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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. Highly specialized or technical pieces appropriate for strictly professional journals are not likely to be right for us, and only occasionally do we publish short items designed purely for entertainment. 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 of Delta Epsilon Sigma is delighted to announce that Delta Epsilon Sigma has had its accreditation renewed. The board of directors of the Association of College Honor Societies (ACHS) recently informed DES that the Standards and Definition Committee has found that the DES governing documents continue to comply with the standards of the ACHS. We have been told that our society is a model in our efforts to certify quality. They appreciate our ongoing efforts to exhibit excellence in scholarship, service, programs, and governance: www.achsntl.org.
- We are also gratified to announce the executive committee approval of two new Delta Epsilon Sigma awards: The J. Patrick Lee Prize in Ethics, and The Outstanding Chapter Award. Please refer to the full announcements in this issue.
- With pleasure the committee presents the 2010 undergraduate writing competition winners (1st and 2nd place winners, and honorable mentions) on page 27 of this issue. Do note that it is the policy of the DES Journal to publish the full text of 1st place winning entries, and often the full text of 2nd place winning entries as well. In some years, the panel of judges decides, by vote, that no entry in one or more of the four designated genres merits an award. In 2010, instead, there are many winners (awards have been given in three of the four genres). This present issue publishes the 1st place entries in nonfiction prose and in short fiction, and the 1st and 2nd place entries in poetry. The Fall 2011 issue will publish the second place entries in nonfiction prose and in short fiction.
- All published work in *The Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* is peer-reviewed. Submissions are refereed by doctorally-prepared academics or other specialists in the pertaining subject matter.
- We continue to seek updated mailing and email addresses of our membership. Please notify the DES national office of any change of address to help with this database project (DESNational@stthomas.edu).
- *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* can be found online at the DES website <http://www.deltaepsilonsigma.org>.

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LONGING TO BE AWAKE

SR. SUSAN RIEKE, S.C.L.*

When the day dulls earth's impulse to green,
birds hide in bushes,
refuse even to eat from full feeders,
so long since they have felt the sun,
only wind and wind and winding debris
of gray wadded pieces of news
that should fly away because the birds cannot
and do not want to read about the latest
war—
war enough to keep feathers in place
in the forces of this late
winter that would steal their life.

May the old men sleeping at the bottom of lakes
roll over and signal the ice
to turn once more to water,
and may the hidden mating rituals in deep woods
come to the mown grasses
out in the light for the world to see
and take heart: that growth will come,
spring fields will jump with deer,
and love—the kind that shines—

will return to the days and the world.
So earth sings even when the sun and birds
and old men sleep in the frozen lakes.

*Sr. Susan Rieke, S.C.L., holds the McGilley Endowed Chair for Liberal Studies and is a Professor of English at the University of St. Mary (Kansas). She has published two books of poems, and in poetry magazines.

A TRIBUTE TO SISTER KEVIN CUMMINGS, P.B.V.M.

Sister Kevin Cummings (1928-2010), a longtime contributor to this *Journal*, passed away on Nov. 6, 2010. She entered the Congregation of the Presentation of the B.V.M. (Dubuque, Iowa) in 1945, earning her M.A. from Dominican University (formerly, Rosary College), and doing further post-graduate work at the U. of Iowa and elsewhere. Over the years, she ministered as teacher, chaplain, librarian, and archivist. The Presentation Sisters supplied to us the following tribute:

Sister Kevin could not **not** write. She wrote thousands of poems: in the chapel and in her hospital bed; on airplanes and on elevators; on the backs of menus and in the margins of her own correspondence; on scraps of envelopes, in her notebooks, and on table napkins. Sister Kevin was a reader, thinker, scholar, writer, poet, artist, mystic, and humorist. Shortly before death she commented, "When I get settled in heaven, I'm going to dance, play musical instruments, sing and paint." How could she have forgotten "write poetry"? One of her poems expressed her celestial plans:

*Each decade slipping
by faster than the last.
Does each still have ten years?
Reach out and take His hand;
the Lord is asking for this dance.*

Dance, Kevin, dance!

SEASONAL POEMS KEVIN CUMMINGS, P.B.V.M.

Muted skies wait for
Winds to rise with promised snow
And then the sundogs.
—Haiku in Winter

Willow
Bark turns yellow,
The first silent whisper of spring
to shatter winter eyes.
Prophet.
—Cinquain in Early Spring

Even the blacktop
Is translucent blue after
The summer shower.
—Haiku in Summer

No more threats. The rain is
Here blowing the smell of
Dust and grass ahead. Ten million
Sprinklers on full force. Somewhere a
Robin chirps. Thunder echoes
Lightning, turning off the heat.
—Sijo in Summer

Like peacock tails, the
Branches sway, molting feathers
To autumn music.
—Haiku in Autumn

Autumn.
The smell of death,
As rain falls on brown leaves,
But it is that death which brings life.
Hope lives.
—Autumnal Cinquain

ELEGY FOR A LOST VICTIM

WILL EIFERT*

I am sorry.
Though I've yet to learn your name,
I could not find you in the wall of gray,
and so you burned at the hand of untamed

nature, sparked, perhaps, by fate,
perhaps chance, maybe the devil. Who knows?
With each person who waits, yet is claimed by flame,
the weight of my sadness grows.

You lay in the dark closet, crying
for mommy and daddy, clutching your bear
while downstairs my partner and I were prying
open the door, guessing at where

the bedrooms were. On all fours we crawled scanning
the walls with gloved hands, searching for doors,
knowing that below us the fire was growing, spanning
the basement, devouring joists, walls, and floors,

stealing the air from your lungs and replacing
it with fumes. Your cries must have faded
by the time the first tongues of flame licked
your door, sealing your tomb.

I cannot recall how much time had passed
when the air horn blast cried out the evacuation order.
For all I know, in the dark, I crawled right past
your room, where you weakened, on the border

*Will Eifert, a student at Thomas More College, Crestview Hills, KY, is the first-prize winner in poetry.

of consciousness and terminal rest.
We retraced our steps to the open air.
Not a soul would survive as fire progressed
consuming every fuel within. I wonder where

to place the blame: Nature? God? Me?
As your home, now a two-story hell, burned to the ground
I damned myself for not seeing
that little closet door. Around and around

the world spins; another blaze arises each day,
but tonight I am sorry, for though I've yet to learn your name,
I could not find you in the wall of gray.
I rest, singed by shame.



DADDY
(Title after Sylvia Plath)

MIRANDA ZERBE*

Each year the seasons pass
Bringing hues of green and gold.
People rejoice in the change;
They bask in the beauty.

Children play without worry
And leaves sway beneath the sun.
Yet for eighteen years
I have been stuck in the harshest of winters.

My tears turn to hail
And leave my skin raw.
The cold freezes my limbs;
Making it all the harder to reach out to you.

I stare at you incessantly
Through the ice wall that separates us.
My eyes are wide;
Full of languish and desire.

There are times when
The wall is as clear as your vodka.
And I press my hand upon the cold surface;
Seeing you clearly.

I feel like I can almost
Touch you in those moments.

*Miranda Zerbe, a student at King's College, Wilkes-Barre, PA, is the second-place winner in poetry.

And secretly I swear that I have;
Secretly I know it.

Sometimes the sun shines through
The twisted branches above me.
Warmth dries my eyes;
For once I feel the dimples you gave me.

Yet then the cold lashes out again
And your breath turns to smoke.
The sun is smothered;
Relapse.

You don't see that my heart
Is starting to freeze.
Its beating is almost inaudible;
I'm becoming numb to you.

I wish that I could whisper
The truth of how I feel.
Tell you that I blame myself –
For everything.

I want this winter to end,
And for spring to come.
For the flowers to bloom;
A new beginning.

We could spend the day
Fishing below the sun.
Just like we used to,
During your dry spells.

Not a day goes by that I don't
Pray for spring.
I'm always on my knees;
Slowly sinking deeper into the snow.

For eighteen years I have kept all these thoughts
Strictly to myself.
I think it's better that way;
Less pain for you.

I will always continue dreaming and hoping for
A new world to rise from below this packed snow.

I will always smile when you decide once again
That this time is going to be the last.



SHE'S A LITTLE RUNAWAY

KRISTINIA BECKAGE*

My father tells a story about a time I ran away from home. It was not a singular attempt, nor was it particularly successful. Even so, it is the escape he most often chooses to recount. If forced to amuse new company, he fumbles his way awkwardly around the most embarrassing traits of my brothers and sister until he finally rests on me. He could choose something more flattering—my Scrabble score or cake-decorating ability—instead and as usual, he pulls out his ace.

The story goes that at the tender age of seven, I decided to make a break for it. There's no telling what injustices had befallen me—maybe I'd been put to bed too early, forced to eat the hodge-podge my mother called dinner or denied the unalienable rights of a second-grader—but somewhere along the line I decided I'd be better off on my own.

Because neither of us can remember the exact reason for this particular flight, we invent them. While I prefer chalking it up to my independence, my father takes to citing my hard-headedness. He raises his hands, palms up, as if to renounce any responsibility for my actions, "What can I say? Krissy knows it all!"

He says this with all the sarcasm and arrogance usually applied when humoring an obvious idiot—Hey, you're the boss! Whatever you say, Chief! Krissy knows it all!—the inflection is the same. Usually, his audience nods along, finding all of this very amusing. They can see immediately that what he really means to say is, "Krissy thinks she knows it all." And they agree.

My first mistake was taking off in a fit of anger. Emotions have a way of impeding judgment, making you sloppy and irrational. You make mistakes. These days, I am well aware of the value and necessity of having a good plan, but as a small child I was scarcely equipped in the art of preparation.

Two dollars and fifty-three cents in pennies? Check.

New Kids On The Block pajamas? Check.

Stuffed dog named "Ruff"?

Can of Pringles?

Walkman loaded with Aerosmith's Pump? Check, check, and check!

*Kristina Beckage, a student at Marywood University in Scranton, PA, is the first-place winner in the essay/non-fiction prose category.

These were considered to be essential belongings and I hastily stuffed them inside a small knapsack before heading for the open road. The idea was to make my way to my grandmother's house some five miles away. If I could just make it there and explain to her my dire situation, surely, she would understand—she may even slip me a couple of bucks for my journey. At the very least, she would cover for me until I managed to thumb a ride, hop a train, or whatever it was people on the run did with their newfound freedom. The furthest I got in my thinking was that once I reached her house, the rest was up to me. The furthest I got in my journey was the backyard.

If the first deterrent to my success was bad planning, the second—without a doubt—was the weather. It was the winter of 1993, and in northeastern Pennsylvania that meant snow. Lots of snow. To this day, folks here can be spotted sporting baseball caps and sweatshirts which read, "I survived the Blizzard of '93"! Snow piled in drifts higher than I was tall, wind whipped the branches clear off trees, schools closed for days on end, interstates were shut down entirely—and I decided to run away.

When I finally gained the chutzpah to crawl past my parents and weasel my way out the front door, it was evident I would not be getting very far. Although the wind was doing quite an effective job of eradicating any trace of my footprints, it had soon taken to blowing snow directly into my shoes. The stretch pants I wore were no match against the biting temperature, and had I made it to the main highway, I am fairly certain that the white-out conditions accompanied with the icicles hanging from my bangs would have been enough to eliminate any will or sense of direction.

But it was too late to go back now. Instead, I decided that my best course of action would be to hide around the back of the house. I might be able to build an igloo and wait it out. If I could stay out there long enough they would eventually start to worry about me—and that was really the point, wasn't it?

Alas, even the snow—too light and fresh to pack—was refusing to cooperate. My igloo bricks were beginning to look more and more like anthills, and when my ungloved hands were too numb to keep trying, I did what I normally do when life seems hopeless. I folded my legs into my coat; put the Pump tape on full blast, sat against the house and cried like a baby.

I'm not sure how long I'd been gone. Time seems to elapse more slowly when your heart-rate is dropping and memory grows less reliable when hell-bent on proving a point, but somewhere along the line my father leaned his head out of the window directly above me,

"Are we ready to come home yet?"

We. “Are we ready to come home.” As though collectively we were sitting with our asses numb in the snow. As though we were tired of an unfit life and chose to make a change. WE. As far as I knew it, he was warm and dry inside the house. To my knowledge, he was largely the reason I was out here in the first place. Clearly, he could never understand why I, on the other hand, would never be ready to come home.

My hands, however—my feet, the tip of my nose, the tears frozen to my cheeks—they were all good and ready to come home indeed. The window closed, the back door strained against the snow, and my father appeared—blanket in hand—to lift my frozen body from its icy freedom and carry me back inside.

In my version of the story, all of this was a concerted effort—commendable even. This was a very real and whole-hearted attempt at getting away and I certainly gave it all I had. In my father’s version, I’m a bumbling child, making a half-cocked demonstration in the snow and being just plain difficult.

“So I’m watching her from the window this whole time, right? And she’s stalking around like a mad hen...trying like hell to make this snow stick together! Nothing. And I can see her lookin’ around, right? Like maybe there’s less snow—or better snow—in the next yard or something, I dunno. And she’s got snot all froze to her face and she lost her shoe in the snow twice—I mean, this kid ain’t even got socks on—but she’s runnin’ away, right? And so finally, I open the window and I go, ‘Psst. Hey, you down there, are we ready to come home yet?’ You shoulda seen the puss on that face. I don’t think she talked to me for a week!”

There would be dozens of other equally half-baked escape schemes throughout my young life. In fact, I spent the majority of my time as a child concocting plans for my eventual getaway, learning lessons from daytime television, deciding all the places I would go, and scaling out of second-floor windows.

If there is one thing that has remained constant in my life, it is this inborn need for escape. I left home for good at the age of seventeen, mostly because I had made up my mind that the only place I could ever belong was anywhere-but-here. And I’ve been running ever since. To date, I have moved a total of eleven times, each time reinventing myself. And every time I get close to settling into a life or allowing something to define me, I pick up again and run.

As my brother would say, I don’t let the grass grow under me for too long.

As a child, it was this very thing that made me spunky and interesting. It was the thing that made adults refer to me as a “go-getter”, and the thing that let me believe them. As an adult, it’s what scares me most about myself. The fact of the matter is: I was born itchy under the skin. I’m never satisfied standing still and the thought that I never will be frightens me to death.

I think it frightens my father too, which is largely why he tells this story. Rest assured, he is in no short supply of stories to tell: me at 14, making a break for it by shimmying down a rope ladder; me at 17, packing up my Ford Taurus and taking off into the great unknown; me at 21, moving—yet again—650 miles away from home with no good explanation.

But there's a reason that he chooses this particular story.

Sure it was long ago—in a time when memories are sketchy and details are invented. But way back when, on that cold winter's day, I hadn't yet grown too old or inaccessible. The weight of my world was not yet too heavy for my father to bear, and he could carry me from the cold, cruel world back into the house where I would be safe and warm. It was a time when children still were dreamers and fathers still were heroes. And in the end, he saves me.

The stories he has to tell these days don't exactly end so nicely. They're stories where I become the villain, or he does. Where I run too fast or he runs too far and in the end we end up strangers. Somewhere along the line, I've ended up just beyond his reach. Too hardened. Too heavy. And we're both too stubborn to bridge the gap.

I guess I'll always be that little runaway fumbling in the cold—my father knows that. What I'm afraid he'll never know is that I'm ready to come home now. That no matter how much time has passed, children can still be dreamers—even grown ones. And that no matter how far apart he thinks we've grown, fathers can still be heroes. Even mine.



STILL

J. J. KIRLEY*

My veins glance violet through my legs glued to the plastic. Blushing to the tips of my skin feather violent. Too heavy to move. Even when I pick them up my skirt scrapes the heat back. Sweat drips sitting still is infuriating not so young not afraid of monsters that aren't there. I am afraid of them. Nothing to help it Dad says but Mom says different Mom says Hope the thing that claws. The ticket might get ruined with all this sweat. People's monitors keep going off it's so hot but Mr. Dryden keeps teaching even though the air is ready to claw. Hope heavy. 601571233 pounds heavy. Stop obsessing. It's still in my pocket, right? Wish I could sew it in safe. I lied she said. The truth isn't always for you Sylvia. I want to be a room without walls I told them. Hope is the not-place. Disgusting salt tasting everywhere.

Mr. Dryden keeps teaching even in that black chalkboard suit. Maybe he has learned to not sweat.

"We call the hypotenuse C in the equation," Mr. Dryden explains. "Remember? A squared plus B squared equals C squared. That's the hypotenuse."

The air gets wetter as he talks. He's said the same thing five times now and he keeps repeating it. He never gets frustrated, no one does. Cathy's monitor goes off next to me.

She whispers to me, "I've been trying to get it to go off for a half an hour. The ice'll feel great after this."

"Lucky," I whisper. Cathy thinks she's rebellious.

"Cathy, you better go to the ice room," Mr. Dryden tells her.

"Oh, yes, I better," Cathy says in a sugar voice, looking down at her monitor on her arm with mock-worry. She winks at me when she leaves. I can't wait for night even the numbers melt through my mind in this heat. Everything melts. Paperdrip through my fingers. Lost. *Seattle*. It's always ruined if someone sees. I watched a candle melt all the way down one night (even watched, it melts—I saw it) and it was just like this. Hot and cold are always like this. Always too hot or too cold can't

*J.J. Kirley, a student at Thomas More College, Crestview Hills, KY, is the first-place winner in short fiction.

imagine how good it would feel to be cold right now. But they said it was snowing the day I was born. Snowbleached hairsoft glimmer of a globe. Safe.

The numbers. 601571233.

“Use them wisely,” the man says.

My parents nod pondfaced. Squeakywhite and hospitalemon bright. Squint.

My parents repeat those numbers to me every day and I try them on like they say. It’s like reaching my fingers through wetclingy shirtsleeves. They see my numbers clinging before me. I want to touch the pond but it won’t ripple and the numbers are there instead.

“Use them wisely.”

“Fear speeds the heart up.” My mother says so.

My father tells me, “Excitement makes the beats go by faster.”

“You’re too young to understand.”

The billboards talk to me too, moving through the windows across my ghostface even though I know they are still and I am moving. “Conservation is salvation.” I sing the words like church incense sweet.

Do not be afraid. But there are heart-shaped monsters in the dark, pulling the beats along faster—with chains. No pain no gain, no gain, no chains. The terrors of the night. The numbers fly through my head but they never wear out. Six is a snake noise but it wouldn’t go away. Six—zero—one—five—seven—one—two—three—three. I like that threethree because it makes my mouth smile and I like smiling even if Mom says Don’t laugh. It’s a good number—the only prayer I know. My number. What else is really mine? I hoard those numbers on my greedy fingers, counting all night long. Night’s lingering on and on and. Greasy terrors. My slicey number won’t stay.

My parents are glasscalm and tell me like church “Do not be afraid.” But they don’t sing it. They tell me “Sleep before your heart beats itself out.”

It’s so long, though. More than my fingers. Sixsnakey, too. Number of beats before my heart will break. *Tick-beat. Tick-beat. Tick-beat.*

When I close my eyes is all I can hear a whole world of whooshing blood. Sometimes I wish I didn’t hear it anymore but then when I can’t for even a second so scared breathe so scared I can’t help it.

“All right class,” Mr. Dryden says. “Since this is the last bell I’m going to call class off early. It’s just too hot and I don’t want any more monitors going off on my watch.”

I unstick myself and then the hallway is a cold tile airy atrium. Breathe. I walk home even in the heat. I don’t want to see Mom. Of course she’s right here.

“How was school Sylvie?” she asks but she doesn’t look away from the TV. My sweat freezes with the air conditioning. Too hot or too cold.

“Hot.”

The man on TV stares at me, saying “Tranquility is the only activity.”

Mom says, “Just be careful now.” Dead calm and I want to shout but what would be the point and the sweat has frozen my lips together and is sticking my teeth together and I just can’t wait to take a shower how much I miss rain. If only we could be free as rain and that happy. We used to be happy.

“Here Sylvie, you have to fry these onions in oil first,” Dad says.

“Ew. Onions.”

“Oh, they’ll taste good in the sauce. Trust me,” Dad says, rolling his eyes at me but smiling all the same. Changes his face when he smiles like unbuttoning a shirt.

“But I want to do the tomato part. And I want to put the green stuff in that smells good.”

“Basil?”

“No, that other stuff. Thim!”

Dad smiles again. “Not ‘thim,’ Sylvie. It’s ‘thyme,’ pronounced like ‘time.’”

“That’s stupid. They should spell it right.”

He shakes his head at me. “That *is* the right way.”

“Well some words are spelled weird. I learned how to spell ‘which’ today, the one without the broomstick and it doesn’t make much sense.”

“Not everything makes sense but you still have to learn it. Anyway, you have to do all the parts. It’s the only way you’ll learn. Just as long as you don’t dump in the whole thing of ‘thim’ again like last time,” he says, grinning.

“Fine, I’ll try,” I say, as I dump the onions in.

The oil’s all over my arms and stinging and then burning and clinggreasy. I scream.

He doesn’t say anything. His eyebrows come together and he points to the door and I know I have to go out in the snow because my heart is racing. *Tick-beat-beat. Tick-beat-beat. Tick-beat-beat.* 601571233. How many? How many? Wait. Eyes like ice. I sit in the snow until my tears and my yells freeze, and I think I’ll never stop crying but I have to because I’m so cold and that makes me cry more for awhile how long I’ll have to be out here and no sleeves and no coat and the oil is still burning my arms but now iceburn. And I almost stop crying but the sauce and I was trying so hard and I wanted Mom and Dad to like it and Mom and Dad are eating inside without me they like it better without me and I cry again. He doesn’t look at me once.

Mom thought I was asleep when I am finally warm in bed after I had learned my lesson but I'm not. I feel big warm soft my little hand in hers. I am angry white hot grease and I can't stand to feel her hand after eyes didn't meet mine not once freezing and not even a coat. I turn away from her so she can't touch my hand because I am angry and I want to stay angry. She walks out of the room if only she were back even if she didn't bring me a coat I just want her hand. It takes me more heartbeats than I can count before I go to sleep.

I dig the ticket after I get out of the shower and press it flat staring at the lettering. Indecipherable magic. Hieroglyphics.

Dad bangs through the door. Murmurs of talking. Dad's footsteps ticking up the lonely stairs. I open the knocks on the door and his face looms big red autumn moon.

"Sylvia, have you thought about it? You'll be fine for as long as—for plenty of time. There's enough money. Plenty of rain there too. You love rain."

"Yes, Dad, I have thought about it." Annoyance creeps into my voice. *He* can be calm.

"Well?" He is unforgiving.

"Mom's eyes are all red today. Was she crying last night? What did you say to her?"

"Sylvia you're the one who's doing this to her."

I look away. That black night glints in Dad's eyes when I came in with the moon. It was autumn.

"Sylvia." He makes it ugly, how he says it.

My breath comes and goes hard through my lungs of its own will. What can I do? Stop breathing. I can't. If only I always wanted that. The concrete looks cool and flat appealing.

"I was just—"

"How could you do this to me? To your mother?"

"It's not to you, it's to me. It's just to me."

"You were running weren't you?"

His face is a glinting iris, silhouetted by the doorframe. Look at me.

"Get in bed before your mother wakes up."

I hold the ticket talisman, reading the letters over and over. I'm careful to not let my hair drip on the letters and make them bleed.

"Will it help for me to be away? Would she rather not see?"

"No one wants to see. You want to see until you realize what it's really like. Then you look away. You live your life because life is the only thing that matters. Life is too short to not enjoy it."

“Yes. I know life is short.”

At least he doesn't say anything.

“Is that what you did?” I say, thinking about what he said. “Did you not even ever see Teddy?” At least meet his eyes? Just once? Please. At least meet my eyes.

He drops his eyes. “Talking about the dead doesn't do anybody any good. It just brings back pain. They're gone. They aren't coming back.”

“It's all I have.” I say. It's true. Future pinpointing.

“You dwell on it too much. You have now. You have now and now. Why can't you just appreciate that? That's all we've tried to teach you.”

He looks at me. “I know we've been hard sometimes. It's just so that you could have as long as possible. But you know time is running out. I know you think it's not fair but that's life Sylvia. Sylvie—”

My eyes watch the carpenter gray-brown and he lets my name ripple.

“What, Dad?”

“You have that,” Dad says, nodding to the ticket in my hands. What were you going to say?

At least I have a ticket in my hands. *Seattle*. Movement feels like accomplishment at the least. Who knows Mom says hope the thing with claws but still better than the alternative. Mom used to have hope too. It clawed. Sometimes the truth is for you Dad, not for me. At least I have the ticket in my hands that I can use myself I can be a room without walls so I can listen through them.

I press my ear to the air vent and don't breathe so I can hear like playing hide and seek. I fit underneath the bed lying on top of the vent. Voices echo upwards.

“Why do we have to—let's just tell her she has a normal number, why should she have to know?” Mom's voice is thick. They're talking about me. It's not good. Breathe quieter. I have to hear.

“We can't lie,” Dad says.

“But why? We don't even know—”

“Don't say that.”

They don't say anything for awhile.

“It's a wonderful thing—to know,” Dad says. “Knowledge is power.”

“I don't know, I don't know.” She isn't crying but her voice isn't right.

“You better be careful.”

“I'm fine. I just—why should she have to—”

“We're all given what we're given. It could be worse. All you can do is pray for understanding and have faith that it's for the best.”

“But she can know when she's older.”

Mom doesn't say anything for awhile. “How can I have any faith after Teddy—”

“Don’t say that name to me. You have to stop that. Life is the greatest gift and there is nothing more important.”

“Sometimes you sound like you’re just repeating things you’ve heard.”

“What do you mean?”

“Like do you believe that or are you just saying it. That’s what I mean.”

“Don’t say that.”

“He’s dead now. But he existed—don’t you remember him?”

“Look.” Dad sighs. “Don’t get all upset. Your face is all flushed for God’s sake. This isn’t easy for me either.”

Chairs scrape and ice clinks into glasses.

“Here,” my father says, “drink up.”

“We won’t tell her,” he says after a minute, “We can’t lie—but we don’t have to tell her either, she’ll just—”

The heat hums the words smooched. I tiptoe to the stairs. I can’t go down. Too old for me. Too far. I can’t. I don’t know what the words mean but they seem like secrets.

Now I know too much and I wish I had stayed at the top of the stairs because the numbers work out every time and I want to be sixteen because that’s when you can drive away and be pretty with hair and boys and high heels but the numbers work out every time on the calculator. Fifteen years and six months, give or take. Dad’s bald spot shines at me, the crown prize of growing up. Hide the ticket. Why? How can he? Don’t hurt Mom. I brush through my wet hair and I wish that Mom would do it like she used to. I wish she would talk to me even if she just looks in my eyes. Last time to tell me I lied the truth isn’t always for you Sylvia. The truth isn’t always the truth Sylvia. Your father can’t understand. The truth is clean words like not being touched not even a hand on my hair.

“Let me do your hair for you. Like I used to,” Mom says, smiling shyly.

“Mom, no one does their hair like that anymore. I’m in eighth grade. I’m not a little kid.”

“Oh,” she says. She waves her hand nothing. Pull in my gut after a party and guests have left everything’s clean. I go get a brush and hair bands.

“Mom,” I say. She turns around and I’m the other way. Look busy. Where are hair bands? “I don’t know what I meant. Lots of people still wear their hair in braids. Would you do my hair for me?”

She smiles at me and takes the brush and pulls it through. Sunlight tender bleary yellow waking. “Move over. Let’s watch the sun rise.” Wombwarm safe. Let’s go back to that. I close my eyes.

“So are Amanda and that boy still an item?”

“An item? Mom, you’re goofy,” I say.

“Please. I saw you wearing gauchos the other day. If gauchos can come back then the term ‘item’ most certainly can. You youngins always think you’re original,” she says, giving me a playful nudge. Mom was young too. Hard to imagine. Being young, pre-mom, drinking and kissing.

“Anyway, Amanda and Josh aren’t still ‘an item’. She broke up with him the other day because he was flirting with Cathy.”

“Oo, intrigue. So—what boy are you interested in?”

“Oh Mom, they’re all so horrible. Stephen still picks his nose.”

She smiles. “Well that’s just fine, honey. You don’t need boys. Plus, you have to be extra careful with your heartbeats—not that we need to talk about that now. There’s plenty of time for boys.”

Mom always talks like this. Plenty of time Sylvia and don’t grow up so fast Sylvia I don’t know how she forgets about the number on my arm. Right now it’s okay though, everything’s okay.

“All finished,” Mom says, getting a hand mirror. “How’s it look?”

“Perfect. Thanks Mom.”

She hugs me whispers twilight soft, “I love you Sylvia, I’ll always love you. I’ll never forget you. I promise.”

She hasn’t said that to me for months now. Not since she said I lied, I lied Sylvia. I walk down the stairs and sit next to her on the couch.

“Mom, it’s going to be all right,” I say even though the ticket is pressed against my side, getting heavier.

Her eyes startle up to mine and there is a ring of dark circling her eyes like it is circling mine.

“Okay, I should go do homework.” I drag my feet up the stairs. I could start Trig. Or I could call Amanda. I should do that. Too many numbers.

“I love you, Sylvia,” she says. I can’t see her face.

My throat burns and I can’t say it back. Don’t make it worse.

I used to spend all of my time wishing I was older. I am too old now—I understand. My parents don’t like to keep calculators around the house because they don’t want me to know but school was filled with them. The math was really hard but a calculator made it easy. I had to take one from the fifth grade room because third graders aren’t allowed to have them and I felt really bad but sneaky too. The numbers felt like in math when you get negative fifteen apples and that can’t be right even if you think it is. I tried the numbers again and again and again and I still got fifteen years six months. Give or take.

Mr. Kent is taking the calculator into his hands.

“Sylvia, what are you doing? You know you’re not allowed to use those calculators,”

His face is dripping and I know I’ll have to go into the coldroom so I don’t say anything because then I’ll cry more even though I am being impotent like Mom says.

“Oh.” Mr. Kent has an odd not mad look on his face and he is looking at the numbers and he sits down next to me.

“Did you not know, Sylvia?” He looks funny sitting at the little chair and his legs are sticking out all over the place.

I wipe my face off with my shirtsleeve. I can’t stop.

“No, no, I didn’t know. I don’t know. I think I did the math wrong. Or maybe that calculator is messed up. Is that one messed up?”

“No, no it’s not messed up. Sylvia you’re good at math, you’re not wrong. You should talk to your parents.”

I nod and get out of there. Mr. Kent has gray hair and understands and I don’t know anything. Sixteen. Just sixteen. Never.

“Knowledge is power” or so Dad says but Adam and Eve got kicked out and maybe that was for the best. West. Seattle. Even the name promises water. Exotic. Mom said I lied Sylvia, I lied. Hope, the thing with claws.

The sky is dark for three p.m. and I can’t believe the one day I want anything but rain it looks like a monsoon’s coming. My hair stayed perfect all day and I just want it to stay how Mom did it like when she’d tuck me in at night and I just wanted the covers to stay so her touch would stay with me.

I feel a drop on my hair on my perfect braid and it sizzles there for my anger at the weather at God if he’s up there for not even letting me have this one thing. I am so close to my house if only I could get there faster and before I know how my legs are going faster and pumping up and down slicing raindrops puddles grabbing my ankles rain so thick I can’t see and the sound covering everything like church bells feel it in my bones. My heart will burst Mr. Kent says Every heart is like a bomb ticking down and he’s right I am rapids and my heart is exploding with the puddles. He says Do you want the bomb to go off? and yes I’ve never felt, never felt before. I open up the door but I could pick the house up with my fingertips if I want.

Mom is standing right there in the kitchen and sees me as I burst through the door with my face guiltbeet red. I feel my braid. It is soaked through and ruined.

“What were you doing?” Mom is shocked. No one runs.

“I was—” Gasp. Can’t catch it.

“It doesn’t matter.” Voice icehard. “The ice will still the heart.”

She fills the bath with ice and makes me lay down in it and I am shivering but I

tell her, “Mom, I was trying to keep my hair—”

“Oh, Sylvia.” Tears slide down her face. Break the mask. “Sylvia.” She takes my cold hand and sits on the tile next to the bathtub. We wait for my pulse to slow down but my heart is still bursting.

“Sylvia, I need to tell you something now.”

Slow down. It’ll be okay. Heart—stop. Wait. Oh, God. No it won’t. 601... don’t. “Okay.”

“I lied, Sylvia. I lied.” Her voice is high and nervous but then after that she goes on quickly, begging the words to come. “When you were born the doctor said to your father and me, he said ‘This number isn’t good. Not good at all.’ And something happened to me Sylvia,” she says, begging, “Something happened and I just couldn’t hear that this little baby in my arms was going to die tomorrow or the next day or the next. And so when the doctor came back in with the number, the exact number, your father wasn’t in the room, he had gone out and so I pleaded with the doctor. I told him not to tell me. That I would make one up for you. And so I made up your number and I had to do it so it was still small. Still much too small. Because your father heard that the number was bad. So the doctor helped me and he threw away that number that was yours and he let me use the one I made up for you so that at least you had fifteen years. More than that. But I don’t know Sylvia, I don’t know. I just made it up.”

“So I could die tomorrow, or later tonight, or in just a second? I thought that was the one thing I had.”

“Oh Sylvia I just don’t know. But we all could really. Sylvia maybe the numbers don’t even mean anything,” she says. “Maybe it’s all in our heads.” Blasphemy. “Don’t give up hope, Sylvia. You could have years and years and years.”

“Who’s Teddy?” I ask because today seems like the day for truth.

“Teddy?” Her face is ash. “Where did you hear that name?”

“I heard you and Dad talking once.”

“Teddy was all part of it, all part of why I lied, why I had to lie. Teddy was your brother. Your brother was stillborn, and since he never lived out in the world no one would ever talk about him because he was death.” The words come tumbling out timebittered. “Your father forbade me to ever speak of him. You know how he says ‘Life is the greatest gift’ and nothing else matters. But Teddy mattered. He was mine. He was your brother.”

I can’t speak and Mom goes on. “But you Sylvia, you survived. You lived when I didn’t think you would. You’re a survivor and you’ll go on surviving. You just have to be extra careful and not do anything like this running business today.”

“I could survive, or I could not even have the fifteen years six months that I thought I had.”

“I could get hit by a bus tomorrow, Sylvia. None of us really know. The numbers...maybe we make them have truth. Maybe the truth is our choice. There’s no reason to give up.”

I really know that I am going to die but maybe I’ll take my chances. Seattle. *Seattle*. Maybe there. In my hand. I can go. Maybe there I can run through the night and there’ll be no one there to stop me. I can’t stand the house today I want to be a room without walls and the night finally breaks after this dragging day. My father and my mother making night ready noises but I am pulling on shorts and a T-shirt and I can’t wait to start running again how my greasybeats slip through silver dipped trees finally free. Ever since that day with the rain and the truth running is the only thing that helps.

I creep down the stairs soft breath hitching at every creak. I’m pulling the door open. The light turns on. Did I hit it by accident?

“Were you going to run again?” I am found out. Mom’s voice weary circles going around and around her eyes.

“Yes,” I say. Honesty is laziness.

Dad comes down the stairs, sees my shoes and says, “Let’s have a talk, Sylvia.”

We sit at our places at the kitchen table. Don’t meet their eyes. Here, the groove where I nicked the table years ago. Here, the mushroom cloud pattern. Here, where I helped re-stain. Forget them.

Dad says, “Six hundred million, Sylvia. You’ve already used six hundred million.”

“Okay,” I say, running on moon-soaked pavement as he talks.

They don’t meet my eyes. I am flowers at a funeral.

Still, I hear, “Do you want to die?”

The words fall to the floor *a-thump-a-thump-a-thump-a-thump* and I run out the door. Seattle is in my pocket. I unlatch the monitor and drop my scarlet number. I don’t look back.

I am still—



WINNERS OF THE NATIONAL 2010 UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT AWARD

The Delta Epsilon Sigma National Student Award has been granted to Kelli Theisen, Loras College, Iowa; Krystal Cabrera, St. Joseph's College, Brooklyn, New York; and Russell Spangler, Neumann University, Aston, Pennsylvania. Our congratulations go to these three distinguished students.

WINNERS OF THE 2010 DELTA EPSILON SIGMA UNDERGRADUATE WRITING COMPETITION

At the January meeting of the Executive Committee of Delta Epsilon Sigma National Scholastic Honor Society, the following winners of the 2009 Undergraduate Writing Competition were selected.

Poetry:

- First Place: "Elegy for a Lost Victim" –Will Eifert, Thomas More College
- Second Place: "Daddy" –Miranda Zerbe, King's College
- Honorable Mention: "Wildfire" –Will Eifert, Thomas More College
- Honorable Mention: "Shards" –Brigette Yanes, Loras College
- Honorable Mention: "The Science of Vinyl" –Carl McCorkle, Cardinal Stritch University

Essay/Non-fiction Prose:

- First Place: "She's a Little Runaway" –Kristinia Beckage, Marywood University
- Second Place: "Birth of a Naturalist" –Sangit Pradhananga, Loras College

Short Fiction:

- First Place: "Still" –J.J. Kirley, Thomas More College
- Second Place: "Voice of the Wind" –Luke Nolby, University of St. Thomas, MN
- Second Place: "The Indian" –Shannon Fandler, Cabrini College
- Honorable Mention: "Tell me a Secret" –Jaimielyn Cooper, Neumann University

Scholarly Research:

- None

THE J. PATRICK LEE PRIZE IN ETHICS

This annual undergraduate essay competition is established to honor **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** 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, Turabian, etc.).

A **prize of \$2,500.00**, along with publication of the essay in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* has been made available for the winning entry. 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.



DELTA EPSILON SIGMA CHAPTER RECOGNITION

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.*



SYNOPSIS OF THE 2011 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ANNUAL MEETING

The Executive Committee of Delta Epsilon Sigma met in St. Petersburg, Florida, January 4-5, 2011. Present were Dr. Gertrude Conway, President; Dr. Christopher Lorentz, Vice President; Rev. Dr. Anthony Grasso, C.S.C., Chaplain; Members Sr. Linda Marie Bos, Dr. Rosemary Bertocci, and Dr. John Palasota; *DES Journal* Co-Editors Dr. Claudia Kovach and Dr. Robert Magliola; and Secretary-Treasurer Dr. Thomas Connery. Dr. June-Ann Greeley was unable to attend due to a family emergency.

Dr. Conway called the meeting to order, and the 2010 meeting minutes were approved. The committee's two newly-elected members, Dr. Bertocci of St. Francis University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Palasota of the University of St. Thomas, Houston, had been introduced at an informal meeting-preparation dinner the previous evening. Dr. Conway officially welcomed the new members, and they were installed through an affirmation vote by the Executive Committee.

Dr. Connery went over the financial audit, a document required by the By-Laws, and which covers the Fiscal Year, April 1, 2009 to March 31, 2010. The audit was conducted by the accounting firm of Lethert, Skwira, Achultz & Co., LLP of St. Paul, MN. The auditors again concluded that the organization's records are in good shape, but encouraged Dr. Connery and Administrative Assistant Debbie Shelito to continue formalizing processes and procedures for overseeing DES's finances. The auditors also urged further segregation of financial oversight duties, while acknowledging that such segregation is particularly challenging in an organization with only two staffers, the Secretary-Treasurer and the Administrative Assistant. To that end, Dr. Connery proposed that monthly records of revenues and costs would be shared with the President and Vice President and any expense greater than \$25,000 would require immediate notification of both the President and Vice President. The Executive Committee agreed.

Rather than present a FY 2011 budget for approval (which would go into effect April 1), Dr. Connery presented a tentative budget that would be finalized and approved via email near the end of March. This approach would better assure a more accurate sense of spending and revenues from the current (2010) budget year. The committee approved Dr. Connery's recommendation that he be permitted to investigate the possibility of changing the fiscal year so that it follows the fiscal year of most colleges and universities, July 1 to June 30. That would allow a more timely audit for the committee to review at its January meeting.

In presenting the tentative FY 2011 budget, Dr. Connery noted that the audit for the FY that ended on March 31, 2010, revealed two on-going trends: declines in membership and donations and therefore continued decline in revenues and net assets. The impact from the dues increase, which went into effect April 1, 2010, won't be apparent until the end of the current fiscal year. On a more positive note, Dr. Connery reported that investments had continued to recover, jumping from \$84,000 in assets as of March 31, 2009, to \$112,214 as of March 31, 2010. As of December 2010, the investments were at about \$118,000. As predicted a year ago, net assets again declined to \$437,331 from \$451,744 in 2009.

The Executive Committee noted that significant cost-cutting measures would be difficult and could undermine the central mission of DES. The committee agreed that it is essential for DES to continue to fulfill its mission, drawing down on savings whenever necessary. The Committee also recommended that Handbooks no longer be printed and distributed, except to chapter moderators, and that chapters copy essential pages of the Handbook for members when necessary and that members be referred to the Handbook online.

Dr. Magliola and Dr. Kovach, *Journal* Co-Editors, reported that production of the *Journal*, including peer review of submissions, continues to go smoothly but that they continue to seek a diversity of views in submissions and published articles. The editors said they are investigating how best to assure that articles emerge in Google searches. In the current cycle, the *Journal* has moved to two issues a year rather than three.

Although committee members expressed disappointment that only nine chapters submitted 23 entries in the Writing Contest, they were pleased with the quality of the entries compared to last year's. The following results of the competition were determined:

Essay/Nonfiction Prose

1st Prize: "She's a Little Runaway" — Kristinia Beckage, Marywood University

2nd Prize: "Birth of a Naturalist" — Sangit Pradhananga, Loras College

Poetry

1st Prize: "Elegy for a Lost Victim" — Will Eifert, Thomas More College

2nd Prize: "Daddy" — Miranda Zerbe, Kings College

Honorable Mention: "Wildfire" (Will Eifert), "Shards" (Brigitte Yanes, Loras College) and "The Science of Vinyl" (Carl McCorkle, Cardinal Stritch University)

Short Fiction

1st Prize: “Still” — J.J. Kirley, Thomas More College

2nd Prize: “Voice of the Wind”— Luke Nolby, University of St. Thomas, Minnesota, and “The Indian” — Shannon Fandler, Cabrini College

Honorable Mention: “Tell me a Secret” – Jaimielynn Cooper, Neumann University

No awards were given in the Research category.

In other business, the Executive Committee

- Approved the J. Patrick Lee Prize in Ethics to encourage writing in the Catholic intellectual tradition and to honor the long-time head of DES, Dr. J. Patrick Lee. The award winner will receive \$2,500, and the committee asked Dr. Connery to explore raising funds to at least partially fund the award.
- Agreed to create an award that would recognize outstanding chapters. Dr. Lorentz and Dr. Palasota volunteered to craft language for the award.
- Agreed to hold the 2012 meeting in February rather than January so that Dr. Conway and Dr. Connery, who have January conflicts, are able to attend.
- Dr. Connery also reported that the Association of College Honor Societies conducted a review of DES in 2010 and presented DES with a letter of certification stating that DES is in compliance with ACHS standards and that DES is a “model” in ACHS efforts to certify quality.



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.

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 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.

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.



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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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