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The Four Phases: A Framework for Enhancing Chronic Illness Patient Management, *continued from page 10*

to their chronic situation, they can become much more sophisticated about the symptoms and disabilities. They can usually handle them better than patients in earlier phases who may actually be experiencing less pain or dysfunction.

Individuals who attain Phase 4 have constructed a new self which incorporates salvageable aspects of their own self but is adapted to their new life situation. They work to maintain the insights they have learned during the earlier phases. They have also engaged in what will be an ongoing quest for meaning and purpose that is individually authentic to them. Phase 4 individuals know that this phase is frequently temporary and that other illnesses and life crises can throw them back into Phase 1. But they also know they have the knowledge and skills to work through the phases again, and this time more rapidly. They know that they never exit the phase process altogether, but they seek to remain, as much of the time as possible, in Phase 4. ▲

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Ms. Fennell's The Chronic Illness Workbook: Strategies and Solutions for Taking Back Your Life *(New Harbinger, 2001) is about the Four-Phase Model for patients and their families to use by themselves or in conjunction with their clinicians. A complete exposition of the theory for professionals will be available in 2003. Ms. Fennell is also an editor of a comprehensive handbook on fatiguing illnesses to be published by Wiley in 2003.*

Esther B. Hess, Ph.D.

The Reason That I Sing

Esther B. Hess, Ph.D.

There is no doubt in my mind that the reason I sing is the same reason that I am a clinical child psychologist. I sing because I sang with my father. I have always followed closely in my father's footsteps. He has been both my guide in life and my professional mentor. His name is Leon Cytryn, M.D., and he is a world-renowned child psychiatrist specializing in mental retardation, childhood depression and autism. For me, though, above all else he is a singer.

My legacy includes the holocaust. However, unlike many of my peers whose parents had also survived the Nazi atrocities, my father shielded my brothers, my sister and me from the horrors of his early life experiences. When I say that he shielded us from the terror, I do not mean to suggest that he never talked about his childhood. One of my fondest memories of my own childhood was our evening bedtime ritual. My father would round up his four charges and, instead of telling us stories of fairytale kings and queens, he would share the joys of his youth. Most of the stories were comical, along the lines of how he and his buddies would attempt to outwit a dimwitted teacher. Others were poignant tales dealing with the times that he spent with his large extended family, particularly his paternal grandparents. One favorite story was about how on each Saturday evening, at the end of the Sabbath, my father, his father, and his grandfather would all congregate at the local synagogue (shul) with the other male members of the shul choir. My father was very honored because he was quite obviously the youngest member and he was privileged to be a part of this very adult club. With his sweet and wonderful voice, he was often featured as the soloist during the weekly and High Holiday services.

It was often at this point in the evening's story that my father would break into song. As an adult he sang with a rich baritone, and I remember feeling the vibrations of the vibrato in his chest as his voice rang out. He would often encourage me to harmonize my voice with his. Sometimes we sang tunes that were religious in nature, reflecting the various choral selections of his youth. There were other nights where he would teach us the Polish translation of what had been popular American hit songs of the 1920s and 30s. Every once in a while, my father's mood became tender and a bit melancholic as sang to us the Yiddish lullabies that his mother had sung to him.

Neither his mother nor his sister nor any other of his vast extended family survived the holocaust, save for a first cousin and his father. It is somewhat ironic that my father and grandfather actually survived the war because of my father's singing. The Nazis predicted that the life expectancy of any concentration camp inmate was about three months. That was the amount of food they planned in individual rations. However, prisoners who entertained the guards received double rations. As meager as the portions were, the amount literally meant the difference between life and death.

Despite his many years in choral performance, my father was somewhat shy as an adolescent, and he hesitated to raise his hand when the Nazi organizers asked for volunteers to be included in the camp choir. Luckily, a childhood friend who himself was tone deaf but knew of my father's musical talents, nudged my father's hand into the air with his own. They both joined the choir and they both survived, my father singing the notes and his friend lip-synching his way through the war.

As I grew up, my father and I sang duets of a different nature. I received my doctorate in clinical psychology and then followed him professionally, first into a hospital practice and later into research and a private practice with children suffering from a variety of developmental challenges.

About six years ago, my father suggested that I study the works of Stanley Greenspan,

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