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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 Delta Epsilon Sigma Executive Committee is delighted to present the 2012 undergraduate writing competition winners (first- and second-place winners, and honorable mentions) on page 29 of this issue. The policy of the *DES Journal* is to publish the full text of first-place winning entries and often the full text of certain second-place winning entries as well. This present issue publishes the first-place entries in nonfiction prose, short fiction, and poetry. The Fall 2013 issue will publish some second place entries in poetry, short fiction, and nonfiction prose.
- In the Fall 2012 issue, the name of the second-place winner for non-fiction prose, John-Paul Heil (Mt. St. Mary's University) was mis-represented on the title page of his work, "Hell's Half-Acre." The editors apologize for this error, and happily re-print Mr. Heil's winning entry, correctly attributed, in this current issue.
- The Executive Committee continues to welcome submissions for its two newest awards: The J. Patrick Lee Award for Service, and The Outstanding Chapter Award. Please refer to the full announcements in this issue.
- 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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NOSEBLEEDS

CECELIA MACDONALD*

He got a nosebleed that day. I knew that he had said they would come, but I was still shocked – shocked to the point of speechlessness. Bending my head down in silence, the soft, cruel chuckles tormented me. My eyes looked up across the table, and found my friend looking back, biting his tongue to stop from laughing – to avoid my gape.

Stares followed the boy with the nosebleed as he asked the teacher if he could go to the bathroom, all the while his hand applying pressure to his nose liked a skilled doctor. Blood seeped between his fingers and dried beneath his nose. He did not twitch or squirm. He simply stood there, questioning the teacher's authoritative demeanor.

It struck me as odd that he wanted to go the bathroom, and not the nurse, especially because of why he was getting the nosebleed. But then again, he was one of those kids that kept everything to himself. He didn't want to or like to tell anyone anything private. And this could certainly be classified as personal.

As he passed my art table he nudged his friend. "You know why," he whispered, attempting to make light of the situation, but failing immensely in the process. His eyes – jagged glass in a sea of smooth stones – were too cold and hard to be truly laughing, and they instead wandered past to the unknown and the beyond.

Not knowing what to do, the teacher merely shrugged and pointed toward the door, then placed his hand on the mouse and his attention on the screen. No words, no questions, no answers. Just the kid and his nosebleed.

Not once did he look at me or glance my way – even though I knew too. Not once did his eyes tear up. It was as if he had accepted what had happened, what was occurring, and what the future held for him.

Quietly my heart mourned for the student I had never known. The student's eyes seemed to relive the pain that had struck his past. His hollow eyes looked through me.

His name was Cameron. Cameron Knott. The freak. The kid with the auburn hair that resembled metal springs that had long-ago lost their elasticity.

*Cecelia MacDonald, a student at Saint Francis University, is the first-place winner in non-fiction prose.

Rumors floated along the hallways, stopping at every child stooped at her locker, weighed down with burdening books. “He snorts coke,” they would chant. “And gets high every weekend,” they sung like little school boys in a choir. But he told me that he had been clean for nine months. I believed him.

He had no reason to lie to me, so why would he?

Cuts along the inside of his arms had forged the outlet for his pain. An outlet that he claimed to have given up. Yet still the scars were there – faded lines, from pink to red with every repetitive use.

“I’ve found a new outlet,” he confided in me one day after class. He pulled out a notebook, lined with scribbled words jotted down on the pages. Poetry. I quickly scanned down the page. Perhaps it wasn’t Edgar Allan Poe, or even good for that matter. But it was a way he escaped his pain. So it was great.

That October, he proposed to his girlfriend. He was fourteen – so was she. This caught wind within the ninth-grade. He was a nobody at the mercy of the diplomats of teenocracy. I wondered where I was in the social ladder and hoped I was a princess, next in line for the throne.

So even I fell prey to the cruelty of high school.

“Hey, are you Sasha? Is it true that you’re going to marry Cameron Knott?” My words were rude, but I didn’t notice – couldn’t notice, else I might fail my mission to uncover more information.

I only felt insulted when she turned around and held to her mute, mind and mouth. But I had been the insulter, not the insulted. Consciousness begged me to apologize, to just call out for her to come back.

Words, my forte, evaded me.

Cameron had told me that he had a tumor - one on his brain, the kind of tumor that you find out one day that you have, and the next month you’re dead. He was different though. I guess it was due to his rough home life that had made him tough – maybe, maybe not. But either way, he was strong. He had to be strong to have survived this long.

Doctors had told him that he wouldn’t live to see twenty. A mid-life crisis at age ten.

Later he brought me good news. “I passed out over the weekend,” he exclaimed, a twinkling light playing in his eyes, a happiness that I had never seen before. “They had to rush me to the hospital.”

How could that ever be a good thing? For a moment I tossed around the idea that he was living in his own personal parallel dimension where fainting and trips to the hospital are mere “fun” occasions. But then he continued.

“The doctors said that the tumor is shrinking and it’s alleviating the pressure on

my brain. They said that I might have a better chance of living longer.”

“That’s great,” I said, unable to voice how I truly felt. My two words did not suffice the emotion that I felt, yet I didn’t now how else to respond. They never teach you how to communicate your feelings in school. Instead they stress the PSSA and how to multiply matrices that are never used once after you graduate. Nothing’s in the curriculum about expressing your feelings or showing sympathy. Nothing at all.

Replaying the words in my head, I realized one extra word could have such a monumental impact on everything. He had a better chance of living longer, not living. So he was still going to die. Something so small had evolved into something bigger, something huge. Like one molecule of bacterium being capable of ruining and mutating a whole garden, a small word and tumor had destroyed his life. Immune to tears he was, having created an ever-building brick wall, but I had not built up any kind of defenses around me. It took all of my restraint to stop the tears.

Then he inhaled sharply and held a finger to his nose. “It’s the nosebleeds,” he explained, with the calm composure I never saw him forget. “I get them from the tumor.” Then his finger left his face, and he was fine, a false alarm among the sirens.

A week later I sat in art class. That’s when he got the nosebleed. The small sign, a trigger almost pulled that proved that maybe he wasn’t alright. As he left the room the snickers still continued. No one spared a thought to the kid with the nosebleed. They wasted their time instead on what they were going to wear to a party that no one would remember and how they were going to break up with their girlfriend that they never truly dated.

I couldn’t pin down my emotions. I still wanted people to know what I knew, however selfish.

My footsteps seemed louder than usual on the linoleum floor as I descended the steps from the art room. The light reflected from the ceiling off the floor, blinding my usually insensitive eyes. My vision seemed blurred, and I slowly swiped a finger against my warm cheek. I slowed my pace, until I was practically dragging each foot. I shrouded my face with my hair.

Then the bell rang. Students shoved past each other, a stampede of elephants wanting to escape class and yet not wanting to attend their next. My reverie was lifted. I didn’t need to be protected. My smile was fake; so was my happiness. As hard as I tried to stitch myself up, I was no doctor.

My ubiquitous peers were looking. I nodded my head in acknowledgment, smiled, said hello, and waved. I had to; my popularity was depending on it.

I found my chance to share my “knowledge” before algebra, the class where

you learn those matrices that you never even knew you didn't know how to solve.

"Do you think that Cameron is okay?" I asked.

"I don't know," Evan replied, shutting his locker, math book in hand. He turned around to face me, "Why would I care?"

"He has a brain tumor," I told him, the mocking tone in my voice that I felt myself returning to too often. A tool, I realized, a tool that helped me gain the self-satisfaction that I wanted, the self-satisfaction that came from knowing.

"Who does?" came Alex's voice from behind me.

"Cameron Knott."

And so I had told someone – two someones, someones that were popular and that I cared what they thought about me, someones that might increase my social status. Greedy for attention, I had twisted the problems of others and turned the tables to myself. It wasn't I who was counting my days, and yet it was I, acting as if my world were ending.

Alex was the counselor's son. Maybe that's why Cameron was called down to her office. All I know is that his trust in me was lost. I had ruined it. I wondered if he knew it was I who had ratted him out but I wasn't sure, never will be.

Popularity had betrayed me. Popularity appeared to be the glue that held the whole school together, and I had wanted to be stuck in it.

Evan and Alex don't remember that day I told them that Cameron had a brain tumor. It would be no surprise if they didn't even remember that I told them he had a brain tumor. And ten years from now, they won't even remember that he existed. But I will.

And in less than ten years from now, Cameron, Cameron Knott, the freak, the kid with the auburn hair that resembled metal springs that had long-ago lost their "elasticity" – probably won't even remember me. Instead he will sleep seventy-two inches underground, compost for the daises.

When I would pass Cameron in the hallway, we would still both smile and wave. He always made sure to say hi at the start of each class. Our neighboring seats at lunch never changed.

Yet a haze had spread over our friendship. Cloudy and all-consuming, it permeated every aspect and settled as the dust rests after being stirred.

Cameron never told me anything truly important again.



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

* John-Paul Heil, a student at Mount Saint Mary University, received the second-place award for non-fiction prose (informal essay) in 2012.

have 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.



THE TRUTH ABOUT HUNGER

ANTHONY OTTEN*

Now, son, you listen to this rigmarole they've got going on about prayer in the schools, and you think, I've never seen the like. But if you'd lived here as long as your dad, taught in the high school and been church organist like me, you'd recall that our town isn't exactly virginal, so to speak, to holy warfare.

Fifteen-odd years ago, fall of '47, someone here in the Rejoice congregation read how the Soviets had held public debates between Christians and Party propaganda goons—give the proletarians a spectacle, they figured, and while they were at it, string up religion like a yellowed pair of drawers on the laundry line. The only troubling detail that emerged from this scheme was that the God-gabbers weren't easily nailed to their crosses in these debates, and sometimes even managed to out-mystify their goateed and small-spectacled adversaries—so often the Party decided to discontinue the events and stick with their handy pamphlets and photo-doctors.

But what, someone wondered aloud, was stopping us here in Felicity from sponsoring a to-do of the sort? The simple suggestion—inviting a Red to a church forum and besting him in his own prideful arena of logic—ignited a spasm of piety and patriotism unseen since someone set a fire in the church bathroom during the 4th of July picnic in 1941. Reverend Todd rang up his alma mater, the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and tweezed out a promise to find a Russian or a Satanist or an agnostic janitor if it came to that and nudge him in the way of Louisville for a debate series—not least because the church was hurting in the collection plate, and the Baptist council hoped ticket prices would squeeze more dough from the town than the usual misbegotten potluck.

At last the Seminary finagled a deal with an aging adjunct professor from the famously heathen plains of Iowa. The terms asked us to pay for his gas and a load of groceries that wouldn't put meat on a bunny, never mind a fully grown male *homo sapiens*.

"I'll write him a check when he gets here," Todd said.

As was hoped, the church sold out every pew and half the aisle space for the evening, enough revenue in the sanctified coffers to fix the lingering smoke damage

*Anthony Otten, a student at Thomas More College, Kentucky, won first place in the short-fiction category.

in the men's restroom. By voice vote I was given the duty of welcoming the lion to the coliseum, perhaps for the reason of my unintentionally ominous height. The professor, the titan of Darwinism the flock anticipated, drove into the church parking lot not in a chunky armadillo of a tank, as I pictured, but in a failing Packard with the radiator spitting a geyser of steam and the fuel gauge needle burrowing deep below the E.

I called over a couple sunburned fellows from the nearby filling station and they promised to tinker with the radiator during the debate if their wives could attend for free. The professor seemed relieved. He was a springy man in his middle age, his hair a cheerful riff of ginger. He wore a wrinkled wool vest and bifocals that drastically enlarged the top halves of his eyes, and he had a habit of using apologies as greetings ("I'm sorry, what's the time, sir?"). Every few minutes he would wince harshly, his hands stiffening into horseshoes, as if he suffered from some awful angina that threatened to snatch him out of the world at any moment.

Reverend Todd and his uncle Everett, the church historian, were the opponents. Despite his title Everett rarely wrote anything except scribbled questions to the corner pharmacist; he was old enough that he could fulfill the implied demands of his post simply by denying the undertaker another customer.

As we passed into the limestone cool of the entryway, I let the professor know two debaters were waiting for him. He leaned on the rickety console table used as a sign-in register for Sunday services, massaging his kneecaps and whispering, with an unwarranted level of anxiety, "Two. *Two?* Oh, God."

"Too late for that," I remarked. The emptiness of the foyer gave a depth to my voice that I don't think nature had purposed to grant me. He gave me a stricken look, his eyes white as a toad's belly, as if my mouth hadn't moved and the voice were bodiless. "One of em in there's old as Moses, if that helps," I added, but the mention of prophets evidently wasn't the cure for his fear of portentous voices.

Within the normally airy clapboard cave of the church, the collective furnace of two hundred hearts and four hundred lungs hidden under layers of flannel and suede muffled any foretaste of winter. The wind bumped and fumbled over the dully glistening stained glass of the windows, which narrowed and vanished into the ribbed darkness overhead. The aisle's bank of floor lights guided me with their bluish, suburban glow along the stage to the organist's bench, a seat I'd had to pay double for though I performed in it *pro bono* twice a week.

Because of the dimness, only the undersides of the audience's faces were lit, the waxy, inhuman sheen of mannequin flesh. The professor's conspicuous approach to the stage wove a blanket of whispers through the crowd. His lower face's muscles twitched with a kind of claustrophobic endurance, like a passenger stuck in a

rocking train car. A few among our congregation might've mistaken his mildness for contempt or curtained hostility, but nearer to the stage, I could see his shoulders stiffen and hunch, invisibly anchored as he guided his feet to the podium. Reverend Todd and his uncle were already facing him from their own battlements onstage.

The professor flicked the microphone with a blunt thumb and caused a storm of murmurs by introducing himself as Ernest Searles, Ph.D., a professor of biblical history and literature. Fence-to-porch conversation had already stamped him a Commie, and the expectation was that he'd be a teacher of Marxist theory or the like. Probably few people fathomed that an actual scholar of the Book would devote himself to what he reckoned was a volume of ponderous folktales.

The debate endured for an hour and a half, and so did we. Once Dr. Searles's challengers mastered the lisp-inducing pronunciation of his name ("*Cereals?*" Everett said, hitching his loosely bundled neck closer to the mic), the professor commenced with a tepid assault of the inconsistencies in the Gospels, specifically in the discovery of the empty tomb. "An archangel with a face like lightning descended from the—the sky, in Matthew," he said, "but Mark switches him out with a young man sitting in the cave? Can a man not distinguish between the two?"

Everett popped the microphone away from his nephew's opening mouth. "They was females found the tomb, first off," he said, his Adam's apple wagging like a walnut on a hemp string. "And B, when you stare at something special, something bright—a light bulb, if you're a mind—you come away with a different color of dots in your eyes than somebody else. That's how this was—Mary Magdalene and the Apostles looked into the same light bulb, and it shocked them so bad they come away with the picture burned in their minds just a mite different. But the point is, something happened. Something that wrung the unbelief out of them."

Searles dipped his head in acknowledgment, a smile finally splitting through his nerves. "I'm afraid I'm not an avid light bulb-looker myself, Mr. Todd. I stick to looking at what the darn lamp shows."

The audience tittered, the only noise from them in those ninety minutes of wool-lined silence. I could see the blood fleeing from Reverend Todd's face down the taut blue staircase of arteries in his neck. "Pipe down," Everett told the faceless onlookers in the pews, and the Reverend snatched the microphone from his hand.

The old man's light bulb had kept us rapt for a time, but after our pastor seized his chance to speak, the filament in the bulb dimmed and soon the argument was all cool glass. Words from the dustiest tomb passageways of the dictionary were resurrected, golems from a college basement: *epistemology*, *ontology*, *teleology*. Like toads from the Nile they swarmed from the younger Todd's mouth, and though the good Iowan doctor parried them with his own conjurations from the trenches of

language, he sank under the attack with slow and conscious certainty. He began to stutter; he backtracked on half finished sentences that collapsed like neglected archways. By the debate's end at eight-thirty, Todd's face still rosy with defiance and Everett's nose nearly touching the pillowy leather cover of his Bible, Searles had closed his notepad and was merely nodding, already eager for the hushing of lights and the migration of bodies out the door.

Out in the nave, the pews whimpered like rich ladies in a lifeboat. If not for the Reverend's presence persisting onstage, you'd have listened to that abyssal lack of conversation and figured the trumpet call had sounded, and the good folks of Rejoice had been swapped out for an audience of hell's politest inmates.

Your mother met me the moment I stepped off the bench and my toe touched the dust-green carpet. I was watching Dr. Searles, who seemed reluctant to leave the garish white sprawl of the spotlight's beam even though he was the last man up there—as if he was calculating his odds of making it to his Packard's door before the Salem instinct grabbed hold of us.

Your mom and I were expecting you at the time, of course, and the soft but unexpected thud of her belly at my side nearly unbalanced me. She glanced at the professor and said, in that way she has of shooting a whisper up to my ear without anybody hearing, “At least at a potluck the reason you can't move is you're full. Better that than having to listen to two mummies argue over a coffin.”

And this coming from Ms. Sunday School who writes verses on her dollar bills if she spends more than fifteen bucks at a stop. In fact, that's what I said to her.

Annoyance swooped across her face, as if I'd mentioned something as irrelevant as going to the dentist. “I hope Pastor gives that poor man a good slice of the ticket money. I don't think you could herd people in here again if the benches were made out of chocolate.”

“Sympathy for the godless?” I asked, winking, but she looked away sharply, and one of the men from the filling station was dodging toward me now through the aisle crowd. Little white wafers of skin littered the sunburned bridge of his nose.

“Can't fix that lemon tonight,” he said. “Radiator's shot and one of the tires is half flat, looks like.”

“Guess the other half'll just have to work harder,” I said. Maggie made a chuffing noise I tried to ignore.

The gas attendant looked up at me quizzically, then decided to give his neck a rest and turned toward Searles, who was finally descending from the stage. “He'll have to stay somewhere,” the attendant said. “And Reverend said you're Mr. Hospitality for him.”

“He can bed down in the den,” Maggie said, looking between us.

“We can’t shelter a Red,” I told her, and stared down at her belly. “No telling what his scent might do to a newborn’s brain. We might end up raising baby Vladimir.”

“Charlie,” she said.

“I recall my daddy named me that,” I said, and plowed on. “I know a good boardinghouse off the turnpike. If I can’t wring a night’s worth of change out of Pastor, I’ll just sit on him till he decides to loosen up his billfold, all right? And maybe I’ll buy the professor breakfast tomorrow while his car’s in surgery.”

Her lip hugged one side of her mouth, the look like last week when you wanted to go see that Vincent Price flick at the matinee. “Just fine and amen,” she said. “Leave a man in a strange town alone with himself, in a strange room—”

She stopped when she noticed Searles coming up to us. He walked with unexpected grace when he didn’t have eyes needling into him, a kind of thoughtful glide, the way he probably paced before his chalkboard at the university. He hesitated. “Are—are we ready? If there’s—if you’ve figured out where I could take up a room, just for tonight.”

“See?” I said. “He’s of the same mind.”

“You go,” Maggie told me, her brow thickening even as she smiled cordially at the professor.

Reverend Todd sought out Searles and me in the parking lot just as we were getting into my Chrysler. I could see the evening’s guilt beginning to cloud his face, the slump in his jaw. He was one of those educated men who liked to believe life had educated everyone else the same way, that he was no wiser than any pile of rags under a bridge, that his flock’s respect for his brains was a harmless conspiracy to flatter him. But too many books in a man’s head can sink him as surely as it would a ship, and I think he was realizing that. I remember he spent the next few Sundays on adrenaline sermons about the crossing of the Red Sea and the righteous pebble that dented Goliath’s forehead, and for a year afterward, when no one ever mentioned the debate fiasco, he seemed to speak in the shaky, reprieved voice of a man who’d just survived a dance with influenza.

He looked like he was going to apologize to us for some minor fault of the weather or the church’s heat, perhaps instead of joking about the night’s failure to anyone in the dispersing crowd, but he didn’t speak. He shoved a shoebox through my window, across my chest, to tumble into the professor’s lap. The lid’s edge popped up, and I spied a gleam of silver in the canvas-smelling niche. Searles shook the container, and the chinking of coins cushioned in dollar bills confirmed it. It didn’t look like Todd had even siphoned off a few bucks for new hymnals.

“Two hundred people at seventy-five cents each,” I said, dipping my head out

the window to stare up at him. “Awful big check, Reverend. What about the smoke damage?”

“There’s worse damage to attend to,” he said, and I never got to ask him if he meant chronic boredom or something else. In the darkness I hadn’t realized he was walking away. I shook my head and leaned back in, scrolling the window up partway. The speedometer’s blue-lit needle illuminated my passenger. He was still, watching the box as if it would hatch something dreadful, and he wore a look I’ve only seen on a few faces. Somebody accepting a check from a relative she’s wished dead. A student, his lip carved up and bleeding from a brawl, swiping an offered tissue from the principal’s hand. It’s how you’d look at a picnic basket bulging with juicy apples and peaches, knowing each of them is spiked with enough arsenic to kill a horse. Searles wanted that one hundred and fifty dollars; hell, he needed it, I could’ve hung my coat off one of his hooked shoulders if he’d been tall enough; but for some reason he damn well didn’t want it, either.

I swung out of the parking lot with a harsh twist of the wheel, the bumper nearly caroming off the curb. The tires skittered over the asphalt. The parking lot was nearly empty, anyway, and I wanted to gut any chance of a conversation with the professor. I wanted him to count his money and be silent and think of all the apple pies and burning coffees it would buy for him.

“I’m sorry, I hope your wife wasn’t offended at me,” he said. His hands squeezed the box’s cardboard edging. “I saw the look on her before I walked up. She was kind to change it.”

The dashboard glare jangled over my glasses, doubling the road. I merged onto the deserted highway. “That was because of me,” I said at last, figuring what in the Sam Hill does it matter if I bandy words with the man. “She wanted to have you overnight at our house but I wouldn’t have it.”

“Couldn’t take breathing the same air as a Red, huh?” he asked with a trembling laugh. Then: “I’d have never seen a Red myself if film hadn’t been invented. Just to put your mind at ease.”

“Oh, it’s at ease,” I said, flooring the accelerator. I have to credit him with composure. He kept the shoebox balanced on his knee even as he subtly tightened his grip on the door handle, his posture straight as a ruler. The smell of another man’s car can disorient you sometimes, make you unnecessarily suspicious, but the Chrysler’s interior smelled like it does now, son, minus your sweat: erasers rubbed to confetti, yellowing paper, the alcohol tang of ink from the ditto machine. This teacher-jungle scent probably reassured Searles, maybe even gave him a feeling of control over the car that he didn’t have.

When we passed under a streetlight and the incandescent orange flooded the

car, I slowed down and turned to look at him. "I didn't want you trying to convince me one way or the other. Not in my own house."

"One way or the other of what?"

"God."

He watched the woods skate by, the grander darkness of the sky above them. There was the odor of the trees sweetly rotting into themselves.

The emotion was ironed flat out of his voice, but I felt he was giving me an amused look. "You're entitled to everything you want to believe, you know. But if I was going to argue you, you probably know which side I'd fight for."

"Do I?"

I sensed, or imagined I sensed, the small current of air as his head dropped to look at the box with his haul shifting inside it. A peripheral glance gave me a picture I had to question: his hands clasped and writhing over the box's surface like a fish, his head bowed, his lips shaping words hollow of sound or force. "Are you praying?" I asked quietly.

"Yes."

"Surely not to the God of the church we just left in the dust."

"Yes, actually. Yes. Oh, Christ. I can preach a sermon to my bathroom mirror but I butcher the sheep the one chance he gives me. The one chance." His breath shuddered in his throat, cobweb-thick. If I hadn't read the holy book I might not have known what he meant by sheep, but it still sounded to me like a childhood thing, like disappointing Daddy and not taking the indifferent forgiveness that was offered.

"Don't get steamed up about it," I said. "I doubt one ear was open in that whole church after five minutes. I even dozed for a while."

"That doesn't make a bit of difference. Man alive, I betrayed him. And just because I was hungry, damn it. Damn my stomach."

"If God wasn't tossing you any scraps," I said, "maybe you were right to find a new table to beg from." I glanced at the shoebox and he pushed it away from himself as if it were a vase of cobras, down under the seat. The lid bent. It wouldn't fit. "I'm not taking that with me," I told him. "Maggie finds it she'll think I clubbed you on the head and threw you in a ditch."

"I don't care what she thinks," he said, rocking, his fingernails digging moons in the vinyl. "Well, that's a lie. I do care. Tell her I'm sorry. Tell them all I'm sorry and don't believe a word I said." He paused. "You don't, do you, Mr. Perkins?"

"My affiliation—" I veered onto the turnpike, jarring him. "—was determined well before I met you."

"And what's that?"

The Chrysler crawled down the lane toward the lighted haven of the motel. I

stared at my hands on the wheels, the cliff of scant hairs picked out in the moonlight. “Agnostic is what you’d call me,” I said, in a reflective voice that made me want to snicker. “If God’s there—”

“If he’s there! You’re the church organist, for Christ’s sakes. Or that’s what they told me.”

I waited. “If God’s there, he doesn’t remember our names any more than the President would. Now or when we’re dead. Maybe he checks in on our business a little, turns a hurricane this or that way if he likes the beach how it is. But mostly I think he lets us decide our addresses and our babies’ names for ourselves. And if he’s there he sure doesn’t need all the singing and carrying on we do to impress him.”

Searles said nothing until I’d pulled up to the motel’s entrance. Over the warped walnut door a naked light bulb protruded from the cement wall. Gnats flickered around the bulb like the flaws in a filmstrip, as if he and I were in a scene already watched many times before. He got out, and he did take the shoebox with him. I thought this was a little like committing adultery and then marrying your mistress, but I didn’t say that. “I’m sorry you feel that way, if that’s the truth of it,” he said.

“It is.”

“But being around it all day, wallowing in it—isn’t that just self-torment?”

“I don’t mind seeing people happy.”

“And yourself?”

I sighed. The fibers in my neck, strained after a day of hunching over essays and literature guides, begged me to tell the man goodnight. “It got my wife a job in the church office. Secretary. We’ve got a kid coming, and we can’t live on just my salary anymore. We need to pay for our house. We need groceries. We need *room*. I feel even more cramped in than I usually do. If adjusting your circumstances is a sin, then sign me up for the hottest seat in hell.”

He nodded. He seemed to believe what I said more, even, than I did. “I’ll reserve the chair next to you, I guess,” he said. “Hypocrites’ row.”

“I don’t think you’re a hypocrite,” I told him. I hadn’t realized how weak my voice was, grass-whispery. I leaned across the passenger seat, the engine thrumming under my hand as if I were touching a vein. “Somehow, you must’ve thought you could betray him without consequences. Am I right?”

His face darkened a moment as that strange tremor seized him one more time, but it passed, and he sustained a smile through it. “Maybe so. We all have to eat, I guess. That’s the truth about hunger for you.” He plucked his briefcase from the backseat, shut the door, stood there with the shoebox under his arm. “But I’ve wasted enough of your gas.” He batted away a finger of gnats that was trying to investigate him, and disappeared inside.

I idled in the car for almost a minute, my hand resting on the gear shift lever, swallowing it actually, that big paw that was and still is disproportionate to everything. I tried to breathe regularly for a while, but I'll admit to you, son, I couldn't keep a steady rhythm. So I decided to just go home and let the air come into my lungs however it wanted to.

I drove down the lane faster than we'd come, feeling strange, lopsided, as if I'd misplaced something. I reminded myself nothing had really changed. Not the night, not the lock on the door of the home waiting for me. You and Maggie would be there, up in the bedroom, just as before. Everything was okay. Everything was okay.



PAPERBOY, 1972

KRISTIN SAUER*

In the mornings the girls
are up to fold the papers,
bundling their livelihood into
flimsy pink rubber bands,
their sweet-tooth eyes
flitting from headlines to sports to
the white Regina Bakery box that
Daddy picked up that morning,
a mid-February surprise
of jelly, cream, glazed
inky fingers packing the papers
into the musty sky-blue suburban
delivering the word as
tangible and routine
as the preacher on
Sunday mornings.

* Kristin Sauer, a student at Thomas More College, Kentucky, is the first-place winner in the poetry category.

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

ROBERT DRURY*

Inductive inference

Inductive inference is not the inference of probability but the inference of the natures of things often in terms of their characteristics. This is true of the nature of oatmeal compared to the nature of a rubber ball inferred by a toddler as he knocks them repeatedly off his highchair tray. The toddler is not inferring probabilities. He is inferring the natures of things in terms of cause and effect at the level of material reality. The oatmeal goes splat. The ball bounces. Such inference is the task of the nuclear scientist as he analyzes the data from a particle accelerator.

In the inference of cause and effect, the scientist has no philosophical advantage over the toddler. Science itself has no intrinsic philosophical value. Yet, the argument of Hahn and Wiker (*Answering the New Atheism*, p 75) for the existence of God is that “Science itself points to God”. Their argument is circular. Science rests on philosophy, which, without the aid of science, already recognizes material reality as intelligible, thereby rendering science possible. Science does not discover that material reality is intelligible. It depends upon that fact, not to discover or to rediscover that basic philosophical fact, but to delineate that fact in measurable detail.

The mathematics of probability is useful where overall outcomes are known, but the material details at a deeper level of material observation are unavailable for any of a variety of reasons. For example, we may apply the mathematics of probability to the outcome of dice, not because the outcome is materially inexplicable, but because for one reason or another we are ignorant of the details of the material causality, which definitively and scientifically produces each individual outcome.

* 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).

The same material outcome repetitively from the same set of material circumstances is not the material simulation of mathematical probability. Mathematical probability is the fractional concentration of an element of a logical set. Rather than being an analogy illustrated by repeatedly the same material outcome, mathematical probability is analogically illustrated by a patterned variation of material outcomes on the average from grossly similar sets of material circumstances. The roll of dice is analogous to mathematical probability, not because the outcome is the same for each roll, but because it varies on average in a pattern of fractional concentrations of the elements in a set. With the roll of two dice, the fractional concentration of snake eyes is $1/36$. The fractional concentration of the sum of seven is $1/6$. The material circumstances of the roll of dice are only grossly, not materially, the same in repetitive rolls, which are taken in the analogy as if they were one material process, labeled 'random selection'.

A Faulty Understanding of Probability

Hahn and Wiker (*Answering the New Atheism*) extensively address mathematical probability, but only while conceding its inference from material phenomena.

Hahn and Wiker, to delineate the meaning of probability, use the illustration of a probability of $1/6$ in rolling a five with one die. They state that chance (synonymously probability) *isn't a thing or a cause* and conclude that chance is *a secondary shadow of other beings and causes* (*Answering the New Atheism*, page 21). Implicitly, they concur with Dawkins that chance refers to existence, the coming into being. They do not recognize that chance is a static, purely logical, mathematical concept.

If Hahn and Wiker had given fuller consideration to their example of the chance of one integer among the set of six integers one through six, they should have realized that chance is the fractional concentration of an element in a logical set and has nothing to do with causes or being. It is simply a mathematical concept like that of an infinite straight line.

For the set of six integers one through six:

The fractional concentration of the integer five is $1/6$.

The fractional concentration of odd integers is $1/2$.

The fractional concentration of integers integrally divisible by three is $1/3$.

From these examples the mathematical concept of random selection is readily inferred. Random selection of an element as random is selection based solely on its fractional membership in a logical set and not on any identifying properties of the element. This renders the ID of the element in the set purely nominal when it comes to mathematical probability.

In using material simulations of mathematical sets and random selection, we must be careful to realize and emphasize that the material simulations are analogies of purely mathematical concepts. For example, no material thing can be selected without respect to its material characteristics including location. Yet, this is what the mathematics requires. The accommodation of random selection within material analogies is obtained by purposeful human ignorance of the material causality of selection. The result of the roll of one die, e.g. a five, is due to the material forces to which the die is subjected. It is random only in the sense of our human ignorance of the details of that causality. The simulation of random selection and probability is approximated, if many rolls of one die result in an approximately equal distribution among the integers one through six. We take this for granted in an individual roll.

Consider these material emulations of the probability of $1/6$:

1. Selecting one face out of the set of six by rolling one die, which is a cube of six faces.
2. Selecting one ball-bearing out of a set of six by drawing one at random out of a hat.
3. Selecting one elephant out of a set of six by randomly . . .

The third example is not a failure. It is the clincher to the realization that chance is purely a mathematical concept. In mathematical chance the IDs of the elements of the sets are purely nominal. The relationships considered are solely numerical relationships among elements of logical sets. The material characteristics, typically associated with the IDs of the elements, are entirely irrelevant. Selection as random is purely logical. Consequently, random selection of one elephant out of a set of six, in this material analogy to probability using elephants, may itself be materially simulated by rolling one die. In mathematical probability, whatever the IDs may be, they are merely tags.

Hahn and Wiker are correct. Chance is not a thing or a cause. Neither is it a secondary shadow of other beings and causes. Chance is the fractional concentration of an element in a logical set.

Outside of the scope of mathematics, when we say that something happened by chance, we are simply proclaiming our human ignorance of its causality. Within the scope of applied mathematics, when we say that something happened by chance, we are purposefully ignoring its causality for the sake of a mathematical utility.

Knowing the Natures of Beings

The nature of a being is that which the definition signifies. We typically know the intelligible nature of a being based on sensual experience of it in its existence. Within our experience there is no God. Thus, we cannot have a definition of God

know the intelligible nature of a being based on sensual experience of it in its existence. Within our experience there is no God. Thus, we cannot have a definition of God as a being in the usual way abstracted from direct sensual experience. Philosophically, we arrive at the judgment that there must be a being beyond our experience whose nature is identical to its existence, thereby explaining the existence of the beings within our experience as well as explaining its own existence. Thus, the definition of God is initially known philosophically in the same judgment by which we know his existence (I am, who am). This single judgment incorporating both the definition of God and his existence depends upon the self-evident principle that everything has an explanation including the existence of the material beings within our experience.

Because the existence and definition of God arise as a philosophical conclusion, it is not possible in initiating a philosophical enquiry to ask the question, "Does God exist?" At the start, God is philosophically undefinable.

Madrid and Hensley identify their argument as presuppositional (*The Godless Delusion*, p 38). They err philosophically in presupposing the existence of God. Such a presupposition is philosophically untenable.

Similarly, Hahn and Wiker err philosophically in initiating a philosophical enquiry with a definition of God (*Answering the New Atheism*, p 14). Their definition of God is a being eternal and necessary in being. However, since we know things through experience and nothing in our experience is eternal or necessary in being, such characteristics of being initially lack meaning. However, we do reach the philosophical conclusion that a being, whose nature is to exist, must exist outside of our experience in order to explain the existence of the beings within our experience. Such a being must be necessary in being and eternal in being. Prior to such a judgment, eternity and necessity can only be defined logically, not as real attributes of real being. In fact Hahn and Wiker illustrate their meaning of necessity as simply logical and not ontological by noting the simile between their definition of God's necessity in being and the necessity by definition of a unicorn's having a horn and being a horse. Their analysis is the analysis of logical definition, which is doubly irrelevant because mathematical probability too has nothing to do with ontology.

Modern Debate and an Educational Solution

Modern man views himself, not as philosophical, but as scientific and mathematical. Richard Dawkins has done a great service by presenting the core of the debate of modern atheism as a problem in the arithmetic of probability.

Theists and atheists, alike, should advocate the teaching of the mathematics of probability in all high schools and colleges to insure the understanding both of

Darwin's mathematical theory of random mutation and Dawkins' theory of improbability. The mathematics of probability is little more than the arithmetic of counting. Such teaching would resolve the alleged logical problem of low values of probability under its various names such as the 'problem of improbability' and 'irreducible complexity'.

Whether in science or philosophy, it is essential to recognize that:

- (1) Human knowledge of material reality is not the inference of probability.
- (2) There is no extra-mathematical limit on mathematical probability.
- (3) The same repetitive material outcome from the same repetitive material circumstances is indicative of cause and effect. It is the basis of scientific investigation.
- (4) Material simulation of mathematical probability involves fractional concentrations of elements in sets and, therefore, requires not the same, but varying material outcomes from repetitive material circumstances, which circumstances are taken as the same, but are so only grossly.

Such recognition would require the modification of their published views by critics of modern atheism, but would require abandoning his published views by the most prominent of the modern atheists, Richard Dawkins.

Dawkins' philosophical argument against the God of traditional philosophy and St. Thomas

Dawkins invokes the valid principle that the simpler explains the more complex and not vice versa. (Darwin's theory of evolution appears to embody this principle.) We are all impressed with the fact that in the human technological arts, the more complex is superior to the simpler. The modern automobile is more complex than and much superior to the horse-drawn carriage. However, Dawkins sees the relationship of simplicity and complexity in the area of explanation and being (ontology) as equivalent to the relationship of inferiority and superiority in the area of human technology. Consequently, he implicitly affirms the premise that the ontologically inferior explains the ontologically superior.

Dawkins argues that the God, proposed by traditional philosophy, is a superior human, who operates at the level of technology, and therefore must be more complex than that, the existence of which, he is posited to explain. Also, if it were true that the more complex explains the simpler, then another more complicated God would have to be posited to explain the first God, resulting in an infinite series of Gods.

The traditional argument for the existence of God is based on the principle that the ontologically superior explains the ontologically inferior, in accord with the principle that the simpler explains the more complex. Dawkins errs by identifying

the ontologically superior as more complex than the ontologically inferior. Dawkins identifies simplicity with ontological inferiority. Consequently, Dawkins does not come to the same conclusion as St. Thomas that a Being of almighty simplicity must exist, who obviously is not a complex superhuman acting at the level of technology, but because of his absolute ontological simplicity, explains his own existence and the existence of everything else, which is ontologically more complex. In his absolute ontological simplicity, God is not only ultimate and unlimited in being, but ultimate and unlimited in truth (intelligence/explanation) and goodness (love).

Dawkins' conception of God is anthropomorphic, a God who acts through the art of human technology (design, as Dawkins defines it). The God of St. Thomas is not anthropomorphic and technological, but ontological.

Conclusion

In the perennial philosophy, it is the limitation in rationality and being of the things within our experience which requires the existence of a God of unlimited intelligence and being. If mathematical probability were inferable from objective material reality, individual material phenomena would be irrational. There would be no limited objective rationality in need of a complete explanation.

In *The God Delusion*, Richard Dawkins posits the inference of mathematical probability from material observation and confines rationality in the material world to that of human artifice, i.e. design. This leads to the philosophy of relativism in which the source of intelligibility defaults to the individual human mind. Yet, Dawkins has the gut feeling he is wrong. He is driven to attempt to rule out the inference of irrational chance, while affirming the inference of its synonym, mathematical probability.

Each of the three book-length critiques of the new atheism, referenced in this essay, ignores the crux of Dawkins' gut-wrenching problem, chance vs. probability. Two of the critiques address mathematical probability. However, by affirming the inference of mathematical probability from material reality, they implicitly concur with Dawkins and concede the foundation of relativism.

The solution to Dawkins' gut-wrenching problem affirms the rationality of material reality. The solution is to recognize that material simulations of mathematical probability are based on the human ignorance of material causality, not the denial of causality. Mathematical probability, synonymously chance, is not inferred from, but analogically applied to material phenomena by intentionally suspending scientific knowledge at the level at which randomness is posited.



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



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THE J. PATRICK LEE PRIZE FOR SERVICE

Delta Epsilon Sigma is pleased to announce the J. Patrick Lee Award for Service. This annual undergraduate competition is established to honor Patrick Lee, who served as National Secretary-Treasurer of Delta Epsilon Sigma with dedication and commitment for over 20 years, and whose leadership transformed the Society. As a tribute to Dr. Lee's praiseworthy ethical character and judgment, awards of \$1000 will be given to student members of Delta Epsilon Sigma who best embody the ideals of Catholic social teaching through their engagement in service. Student winners of the award will also be profiled in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*.

Guidelines for J. Patrick Lee Prize for Service:

- In order to participate in the contest, the student should submit a personal statement of 500-1000 words to his/her chapter moderator. Personal statements should respond to the following questions: **How does your current and past engagement in service reflect the tenets of Catholic social teaching and enrich the local, national, or global community? How will you continue or expand your service in the future? Students are encouraged to be as specific and thorough as possible within the word limit.**
- The student should also submit one letter of recommendation written by someone in a professional position who can attest to the type and extent of the service in which the student has engaged.
- Chapter moderators should select one student from their chapters to nominate for the prize.
- Nominated students must be undergraduates at the time of nomination.
- Nominated students must be members of Delta Epsilon Sigma.
- For official entry form, visit the DES website: <http://deltaepsilonsigma.org>.
- Moderators should submit all entries electronically as MS Word Documents to the National Office at the University of St. Thomas: desnational@stthomas.edu.
- **The deadline for nominations from moderators is Dec. 1.**



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. 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 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 approve and 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 Award

General Description

Each year, DES may recognize successful student chapters that exemplify the ideals of the Society and conduct exceptional programs and activities during the academic year. Recognition comes with a letter from the Executive Board, a plaque for the Chapter and a feature on the DES website. Chapters that successfully earn recognition will engage in valuable programs that impact 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 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 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?

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



AN INVITATION TO POTENTIAL CONTRIBUTORS

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

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

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 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.

SYNOPSIS OF THE 2013 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ANNUAL MEETING

The Executive Committee of Delta Epsilon Sigma met in St. Petersburg, Florida, Feb. 8-9, 2012. Present were Sr. Linda Marie Bos, Vice President, and Rev. Dr. Anthony Grasso, C.S.C., Chaplain; Members, Dr. Rosemary Bertocci, Prof. Abby Gambrel, Dr. Larry Sullivan; *DES Journal* Co-Editors Dr. Claudia Kovach and Dr. Robert Magliola; and Secretary-Treasurer Dr. Thomas Connery. Dr. Christopher Lorentz, President, and Dr. John Palasota were unable to attend.

Sr. Linda called the meeting to order at 8:30 a.m. and Fr. Grasso opened with a prayer. Sr. Linda then officially welcomed Dr. Larry Sullivan as a new member of the Committee.

After approval of the 2012 meeting minutes, Dr. Connery reviewed the financial audit, which is required by the By-Laws, and covers the Fiscal Year, July 1, 2011, to June 30, 2012. The audit was conducted by the accounting firm of Lethert, Skwira, Achultz & Co., LLP of St. Paul, MN. According to the audit, revenue dropped from \$145,925 in FY2011 to \$124,492 in FY2012. That was largely due to a 144-person drop in membership, a \$3,000 drop in donations, and a decline in “unrealized gain on investments.” Overall, however, investment income continued to rise, from \$123,865 in FY2011 to \$139,913 in FY2012. (As of Dec.31, 2012, investment value was \$148,362.) Total assets went from \$456,469 in FY2011 to \$462,061 in FY2012 or an increase of about \$5,500. The auditors concluded that the organization’s financial records are in good shape. The Executive Committee accepted Dr. Connery’s report.

Dr. Magliola and Dr. Kovach, co-editors of *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*, reported that they currently have a backlog in submissions. They noted that submissions to the Journal don't always fit the Journal’s mission —“to serve the Catholic cultural and intellectual tradition”—but that developing detailed, specific guidelines would be difficult. The editors now intend to produce an issue that recognizes the 75th anniversary of DES in Fall 2014.

The Committee discussed ways to encourage more active participation on the part of chapter moderators/advisors. Although there are 77 chapters, only about 12-15 chapters consistently submit entries to the Writing Competition and for scholarships and fellowships. The committee and Dr. Connery will look into inviting five moderators/advisors each year to the annual meeting of the Executive Committee in order to more closely involve the moderators in the business of DES and to more effectively support them. Also under consideration are periodic regional meetings of chapters and moderators.

The J. Patrick Lee Prize in Ethics, an undergraduate essay competition with a prize of \$1,500 has only attracted three entries in two years, with no winners selected, despite promotion of the award on a number of campuses. Consequently, the Committee voted to change the award to the J. Patrick Lee Award for Service. The award would honor the memory of Pat Lee, who served DES for 20 years, by recognizing an outstanding student service project that clearly reflects Catholic social teaching.

The Executive Committee judged the annual Writing Competition and selected the following winners:

Nonfiction Prose:

- First Place: “Nosebleeds” by Cecelia MacDonald, St. Francis University
- Second Place: “Explorations in Indecision” by Katie Matejka, University of St. Thomas, MN
- Honorable Mention: “Edith Brower and the Question of Talent” by Jessica Rafalko, King's College

Poetry:

- First Place: “Paperboy 1972” by Kristin Sauer, Thomas More College
- Second Place: “Your Name After Marina Tsvetaeva” by McKenzie Frey, Loras College
- Honorable Mention: “That Night” by Kristin Sauer, Thomas More College

Scholarly Research:

- Honorable Mention: “The Negative Implications” by Allison Terry, Notre Dame of Maryland University

Short Fiction:

- First Place: “The Truth About Hunger” by Anthony Otten, Thomas More College
- Second Place: “My Jamaica” by Molly Weiland, Cardinal Stritch University
- Honorable Mention: “Oranges” by Anders Carlson, Loras College

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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