I'd like to start with how glad my father would be to find his research ideas not only continuing but sparking new contributions – through the SE & CCRT studies from around the globe – *and* the Lester Luborsky Poster Award which encourages new research—something he took a special interest in. My sister, brother & I appreciate the ways SPR is helping his life's work continue.

Now I'd like to share a bit of background about my father.

From his landlady's attic to 50 years of research: My father's search for the objective in a field full of theory

By Ellen B. Luborsky, Ph.D.

My father's father came to America from the Ukraine at 14. He became a furrier, and wanted his sons to follow suit. But my father was determined to go to college. He hitchhiked to Penn State and paid his own way through school, waiting on tables and taking care of the rats in the lab.

When he began college, he planned to be a botanist, seeing that as the way to understand what makes life happen. But he changed his mind after he found a collection of Freud in his landlady's attic. (I imagine him opening volume after volume of new ideas.) He switched majors & went on to Duke for his doctorate. From there he traveled out to the Menninger Foundation in Topeka Kansas, after reaching an agreement with David Rapaport that he could do both psychoanalytic training and research.

My father spent mornings doing research and afternoons seeing patients, allowing questions from each side of the day to meet. He became a pioneer in psychoanalytic research, by neither rejecting psychoanalysis for its lack of science, nor throwing away scientific inquiry for its lack of fitting measures. The path he forged set a model for those at this meeting, but remains rare in the field.

I would like to share my own view of my father's path, starting during my childhood in Kansas, through something I wrote during my father's last winter.

SNOWMAN

By Ellen B. Luborsky, Ph.D.

Flakes of snow, shaped like stars, were landing on my boots while I walked home from kindergarten. The grass had all turned white. I scooped some snow into a ball that I carried in the palm of my mitten. Every few steps I packed on more snow till it got big enough to roll. By the time I reached my block, the snowball was tall as my knees.

By some miracle, my father was home, even though it was day. He came out the front door and helped me turn it into a snowman – two more huge balls, a carrot nose, and some kind of round eyes. What did we do for eyes? I think they were holes in the snow.

He's still there, my snowman, living in my mind's eye long after the snow melted, we moved east, I grew up, had my own children and got my own Ph.D. He's still there as my father fades, his health no longer infusing his mind with thoughts.

But his ideas still live, like my mental snowman. He spent over 50 years asking questions that didn't just leave the air like so many falling flakes. He did research, searching for the science in an elusive process.

What makes psychotherapy work? What are its elements and how effective is it? What about Freud's ideas? How could they be tested? Moving quietly through the mystique, he turned complex thought into methods and outcome measures.

One of my favorites is the Symptom-Context Method, an idea so simple that is easy to overlook. Where do symptoms come from? Rather than checking them off as clues to a diagnosis, the Symptom-Context Method gives a way to decode their deeper meanings.

And the CCRT? Another shorthand for a complex process. My father took the mysteries of the transference and turned it into its live elements. In the transference, people find their way into relationships that repeat old patterns, rather like walking in their own footsteps. The CCRT gives therapists and researchers a way to see it happen.

I didn't know that when I walked home from kindergarten, but I knew the route from school that took me to my yard. My father's work was a kind of mystery. I knew he worked at a place called Mennigers, with purple pansies growing in oblong islands in the driveway. When we went to pick him up there, men came out of low buildings wearing brown hats with brims and long coats.

What did he do there? Whatever it was, it was important, important enough to vanish into those buildings, into quiet rooms with closed doors, into seminars at night. When I got older, I could see more than that. Wherever he was in the world, he got up at 6 in the morning, spread out his papers, and set to work. My mother told me that when he spoke in Japan, people threw yen onto the stage in appreciation. But why?

It was only after going into the field myself, and seeing the factions of ideology that live within psychology, that I began to understand my father's quest to find the objective in the subjective. It was only after doing therapy

myself that I could appreciate the way his measures pick up patterns in people's problems.

My brother sent me my father's resume. It's 59 pages long, with a page of honors and four more for new measures and manuals he constructed. One of those measures, the Helping Alliance, turns out to have particular power in the outcome of psychotherapy.

And my father introduced me to another of its forms. We worked together on his last book, sitting at the dining room table on Martha's Vineyard while evening muted our view of the pond. My daughter thought up the title and my son found the cover image.

"Hurry up!" my father would say as he saw me going off for a walk along the lane or reading the newspaper instead of picking up the pile of pages.

Why was he asking me to hurry? My father never rushed – he drove slowly, worked methodically and carefully tended plants through the winter. He never rushed me either. I spent endless childhood hours looking for four leaf clovers or wandering down the block.

The reason for his rush became clear after he stopped asking for it. He could hardly walk anymore. He could no longer work and could barely, rarely speak. He must have sensed his health slipping like a humidity change before a storm, and he handed me the book before it all went down.

It's not snowing today. A pale gray sky gives few hints of weather to come. It could be a prelude to rain or simply the dimming of light as afternoon ebbs. But my mental snowman never melts or loses his white shine. He stays

outlined in pure blue Kansas sky, living through seasons, storms, and generations.