mary Lou returned to talk to her psychiatrist. She read the letter on the desk in front of her. "Okay, Dr. A," she said, "I can accept what Lisa Kay says. But I will not believe what you tell me happened is true unless I hear it from George's mouth. I've got to know if it is really true. Will you call him and ask him to tell me himself that what I remembered really happened? I won't believe it unless I hear it from him."

Kelly was still in the area, remarried to his second wife, and available. I called him, and he agreed to come to my office that afternoon. When he arrived, I was on my best behavior, since I didn't want to lose the cooperation of an important family member. Kelly still had custody of their son, Mark. It was important to Sad Marie to maintain as much contact as possible with her son. If Kelly thought her psychiatrist held a grudge against him, he could well retaliate by refusing to let Mark visit his mother. So, when we met that afternoon, Mary Lou, Kelly, and I, we were all very civil. Mary Lou recited the list of misdeeds she had remembered that morning and asked him if each one had really happened.

He didn't say they had, but he didn't deny any of them, either. He tried to justify his misbehavior on the grounds of immaturity. Then he started shifting the blame to her. He reminded her of what she had done to provoke him or to keep the fights going. At that point, the angry alter-personality, Rehab, came out to argue with him about his wife having any responsibility at all. Kelly held his ground and kept pointing out to Rehab the times his wife had done such despicable things any husband would strike back. He kept bringing up incident after incident only the two of them knew about, and he clearly was not about to let Rehab smear him with all the blame for the mess he felt they had created together.

After Kelly had defended himself with the

skill of a criminal lawyer, Rehab was speechless. I watched this interaction with interest. I had been so used to Kelly being painted with the black brush of my patient's condemnation, it was quite unique to see him putting on a defense and coming out with at least a hung jury. He didn't deny that he had been a monstrous husband, but he was not about to let her look like an angel, either.

I never felt I should encourage my patients to take the offensive in today's world against those relatives whom they labeled as abusers. I was concerned about the impact of any legal or physical attack on others, considering the current relationship between my patient and the alleged abuser. Whether their stories were true was not the most important issue. The most important question was the likely effect their aggressive actions today might have on their relationships in the near future.

In this case, Kelly had custody of Sad Marie's only son, whom she desperately wanted to be with, when she could do so safely and constructively. If I were to make or support an attack on Kelly, and if he were really the totally horrible monster she portrayed him to be, I could expect him to take revenge by refusing to sanction any further visits between Mark and his mother. I knew such actions would only add to my patient's sense of worthlessness as a mother. By staying neutral and nonjudgmental about Kelly's character, I learned that Kelly was flexible and cooperative about visiting arrangements. On the issue of their child's safety and welfare, both parents agreed. He may have been a horrendous husband, but he had the ability to be a decent father.

At that point, Becky took over and said to Kelly, "You are correct, but you need to accept your role in what happened and not put the blame on her. You need to accept your own anger and the way you set the stage for the marriage."

After talking with Kelly, Becky gave back the stage to Mary Lou. By then she was convinced her memories were valid, and she had to accept the sorry incidents of that first year of marriage, just as she had accepted all the prior traumas she and her

doctor had uncovered so far. She accepted being 18 years old, and was willing to progress to the next stage of therapy.

But Rehab wasn't done. After I let Kelly go home with my thanks, she came back in charge of the body and started ranting on about how Kelly was such a terrible man and how she should have killed him. It seemed that she was even more upset that she had not been able to best him in their debate than that he had done terrible things to his wife. She hated him for reminding her that each of the alter-personalities had a degree of personal responsibility for what had gone wrong between them that year.

Marie's first marriage was as poorly planned as was her mother's. After leaving high school, she had no plans. She had attended 14 different schools while Garrett was sponging off them, forcing them to move frequently to avoid each new round of bill collectors. Her grades were mediocre, so there was no chance of getting a college scholarship. Her cousin had graduated from a dental assistants' school, so Mother decided Marie could do the same. She sent her eldest daughter to learn to be a dental assistant.

The first man Marie considered marrying was Robert Higgins, the boyfriend she had sent off into the service, promising to follow him. Once he was gone, her amorous alter-personalities started looking for other men to snare.

After graduation from dental assisting school, she made the rounds of the various employment agencies trying to find a job. At one of the agencies she met the man of her dreams, George Kelly. He had just been discharged from the service and was also job hunting. While standing in line behind Marie, he started making comments putting down women, about them having to find jobs. He stated that, if he had a wife, she would not have to work, as he would be a good provider.

Marie felt she had to defend the female gender, so she struck up a conversation with Kelly, debating his every point. He was delighted an

attractive young lady paid some attention to him. He asked Marie for her phone number and said he would call her that evening. Marie was ecstatic that someone liked her, and she felt she was walking a foot off the floor the rest of the day.

Marie was not used to feeling special. Her home life was the very pits of hell. They had moved so often, she never bothered unpacking anymore. She had been unable to make any friends because, whenever she did, her family moved again. She had been passed from relative to relative, finally ending up living with her maternal grandmother. Then her mother had disappeared for several months, and no one would explain where she was. Her brother and sister never really got along with each other, and she was always fighting with both of them. Marie never had a home or even a room she could call her own.

So, when a handsome young man paid some attention to her, she thought she was finally going to be treated as someone special. What more could she ask for?

When Kelly called her that evening and asked her to go out with him, he had already found a job. They had a wonderful time at dinner and then watched a movie. When he took her home, Kelly kissed her goodnight. He made her feel so

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Kelly thought he had married a bedroom wildcat, as the things she did to him drove him crazy. Yet Marie had told him she was a virgin. If she was a virgin, he was King Kong. Kelly knew he had a wild woman in his bedroom, and he wanted her to stay that way. He was going to enjoy making love to his wife. She had made him so tired, yet she wanted more and more. Where did she get all that energy? He hoped he was up to the task of keeping his wife sexually fulfilled.

When she woke up the next morning, a tired Marie found mysterious bruises on her body. She hoped she didn't hurt Kelly since she loved him so much. She wanted to be the perfect wife for him.

She started to get out of bed, but Kelly rolled over, grabbed his wife, and whispered something in her ear that she found utterly disgusting.¹ Kelly told her to do it to him again. He loved her, and he was so happy that she enjoyed him in all ways in bed.

Marie didn't know what he was talking about, as she thought only whores did that disgusting stuff, not women like her. She was his wife, not a whore. But this was her husband, and she wanted to do everything to please him. So she did what he told her to do, and it made her sick. Kelly could not understand that, as she had done it to him earlier that night, but now he had to explain to her what to do. What kind of a person did he marry?

Marie and Kelly finally got out of bed and showered together. Marie watched her new husband shave, which she found exciting. After they dressed, they welcomed her mother and grandparents, who came to the apartment to bring them wedding gifts. Kelly's father arrived soon afterwards, bearing his presents as well. The relatives were trying to make something good out of a match

¹ The words he used were so crude that Marie repressed them out of her conscious memory, and Becky is too refined to allow them to be reported even now. They are in an Akashic Records file reserved for obscenities that are restricted from access.

they could not fathom.

She fixed a simple dinner, just steak, corn, mashed potatoes, salad and bread. She made ice cream sundaes for dessert.

She seasoned the food, put it on the table, and called her new husband to come to eat their first dinner together. Kelly sat down and looked at his plate. He suddenly yelled and threw the entire plate of food at the wall. While it splattered on the rug, he yelled, "WHY DID YOU PUT PEPPER ON EVERYTHING?"

Marie was frightened, and disappeared inside. Gwen, a helper alter-personality, came out, apologized to Kelly and told him she didn't know he didn't like pepper. Kelly retorted, "You should have asked."

As Gwen was cleaning up the mess, Kelly grabbed her from behind and said, "You're driving me crazy. Let's make love right here and now on the table."

Gwen was shocked. She said, "No, thank you. I have to clean up the mess."

Kelly said, "Let's do it now, or I'm going to rape you. Then you'll wish that you did what I told you to do."

Gwen disappeared.

Kelly's wildcat wife, Lisa Kay, came out and said, "Come on, big boy. Let's do it, but only on my terms."² Kelly was wild with desire, and they made steamy love on the kitchen table for more than three hours. Both were exhausted, but Lisa Kay was not going to stop. She finally had someone whom she could fuck legally and not worry about catching some sort of disease.

Soon Marie and Kelly settled down into a daily routine, and the wild cat wife disappeared from the scene. Lisa Kay did not like Kelly. In fact, he made her physically ill. Kelly's sexual behavior became sloppy and no longer turned Lisa Kay on.

² Lisa Kay did not use any personal name then. She picked her own name after Marie's second pregnancy.

She wanted some more excitement, but Kelly kept wanting to do the same now-boring acts all the time. Lisa Kay wanted someone who would show her new and exciting positions for a great sex life. That is what she was programmed to do. Then she would destroy the man who helped her achieve the perfectly fulfilling sexual experience.

Kelly could not understand what had happened to his wildcat of a wife. She had changed into a quiet, reserved woman when it came time for sex, and he eventually forgot how wild their sex life used to be. He trained his new wife, molding her into someone who would be his robot and would do whatever he asked of her.

He made white glove inspections of the tops of the doors and the pictures on the walls. If he came home at 3:00 a.m. and found a slip of paper left on the floor, he would wake up his wife and tell her to clean house, because everything was dirty.

Kelly did a superb job of training Marie. He then received a job offer in San Jose, and Marie dutifully followed along after him. He became violent with her and started hitting her. He told her she did not turn him on sexually anymore, so she would have to stay in bed with him while he masturbated. That would teach her it was all her fault that he had to relieve himself that way, as she was no longer desirable.

Marie was sickened by this nauseating display of sex, and she wanted to run away from it as far as she could. But she stayed where she was. She knew he would beat her if she disobeyed him.

When she was expecting her first child, she felt that at last she was going to accomplish something worthwhile. She knew she was going to bear a boy. She bought only boy's clothes, in various shades of blue. Her friends tried to tell her she just might have a daughter, but she said, "No, it's going to be a boy." He only had a boy's name picked out -- Mark Kelly. The name sounded so strong and perfect. Her marriage to Kelly changed into something wonderful again, because she was going to give him a son.

When labor started, Kelly drove her to the Stanford University Hospital, where she endured 14 hours of labor pain. But it was worth it to her. Mark came out lustily crying, and all Marie could do was cry and encourage Mark to cry, also. The next morning, when all the babies were delivered to their mothers, the nurses pulled the curtain around her bed instead. Marie did not receive her baby to feed, and no one told her why.

Finally, her doctor came in and told her that her son had a heart murmur, jaundice, and pneumonia. Mark was an extremely sick baby. The doctor told her the nurse would accompany her down to the nursery where she could feed her child and try to bond with him. Marie was hoping she could take her child home with her, but Mark was too small. He was not allowed to leave the hospital nursery until he reached the minimum weight required for discharge.

Marie was heartbroken. She had delivered a defective baby. It must have been because she, herself, was defective. What everyone else had been saying about her must be true.

The doctor let Marie be with her baby for the four days she was in the hospital. Then he discharged her home, but told her Mark had to stay there for another eight days. Marie came home without her child, more depressed than ever. She called the nursery supervisor at Stanford six to eight times a day to see how Mark was.

Mark finally recovered enough to be sent home. The first night Mark was home with her, Marie woke up, hearing voices in the front room. She looked next to herself in the bed and discovered her husband was missing.

She went out into the front room to locate him, and there she saw him in the nude, cavorting with her best girlfriend. He was taking pictures of both of them without any clothes on. She was disgusted and repelled by what she saw and could not believe it. After all, his first son had just come home from the hospital.

Lisa Kay quietly walked back into the bedroom to find the pistol they kept there. Kelly

had taught her how to shoot it. She carried the loaded gun into the living room and yelled at the two of them to get out of her house. They tried, but they didn't leave fast enough. Lisa Kay pulled the trigger. The bullet nicked Kelly on the shoulder as the two exhibitionists ran out of the apartment.

When he had recovered his nerve and could think up an excuse, Kelly came back to the apartment and made up with Marie. Their marital life went downhill from there.

Kelly was offered a job in Walnut Creek, and he jumped at the chance for more pay. Again they had to move. They rented a modern apartment with all the amenities, plus a swimming pool. Marie was delighted with the improved living arrangements, but Kelly was fired after a month on that job. He thought he knew more than his boss about how to do the job.

They had to move again, and they went from this new apartment to the cockroach infested one in Pittsburg, California. Then Marie found she was expecting her second child. She was delighted and rushed to tell Kelly the great news. He was not happy to hear her announcement. He told her to get rid of it, they couldn't afford it, and, if she had it, he would leave her there by herself, and he would never return.

Marie was torn into more pieces than she already was. She wanted this baby, because she knew it would be a girl, and she had already picked out her name. She would be Lisa Kay Grayce Kelly, a wonderful name for a girl. Kelly did not want that baby, but Marie was not going to be hurt by him again. She followed his orders to go to Kaiser Hospital, see the psychiatrist there, and tell him enough so he would certify her as too unstable to bear another child. Actually, several of the alter-personalities told the psychiatrist about Marie's severe mental problems. They had agreed with Becky that Marie could not cope with a second child in that sordid marriage. The surgical nurse scheduled the therapeutic abortion on February 14, Valentines Day, the day reserved for lovers.

Marie woke up on the operating table but

didn't know what had happened. Then it finally hit her. She was supposed to have an abortion! She didn't want one! She started fighting to get off the table. The doctor tried to calm her down, told her it was all over, and that she was going to be fine. She yelled, "Don't take my baby! Don't take my baby!"

The doctor told her again that the procedure was finished, and that everything was all right. Marie went numb. Her baby was dead! Her wonderful Lisa Kay Grayce Kelly was dead! No gravesite service. They had just sucked it out of her body. How she hated herself. Why couldn't she have just left Kelly? His beatings were getting worse, but she was even more afraid of being alone. She had no money, and she had never been able to keep a job. What could she do?

The voices in her head were always so strong, and she often didn't remember what had happened. Sometimes it seemed as if she disappeared for weeks at a time. Then, all of a sudden, she would be back. Nobody even seemed to notice that she had been gone. She decided that she must be dreaming.

A year later, she discovered she was expecting her third child, which would be her second birth, if she could hang onto this one. She wanted this baby, and she was going to tell Kelly that she was going to go ahead and have this baby. There was nothing he could do about it.

Kelly was furious when he heard her announcement, and he started yelling at her. Marie was firm in her resolve to have this baby. This time Kelly calmed down and said, "Okay, my job is going great. Maybe we can get out of this place and find a better apartment somewhere else."

Marie believed him. That night she started to shower before going to bed. Her husband was playing with their son and was ready to put him to bed. Marie was happy she had finally stood up to Kelly for once in their marriage and Kelly had agreed to go along with her this time. She started singing in the shower.

Her husband came into the bathroom. He

liked to take showers with her so she called him to join her. She enjoyed the special way they could make love in there. He undressed, and came into the shower stall with her. Instead of caressing her body as he usually did, he shoved her up against the wall, telling her in an angry, low growl that she was not going to have that baby. Marie was petrified and promptly disappeared.

Lisa Kay came out, slapped his face hard, and told him to get away from her or she would kill him. She aimed her finger nails at his trunk, drawing blood with her vicious scratches. Kelly was furious and started hitting his wife in the abdomen, yelling, "I'm going to kill that baby, and then I'm going to kill you, you BITCH!"

His wildcat wife yelled back, "You can't kill me! I'm Lisa Kay, and I will destroy you! You will never fuck anyone ever again when I get done with you."

Kelly's face was red and flushed, as the anger welled up even stronger now. He took his wife's head and slammed it against the shower tile wall. She curled up into a ball, in the fetal position, and Kelly started kicking and punching her in the abdomen. He was not going to let that baby live. Lisa Kay knew she had lost the fight. Becky made Sad Marie come back to deal with the aftermath.

When he saw blood oozing from his wife onto the wet tile shower floor, Kelly knew he had done what he wanted to do. He left her lying there, a heap on the bottom of the shower, the water still dripping, watching her third child's life ebb away.

That night Sad Marie lost her last baby. Her obstetrician did a D&C. After her earlier right oophorectomy, she had only her left ovary intact. With all the beatings she had suffered, the scar tissue around this remaining ovary interfered with the release of its eggs. She was never again able to have children because of the damage her husband had done to her.

After Marie's psychological integration, Kelly visited her for the sole purpose of being able to talk to Becky again. When she had come out in

the therapy session with Rehab and me, he had felt the flush of acceptance everyone feels when they meet an ISH for the first time. An ISH like Becky can only relate to outsiders in a calm, pleasant, informational fashion. She has no capacity for putdowns, insults, or condemnations. She accepts others as they are, without judgment or expectations of perfection. If the other person is immature, she will recognize that and tailor her responses to their level of understanding. In no other relationship had he felt such total acceptance as he had with Becky.

Becky had returned to her original state as the integrated Marie's Essence, the still small voice within. Becky still had the same type of tolerant understanding behavior of outsiders as before. Now she could stay out much longer, as she did not have to act as warden to all the alter-personalities who had acted out inside Marie's mind for years.

As one who had so much to feel guilty about, just seeing Marie was difficult, and Kelly hated feeling guilty. It was much easier to place the blame on someone else, or, if he couldn't find a patsy, on "circumstances." His response to meeting with Becky was as intoxicating as if he had taken a dose of heroin. He felt so good in her presence, he had to have more of her. To get his next "fix" of Becky's acceptance, he had to think up ways to justify repeatedly seeing his ex-wife, whose life he had made such hell.

Being unsophisticated, Kelly did not understand that Marie and Becky were one and the same. He did not understand that Becky was not a passenger in his ex-wife's body. He thought she was just that. He decided that, now his ex-wife was integrated, he might talk Marie into letting him talk to Becky, so he could get his "acceptance fix" at regular intervals. It was better than going to confessional every week and agreeing to sin no more. He had no desire to feel guilty for what he had done if he could avoid it.

Kelly also fancied himself somewhat of an intellectual. As a well-practiced con man, he had developed the skill of copying the manners and

speech of those he met casually, if they were cultured and well educated. He learned to pick up their polysyllabic words and insert them into a sentence, even if he didn't know what the words meant. If his listener was equally poorly educated in the subject, he got away with it. He knew when to throw in the twenty dollar words.

He noted that Becky was all intellect and expressed no negative human emotions. He liked that. Now he could talk with someone who was as intellectually gifted as he wished himself to be and not get yelled at when he took advantage of her. He was not interested in improving himself with education. He wanted to learn her weaknesses, so he could take advantage of her good nature, as he did of most human beings in his life. He figured she must have something he could manipulate her out of, if he could get well enough acquainted with her. He was not interested in people for themselves, only for what he could get out of them. Maybe his marriage to a person with MPD had some advantages after all. There was no harm in trying to make the most out of the situation he found himself in.

The first time Kelly came to see Marie was after she returned from Napa State Hospital. He asked, "Is Becky still there with you?"

"Of course, George," she answered. "She tells me she will be there until our spiritual integration. Why?"

Kelly asked, "Would it be all right if I talked to her?"

Becky was observing from inside Marie, and she checked out Kelly's aura. She didn't like to come out anywhere but in a psychiatrist's office, except in emergencies, but she didn't note any negative colors around Kelly. She thought there would be no danger. If she could get Kelly's cooperation, he might be of help in Marie's further growth. It was worth a try.

Marie closed her eyes and gave silent permission for her Essence to come forward. "Hello, George," Becky said calmly. "What is it you wished to see me about?"

Kelly asked, "What can you tell me that I could do to help Marie grow and develop into a new person? Now that Dr. Allison is gone, maybe I can be of help. Maybe she and you could use a listener. I am pretty good at that, if it would be of help to her."

"Thank you for wanting to be of help," replied Becky. "Actually, the only thing that you can do to help Marie grow is to let your son come over to visit more often. She needs to have time to talk to Mark and to let him know that there are no 'hostile psychic sisters' in her anymore."

"Of course I can do that," agreed Kelly. "Could I come by and talk to you some other time, Becky? I would like to have any advice you can give me that will help Marie."

Kelly came by the next weekend and asked Marie if he could talk to Becky. Then he started asking Becky some more questions about how he could help Marie. Becky let him know clearly that there was nothing else that he could do, as it was up to her and no one else to help her charge.

After Becky politely told him he was now free to leave, Kelly said, "Becky, I wish you could be my wife instead. I love your brain and the intelligent way you talk to me. You make me feel so good about myself. I wish I could have you here to talk to all the time. It would be wonderful to be with you all day long. You're the greatest conversationalist I've ever met. What do you think of that idea?"

If Becky had had the capacity, she would have been sick to her stomach. But Essences cannot emote anything but agape love, which includes tolerance of all others. The idea of Kelly being around her all the time, monopolizing her time, when her assignment from "The Creator" was to help Marie, was about all she could absorb. She told Kelly in the most firm voice she could muster, "I am not a person, like you or Marie. I am a spiritual being, an entity who is here to be with Marie for as long as she is alive. Those like myself do not marry, and we prefer to stay around humans only as long as necessary and only if it will benefit

our human charges. We cannot allow ourselves to be contaminated by human emotions. We help our charges as we are told to do. We are here to see that our charges' Life Plans are carried out and completed."

With that pronouncement, Becky went inside Marie. She was astounded by the lack of understanding of this human -- why couldn't he see the obvious? Becky had tried to explain to him who and what she was. Yet here he was proposing to her! She could hear Faith telling Hope that humans cannot understand who and what we are. Therefore, Faith considered it pathetic, yet humorous, to listen to this human stumble over himself with such a ridiculous idea. Becky communed with Faith. Becky was concerned about having talked to Kelly and not seeing his aura as clearly as the first time. Faith told Becky that Kelly had hidden his true colors very deeply, and it was impossible for Becky to see them. She explained that people who are practiced at fooling others by hiding their true nature, called confidence men by humans, became quite expert at showing false colors in their auras. Faith told Becky it was all right, and Kelly had received the message.

Becky was concerned she might have hurt her charge instead of helping her. Hope explained to Becky that she helped her charge more than she would ever realize by the interaction that had just happened.

Charity told Faith it was interesting to listen to a human's misconceptions of who and what they were and how they operated in each of the human's lives. Becky thanked Faith and Hope, and especially Charity, for understanding her dilemma. They all congratulated Becky on how well she handled the situation.

When will humans learn? Faith, being the Guardian of Becky, told Becky she thought it was very odd that Kelly would want to marry her. Will humans ever change and will wonders ever cease?

Marie came back in charge, having been listening to the interchange between Kelly and Becky. She was shocked at his insensitivity and

rude behavior. How dare he treat her with such disdain! Here he was trying to get married to the best within her mind, after he had spent so much time trying to kill her. What did he think she was, anyhow?

"George," Marie said firmly, "I think you had better go. Don't plan on coming to see me ever again. Just leave me alone forever. I never want to see you again."

Mark was born into this world as a very sickly full term baby. During his early life as a baby, his mother and father fought constantly. He watched his father hit and punish his mother. He watched his mother turn into a raving mad woman or a very passive doormat.

Mark was a happy child. From his first day home, he slept through the night. He never woke up at 2:00 a.m. screaming he was hungry or his diaper needed to be changed. He never cried or was ill. When cutting his teeth, usually a painful time for babies, he never cried or became upset. He was a total contrast to his parents, who were at each other's throats constantly.

With the break up of his parents' marriage, Mark and his mother moved out on their own. Becky tried to keep the alter-personalities under control so that none of them would hurt Mark. With Sad Marie finally out from under her domineering husband, Becky had to let the others act out. But she still had to minimize the hurt to Sad Marie's son. When Mark was four years old, he received a tricycle for his birthday, and Sad Marie helped him learn to ride it. Sad Marie was a patient alter-personality, and Mark knew she loved him. After an hour of showing her son how to ride the tricycle, he still could not get the hang of it. Lisa Kay was tired of waiting around and wanted to come out to have some fun. She decided enough was enough, came out and yelled at Mark, "You're stupid and will never learn to ride it! So get off that goddamn thing!"

She grabbed him and started to spank him. Her paddling soon got out of hand. Wendy came

out to stop her and tried to calm Mark. Mark's Essence is a wise one and explained to his charge, "It is not your fault. Your mother is very ill, but soon you will know the true love of the mother she was designed to be. But it will be a while before that happens."

As Mark was growing up, the acting out of the "hostile psychic sisters" became more intense, and Mark sometimes got in the middle of the tirades. With Becky, Faith and Mark's own Essence, they were able to bring help to Mark. To this day, Mark has grown and matured well beyond his physical age.

Mark always knew that his mother loved him. Most times Sad Marie would buy things for him at the expense of not having enough food. His dad did not believe in holidays, including birthdays. Marie had been raised to remember holidays and celebrate them. On Mark's first Christmas, they did not have enough money for food, let alone presents. But Marie was determined to make sure her son had a Christmas present from them and one from Santa Claus. She brought them home, wrapped them, and, on Christmas morning, she presented her son with the two gifts. Kelly was furious with Marie for buying "luxury items." He took them away from Mark and told Marie to take them back to the store and get refunds.

Marie was devastated when she saw the look on her son's face. She could not understand why Kelly would deliberately hurt his son that way. Marie decided that her son would always have holidays to remember, and they would be the best she could manage.

His mother was on welfare and in and out of psychiatric hospitals for most of Mark's early years. Mark had to learn to become mature at an age when most boys are still young children.

Mark always knew who his mother was, Sad Marie. But when his mother became integrated and Mark and his mother were together, Mark was surprised at how well he and his mother related. The present day Marie has never given birth to a child. Mark was the son of Sad Marie, who became

integrated into the real personality. The road of growth and development has been difficult for both mother and son.

As Mark grew through childhood, his mother was a weak false-front alter-personality, unsure of her own worth. Only a decade later would she be replaced by the mother he was meant to have. But this was Marie Kelly's boy, and she loved him dearly. He knew that.

But he also saw evidence of many inconsistencies he could not explain. He saw cigarettes in her purse, but he never saw her smoking. He saw many prescription pill bottles and had no idea what illness his mother might have. He saw how she was often physically ill and in and out of hospitals for various unexplained reasons. He saw her express emotions and attitudes that were one way one time and another way another time.

When he wanted to visit friends he had made in school, she insisted that he come home instead. When he asked why, she would only say, "Because I haven't seen you in a while." Once when he struck up a conversation with a middle-aged man, she told him to come over to her right away as if the man were some horrible danger.

His father was going to college part-time and was more fun to be with. Kelly tried to teach him interesting things and was challenging to be with. His mother was no challenge and overprotected him sometimes and was overemotional the rest of the time.

His dad finally explained to Mark what was wrong with his mother after I explained to Kelly his wife had MPD. Kelly told his son that people have different ways of coming across to others, and there were times when his mother was not that person but another person, like an actor. But hers wasn't short-term, like a play, but a long-term situation. He explained that happened when a person had a trauma in their life, such as a rape, and that was how some people adapted to the situation. What Kelly said made sense to Mark.

When she lived as Sihaya House, he enjoyed visiting her there because she had a really

neat record collection which he played over and over again. He also liked playing with the two dogs and three cats that lived there.

At the time his mother was sent to Crestwood Manor, his parents had divorced, but Sad Marie still had full custody of Mark, who now stayed with Shelly Garrett, his maternal grandmother. One weekend, Kelly asked Shelly if he could take Mark for a weekend visit. She asked Sad Marie, who gave her approval. But, when the weekend was over, and Shelly came to pick up Mark, Kelly told her he was not going to give up his son. He yelled that he was going to take Mark away so he could have a better life. Shelly tried to pull Mark out of his father's car. But Kelly suddenly drove off, with Mark looking out the back window, wondering what was going to happen to him.

Later, Sad Marie located her son. His local school had sent a copy of a transcript of his grades to a school in Missouri. When she called the principle in Missouri, he told her he could do nothing until he had a copy of her custody papers in hand. She sent him a copy, and he then told her that they had forwarded a copy of his records to a school in Champaign, Illinois. She called the principle there, and had to go through the same process again.

This time, the principle gave her the name where Kelly was working and told her the boy had not been in school recently, as he was in a hospital. She called her son in his hospital bed and talked to him.

Since she had no money for plane fare to Illinois, she called her son the next evening, but Kelly answered the phone this time. Kelly warned her, "If you dare call him again, I'll take him even farther away."

Again, she lost contact with him. But this time the school told her that Mark had moved to Phoenix, Arizona. She called Kelly there and told him she didn't want to fight with him over Mark. She knew he was better off with his father until he was old enough to make his own decisions on the

matter.

Sad Marie asked Kelly if he would let her son visit her if she sent him a round trip ticket. Shelly agreed to pay for two round trip tickets a year so he could visit his mother in California. After he had graduated from high school and started at Arizona State University on a scholarship, Marie told him, if he wanted to move back to California, she would do whatever she could to provide him with room and board. After the first semester, his grades were too low to keep his scholarship, so he came back to California where he enrolled in ARC.

When he stayed with his father, Mark often went along with him to the college library while he studied and talked with the other college students. In this way he became used to being around older people and learned how to fit into their conversations. He was a bright boy, and he tried to adapt to each situation he found himself in. He tried to please the adults around him, but not due to fear of punishment. He realized he had to fit into this bazaar situation in which he found himself and not give them any trouble. He tried to please both his parents, and he held his anger in for as long as he could when conflicts got him down. But he never let himself burn with anger inside so that he became physically ill, like his mother did. He was not into sacrificing himself on that altar. But he knew how to be cooperative when that was the best way to act.

Over the years he was growing up, living with his father and occasionally visiting his mother, he did not feel polarized between the two. Sad Marie never tried to get Mark to hate his father. She had enough hatred in her alter-personalities for the two of them, and with my therapy, she had discharged much of it from her system. She saw Kelly go through two more wives in succession and realized that, while he may have been totally unable to be a decent husband, he was a good father to their son. She was grateful for that blessing.

While living with his father, who was both working and going to school, Mark raised himself

much of the time. Thus, he learned self reliance and ingenuity. He prides himself on being a latchkey child who learned to adapt to anything. He missed out on some of the fun of growing up and some chances to be mischievous. But he has had plenty of chances to have fun in his college years, without being stupid. He learned to be polite. He learned that he always had the right to ask, "WHY?"

Of course, with marriages falling apart around him, Mark developed negative attitudes about marriage. He realized that each person has a longing to be with someone else, an inner loneliness and sense of incompleteness. But he came to feel marriage was a waste of time. He had a few girlfriends in high school and college, but he never became attached to any one of them seriously. He was more comfortable being a "little brother" to women of various ages, while they dated men their own ages.

In spite of his mother's continuous relationship to an organized church, Mark developed no interest in or need for an organized religion. He felt that most people were into religion because they were unable to feel comfortable about themselves. He personally preferred to look to science for the answers to all his questions.

When he was a little kid, he played with explosives, because that was science, which he found fascinating. In his adolescence he drove fast, but he appreciated his own mortality. He never did anything dangerous enough to risk his own life.

Both parents explained the biological facts of sex to him when he was nine years old. He was not interested in girls romantically until high school. He is still looking for his lifetime partner. He is very particular. The lady he wants will have to be athletic, able to defend herself, smart, pretty and interested in a partnership.

When he returned to Sacramento to attend ARC, he had the same counselor as had his mother, Doug Ince. He was discouraged by this setback, as he earned too much money on his own to get any scholarships based on poverty. His mother, who

was then supporting her own mother, could not finance a four-year college program. Finally, he attended Sacramento State University, graduating with a degree in engineering.

Mark is stimulated by music, and he likes to exercise. He takes long showers in the morning while he thinks of all the things he must do that day. Then he runs, exercises, weight lifts, or hikes.

He has never been referred for psychotherapy and has never felt the need for therapy. He has not attended any support groups, such as Alanon.

He still resents adults who considered him too young to know what was going on when he could see trouble in his family. He comprehended what was going on and could have handled it even better if the adults had taken the time to explain it in words he could understand. He may not have had the experience of years, but he had the maturity. He was not hiding from what was going on. He wanted to know what was happening around him.

Even though his mother is psychic and has had numerous Near Death Experiences (NDE) after attempting suicide, Mark doesn't believe in "any of that stuff." He feels all those experiences can be explained by the lack of oxygen to the brain cells, a purely physical explanation. He has had no overt psychic experiences like his mother has. He is very well grounded in physical reality.

One of the major problems Mark has in dealing with his mother these days is that he is still very concerned he do nothing to hurt or alienate her. He wants to be the good son, no matter what that takes. Sometimes, when she does something that irritates him, he resists confronting her about it. But eventually, he will bring it up and negotiate a settlement. Usually, he finds out his mother is more flexible than he expected, as she is learning and growing along with him.

At this time, he is in contact with both of his natural parents as well as most of his other relatives. He has acted in a mature fashion whenever he needed to. He has learned the relationship of cause to effect. He is considerate of those a-

round him. Finally he is learning to use his intelligence in his own service and seems to have weathered the storm that swirled around him from the day he was born.