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The Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal accepts submissions from non-members as well as members of Delta Epsilon Sigma. While student contributions are welcome at any time, each spring issue will reserve space for a section featuring student writing. We will consider for publication a wide variety of articles, fiction, and poetry. Our primary mission is to serve the Catholic cultural and intellectual tradition, and we favor work commensurate with that aim. The best guide to our policy is of course the content of past issues. Submissions to Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal are peer reviewed by doctorally-prepared academics or other specialists.

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MESSAGES FROM THE EDITORS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

- The Executive Committee welcomes submissions for its two newest awards: The J. Patrick Lee Prize in Ethics, and The Outstanding Chapter Award. Please refer to the full announcements in this issue.
- As promised, this issue presents non-fiction prose and short fiction second-place winning entries in the 2010 undergraduate writing competition.
- All published work in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* is peer-reviewed. Submissions are refereed by doctorally-prepared academics or specialists in the pertaining subject matter.
- We continue to seek updated mailing and email addresses of our membership. Please notify the Delta Epsilon Sigma national office of any change of address to help with this database project (DESNational@stthomas.edu).
- The *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* can be found online at the DES website: <http://www.deltaepsilonsigma.org>.

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BIRTH OF A NATURALIST

SANGIT PRADHANANGA*

It came back to me suddenly the other day: the harrowing oomph of that mournful drum climbing up the dark hillside. Dum... Dum... Dum... Dum, rising slowly like a storm from the depths of a memory long forgotten. It was not supposed to happen this way, not here in the Iowan wilderness. I put the slingshot down quietly, and hid it behind Bishal, but the beast had already stirred.

“Guys, the fire is almost out and it is dark here in the forest. Let’s walk back to that crop circle that we passed earlier. It’s brighter there; we can sleep under the stars.”

Dum Dum

“Shhhh.. Listen closely.”

Dum Dum

“Do you guys hear that?”

Dum Dum

“Listen! Dum Dum...Dum Dum.. Now what do you boys suppose that drumming is?”

“I think that is leather!” cried Jwala, as he ran past me towards the shiny black object by the wall. We’d been wandering the school grounds all morning looking for a piece of leather to complete the slingshot we’d been working on.

“No, man, that’s someone’s shoe,” I protested.

He shrugged his shoulders and picked it up carefully. Sarki dai, the school cobbler, had asked us to find some leather because the Jesuits wouldn’t let him use the school’s inventory to make slingshots for the students. A week earlier, Jwala and I had spent an entire afternoon meticulously carving out the Y-shaped body with a flimsy blade we unscrewed from a pencil sharpener. Then through contacts from juniors in the fourth grade, we’d manage to strike a deal. If we surrendered our weekly ration of candies to the Sarki dai’s grandson, he would get us a slingshot. We just needed to find the leather.

“Come on, man, Sarki dai is leaving already,” Jwala screamed as he ran across the field towards the cobbler’s hut. I jogged along slowly, slipping my hands into my

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pocket. They were there, all four of them. Cold, smooth, divine. The weekly ration of candy we received every Saturday. This was going to be a long, tasteless week.

“Now I’ve seen you boys running around the school compound with rocks. It is the mating season, and I know there are a lot of dogs around, but as long as you leave them alone they will not harm you. Jwala, Mishal and Sanjit, I saw you chasing that black dog the other day. I know, you could see blood pouring out of its hind legs, as it hobbled and yelped helplessly. Yet you guys continued to chase it like some bloodthirsty Nazis. Bijay! That frog could have gotten you expelled. This is not what we have taught you to be. This is not what a Xaverian does. This is not what a human being does! Now listen to me closely. I have brought you here tonight to let you in on a secret. Listen. Listen closely...I will only tell it once.”

I was shipped to a Boarding school when I was merely five and a half winters old. The Saint Xavier’s School was run by Jesuit missionaries at an estate used formerly by the Royal family as a summer escape. It was vast, verdant and home to three hundred kids, from the most privileged echelons of the Nepalese bourgeoisie.

A short half-an-hour drive from the city, the school sat nestled under the southern hills of the Kathmandu valley. There the Jesuits had turned the Royal stables into shivering classrooms where we learned to speak in foreign tongues. The estate was lush with open fields and fragrant gardens buzzing with bees and monarchs. Sinful plum trees surrounded the fields, the voluptuous fruits dangling shakily but out of a hungry five-year-old’s reach.

There, torn away from the city and our TVs, we learned to use the nature around us to entertain our curious minds. We captured snakes, frogs, bugs, slugs, worms and fireflies, hiding them in shoeboxes under our desks, stealing curious glances in class to see if the bread crumb sneaked from the dining hall had been devoured. We spent days scouring the estate looking for fossils in the abundant limestone deposits, finding ancient fish and bugs that sometimes to our wild surmise looked like dinosaurs. The favorite pastime, however, was to collect wild beetles that would be fielded in death matches with someone else’s critter. I remember in the third grade I had a giant pincher beetle I’d named Goro, which snapped four rhino beetles to death before succumbing to its injuries. We learned very early that nature could be controlled. Very easily.

“The hills of my fathers are covered with animals. There the days are ruled by the wild bees and blue sheep, the nights by snow leopards and owls. The hills have no electricity or heaters. At night you huddle around fires hoping that the rustle you

heard from the darkness was just the wind. There sometimes men kill leopards, sometimes the cats claim men. Most of the time they walk past, eyes locked in a stare acknowledging that there are no territories here. The cats know that once they savor the maddening taste of human blood they will never eat anything else again. The men know that once they start to kill out of fear or folly they will never kill for anything else again. In the hills of my fathers, men live not "in" but "with" the wild. There in the woods children like you, curious and armed with slingshots and rocks, turn pale and die mysteriously. But it is not the leopards that claim these rogues. They are claimed by something else, something darker and more sinister. Listen..."

Dum Dum.

Dum Dum.

By our sixth and final year at the boarding school, we had become cruel kings of the estate. We knew what rocks the beetles lived under and what trees the hornets nested in. We knew what rocks made perfect projectiles and what flowers the monarchs liked to dance with. Before building the slingshot, Jwala and I spent months gathering these tiny regal creatures with a fishing net, to murder them at the gallows we'd built behind the shadows of the swimming pool. Other days we'd gather spiders from the trees and pull out all but one of their legs to see them hobble around in pain, swatting them eventually with our Hardy Boys books and reveling at the colors emerging from the crushed insects. It was mostly black, but sometimes red, sometimes green, and once magnificent navy blue.

But by the middle of our sixth year, things had become visibly evil. Bijay Rana was almost expelled after trying to electrocute a frog he'd been keeping hidden in his desk. Three stray dogs had been stoned to death, the principal's pet Ankara was missing an eye, and Jwala had to be rushed to the hospital after being stung on the forehead by a hornet after he'd ravaged a mother hive in the bushes. When a fourth dog was found bleeding in the fields, our teacher decided to act. He'd been watching us quietly from the shadows all year, hesitant to act in hopes that we would discover the "good way" ourselves. But young boys drunk with unchecked power can only be weaned with forces more sinister. The beast from his native myths had to be stirred. All forty of us were roused by his gentle shake that midnight, and we were asked to dress up and follow him in a silent single file.

Confused and scared by the unusual expedition, we followed him quietly as he led us to a small gazebo by the Jesuit graveyard, where six giant graves were dug for the American priests who had died among the natives. Somewhere from the dark hills a silent oomph drummed a mournful beat.

Dum Dum.

Dum Dum.

“Sakata is the king of the forest. He is tiny. Maybe the size of my fist, but can jump from one hilltop to another. He patrols the forest day and night making sure no one is causing mischief. In the hills of my fathers, every animal is equal. Every life is precious. To Sakata, a human is no more important than a wild bee. The leopard is no dearer than the sheep it kills.

Sakata asks for only one thing: respect for one another. That is why whenever a leopard snatches little boys like you it eats everything but the heart and the tongue. Likewise when men bring home deer from the woods they always leave the heart behind. It’s homage to Sakata, and a promise that you killed out of necessity and would not have done so if it weren’t absolutely essential. Sanjit, Jwala, where is the heart of the dog that was found bleeding to death on lower campus?”

I have never seen anything more disturbing. I turned to look at Jwala sitting beside me. The wild terror drowning his eyes is the most frightening thing I have ever witnessed. In those moonlit brown eyes I saw the hundreds of heartless tongueless butterflies and beetles that had perished under our hands. A halo of hornets hung humming over his hair while thousands of one legged spiders were crawling up his body. The crow we killed with our slingshot that morning sat perched on his arm.

“Sakata knows everything, it sees and hears everything. And should anyone fail to pay their homage and promise to Sakata, it will come for you and claim your heart and your tongue. No matter where you go or what you do, it will find you and make you pay for the disrespect. Now there is a way out. Elders tell stories of how grabbing the Sakata by its ears as it lunges for your heart will frighten it and chase it away. But this has been done only twice. Ever.

Now I am going to leave you boys here in the Gazebo tonight to reflect on how you treat the nature around you. Think about how you treat animals, and birds, and trees and grass. Think of the black dog that bled to death on the lower campus. Think about how it must have felt; think of how much pain it must have been through. Think and watch the shadows for anything unusual. And most importantly, listen to that drumming noise Sakata makes when he jumps from one hilltop to another. Good night, boys.”

Dum...Dum...Dum...Dum...

My eleven year old heart leapt to that mysterious beat wafting from the dark hillside all night. I saw thousands of strange fist-sized shadows all around me, jumping from trees, from hilltops, and from the tombstones in the graveyard. A dozen of my friends broke into sobs almost immediately; two—I learned later—wetted their pants. No one slept until the sun had emerged clearly from the eastern hills.

As soon as I woke up to the morning bell, I ran wildly through the estate to my desk to find the slingshot gone. In the shadow at the back of the room Jwala sat shivering in a trance. He said the slingshot was already gone when he arrived there an hour ago. His eyes made it clear whom he thought had taken it in the dead of the night.

The drumming stayed with me for at least a month, during which time I did not eat any meat. I still don't eat it without invoking Sakata in my mind. Bijay still jumps when he hears a frog croak, and Jwala since then has always sported disheveled hair to hide the hornet scar on his forehead. I have never talked to him about the slingshot since that morning. Some beasts must not be stirred.

It came back to me suddenly the other day; the harrowing oomph of that mournful drum climbing up the dark hillside. Dum... Dum... Dum... Dum, rising slowly like a storm from the depths of a memory long forgotten. I put the slingshot down quietly, and hid it behind Bishal, but the beast had already stirred.

“Guys, the fire is almost out and it is dark here in the forest. Let's walk back to that crop circle that we passed earlier. It's brighter there; we can sleep under the stars.”



“THE INDIAN”

SHANNON FANDLER*

The library sometimes had free books in a bin outside, ones that had been deemed unusable by the library staff, and there, among some out-of-date textbooks and a manufacturer’s pamphlet about a DeWalt drill press, Matt found the instruction manual for how to live like an Indian, or Native American. It was actually a narrative written by a white guy who had changed his life by learning to live off the land, what was left of it, in the company of an Indian named Joseph Heavystone. Matt appreciated the idea of the book, but it was long and he didn’t feel like getting into it, so it remained on the stack next to his bed until he began to regret having taken it. He hated to acquire anything he didn’t end up using, as if he were indulging in waste and excess. Then one evening in a spirit of self-improvement, he read a chapter while waiting for his mother to come home from a meet-for-drinks date. He read chapter two the next day in the school bus to keep from making eye contact with certain people there—a political thing. Then he set the book aside for a year, because the first two chapters gave him a lot to think about. When that year had elapsed, he read the rest of it quickly, eagerly, skimming for answers.

The beginning chapter, entitled Initiation, had a graphic of a feather centered above the opening paragraph and a drop-cap in a Native American font. It dealt with the Narrator’s acclimation to the lifestyle and teachings of Joseph Heavystone, whose first test was to walk for an entire day, or about twelve hours, without any water. They walked miles uphill and through dry, rocky creek beds, sweating out all their stored moisture. Several times, the Narrator stumbled to the ground, weak and demented with thirst, though Joseph Heavystone remained strong and impassive, merely stopping to wait while the Narrator regained himself. Finally, they reached a clean, running spring, and Joseph Heavystone had to restrain the Narrator from falling greedily to his knees to drink. “You must first pause for a moment to praise the gods of the earth for providing us with life-giving water,” he said. They knelt there, together. The Narrator’s forehead and the area between his

* Shannon Fandler is a student at Cabrini College, Pennsylvania. She is co-winner of the second prize, short fiction.

eyes squeezed with dry pain. His tongue was too thickened to speak. His mind could not even form the words to thank the gods. In fact, he was ungrateful.

Matt failed to identify with this scenario—guiltily, he acknowledged that if he wanted the whole 2-liter bottle of coke in the refrigerator, he simply allowed himself to have it, sipping luxuriantly throughout the day, keeping the bottle cradled between his knees, popping it into the freezer for a few minutes if it got too warm. Thirst was a sensation he rarely allowed himself to experience for long.

The second chapter dealt with further hardships that the Narrator endured—days without food, solo hikes with no warm clothes or matches in woods so covered that at night no moon or starlight could squeeze through the tightly woven coniferous canopy.

Matt and his mother always had something to eat and wear, but their one hardship was that they lived in a dump of a house. It was slightly more weatherproof than the shelters Joseph Heavystone taught the Narrator how to build out of water-shedding pine branches, but it wasn't as interesting. It was a twin, a box that smelled like Matt's old bedwetting problem. And, they didn't like their neighbors.

Matt's mother's hobby was house hunting, and she knew dozens of realtors—though at 12, he was acquiring the sense that the realtors hated them, him and his mother. They showed up at open house after open house, asking questions about miniscule details, like chair-rail moldings—all questions that led nowhere. The realtors were polite but, after a while, tried to brush them off. Whenever his mother hooked a new realtor, they would drive around on evenings and Saturdays for months, until the realtor was exhausted and came to the conclusion that they weren't buying, no matter what. This kind of resignation—resigning to the realtor's antipathy and the hours and hours examining the floors and ceilings of various geometric spaces (which is how Matt had come to regard the houses)—had to count for something in Joseph Heavystone's philosophy.

But in case his mother's brand of suffering was not enough, and of course it wasn't, he set himself to undergo various tests as the Narrator had done. His most frequent test was to ride his bike, which he had done during Christmas vacation and all of this summer so far, to the swampland nature preserve behind the airport. Occasionally birdwatchers lingered there with their goofy giant binoculars, but generally the place was deserted, and the body of a murdered immigrant had actually been found stuck in the mud last year, the guy's waterlogged face the only thing showing above the black muck. Or so his mother had read from the paper to him, embellishing as she went. He was careful to return before she got home from the drug store where she worked. It was five miles to ride there, five miles through the preserve, and five miles back. He would have thought this trek would make him

stronger, but it never did. Instead, his legs trembled and he felt weak, even sick. Joseph Heavystone advised that instead of pushing away from suffering, you should call it towards you. Open your arms to it. And at once, the going will be easier. The Narrator quoted: “Let the cold enter your lungs and body. Don’t brace against it. Soon it will become you, and you will feel nothing.”

Once, Matt had the panicky sensation that he was freezing to death. His hands, never in gloves, could barely grip the handlebars, and twice he had fallen off his bike. He had ripped his pant knees through to the skin, but he couldn’t feel the scrapes because his skin was frozen, dead. When he returned home and peeled off his pants, he had truly expected to see that his skin was black, like the frostbitten body parts of Mount Everest climbers. “Endurance of pain,” Joseph Heavystone instructed the Narrator, “is the first quality you must obtain in your departure from the material world.”

His mother was convinced, though, that Matt was incapable of caring for himself. There was evidence to prove it: his rough, reddened arms from going outside in short sleeves and no coat, the cuts and scrapes on his feet from walking barefoot in the woods. Then once, he had come home wearing a strange rain jacket. He had been walking home from the library in a particularly icy, slanting downpour, and a woman had slowed her vehicle, rolled down the window, and offered him the jacket. “It’s my ex-boyfriend’s,” she explained. “I don’t really want it in my car anymore.” Matt gratefully accepted the jacket, not for his own comfort but to protect the books he had borrowed—they had been clasped against his clammy chest inside his soaked shirt. He put on the rain jacket and put the two books in the big kangaroo pocket in front. Explaining his reasoning to his mother did not alleviate her rage at his talking to a stranger. She yanked the jacket over his head and threw it down the basement steps, where they heaped their laundry. “What if the person had tried to pull you into her car?” his mother asked. “What if that coat had been filled with anthrax, and when you put it on, the spores fell out into your eyes?”

Survival, to Matt, did not mean avoiding fate at the hands of a stranger in the suburbs. The general meaning of survival, to him, was finding food in an environment where there was no 7-11 that patiently waited for him to count out his nickels and dimes, and no pantry-closet full of choices that he could heat up if his mother went to bed early with a headache or mood swings. Matt liked animals, but had the strong urge to hunt and eat one in the wild. The Narrator had dedicated an entire chapter to stalking and tracking, a topic Matt read in the car on the way to visit a property in Ocean City, Maryland. Joseph Heavystone, the Narrator was insisting, could stalk an animal merely by walking up to it, as silent and slow as ice forming. Sometimes it would take Joseph Heavystone an entire day to approach a deer. He

walked not heel to toe, but by rolling his foot from the outside in, which was the quietest way of walking. He dressed in very little clothing, and carried only a sharp knife or hewn stone to sever the carotid artery in the neck of the deer. Sometimes he didn't even kill it, he only walked up until he was so close that he could see the fleas jumping on the animal's back, and then he touched it lightly on the shoulder and watched it bound away. He did this for practice and also to prove to the Narrator that he could.

When he had finished reading the chapter, slightly breathless, Matt could already smell the ocean entering through the air vents of the car. "How can we move to the beach?" he asked his mother skeptically. "Don't you have to work?"

"I can work from home, can't I?" his mother asked.

He hesitated, wondering if she really could. His mother said angrily, "Just leave it to me."

The new realtor, Matt observed, would probably last a long time with them—she was young and so excited that when she talked, sometimes a little bit of spit flew out and she blushed and wiped her mouth.

He practiced stalking by rolling his foot from the outside in, all through the beach house. It was actually noisier, he found, than regular walking. He would have to really dedicate himself to practicing for hours and days, until he was virtually silent.

"Take that outside," his mother said impatiently.

"Oh, but..." said the realtor. She danced forth into a large bedroom. The walls were pastel pink, but she said, "Picture this with a guy's color of paint!" There was a balcony, just wide enough for him. He opened the tall window and stepped out onto it. You couldn't see all the way to the beach, but you could sense that it was near, only five blocks away.

His mother admitted, on the way home, that the place was out of their economic grasp. Matt was practicing being silent, limiting even the sounds of his breathing, but he allowed himself to say restrainedly, "Well, what now?"

His mother said, "I like the town. I like the atmosphere. What do you think of moving near the beach?"

He breathed quietly and allowed his shoulders to shrug, once.

"You don't care?" she said, gently but warningly. "I'm talking about where we're going to *live*."

Remembering Joseph Heavystone's teachings, he stilled each body part in turn. His only stipulation had been some kind of forested area nearby, that he could walk to, but there were hardly any trees in that neighborhood.

"How about a compromise?" she said. "We move to the beach, but I send you

to a . . . a camp of some kind for a week.”

The house he loved and still thought about, the one that they had visited on one of his mother’s black-mood days, had a spiraling, lighthouse-style staircase that twisted up to the second floor bedroom. He had selected this one immediately as his own, but his mother had pointed out the staircase as impractical. “How will we get any furniture up there?” she demanded.

“Well,” said the realtor, “Through the upstairs window. Or, children’s furniture could be brought up the staircase in pieces and assembled in the room.”

He insisted to his mother that he needed no furniture—he could sleep on the floor, on a mat with a blanket. In fact, he looked forward to it. The clean blank walls of the room, the threshold where the staircase joined the blonde hardwood floor, the tree branches flung against the window by the wind, insisted that they were his, and they promised to restore lightness to him. Certainly, by now, a family was happily settled in there.

Other places didn’t converse with him at all—they were still and boring. His mother liked to dress up a little, put on make-up, and grab that costly handbag she had cried a little after purchasing, to visit new developments of blandly luxurious homes being built for rich people. The model home was only ever a shell. The stone fireplace had only candles in it. If there were frames on the accessory tables, there were never any photos in them, not even of fake families, because you were supposed to imagine your own people there. In one such model home, a realtor, early on in her relationship with his mother, had urged her to sit down on the sofa in the living room, close her eyes, and pretend the home was hers. So his mother obliged, taking off her shoes and settling back against the cushions. The realtor then grasped Matt’s shoulder and pushed him gently down beside his mother. “Well,” she said, “Do you like what you feel?”

Matt’s mother had said, her eyes still shut, “This feels like a beautiful place to bring up my child.” Matt, grumpily, considered himself for the most part to be already brought up.

Outside, baby trees had been planted and staked with ropes to keep them from blowing over in a storm. He tried to tell his mother once that he wished to live in a clearing by a tree line varied with height and texture that he could follow with his eye to soothe himself. She had been sympathetic, telling him that would be great, wouldn’t it?

Only once had she ever taken a realistic approach to shopping for a home—she had told a realtor what she could afford. The realtor was a young man, years younger than his mother. They saw him two or three times to look at houses, once to get pizza. He seemed always to be craving a cigarette, for of course you couldn’t

smoke in other people's homes. He would compulsively jerk his empty thumb and forefinger to his lips, his cheeks sucking in hard. Sometimes he would take a few running steps and pretend to chuck a football, to get rid of the frustration of not having a cigarette. He was "big into sports," he told Matt. He'd posture like a pitcher, swing his arm around, and aim his imaginary ball at a statue of an elephant or a table lamp made from roughly hewn pink marble.

This realtor took them to a small, shabby, but brightly lit house that Matt was almost certain would be the one. It smelled, for instance, how Matt remembered his grandparents' bathroom to smell, like rank water. Sometimes it smelled like the little stale kitchen in his elementary school, where he had taken his turn to hand in the class's milk money and carry the heavy, wet crate full of chilled cartons. It smelled, too, of the carpet in a friend's home, where years ago he had spent the night with his cheek ground into the scratchy pile, sweet and a little sour. These memories exchanged themselves in quick whiffs. Matt went outside and stood in the rectangular, blank yard and watched his mother and the realtor through the kitchen window. The realtor pressed forward and grabbed his mother's breast, and his mother's body language, like some birds he had watched during mating season once, had iterated, "not here." The dull-colored bird, the female, had fled from branch to branch, evading the showy, persistent male. Finally, she gave in. It was important, Joseph Heavystone said, to watch the birds, especially the tiniest, flitting ones. It was practice in observing the small. It was practice, too, in seeing bigger things.

Matt's mother did not remain kissing the realtor for long, but instead batted his hands gently away. The man straightened his blazer and grinned and smoked his fingers briefly. Matt hoped, hoped, that they would not buy the house from him.

And they didn't. His mother, instead, went through a small phase of trying to make their current home more comfortable. It made him think of a bird obsessively arranging and lining its nest. She brought home old chests of drawers and mirrors she found on trash days, in the mornings, but just as soon, these objects were out on their own curb. She could not decide. She was always looking for just the right this or that. It was like her search for just one nice heavy black sweater, when Matt had been much younger. He remembered being dragged from store to store. They didn't have a car then, and took the bus. He remembered countless different black fabrics pressed into his hand, rubbed against his cheek. How nice for his mother to have such a small problem, the problem of the unavailability of the ideal black sweater. How much fun it was for her to whittle away at hours, finding the solution. The solution was that a black sweater fitting her exacting specifications would eventually be found at a later time and place. At home, she swiped thick yellow

shea butter from a dirty jar onto his sore lips and his nostrils, chafed from nasal runoff.

The beach house, Matt guessed, would be just another black sweater which fell short somehow, either because it was overpriced or because the sleeves were $\frac{3}{4}$ or because the neckline wasn't high or low enough. On the way back home in the car, the Narrator told the story of a childhood misadventure, when he had gone on a hike through an area heavily populated by snakes, and he had been bitten by a six-foot-long diamondback. The rush to the hospital, the fear and the pain, had affected him throughout his life until, after meeting Joseph Heavystone, he had learned to kill, clean, and eat even a poisonous snake. The meat tasted good, he said, not what you would expect. His fear was gone. Joseph Heavystone said, "As soon as you have eaten something, your fear of it leaves you." The things Matt was afraid of, though, were inedible—he thought of homelessness, his mother, teachers, God. Joseph Heavystone never ate because he was hungry—one of the hardest teachings to grasp, the Narrator explained, was that you could survive three weeks without food.

They went to Pandolfi's Rug Salon, keeping the Ocean City house in mind. He liked a bright azure rug, but his mother liked more natural sisal mats. She planned for a runner in the hallway, a large mat in the living room, and a smaller mat the color of sea grass in the kitchen. She told the sales guy she would be back soon with room measurements, and then they made a break for it and drove to the art print store next to the mall. Here she actually picked up an inexpensive 9x12 print of a sand dollar and purchased it. "We will keep an eye out for yard sales that might sell hand-blown green glass bottles," she said. "For the kitchen windowsill."

"Are we really getting the house?" he asked, dumbstruck, and she said, yeah, she thought so.

There was some financing to take care of, things he would rather not understand. He began to get excited, to the point where he no longer wanted to be inside their old house. Well, they were still living in it, but he kept thinking of it as their old house. He convinced himself that it smelled—well, it did. The smell was hard to pinpoint, because he had lived with it for so long, and he noticed it only after he had been out of the house for many hours in the fresh air or if they had spent the day in sweetly Fabreezed for-sale homes. He noticed the smell coming in their front door, and he hated it, the compounded results of two people living in a place for many years, sometimes messily and unhappily.

"You never need to carry anything with you," Joseph Heavystone said. "Everything you need to survive is inside you, or in nature."

"Well," the Narrator amended, "a knife and a flint are sometimes useful." But no

need to bring food provisions, even in the dead of winter. No need to carry camping equipment or a tent on your back. Joseph Heavystone's favorite shelter was one that could be constructed between two trees, a friendly idea if you thought about it, because there were always two trees somewhere. The trees had to be set close together, and then you stacked branches between them to make a wall. On this wall, you rested two thick diagonal branches, and you thatched this with more branches until you had a wind-proof dwelling that looked like it had always been that way, in the middle of the forest. You dug a pit for a fire, ringed with stones, far enough away from the shelter that the dry pine needles wouldn't catch. The most important thing was to be dry and warm—otherwise you would die quickly.

The Narrator recalled spending an evening with Joseph Heavystone, in just such a shelter. They hadn't eaten for several days and were having no luck trapping small game, because a storm was coming. Their bodies were dirty, and they had been together to the point where they were of little comfort and no pleasure to one another. But Joseph Heavystone, though he rarely showed emotion, was sitting before the fire grinning, even laughing.

"Why are you so happy?" the Narrator demanded. He was angry from weakness and lack of food.

Joseph Heavystone said, "Because I have everything I need."

The Narrator, at the time, thought Joseph Heavystone was crazy. But this was before he had fully accepted the ways of Joseph Heavystone, which were also the ways of the earth, if the earth were a sentient thing that had ways.

They went back to the beach property once more. Matt's mother stood by the kitchen window for a long time—the window only looked out onto a patch of white stones that had been spread on the ground for drainage purposes, but the sight seemed to make her dreamy. Matt walked slowly through the rooms. There were many mirrored surfaces, a realtor's trick to make the rooms seem bigger, and also so you could see yourself, just so, against the backdrop of what might eventually be your home. Matt looked in the mirror, and saw someone whose hair was thick with sebum—it was not necessary or healthy, Joseph Heavystone believed, to bathe too frequently. He saw someone with a babyish face marred by one inflamed pimple in the crease next to his nose. He wished there was a picture of Joseph Heavystone, or even the Narrator, that he could have compared himself to. But the book had few images except for the Narrator's diagrams and sketches of how to skin and dissect different animals, how to make weapons and traps from natural materials, and variations on fire building technique. They didn't have a computer, or he would have researched the portraits he sought. Perhaps he would ask to use the computer at the library.

“I once,” said the Narrator in the beginning of the book, “was a soft city-dwelling guy. Weak, materialistic, too susceptible to circumstances outside my immediate control.” There was a course you could take, taught by Joseph Heavystone, which mimicked the conditions under which the Narrator had learned all there was to truly know. The course was described on an orange card, inserted and bound into the center of the book. Matt had read this card countless times. You were supposed to send away for more information, but the book was about twenty years old, and so his mother wouldn’t give him a stamp.

Matt was sure, though, that Joseph Heavystone was still alive and that his course was ongoing. “You’re too young for something like that,” his mother said. He had formulated several ideas in his mind. He would steal the stamp, or buy one himself. He would send for the information, and if he was too young to apply to the course, he would dress up like a grown man and run away. He would do it in the summer when there was no school. Joseph Heavystone could hardly send him back, when he saw the extent of his dedication. A stick-on beard, he thought desperately. He would steal a little money at a time from his mother, and stockpile it away until he could afford the train, plane, or bus ticket. He knew that he had to learn survival skills from Joseph Heavystone, or he would simply stop living. He knew, too, that Joseph Heavystone was probably not a real person.

In the interim, he would train himself. He would master each chapter in the book. They only had one low tree, and not nearly enough branches lying around to construct any sort of windproof dwelling, but it was summer. The wind lay stilly and heavily over the yard, only occasionally shaking itself. He gathered leaves from the corners where he and his mother had raked them last fall, and carried them in his arms to the base of the tree, where he spread them out like a mat. Some of the leaves were wet, and he carefully kicked those aside. Instead of going to bed that night, he slipped out into the yard and lay on the mat of leaves. It was crunchy, though reasonably soft. The night heat sunk down around the most private parts of his body, and he felt an aching squirm. On the edge of the clearing, freshly-licked rabbit bones dried in the wind. In the woods of the Northwest, fragile jewel fungi glowed red in the dark—if the sun touched them, they would burn. A fishing eagle picked at a glint in the river, then rowed itself upward, upward, into the highest, whitest part of the sky. His heart hurt. He smelled the sharpness of the dirt. He longed to be closer to it. His mother burst out the kitchen door in her long t-shirt and no pants and yelled, in a hushed way, “What the hell are you doing?”

Humiliated, and not wanting to conduct this conversation out in nature, where Joseph Heavystone taught that you should be stiller and quieter even than what you normally considered to be still and quiet, because no matter what you thought, you

were a disruption, he followed her into the house. “Do you think it’s dangerous to sleep outside?” she asked his opinion like he was another adult.

“I don’t know,” he said. “I don’t think so. It’s just our yard.” But as soon as he said, it’s just our yard, he didn’t feel like sleeping out there anymore. He went to bed with the light on and read, with interest, that the tastiest part of the deer—you would never think of this—is the piece of meat located directly behind the eyeball.

And the next day, when he asked his mother if he could try to start a fire in the backyard, from scratch, without matches, and he facetiously added that, if the house burned down, they could collect the insurance money, she peered at him as if saddened, saddened that he was so tragically stupid. “Of course you can’t,” she said. “No. Did you ever think about what would happen? Where we would live, where we would go?”



VOICE OF THE WIND

LUKE NOLBY*

Derrin sat on the end of the dock, his eyes squinted and head downturned against the bright May day. He watched his broken reflection in the passing waves and dangled his toes in the water, wondering if they seemed enticing enough for a shark to come roaring out of the water to take his entire body below the surface. But this was just Devil's Lake in little Webster, Wisconsin, and he knew sharks couldn't tolerate such cold temperatures or low salt levels. There were plenty of other monsters beneath the depths, though, and half of Derrin wished they would rise up out of hiding to challenge him, or to ferry him to some faraway world. The other half – the scared half – knew it was a ridiculous thought and that those things didn't happen. This was the real world, not some fantasyland like his books of knights and pirates and dragons and adventure, of hope and loss and love and freedom, of good and evil.

A gust of wind flipped up Derrin's brown hair as he turned to his left. His father squatted on the opposite side of the sailboat, scrubbing its gleaming white bow. He didn't have any trouble with the waves, though; the boat was on its silver lift, a full two feet above the water level. Derrin's father rested his elbows on his knees and sighed, studying the boat's surface. He was a computer man back in the Twin Cities, a vice president of a software company. He made good money, and he and Derrin's mother had purchased this lot on the lake and built a cabin here over five years ago. This sailboat had been his distraction from it all, even if for the last two years he hadn't actually taken it out on the water or raised the sails. Now it only touched the water to be brought to or from shore; washing was all the more use it got now. Soapy water dripped from his sponge, and he pulled his gaze away from the boat for a moment to look at Derrin. He smiled, kind brown eyes and all, and went back to scrubbing.

Derrin turned back to his reflection, thrashed his feet in the water once more and waited a minute. When nothing came, when no magical – or real, even – creatures showed themselves, he got up, his book in one hand, his wooden sword – a bokken – in the other, and walked down the dock toward the sandy shore. His

*Luke Nolby, a student at the University of St. Thomas, Minnesota, is the second-place co-winner in short fiction.

mother lay in a lounging chair at the water's edge, the footrest lowered just enough so the waves tickled her feet. Large sunglasses covered her face and her swimsuit straps were pulled off her shoulders to prevent any unnecessary tan lines. A book with a bland cover filled with the author's name in giant letters lay upside down across her chest; it rose and fell slowly with her sleeping breath. She was a part-time daycare lady, part-time aspiring writer, and she wrote about boring things like poetry and candle-loving women. But Derrin would never tell her that. She was more sensitive about those things now.

The cabin was small and red with a sharp roof, a bright change from the monotony of the cream-colored cookie cutters in Derrin's suburban neighborhood. He climbed into the hammock near the back porch window, crooked an arm behind his head, and flipped open his book. The leaves of the oaks above him danced in the strong breeze, dappling the sun across his face. His bokken rested next to his leg; no one would ever catch him with his guard down.

Derrin found his page quickly. Elian – a runaway noble boy with a legendary sword who had turned mercenary to hide his identity from a ruthless and yet undisclosed enemy – had just reached the town of Curtnalon and was able to get himself hired aboard a trading vessel called *Davey Jones' Bane*. Its captain was Captain Kiszal. The captain was actually a greedy pirate, a strangely honorable greedy pirate, but Elian didn't know it. Derrin had thus far imagined himself as the hero, but as he read more about this free-roving pirate and his tenacious expertise with the sea, Derrin's allegiance began to shift.

He read until the sun went low and his mother, who had walked by hours ago to start the lasagna, called him in for dinner. His parents ate and talked about kids at his mother's daycare, how Timmy had begun walking earlier that week and Abigail was going to be a looker when she grew up, and they talked about his father's company and its current campaign for the university, and about the type of flowers they'd like to put in by the mailbox back home, and if they should try the same kind here. They addressed Derrin a little bit but for the most part he remained quiet. Elian had just found out Kiszal meant to betray him, and Derrin wasn't sure how to side his loyalties anymore.

After helping with the dishes, Derrin went back to his book and his parents put in a movie. When they went to bed, Derrin moved to his room with his book, his bokken by his side. He fell asleep with the lamp on and dreamed he was a mercenary fighting for an elfin king. A tall, red-dressed princess with white hair flowing in the wind kissed Derrin, then stole his bokken and he chased after her, but she ran all the way to the sea and continued out upon the dark waves where he couldn't follow.

The next morning Derrin took his bokken and went outside and stretched his arms the way he thought an expert swordsman would need to, then kicked his sandals off. They landed in the sand near the water. He began moving through forms he had watched on a Japanese instructional video on how to use a katana, the real, metal sword that his wooden stick imitated. His bare feet slid roughly across the patchy grass and dirt as the wooden sword lurched through the simple movements in his hand. Derrin only knew so many real forms, however – the video had only been twenty-three minutes long – and he soon fell into his imagination.

It started with a few looping cuts, and then he added a leap and a high kick, and he ducked and bobbed and slashed. Derrin ran off trees and hacked at branches and yelled. He paused to catch his breath, looked up, and was in the middle of a battlefield. Chaos raged all around; screaming men and clanging filled the dusty air. Derrin looked down; the bokken in his hand had become a fully lethal katana. And just in time. An orc rushed Derrin from the side but a quick kick to the knee crippled the beast and Derrin took off his arm with one cut, spun through, and then thrust right through its brown throat. An ally soldier of Derrin's fell to a barrage of mace strikes and a hole opened up in the line. An orc and two men burst through, but Derrin was ready. He disemboweled the first man, parried a blow from the second, spun and opened a gash across his spine. The orc was at his back, and Derrin smiled as he sensed its premature triumph as it raised its mace. Derrin snapped his hand, reversed his grip, and lunged backwards, plunging his blade straight behind him. A tusked face gurgled guttural dying tones in his ear, and Derrin retrieved his blade, pivoted, and slashed down once across the thing's face. He stopped after the slice, the sword's tip pointing at the ground and dripping red and black blood— still frozen in the end of its arc.

A monstrous bellow came from his right and Derrin slowly turned. There, destroying his men with a horn-studded buckler on one arm and a mighty battleaxe in the other hand – an axe so large any normal man would have trouble wielding it with two hands – was a behemoth of a warrior. He hacked down another soldier, the man's screams piercing Derrin's heart. Derrin slid his left foot back, then his right, turning his hips and lifting his head. He stared at the monster before him. Red eyes pierced Derrin's ice blue ones (they were really a soft brown, like his father's) and angry steam hissed through its studded helm. It roared at Derrin, and Derrin slowly leveled his sword's tip toward the giant. The monster yelled again and charged, swinging its battleaxe. Derrin ducked and thrust but the battleaxe stopped his sword before it came near the thing's ribs. A flurry of sparks ensued as their weapons met and Derrin was forced to give ground. Then the giant stumbled, and Derrin seized his opportunity. With a quick deflecting parry of a wide-arcing

swing, Derrin dipped inside and -

Derrin's mother called from the cabin, and the red-eyed man disappeared. The orcs and battle faded, the dust dissipated in the sun and Derrin was alone behind the red cabin, his elegant katana a wooden bokken once more. He sat on the ground, his mouth open and chest rising and falling rapidly.

His mother was telling him that she and his father were going to drive into town looking for garage sales. She thought she might find a cheap new toy for her daycare, and Derrin's father was looking for old records and tapes. She wondered if he wanted to go with them, but Derrin said no thanks. She told him they'd be gone for a couple of hours, that there was leftover lasagna in the fridge, and that he shouldn't go swimming without them there. Derrin told her the water was too cold anyway. She looked past him, and Derrin thought he saw moisture in her eyes for a moment as she stared at the tall mast of the sailboat, but she turned and went back inside before he could be sure. He heard the front door of the cabin open and close, the car start, and then saw his parents drive away.

The bokken was sweaty in Derrin's palm. He set it down, got up, grabbed his book from inside, and then walked out toward the lake. Derrin made his way slowly across the sand and down the dock and sat on its edge, his feet overhanging and his toes tickling the water. It was just as windy today as it had been yesterday. He read from his book for a few minutes, and then closed it suddenly and set it on the dock beside him.

Derrin stared out across the lake, scanning the water. He stopped his gaze on a distant point, the area of blue he had last visited two years ago. He thought about his book, how Elian's friend had just been lost overboard, off the Davey Jones' Bane in a vicious storm. Kiszal had told Elian that when a man was lost to the sea, part of his soul remained in that place, becoming one with the wind and the water and the spirit there. He told Elian that if he concentrated hard enough he could hear the Ventathi, the gift of the wind-god Venta, the peacefulness of his lost friend's voice on the wind, and how the rolling waves soothed his being and brought him easily to the next world.

Derrin stared, long and hard, unblinking, at that point out across the lake.

When he realized his toes were numb and his back was sore, Derrin got up and walked down to the dock barefooted, his sandals still on top of each other in the sand where he had kicked them off. He barely noticed the smoothness of the sundried boards beneath his feet or the occasional nail head that came up just a little too high; he was too enthralled with the gleaming white hull on his right. He stepped lightly into the cold water, his soft feet sensitive to the lake rocks that bulged in distortions beneath the rolling waves.

The water reached Derrin's knees and dampened the hem of his shorts. He stepped onto the cinder block next to the lift and reached up to grab the wheel crank. It was closer than he thought it would be; he must have really grown in the last two years. Derrin grabbed the spokes and began turning the wheel, pulling harder and faster. Soft clicks marked the cable's descent, a louder cadence of Derrin's own heartbeat. His arms burned and he welcomed it, testimony to the fact that he was doing something real, something worthwhile.

Waves slapped the stern of the pearl white hull and Derrin stopped cranking, his mouth open and hands tight. The lift arms were a foot below the water level, but it was enough for the sailboat to float up unsupported. Derrin climbed up the lift arms and onto the bow. He dropped into the boat and reached under the sides to grab the double-folded blue tarp. Derrin pulled open the drawstring and extracted the jib. The wind picked up, sending ripples across the large waves. Derrin latched the spring clip to the hole in the top corner of the small sail and climbed back onto the bow to latch the bottom angle, then threaded the control ropes through the wood-plated corner, just like his father had taught him, and he hoisted on the raising cord. The white sail crinkled loudly as it raced up to its spot three-quarters of the length up the twenty-foot mast. Derrin secured the cord's knot in the sleeve on the mast as the wind grabbed at the jib with a punch. He leaned toward the front of the now unstable bow and unclipped the taut rope that held the boat to the lift. The wind pushed into the jib and Derrin was carried out onto the lake. He reached to his side, but remembered he had left his bokken on shore. Derrin took a deep breath, then went to lower the keel board and secure the rudder. There weren't any orcs out here.

He waited until the wind pulled the sailboat far enough from shore so he couldn't read the sign that hung from the back of the cabin and read "Home." Derrin dropped the anchor, the same that had always been used with the boat, the same that had been used two summers ago. Now it was painted red like the mast and boom, but he knew it was the same. It splashed when he threw it overboard and disappeared beneath the sparkling water. The rope went tight and held on the cleat, but Derrin was already busy fishing the mainsail from the tarp. He had never raised the mainsail by himself and his father had almost always asked for a hand when doing it, but Derrin knew how to attach the cables, how to slide the roped sail seam into the slot of the boom and feed the other end through the slot of the mast as it was raised. He got the cables hooked to the wood plated sail corners and threaded it through the boom and the mast. It went up smoothly and quickly. Derrin smiled as the wind rolled across the mainsail's broad surface, gently now.

The wind pulled stronger, and the hull strained against its imprisoning anchor.

Derrin pulled it in quickly and the boat jumped through the waves in its embrace of freedom. He made his way carefully back to the stern where the rudder was still tied in place. The spray hit his face and sharpened his senses. He raced through the waves and held tightly to the polished rudder stick, head held high and jaw tight, the way he imagined Elian would stand in the bow of Captain Kiszal's Davey Jones' Bane, staring out at the secretive sea and urging it to speak to him.

Derrin sped across the lake, empty of other boaters and fishers, rushed toward the spot he knew to be there. The boom was swung out at an angle, the main trying to pull the boat away, but Derrin held his course, leaning his body out over the water against the pull of the mast, gripping the rudder steadily like his father had shown him. His hair whipped around his ears and water splashed across his eyes with each wave that the bow sliced into. Derrin breathed deeply, his body thrumming.

He saw the stretch of beach off to his left, still a half mile away, and the giant arching pines that the eagles nested in appeared through the crack between the jib and mast. This was the place. Derrin jumped to his feet and freed the rope holding the jib. It flapped wildly in its freedom. He squatted down in the boat, counted to two, and pushed the rudder stick away from him with a burst of energy. The boat pivoted hard to port, the main brushed the waves, and then half way through the turn the wind caught it from the other side and snapped the sail back up and righted the boat. The boom went flying across and Derrin ducked as he released its rope. The wind died and the waves subsided. The jib slackened from its previous frenzy, and the main fell in a bulge, supported limply between the gleaming red mast and boom. But Derrin didn't smile at his success, didn't smile at the thrill, because he was seeing it all again like it had happened two years ago—he was living it all over.

Derrin was steering the sailboat and tacked sharply as a large white cap crested over the bow. He tried to show his dad and his brother how good he was, that he could pull the one-hundred-and-eighty degree turn they all loved so much, pretending he was a pirate captain or a famous mercenary sailor. The sail dipped, the boat rolled, his father screamed, "No, Derrin!" and Joey's eyes widened as the boom came sweeping across like a giant battleaxe. It cracked right into Joey's head and knocked him into the waves. Their father loosed the main sail, hurled the large anchor at the water and dove overboard after his youngest son all at once. Derrin sat on the stern—his heart stopped and lungs unable to grab anything, watching through a haze.

Joey floated face up, unmoving, blood pouring from a gash in his forehead. Each wave that came washed the blood away, only to have it bleed again. Derrin's father reached Joey immediately, shaking, yelling his sons' names, yelling for help, yelling

because he couldn't do anything else. And Derrin stared at his hand where the crude stick of the rudder had left a large splinter when he tried to pivot the boat, a crude splinter in his soft hands.

Two years later, sitting in the sailboat alone, Derrin looked down at his hands, the soft uncalloused hands of a twelve-year-old boy, not a pirate or a sailor or a hero, but just a boy. He listened for the wind, tried to hear its voice, the murmur of a lost soul. The only sound was the jib swishing limply across the bow, still trapped in the sailboat's final motions, now windless.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF NOMINEES FOR EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

(A mail-in ballot will be found between pages 58 and 59.)

Prof. Abby Gambrel, Cardinal Stritch University

Abby Gambrel spent her childhood reading and rereading the contents of her bookshelf. Eventually, she put her habit to good use and earned a BA in English and French from the University of Wisconsin, Madison and an MFA in poetry from the University of California, Irvine. She taught high school English in Grenoble, France and college-level courses in California before happily ending up back in Wisconsin at Cardinal Stritch University in Milwaukee. She has worked at Stritch as an assistant professor since 2008. She teaches a mixture of creative writing, composition and literature courses. Her current classes include Advanced Poetry Workshop and Literature and the Environment, a course she wrote and is teaching for the first time. She has special interest in lyric poetry, and plans to create a course tracing the genre from the Greeks to the present. Abby also edits *Clare*, a national literary magazine, with help from a changing board of student editors. She loves many things about her profession, particularly the opportunity to continually expand her knowledge in service of teaching.

Since 2009 Abby has been the faculty advisor for the Beta Nu Chapter of Delta Epsilon Sigma. She sincerely appreciates the opportunities facilitated by the Society—particularly for Strich students, many of whom are first-generation college students with both talent and significant personal challenges. She believes responsibility and stewardship are crucial values to instill in undergraduates and is happy to be part of an organization that views such tenets as central to its mission.



Dr. Garrison Sullivan, Avila University, Kansas City, MO

Dr. Garrison Sullivan, Dean of the School of Science and Health at Avila and the pre-health advisor, has been the faculty moderator for the Avila University Beta Theta Chapter of Delta Epsilon Sigma since 1975 and served on the DES Executive Committee from 1994 to 1998. He is excited about the possibility of rejoining the Executive Committee and collaborating with other committee members on ways to enhance member benefits and to strengthen the support of student scholarship.

His degrees include a B.S. in Chemistry from the University of Pittsburgh and a Ph.D. in Physical Chemistry from Case Western Reserve University. He has received numerous honors including the Governor's Award for Outstanding Teaching, the Avila Medal of Honor and the Father Joseph Walter Award for contributions to the advising community.

He has significant board experience having served as President of the National Association of Advisors for the Health Professions, NAAHP, after being over eight years on their board and President of the Kansas City Lyric Opera Guild. He has a wide range of interests including global studies, the use of technology in teaching, environmental programs, interdisciplinary studies, and the support of the fine arts. He is actively involved in efforts to increase the number of underrepresented individuals in health care fields through his work with the American Dental Associations' Committee on Diversity, as well as with NAAHP's Diversity Committee.



NOMINATIONS FOR THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: AN INVITATION

Members are invited to submit nominations for the Executive Committee of Delta Epsilon Sigma. Each nomination (including curriculum vitae) should be received by the National Secretary-Treasurer by December 1 in order to be considered at the Annual Meeting for inclusion in the list of candidates to be published in Fall 2012.



WINNERS OF THE NATIONAL 2012 UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT AWARD

The Delta Epsilon Sigma National Student Award has been granted to Maria Bernadette Biebel (St. Mary's U., Winona, MN), Christine Perrino (Neumann U., PA), and Nicolette Florio (St. Joseph's College, Brooklyn, NY). Our congratulations go to these three distinguished students.



THE J. PATRICK LEE PRIZE IN ETHICS

This annual undergraduate essay competition is established to honor Patrick Lee who served as National Secretary-Treasurer of Delta Epsilon Sigma with dedication and commitment for over 20 years, and whose leadership transformed the Society. As a tribute to Dr. Lee's praiseworthy ethical character and judgment, this competition encourages students to reflect on ethical issues in ways that engage the challenges of our contemporary world. Essays should evidence research and well reasoned reflection on a specific ethical issue that emerges from an academic, professional, political, ecological or social justice context. Topics should explore ethical issues engaging the Catholic intellectual tradition. Essays must be submitted as MS Word Documents, in double-spaced format, and be between 1500 and 5000 words in length. An abstract should also be included. Proper citation is expected, following the norm in the discipline from which the topic area derives (e.g., APA, MLA, Chicago Manual of Style, Terabian, etc.). There is a Prize Award of \$2,500.00, along with publication of the essay in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*. Senior projects from the calendar year will be accepted, and there is no limit to submissions from each campus. Deadline: December 1st. (Materials should be sent electronically to the National Office at St. Thomas University).

THE UNDERGRADUATE COMPETITION IN CREATIVE AND SCHOLARLY WRITING

Delta Epsilon Sigma sponsors an annual writing contest open to any undergraduate (member or non-member) in an institution which has a chapter of the society. Manuscripts may be submitted in any of four categories: (a) poetry, (b) short fiction, (c) non-fiction prose, and (d) scholarly research. There will be a first prize of five hundred dollars and a second prize of two hundred fifty dollars in each of the four categories. No award may be made in a given category if the committee does not judge any submission to be of sufficient merit.

The first phase of the competition is to be conducted by local chapters, each of which is encouraged to sponsor its own contest. A chapter may forward to the national competition only one entry in each category. Editorial comment and advice by a faculty mentor is appropriate as an aid preparatory to student revision, so long as all writing is done by the student.

Prose manuscripts should be typed or word-processed, double-spaced, 1,500- 5,000 words in length. Scholarly papers should attach an abstract, should include primary research, and should present some original insight. Documentation should follow one of the established scholarly methods such as MLA (old or new) or APA. A long poem should be submitted singly; shorter lyrics may be submitted singly or in groups of two or three. Moderators should send all entries to the National Secretary-Treasurer by December 1.

Final judging and the announcement of the result will take place not later than May 1st of the following year. Winners will be notified through the office of the local chapter moderator.



THE OUTSTANDING CHAPTER AWARD

General Description

Each year, DES may recognize successful student chapters that exemplify the ideals of the Society and conduct exceptional programs and activities during the academic year. Recognition comes with a letter from the Executive Board, a plaque for the chapter and a feature on the DES website. Chapters that successfully earn recognition will engage in valuable programs that impact their members, the chapter, the public, and the greater Catholic community. Nominations are based on the activities, programs, and initiatives described in chapter reports. The Executive Committee conducts the review process, weighing chapter reports along with the institution's location, available resources, size, and other considerations.

Chapter Report Criteria and Considerations

Report Presentation. Typically, the chapter report is prepared by the chapter advisor and/or chapter president. Additional assistance may be provided from current students who are also DES members. (Please include who prepared the chapter report in your submission.)

The following points are provided as a guideline for the report. Additional comments are welcome.

- **Community Service.** Did the chapter participate in community service activities on a regular basis? How many community outreach events did the chapter plan? What was the involvement of chapter members (including planning and attendance)?
- **Speakers.** Did the chapter sponsor or co-sponsor speakers on a regular basis? How many speakers did the chapter plan? Did the speakers help chapter members to make connections between faith and life? What was the involvement of chapter members (including planning and attendance)?
- **Communication.** Did the chapter communicate with its members in an effective manner? Did the chapter use different forms of communication to inform chapter members and the general public about activities?
- **College/University Service.** Did the chapter plan college/university-wide activities that helped to foster scholarly activities or encourage a sense of intellectual community? Did the chapter participate in college/university-wide service activities?
- **Chapter Business Meetings.** Did the chapter meet often enough to plan successful activities and sustain its membership? Did the officers of the chapter meet outside of the general chapter meeting to discuss chapter activities? Did the chapter advisor attend some of the business meetings?
- **Social Functions.** Did the chapter provide an outlet for chapter members to relax and bond with students and faculty? Did the chapter host diverse social functions (e.g., end-of-year celebrations, monthly gatherings, bowling, etc.)? Did the chapter plan or participate in social activities on a regular basis?
- **Funding.** Did the chapter need funding to successfully carry out its activities? Did the chapter apply for grants or ask for financial support from its institution? Did the chapter members meet to discuss, organize, and participate in fundraisers?
- **Involvement with the DES national organization.** Did the chapter's members regularly submit applications for scholarships, fellowships, and outstanding student awards; writing contest entries; *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* submissions?
- **Overall Chapter Assessment.** Did the chapter have reasonable goals? Did the chapter meet to discuss the goals and objectives and how to meet them? Did the chapter succeed at meeting its objectives for the year? Did the chapter plan and participate in activities that benefited its members? Did both the chapter members and chapter advisor provide a chapter assessment?

*For consideration of recognition, reports should be submitted to
desnational@stthomas.edu by April 01.*

AN INVITATION TO POTENTIAL CONTRIBUTORS

The editors of the Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal invite contributions to the journal from our readership. Send manuscripts (email attachments preferred) to the co-editors. Submissions to Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal are peer reviewed by doctorally-prepared academics or specialists in the pertaining subject matter. The journal is open to a wide variety of topics and genres. Particularly welcome are submissions addressing issues of concern to Catholic colleges and universities:

- What is the impact of new technology such as the Web or distance learning on higher education, and how can we best manage its advantages and risks?
- What strategies are most useful in encouraging the development of student leadership and the integration of academic work and campus social life?
- What are the most promising directions for service learning and for the development of the campus as community?
- What is the identity and mission of the American Catholic liberal arts college in the era inaugurated by *Ex Corde Ecclesiae*?
- What are the implications of globalization in relation to Catholic social and economic thought?



THE DELTA EPSILON SIGMA DISTINGUISHED LECTURERS PROGRAM

Delta Epsilon Sigma offers each year an award of one thousand dollars for a speaker at a major meeting sponsored or co-sponsored by a chapter of Delta Epsilon Sigma or by a Catholic professional society. Application for this award must be filed with the National Secretary-Treasurer one year in advance. The society also offers awards to help subsidize lectures sponsored by local DES chapters. An application for one of these must be filed with the National Secretary-Treasurer thirty days in advance; the maximum award will be two hundred dollars.



THE DELTA EPSILON SIGMA WEB PAGE

The Delta Epsilon Sigma Web page is available at <http://www.deltaepsilonsigma.org>. The *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* is available online there, in addition to DES application forms, programs, and announcements.

DELTA EPSILON SIGMA SCHOLARSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS

Delta Epsilon Sigma sponsors an annual scholarship and fellowship competition for its members. Junior-year members may apply for twelve Fitzgerald Scholarships at \$1,000 each, to be applied toward tuition costs for their senior year. Senior-year members may apply for twelve Fitzgerald Fellowships at \$1,000 each, to be applied toward tuition costs for first-year graduate work. These scholarships and fellowships are named after the founder and first Secretary-Treasurer of DES, Most Rev. Edward A. Fitzgerald of Loras College, Dubuque, Iowa. The awards will be made available on a competitive basis to students who have been initiated into the society and who have also been nominated by their chapters for the competition. Applications may be obtained from the Office of the National Secretary-Treasurer.



THE DELTA EPSILON SIGMA NATIONAL UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT AWARD

Delta Epsilon Sigma has a national award to be presented to outstanding students who are members of the society and are completing their undergraduate program. It is a means by which a chapter can bring national attention to its most distinguished graduates.

The National Office has a distinctive gold and bronze medallion which it will provide without cost to the recipient's chapter for appropriate presentation. Names of recipients will be published in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*. Qualifications for the award include the following:

1. Membership in Delta Epsilon Sigma.
2. An overall Grade Point Average of 3.9–4.00 on all work taken as an undergraduate.
3. Further evidence of high scholarship:
 - a) a grade of "A" or with the highest level of distinction on an approved undergraduate thesis or its equivalent in the major field,
 - or
 - b) scores at the 90th percentile or better on a nationally recognized test (e.g., GRE, LSAT, GMAT, MCAT).
4. Endorsements by the chapter advisor, the department chair or mentor, and the chief academic officer.
5. Nominations must be made no later than six (6) months after the granting of the undergraduate degree.

Delta Epsilon Sigma Official Jewelry

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THE DES NATIONAL CATHOLIC SCHOLASTIC HONOR SOCIETY EMBLEM



The emblem of DES contains the motto, the name, the symbols, and the founding date of the society. Delta Epsilon Sigma is an abbreviation constructed from the initial Greek letters of the words in the motto, *Dei Epitattein Sophon*. Drawn from Aristotle and much used by medieval Catholic philosophers, the phrase is taken to mean: “It is the mission of a wise person to put order” into knowledge.

The Society’s Ritual for Induction explains that a wise person is one “who discriminates between the true and the false, who appraises things at their proper worth, and who then can use this knowledge, along with the humility born of it, to go forward to accept the responsibilities and obligations which this ability imposes.”

Thus the three words on the *Journal’s* cover, Wisdom · Leadership · Service, point to the challenges as well as the responsibilities associated with the DES motto. The emblem prominently figures the *Chi Rho* symbol (the first two Greek letters of the word Christ), and the flaming lamp of wisdom shining forth the light of Truth.

DELTA EPSILON SIGMA JOURNAL
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