



# JOURNAL

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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 the Delta Epsilon Sigma Undergraduate Writing Contest winners. 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. 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 co-editors: Robert Magliola, Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal, 411 Tenth Street, Union City, NJ 07087-4113 (Robert\_Magliola@hotmail.com); Gail S. Corso, Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal, Neumann University, Arts and Sciences, One Neumann Drive, Aston, PA 19014-1298 (gcorso@neumann.edu).*

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**MESSAGES FROM THE EDITORS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE**

- The Executive Committee announces a change in the editorship of the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*. As of July 2014, Dr. Claudia Kovach assumed the position of Executive Director of the Society. She has assisted in the transition to a new co-editor, Dr. Gail S. Corso, who will now work with Dr. Robert Magliola in editing the *DES Journal*.
- The Executive Committee is delighted to announce that the second J. Patrick Lee Prize for Service has been awarded equally to two winners. You may read in this issue the first of two Interviews from this year's awardees. The other Interview will appear in the fall 2015 issue.
- The Delta Epsilon Sigma Executive Committee is pleased to announce the year 2014 undergraduate writing competition winners (first and second place winners, and honorable mentions) on page 39 of this issue. The policy of the *DES Journal* remains to publish the full text of first-place winning entries and—at the behest of the Executive Committee—the full text of some or all second-place winning entries as well. The present issue presents the first-place entries in poetry, personal essay writing, and the first part of a lengthy, scholarly-researched essay. The remainder of this essay will be published in the Fall 2015 issue.
- The Delta Epsilon Sigma Executive Committee has created a new category for the writing competition: Creative Non-fiction/Personal Essay. Features for each writing category are clearly delineated.
- The Executive Committee is delighted to report that The *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* website is now “live” and can be found online at the DES website: <http://deltaepsilonsigma.org>. As part of the Society's re-designing process, the Executive Board now invites chapters to share and celebrate what they are doing by linking their own social media pages to the national DES website. The *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* not only will be housed on the web page, but its content will be searchable via the web. For easy access to the Delta Epsilon Sigma website, you may scan its “QR Code”:



- The Executive Committee invites members to review the updated page describing Delta Epsilon Sigma's jewelry, with more attractive pricing. At the request of the membership, honor cords also have been made available.
- 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: Executive Director: Dr. Claudia M. Kovach, Neumann University, Division of Arts and Sciences, Aston, PA 19014-1298, (610) 558-5573 FAX: (610) 361-5314 Email: DESNational@neumann.edu.

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## THE J. PATRICK LEE PRIZE FOR SERVICE: INTERVIEW WITH COLLEEN CRANN (Mount St. Mary's University, Emmitsburg, MD)

### **1. Why do you feel called to serve others? What or who in your past has influenced you to view service as important?**

Service is something that has been important to me for my entire life. From elementary school all the way through Mount St. Mary's, the Catholic schools that I have attended have always emphasized the importance of serving others. I know that I will use the knowledge and the values that have been instilled in me by these schools to serve people who have not had such great opportunities.



Photo of Colleen Crann

### **2. Has attending a Catholic institution and studying Catholic Social Teaching affected your ideas about service? Has your involvement with DES added anything to what you knew or thought about service?**

Yes, I think that attending a Catholic institution has definitely affected my ideas about service. The students at Mount St. Mary's are very devoted to serving others. During my time at the Mount, I have participated in different service opportunities that have exposed me to people and organizations that are incredibly dedicated to serving others, and they are all very inspiring. Reflecting on my service experience for the J. Patrick Lee Service Award was a very fruitful experience. It bolstered my desire to continue my service beyond college.

### **3. Could colleges and universities better promote and support service opportunities for their students?**

In my personal experience, I think that universities do an excellent job promoting and supporting service opportunities. At the Mount, the Office of Social Justice, Campus Ministry, student-run organizations, and sports teams participate in many opportunities for service. When I was volunteering for Habitat for Humanity in Virginia, the man who supervised our service site told us that every week, a different group of college students gave up their spring

break to volunteer for Habitat. It is wonderful to know that universities across the country promote service opportunities like this.

**4. What is the most memorable moment you have experienced while engaging in service?**

My most memorable service experience was my experience with Habitat for Humanity in Virginia. In just five days, my group made a great amount of progress in building structures for a house and a shed. We also had the chance to meet the women who would be living in the house. It was wonderful to see the positive impact that our work would have on a family.

**5. How do you plan to use the money from the J. Patrick Lee Prize?**

So far, I have put a good amount of the money from the J. Patrick Lee Prize into savings.

**6. What social or political leader (past or present) would you like most to meet? Why?**

I would like the opportunity to meet Sr. Helen Prejean, a Catholic nun who is an active advocate for the abolishment of the death penalty. I took a course on the death penalty last year, and we read Sr. Helen's book *Dead Man Walking*, which recounts Sr. Helen's initial involvement with the death penalty and her first experiences working with death row inmates. Learning about the death penalty and the difficult advocacy work that she does gave me so much respect for her.

**7. How do you see your service evolving in the next five or 10 years? Have you thought about doing a "year of service" after graduation?**

Although I have not considered doing a year of service after I graduate, I am interested in working for a non-profit organization. While I am not quite sure where I will end up in the next few years, I know that serving others will always be my priority.



## THANKS TO DIVINE INTERVENTION: A DECOUPAGE OF INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A CATHOLIC SISTER

**SR. NANCY BARSHICK, MSHS\***

[**Editors' Note:** Some time ago, a Sr. Nancy, a member of the Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart, phoned us in relation to her subscription to this journal. We chatted, and she relayed anecdotes from her life that both intrigued and edified us. We asked her to type up the anecdotes in the format of "bulleted phrases" and send them on to us (of course, we then sent her submission on to an outside peer-reviewer, a process her anecdotes duly cleared). We offer here those anecdotes.]

- In North Carolina, I had my first serious encounter with the Ku Klux Klan. One evening a man known to us rang our doorbell. I opened it and when asked "You know I'm a Klan's member?" he nodded. "I like you ladies. I told the Klan at the meeting tonight to leave you all alone. You're safe now."
- Wearing full religious habit, I stood with a large group in a South Carolina voting office waiting to become a registered voter. Hands raised, we were asked, "Do you swear you have never committed fornication or beaten your wife?" This was a Southern prejudiced attempt aimed at thwarting Negro registration. I couldn't help wondering how many whites committed perjury that day!
- Sometimes there is a lighter side with prejudice. In Virginia, when we were driving through a town in our modified habits, our car was stopped by a state trooper egged on by the local policeman. Jumping out of the car I snapped, "What do you want?" Stunned, the trooper pretended to offer help in case we were lost. Lifting my left arm in the direction we were heading, I snapped again, "We're going that way." Satisfied, he quickly left. It wasn't until I was back in the car and saw the other Sisters laughing that I realized when I had raised my left arm, my underarm dress seam had split, exposing some underclothes!

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\*Sr. Nancy has degrees in Sociology, Religious Studies and Canon Law from the U.S.A. and Belgium. She taught part-time at Duquesne University's Graduate School of Education/CCD and worked in Diocesan and parish religious education programs, family life, mental health and disabilities, sales, and hospice in the United States, Europe, Middle East, Liberia, W. Africa and Bahamas.

- While in the South I saw how the religious habit was a hindrance to our work. Some took it for the garb of the Klan. I also began to see the garb as an unacknowledged danger for Sisters working overseas. The Sisters stood out, and when anger was directed toward the Church, they were among the first victims raped and murdered. Were these rapes, in countries which stressed the concept of “virginity,” due to the Sisters’ garb readily identifying them as “the virgins”?
- One day while working in Monrovia, Liberia (before Ebola), I wandered into a forbidden zone with no signs indicating it as such. When asked what I was doing there, my response, “I came to see the house of the President,” caused alarm. A uniformed soldier rushed out of the guard house, holding his submachine gun to my heart while a shouting policeman raised his revolver to the side of my head. I froze in terror. Without thinking, I began talking in a childish voice, finally saying, “Bye, bye. I go bye, bye now.” Thanks to Divine Intervention, I escaped harm. The guards who had thought I was an assassin come to kill the new power boss—who called himself “Head of State”—had murdered the very “President” whose house I wished to visit. Because I had used the word “President,” they would have killed me—guilt by association—just as the year before they had murdered an African American male Peace Corps worker.
- When the Sisters and lay volunteers were murdered in El Salvador, I joined a Sisters’ march on the White House, functioning as a crossing guard. As hundreds of Sisters crossed one of the streets where I stood watch, a Mercedes came straight at them, intending to plow through the line. A question of impatience, or of diplomatic immunity? I had no time to decide. Jumping in front of the car and slamming my hands on the hood, I shouted “STOP!” The driver didn’t. Coming close, he kept pressing his bumper into my knees hoping I’d crumble. I refused. Still leaning on the hood, I yelled “DON’T YOU DARE MOVE!” Once the Sisters safely passed, I gestured him on, and as he left, I saw he could have been a Salvadoran.
- Returning to Marianna to work and care for my aging mother, I found it now a bed of drug addicts and underage drinkers, and without a police force. It didn’t take long to establish a reputation of fearlessness in the face of the “wild ones.” One day a male driving on a very narrow road with no witnesses decided to play the “chicken game” with me. He swung his car head on at mine hoping I would “chicken out” by smashing my car into a solid hill or by rolling over an embankment and crashing into the dam below. But I kept coming. He’s the one who “chickened” out.

## MEDITATION

### ROSEMARY BERTOCCI AND FRANCIS ROHLF\*

Ever since Jorge Mario Bergoglio was elected pope in March of 2013, there has been nearly-constant acclaim of a new tone from the papacy from not only the Catholic laity, but the typically-cynical secular media. From the moment when the newly-elected pope declared that defining himself as a sinner was “not a figure of speech” or “literary genre,” but his most-accurate self-assessment, to his rhetorically powerful, “Who am I to judge?” when asked about a Vatican “gay lobby,” to his welcoming Gustavo Gutiérrez at the Vatican, Catholics everywhere are experiencing Pope Francis I renewing the worldwide Church.

Perhaps remarkably, this is the first time in the Church’s history that a pontiff has elected to be named Francis. In choosing to be called after Saint Francis of Assisi, “the man of poverty, the man of peace, the man who loves and protects creation,” the same created world “with which we don’t have such a good relationship,” the new pontiff declared: “How I would like a church that is poor and that is for the poor.”<sup>1</sup> Those familiar with the saint know that our Holy Father is aspiring to follow in the footsteps of one who had wed Lady Poverty.<sup>2</sup> Rather than railing against capitalism and consumerism, Pope Francis eschews papal finery and takes the bus; without vilifying the wealthy, he urges clergy to live like their congregations and “smell of the sheep”; and, like his namesake, he embraces the disfigured and disabled. Like a pebble in his shoe, he takes a name that will always be a reminder of both his inadequacy and the challenge to live the Gospel in humility, peace, and praise for the self-emptying God.

In the Bull of Canonization, *Mira Circa Nos*, Pope Gregory IX asserted that Francis of Assisi arrived at a critical time – “at the 11th hour,” when “wickedness had indeed blazed like fire, and the human heart had grown cold.” Following upon a dark period of revealed sexual and financial scandals, this pope, indeed, has arrived at a nadir in public estimation of the hierarchy and clergy. Perhaps, instead of explicating “Francis moments,” we will be able to read this new pope’s biography, as Pope Gregory did when he read the events of Francis’ life, as a series of “Jesus moments.” Gregory, convinced that the scriptures (and, for that matter, all

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\* Dr. Rosemary Bertocci is Professor of Philosophy, Religious Studies, and Environmental Studies at Saint Francis University, and Dr. Francis Rohlf, is Coordinator of Philosophy and Religious Studies at Mount Aloysius College.

finite phenomena) are ordered by God according to the *Rule of Faith* or divine economy,<sup>3</sup> felt confident that there are patterns that link seemingly disparate figures (people).<sup>4</sup> As the worldwide church is experiencing God's wondrous consideration, perhaps each of us should join Pope Gregory's praise of God for taking pity on humanity as a new Francis has been called to "rebuild the church."

### Notes

- 1 <http://www.thecatholictelegraph.com/pope-francis-explains-why-he-chose-st-francis-of-assisis-name/13243>
- 2 As Auerbach comments, "More than a thousand years ago she [Lady Poverty] was robbed of her first husband (Christ ...), and since then she has lived scorned and abandoned until Francis appeared" (1959. Erich Auerbach, "Figura," in *Scenes From The Drama of European Literature*. NY: Meridian Books, 97).
- 3 The *Rule of Faith* is based on Saint Irenaeus' formulation: "There is thus only one God, the Father... and one Jesus Christ our Lord, who came according to the economy and who recapitulated all things in himself." See 2005. John J. O'Keefe and R. R. Reno, *Sanctified Vision: An Introduction to Early Christian Interpretation of the Bible*. The Johns Hopkins University Press.
- 4 "The figurative interpretation establishes a relationship between two happenings, both of which are historical, in which each one becomes significant not only in itself but also for the other, and the other in turn emphasizes and completes the first" (See 1959. Auerbach).



THE PRIEST TO THE ARCHBISHOP—  
TWO LETTERS ON THE EVE OF THE CIVIL WAR:  
A MICROCOSM OF AMERICAN HEARTACHE  
[PART ONE]\*

KENNETH J. ZANCA, PH.D.\*\*

**Introduction**

Ample evidence preserved in private correspondence from the antebellum era supplies countless ominous premonitions of what was to come. Alabama Congressman Jabez L. M. Curry characterized the events of that time as “darkness visible,” wrapping itself around the future of the South and the nation.<sup>1</sup> In political disagreements among family members, friends, co-religionists, colleagues, and erstwhile compatriots, there are also eloquent testimonies to the drama of loving relationships strained by conflicting world-views played out in every town, small or large, across the country.

This article presents letters of that period sent from one good friend, a Southerner, to another, a Northerner, which personify the sadness and impending sense of loss that many experienced because of the Civil War.

John Purcell (1800-1883), Archbishop of Cincinnati, was born in Ireland, a stalwart defender of the Union, an opponent of slavery, and a supporter of Lincoln. With his brother, Edward, he published a diocesan newspaper, the *Catholic Telegraph*, which offered more anti-slavery articles than any other Catholic (and certainly more than many secular) northern papers of the day. Father David Whelan (1811-1867), the younger brother of Richard V. Whelan, bishop of Richmond, then of Wheeling, was born in Maryland, once Purcell’s protégé, and a man who lived and worked most of his life in the South. He was recuperating from illness, and serving as chaplain to the Visitation Sisters in Summerville, Alabama, on the eve of the Civil War. Whelan was a servant to the Southern people, tolerant of the

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\* Part Two of Dr. Kenneth J. Zanca’s article will be published in the Fall issue.

\*\* Kenneth J. Zanca is professor of Religious Studies at Marymount California University. He received his Ph.D. from Fordham University in the field of Christian Ethics. His scholarly work has been concentrated in the study of American Catholic history, especially the areas of the church and slavery, anti-Catholicism before the Civil War, and Catholics involved in the trial of the Lincoln conspirators.

“peculiar institution,” anti-Lincoln, at first opposed to secession, but later resigned himself to it, something Purcell would never have done.

Purcell and Whelan, and their care for one another across the cultural divides of North and South, are representative of American heartache. They emerged from a similar Irish ethos, shared a common clerical culture, abided in the same Catholic Church, worshipped the same God, served the same Christ, and were both men who studied and traveled abroad in their times, so alike, and still different in their view of Lincoln, his party, and what was best for the nation. Yet, they respected and deeply honored one another. Their pathos reflected Lincoln’s words from the First Inaugural: “We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.”

### **Context: Mobile 1860-1861**

The Catholic Church was well established in Mobile by 1860.<sup>2</sup> Its roots were in the French and Spanish settlements of the seventeenth century, and it had established a permanent Diocese of Mobile in 1826 with Michael Portier as its first bishop. The federal census of 1860 recorded seven (of nine in the state) Catholic churches in the county which could accommodate 7,000+ attendees. When contrasted with the Baptists’ 11 churches (accommodation 6,600), the Presbyterians’ six churches (6,500), and the Methodists’ 16 churches (9,150), it is easy to see the minority status of Catholics in the area. Still, their presence and impact were visible and significant.<sup>3</sup>

Catholics sponsored several vital institutions well accepted, respected, and appreciated by the people of Mobile. In 1860, Spring Hill College had a faculty of 20 Jesuits and more than 150 students. The Convent and Academy of the Visitation had 40 Visitandine sisters with 70 young female borders. (More on the Convent below, as it was to this group and to Catholics in this area, that Whelan was assigned.) There were 15 Christian Brothers in charge of a Male Orphanage caring for 80 boys and 12 Sisters of Charity (from Emmitsburg, MD) caring for 90 young girls in their Female Orphanage. (These institutions received proceeds from theatricals staged in the city during the War.<sup>4</sup>) Both the brothers and sisters administered several free day schools for 800+ children. The Providence Infirmary, staffed by the Sisters of Charity, accommodated 60 patients.<sup>5</sup>

By the end of 1861, every religious denomination practiced in the South, except the Roman Catholics, had divided into Northern and Southern branches or “conventions.” For the Protestants, the fault line of separation was the slavery issue. Southern Christians objected to Northern bodies going into the politics of abolitionism; Northern Christians condemned Southern bodies for their participation

in, and support of, what to them was the architecture of an evil social structure.<sup>6</sup>

There is no doubting the fact that the Catholic Church in America conformed to the social and political traditions of the sections where it existed. In the South, Catholics were as pro-states' rights and pro-slavery as members of any other religious group—and they were commended for such by their Southern neighbors.<sup>7</sup> At the same time, even the most ardent pro-Confederacy bishop deplored the abuses of slavery, recognized that slaves were human beings with souls, encouraged their religious instruction, admitted them to sacraments, advocated for their rights to have families (and to be sold as family units), and encouraged manumission if the freedmen would return to Africa.<sup>8</sup> Catholics in the South, though few in comparison to Protestant numbers, did own slaves—and that meant bought, insured, maintained, disciplined, and sold them—and did not see these practices as moral evils, nor did their clergy use the pulpit to deliver abolitionist sermons.<sup>9</sup>

Politically, Mobile was not a hot bed of the Secessionist movement, no doubt because of its commercial ties to Northern cities.<sup>10</sup> In the presidential election of 1860, Mobile County voters gave Douglas 1,823 votes; Bell 1,629; and Breckinridge 1,541—in other words almost 70% of the votes were cast for anti-secession candidates.<sup>11</sup> It was the *fait accompli* of Lincoln's election that pushed citizens toward secession. They interpreted his election as an end to slavery. *The Mobile Daily Advertiser's* editorial of December 7, 1860 asserted: "The rapid progress of events within the past few weeks leaves little ground for hope that the Union can be preserved upon any basis, just, equitable, and satisfactory to the Southern people."

And events in Alabama were hastening toward disunion: January 5, 1861—Forts Morgan and Gaines were seized; January 11—Alabama seceded from the Union; February 4—Montgomery designated provisional capital of the Confederate States of America; February 18—Jefferson Davis inaugurated in Montgomery; March 4—the first national Confederate flag is raised over Montgomery; March 13—Alabama joined the Confederacy. In 1861, Lincoln said: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field, and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearth-stone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." This proved to be a mistaken prophecy.

## **Correspondents: Arcs and Intersects<sup>12</sup>**

### **John Purcell**

John Baptist Purcell was born in County Cork, Ireland, February 26, 1800, and immigrated to Baltimore in 1818. There he supported himself by being a tutor to the

family of Dr. Wisson, a wealthy resident of the eastern shore of Maryland.<sup>13</sup> Two years later, he was accepted to Mt. St. Mary's Seminary in Emmitsburg, Maryland. His intellectual gifts were evident, and in 1824 he was sent to study theology at the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice in Paris. He was ordained in 1826 at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and he remained in Paris for one year additional study. On his return to the United States, he was appointed to Mt. St. Mary's faculty as its vice president. One year later, he accepted the position of the seminary's president. He held this position from 1829 till 1833. It was during this time he first met the young David Whelan who was a student there.<sup>14</sup>

Recognized as a gifted thinker, a capable administrator, and a devout person of faith, the Vatican appointed Purcell bishop of the Diocese of Cincinnati in April 1833, and promoted him to Archbishop of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati in July 1850. Under his leadership, the Catholic Church in the Midwest grew and prospered. When he arrived in 1833, there were 16 churches, 14 priests, and approximately 6,500 self-identified Catholics. By 1839, the growth was noticeable: 24 churches, 34 priests, one theological seminary (Mt. St. Mary's of the West), the presence of two communities of religious men and women, and two charitable institutions. In 1860, Purcell reported the following census of his Archdiocese: 128 churches; 112 priests; one major theological seminary and one minor seminary (prep school); three colleges; seven congregations of religious men and eight communities of nuns; 60 schools (both free and fee-charging); seven orphanages; and a Catholic population of 150,000.<sup>15</sup>

David Whelan served as: Purcell's Chancellor, Vice-Rector and instructor at the seminary, member of the Bishop's Council, and co-pastor of St. Peter's Cathedral in Cincinnati from 1849 to 1854, and from 1859 to 1860. They even lived in the same rectory (parish house or manse) with several other priests during these years. One of the clergy living here at that time was John Quinlan who, in 1859, would be made Bishop of the Diocese of Mobile, and would be instrumental in finding a place for Whelan at the Convent of the Visitation in 1860.<sup>16</sup>

Among the Catholic hierarchy, Purcell was the most vocal opponent of slavery. For this reason, he was resented by many bishops, North and South, who believed that he had intruded the Church into politics—something the majority attempted to avoid. In this, he was a distinct minority among America's Irish Catholics, as will be explained below when speaking of Whelan's positions. Perhaps this uniqueness is rooted in the fact that he did not have Southern roots, or that he was financially "better off" than most of the poor Irish who crowded the cities, and was not economically threatened by the consequences of emancipation. In any event, typical of his staunch Union position, and his combative rhetoric, are these excerpts from

a speech he gave at a ceremony opening the Catholic Institute of Cincinnati on February 8, 1861:

. . . We have testified our devotion to the Union hitherto by the flags displayed in another hall [St. Peter's Cathedral], and the prayers there offered that the rattlesnake of disunion might never sting the hands that upheld these flags. We have testified by the pledge that Catholics would not falter in their efforts to preserve the Union. And I ask you if these pledges have not been redeemed. I hope that all meetings held in this hall will be distinguished by devotion to a just and holy cause. . . .

When you look around this hall, and see the beautiful stars and stripes that adorn it, pray, oh pray that the hideous rattlesnake may never sting them, but that the rattlesnake of Secession may be crushed to death, even as the Ever Blessed Mary crushed the serpent that caused our fall.<sup>17</sup>

In April 1861, Purcell would make remarks every bit as partisan as Patrick Lynch's, when the Bishop of Charleston declared that South Carolinians owed their allegiance to the nation of South Carolina. Purcell said:

The President has spoken and it is our duty to obey him as head of the nation. Moreover, Ohio, the State in which we are, has also spoken on the subject. It is then our solemn duty as good and loyal citizens to walk shoulder to shoulder with all our fellow citizens in support of the national honor.<sup>18</sup>

### **David Whelan**

David Whelan was born in Baltimore, Maryland, to an established Irish Catholic family on January 25, 1811.<sup>19</sup> He entered Mt. St. Mary's Prep School in 1824 and the Seminary in 1832, but before graduating, he like Purcell was sent to study at the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice in Paris in 1841. He was ordained there on June 1, 1844.<sup>20</sup> After ordination, Fr. David Whelan returned to America, and was assigned to the Diocese of Richmond, where his elder brother, Richard, was bishop. He taught French, Rhetoric, and Latin, and served as Vice-Rector at the minor seminary, named in honor of St. Vincent de Paul. While living and teaching in Richmond, he served as pastor for St. Joseph's Church, Petersburg, Virginia, a round-trip distance of more than 40 miles which he made every weekend on horseback. He must not have been happy there, for in 1845 he applied for a faculty position at Mt. St. Mary's, but was turned down.<sup>21</sup> Nevertheless, he remained in Richmond until 1848.

By 1846, Bishop Whelan was spending more time in the western parts of

Virginia than he was in Richmond, and he established a residence in Wheeling. Fr. David Whelan followed in 1848, and taught in his brother's new seminary. There is indication of tension between the Bishop and his younger brother which probably explains why he remained only one year in Wheeling before accepting an invitation by Bishop Purcell to be an assistant to the rector of a seminary he was starting in Cincinnati, and to teach theology in it. The problem seems to be that Bishop Whelan wanted Fr. David Whelan to take a parish assignment in a remote area of western Virginia, and he did not want it. Fr. David Whelan appealed to Purcell to intercede with his brother on his behalf explaining that the assignment would leave him alone, and that he did not think his health would permit it. Apparently, Purcell persuaded Bishop Whelan to release his brother to him, but on certain conditions—particularly that he pay off his debts before leaving.<sup>22</sup>

Fr. David Whelan would remain in Cincinnati from 1849 until 1855 when he then took a post as professor of English at Mt. St. Mary's in Emmitsburg. He stayed there for two academic years, leaving the rector of the College, Father John McCaffrey, sorely wanting for an English professor and a "main spring in the machinery of the coming year."<sup>23</sup>

It should be noted that because he was a bishop's brother, and because of his associations with Mt. St. Mary's, David Whelan was known to many in the American hierarchy. Despite what seems to be erratic behavior at times, the younger Whelan was well regarded, or perhaps less closely scrutinized. An indication of this favored status was his appointment by Archbishop Francis Kenrick of Baltimore, the titular head of the American Catholic Church, to be his agent to consult with authorities in Rome about the erection of a "North American College" there—a seminary devoted to the training of future leaders of the American Catholic Church.<sup>24</sup>

## Notes

- 1 Phrase taken from Congressman Curry's speech, "Perils and Duties of the South," given in Talladega, AL, Nov. 26, 1860, found in Jon. L. Wakelyn, ed., *Southern Pamphlets on Secession, November 1860-April 1861* (Chapel Hill, NC: Univ. of North Carolina Press, 1996), pp. 35-62. Curry borrowed from John Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book I.
- 2 For a history of Catholicism in Alabama, see Oscar Lipscomb, *The Administration of Michael Portier, Vicar Apostolic of Alabama and the Floridas, 1825-1829, and First Bishop of Mobile, 1829-1859* (Washington, DC: Catholic University of America Press, 1963) or his reprise of it in Michael Glazier and Thomas J. Shelley, eds., *The Encyclopedia of American Catholic History* (Collegeville, MN: Liturgical Press, 1997), s.v. "Alabama, Catholic Church." The Diocese of Birmingham has just published a new *History of the Diocese of Birmingham* (2010) which has a strong emphasis on the history of Catholicism in the state. See also the "history" web pages of the Archdiocese of Mobile: [www.mobilevocations.com/history.html](http://www.mobilevocations.com/history.html).
- 3 For a handy and easy tool to find one's way through 1860 census data, go to <http://mapserver.lib.virginia.edu/> and click on "1860" census. Scroll to "Churches and Religions." For a hard copy see *Population of the United States in 1860...*

- (Washington, DC: Government Printing Office, 1864).
- 4 Joe A. Mobley, "The Siege of Mobile, August, 1864—April, 1865," *The Alabama Historical Quarterly*, 38, No. 4 (Winter 1976): 268.
  - 5 Data taken from the annual *Metropolitan Catholic Almanac and Laity Directory for 1860* (Baltimore, MD: John Murphy & Co., 1859), pp. 129-130. These numbers were reported every year by the bishops of each diocese to Murphy's offices.
  - 6 For a thorough treatment of the history of the "great divide" in Alabama, see Walter L. Fleming, "The Churches of Alabama during the Civil War and Reconstruction," *Gulf States History Magazine*, Vol. 1, No. 2 (September 1902): 105-127, esp. pp. 105-110. This publication went out of print in 1904, and is difficult to find, but now is available at [www.books.google.com](http://www.books.google.com). For more contemporary scholarship see George C. Rable, *God's Almost Chosen Peoples: A Religious History of the American Civil War* (Chapel Hill, NC: University of North Carolina Press, 2010), esp. pp. 1-69.
  - 7 Examples of Catholics' non-involvement in the slavery question underscored by the Catholic press are: *The Guardian* (Louisville, KY), Nov. 24, 1860 and *The Catholic Mirror* (Baltimore, MD), April 20, 1861. For commendations from secular (Protestant) papers see, *Southern Standard* (New Orleans, LA), June 3, 1855 and *Richmond Dispatch*, March 8, 1861.
  - 8 Francis Patrick Kenrick, bishop of Philadelphia, as early as 1843, advocated: "It is praiseworthy through religious and human motives to set them [slaves] free when the opportunity of going to Liberia in Africa is at hand." See excerpts of his *Theologia Moralis* in Kenneth J. Zanca, ed., *American Catholics and Slavery: 1789-1866; An Anthology of Primary Documents*, (Lanham, MD: University Press of America, 1994), pp. 199-200. The Catholics had established a colony for freed slaves in Liberia in 1841. For a study of this mission, see Richard L. Hall, *On Africa's Shore: A History of Maryland in Liberia 1834-1857* (Baltimore, MD: Maryland Historical Society, 2003). For an example of Catholic preaching on the slavery question, see Bishop Augustine Verot's "A Sermon on Slavery and Abolition," given in St Augustine, FL, Jan. 4, 1861 in Zanca, *American Catholics and Slavery*, pp.201-209.
  - 9 For treatments of the "Catholic position" on slavery see: Madeline H. Rice, *American Catholic Opinion in the Slavery Controversy* (New York, NY: Columbia University Press, 1944); James Hennesy, *American Catholics* (New York, NY: Oxford University Press, 1981); Randall Miller and Jon Wakelyn, eds., *Catholics in the Old South* (Macon, GA: Mercer University Press, 1983); and for a telescoped summary see Zanca in *The Encyclopedia of American Catholic History*, s.v. "Slavery and American Catholics."
  - 10 For a treatment of Mobile in the 1860-1861 period, see: Harriet E. Amos, *Cotton City: Urban Development in Antebellum Mobile*, (University, AL: University of Alabama Press, 1985); Arthur W. Bergeron, Jr. *Confederate Mobile*, (Jackson, MS: University Press of Mississippi, 1991 [2000 paper]): pp. 3-17 and Richmond F. Brown, "Cotton City: 1813-1860" in Michael V.R. Thomason, ed., *Mobile: The New History of Alabama's First City* (Tuscaloosa, AL: University of Alabama Press, 2001).
  - 11 See Michael J. Dubin, *United States Presidential Elections 1788-1860: Official Results by County and State* (Jefferson, NC: McFarland & Co., 2002) and Clarence P. Denmen, *The Secession Movement in Alabama* (Montgomery, AL: Alabama State Dept. of Archives and History, 1933), p. 120 as cited in Bergeron, *Confederate Mobile*, p. 5. Of course, as a state, Alabama went 54% for Breckinridge. See <http://www.USselectionatlas.org> for detailed report on the 1860 election.
  - 12 Information about John Purcell is taken from the following sources: Sr. Mary Agnes McCann, "The Most Reverend John Baptist Purcell, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati (1800-1883)" *The Catholic Historical Review* 6 (July 1920): 172-199—this was a telescoping of her 1918 Ph.D. thesis at Catholic University of America; John H. Lamott, *History of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati* (New York, NY: Fred Pustet Co., 1921), pp. 70-85; Roger A. Fortin, *Faith and Action: A History of the Catholic Archdiocese of Cincinnati, 1821-1996* (Columbus, OH: Ohio State University Press, 2002); David J. Endres, "Rectifying the Fatal Contrast: Archbishop John Purcell and the Slavery Controversy among Catholics in Civil War Cincinnati," *Ohio Valley History* 2 (Number 2, 2002): 23-33. There is no one source for information on David Whelan, and his story is culled from documents, letters, and testimonies not solely focused on him or his work. Each of these sources will be separately credited.
  - 13 Yearly Report of Rev. John Dubois, President of Mt. St. Mary Seminary, to Ambrose Marechal, Archbishop of Baltimore, 1821, cited in Lamott "History of Archdiocese of Cincinnati," p. 74.
  - 14 It was the custom at the time, due to the paucity of candidates for the priesthood, for Catholic seminaries to be "preparatory schools" and "colleges" (as we think of these species of educational institutions today) for many students who had no intentions of becoming priests, or for some Protestants who had no desire to become Catholics. Whelan would have been around 11 or 12, not unusual for a boy "to begin" formal education. See Sebastian A. Erbacher,

- O.F.M., *Catholic Higher Education for Men in the United States 1850-1866* (Washington, DC: Catholic University of America, 1931) and William S. Morris, *The Seminary Movement in the United States: Projects, Foundations, and Early Development 1833-1866* (Washington, DC: Catholic University of America, 1932).
- 15 See the *Metropolitan Catholic Almanac and Laity Directory* of 1833, pp. 89-93; of 1839, pp. 92-99; and of 1860, pp. 89-95. The later two are on line at the site of the Hathi Library Digital Library Trust @ <http://catalog.hathitrust.org/Record/005921937>.
  - 16 John Quinlan was another protégé of Purcell's. He was ordained for the diocese of Cincinnati by Purcell on August 30, 1852, placed as pastor of St. Mary's parish, Piqua, Ohio, served as assistant pastor to Purcell at St. Peter's Cathedral, and served as professor of philosophy and later rector of Purcell's seminary, St. Mary's of the West. It was Purcell who preached at Quinlan's installation as second bishop of Mobile in December 1859. See Francis X. Reuss, *Biographical Cyclopaedia of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States 1784-1898* (Milwaukee, WI: M.H. Wiltzius & Co., 1898), pp. 91-92.
  - 17 Different excerpts from the speech were reported in the following papers: *Liberty Tribune* (MO), Feb. 15, 1861; *Philadelphia Ledger*, October 5, 1861; *New York Times*, October 11, 1861. All refer to the original report in the *Cincinnati Daily Commercial* of February 9, 1861.
  - 18 See *Catholic Telegraph*, April 20, 1861. Bishop Lynch said: "The whole, undivided loyalty of our heart and conscience (we speak not only as a Carolinian, but as a Catholic theologian) must be hers [SC] and hers only. May the God of Peace guide her counsels and bless her with ever growing prosperity! May the Lord of Hosts shield her, if need be, and bless with victory her arms, if they must be used to maintain her honor and her independence as a sovereign commonwealth!" See reprint of Lynch's remarks from the *Catholic Miscellany* (Lynch's official paper) in the *Cincinnati Telegraph and Advocate*, December 29, 1860.
  - 19 Civil records document the presence of his parents, David Whelan and Sarah Maccubbin Whelan in Maryland as early as 1809. Whether they were born here or not cannot be confirmed without an ancestry search which is beyond the scope of this paper. See Richard W. Gill, Clerk of Court of Appeals, ed., *Report of Cases Argued and Determined in the Court of Appeals of Maryland*, Vol. 7 (Baltimore, MD: William & Joseph Neal, 1858), pp. 158-170. This record is in relation to a contested deed of trust case decided in 1838.
  - 20 A reliable time-line of Whelan's life must be extracted from several sources. This date of birth, for example, is provided by Mr. Ryan Rutkowski, Archivist, Diocese of Wheeling, from notes of his predecessor sent to me in correspondence of April 14, 2011. This date contradicts printed sources giving his date of birth as 1822 which would have him entering high school at age 2 or 3! There is solid evidence from Mt. St. Mary's records to establish that he was at the Prep School from 1824-1828; the College from 1828-1832; the Seminary from 1832 to 1834. He then falls off the map until notation of his being sent to the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice in 1841 and ordained in 1844. The gap could be explained by "personal problems" that Whelan experienced throughout his life. See Edward F. McSweeney and Mary M. Meline, *Story of the Mountain: Mt. St. Mary's College and Seminary* (Emmitsburg, MD: Mt. St. Mary's, 1911), pp. 158, 175, 194, 280, 338, 457, 443, 510 and 532. Verification for Whelan in Paris, see Sr. Hidegarde Yeager, *The Life of James Roosevelt Bayley* (Washington, DC: Catholic University of America, 1947), p. 53. The author wishes to thank Mr. Rutkowski for his help in finding key documents on, and sharing his knowledge about, David Whelan.
  - 21 See McSweeney, *Story of the Mountain*, p. 443 for his letter of September 29, 1845 to seminary officials. For his time at St. Joseph's in Petersburg, see the "History" section of the web pages of St. Joseph's Church at <http://www.sjcpetersburg.com/History.html>.
  - 22 See Lamott, *History of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati*, pp. 565-566. See Letters of Whelan (Petersburg) to Purcell (Cincinnati) of May 3, 1847; Whelan to Purcell, December 3, 1847; and Whelan to Purcell, June 1, 1848. Cincinnati Collection, Box 2, Folder 4, Files j and k University of Notre Dame Archives (hereafter UNDA).
  - 23 Letter of McCaffery (Emmitsburg) to Purcell (Cincinnati), August 22, 1856, Cincinnati Collection, Box 2, Folder 4, File m, UNDA. McCaffery told Purcell, "We will have a college and seminary such as we ought to have if the men who are needed are not taken away." See also Herman Heuser, "Mt. St. Mary's of the West," *American Ecclesiastical Review* 18 (1898): 565-566.
  - 24 See John C. Sauter, *The American College of the Louvain, 1857-1898* (Louvain : Bibliothèque de l'Université Bureaux du recueil, 1959), pp. 24-28. See also Kenrick's October 1858 letter to Bishop Martin J. Spalding (of Kentucky), explaining Whelan's appointment in J. L. Spalding, *The Life of the Most Reverend M. J. Spalding, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore* (New York, NY: The Catholic Publication Society, 1873), p. 359.

## A DARK MOTH ON A WHITE CEILING

**MCKENZIE FREY\***

Wings folded,  
an arrow pointing—

I swat  
and it falls into my bed,  
flutters, skitters  
amongst my covers,  
where I sift  
through  
lavender sheets  
and shake out two pillows—  
no moth, no arrow.

Lying down,  
I become a sweat-dream  
woven into a silk cocoon  
until I shrug my wings,  
press my head up  
through the split dome-case  
of unraveled silk threads,  
emerge over a pattering brook.

Upside down,  
I cling to a branch  
and stare into my new reflection,  
admiring compound eyes,  
flirty wings  
batting open like lashes  
after a long sleep,  
and my coiled proboscis;

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\* McKenzie Frey, a student at Loras College in Iowa, won first place in the poetry category of the undergraduate writing competition.

I reach out  
to pet a feathery antenna.

I am the moth,  
a large arrow pointing,  
spreading massive wings,  
beating a dust-storm of scales and hair,  
mounting the air toward the waxing moon.



## THE HEALING

**TOM FURLONG\***

O Christ of a Thousand Faces,  
how could I deny You,  
when,  
within that dark and awful place  
where no one else  
on earth  
    could find me,  
it was You  
    Who came,  
    Who called  
my name,  
and brought me back to life again?

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\* A graduate of St. Francis University and Penn State, Tom Furlong teaches English at County College of Morris in Randolph, NJ, and has taught at Drew University. His poems have appeared in *America*, *Commonweal*, *National Catholic Reporter*, *The New York Times*, and *DESJ*, and his light verse and humor in *The New York Times* and *The New York Daily News*.

## THE GOLDEN DAYS

HALLIE HAYES\*

**P**igeon-grey clouds sheath the sun, cooling the fall air. Cody, my brother, stands atop a steep cut of land crosshatched by fallow stalks, the ashen sky bright against his outline. I trot across the lawn to ascend. He's hunting for Pokémon, and like a typical younger sister, I want to join.

All I see is mud and sticks in front of me the whole way up, the hill is so steep. I am almost to the top—I can see his feet on the grass—two steps away, one step away, but before I can raise my head, rejection: “You’re not playing with me,” interrupts the stillness. Before the words are fully lost to the open air, two hands reach towards me. Cody shoves my chest, firm. The sky swells like a balloon as I lose the earth beneath my feet. I am weightless, the sound of my voice lost in the hollow “o” I form with my mouth. The stalks etch in, catching me as I roll, bottom over crown under myself, over, under, and over again.

When the hill guides me to the ground at last, the soles of my shoes kiss the grass and I run for it.

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The key feature of my childhood home was the open space that allowed nature to thrive. Just outside the nearest city limits, the retired farmhouse escaped the entanglements of Midwestern modernity. Untouched since the Victorian era, the property included surrounding acres of grass, forest, and a red-bricked peak-topped round barn in want of fixing. The whole area was my home, not just the house, radiating a laxness that I fell in love with.

The house was rectangular, like a shoebox turned on its side. The kitchen was big enough for my dad, brother, and me to play a game of *Monkey in the Middle*, even with our dining table circling a third of the room. There were two doors in the kitchen—one let out to the garden where Cody and I picked fresh green peas and popped them into our cheeks, still plump and pink with baby fat. The other door led to the root cellar, a half-cylindrical roof buried beneath a layer of dirt that cooled the temperature for keeping potatoes, carrots, and canned goods. It was the ideal place to huddle together

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\*\*Hallie Hayes, a student at Loras College, won first place in the nonfiction prose category of the undergraduate writing competition.

when the tornado sirens went off, and above ground, blanketed in white for the winter, the cellar's rounded slope made for the perfect sledding hill.

Our house was a walk-out ranch, wedged against a hill so the front door was on the first floor and the back door on the second. My bedroom was upstairs. Lacking space, it resembled a hallway. Any visitors had to walk single-file behind me in order to inch past my bed and dresser. I think that's part of the reason why I was always so eager to get outside. Cody and I would wake up, eat breakfast, and then be down in the sandbox, just like that. It was my freedom. The memories appear in patches, so I cling to what I can. I remember we pretended to be Native Americans living in the bare-limb woods, dry leaves bunching up beneath our shoes, and Eskimos once the snow came. After all the cold melted away, we'd get out the hose, let a trickle of water shimmer down the middle of the gravel road, and marvel at the river we created.

I remember standing under the open sky on a hill, watching the western glow ease behind the gently pulsing canopy on the horizon where we would hack wood, haul the logs in a cart behind the lawnmower, and stack them in neat rows on the front porch as fuel for the winter fire. On this hill, I remember discussions with my mother about the creamed-coffee smudge on my knee. She always said it was the place where the angels had kissed me. And just like that, my little mind grew not to inhabit an afterlife, but to adopt a life before. My earliest memory is of walking towards my dad in the corner of the yard by a boat, the trees brushing against the translucent sky; yet when I think of this memory, I always wonder, "And what before this?" as if this life were a birthmark on some other bigger picture, the edges fuzzy.

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Every inch of this place contained life waiting to be discovered. After school, the bus dropped us off at the bottom of the steep gravel road lined with trees. I kept my head down during the hike to find rocks with shells and holes imprinted into them, and later found ticks in my hair.

Even after we sold the horses, we were never for want of animals. Iguanas, piranhas, and snakes lived in tanks inside of our house; baby robins grew up in the garage, and raccoons napped on the front porch. A fawn with a sprained leg wobbled onto the property, sprawling out on the lawn until animal control arrived.

Betsy, a goat, lived in her own private wooden doghouse. On occasion, she made her way into the house for a midday drawing-paper snack. We always knew the coyotes were out when her hooves pounded the roof like a hailstorm as she clambered on top of the garage to leap onto the upper porch of the house, where her "Nah, nah, naahhing" in terror would persist all night long. We never dared let her in intentionally, though—she was prone to head-butt.

Out of all the animals that kept us company, none were more companionable than the dogs. My dad brought home any animal in need of affection from his job at the

Humane Society. This place was therapeutic. I still remember when he walked in the front door with a black and white Rat Terrier under his arm. She had been found locked inside a house, abandoned with twelve other dogs. Clients generally prefer the sociable animals, not the ones that quiver when a toy is tossed their way. But she fit right into our family. I christened her Maybelle, and my brother and I taught her to place her front paws in our palms so she could rise up and give us kisses. Our other dogs, among them a Labrador named Willie, showed her how to run, uninhibited, through unfenced territory. I think it was the best thing for her.

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But time came crushing in on us. The city limits were rezoned and our property became part of the city. The taxes grew unpayable, so my parents sold the place. Our new yard was even smaller than our new house. It was just large enough to set up my brother's batting cage. I kicked my soccer ball around the confines of the black net. I rode my bike past the houses, each one blocking out the orange glow of the evening, one after another like the bars of my cage. I had the sand at the park at the end of the street, but strangers were always popping up there; it was not my place.

As my world shrank, so did I. At the computer I wasted hours giving *The Sims* more attention than I gave myself. My brother and I traded off between the computer and the television, where I would then stare at movies and reruns until it was my turn for the computer again.

My mom continued the family business by renting out a modest space inside an animal hospital, and my dad went back to college for heating and air conditioning. Cody and I kept to our separate rooms.

In a reversal from our first house, I ended up with the biggest bedroom. But I soon learned that a sprawling hardwood floor is not quite the same as grass blades for flitting barefoot. More space indoors, I soon realized, is incomparable to the open pigeon-grey sky. Everything about that new place was cramped. Crammed together on the first floor, the kitchen, living room, bathroom, office room, and my parents' bedroom were shaped in strange geometric patterns to fit like a tangram puzzle.

The dogs suffered too. Willie got arthritis and wheezed against a stick-like bone lodged in his throat. The dog that used to spend hours on end roaming the countryside eventually could not even walk a mile. Maybelle receded into her PTSD: her shakes grew, and her eyes continually slipped off to some unknown, distant place. Towards the end of her life, she often ran away from us, biting at whoever tried to coax her back. She was with the twelve dogs again—starving, convinced her salvation had been a cruel dream.

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Memories of my childhood home are tinged with a dreamlike blur: the colors glow vibrant, the black bleeds into the white which is all the more brilliant, and the clips blur into one another. I remember how a cottonwood tree proudly stretched like a cat

exposing its belly, unafraid at the edge of the front lawn. When the wind blew, the leaves shimmered, swishing the branches one after another in slow motion. In the springtime, tiny cloudbursts rode the breezes from the branch tips all around the property, as if the cottonwood cast innumerable enchantments.

My dad quit working at the Humane Society, and my parents set up their own business right on their property. He was glad he no longer had to earn money from a job that required occasionally euthanizing innocent creatures, and I was glad to have my parents so close whenever I needed them. They groomed and boarded cats and dogs, and even sold homemade crafts. It was their dream.

The building was just across the gravel road in our backyard. I remember one day, walking barefoot (as I often did) across the crumbly gold dust packed down on the roadway. Focused on the autumn etches of a bare tree against a pink-and-orange sherbet sky, I felt a sense of heavy stillness seeping down from the swelled clouds. Suddenly “Cuckaws” filled the sky black, as if a giant swath of fabric rippled across the wind. The once-bare tree grew a full head of black petals right before my eyes.

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After dark, in the middle of summer when the Mulberry tree was full of succulent indigo berries, we could hear Rascal, the raccoon we raised as a baby, call to us, “Brr, brr,” from the branches of the tree, and we would call back, lulling our “rrr’s” from a warmth deep in our throats. A scar on Rascal’s neck marked the spot where my mom had once removed a grub, and was how we always knew this was our Rascal come back to feast on the vitality of this place. The mulberries each contained a bunch of infinitesimal smaller berries that exploded dark, sweet juice on the tongues of Rascal and her cubs. Looking back, I am reminded of the Zen-like notion that the universe aware of itself works in tandem. Willie never missed the chance to squat below and collect the stray berries they knocked loose from the vines.

I feasted as well. Settling down in my bed after wearing myself out all day exploring, I felt a deeper connection to my inner world. I often found myself spinning and lifting off my bed, weightless as if another part of my self were coaxed forward like smoke beyond my body that sank heavy into the mattress springs. The darkness puffed up behind my eyelids, and purple waves and blotches wafted by. My vision expanded outwards and depthwise, the shapes brushed my peripherals, tables and blotches from far away grew bigger and bigger, the edges waving like a protozoa, while purple dots gleamed light from all sides, and I sank forward into the never-ending, always-changing, electric purple space around me.

Once, I even remember getting out of my bed late at night to join my mom downstairs. “Momma, my ear hurts,” was all it took for her to settle us into the back and forth motion of the rocking chair. With my ear to her breastbone, I felt as if I had fallen into the most vivid dream I ever had. Waking up into a crystalline tunnel, I

watched my mom and myself from the ceiling.

I jolted awake. My hand was in front of me, resting near my mom's shoulder. I wasn't sure what had happened, but I knew it was blessed. It scared me. Years later, I would feel that same sense of fear after looking at myself in my bedroom mirror. Alone in the house, I swore I heard my name faintly whispered, "Hallie." I didn't stick around long enough to catch the reflection; I bolted out the pristine white back door, towards the steep cut of land crosshatched by fallow stalks.

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My running only sped up after we moved to the new house. I made one friend at school who became the only person I spent any substantial time with, which wasn't really that much time at all. Mainly, I felt tired. After school every day I fell asleep in front of a Gilmore Girls rerun. Then, I would wake up, eat supper, and finish my homework, sometimes still so tired I had to throw in another nap or two. The next year, my friend and I were not in any of the same classes. I made another friend. We went to different high schools. The visits dwindled and by junior year we didn't see each other at all. I joined the cheerleading squad and made friends with the other members. We fell out of touch after graduation.

I did not change for five years; all that changed were the faces around me. By high school I was locked inside school all day, and then locked in the basement with its moist-grit smell invading my nostrils until one o'clock in the morning when my homework was done, totally out of sync with the sun.

When I did fall asleep, the purple world turned on me. No longer did it feel like I was floating and sinking, but it was as if things were floating towards me. Faces appeared instead of the boxes and the blotches that wiggled. The faces were mangled: chunks of skin chopped up and oozing from the sides of their cheeks, rotten teeth grimacing at me, sunken in cheekbones, eyeballs oozing puss. And a man, with round glasses and a fedora, outlined in purple against the black that danced with faintly moving white dots, leaning in closer, closer, closer to my face.

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Now I am twenty-two years old and I've got Grandma's old bike out of storage—a Giant in top condition outside of the fact that it hadn't been ridden in ten or twenty odd years—and spiffed it up with a milk crate for toting my book bag. My strawberry-blond hair waves behind me like a flag spun out of gold thread. The hairs on my legs ripple as well, as I have stopped rubbing a razor against my skin. Gold threads coat my body: this is my natural state. I am twenty-two years old and, because of my birthdate, it is my golden year.

My mom sets me up with clients who are looking for someone to care for their dogs while they go on vacation. I take the dogs to the woods and pause to let them sniff around. The way they keep their noses to the ground like a Hoover vacuum tells me that

this place, with its skies hidden only by translucent leaves, provides them with a sense of belonging. I, too, feel the theta waves sink in and can only wonder why the woods and the wild have been abandoned in favor of tangram houses and concrete roads.

I'm not so out of sync with the sun anymore. I rise and fall early enough to see the sky dissolve from the pale indigo of midmorning to the white-ish blue of the full sky, and watch the moon's silver strands pour through my bedroom window at night. I do not get outside as much as I ought to, which should be every day, all day. I am in school. That is my excuse, I guess.

I'm still running, but I have slowed down. I treasure the people I encounter, and am beginning to learn the art of selfless love. I make collages out of magazine clippings and give them away. I hold my friend's dog, Acacia, on my lap and pet her while she rests her head on my bosom. I make pineapple chili and offer it to my roomies. I practice guitar and make sure I read a portion of something—anything—every day. I listen to Zeppelin records and the Mothers of Invention with my eyes closed, I dance to "American Beauty" and YouTube the Perro sessions. I go camping in the summer with my friends and dance around the fire to acoustic music until dawn. I Google alternative communities, Eco villages, and intentional communities—all formerly known as "communes"—and knit, in my mind, where I'll go from there. I get ready to raise questions about the justice system and the abuse (physical and mental) of citizens and prisoners alike by the very nature of our police force. I dream of protecting indigenous tribes. I dream of reinvigorating the spiritual value of the physical, starting with a closer connection to nature.

On my way home from class, I coast my bike down the driveway. A spider, white and cream like a crumpled pearl, dangles from the handlebar. As I lean down to inspect, another visitor flies in through the open underarm of my shirt sleeve. A confused sputter jabs me just below the shoulder area, as if someone were trying to get my attention after shuffling across a carpeted room with their socks on. I clamber up the steps to the top floor of my apartment building, drop my bags, shut the door behind me, slip my helmet off, and let my shirt crumple to the ground. There it is: a red volcano hole amid a raised white circle of skin, surrounded by a sea of red with scratch marks jutting out at all edges and angles.

It's true that the forces of modernity have pushed me away from nature. But if I never fell into that hole, I never would have understood why the connection is so important, why even a bee sting can mean the world is reaching out to me. In crawling back out of the hole I dug myself into, my life has become a personal journey towards enlightenment. All situations, whether heavenly or hellish, are fleeting. Temporary. The breeze blows, my image in the mirror quivers, and the trees beckon me outside, out where being exists in its purest form, unencumbered by the mind, reaching out with all there is and waiting for me to sink in.

## HYBRIDITY: THE RECOGNITION OF REVISION [PART ONE]\*

MOLLY CAIN\*\*

When Louise Erdrich wrote *Love Medicine* in 1984, she proposed the possibility of hybridity between Native American and Euro-American cultures. Twenty years later, Erdrich published *The Last Report on the Miracles at Little No Horse*, delving deeper into this opportunity for hybridity. In *Last Report*, Erdrich probes the shadows of human consciousness to find where the cultural basis comes from and how to find a way to immerse oneself in the nature of two: traditional Anishinaabeg and Euro-American. Erdrich asserts that the hybridity seen in *Love Medicine* and *Last Report* requires more attention than simply living in a metropolis, more than attending a university, more than becoming accustomed to a different lifestyle; hybridity necessitates a complete rectification on the part of both cultures, especially the more dominant. This corrective quality Erdrich suggests twenty years later calls for a response from the prevailing Euro-American culture to recognize how the beliefs and traditions of the Anishinaabeg culture can improve their own, benefitting both groups of people. True hybridity can only occur when both cultures extend their hands and truly incorporate important aspects of each other's ideals. To further define this type of hybridity, Stuart Hall explains that cultural identity is something that "is never complete, always in process," echoing the fluidity of the self (Hall 110). He calls this "a differentialist or hybrid notion of cultural identity [that] far from being eternally fixed in some essentialised past... [is] subject to the continuous 'play' of history, culture, and power" (112). In other words, cultural identity is "not an essence, but a *positioning*," a negotiation or movement between "unstable points of identification or suture" (112-113). Hybridity is a transition from the homogeneous to heterogeneous. Hybridity is a two-way street, and one demanding constant movement. Without the dedication and desire from one side, the cultures will remain separated and disparate. In order to achieve true hybridity, the dominant culture needs to recognize its own deficiencies and how the other culture can mend

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\* Part Two of Molly Cain's paper will be published in the Fall issue.

\*\*Molly Cain, a student at Loras College, won first place in the scholarly research category of the undergraduate writing competition.

it. A meeting point of mutual acknowledgement is not sufficient; there must be full recognition, acceptance, intertwining, and involvement.

As someone who lives a life entwined with two cultures, Louise Erdrich exemplifies the positive opportunities that can result from incorporating the traditions of both cultures in one's life. She grew up between "her mother's Chippewa heritage and her experiences as a daughter of a Euramerican growing up in middle America" (Owens 54). She writes from a perspective that understands and acknowledges the struggles, obstacles, and permeation that Western culture imposes on Native American life. In her novels, Erdrich places the responsibility on the reader to evaluate his or her own cultural system for the missing parts. She wants the audience to understand that hybridity is not just an adornment to put on like a hat whenever it is convenient, but it requires integration; it is not just assimilation or accommodation, but amalgamation. First, it calls for a sincere confession of inadequacy from the dominant culture, a radical shift in its perceptions of Native American society. It is fixing the holes, the shortcomings, and the inequities in all areas of culture to include the best of both worlds.

Erdrich's inaugural novel *Love Medicine*, primarily takes place on an Anishinaabeg reservation in North Dakota. The novel spans approximately fifty years and records numerous stories from Anishinaabeg families who live on the reservation and their experiences with Euro-American culture. The families include the Kashpaws, Lamartines, Morrisseys, and Nanapushes, who weave a terrifically intertwined web of connections through affairs, friendships, and conflict. Each chapter unfolds like a story, flashing between the 1980s and 1930s, and, through various narrators, the reader gains insight into familial and tribal perspectives. Most chapters come from a limited third-person point of view, allowing for a less biased viewpoint. From the beginning, the reader can sense the questioning tone that will remain throughout the novel due to the changing perceptions and angles while exploring the families' intricate histories. Albertine's path towards hybridity remains uncertain through most of the novel, as she removes herself from the land by running away to Fargo and staying away for seven years. This novel also posits cultural identity as an entity that can be lost or gained, as two generations go about finding their role within Native American and Euro-American culture. By the end, Albertine is one possible example of hybridity between both cultures, though her journey is not clearly shown.

As a novel written twenty years after *Love Medicine*, Erdrich's *The Last Report on the Miracles at Little No Horse*, carries on with the same families and similar themes of cultural hybridity between traditional Anishinaabe and Euro-American societies. The stories begin fifteen years later than when *Love Medicine* starts, in 1996. Unlike the multiple perspectives found in *Love Medicine* though, this novel

comes primarily through the lens of Agnes/Damien.<sup>1</sup> As Agnes is introduced, it becomes apparent that she disguises herself as a man named Father Damien in order to start a new life for herself and transforms into a successful fusion of both genders by masking her femininity as masculine, while maintaining feminine qualities. The first chapter introduces the reader to Father Damien Modeste describing Sister Leopolda, whom we know from *Love Medicine*, as an inadequate candidate for sainthood. The readers come to realize that Damien has sent letters to the Pope throughout his many decades at Little No Horse that have remained unreturned. This opening tone of disappointment and hypocrisy to unanswered requests for support indicate the problem Erdrich wishes to address. A major revelation occurs for readers when Damien divulges the roads that led him to this reservation and have contributed to his identity as an amalgam. He recalls the beginning of his transformation from Agnes DeWitt to Sister Cecilia to Father Damien, resulting in him becoming a complete hybrid of the two cultures. *Last Report* explores Damien's thoughts, memories, and conscience throughout his lifetime and details his journey to becoming a hybrid.

Critics have suggested various forces that contribute to Damien's cultural hybridity, and in the essay "Dis-Robing the Priest: Gender and Spiritual Conversions in Louise Erdrich's *The Last Report on the Miracles at Little No Horse*," Pamela Rader discusses Father Damien's multifaceted journey of mixing feminine and masculine characteristics in order to become an honorary member of the Anishinaabe. However, Rader omits the Anishinaabeg tradition of intimacy between the earth and the body, and the central role it plays in Damien's journey towards hybridity. It is necessary for Damien to accept and incorporate this corporeality in order to completely transform into an amalgam of both cultures.

Through Damien and Albertine's roads to hybridity, it is clear that hybridity lies on a spectrum and each person's place on the continuum varies. Throughout *Love Medicine*, instances of syncretism can only be seen occasionally, and there are no examples of Euro-American culture accepting or adopting any Anishinaabe cultural traditions. There are, however, examples of Anishinaabeg people being corrupted by veiled attempts at hybridity that are actually cases of assimilation. Henry Lamartine, Jr. is an example of someone from the Anishinaabe culture who tries to achieve syncretism, but whose debased identity, from his time fighting in the Vietnam War, emphasizes Western culture's façade of incorporation. Not much later, Albertine Johnson manages to precariously push through these assimilating pressures that Euro-American culture presents to find a semblance of hybridity through her experiences on and off the reservation. However, the audience cannot see how Albertine's journey results in hybridity. *Love Medicine* presents connections that are not reciprocal or collaborative between the two cultures, but

that are a one-way street, and the audience cannot see how Albertine kept from being assimilated like Henry. Eventually though, Erdrich's notion of hybridity matures and both Anishinaabe and Euro-American cultures' actions can be seen in *Last Report*. This novel provides what *Love Medicine* lacked: journeys of both assimilation and hybridity. As an example of the same corruption that Henry experienced, Paulette Puyat leaves the reservation, becomes Sister Leopolda, and begins abusing those around her back on the reservation. Conversely, Damien initially arrives on the reservation as a negotiator of Euro-American culture trying to assimilate the Anishinaabe, but comes to see the value in their culture and adopts certain aspects to become a model hybrid.

Living as an example of assimilation's corrupting effects, Henry Lamartine, Jr. leaves his Anishinaabe life behind and dives into the Euro-American world with high hopes, but is let down by the consuming assimilation present in the culture. Henry's desperate attempt to cross into Euro-American society, thwarted by his military service and the images he cannot forget of the innocent women and children he fought who possessed his own "folded eyes," does not foreshadow success (*Love Medicine* 172). Henry has just returned from war, a battered, shocked, and unstable man. He has stayed in Fargo since his release, spending his time trying to drown the horrors he witnessed in alcohol, when he meets Albertine on the street after she has abandoned the reservation. Instead of moving forward together towards hybridity, Henry attempts to numb his pain, while Albertine "let[s] him go on drinking, talking," and weighing himself down with flashbacks from the war (170). Henry's experience in Euro-American culture seems unlikely to produce any positive results, let alone aid him in becoming a hybrid. Serving in the Vietnam War placed unrealistic and unfair expectations on his shoulders. This physical combat, and Henry's figurative battle against assimilation, both involve white, Euro-American men opposing a minority. Through his time away from the reservation, Henry sees the very worst of humankind in the war, a war imposed on him, a war that was supposed to make him stronger, manlier, and more powerful, but, in reality, did nothing positive. Subsequently, when he returns to the reservation, he struggles with fitting back into the expectations and beliefs of the Anishinaabeg society. Henry lives as someone deprived of access to hybridity, and as someone who sought it, but only received the invitation for assimilation.

In spite of her negative experience with Henry and the rough road she ends up taking, Albertine's journey results in hybridity. First, though, Euro-American society appears to force her towards assimilation before allowing her to transform into a hybrid, as she begins her journey to find her true identity by running away to the city of Fargo, leaving her Anishinaabeg culture behind. When the bus takes her away the first time, Albertine recognizes the life she has always known fading away

and “the sky deepen[ing], casting bleak purple shadows along the snow ditches...like warning beacons” (163). Her native environment fades into the distant past and becomes replaced with the cold, man-made structures and influences of the “winking points of signs and low black buildings,” (164) representing Euro-American culture. This stark cultural contrast temporarily paralyzes Albertine, as her new reality sinks in. Unlike what should happen, a mixing of the two cultures, Albertine goes to the extreme of denying her Anishinaabeg identity. At this point, it is not clear if Albertine will become a successful hybrid of both Anishinaabe and Western culture, as she seeks maturity and growth through first denying her intrinsic nature and the land she comes from. Erdrich uses Albertine to illustrate the integrality of one’s connection to his or her roots and the delicate line that exists between Euro-American culture covering up assimilation and fully incorporating specific Anishinaabe traditions.

Seven years later back on the reservation, Albertine comes back to “the very edge of that Dakota town” (*Love Medicine* 190), and it is difficult to understand who she has become without the details of how she navigated the assimilation and hybridity. While back on the reservation, Albertine takes on a new job with the “construction crews who had come into town because a new interstate highway was passing near it” (*Last Report* 191), illustrating the merging of both societies through the Euro-American industrial machines on the Native American land. After some time back on the reservation, Albertine finds she desires more than what the reservation can give her; she desires something that requires more time and experience in the Euro-American world. Erdrich’s sarcasm about Albertine’s proficiency as “such a good button presser that within two weeks [she] was promoted” (*Love Medicine* 193) points to the fact that Albertine has more potential than only the reservation can support. Though still unsure of where she belongs on the continuum of Anishinaabe and Euro-American cultures, Albertine continues to hold onto both, and leaves again to gain more experience in Western culture. At this point, she seems to believe that her decision must be oppositional, choosing one culture over the other, and does not realize yet that she can adopt traditions of both.

In coming to this recognition, Albertine fades away until one year later, where she abides “far from home, living in a white woman’s basement” (*Love Medicine* 7), attending a university, and studying to become a doctor: living a life that, again, suggests assimilation. While here, she learns of her Aunt June’s death in a note from her mother saying, “We knew you probably couldn’t get away from your studies for the funeral...so we never bothered to call and disturb you” (7). Incensed by the fact that her mother did not tell her, Albertine cannot “feel the proper way for Aunt June” (8) while sitting in her claustrophobic, cave-like home. With Albertine’s emotions tied so directly to her environment, Erdrich explores the notion

that “those characters who have lost a close relationship with the earth...are the ones who are lost” (Owens 54). In order for Albertine to blend cultures, she has to acknowledge and renew her relationship with the earth. She walks to the middle of campus and rests in the grass, getting as close to nature as possible in the city, to feel the appropriate emotions, which spurs her eventual return to the land and her attainment of cultural hybridity. Finally, after a couple of months, Albertine decides to return to the reservation for a visit. On her drive home, she notes how “the land was beautiful” and “the sky stretched bare” (*Love Medicine* 11), which the skyscraper-filled Euro-American city cannot provide. Albertine sits outside, admiring and connecting with “the drenching beauty... [of the] Northern lights” and the “crushing green wheat” (37) on the reservation. Once she understands the idea that taking the best aspects from each culture allows her to thrive, her personal identity forms, and she begins the recovery process of binding the two, and bridges the gap to become a hybrid.

Albertine’s journey, although treacherous and uncertain, allows her to successfully escape assimilation, though not everyone does. Another example of an Anishinaabe tribe member corrupted through assimilation is Pauline Puyat from *Last Report*, who, in completely denying her traditions and ties to the earth, leads a hypocritical and depreciatory life when she separates herself from the core beliefs of the Anishinaabeg. Pauline transforms into a deceitful saint: a fallacious facsimile of morality. After leaving the reservation for a time to enter a convent, Pauline returns as Sister Leopolda: a vicious, extorting, and threatening force on the reservation. Rather than gaining piety, devotion, or compassion from joining the Catholic Church, Leopolda brings back a rigid, self-serving faith all her own. Decades later, Father Damien receives a visit by Father Jude Miller, a priest on the mission of gathering evidence of Leopolda’s “miracles” in consideration for sainthood, when the audience realizes Damien’s story intertwines intricately with Leopolda’s. Damien says, “It all goes back to conversion, Father, a most ticklish concept and a most loving form of destruction” (*Last Report* 55), indicating the thin line between assimilation and love. Leopolda comes to represent this method of assimilation that some Catholic missionaries impose on Native American reservations.

Rather than bringing about feelings of serenity and justice, as holy women of the Church should, it is clear that even prior to Pauline’s taking her vows and becoming Sister Leopolda that the “boundless arrogance and violent compassion of her nature” was known to everyone on the reservation (*Last Report* 113). Pauline manages to exasperate people through her contradictory healing actions and terrifying words and mannerisms. After an upsetting confession to Damien that she gave birth to a child sometime previously, Pauline went into an extended fasting period during which she refused to eat or speak. The people of the reservation began

viewing her as a miraculous holy figure, bringing gifts, and asking for her aid; essentially, the people of the reservation “made a saint” out of her “because they had to,” because they were so desperate for a martyr (*Last Report* 131). Pauline transformed in their eyes into something so sanctified, so divine that their vision became clouded. After so much inexplicable loss and death, the Anishinaabeg needed someone to look to for hope. Alison Chapman, author of “Rewriting the Saints’ Lives: Louise Erdrich’s *The Last Report on the Miracles at Little No Horse*,” notes that “the saints are more congenial to the Anishinaabe religion in which the tangible things of this world are ‘merged with spiritual concerns’” (Chapman). The saints of the Catholic Church echo the spirits of the Anishinaabeg in that they are the ones who care for the lowly, heal the sick, and love the outcast. They embody the physical and moral aspects of the Church that people can relate to, over the dogma. However, Pauline does not fulfill this ideal, as she in her sickness is the one for whom people, such as Sr. Hildegard must provide care. Another character, Leopolda, misses the ideal for sainthood consideration. Leopolda gives a distorted and perverted image to the mixing of Native American and Euro-American cultures, as she becomes a destructive example of both.

The Christianity Leopolda then portrays throughout the two novels, is comprised of many hollow spaces and chasms in its implementation. She performs many actions that should prevent her from entering sainthood, such as murdering the father of her daughter, abusing her own daughter at the convent, and blackmailing Father Damien. Leopolda represents some of the most prevalent concerns facing Christianity and Western culture today, of dishonesty and artificiality, as simultaneously Damien enters to try to patch up these wrongdoings and perceptions. Also during this time on reservations, the beginning of the 20th century, Native American tribes found themselves in the midst of political land grabs. The list of people described by Erdrich in the novel reveals the Anishinaabeg’s sentiments towards Western culture and Christianity, as “the thieves,” consist of “boosters, businessmen, swindlers, sneaks, Christians, cranks, lumber and farm dealers, con artists, and reprobates...hoping to profit from the confusion” (*Last Report* 76). Interspersed with the frauds and tricksters, the presence of Christians which now includes Leopolda, highlights the negative view and hesitation felt by many of the Anishinaabeg towards those representing the Catholic Church who came to the reservation to “save their souls.” Unlike these people who came to cheat the Anishinaabeg and the nuns who do not try to understand their culture, Damien reaches out to Nanapush, a tribal leader, and listens to him. The fact that Nanapush even “looked happily at the priest now, and started feeling glad he was alive, if only to be presented with the challenge of rattling a promising opponent” (85), shows that he views Damien from a more human level. Damien places himself as an equal

at the Anishinaabeg's feet from the outset, and shows that his intentions are to get to know them and be of service to them. Contrastingly, Leopolda gives off an air that creates "an agitation of the heart produced by [her] great, dead, appalling eyes" (*Last Report* 109). Leopolda leaves people feeling chilled and shaken, while Damien's presence creates friendship and peace.

This variation in beliefs on how the Anishinaabe should be treated becomes apparent shortly after Damien arrives at Little No Horse and the nuns appear to have a different sense of Christianity than Damien by the way they each speak about the community. Sister Hildegard, the Mother Superior, speaks from a colonialist perspective of the Anishinaabeg people, as she tells Damien, "The poor Indians are dying out. Now is a good time to convert them!" (*Last Report* 71). She views the Anishinaabeg as a way to fulfill a quota and that they exist merely as instruments in helping her achieve what she believes is higher ranking with God. Assimilationist in attitude and action, Sister Hildegard and the other nuns drastically differ from Damien in his approach of honest curiosity. By letting the Anishinaabe choose the path of their own lives, Damien does not force Catholicism upon anyone. Even when Nanapush tries to use "doctrine, sound principle, [and] everything [Damien] should rightly have defended as a priest" to make him impose Catholicism on Kashpaw, Damien says, "I have no say in it" (94). A stark disparity clearly exists between Damien's respectful view and treatment of the Anishinaabe and the women of the Church's aggressive approach towards them. Throughout his life, Damien has suffered at the hands of many women associated with the Catholic Church who have attitudes similar to Sister Hildegard and Leopolda. However, in his new role, he has the opportunity to dispel those self-righteous actions that the Church often imposes and decides work towards incorporation.

As Damien works tirelessly towards building relationships with the people of Little No Horse and not moving towards assimilation, Erdrich noticeably puts him forth as a person who makes the necessary connections and modifications to his own life to become a hybrid. Similar to how Erdrich lived between Euro-American and Native American cultures, Damien's life bridges various oppositional roles as well between "woman and man, Catholic and Anishinaabeg, American and Native, genuine and deceitful" (Rader). Damien uses these characteristics to his and his people's advantage. After numerous examples illustrating how Euro-American culture has failed to truly incorporate traditional aspects of Anishinaabeg culture in *Love Medicine* and *Last Report*, Damien steps forward to fuse traditions of the Anishinaabe and the positive Catholic traditions into his life on the reservation.

Damien's intention to understand the Anishinaabe and incorporate their traditions starkly opposes the typical response from Euro-American culture. Erdrich makes it clear in *Last Report* that Western culture does not typically show a sincere

interest in incorporating Native American ideals into their own system. Nevertheless, Damien stretches himself to maintain contact with Catholicism, thus Euro-American society, by writing to the Pope in an attempt to bridge the gap which Western culture promulgates between the two. However, he never receives a response during his lifetime. Obviously in this unequal correspondence with the Church, Erdrich shows how one side tries to reach out, while the other, Western culture, leaves the call unanswered. This lack of reply indicates Western culture's denial of Native American voices and their impact, withholding complete hybridity from those, like Damien and Albertine, who desire it. Still, Damien holds faith that someone will read and acknowledge his letters. If the dominant, Western culture continues to not respond to questions or requests for help, hybridity will never occur. If only one side reaches out, the constant extension could turn into assimilation where Euro-American culture, again, claims it will help Native Americans feel like part of their larger society, but this will only stand as a façade.

Rather than focusing on this incomplete dialogue with the Pope, Erdrich pushes the reader to look at the constructive and progressive aspects presented in Anishinaabeg culture. She advocates a fusion of what works best in creating an amalgam. She asks the reader to look at how hybridity tries to exist in Western society, through Catholic missionaries going to reservations and Anishinaabe people going to convents, but each activity actually is an unbalanced and ineffective shadow of true syncretism. Until Euro-American society can drop the smokescreen and adopt certain aspects, complete hybridity will not happen. Erdrich proposes and gestures towards the attainability of cultural hybridity in her novels, but its embodiment cannot be seen until *Last Report*, in Damien. As an ideal example, he represents how hybridity, in the forms of gender, spirituality, and culture, works and how a fusion of cultures can benefit Euro-Americans.

From *Love Medicine* to *Last Report*, Erdrich has refined her stance on cultural syncretism by highlighting the need of people in Euro-American culture to become hybrids, and uses Damien to demonstrate how positive a life can be when living the ideals of Native American and Euro-American cultures intertwined. Throughout her early life, Agnes faces countless obstacles, which take shape in human beings. In the various feminine roles Agnes assumes in Western culture, she cannot find any continuity or peace, from becoming Sister Cecilia to Berndt Vogel's "common law wife" to a widow after Berndt's death (Jensen). She overcomes the obstacles by shifting her identity after each experience, so that she becomes a slightly new woman each time. Eventually, though, these mere surface-level adjustments are not sufficient. When she discovers the original Father Damien Modeste hanging from the tree, she saw her opportunity, and "she already knew...she was ready, she acted" (*Last Report* 44). To complete this journey and to truly flourish as a person, Agnes

must transform entirely outwardly and inwardly. Erdrich utilizes Agnes's conversion as a vehicle to propose true cultural hybridity's place and necessity today. She does this by showing Damien as an effective hybrid of the characteristics of woman and man, which assists him in becoming a peaceful moderator. Still, Erdrich emphasizes the necessity of one becoming the other, while retaining the original identity's integrity also. Physically, Agnes dons Father Damien Modeste's robes and steps into his life, a Catholic priest and missionary to the Anishinaabeg people.

As mentioned earlier, a confession of inadequacy from Western culture is an essential first step towards hybridity, and when Erdrich places Damien as the main character, an agent of Euro-American society, at the forefront, she allows this step to occur through his journey towards gender hybridity. Damien must learn to balance feminine and masculine qualities and the benefits that accompany each gender before tackling cultural hybridity. Through this path, the reader can see how one needs to take on the characteristics that will mend any deficiencies found in the other, as he finds his place on the spectrum between the two. On her first day living as Damien, Agnes experiences "much more respect as a priest than she'd ever known as a nun" and that her "girlish earnestness [and] curiosity" made people feel comfortable around Damien (*Last Report* 62, 63). Due to the authority his role comes with and the inquisitive and honest demeanor he presents, Damien gains access to more aspects of both societies. He has meetings with Kashpaw and Nanapush, experiences more freedom to ask questions, and retains the soft skills crucial to creating bonds and relationships. When he baptizes Lulu and holds her, feeling the "primal sweetness of the experience" that abides in women, Agnes acknowledges her strengths as a leader (184). He takes from each gender the most important aspects and fuses them into an amalgam to create Father Damien, a Catholic priest who desires syncretism between these two groups. Erdrich holds Damien up as a model for a balanced, though not necessarily equal, hybrid of femininity and masculinity, and eventually, Anishinaabe and Western culture.

### Note

<sup>1</sup> Damien and Agnes are the same person; throughout I will refer to the character as "he."

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- <<http://go.galegroup.com/ps/i.do?id=GALE%7CH1100109858&v=2.1&u=loras&it=r&p=LitRG&sw=w>>.



## YEAR 2014 WINNERS OF THE J. PATRICK LEE PRIZE FOR SERVICE

Two students have merited the 2014 J. Patrick Lee Prize for Service: Colleen Crann from Mount St. Mary's University in Emmitsburg, Maryland, and Grace Nelson from the University of St. Thomas in St. Paul, Minnesota. Ms Crann's interview appears in this issue, and Ms Nelson's will appear in the fall issue. Congratulations to Ms Crann and Ms Nelson, each of whom will receive an award of \$1,000.

## WINNERS OF DES WRITING COMPETITION JANUARY 2015

### Poetry

- 1<sup>st</sup> place, *A Dark Moth on a White Ceiling*, McKenzie Frey, Loras College; Chapter Sponsor, Matt Garrett

### Scholarly Research

- 1<sup>st</sup> place, *Hybridity*, Molly Cain, Loras College; Chapter Sponsor, Matt Garrett
- 2<sup>nd</sup> place, *Allende*, Elizabeth Michelle Dunlap, Notre Dame of Maryland University; Chapter Sponsor, Sr. Therese Marie Dougherty
- Honorable Mention, *Memories, Sexuality, and Virginity*, Hannah Polsky, University of St. Thomas; Chapter Sponsor, Michael Jordan

### Nonfiction Prose

- 1<sup>st</sup> place, *Golden Days*, Hallie Hayes, Loras College; Chapter Sponsor, Matt Garrett
- 2<sup>nd</sup> place, *Character by Character*, Cecelia MacDonald, St. Francis University; Chapter Sponsor, Rosemary Bertocci



## AN INVITATION TO POTENTIAL CONTRIBUTORS

The editors of the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* invite contributions to the journal from the readership. Send manuscripts (email attachments preferred) to the co-editors: Robert Magliola, *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*, 411 Tenth Street, Union City, NJ 07087-4113 Email: Robert\_Magliola@hotmail.com; Gail S. Corso, *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*, Neumann University, Arts and Sciences, One Neumann Drive, Aston, PA 19014-1298 Email: gcorso@neumann.edu.

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 WEBSITE

The *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* website is now “live” and can be found online at the DES website: <http://deltaepsilonsigma.org>. As part of the Society’s re-designing process, the Executive Board now invites chapters to share and celebrate what they are doing by linking their own social media pages to the national DES website. The *Delta Epsilon Journal* not only will be housed on the website, but its content will be searchable via the web. In addition to the *Journal*, the website also contains the *Delta Epsilon Sigma* application forms, programs, and announcements. For easy access to the Delta Epsilon Sigma website, you may scan its “QR Code”:



## THE J. PATRICK LEE PRIZE FOR SERVICE

Delta Epsilon Sigma offers the J. Patrick Lee Prize for Service. This annual undergraduate competition is established to honor 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, 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 also will 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 been 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 Neumann University, Executive Director: Dr. Claudia M. Kovach, Neumann University, Division of Arts and Sciences, Aston, PA 19014-1298 (610) 558-5573 FAX: (610) 361-5314 Email: [DESNational@neumann.edu](mailto:DESNational@neumann.edu).
- **The deadline for nominations from moderators is Dec. 1.**

## 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 Executive Director: Dr. Claudia M. Kovach, Neumann University, Division of Arts and Sciences, Aston, PA 19014-1298 Telephone (610) 558-5573; FAX: (610) 361-5314; Email: DESNational@neumann.edu.

The society also offers awards to help subsidize lectures sponsored by local DES chapters. An application for one of these must be filed with Executive Director: Dr. Claudia M. Kovach, Neumann University, Division of Arts and Sciences, Aston, PA 19014-1298 (610) 558-5573 FAX: (610) 361-5314 Email: DESNational@neumann.edu thirty days in advance; the maximum award will be two hundred dollars.



## 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 that has a chapter of the society. Manuscripts may be submitted in any of five categories: (a) poetry, (b) short fiction, (c) creative nonfiction/personal essay, (d) critical analytical essay, and (e) scholarly research. There will be a first prize of five hundred dollars and a second prize of two hundred and fifty dollars in each of the five categories. No award may be made in a given category if the committee judges submissions to lack merit.

**General Guidelines:** All prose should be double spaced and in Word format, 12-point font. Pages should be numbered.

**Poetry:** Writing in this category should be original poetry, either in verse or prose form. A long poem should be submitted singly; shorter lyrics may be submitted in groups of two or three.

**Short Fiction:** Writing in this category should be original fiction, such as short-short stories, short stories, or stand-alone sections of longer fiction. Fiction should total 1500-5000 words, either in a single work, or in cases of very short pieces, in groups of two or three.

**Creative Non-fiction/Personal Essay:** Writing in this category should communicate some dimension of the worldview or feelings of the writer. Writing should be true—as affirmed by the writer—but may be creative in structure or form and may make use of character development, narration, or other techniques of creative writing. Creative nonfiction pieces or personal essays should total 1500-5000 words, either in a single work, or in cases of very brief pieces, in groups of two or three.

**Critical/Analytical Essay:** Writing in this category should investigate a text or a social or scholarly issue through a critical lens. Examples of this type of writing may include textual interpretation, expository, or argumentative essays in which original research is not the primary aim. Essays in this category should total 1500-5000 words.

**Scholarly Research:** Writing in this category should present original primary or secondary research that elucidates and provides some original insight on a social, ethical, cultural, humanistic, or scientific question. Emphasis will be paid to the quality, depth, and presentation, including conventional documentation format (such as MLA, APA, Chicago Style). Scholarly research should include an abstract. Papers in this category should total 1500-5000 words.

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.

### **Preparation of Submissions**

- 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), Chicago, or APA.
- 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 Executive Director of Delta Epsilon Sigma Email: DESNational@neumann.edu by December 1.

Final judging and the announcement of the results 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 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 also have been nominated by their chapters for these competitions. Applications may be obtained from the Delta Epsilon Sigma website <http://www.deltapsilonsigma.org> or from the Office of the Executive Director Email: DESNational@neumann.edu.

## 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 submitted to the Office of the Executive Director Email: DESNational@neumann.edu no later than six (6) months after the granting of the undergraduate degree.



## DELTA EPSILON SIGMA CHAPTER RECOGNITION AWARD

### General Description

Each year, Delta Epsilon Sigma 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 moderator 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? How did members plan and participate?
- **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 or participate in college/university-wide scholarly and service-related activities that helped to foster a sense of intellectual community?
- **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  
Email: [DESNational@neumann.edu](mailto:DESNational@neumann.edu) by April 01.*



## SYNOPSIS OF THE 2015 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ANNUAL MEETING

The Executive Committee of Delta Epsilon Sigma met in St. Petersburg, Florida on January 2-3, 2015. Present were Dr. Christopher Lorentz, outgoing President, Sr. Linda Marie Bos SSND, President-Elect, Rev. Dr. Anthony Grasso, CSC, Chaplain; Members, Dr. Rosemary Bertocci, Prof. Abby Gambrel, Dr. Larry Sullivan, outgoing Executive Director, Dr. Thomas Connery, Executive Director-Elect, Dr. Claudia Kovach, *DES Journal* co-editors Dr. Robert Magliola and Dr. Gail Corso.

The meeting was called to order by Dr. Lorentz, and Fr. Grasso opened with a prayer. The minutes of the 2014 Annual Meeting were approved and a report was made by Dr. Ronald Smorada, new Assistant to the Executive Director, on the logistics of moving the National Offices from the University of St. Thomas (MN) to Neumann University (PA). A new bank account was established with PNC Bank and a new Auditing Firm, The Weiss Group, Chadds Ford, PA, would now conduct the audits beginning with Fiscal Year 2015, July 1, 2014 to June 30, 2015. It was agreed that the budget from FY 2014 would be adopted for FY 2015 since the move of the National Office was being done some months after the start of 2015 Fiscal Year.

The audit for the Fiscal Year July 1, 2013 to June 2014 was being completed by the MN accounting firm of Lethert, Skwira, Schultz, & Co. but did not issue in time for the meeting. The Audit did subsequently issue on March 2, 2015 and showed an increase in revenue from \$108,138 in FY 2013 to \$120,790 in FY 2014, due mainly to an increase in Unrealized Gains in Investments. DES gained 2,057 new members in FY 2014 or about 50 fewer than in FY 2013. Donations were \$2,413.00. Total assets increased slightly from \$475,266 in FY 2013 to \$480,146 in FY 2014. The auditors concluded that the financial records of the organization remain in good order.

Dr. Kovach stated that there will be additional effort made to engage inactive Chapters and to attract new college and university members to DES. The organization would like to leverage internet-based tools to increase visibility and maintain better contact with its over 33,000 members. A new stand-alone DES website was launched over the summer and more recently was upgraded to allow for direct input of new member information by the Chapter sponsor. The Journal is now available online and an archive of previous journals is being digitized and will be available online in the late Spring/early Summer 2015.

The new co-editor of the Journal, Dr. Gail Corso, was introduced, replacing Dr. Kovach, who was elected last year to succeed Dr. Connery as Executive Director. Dr. Robert Magliola will continue as co-editor, and he reported that the Journal continues to attract a high number of submissions of increasing quality. Effective with the Spring 2015 edition, the Journal will include a QR Code which will enable immediate access to the DES website via smartphone or other mobile device. The Editors will explore the possibility of accepting selective advertising in the journal.

Sr. Linda Bos secured feedback from the Committee on various improvements in the DES website and will provide costs and timing for each element change.

The Committee selected the winners of the undergraduate writing contest as well as the winners of J. Patrick Lee Prize for Service.

Dr. Bertocci was elected Vice President. It was agreed that Dr. Lorentz, the outgoing President, would remain on the Committee through the next Annual Meeting. Dr. Francis Rohlf was nominated and elected to serve as a new member of the Executive Committee and will assume the one-year appointment effective immediately.

The Committee agreed to meet again from January 3-5, 2016 with arrival on Sunday, January 3 and departure on Tuesday, January 5.

# Delta Epsilon Sigma Official Jewelry

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<b>#503 Keypin</b>			
Gold Kase		\$30.00	
10K Yellow Gold		\$205.00	
<b>#502D Key with 2PT Diamond</b>			
10K Yellow Gold		\$255.00	
<b>#503D Keypin with 2PT Diamond</b>			
10K Yellow Gold		\$244.00	
<b>ML/02S Staggered Lavalier</b>			
Sterling Silver		\$28.00	
<b>7.25" Rope Bracelet w/Lavalier</b>			
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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.

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