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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.

Send manuscripts (email attachments preferred), news of honors awarded, and chapter news to the editorial office: Robert Magliola, Co-editor, Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal, 411 Tenth Street, Union City, NJ 07087-4113.

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MESSAGES FROM THE EDITORS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

- The Executive Committee continues to welcome submissions for Delta Epsilon Sigma's 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 of the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* includes the second-place winning entries of the 2011 undergraduate writing competition. The policy of the *DES Journal* is to publish the full text of first-place winning entries and often the full text of second-place winning entries as well. This present issue publishes the second-place entries in nonfiction prose, short fiction, and poetry. The Spring 2012 issue published the first-place entries in poetry, short fiction, nonfiction prose, and scholarly research.
- All published work in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* is peer-reviewed 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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HELL'S HALF-ACRE

JOHN-PAUL HEIL*

Good day monsters, beasts, terrors, demons, destroyers, horrors, hell-hounds, fears, nightmares, possessed ones, and lawyers alike. I'm overjoyed that you could make it here today. On behalf of myself and the entire Board of Tortures, Renovations, and Daily Specials Touted by Servers Named Kenneth, welcome to the grand opening of New Inferno!

As you all know, but which I'll repeat anyway, since I love talking and you really are not going anywhere, Limbo was declared non-existent by the Catholic Church in the year of the Enemy 2007. This put the Board of Directors of Hell in a bit of a pickle, as Limbo theretofore encompassed one-ninth of the real estate the Enemy gave us when we were banished from Heaven. I mean, what were we supposed to do, just tear it down and leave 11.1 continuing-to-eternity percent of this Inferno out of use? The answer, obviously, was no. Instead of letting valuable property go to waste, the Board of Directors decided to create a group to renovate this section of Hell.

The Committee Of Non-Denominational Evildoers Making Nasty Edifices Daily (or, the C.O.N.D.E.M.N.E.D) was thus formed. Over the course of those three years, the C.O.N.D.E.M.N.E.D. was very productive, knocked down the existing bamboo structures in Limbo and used state-of-the-art torture-tech to convert the old ruins into the flaming, brimstone-belching terror you see today, which they have affectionately called, Inferno II, New Inferno, the Hell from Hell. The C.O.N.D.E.M.N.E.D has updated this previously merely gloomy area into a true horror show, featuring the newest tortures and agonies that you will experience in the coming days. So, when people ask you what kind of New Hell this is, you can tell them.

Now that we have cleared up the back-story, let's tour this marvelously, dare I say, dastardly evil place! Please, no flash photography: it scares the golems. Let's start over here, at the first of fifteen miserabilibila (see what I did there?) shops and kiosks around New Inferno. Each shop has a special weapon or torture device you can collect. If you collect all fifteen, they immediately burst into flames and you have

* John-Paul Heil, a student at Mount Saint Mary University, received the second-place award for non-fiction prose (informal essay).

to start all over! Don't look so disappointed; what did you expect? This is Hell, after all.

Unfortunately, not everyone in Hell is a resident. Many famous writers are down here three or four times a week. As such, the Enemy decided to retire old Virgil, who moved up to Heaven when Limbo was destroyed. But we're glad to see him go, since he deserved a promotion and no one really remembered who he was anymore. Virgil is now God's IT guy, spending his days removing unwanted Trojans from Heaven. To replace him, we have another, more recent celebrity: John Lennon, who is serving out his time in Purgatory by guiding authors with writer's block through the bowels of Hell. I guess he'll be spending the next several years *trying* to imagine there's no Hell. He couldn't be here today, but I'm sure he says hello. I don't think that he hopes to have passed this audition.

Now for the features of New Inferno itself. The main sections of Old Hell are organized according to the seven deadly sins. Unfortunately, several categories of pure evilness, like pop-music stars, were forced to be thrown into whatever section they fell under the most. Not anymore! With New Inferno's expanded tortures, almost every category of sinner is covered!

Right over here, you can see the Inferno Department of Waiting. You see, many people decide that they do not have enough time to worship the Enemy, so as punishment for this, every person who did this is forced to stand in a line filled with cranky old women, crying children, and annoying teenagers. The line only moves one space every hundred human years, and only because the person in the front of the line is sent to the back of the line because they took too long! It's like the Department of Motor Vehicles from Hell!

Over here is the salesman section. You know those used car salesmen that sold you a car that an old lady only used once a week on Sundays? Or a realtor that just *happened* to leave a complimentary pile of towels under your sink? Yep, we've got the perfect place for them right here in New Inferno! Over here, those people stay in our always freshly painted Discomfort Inn and Suites for the rest of eternity! Each hotel room is customized for each resident. On paper, it's the best hotel in the universe! But in reality, each resident is forced to suffer through the worst hotel service ever! No Disney Channel, one-foot-long ethernet cables (we don't have Wi-Fi down here, but we have lots of hotspots), and all of the elevators only go down. Bedbugs are complimentary.

Moving along, over here we have the new super-highway system for angry motorists, or, as I like to call it, the Highway to Hell...Hell on Wheels! Over 25 million drivers stuck in a perpetual gridlock over 30 miles of elevated roadway! And, to top it off, there's no end to it, it's just a giant loop! Can you hear that sound,

folks? It's not Hell's bells, it's the honking sounds of rage! I must admit that this is the one area of the New Hell where the C.O.N.D.E.M.N.E.D. hit us with some cost-overruns, and, of course, *they'll* pay for it. Understandably, it was hard to come up with that many good intentions.

Right this way, we have the Texting Desert. Seven hundred miles long, it is filled with the thousands of people who have hurt others with texting, either physically or emotionally. When they arrived in Hell, they were given a cell phone and told that the entire desert is a dead zone, except for one square inch of land somewhere in the vast expanse. Since then, they wander the desert looking for this patch of land. But what's hilarious is that it doesn't exist! And to add insult to injury, the gates are unlocked! They could wander out and leave Hell anytime, but no one has even come close!

Our next attraction is the Inferno Arcade and Gaming Immersion Experience (I.A.G.I.E, for short; named for the pained sound that comes out of the Arcade). Gamers who make their virtual life more important than their real life spend their eternity trapped as the enemies in video games. Every zombie killed, every turtle stomped, every ghost turned blue and eaten in the entire human world is really just one of these tortured souls, living out the rest of their eternal life as something they once loved to kill. Irony at its most scrumptious!

Up ahead is the Silentorium, where film directors and producers who were too big for their britches in life produce films for the entire Inferno to see, only to be disappointed opening night when no one comes out to see them. There's a special section for those who keep tampering with their masterpieces! Yes, Mr. Lucas, this one is for you! The human Robert Frost once said that hell is a half-filled auditorium. The legal representatives of Hell would first like to disagree with you, Mr. Frost, and next sue your pants off for use of our copyrighted name without permission.

One of our biggest critiques is that Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. Well, "playahs" of the world, start worrying, because now we do, right over here, in a little something I like to call The Handbasket! (Get it, because it's Hell and they're in...oh, never mind.) In this wonderful complex, the Specters of Dumped Girlfriends Past force you to engage in a serious relationship, and do all the things that a couple does, including holding shopping bags, wearing snuggies, and eating brunch in Hell's Kitchen while you dissect every aspect of your relationship. I'm a demon, and even I think that's a little harsh.

To your right, you can see the Justin Bieber Music Hall, one of my most favorite places in New Inferno, and the last stop on our tour. Put your hand down, Mr. Jonas, this isn't a place of punishment for you. No, this is where abusive music teachers,

those who yelled at you and derided you for not giving your best effort when you, in fact, did, are kept. They are trapped inside the Hall for all eternity, forced to listen to music students playing the violin badly. It's terribly delicious!

This concludes our tour. Now, a word to all who were all given your fame and power by the boss to pervert and drive people down here. Now you know what is happening to the people you are sending here! So go forth back to the world, Lady Gaga, Kim Kardashian, Casey Anthony, and the Occupy Hell movement! There can be no possible explanation for your success than your business contracts with the Boss! Now it is time for you to fulfill your part of the bargain: Be the devil they know, go forth, and fill New Inferno to the brim! And just remember, you are damned if you do, and damned if you don't.



EDITORIAL COMMENT ON THE STORY “BACK ON THAT SPRING DAY”

At its annual meeting, the Executive Committee of Delta Epsilon Sigma—having read all the entries in the Undergraduate Writing Contest—chooses winning entries through a democratic process (debate followed by vote). In the case of the entry “Back on That Spring Day,” some committee members saw a conflict between this story’s point-of-view and the declared guidelines of the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*, and on this count opposed its winning an award. The inside cover of the Journal declares: “Our primary mission is to serve the Catholic cultural and intellectual tradition, and we favor work commensurate with this aim.” However, a majority of the Executive Committee supported an award for the story (and furthermore, chose that the text be published) because of its literary competence.

The two co-editors of this *Journal*—both of whom sit on the Executive Committee—are somewhat uncomfortable about publishing the story because it depicts a life-world seemingly devoid of Catholic values. In short, the protagonist defiles religion, co-habits with his girl friend, and indulges an assortment of vices. How does this text “serve the Catholic cultural and intellectual tradition”?

There is a way it can. At Princeton University my doctoral dissertation director was the great scholar Ralph Freedman, who lectured often on György Lukács (1885-1971), the brilliant Hungarian Marxist whose thought influences various forms of social and historical criticism up to the present time. The lesson I took from Lukács is one I have never forgotten. Lukács devised a way of re-reading that rehabilitated—in the eyes of Marxist readers—the novels of non-Marxists such as Scott, Balzac, and Tolstoy. Lukács argued that these novelists were great *realists*, and their novels could be appreciated for their true-to-life depiction of the life-styles of their day, rooted as these life-worlds were in circumambient social history and circumstance. Lukács showed how to re-read these concrete life-worlds in terms of their *deep-structure*, in his case, in terms of dialectical materialism.

My suggestion is that Catholics and others who are possibly saddened by the offensive language and the overtly secular tone of this story examine the text’s *deep-structure*, re-reading the text more closely and in terms of their own value system. For Catholics, surely what emerges is that the protagonist is slowly slowly coming to a realization: he has come “face-to-face” with the struggle between self-love and selfless love for the other. He has come face-to-face with what the great Jewish thinker Emmanuel Levinas calls the “face of the other,” the face facing us and making its unstoppable “demand” upon us. “Love for the other” is the “prior ethical responsibility” radically rooted in *every* human being, and—for Levinas—is even *constitutive* of human subjectivity.

The ultimately pious irony in “Back on That Spring Day” is that the brash and defiantly irreligious young man, who seemingly misconceives Christ’s purpose in “cleansing the lepers,” identifies the HIV-infected girl as his “leper girlfriend” and despite his repugnance comes at the end “to hold her” flesh-to-flesh: at great future risk, he draws forth compassionate love, Christ’s love, from the depths of his heart. Of course my guess is that the story’s author (or his personal deep-structure?) was aware of this, aware of this all along.

–*Dr. Robert Magliola (with the full concurrence and collaboration of his co-editor, Dr. Claudia Kovach)*

BACK ON THAT SPRING DAY

ERIC HORELL*

I became slightly dizzy with how quickly that day had become the single worst day of my very young life. July’s heat was abruptly extinguished by a December chill. The pool my feet were cooling in suddenly felt as cold as the iced Coke I had been sipping a moment before. I reached for my towel and wrapped it around my shoulders.

“Everything is going to be fine.” whispered Em. “I know it. Please don’t be angry with me.” Her feet were still in the pool. Her wet, smooth legs glistened in the sun. I followed them up her pale, slim body to her arms, which were wrapped around my chest. A moment ago I never wanted those arms and corresponding hands to stop touching me. Now, I wanted her to let go. I never wanted her to touch my body again. I wanted her to move to the other side of the pool. I wanted her to stop breathing my air.

“When did you find out?” I asked, stunned.

“Yesterday. In the evening. They called then.”

* Eric Horell, a student at Saint Francis University, is the second-place winner in short fiction.

I started to shiver. I got up and began to walk around, trying to warm myself. I was thankful that Em stayed by the pool. “Christ,” I growled. I swung my arms around in circles and jumped from one foot to the other. “Christ.” I walked to the other side of the pool and stared into the water. Em’s feet were gently rippling the surface. One little movement sent out one little ripple that grew and spread and soon encompassed the whole pool. One ripple after another. All of them connected in imperfect, concentric circles. What a day.

Emily had a few serious boyfriends before me. They formed an attractive and uninteresting line: a muscle-head whose favorite way to spend an afternoon was to pick up a heavy object, put it down, and repeat; a Mexican who got his last name tattooed on his abs and was arrested at the local mall for selling heroin; a skinny wanna-be punk who was proof that large quantities of marijuana and alcohol killed brain cells. After each break-up I would come over to her house for a bonfire. I’d sit in an old plastic lawn chair and she’d sit in my lap. I’d scratch her back as we both stared into the fire, not saying anything. Whenever we went back inside the house, her mom would always ask us the same question: “When are you two going to date?” Last time she asked us that question, I wrapped my arm around Emily while she answered, “We are.”

Beyond more kissing and moving in together, nothing was different between us. We saw movies together, ate meals together, hung out with friends together. We slept together, but that was all. We slept.

One day, in early spring, it poured. Emily said she wanted to go for a walk. Rain transformed Emily into a six-year old girl who thought that a puddle was not an obstacle to step over, but a plaything to be sought. We walked through the woods behind our place, and mud was everywhere. Emily found an especially good puddle at the foot of a grassy hill, and I couldn’t resist. I tackled her into the water. She shrieked and I let her escape so that she could climb onto my back, and then I rolled to pin her again. For a half hour we played that game. By the time we finished we were both covered in mud and soaking wet. We hiked back to our tiny house and entered through the back door, two twenty-something kids soaked to the bone and shivering with delight. I took off my dripping shirt, threw it in the laundry room, and went in search of a dry shirt for my girl. When I came back into the main room, Emily’s shirt was tossed in a ball next to mine, but there was no Emily. The hallway light was on, and I followed it into the bathroom.

Emily, wearing a sports bra and rolled-up soggy sweatpants, was leaning over the sink, wringing out her hair. Her wet, smooth legs glistened in the fluorescent light. I followed them up her pale, slim body to her long arms that were buried in her thick brown hair. I came up behind her and wrapped an arm around her wide hips.

Nuzzling into her neck, I whispered something I don't remember, but I remember that she giggled. We made love for the first time that afternoon.

The next few months were amazing. We only made love a handful of times, but it was always wonderful. I never asked her, but at the time I was pretty sure she wasn't a virgin on that rainy spring day. I suspected Mexico had beaten me to it. She was my first, but I never told her that. I think she already knew, and I didn't want to make a big deal out of it. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered then except me and her.

And then July came along, and we were asked to housesit for some friends. They encouraged us to use the pool, and we were more than willing to oblige. We swam around, tanned, ate, and then relaxed by the pool side, enjoying the feeling of each other and the sound of the cars rushing by on the distant highway.

She nuzzled into my chest like I had done to her neck back on that spring day, and she whispered, "Hey."

"Hmphf?"

"I need to tell you something."

"Shoot."

She hesitated. "Please don't be angry."

"I doubt it's that bad."

She nuzzled some more. "Please don't be angry."

I said nothing and waited. She told me about some problems she'd been having lately. About how she hadn't been feeling quite right. "I went to the doctor. We did some blood tests. They came back."

Shit, I thought. No, I can't do this. I'm not ready. Her dad is going to kill me. My mom is going to kill her. We're so dead. What are we going to do, what are we going to do, what are we going to do?

Unexpected pregnancies out of wedlock, while frightening, embarrassing, damaging, and stressful, do have the potential to create something beautiful: a baby. I never believed in abortion, not because the invisible man in the sky told the guy in the white collar to tell me that it was wrong, but because of my own discretion. I didn't know if we could keep the child, but I wanted to have it regardless. Just as I was getting ready to assure Emily that I would stay, that it wasn't her fault because it takes two to make a baby, that I still loved her, that I'd love her forever, she said,

"I tested positive for HIV."

A mushroom cloud appeared in my mind, and I heard distant screaming.

"The doctor wants to check you for it."

Bodies fell from a red sky, and the screaming continued.

"I told him there was no way you gave it me. But there is the chance I might have

given it to you.”

Windows exploded out of buildings into glass shards that ripped through the corpses that littered the streets.

“We always used protection. Always. That is what it’s meant for.”

Smoke and dust blocked out the sun. There were no survivors. Everything was charred. A nuclear winter.

A few minutes later I was on the other side of the pool, watching my girlfriend create waves in the once serene pool. I wanted to scream at her. I wanted to call her a slut, a whore, a filthy piece of ass that got what she deserved. I wanted to tell her to get her things and leave, to never come back. But I didn’t want to hit her, because striking her meant that I’d have to touch her. I never wanted to touch her again.

“I’m so sorry,” she mumbled. “I’m so sorry.”

I kept staring at her damned and dirty feet as they continued to disturb the surface. “Come on. Let’s go home.” She got up and we walked back to the car. I think she wanted me to hold her hand, but I couldn’t. We drove across town in silence.

When we got back to the house I called the doctor and set up an appointment. I asked him when the earliest he could see me was, and he said Wednesday. That was three days away. I asked him if there was any way I could get in earlier. “It really doesn’t matter,” said the doctor. “Three days won’t make a difference if you have it or not. You’ll still be okay by Wednesday.”

Emily and I hardly talked at all the rest of the evening. I could tell she wanted to have a conversation, but I didn’t see why it was necessary. My girlfriend had her fun slut days and now she was paying for them. I was suffering for her sexual sins. It was obvious whose fault it was if I got infected. I asked her a few questions like, “Which prick do you think it was?” and “Do you want me to order pizza or Chinese?”

I tried to watch T.V. for a bit and gave up, and then I tried to read. I flipped through a Dean Koontz novel, scanned through a Sports Illustrated article on why next year was the season the Browns would finally pull it together, and, for shits and giggles, I fumbled through Em’s Bible. Nothing about STDs in there. The entire time Em sat on the couch, knees wrapped up to her chest, occasionally saying something insignificant, but mostly just being quiet.

The delivery man stopped by and we ate in silence. At the end of the meal I felt like I had to say something. “Do we have any bubble bath?”

“Yeah. I have some in the cupboard. You’re getting a bath?”

“Yeah,” I said as I stood up from the table.

“A bubble bath?”

“Yeah. A bubble bath.”

“Okay. That’s fine.” She reached out and touched my arm as I went by. Her fingers felt like they had been dipped in acid. I didn’t look back. When I closed the door behind me, I heard Em crying into her hands at the table. I turned the lock and hurriedly turned on the bath faucet. Once the tub was full and steaming, I slipped in. The bubbles nuzzled into my chest like I had nuzzled into her neck back on that spring day that happened years and years ago. I heard footsteps approach the door, and I then I heard the doorknob twist a little to the left, a little to right, and then the footsteps retreating.

As I sat in the tub trying to do my best to pretend that everything was fine, a thought came to me: *What if you don’t have HIV?* Well, that’s good. Having HIV is a bad thing so, logically, not having HIV must be a good thing. *Will you stay with Emily?* I didn’t answer that one. I couldn’t. If I was clean, I didn’t know if I could learn to... trust her? That’s not fair; she didn’t know. I thought of Jesus with the lepers. I’m not Christ. People applaud Jesus’ treatment of the lepers, but the guy was the supposed Messiah. I doubt God would let the Messiah contract leprosy, or HIV for that matter. Jesus cheated. I could definitely keep talking to Emily. I loved talking to her. I loved being with her. I loved her. I loved her still.

But what if we got married? What if we promised to stay together till we died? What happened if she pulled a Magic Johnson and kept on living? God, I felt bad I was even thinking like that. My girlfriend had HIV and I was in a tub full of bubbles worrying that she’d keep on living. Asshole.

Could we both stay content being celibate? No. No way. Emily had a sex drive. I had stayed a virgin for awhile, and I wasn’t prepared to go back to masturbation cold turkey. Maybe we could do other stuff. Inappropriate touching. Sex toys. Oral sex. Shit, wait, could you get HIV from that? Because we’d done it a few times, and I know there was no protection involved with that. Condoms defeated the purpose of head. Ah, Christ. Ah, damn. God damn it. Damn it all.

If I was clean, maybe I could just make love with Emily till I got HIV, too. That might be a nice gesture. We could both have HIV, and she’d think I was the greatest guy, and we’d get married, and have HIV, and happily die together. With that idea, I was suddenly okay with getting infected while a moment ago I was horrified at the possibility that I might have HIV. I felt magnanimous donating ten thousand dollars, but I got pissed when ten bucks were stolen from me. That got me angry all over again, both at Emily and myself, and I got out of the tub not feeling any better about my situation.

I exited the bathroom in my black robe and walked through the living room.

Emily was on the couch in a pair of shorts and a tank top, ready to go to bed. I wasn't sure if she planned to take the bed or couch, but I was going to take whichever one she left open.

She was crying, and her tears were falling unto her bare legs. Her wet, smooth legs glistened in the incandescent bulb from the lamp. I followed her legs up to her pale, slim body that was hunched over. Her long arms were buried in her thick brown hair.

Emily always was a beautiful crier. Some girls blubber so hard that their makeup runs everywhere, with snot running down into their mouths and all over their face. They snort and sputter. I never saw Emily do that. She always let her tears fall in a controlled fashion. She was always in control, even when she was a wreck. She sure looked like a wreck now. My leper girlfriend. My infected girlfriend. My broken girlfriend. My scared girlfriend. My funny, beautiful, cheery girlfriend. My girlfriend.

I walked over and sat by her on the couch. I nuzzled into her hair like I had nuzzled into her neck back on that beautiful, grey spring day when my girlfriend was flawless. I made sure I only touched her hair and not her neck.

"Shhhh," I cooed. "Shhhhhh." She turned and wrapped her arms me and began bawling into my shoulder. I had no doubt she was snorting and looked terrible. I wrapped my arms around her in return, careful to touch only the tank top, and we stayed like that for a long time, her bawling in my robed shoulder and me shushing her.

I wanted to tell her that everything was going to be fine. I wanted to tell her that it made no difference. I wanted to tell her that I'd never leave her. I wanted to tell her that I wasn't scared, so neither should she. But I kept going, "Shhhh." Her hands went inside my robe, looking for healthy flesh, searching for reassuring warmth, a leper looking for human contact. She wrapped her arms around my bare torso. My skin began to blister, but I continued to hold her. Maybe someday it'd turn to scars and calluses, but for right now it burned. It burned so bad.



BY AN ABANDONED TRAIN TRACK

*For Michael Gray***MICHAELA GRAY***

The mess strewn between us, my brother
and I kneel. We stagger by the carcass:
a white-tailed doe, abdomen-side-up, graceful legs
comically extended from a swelling middle.
Our father draws his Redhead Gut Hook
from his gear pack. One determined stick-stab
into the solar plexus; vapor slithers, whispers through.
Then digging, lurching, driving the blade down the middle
zipper-like. Ribs chink, head bobs from side
to side. The tongue sloshes out of the mouth;
extremities flail hysterically rigid.
Steam from the chest cavity reaches
our noses: pungent stench of saccharine copper.
We watch dad dig internal organs from the hole.
He saws out the stomach, hacks the spleen, kidneys.
Blood spatters in the cavity pool. Last, he severs
the heart. The organs are thrown in a pile
by the fence post for the coyotes.
We joke, turn up our noses at the fetid mist.
In distracted consideration we watch
that miasma soul leave the body.

* Michaela Gray, a student at Loras College, is the second-place winner in poetry.

RENASCENCE AGAIN

JAMES P. KAIN*

*The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide
– Edna St Vincent Millay
“Renasceance”*

Is it too much
To say I discovered you again?
Too much to take the cover off
To peel back the layer of turf
So you can rise again
From that rain washed sleep
In the earth?

How many times can you
Be reborn?
It seems too much to ask
But there it is
I ask because I met you again
In searching through my past
And wandering in my waking dreams
Through layers of time
I unearthed your poem
And recalled how it struck me
Startled me awake
When I realized
You had been buried

* James Kain is an Assistant Professor of English at Neumann University where he teaches creative writing. He has published three books of poetry: *Coming to My Senses*, *Curved Space & the More Delicate Times*, and *Conversing with the Spirits*. He lives in Glen Riddle, Pennsylvania, with his wife, Helen, and daughter, Cíara.

By the burden of all life's significance
At first you stood
Encircled as the globes' horizon spun
You looked up to touch the sky
And what?
Infinity
And all the world's feelings
The weight of it all
Poured down on you
Down six feet into the earth
The depth of coffins
And you dragged with you
The suffering the hurt
The how and why of all hurts
Past and present
The weight of knowledge
The sorrow
The wisdom

You suffered death
But could not die
You lie there waiting
For another discovery
No matter the weight
You did not die
The rain like mercy fell
Each drop a little joy
Washing off the pain
Then the clearing sky
The awakening
The sheer surprise
To know *the world is wide*
As the heart is wide
To know the soul
A knife to *split the sky in two*
To let the face of god shine through

Something of courage
And patience
And faith
Rises through this poem
Like laces tying
The rungs of your life
From the ground to the sky
Though all you *saw from where you stood*
Was three mountains and a wood
I see your mountains
I see your wood
I feel the earth upon your heart
I feel the sky upon your soul
The world around me breathes
And grows at the touch
I reach and it bends
I bend and it bows down with me
An ethereal skin
An envelope of hope
A promise of delivery

In looking for something (I don't know what)
I found your poem again
And uncovered a secret
I didn't know I had lost
You showed me
How the fine thin line of the horizon
Delineates our lives
So cold, so still, so ready to cut
How if you open your heart
The sorrows will pour in
You showed me that
Infinity is out to get me

And if I let it
It's mine.

MY FATHER IS A BOOK

THERESA GRASS*

word by word
my father built a life
days and months
became his annotated years
hard verbs rough nouns
compounded his youth
every pale adjective rejected
until at last the ink spilled out
coursing page to page
a soul revealed
the mystery made whole

*Theresa Grass is a graduate of Maryville University in St. Louis and a long-time member of Delta Epsilon Sigma. Recently retired after 40 years as an elementary school educator, her current position is archivist at the Academy of the Sacred Heart in St. Charles, Missouri. Her poems have been published in several books and publications.

BOOK

JEREMIAH DURICK*

I read a book once, carried it around for days,
tucked it under my arm, always had it handy.

I dog-eared pages to mark my progress, snuck
a minute or two with it whenever I could.

It was an old hardcover, a faded maroon,
with pages a bit yellowed, almost damp.

Actually, it smelled moldy. I'd have to open
windows a crack when I read in the car.

I remember it as a dull, long, windy story
By Howells or Dreiser, one of those we read.

I was young. I'd read at night, fall asleep to
the words, the weight of long dead worries.

I'd wake in the morning and reread a bit
to be sure I hadn't just dreamt the scene.

* Jeremiah Durick is presently a writing teacher at the Community College of Vermont, after a long career teaching literature, humanities, and writing at Trinity College of Vermont. His recent poems have appeared in *Third Wednesday*, *Steam Ticket*, and *SN Review*

I don't remember much of it. The characters,
their outcomes, their dying words have faded.

But, I remember the act of reading it: the time,
the physical part of holding it, of turning pages.

I remember the color and shape. I remember
the smell and feel of it resting in my hands.

I remember that I had somewhere to return to,
a place I could in some way control, a safe place.

I knew my role, walked the pages with certainty,
measured distances and morality with ease.

I was learning the way words can play with ideas,
and worlds can come to be if we want them to be.

Of course, the book ran out, and since then I lost it,
perhaps it crumbled, perhaps it was thrown out.

But, I still can hold it, feel it, smell it, even taste it.
It's the only book I think I ever really read.

WHAT IS MODERN IN THE NEW ATHEISM?— THE INFERENCE OF PROBABILITY [PART ONE]*

ROBERT DRURY**

Superficially Richard Dawkins (*The God Delusion*) agrees with St. Thomas Aquinas on two points concerning God. For both philosophers, a God, as the first in an infinitely regressive series, is meaningless. For Dawkins, such is God. For St. Thomas, God is not the first of a regressive series, but the immediate cause of the existence of every being. For both philosophers, God cannot be more complex than that of which he is the explanation. For Dawkins, such is God. For St. Thomas, God, as the cause of the existence of every being, must be perfectly simple. There is not even a distinction between God's essence and existence. He is I am, who am.

This essay is not to note agreement between Dawkins and St. Thomas. Its thesis is to identify the fundamental premise of Richard Dawkins upon which the new atheism is founded and to note how Dawkins' critics have evaluated that premise. The premise is that mathematical probability, with its lack of rationale, can be inferred from material phenomena. The premise mistakes mathematical probability for the potential to come into existence. It identifies the lack of rationale associated with mathematical probability as the lack of rationale of existence.

Dawkins' major thesis in *The God Delusion*

Dawkins' major thesis is that there is no solution to the problem of the improbability of God, whereas there is a solution to the problem of the improbability of evolution in a one-off event. This thesis necessitates Dawkins' fundamental premise: mathematical probability with its lack of rationale can be inferred from material phenomena.

If it were possible to infer mathematical probability with its lack of rationale from material phenomena, science would not be possible. Science rests on the premise that given a set of material circumstances, including a given material process, a unique material outcome will be explicably produced. Mathematical probability

* Part Two of Dr. Drury's paper will be published in a forthcoming issue.

** Dr. Robert Drury is retired. He received his B.S. in mathematics and physics at DePaul U., where he took graduate courses in philosophy before earning a doctorate in biochemical plant physiology at the U. of Illinois. His continued interest in mathematics is evident in his scientific publications, e.g., "Physiological Interaction, Its Mathematical Expression," *Weed Science* 28: 573-579 (1980).

rests on the premise that given a set of virtual elements and a virtual process lacking in rationale, any of several virtual outcomes will be inexplicably produced.

Recognizing the definition of mathematical probability as the fractional concentration of an element in a logical set, implies random selection, which posits the absence of rationale in the populating of a new set from a source set. The result of random selection is called an ‘outcome’ or an ‘event’, when it is really a virtual addition to the population of a new virtual set.

It is only by analogy that all or some of the three virtual parts of the premise of mathematical probability can be simulated by material counterparts. The key simulation in the analogy is the simulation of the single virtual process of random selection by a multiplicity of material processes. For example, the analogy equates material variety in the shaking and rolling of dice with the single virtual process of random selection. Equating a variety of material processes to a single material process would be absurd in science.

The concurrence of his critics with Dawkins

Dawkins’ critics Hahn (*Reasons to Believe*, episode 2, EWTN multimedia series with Mike Aquilina) and Madrid and Hensley (*The Godless Delusion*, p. 130) identify inductive reasoning as the inference of probability. Similarly, Hahn and Wiker (*Answering the New Atheism*, p. 22) identify mathematical probability as inferentially characteristic of the material processes affecting genetic variation. In this, these authors concur in the fundamental premise of Dawkins. However, unlike Dawkins, they attempt to wriggle out of its implications: (1) that objective material reality is irrational and (2) that the source of rationality, the source of intelligibility, must default to the individual human mind.

Madrid and Hensley could have omitted their comments on inductive and deductive reasoning without affecting the theme of *The Godless Delusion*. The fact that they did include them shows the nonchalance with which the inference of mathematical probability from material phenomena is accepted. Indeed, this philosophical judgment, in contradiction of the possibility of science, is so widely accepted that the International Theological Commission claimed in “Communion and Stewardship,” paragraph 69 (2004) that it is a scientific question whether mathematical probability is inferred or whether design is inferred from data. Neither inference is scientific. Both are philosophical. The inference of mathematical probability scuttles the possibility of science, which depends upon material causality. If mathematical probability can be inferred from data, the individual material outcomes, which are the data, are materially random and there would be no point in ever conducting a scientific experiment. However, we may apply the analogy of mathematical probability to a frequency distribution of material outcomes, on the basis of our scientific ignorance of the material causes of individual outcomes.

Dawkins is more forthright than his critics. In accepting the irrationality of the inductive inference of mathematical probability, he also acknowledges the human mind as the source of rationality, i.e. design. Yet, he suffers the anxiety of Geppetto. Dawkins recognizes that Pinocchio is wood but longs for him to be rational. This is evident in Dawkins' contrast of 'chance' with 'probability'. Chance bears the connotation of irrationality, while its synonym, probability, exudes the connotation of the rationality of mathematics. Dawkins claims that "Chance is not a solution, . . . and no sane biologist ever said that it was." He further identifies "the problem that any theory of life must solve: the problem of how to escape from chance" (*The God Delusion*, p. 120). Dawkins' solution is that mathematical probability can be inferred from material phenomena, whereas chance cannot. For Dawkins, Darwin's theory saves evolution from 'chance' by solving the 'problem of improbability'. Thus the irrationality of objective materiality is the lack of rationale of mathematical probability, not the inherent irrationality of chance. This contrast in the connotations of chance and probability suffices to relieve Geppetto's anxiety. He is fooled by the veneer of mathematics which, in the popular mind, covers probability, but not chance.

Dawkins restricts his use of the word chance to the denial of causality, which, according to Dawkins, is insanity. He doesn't quite realize that the inference of mathematical probability from material phenomena is the denial of causality. Hahn and Wiker (*Answering the New Atheism*, p. 15) claim that Dawkins has seemingly limitless faith in chance. They ignore Dawkins' thesis, which is his solution to the unacceptability of chance.

Equating mathematical probability with inductive inference, then looking for wriggle room

Madrid and Hensley identify the inference of inductive reasoning as the inference of mathematical probability (*The Godless Delusion*, p. 130). If this were so, then it must be that deductive reasoning is based on premises arrived at by the inductive inference of mathematical probabilities having values indistinguishable from one. Thus, all human knowledge stems from the inference of probability. Throughout their book Madrid and Hensley ignore this implication.

Similarly, Hahn identifies the scientific method as the inductive inference of probability (*Reasons to Believe*, episode 2, EWTN multimedia series with Mike Aquilina). According to Hahn, science does not deal with cause and effect, but deals simply with mathematical probabilities. We observe that Ivory soap floats, so we infer as a matter of probability that it always floats. Hahn, Hensley, Madrid and Wiker concur in the foundational tenet of Dawkins' philosophy, that human knowledge of material reality is the inference of mathematical probability. Dawkins draws the proper conclusion of relativism: the source of rationale is the human mind.

Although conceding that material reality incorporates the lack of rationale of mathematical probability, Madrid and Hensley effectively argue against material irrationality when confined in scope to materialism. However, such valid argument against old fashioned materialism is beside the point when addressed to Dawkins' relativism, which is founded on the inference of probability and where there is indeed a source of intelligibility, namely the human mind.

Hahn implicitly concedes that science, as the inference of probability, has no rational basis in his multimedia version of *Reasons to Believe*. In *Answering the New Atheism*, Hahn and Wiker attempt to exempt God from the mathematics of probability, which is applicable in science, by claiming that the mathematics of probability does not refer to numbering the objects of logical sets, but to the contingency of being. Contrary to the erroneous view of Hahn and Wiker, God is subject to numbering and is, therefore, subject to mathematical probability. In fact it is a fundamental tenet of Christianity that God is enumerable as both one and three. God can be the ID of an element in a logical set.

To illustrate just how much Hahn and Wiker are dealers in confusion over probability, they claim that if the probability of the random formation of life on earth were anything like the probability of a perfect deal in bridge, it would appear that somebody stacked the deck (*Answering the New Atheism*, p. 26). Set aside that such a conclusion is not logical, but *ad hominem*. The perfect deal is defined as each of the four hands consisting of a complete suit, a flush of thirteen cards. Of course, the probability of the perfect deal is exactly equal to that of every other deal in bridge. Consequently, Hahn and Wiker must conclude after every deal in bridge that it looks like somebody stacked the deck.

Imposing an arbitrary extra-mathematical numerical limit on probability

This brings us to the most common error shared not only by Dawkins and his critics, but by many others. It is a variant of the argument of 'the perfect deal', which, due to its low probability, cannot be explained by chance. The argument goes by many names. Dawkins calls it 'the problem of improbability', by which he claims that the improbability of evolution in a one-off event is 'far beyond the reach of chance'. The argument is that of 'irreducible complexity'. Most complexities are explained by mathematical probability, but not those of a probability close to zero. The argument is also called the anthropic argument. In this form the argument claims that the combined probability of the various factors necessary for life on earth is so close to zero that the combination of factors cannot be due to chance.

The argument is based on the distinction between the connotations of the synonyms, chance and probability. Its general form is: The probability of this outcome is so close to zero that this outcome cannot be due to chance. The argument implies that chance is some numerical limit imposed from outside the mathematics of probability.

The argument is a mathematical self-contradiction. It states that the fractional concentration of this element in this set is so close to zero that it cannot be the fractional concentration of this element in this set. The problem of improbability, under whatever name, is a fiction. Dawkins' thesis in *The God Delusion* is that there is no solution to the fictitious problem of the improbability of God, whereas Darwin's theory solves the fictitious problem of the improbability of evolution in a one-off event.

It is a fiction. There is no finite limit to the number of elements in a set. Consequently, there is neither a positive lower limit greater than zero for the fractional concentration of a specific element in a set nor an upper limit less than one for improbability. For a set of n unique elements, the probability, $1/n$, cannot be too close to zero to be a valid probability, nor can the improbability, $1 - (1/n)$, be too close to one. All numerical values of probability are of equal validity, irrespective of how close they are to zero.

The near consistency of Dawkins' philosophy

In the philosophy of Dawkins, the material world objectively lacks rationale, just as random selection lacks rationale in the mathematics of probability. For Dawkins rationality is the subjective working of the human mind. Design in the material world is solely that of human manufacture. The house in which you live, the car you drive, your cell phone and watch are instances of design. The illusion of design in the material world, apart from human manufacture, is simply due to instances of mathematical probability close to a numerical value of one. They are illusions of rational, i.e. human, design. The motion of the planets in the solar system is like clockwork. However, it only appears to be clockwork because the probabilities involved, such as the probability of the continual rotation of the earth, are indistinguishable from one.

Dawkins proposes a self-consistent philosophy of objective irrationality and subjective rationality. Yet, he refuses to let well enough alone. He has Geppetto's irresistible desire for rationality within material reality. To his credit he raises an apparent objection to his position. He calls the objection, 'the problem of improbability'. According to Dawkins, it is because of the real distinction between chance and probability that mathematically rational probability can be inferred from material phenomena, whereas irrational chance cannot. Dawkins states that "Chance is not a solution, . . . and no sane biologist ever said that it was."

Dawkins cites the 'problem of improbability', as an instance where chance could be inferred, if there were no solution. Dawkins claims there is a solution in the case of evolution in a one-off event. By Darwin's theory chance is transformed into probability. Dawkins has it wrong. In Dawkins' 'problem of improbability', chance is simply a value of probability close to zero. Therefore, there is no real distinction between chance and probability.

Searching for a rebuttal of Dawkins by his critics

One may rebut Dawkins' thesis in *The God Delusion* or the philosophy implicit in that thesis. The thesis is that there is no mathematical solution to the problem of the improbability of God, whereas there is a mathematical solution to the problem of the improbability of evolution in a one-off event. By means of the inductive inference of mathematical probability, material reality is seen to incorporate the lack of rationale of random selection. The philosophy of relativism, implicit in this thesis, is that material reality is irrational in itself, while the source of intelligibility must be the human mind.

The perennial philosophy of Aristotle and Aquinas proposes that the source of intelligibility is material reality itself; that material entities are composites of a principle of materiality and a principle of intelligibility. Furthermore, the human mind has the power to perceive the intelligible principle from sensual knowledge.

In *The Last Superstition, A refutation of the new atheism*, Edward Feser reviews the perennial philosophy pertinent to theism. He also traces their ideological and historical departure from the perennial philosophy by Descartes et al., the predecessors of the new atheists, Dawkins et al. On page 118, Feser identifies Dawkins as the "house philosopher" of the new atheists. Yet, he ignores Dawkins' main philosophical tenet, the inference of mathematical probability from material phenomena, which replaces the intelligibility of Aristotelian cause and effect with the irrationality of randomness covered by a veneer of mathematics.

Feser identifies Hume as one of the prominent predecessors of the new atheism. In particular, he cites Hume's denial of causality in material phenomena. However, he doesn't mention Dawkins' modification of Hume's philosophy. For Dawkins, the observation of material phenomena is not the observation of the lack of causality as chance. Dawkins denies the validity of chance. For Dawkins the observation of material phenomena leads to the scientific inference of mathematical probability. Feser would appear to agree with Dawkins, "Scientific arguments start from empirical premises and draw merely probabilistic conclusions" (*The Last Superstition*, p. 82) However, from its context, Feser is rating the degree of human certitude in the truth of scientific statements as probabilistic. He is not referring to mathematical probability, e.g. the flipping of a coin. Nevertheless, it is tragic that Feser doesn't make the distinction between probabilistic as the rating of human certitude and probability as the fractional concentration of an element in a mathematical set, all the while ignoring Dawkins' distinction between chance and mathematical probability. That distinction is Dawkins' basis for seeing a solution to the improbability of evolution in a one-off event and the lack of a solution to the improbability of God. One cannot refute the new atheism by critiquing Hume, while ignoring Dawkins' modification of Hume, namely the replacement of the simple inference of chance by Hume with the scientific inference of mathematical

probability, however trite the distinction. Hume identified causality as the human habit of associating sensual impressions as sequences, where such sequences are happenstance outside of the human habit leading to expectation of the sequence. In contrast, claiming a distinction between chance and mathematical probability is a modern error.

By commission Dawkins confounds (1) mathematical probability, (2) probability as human certitude of the truth of a proposition and (3) statistical probability. Mathematical probability refers to the fractional concentration of an element in a logical set, such as the set of integers, one through six, as the basis for random selection. Probability as human certitude is one's self-rating of personal opinion of the truth of some proposition. Statistical probability refers to an algorithmic convention for rating human certitude in a case of multiple measurements. One citation from Dawkins will suffice to substantiate his confusion. "The argument from improbability is the big one. . . . My name for the statistical demonstration that God almost certainly does not exist is the Ultimate Boeing 747 gambit" (p. 113, *The God Delusion*). The gambit refers to the 'probability' of the assembly of a Boeing 747 by a hurricane's sweeping through a scrap yard. The gambit identifies no set of logical elements to be subjected to random selection and no set of multiple measurements. That reduces the argument from improbability to self-rating one's personal opinion of whether a hurricane could assemble a Boeing 747 from scrap. Such is the level of Dawkins' argument of the existence of God. In his critique of Dawkins as a refutation of the new atheism, Feser is guilty by omission. He touches upon probability only in labeling certitude in science as probabilistic.

Hahn, Hensley, Madrid and Wiker have identified inductive knowledge based on material observations as the inference of mathematical probability. They have ceded objective material reality to irrationality. In this they completely concur with Dawkins. How then can they avoid concurring with Dawkins' relativism that the source of intelligibility, namely design, is the human mind?

Madrid and Hensley completely ignore both Dawkins' thesis and its implicit philosophy. Instead they present many arguments against the philosophy of materialism, which they prefer to label naturalism. These arguments could have been presented decades ago. It is as if modern atheism brought nothing new to the forum. From their arguments Madrid and Hensley could have drawn the conclusion that there must be a proximate immaterial principle within material entities. They don't. They conclude that there must be an ultimate principle that imbues everything with meaning. They describe two disparate worldviews, as they see them, and ask the reader if he would not prefer to live in a material world imbued by God with rationality or in the irrational world of materialism. They never explain how a rational material world can be consistent with the inductive inference of mathematical probability. They ignore Dawkins' implicit identification of the

human mind as the source of intelligibility, evident in the human mind's ability to produce design using material things.

Hahn and Wiker (*Answering the New Atheism*, p. 22) concur in Dawkins' solution to the improbability of evolution in a one-off event. However, they would like to avoid the irrationality of objective reality, which is the consequence of the inductive inference of probability upon which Dawkins' solution is based.

One consequence of the inductive inference of probability is that rationality must be the subjective product of the human mind. Since God is not material, God cannot be objective. God can only be the subjective product of the human mind. The counter proposal of Hahn and Wiker is this. The inference of mathematical probability applies to material things because they are contingent and as such "enter the realm of probability" (*Answering the New Atheism*, p. 14). God by definition is necessary. Therefore, God does not enter the realm of mathematical probability.

Hahn and Wiker err because the mathematics of probability applies not to the contingent but to the enumerable. They do not realize that everything and anything that is enumerable, is subject to mathematical probability. God can be counted even though he is necessary. Also, of course, mathematical probability reduces everything enumerable to the solely numerical. In mathematical probability, the ID of anything is purely nominal. Hahn and Wiker, like Dawkins, think that mathematical probability pertains to existence, the contingency of being, rather than to the arithmetic of counting.

In *Reasons to Believe*, Hahn invokes another distinction. The inductive inference of probability solely applies at the level of the material as the object of scientific inquiry. That ivory soap floats is a fact of probability, not of causality. In contrast, the inductive inference of cause and effect is the philosophical recognition of an immaterial cause producing a material effect. He gives the example that from the material sound of human speech, an immaterial soul is inferred as its cause. However, this would mean that we can infer only probability, not causality, regarding the sound of thunder, but immaterial causality and not simply mathematical probability from the sound of speech. That is false. The distinction of sound between signal and noise is not one of causality and non-causality, as Hahn proposes, but one of causality due to an intellectual agent vs. causality due to a non-intellectual agent. The sound of thunder is not coded intelligence, but it is rational. The sound of thunder is the effect of knowable (not knowing) rational causes, not the random outcome of probability. The roll of dice is the effect of material causes. The roll of dice is by analogy the random outcome of probability only in the sense of our deliberately choosing to ignore those rational causes. We equate randomness with the human ignorance of causality. So it is with all material outcomes when viewed as random.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF NOMINEE FOR EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

(A mail-in ballot will be found between pages 60 and 61.)

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, 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 2013.

WINNER OF THE 2012 NATIONAL UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT AWARD

The Delta Epsilon Sigma National Student Award has been granted to Megan Elizabeth Hellman, Beta Chapter, St. Mary's University of Minnesota. Our congratulations go to this distinguished student.



THE J. PATRICK LEE PRIZE IN ETHICS

This annual undergraduate essay competition honors Dr. J. 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 emerging from an academic, professional, political, ecological or social justice context. Topics should explore ethical issues engaging the Catholic intellectual tradition.

Essays of 1500 to 5000 words must be submitted as MS Word Documents, in double-spaced format, with pages numbered. Please include an abstract with the paper. Proper citation is expected, following the norm in the discipline from which the topic area derives (e.g., APA, MLA, Chicago Manual of Style, Turabian, etc.). Include a cover page with title, name, university, and home address. The page following should begin the actual text and should contain only the title and no other heading.

A prize of \$1,500.00, along with publication of the essay in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*, will be awarded to an outstanding student submission. An award may not be made if the committee judges no submission of sufficient merit. Senior projects from the calendar year will be accepted. Although no limit to the number of essays from each campus has been set, the committee requests that students submit their work first to their chapter moderators who will review the submissions for quality and formatting, and then forward them electronically to the national office at St. Thomas University. Deadline: December 1st.



THE UNDERGRADUATE COMPETITION IN CREATIVE AND SCHOLARLY WRITING

Delta Epsilon Sigma sponsors an annual writing contest open to any under-graduate (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 (includes either essay or creative non-fiction), 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. An award may not be made if the committee judges no submission 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 are appropriate as an aid preparatory to student revision, so long as all writing is done by the student.

Prose manuscripts of 1,500 to 5,000 words should be typed and sent electronically in 12-point Times New Roman font. One space is permitted between words and sentences. Include a cover page with title, name, university, and home address. The page following the cover (the beginning of the actual text) should contain only the title and no other heading. The pages must be numbered, the lines double-spaced, and in Word format. 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 as well as faculty mentors are expected to take an active role in providing additional comments to students; they should send all approved 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 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.

DELTA EPSILON SIGMA CHAPTER RECOGNITION 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 Chapter and a feature on the DES website. Chapters that successfully earn recognition will engage in valuable programs that impact its 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 supportive information.

Guidelines

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 make faith-life connections? 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?

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 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 one of ten Fitzgerald Scholarships at \$1,200 each, to be applied toward tuition costs for their senior year. Senior-year members may apply for ten Fitzgerald Fellowships at \$1,200 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 these competitions. Applications may be obtained from the website or 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 that 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 completed 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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