

My Attempt At Brevity:
Reflections on my Reflections

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Yalom's Therapeutic Forces

The Instillation of Hope

I'm starting to think
Maybe I could be happy,
Or at least less sad.

Universality

Even if it sinks,
we're in this boat together.
I'm grateful for that.

Imparting Information

Cultivating joy
is not playing sudoku.
Practice happiness.

Altruism

Tending my own wounds
by helping you tend to yours.
Is helping selfless?

The Corrective Recapitulation of the Primary Family Group

I will adopt Faith
and I'll get to be the mom
I wanted to have.

Development of Socializing Techniques

Finally realizing
I was the asshole, and not
everybody else.

Imitative Behavior

They're so curious,
insightful, calm, and funny.
Could I do this, too?

Interpersonal Learning

Learning about me
by watching all of you learn
about yourselves, too.

Group Cohesiveness

Wanting to join in
with a club that would have me.
A nice change of pace.

Catharsis

There's more space outside
(it's from the Greek: to vomit)
than on the inside.

Existential Factors

Is life meaningless?
Do we suffer, then just die?
Stop it. Eat this cake.

Phases of Group Therapy

Forming

Knock knock.

Who's there?

Hugo.

Hugo who?

Hugo first. I feel uncomfortable sitting in this circle and I don't know if I want to be here anymore.

Storming

Knock knock.

Who's there?

Ice cream.

Ice cream who?

Ice cream at people in therapy because I don't want anyone to know that I'm terrified of my vulnerability and that's also why I've never been able to take responsibility for my shortcomings. I'm pretty sure it's because I never worked through my issues with my dad. He made me feel so small. In some ways, I'm still that scared, angry, 10-year-old kid inside, and... I HATE YOU PEOPLE FOR MAKING ME TALK ABOUT THIS!!!

Norming

Knock knock.

Who's there?

It's your new friend.

It's your new friend who?

It's your new friend who was sitting next to you in group last week! Hey, I really liked that story you told about playing kickball and your ex-girlfriend and her mom on Thanksgiving. So relatable. Everyone in this group is all pretty cool, actually.

Working

Knock knock.

Who's there?

Crippling existential dread.

Crippling existential dread who?

Crippling existential dread isn't something I want to make self-deprecating jokes about anymore. I'm tired of running away from what matters and sacrificing my dreams to the altar of my own ambivalence. I'm ready to grow and for things to be different.

Adjourning

Knock knock.

Who's there?

I'm not exactly sure anymore.

I'm not exactly sure anymore who?

I'm not exactly sure anymore because I feel like I'm becoming a new person. I'm still myself, but I'm more hopeful about who I might become as a result of the work we did in this group. It's like I'm waking up to a whole new side of myself that I'd been ignoring for God knows how long. Thank you. Seriously, I mean it. Thank you all so much.

General Reflections

Yalom says it's futile to resist
Visible pathology will always persist
John says our strengths do that, too
And that might be a clue
For helping the snakes in one's head to desist.

Adlairians aren't that into screening
Even if it means that there might be more screaming
If you keep out the crazies
It might mean that you're lazy
Because why else is your group even convening?

A professor named John Sommers-Flanagan
Is retiring to enjoy some shenanigans
He'll still do lots of writing
It's what he thinks is exciting,
But he'll have time to adopt some pet pangolins.