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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.

Submit manuscripts (as Microsoft Word files) via email to either of the two editors: Dr. Robert Magliola (magliola.robert@gmail.com) or Dr. Claudia Marie Kovach (ckovach@neumann.edu).

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MESSAGES FROM THE EDITORS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

- **DO YOU KNOW?** Thanks to the Amazon Smile program, you can donate to DES by simply shopping online at Amazon! When you designate Delta Epsilon Sigma as your chosen charitable organization, DES receives 0.5% of the value of your Amazon purchase. Use this link and it will automatically select DES for you: **<https://smile.amazon.com/ch/41-6038602>**.
- In this issue you will find a ballot-insert listing candidates for membership on the DES Executive Committee. Please remove the insert, separate the ballot by tearing along the perforated line, complete the ballot by choosing one candidate, fold the ballot in half, secure with tape the indicated side of the ballot, apply appropriate postage, and mail before December 1st, 2018.
- The Announcements section of this issue begins with a tribute to the distinguished Sr. Colman O'Connell, OSB, longtime DES advisor, College of St. Benedict (Minnesota), who passed away on Sept. 30, 2017, at the age of 90.
- An interview of Anna Wyluda, the third co-equal winner of the J. Patrick Lee Award for Service, is featured in this issue. The interviews of the other two co-equal winners appeared in the Spring 2018 issue. The sequence of interviewees has been determined solely by the alphabetical order of their surnames.
- Congratulations to the three winners of the DES Undergraduate Student Award: see the pertaining Announcement for their names and affiliations.
- The first-place winning entry of the Father Edward Fitzgerald Undergraduate Writing Competition in Scholarly and Creative Writing (2017), category of Creative Nonfiction, appears in this issue, as do the second-place winning entries in all the categories. The policy of the *DES Journal* is to publish all first-place winning entries, and, at the behest of the Executive Committee in any given year, some or all of the second-place winning entries. The first-place winning entries (2017) in the categories of Poetry, Critical/Analytic Essay, Short Fiction, and Scholarly Research appeared in the Spring 2018 issue.
- We are pleased to announce the establishment of a new award, the Harry R. Knight Prize for International Service. Please see the pertaining Announcement for details.
- Submissions for the year 2018 Father Edward Fitzgerald Undergraduate Writing Competition in Scholarly and Creative Writing are due on December 1st, 2018. Chapter advisors are encouraged to organize their own local contests. *Before sending the winning entries on to the national competition, advisors must see to it that the student-authors correct all grammatical and mechanical (spelling, punctuation) errors in their submission.* Please note that the Executive Board must receive all submissions in Word format (no PDFs) and that submissions are limited to 5000 words maximum. No submission may have been published previously. Submissions must not contain any copyrighted images, unless these have been cleared by the copyright holder. For more thorough guidelines, see the pertaining Announcement.
- The newly designed Delta Epsilon Sigma website—**www.deltaepsilonsigma.org**—invites your *active participation*. The site features information about the Society and *its constituent Chapters*. It supplies the latest news, current and past issues of the *Journal*, instructions and forms for the various contests and awards, etc.
- All published work in the *DES Journal* is peer-reviewed by doctorally-prepared academics or recognized specialists in the pertaining subject matter.
- We continue to seek updated postal and email addresses of our membership. Please notify the DES National Office of any change of address(es).

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THE J. PATRICK LEE PRIZE FOR SERVICE: INTERVIEW WITH ANNA WYLUDA

You've engaged in many different forms of service, but working with children seems to be a common theme. Do you think that working with children is particularly important? If so, why?

Working with children has always been of interest to me. Between babysitting, working at my local YMCA and helping pediatric clients during undergraduate speech therapy sessions, I have tried to be a role model for children. It's important to influence children, help them progress towards their goals and assist them in achieving all they can. Many adults influenced me while growing up, and I would not be the person I am today if not for them. I believe that children are the future, and they will contribute to society in more ways than we can ever imagine. We adults are their primary coaches and cheerleaders. While I particularly enjoy working with children, I know adult and elderly groups also require just as much care and nurturing as children do. I feel it's important for every population to have professionals who genuinely help them improve their quality of life.



You mention working toward a career as a speech pathologist. Is this the plan? How do you see your service as relating to your future career?

Yes, my plan is to become a Speech Language Pathologist. I will be attending the University of Connecticut to complete my master's degree in Speech, Language and Hearing Sciences. I hope to work in a children's medical center. As I mentioned before, service is a large factor in why I am so passionate about the profession. Improving the quality of someone's life is how I can be of service.

You've written about how empathy relates to service. Can you explain this idea?

Empathy to me is the ability to put yourself in the shoes of others. When a person who is struggling sees that you understand their perspective, that sense of presence can change everything. Empathizing is a kindness we can share with others. It is a way to let people know they matter, they are valued. The simple act of empathy allows us to give back to those who are feeling down or going through tough times. To be kind is to be generous, to be generous is to be considerate—considerate of the fact that we should be here for each other. My ideas of empathy are rooted within service and, to me, these ideas will always be related.

Do you think of the church as a place of empathy?

Yes, I believe the church is a place of empathy since its doors are open to everyone from all different backgrounds and journeys.

What do you find most difficult about service? Can you think of a time when things didn't go as you expected or you questioned your purpose?

One experience I found difficult was participating on a "Mid-Night Run" at Iona. The project entailed students preparing food, clothes and toiletries and then going into New York City to distribute these items to the homeless. Our aim was to equally distribute items across all the stops planned for the night. One individual I was trying to help became frustrated about not getting extra pairs of socks. I was called not the nicest names, but I simply had to think of the others who also needed socks, and I had to enforce the equal distribution rule. It is a difficult feeling to know that your service can be taken for granted. However, I stayed strong and knew that more help will always come to those who need it.

Do you think all university students should engage in service? Why or why not? Has your experience as an RA shaped what you think about other young adults?

Absolutely! I think becoming involved in service has made me a well-rounded individual. It has helped me see the world in a different light. My experience as an RA has shown me the importance of getting young adults involved in service projects, even those as simple as writing holiday cards to be delivered to a nursing home. I centered many of my programs at Iona College around service projects so my residents could contribute to outside communities, and I believe all students should engage in some level of service.



PSALM 22

MARIA D. TEETS*

“God, come to my assistance”

“Lord, make haste to help me.”

I drag myself out of the tent, pulling a sweatshirt over my pajamas against the lingering coolness of the night before. Late for Morning Prayer again. How do you solve a problem like Maria? Sleepily, I shuffle toward the open-air worship space we have constructed. A folding table covered with an altar cloth, and a tarp to kneel on unhindered by dew and insects. A small tabernacle, monstrance, and two candles are all that adorn the altar. Nearby leans a cross fashioned from two good-sized sticks (locally harvested), and festooned with wildflowers (also local). The rest of the cathedral – the sky, trees, waist-high prairie grass, and banded buttes – we can hardly take credit for. I grab a psalter and flip to the psalm they are chanting. Taking my place on the tarp, I ease my sore muscles into a prayerful attitude as my second-rate morning voice joins the chorus of plains birds and insects, the pure, dove-like expressions of the Dominican Sisters, and the more sonorous tones of the Brothers of St. John. The sun has not yet appeared over the buttes, but the sky is bright and clear and the dawn seems breathless with potential.

Following Morning Prayer we greet each other and proceed to breakfast. Table talk at breakfast in the Badlands of North Dakota consists mostly of recalling the mishaps of the day before. Fr. Nathan’s group not taking enough water, Joe getting heatstroke, and the park rangers having to come rescue Assembly One on horses. Other popular topics include how many blisters people have on their feet as well as discussions of local flora and especially fauna.

“Okay, guys, was it just me, or was there totally a buffalo outside our tent last night?”

“No, I heard it too! I think there were a few of them, all grunting and snuffling around.”

“Yeahhhhh... see that dust pit over there? I think that belongs to them.” We had indeed made camp very near a bison dust bath, or rather, they had chosen the previously established campground, bathrooms, picnic tables, grills and all, as the location for their dust pit. But hey, they were here first, and at fourteen-hundred pounds, American Bison do what they want.

Breakfast over, we tidy up, pack our lunches, refill our water bottles, and pile into the vans which will take us to our next activity. Today is July fourth and we’re feeling American as can be out here in Theodore Roosevelt National Park. We sing jaunty, patriotic tunes as we

*Maria D. Teets, a student at Loras College, won first prize in the Creative Nonfiction category of the Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing.

roll along towards the day's excursion. We discuss national anthems with the non-Americans present, one French and one English. We offer a jovial thank you to the Frenchman for his ancestors' assistance in gaining our liberty, and make a point of singing a rollicking "My Country Tis of Thee" to Fr. Thomas the Englishman, in lieu of "God Save the Queen." Instead of being fired with disdain for the "ungrateful colonists," he handles the situation with all the unshakable poise of his countrymen and merely replies with a demure and melodious rendition of "This land is your land, this land was MY land!" This beautifully executed jibe brings down the house, and we journey on in high spirits.

Pulling into the parking lot at the trailhead we disembark from the vans and split into our respective assemblies. Half of the group, having suffered the day before, will be hiking an easier trail today, and they set out with the promise of meeting us at lunchtime for Afternoon Prayer.

"Verso l'alto!" (toward the heights) Fr. Nathan calls over his shoulder as they depart.

"Sentire il voce di Dio!" (to hear the voice of God) we reply in chorus. Repeating this phrase, a favorite of Blessed Pier Giorgio Frassati, gives me a feeling of closeness to the adventurous young saint, and to all others who have gone before me into the wilderness to walk and talk with God. This week of camping is only the beginning of a month of classes, activities and leadership opportunities. The Ecclesia Summer Institute for Catholic Leadership is only the beginning of the deeper adventure that awaits us all as we learn and grow towards our roles in the Church and the world.

We consult the trail map, considering our own blisters and deliberating between two different options. As if on cue, the very definition of a Park Ranger pulls up in his truck. I'm almost certain he can smell our indecision and inexperience. The man's skin is made of leather, tanned by decades of Dakota sun. His deep-set eyes beneath the broad brim of his Stetson hat hold the gleam of sunlight glinting off deep, swift-moving water.

"What can I do for you folks today?" His voice rings out clear and strong as an eagle's cry. No-nonsense. I can't figure out if he stepped out of an old western or just sprang up out of the rocky red dirt of the Badlands, though I strongly suspect the latter. We tell him a little bit about our group and that we're trying to decide which trail to take today.

"See, we hiked the Achenbach yesterday," one of our leaders, Stuart, casually volunteers. The Leather Ranger is surprised.

"The Achenbach?" he exclaims, as if he doesn't believe us. "That trail's not for beginners! It's our most difficult hike. I blazed that trail myself forty years ago. You shouldn't have hiked the Achenbach."

"Well, we did..." says Stuart, almost apologetically. Of course we did! Leave it to Fr. Nathan to choose the most difficult trail in the Badlands, and leave it to him and his team to get the worst of it. That's the thing about adventures with Fr. Nathan. You want to be with him because of his indomitable spirit and magnetic personality, but he's positively jinxed when it comes to misadventures. If he isn't getting twenty-three ticks and Lyme's Disease in Illinois, almost getting attacked by a monk seal in Hawaii, or being eaten alive by midges in Scotland, he's lost in the Badlands with his team dying of thirst. Things happen to Fr. Nathan. For my money, I'm glad to be with Fr. Thomas. Quiet, unassuming, quintessentially English with a refined voice and firm but gentle manner, everything about

him bespeaks calm and order. Nothing bad happens when you're with Fr. Thomas. Contrasting that with Fr. Nathan's Toledo, Ohio, roots, his irrepressible spirit of adventure and his unshakable trust in all things working to the good of those who love the Lord and are called according to His purpose, one can see how we ended up on the Achenbach under Fr. Nathan's leadership. It had been a cool ten-hour hike. But none of us had thought much of it. Fr. Nathan chose the Achenbach, so we hiked the Achenbach, it was as simple as that. He inspired that sort of confidence. Sure it was tough, but this is the Badlands! I mean, "bad" is right there in the name. As far as we were concerned, it had been par for the course. And anyway, we had survived. Begrudgingly impressed with our achievement, the ranger gives a final warning about the bison.

"It's the beginning of mating season, so the bulls will be showing off. Now, we don't often have problems with hikers encountering bison, just don't do anything stupid." Casting a final critical glance over our group of newbies, he swings himself into his truck, and drives away.

After his departure, we briefly congratulate ourselves on our newly discovered hiking prowess and decide to take a moderate trail today as a kind of dessert. Striking out at a comfortable pace, we're ready to meet any surprises these not-so-bad lands have to offer us.

Walking in nature affords plenty of time to think if you don't have to watch your feet too closely. As I fall into a marching rhythm I reflect on what led me to this place. The Ecclesia Summer Institute was the brainchild of Fr. Nathan Cromly, CSJ. Think modern day saint, and you've got a pretty good picture of the adventurous, philosophical, enthusiastic, reverent man charismatic enough to convince thirty-some young adults to commit over a month of their summer to a God-centered adventure. I first met the man when I was only fifteen, and he was only Br. Nathan Cromly, CSJ. A visiting speaker, he had invited me and other members of my youth group to attend Eagle Eye, a week-long summer camp for teens. Drawn to the idea of spending a week with a bunch of lively apostolic brothers and sisters, I had gone to Eagle Eye, then three more Eagle Eyes, as well as an occasional weekend retreat put on by the Brothers. Suffice it to say, I was hooked. The Community of St. John was a dynamic group of religious brothers and sisters, most of whom were young "Pope John Paul II vocations." Life was never dull or depressing with them around; they radiated joy and peace, and I was thrilled to be a part of it in any way I could. Fr. Nathan is what Jesus might have been like in his funnier moments. Huge smile crinkling up around his eyes, bright voice bursting with conviction, intensity, and joie de vivre, brows drawn together in sheer earnestness. When he was a brother, he was known for his terrible jokes such as,

"What's big and green and has four wheels?" You'd pause, and then give the requisite, "I don't know." His eyes lit up with all the mischievousness of a five-year-old.

"A lawn. I lied about the wheels!" Cue groans from the audience. But we loved it. He preached with passion, drawing young people into questions, into philosophy, into nature, into everything. So, six years after my first St. John adventure, when I got the opportunity to spend a month with the Community at Ecclesia, I had jumped at the chance. So here I am. A twenty-one-year-old young woman, hiking through the Badlands with some priests and nuns. Why? To be a leader? To prove something? You know, I'm really not sure. I only know that Fr. Nathan has something I want, and every time I follow him, I'm left with just a little more of that something.

I'm snapped back to the present as a curve in the path takes us into an open plain. Out ahead of us stands a herd of bison, forty or fifty adults and a handful of calves. A warning bell sounds in the back of my mind. About a hundred yards and a broad gully are all that lay between ourselves and the herd. We pause, taking stock of the situation and deciding how best to proceed. During the lull our Frenchman, not one to stand still, scrambles up some boulders to the left of the path. Atop the rocks, Ulrich is joined by Elle, the only one in the party with any claim to Native American heritage.

"Card-carrying Chippewa!" she chimes in whenever a conversation turns towards the subject of native peoples. The adventurous spirit is as strong with these two as it had been with their respective ancestors.

"Allo! Bonjour, Bison!" Ulrich waves animatedly from his rocky outlook.

"Bonjour, Bison!" Elle joins him, saluting the animals, confident in the distance between us. The French fur traders and the Native Americans have historic rivalries with the animals of this region. Evidently the bison have not forgotten. I glance at the herd. It has not moved, but two young bulls have clearly taken notice of our group. Tossing their heads, they begin circling the outside of the herd, assessing the threat these new creatures might pose. Meanwhile, our group leaders having deliberated amongst themselves, announce that we'll skirt the herd giving them a wide berth as we pass on the right side.

We cut a sharp right, spreading out and heading for the buttes on the westward side of the valley. Almost as soon as we've done this, the bison leaders have reached their consensus as well. Perhaps it's the gesticulations of their ancestral enemies; perhaps approaching them in single file, there had appeared to be fewer of us than when we changed course and spread out; perhaps it's just what they have been planning to do all along, at any rate, the herd begins to move. Towards us. Slowly at first, just the two bulls disappearing into the gully and reemerging on the side nearest us. Then another bison, and another, dipping into the trench and reappearing on the other side. Bison can run up to thirty-five miles per hour. Stuart and Stephanie hold a quick conference with Fr. Thomas, then turn back to us.

"Okay, guys, forget about skirting the herd, we're just going to turn around and walk slowly back in the direction we came." We comply, deliberately holding ourselves to a sedate pace.

"Slowly. Slowly. Okay, we're moving faster now. All right, that's it! We're running! Run, guys! Run for the trees!" We're off the trail now in a mad dash for the scrubby little pines growing near the foot of the buttes to the east. Leaping and leaping through the knee-high grasses, bounding over sage brush.

"*Please, no snakes, please no rabbit holes, please no snakes!*" I plead internally, but my lips are moving, words are coming out.

"Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, or sought thy intercession was left unaided!" Of course, when you're being chased by a herd of bison, praying the "Memorare" is the most natural thing in the world.

"Inspired by this confidence, we fly unto thee, O virgin of virgins our mother!" We gain the scant shelter of the trees seconds before the herd flows by, a tide of bulky frames leaping and craggy heads tossing.

“They actually look like they’re enjoying themselves,” I think, ruefully. The majority of the herd has passed us by, slowing as they do so, only having mobilized in response to a whim of their leaders to chase some puny humans. But those two pesky bulls are still eying us, this time from a much closer range.

We have halted in the shadow of the trees. They are not worth climbing, so we begin scrambling up the butte, following a rough buffalo trail through the little trees and undergrowth. Halfway up we pause for a moment, listening. Unable to discern whether or not a bull might be following us up the path, we press on. A few minutes’ climb at a quick pace brings us out on top of the butte where we pause to recollect ourselves. We seem to be out of immediate danger, but we did just use a buffalo trail to get up here. They could easily pursue us further if they were so inclined. We won’t take the chance on going back the way we came, but the other side of the butte is steep and rocky. Climbing down it would be no easy task. We’re trapped up here. Stuart volunteers to go back down the trail to see if they’ve decided to leave us alone. Meanwhile my friend Teresa starts to panic.

“What are we going to do? We have to get down! What if they come up here?” I try to soothe her.

“Hey, it’s gonna be okay. They probably won’t come up here. And even if they do,” I joke “it’s a beautiful day to die! The sky is blue, the sun is shining, and getting trampled by bison would make an epic story. Much better than dying of heatstroke. Besides, Fr. Thomas is here. Nothing ever happens to you when you’re with Fr. Thomas.” After a few minutes she calms down. Time ticks by and Stuart still hasn’t returned.

“I think they ate Stu,” I quip, though I know it’s not true. Bison are herbivores, and anyway, Steph is in radio communication with him. When he returns, we consider the possibility of climbing down the other side. In the end we succeed in doing so, carefully slithering and sliding, helping each other find secure footholds, and spotting one another.

Safely on the other side, we pause again, this time for a picture to commemorate our survival. Fr. Thomas turns to us.

“Well, good job, Assembly Two! We’ve survived the bison stampede. Thanks to our guardian angels, and, I’m sure to Maria’s prayers.” I laugh a little self-consciously. I wasn’t sure anyone had heard me.

“I’ll admit,” he continues, “I was about to break out the general absolution at one point, but thank Heaven it wasn’t necessary!” Much relieved at being all in one piece, we strike out on a new path, picking up the pace in order to meet Assembly One in time for MIDDAY Prayer. We come upon them presently, and they have already unpacked the psalters. Psalm 22 is one of the prescribed chants today.

“My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?” I reflect on the perils of the day, on the gift of safety. *“To you they cried out and were saved; in you they trusted and were not put to shame.”* I revel in the beauty all around me. The boundless sky, the beautiful, multicolored layers of the buttes, the wild sage giving off its soft, savory scent under the sun. *“Many bulls surround me; strong bulls of Bashan encircle me.”* Wait a second. I glance at my assembly mates. They’ve caught it too, and we are all trying to keep a straight face. *“Rescue me from the mouth of the lions; save me from the horns of the wild oxen.”* We can’t help it.

We burst out laughing. Eventually we compose ourselves enough to finish the prayer “*I will declare your name to my people; in the assembly I will praise you.*”

We have another good laugh over lunch, as we recount our close call to the members of Assembly One. After lunch we part ways again, hiking for the rest of the afternoon, talking and praying. Fr. Nathan’s assembly may not have been chased by bison, but they weren’t about to be outdone, and got caught in a torrential thunderstorm as a matter of course.

We continued to laugh about our Badlands adventures all through the rest of the month at Ecclesia. “Bonjour, Bison!” became an affectionate greeting we gave each other. Even now, three years later, whenever two or more members of Assembly Two are gathered in one place, we laugh about it. We laugh at the crazy coincidence of the circumstances and the psalms, we laugh with the gratitude and joy of living to tell the tale, we laugh because for once, the crazy things didn’t only happen to Fr. Nathan, and we laugh because our God has a sense of humor.



THE MIDDLE OF THE DREAM

RYAN ALU*

I slumped along, pulled by my mother's shadow. My feet dragged like a tire through snow, arms oozing down in bitter annoyance. My face – bent, contorted into a malicious mope. I unwillingly kept pace with her exultant steps with my purposefully slow, ungainly, plopping movements.

We reach our journey's end. She glanced back at me.

"Ready," she requested.

I looked up from my dejected puddle of self-pity.

"Sure," I responded as she bounced in.

Before her shadow towed me in with her, I scanned the evil but all too familiar sign.

It glowed down upon me with its red letters, melting my skin, boiling me into the concrete. The "o" stuttered, sputtered, and spat. It was mocking me, laughing at my misery. I wanted that hellish sign to just fall on me – get it over with. But it had other plans. It didn't want me dead, just tormented into submission.

The sign read "Kohl's." It was the devil's signature to any 12-year-old.

I looked away from the sign and slouched back down.

Then, a thought shocked my mind. My body convulsed and erected. Frustration, and sorrow released me from their grasp. I barreled through the front doors and burrowed my feet into the ground. My heart ricocheted around in my chest with excitement, negated by the dead pulses of the customers. I threw my hands skyward and yelled, "Kohl's!" with maximum gusto.

The whole store craned its neck to view the deranged pimple at the front of the store.

Silence. Silence so numb you could feel its nothingness tingle.

Finally, one brave soul quacked, "Why?"

The store exploded in laughter and then returned back to its customary state.

Why did I find so much enjoyment in yelling "Kohl's" to random strangers? The question haunted me each night, daring me to answer it until, one night, I finally did.

I found joy in something so silly because I was defining myself through the journey that is the American Dream.

There is a common misconception about American Dream. There is too great a focus on the beginning and end of the story. Like a wet rag being rung out, the ends remain wet with information while the middle is drained, devoid, and dry.

*Ryan Alu, a student at Saint Francis University, won second place in the category of Creative Nonfiction in the Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing.

Andrew Carnegie – Born in a weaver’s cottage in Scotland becomes rich with his steel industry. Oprah Winfrey – Raised wearing potato sacks for clothing becomes famous media proprietor worth 2.7 billion dollars.

Incredible feats? No doubt. But it is only two-thirds of the story. What happened to the middle?

The American Dream lies in the middle. Like a flat rock skipped across a lake, I do not care where I came from or fret where I will end. I only care how many times I skipped on the water and how many ripples I made while in there. I want my American Dream story to be about the middle.

I want my story to be about 12-year-old me in Kohl’s, making a store full of people smile. I want my story to be about the time I took a picture with every mannequin in Kmart and made my sister cry in laughter. About 16-year-old me, hugging a friend after she lost her brother. About me, last week, coaching my high school girl’s junior varsity volleyball team about the importance of staying positive for their teammates. About me picking up a volleyball after my second stress fracture. I want my story to be about me in school, high-fiving five colleagues before the start of every class. About me breaking my school’s status quo by being the only student to use his locker. About me captivating the audience with my trombone or my humorous basketball spinning talent show act.

I want to be defined by the middle because the American Dream is not achieved or completed, failed or missed. It is lived.



OFFERINGS TO GOD ON THE NEW YORK SUBWAY

SAMANTHA BUCHER*

The subway car lurches,
throwing me backwards into the crowd.

My heel *almost* crunches the toes of an old woman
sitting on the orange and yellow seats
that look like they belong in
the corner of a McDonald's Playplace.

I mumble a silent prayer in thanks for that not happening, but
no one hears me above the crackle of the loudspeaker:

Next stop 34th street.

I'm pressed so close to the man in front of me
that I'm eye to eye with his back full of tattoos.
His sand-colored skin is etched with ink,
tomb walls scribbled with hieroglyphics.

I'm wondering if the symbols tell the story of his life
or pledge his allegiance to his god,
or act as tally marks for the scars past lovers have left behind,
or if those were just the ones he thought looked nice,
when the doors open with a hiss and he is
gone.

His replacement stands tall even when
so many are knocked down like bowling pins
as the train jumps into motion.

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Her skin is as dark and sleek as a Greek vase,
arms tattooed with a couple in smoke,
the ink figures swirling around each other in an embrace
as a face looks down on them from above.

Another hiss, another opening and she is
pulled away, replaced by a woman with canvas-clad feet
who has a denim baseball cap perched on top
of her coffee-stained curls like a bird.

One inscription is stamped on the front:

BUT GOD,

Just like that, with the comma, too,
waiting for an antecedent,
waiting for a follower as if
God himself came down and erased the rest yelling,
“No But’s” on his way back to heaven,
loud, but not loud enough to rise above the rattle of the tracks
and the crackle of the loudspeaker:

Next stop 175th street.



PUPPETEERING UNIVERSES, TWISTING TIMELINES: ALTERNATE REALITIES IN SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE

CAROLINE SOMMER*

S ometime, every day, every moment, decisions are made by humans, regardless of place and time. Not all decisions are a simple yes/no, action/inaction; indeed, the possibilities of an answer to a question are limitless. For each of these moments, for each decision, it is posited that an alternate reality is created from each different decision. It can be said, then, that the world that develops today is unique and likely not to exist anywhere else in time and space, created upon and by limitless decisions, both important and trivial, made by humans. Within Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse-Five*, three different temporal storylines making up three different alternate realities run skew to each other: Vonnegut's (the character), Pilgrim's earthly existence, and Pilgrim's Tralfamadorian existence, each presenting an alternate reality of the others. Even though these storylines may run in parallel, temporally, there is a skew, a crossover, physically between the characters, between these three worlds, with the potential detriment to the inhabitants of these realities.

As a manner of course, I must take a moment to clearly define three characters, which, at certain times, may be considered incarnations of the same character. Primarily, and chiefly, there is the main character of the story: Billy Pilgrim, a veteran of World War II who lives in Ilium, New York, works as an optometrist, and has an experience with aliens. When referred to as "Earthly Pilgrim," this refers to the character of Billy Pilgrim while he is on the planet Earth; likewise, the "Tralfamadorian Pilgrim" refers to Billy Pilgrim during his stay on Tralfamadore, a planet inhabited by the machine-like aliens called the Tralfamadorians, beings who can perceive an absolute, not linear, view of time, where Pilgrim is kept in a zoo-like location for some amount of time. Finally, when referring to Vonnegut, I refer to the character in the frame story (appearing in the first and last chapters, primarily, and at various intervals here and there in the text); while this character bears the name of the author of the novel, Kurt Vonnegut, to say the two are either the same person or different people would be an argument outside the scope of this paper. As such, when referring to Vonnegut, I only take into account the character appearing within the pages of *Slaughterhouse-Five*.

Vonnegut appears a few times as a character within Pilgrim's earthly storyline. The persona that he adopts shifts based on the time frame of the novel: in the earlier (temporally)

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bits of the story when Pilgrim is in a German Prisoner of War camp, for example, it is Vonnegut as a soldier that makes note of his existence (using the “I” to denote himself, as Pilgrim’s narrative is told in third person) after eating too much food at the Prisoner of War camp (Vonnegut 160). However, the further away from the jonbar point (a place in which one, generally important, decision is made that impacts the storyline, and if another decision would have been made, it would have created a completely different timeline or universe) the story progresses, the less Vonnegut impacts the text – as himself, as this “I” voice. Rather, Vonnegut adopts the persona of the science fiction storyteller Kilgore Trout who is both physically (as he is a resident of the same town that Pilgrim lives in) and through his books able to influence Pilgrim’s life (128). While Vonnegut is an *external* character, his influence on Pilgrim is *internal*, mimicking Pilgrim’s experiences with the Tralfamadourians in his novels. Through the character of Trout and the “I” voice, Vonnegut is peering into what could have been his life, an alternate reality based on his experiences, and what role he would play in that alternate, parallel universe.

However, what is interesting in *Slaughterhouse-Five*, is that Pilgrim does not attempt to dispose of his alternate self, as is what happens in many other time travel narratives, such as Charles Yu’s *How to Live Safely in a Science-Fictional Universe* or William Nolan’s “The Worlds of Monty Willson.” Perhaps Pilgrim does not know, or does not want to confirm, that Trout, as one of his favorite authors, may have been himself, despite all of the commonalities in Trout’s novels to Pilgrim’s experiences on Tralfamadore (Lerate de Castro 116). Rather than annihilate himself from a different universe, Earthly Pilgrim accepts Vonnegut/Trout into his timeline, as perhaps killing Trout would cause some type of temporal error: without Vonnegut, Pilgrim would not exist, akin to the grandfather paradox (where someone travels back in time to kill his or her grandfather, which should be unsuccessful, as the killer would never have been born) that crops up in many a time travel story. Similarly, Pilgrim makes mention of Trout’s importance in his life while recovering at the veteran’s hospital, “[Pilgrim and Rosewater, another veteran of World War II] were trying to re-invent themselves and their universe” (Vonnegut 128). Thus, Pilgrim would not want to eliminate his life in the metaphorical sense, maintained in the stories that have kept him alive. To kill off what gives him life, like the adage of biting the hand that feeds him, would be detrimental to his existence. So, if Pilgrim knows that Vonnegut/Trout is he, but from another reality, he does not wish to eliminate the paradox, especially as *Pilgrim* knows that he lives in at least one other reality (Tralfamadore), and would not want to be eliminated from that timeline.

Similarly, there is a jonbar point for Pilgrim when Pilgrim is transported to Tralfamadore. The disconnect between Earthly Pilgrim’s existence and his existence on Tralfamadore is both a literal, spatial disconnect and a mental disconnect: after this point (chronologically, late 1967 to early 1968), Pilgrim becomes vocal (trying to get on the television, having talks on the radio, writing letters, etc) about the Tralfamadourian philosophy. It is difficult to discuss this moment’s disconnect in terms (as done in the previous section) of temporalities: the time that Pilgrim spends on Tralfamadore is not disclosed to be a certain length of time, nor is it told in what period of time he returns back to Earth. However, it is noted that there is no disturbance in his physical being; as Coleman notes: “Vonnegut’s narrative strongly

suggests that when Billy Pilgrim travels in time, physically he remains in the environment... Vonnegut gives no account of Billy surprising the other character by appearing out of thin air" (685). Pilgrim is always, *physically*, living on Earth, and doing so he is concurrently living on Tralfamadore. Even though Pilgrim lives there for an extended period of time, Tralfamadore exists *outside* of humanity's convention of time; as Martino argues, "Time on Tralfamadore, as a mathematical construction, ignores the temporal flux and movement that characterizes the nature of time to human beings... [Pilgrim] dismantles time itself" (16). Because Pilgrim lives on Tralfamadore for this extended period of time, he eventually, over the course of his stay, begins to adopt a kind of Tralfamadorian mindset, one that looks beyond the human, linear version of time to one that can see, somewhat jarringly, the whole scope of time.

This allows for an interesting viewpoint from Pilgrim's point of view: from the first jonbar point, he has the ability to go to any time (like many a time travel story) but cannot control which time he can go to. This makes him "in a constant state of stage fright" (Vonnegut 29): he knows what is going to happen, but needs to act in a certain way in order to play his role. Overall, the changes in time are disorienting and, in a way, painful for Pilgrim. However, after his visit to Tralfamadore, chronologically, Earthly Pilgrim cares less about acting his role in society and embraces the Tralfamadorian ideology (37). In a way, Pilgrim has gone through a shift in thinking: "[He] finally learns that there is a place outside of linear history, outside linear time where all moments always exist" (Rubens 70). This place is Tralfamadore, and just as in the case of the Tralfamadorians, Pilgrim's world and life temporally blend together. However, being outside of time creates a problem for Earthly Pilgrim, as Sieber argues that "Billy has to live with his knowledge and perception and resign himself to the outcome" (136) and Martino adds onto this: "[Pilgrim] has trapped himself in a fishbowl of shifting temporality that at any moment could deposit him right back into the midst of the very thing he is trying to escape" (17). While on Tralfamadore, he is not subject to this type of temporal distortion; as Tralfamadore exists *outside* of time, all Pilgrim can do is flip through his memories and participate in the activities the Tralfamadorians put him through. While on Earth, however, Pilgrim is subject to this "shifting temporality," and, like a human, is subject to his memories. As some critics argue, the way in which the memories flow is connected by stimuli: "this stimulus, the colors, elicits a response from Billy's memory" (Rubens 69). However, if only limited to stimuli that Pilgrim is able to comprehend, then why limit it to only visual and auditory cues? Surely there are smells, touches, tastes that would evoke this type of travel and memory association (Rajaniemi's *The Quantum Thief* is an example); yet, in the text, it is limited to solely the visual and auditory. Is there a connection, an importance, placed on these senses and short shrift made of the others? Do these senses best transcend the barrier separating both Pilgrims in time and space?

This, then, is interesting to note, and raises an interesting question: how alike, how opposed are Pilgrim's earthy existence and his Tralfamadorian experience? Nowhere does the text discuss Pilgrim's return to Earth; indeed, it could be read that Pilgrim is living on two different timelines simultaneously: the Pilgrim on Earth and the Pilgrim on

Tralfamadore. Much like how Vonnegut, through Trout, inserts himself into Pilgrim's Earthly timeline, Tralfamadorian Pilgrim, through his temporal shifts, can insert himself into Earthly Pilgrim's life, causing Earthly Pilgrim to become unstuck in time. As is mentioned in the text, "The Tralfamadoreans didn't have anything to do with [Pilgrim's] coming unstuck" (Vonnegut 38); thus, someone else is pulling on the strings of Pilgrim's mind. Tralfamadorian Pilgrim, then, is the puppeteer of Earthly Pilgrim's life, memories, and temporal shifts; he is the one that controls (because he has an absolute view of time) the movements, temporal, physical or the flow of memory, of Earthly Pilgrim. Then, the question to be asked is: who is the puppeteer of Tralfamadorian Pilgrim? The Tralfamadoreans? Some higher power? Time, perhaps, is an answer.

When Pilgrim travels to Tralfamadore, he passes through a time warp which will quicken the travel time between Tralfamadore and Earth. When the space vessel leaves Earth's atmosphere and goes through the warp, Pilgrim *explicitly* goes into different times. The first time he leaves, when he goes through Earth's atmosphere into outer space, Pilgrim is back to his experiences in World War II: "Earth twisted Billy's sleeping body, distorted his face, dislodged him in time, sent him back to the war" (Vonnegut 98). When Pilgrim and the Tralfamadoreans go through the time warp, Pilgrim gets sent back to his childhood: "the saucer entered a time warp, and Billy was flung back into his childhood" (112). Both of these moments, at least theoretically for the time warp, will experience time dilation, where time passes at a different speed relative to Earth's passage of time. For Pilgrim and, possibly, the Tralfamadoreans, the time is minimized between the two locations, but for the residents of both Earth and Tralfamadore, what Pilgrim goes through takes the literal amount of time, that is to say, tens of thousands of years (traveling at light speed, the amount of time from Tralfamadore to Earth is about 76,000 years, or 150,000 years round-trip). So, thusly, if Pilgrim were ever to return to Earth, if Earth is still around, it would be completely different from when Pilgrim left. In order to reconcile this, either the Tralfamadoreans have the ability to travel back in time and return to the exact moment that Pilgrim left, or Tralfamadorian Pilgrim, with access to Earthly Pilgrim's entire life, stays there for eternity, and lives two lives: Tralfamadorian Pilgrim, with no chance to escape and confined to the geodesic dome (as the atmosphere on Tralfamadore is comprised mainly of cyanide), yet "free" in the sense that he can do anything that he wants to, and Earthly Pilgrim, who is confined in the sense that he has no free will, yet free in the sense that the entire world is open to him. For Pilgrim, then, these two different identities cannot be combined in equal measures: the positives and negatives cancel out and leave a neutral Pilgrim, incapable of doing anything, a puppet in the hands of time.

Therefore, for the Pilgrim on Tralfamadore, he cannot return to Earth in a physical state; the only way he can return to it is embracing his unstuckness in time and visiting Earth and his past life in his memories, even if the said memories have not yet, temporally, taken place yet (for events happening post-1968, when he is taken to Tralfamadore). This is to suggest that the narrative that is presented is that of Tralfamadorian Pilgrim, as a way of preserving not only his memories but also those of human beings in this Tralfamadorian world. Pilgrim is not the ideal specimen of a human being, but rather an "everyman-schlemiel-hero"

(Edelstein 136), a human being readers can relate to. In doing so, the story of Pilgrim is giving voice to that of the average reader, not a superhuman being or robot, and insuring that the legacy of human beings from the mid to late twentieth century are being recorded for the entire universe to witness, but also to judge. At this level, the story of Pilgrim is the final story of humanity, in both the surface-level sense, as Pilgrim's story may be the last written document that any human will produce, and the deeper sense, in the fact that the idea of what is human and what is not is something constantly evolving and being shaped. For Pilgrim, then, one of his major evolution points as a character is his coming to Tralfamadore: he begins to embrace the Tralfamadorian notions of the perception of time and, while remaining human biologically, the way in which he thinks evolves into a mixture of Tralfamadorian and human. Pilgrim evolves into this strange concoction of Tralfamadorian and Earthly; the question then can be posed: how much of a human does Pilgrim need to be to retain his humanity? How much of it can he afford to give away to embrace the Tralfamadorian lifestyle? If he is truly the last human, then *Slaughterhouse-Five* shows just how (or one of the many ways how) a human can evolve into an alien being through Pilgrim's evolution into a Tralfamadorian.

At the first jonbar point, when Pilgrim is first unstuck in time, a choice is made: to create a world in which there is free will, and to create a world in which there is no free will. The world that Vonnegut lives in is the one in which free will exists, and the one Pilgrim lives in is the one governed by the Tralfamadorians. However, interestingly as Cordle points out, "Vonnegut leaves Billy at a moment of choice" (175), implying that Pilgrim does have *some* modicum of free will, or at least the illusion of it. Pilgrim chooses, in his perhaps only moment of free will, to abandon free will and live in a universe where everything is structured, everything is already set in stone, everything is already completed, and everything, ironically for Pilgrim as he travels through his life, has meaning but also loses it.

At the second jonbar point, at the point where Pilgrim boards the Tralfamadorian vessel, another choice is determined: to stay on Earth and live with his pain and suffering but remain human, or to head to Tralfamadore where life is monotonous but relatively peaceful and become something that is not quite human but also not wholly Tralfamadorian either. What results, after this jonbar point, is the divergence of Earthly Pilgrim and Tralfamadorian Pilgrim and their schools of thought. Where Earthly Pilgrim needs to deal with the emotional and physical issues that the war has brought him, Tralfamadorian Pilgrim can just ignore them, escaping the highs and lows that his experiences brought him, enabling him to forget the pain and suffering that he deals with in his Earthly incarnation, at the cost of his "time, sanity, and individuality. He becomes a cosmic plaything" (Coleman 691). Because of Pilgrim's apathy toward the world and his life, he distances himself from his relationships with his wife and children and moves towards a shallower relationship with another human that the Tralfamadorians have brought him, the Hollywood actress Montana Wildhack. In this state, as Edelstein suggests, "only mindless movie starlets [like Montana Wildhack] can be happy in this world [Tralfamadore]" (135), a comment toward the fact that most humans, like Pilgrim, *cannot* be content on Tralfamadore; Pilgrim needs to evolve his thinking, or take refuge in his human memories, to be content on Tralfamadore. He does both.

So, then, how do these storylines interact with each other? As hinted at prior, Vonnegut's is perhaps the most simple: from the jonbar point, he follows in parallel to Pilgrim's experiences, experiencing most of what Pilgrim experiences (except, of course, for the temporal shifts) until the end of World War II; then, the two stories diverge and Vonnegut, physically, is no longer in contact with Pilgrim, much like Vonnegut was with his fellow veterans within the frame story. The "I" narrator (Vonnegut) only exists after the jonbar point (Vonnegut 86): at no earlier point, chronologically, does the "I" exist. It is only after this becoming unstuck in time where the "I" gets interjected, when Pilgrim is riding on the train. At this point, when Pilgrim becomes unstuck in time, the original character splits into Earthly Pilgrim, the unstuck one, and Vonnegut, who remains the one in linear time. Before Pilgrim/Vonnegut becomes unstuck, Pilgrim and Vonnegut are one in the same; it is only *after* becoming unstuck in time that the two become different people. Up until this point, Earthly Pilgrim and Vonnegut have shared in the same experiences (as they are the same person), but at this point, their experiences diverge, and Earthly (and then Tralfamadorian) Pilgrim and Vonnegut become different people, different personalities, different existences. This explains *why* Vonnegut was able to write so much about Earthly Pilgrim's history and thought processes – because he *was* (and, in a way, *is*) Pilgrim. In the frame chapters, where Vonnegut is given a voice, Edelstein argues that "[a]fter seeing the New York World's Fair's version of the future... Billy and Vonnegut, finally, in spite of narrative distance, are one" (138). By opening and closing the novel with giving the two characters the ability to, in a sense, fuse back together, Vonnegut is given the ability to voice Pilgrim's story, and, in doing so, insert himself into it. Thusly, Vonnegut, *through* Pilgrim, is able to write this novel – *Slaughterhouse-Five* – that is a *human* narrative written in the style of the *Tralfamadorians* (as noted on the title page). Pilgrim and the Tralfamadorians are reconciled to live forever within the pages of *Slaughterhouse-Five*; for Vonnegut, their alternate reality is compacted into a novel, which, for readers, functions in the same way – it is an alternate reality readers are sent to.

For the two different Pilgrims, then, these two are different individuals yet they are connected. Pilgrim, in both his Earthly and Tralfamadorian mindsets, is technically the same individual, just separated in the time-space continuum. As Pilgrim mentions in the text, "[he] hadn't told anybody about all the time-traveling he'd done, about Tralfamadore and so on" on the night of his honeymoon with Valencia (Vonnegut 154). This occurs before he is sent to Tralfamadore and chooses (or waits for the moment to construct itself) to not discuss them with those he knows. As mentioned prior, Pilgrim needs to act his part, so he must maintain ignorance about the future until the moment constructs itself (that is to say, after he has "left"/"returned" to/from Tralfamadore; the jonbar point for the two Pilgrims) for him to reveal to the world the Tralfamadorian ideology, at which time he, as Tralfamadorian Pilgrim, can assume his Earthly Pilgrim identity, like a puppeteer (Tralfamadorian Pilgrim) playing a puppet (Earthly Pilgrim). This does not mean, though, that the two Pilgrims are the same individuals; on the contrary, while Tralfamadorian Pilgrim has transcendence over the human perception of time, he cannot do anything with or on it. Similarly, Earthly Pilgrim can *act* but has a distorted view of time (even for a human) due to his unstuckness.

So, then, is Vonnegut suggesting that science should learn to meddle in parallel universes and alternate realities, to fracture the universe (both temporally and spatially) as humans perceive it? If anything, the ways in which these three characters interact – Vonnegut, Earthly Pilgrim, and Tralfamadorian Pilgrim – are limited, mostly, to someone peering through someone else’s eyes. The two different mindsets of the Pilgrims make it difficult to fuse the two back together from the points at which they diverged; the connection between Vonnegut and Pilgrim is one that is made over a long period of time, and even then, it is not fully conjoined: Pilgrim is unaffected by Vonnegut’s experiences, and Vonnegut only chooses to write about Pilgrim. As far as the reader knows, there is no reconciliation between the two characters, no “two-become-one” at the close (temporally) of the novel, when Vonnegut is finishing up the novel. Alternate realities, once broken apart from the main timeline, branch out and become completely distinct from the timeline they came from, and thusly become their own creations; to attempt to join them back together, at the present moment or in a future moment, would be remiss. To keep both Pilgrims and Vonnegut separate, in their own universes, in their own timelines, then, may be the best way of managing these different realities.

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MEADOWRIDGE

CASSANDRA BUSCH*

Stacey Doyle from one block over will try telling you that it all happened on a Thursday in mid-October. That she remembers sitting on her back deck and staring at the crowd gathered on our street, huddled around something. She will try to convince you that she remembers it was fall because a leaf from her three-year-old maple spiraled down from over her right shoulder and landed in her almost empty coffee mug.

But Stacey wasn't a real part of that day. The residents of Meadowridge Court were the ones that were there, on an overcast day in the beginning of August. It was not even nine a.m. on a Sunday morning but the heat was already oppressive, blanketing Meadowridge like a mothball-infested faux fur stuffed into a grandparent's attic. It had stormed the previous night, and the humidity lingered like an unwelcome party guest that had overstayed his welcome. Gloria Beck stood outside at the end of her driveway by her mailbox, two hands on her Spin Class-shaped hips, 30-years-old but in better physical condition than most 20-year-olds, dressed in designer yoga clothes that had never even seen the inside of a studio.

She had gone outside to inspect her front lawn, one that was always kept to the quarter-inch standard set by the local Homeowners Association and that maintained the same Kelly green color throughout the majority of the calendar year. She and her husband Taylor joked to the rest of us that the lawn was enough responsibility for them; how could they ever manage a child on top of it? But it was also well-known that on occasion, approximately once a month, Gloria could be seen in her backyard watering the tulips and tears mixing with the stream from the garden house.

But the storm hadn't done much damage at all to the Becks' lawn. Rather, something else was present that warranted the power stance of Gloria at 8:42 a.m. on a Sunday, much too early for such an aggressive pose of a woman willed to action in the face of a dire circumstance.

For you see, at her feet was a ball of fur, similar to the aforementioned analogy of the piece left in storage for two long. But this one was still attached to the rest of its muscular and skeletal appendages. Deep brown with pointed ears and a pink nose, long absent of breath but still wet from the leftover raindrops painting the vibrant grass, the feline was beginning to stiffen from rigor mortis. Not that Gloria would know this, as she hadn't dare touch the corpse but rather had spent the last sixteen minutes peering down at it through narrowed eyes.

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Just as she contemplated going inside to wake the still sleeping Taylor, who was most likely an unpleasant one to wake as he often passed out after three too many lite beers, Tricia Kepple from two houses down came jogging down the street towards Gloria. Her music was turned up and she was busy wiping the sweat that dripped between her zealously moving chest, but she noticed the strange sight of Gloria standing over the deceased cat at the end of the Becks' driveway. All she really wanted was to get her run over with so she could eat a donut or two, guilt-free, but curiosity got the best of her. She pulled out her earphones, music still blasting at a level that would make her go partially deaf by age 32, and slowed her slow jog to a fast walk over to Gloria.

"Gloria, what is that?"

"Good morning, Tricia. Out this early?"

Gloria didn't particularly care for Tricia, but she didn't particularly dislike her either. Gloria knew that she was superior to Tricia, as she was married, in far better shape and in a better place financially than her closest competition on the block. So she really never gave Tricia much thought at all.

"Wanted to beat the heat. But what is that? Opossum?"

Tricia squatted down to take a closer look, but with some effort. She was definitely not in the same shape as Gloria, even being four years younger. Gloria lived with her parents at 892 Meadowridge, in a brown two-story. She had set up a basement apartment and moved her childhood bedroom contents down the two flights of stairs after returning home from grad school. She had promised her parents it would only be a few months, but that had been extended when she found that it was very difficult to get a job in a small town on the border between Minnesota and Iowa with a degree in African-American history. Free food and her mother doing the housework didn't exactly entice her to get moving anytime soon, either.

"It's a dead cat," Tricia remarked after a closer look.

Gloria rolled her eyes at Tricia's obvious observation, but only because Tricia couldn't see her as she was still squatted, looking like she was shitting on the Becks' driveway. Gloria wanted to tell her to stand up, to get away from the stinking animal and stand like a lady, but Gloria tried to avoid doing and saying things that might jeopardize her reputation as the Meadowridge's most pleasant housewife. So she said nothing.

"How long has it been here?"

"I'm not sure, I just came out about twenty minutes ago. I wanted to check that the mailbox flag hadn't blown away in the storm last night. It's still here, but I found this instead. Imagine my surprise. I don't think I've ever seen a... dead one in real life before."

"You've never seen a dead cat before?"

"Oh, no. We were never allowed to have pets growing up. Animals belonged outside. My mother was allergic."

"Well, what are you going to do with it?" Tricia asked. She peeled a piece of damp hair from her forehead and huffed a few heavy breaths, still catching up from her workout.

"I plan on calling the Association, and President Morris. They're the only ones I feel comfortable with handling the situation. President Morris will know what to do."

“Homeowners? Nah, I don’t think you have to do that. Would they even be open on a Sunday?”

“President Morris will want to know what’s going on.” Gloria was quite impassioned on the subject of the Association.

Tricia finally stood up, swaying slightly back and forth while she regained her balance.

“Hey, where do you think it came from? I haven’t seen many strays around here. Do you think it’s someone’s from around here? Like a pet? Maybe it got out during the storm.”

Gloria’s eyes widened.

“Oh, I hope not! Who has a cat around here? The Jacobs have one, but it’s black. Marley Davidson has one, but that one is a long-haired white one. I’m pretty sure it’s a purebred. Those are the only ones I know of.”

“It could be someone from farther out. Look, its fur looks matted down around its neck. Maybe it slipped out from its collar. Doesn’t it look like it?”

Gloria reluctantly hinged over at the waist, hands still on the hips, cautious about getting too close to something that was probably carrying diseases or worse, lice. If anything like that were to get tracked into her home, Gloria would surely have a conniption. In fact, there were very few years in her life when Gloria would not have a stomach ulcer at some stage of development resting in her abdominal cavity.

“Hm, it does look a bit like that...”

While the two women inspected the fur around the cat’s neck, as far away from it as possible, a third neighbor joined them. Gary Billings was just walking back from the Lutheran Church four blocks over. He enjoyed the stroll home as a way to reflect on the Word from God that he had just received. He whistled while he walked, not even minding the fact that his wool sleeveless sweater vest was trapping the heat around his large body in a vacuum. Sweat dripped down the side of his ears, tracing a path down his bald head like water trickling down a shower door.

He stopped behind the two women and peered between them. They were too engrossed in the possibility of having stumbled across the poor body of someone’s beloved housecat to notice. For such a large man, Gary was quite light on his feet.

“Good morning, ladies. What’s this?”

Tricia jumped.

“Good God, Gary! I didn’t hear you come up.”

Internally Gary said a prayer for Tricia’s soul. He never understood how generations these days could take the Lord’s name so easily in vain. Didn’t they know it was one of the Ten Commandments?

Tricia had renounced any sort of faith long ago, however, during her undergraduate years of exploration and soul-searching, mostly with the help of a bottle of cheap whiskey and a poetry book that she had carried around everywhere, feeling that it added to her aesthetic. Even if Gary had chided her out loud, she would not have paid mind to the old man that many in the neighborhood dubbed as obsessively religious. But still a sweet man. Just annoying.

“Oh no... poor thing...,” Gary clucked, making him resemble a bloated breasted chicken even more than he already did.

Gloria swiveled on her thin hips to face Gary. The man was so overblown, in every sense of the word, that he often made her a little queasy. He also had the habit of talking like a Southern woman, which frustrated Gloria to no end. But of course, she said nothing.

“Good morning, Gary. How was Mass?”

Gary clucked once more. “It’s not Mass, Gloria, dear. That’s for Catholics.”

Gloria just smiled and nodded, not much caring about Gary’s chiding either.

“But it was a fine service, thanks for asking. But I’m now quite interested in what’s going on here. Who does this poor soul belong to?”

Tricia piped up, “We have no idea. We’re trying to figure out what to do with it. Can you just throw it away or what?”

Gary put a sausage hand to his mouth.

“Heavens, no! Most definitely not. It was a living thing! You can’t just send it off to the landfill. There are certain procedures that one must follow. We must respect the dead, Tricia darling. This sweet thing deserves a proper send off into the afterworld.”

Gloria sighed, trying to mask her annoyance with both Gary and the whole situation.

Ben Restler, of the Restler family three doors to the left of Gary, was the next to approach the threesome. A green taxi dropped him off at the corner of Meadowridge, and he made his way towards his house on the opposite side of the street from the group, still dressed in jeans and a polo from the night before, reeking of cheap whiskey and coke, thinking about the girl that he had almost gotten into bed with him. What a wasted opportunity. Now all he wanted to do was get home, crawl into bed and sleep into the early evening.

When he saw the group huddled around the lump however, curiosity got the best of him just as it had the previous two neighbors. He’d never cared what his neighbors thought of him, and they all knew that he often spent nights away from his home, to the distress of his parents. The poor Restlers.

“Hey, guys, what’s that?”

Gloria wrinkled her nose as soon as he approached. If Gary hadn’t been enough to churn her stomach, the heat mixed with the smell of stale alcohol did the trick. She couldn’t stand the smell of teenage boy, especially one that frequently neglected to use any sort of antiperspirant.

Tricia perked up when Ben approached. It wasn’t a secret that she always made sure to fix her hair before she walked past the Restlers on the way to her own home. It was slightly odd, however, and on the verge of taboo... a woman approaching her late twenties feeling that way towards a boy barely turned eighteen? It was enough to get Meadowridge talking, that’s for sure.

It’s a dead cat,” Tricia said bluntly.

“Well, okay. That’s kind of gross.”

“It’s not its fault it died!” Tricia replied.

“Do you know who the sweet thing might belong to? Belonged to?” Gary interjected.

“No... I know Lauren on the next street up just got a cat. She’s friends with my little sister. But I think that was a kitten. This one’s pretty big.”

Gloria sighed again, louder than before.

“Well, I just don’t know what to do with the thing! I can’t believe Taylor’s sleeping through all of this. He played basketball yesterday and it must have really worn him out.”

But we all knew it wasn’t the basketball.

“I should probably call President Morris now, I’ve waited long enough.”

There was moment of silence as the group stood over the deceased, heads bowed almost as if in prayer for the thing’s soul.

“What if we hung up signs? Like missing posters?” Ben suggested.

“Ben, it’s dead! We can’t hang a poster of a dead animal up around the neighborhood. What if it is someone’s cat? And besides, the Association would never approve.”

“That’s the only way I can think of! My mom’s got a new camera we could use. It takes really high-res photos. Or I could post it on Instagram, I’m friends with a lot of kids around here.”

Gloria shook her head, almost moaning audibly at the thought. She didn’t just take pride in her lawn, but took pride of Meadowridge and the whole neighborhood. She was advocating for a position on the Association beginning that fall.

“No, no. We can’t do that. It’s disrespectful to....to the dead. Let’s come up with something else.”

Tricia spoke up next.

“I’m gonna go get my parents. They’re huge pet people, I’m pretty sure they know every dog in the neighborhood by name. They could know whose this is.”

And then Tricia left to get her parents, making sure to sway her hips a little extra as she jogged down the street. The other three remained, standing in reverent silence over the body of the dead cat at the end of the driveway, putrefying away in the Midwestern August heat. Gloria thought that she had never been in such a strange situation. Gary was thinking that he probably should not have had that second jelly-filled pastry in the church basement. And Ben was thinking that he hoped his parents were still asleep, and if not that he would be able to distract them enough with this story that they wouldn’t cut back his data allowance again.

A few minutes later Tricia came back with her parents in tow, still dressed in pajamas wrapped in matching navy terrycloth robes. At that point the group had grown so large and the morning had so progressed that others began noticing. By this point Stacey had probably appeared on her deck, and the rest of the cul de sac began to gather outside. They trickled from the inside of their houses like ants, drawn by the scent of something particularly odorous and dead.

They stood in a large semicircle around the dead animal, trading pieces of advice back and forth about what to do regarding the situation. Never before had Meadowridge encountered quite a scandal, besides maybe the time a bum had taken up residence to panhandle on the corner. He had lasted twenty minutes before being carted away by the local police force. This guest seemed to be just as unwanted, and just as attention-garnering.

The sun began peeking through the clouds, and the smell of the dead animal intensified. As the odor increased, the crowd took a step back or two to give it more space, covering their noses in lace handkerchiefs (in Gary’s case), t-shirts and robes.

“What do we do?” the crowd cried. The situation was becoming more and more grim as the hour wore on. They could not arrive at a consensus, and no one had claimed the animal.

Voices were raised with each piece of advice that was given. Until one last guest arrived, joining the group in the back and making his way through the now decent-sized crowd.

President Stephen Morris, esteemed leader of Meadowridge and the adjacent three blocks, approached the mob in Simpson's pajama pants, a wrinkled gray t-shirt and glasses that were slightly bent out of shape. He rubbed his morning scruff, blinking sleep away from his tired eyes. At his approach the crowd parted like the Red Sea for Moses, only this man wielded the Homeowners Association manual in his hand instead of a holy staff.

"What's the issue here? I heard there was a public disturbance."

President Morris had a particularly soothing voice, the perfect combination of baritone and gravel, and it was one of the major reasons that he had gotten elected in the first place. He knew how to control a crowd and defuse tense situations, and in a place like Meadowridge, a person with that ability was entirely necessary. A reverent hush fell over the crowd.

Gloria, President Morris' biggest fan, replied to him first.

"Good morning, Mr. President. Yes, I was just going to call you. I came outside the morning and found this animal here in my lawn. I'm not sure of the proper method of dealing with a situation like this. What does the manual say?"

Although she could not claim servitude to a certain denomination of faith, Gloria kept a copy of the manual in her bedside table, like hotels keep copies of the Holy Bible.

"Well, the manual states in section 14.4 that all deceased wildlife found in the vicinity of this neighborhood must be transported to a nearby wooded area, where it will be left to work its way back into the ecosystem."

"Isn't that just a fancy way of saying that you're gonna dump it to let it rot?"

Ben was never one to mince words. At this the neighbors worked themselves up once more, some arguing that it was the circle of life and some saying that it was inhumane and certainly so if it was someone's beloved housecat.

President Morris did his best to quiet everyone down, but even the respected leader could not contain a distraught crowd of Meadowridge residents. He was still half asleep and he really had no desire to be there in the first place. All he wanted to do was go back to bed, but he knew he would never live it down if he left the situation unresolved. He had grown tired of his role already, and it had only been two years since he had been elected into the position.

"What if we just burn it?"

"Hey, did you guys notice there's a dead cat right here?"

"This same thing happened to my husband's cousin's friend back in the spring of '88 and what they did was..."

"This smells terrible, we need to do something right away!"

The voices piled onto each other like football players fighting for the pigskin. The suggestions got more and more ridiculous, and the voices grew in intensity. President Morris began waving the manual in the air like a flag of surrender, Ben began snapping photos for his Instagram and Gary began crossing himself repeatedly, sweat pouring down his forehead like holy water.

And then, Gloria screamed. The toe-curling scream that one only hears maybe once in a lifetime.

The crowd grew silent. Never would they have expected such a primal sound to come from such a normally-composed woman.

Her face stretched so long that she resembled the famous painting by Edvard Munch. She held the decibel for a long fifteen seconds until it was the only sound piercing the entire five-block radius.

“What the hell is going on out here?”

Taylor Beck finally made his appearance, resembling a hungover grizzly bear that had been rudely awakened from a winter’s hibernation three weeks early. He was hungry, he had a pounding headache, and he was extremely angry at the crowd of his neighbors, none of whom he particularly liked, standing on his front lawn, yelling to kingdom come.

Gloria closed her mouth with a snap. President Morris lowered the manual. Ben stopped taking photos. Taylor’s appearance was rare, and a sighting of him was equivalent to a groundhog at the questioning of spring. The neighbors fought for a glimpse of him, but all they ever really saw was him pulling in and out of his driveway, presumably on his way to work, but there was always a slight doubt on how many days he actually made it there.

“What are you people doing on my lawn? It’s a Sunday morning. Go home.”

Taylor was one of the only residents of Meadowridge who was not concerned with pleasantries of any sort. Maybe it was because he had grown up in the city, where honking, yelling unpleasantries at passersby and generally being cranky was part of the requirement to reside there.

“Gloria, get inside,” he commanded his wife. “You need to calm down.”

Gloria nodded, and obediently made her way into her home, the crowd parting for her just as it had for President Morris. Taylor shook his head, eyes narrowed at his neighbors, muttering obscenities under his breath. With one last huff he slammed the front door, the evergreen wreath hanging on the door trembling as he did so, threatening to fall down.

The neighbors looked at each other in shocked silence. Never before had they heard Taylor say so much in one short span of time. They mutely began dispersing.

Stacey had been observing all of this from her front porch, fascinated by the people of Meadowridge. But something caught her eye and distracted her, brushing her hair as it spiraled down from below. She looked down at the leaf in her cup, and when she looked up next the crowd was gone. Even the President was nowhere to be seen.

Meadowridge woke up the next morning, and the neighbors began making their way to their nine-to-five jobs. As they drove by the Becks’ driveway, they looked to see where they had gathered the morning before. When they looked at the spot by the mailbox around which they had congregated, they noticed that there was nothing there, nothing at all.



MANDATORY VACCINATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES

BETTINA BOWERS*

More and more parents today are making the decision not to vaccinate their children. While vaccinations go against some parents' religious and personal beliefs, others are worried that vaccines will cause more harm than good. Parents are misinformed and undereducated on the topic of vaccinations, and though they are entitled to their opinions, vaccinations are necessary for growing children. Without vaccinations, not only is disease spreading, but innocent children are dying every day. It is for this reason that the United States should mandate vaccinations for children from birth to age six in order to maintain their health, protect the public, and ensure the well-being of future generations.

The purpose of a vaccine is to build up the body's natural immunity to infectious organisms, otherwise known as viruses. A virus is an organism that enters the human body and multiplies within its cells. The multiplication of the organism results in the infection of the cells, causing disease. It is the responsibility of the immune system to recognize these foreign agents and produce antibodies to fight against them. When a person is vaccinated, a weakened version of the infectious organism is injected into the body. The immune system registers that there is a foreign agent present in the body and creates antibodies. These antibodies build up a person's tolerance to the virus so that they have a better chance of fighting off the infectious organisms if they are exposed to them in the future (Centers for Disease Control [CDC], 2015, p. 1). To mandate childhood vaccination would mean that a federal law would be put in place to require all children living in the United States, from birth to age six, to receive all pediatrician-recommended vaccinations, regardless of the religious or personal beliefs of the child's parents. The only exception to this law would be for children with severe allergies or other medical complications that would be affected by vaccination.

The first reported vaccination dates back to 1798 when Edward Jenner, a physician and scientist, infected healthy humans with cowpox pus. This followed an earlier method practiced by John Fewster called variolation. This involved scratching smallpox pus into the skin of healthy individuals. When done correctly, it carried a mortality rate of only two percent, but subjects were often highly infectious. Jenner's vaccination, in contrast, was highly effective. When strongly applied, the vaccination was extremely successful in eradicating smallpox from large populations (Jetsy & Williams, 2011, p. 1). Today, methods

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of vaccination are similar but much safer. Extensive research has been conducted since Jenner's report and doctors are much more knowledgeable about how to properly and safely vaccinate. Still, while there is no proof to show any negative effects of vaccinations, parents choose not to vaccinate their children.

A main problem is that parents are not well educated on the subject of vaccination. While some parents do not vaccinate because of religious or personal beliefs, many others fear that vaccination will harm their child. Most of this fear stems from research done by a single man. In 1998, Andrew Wakefield, a former doctor, published a research paper that noted a relationship between childhood vaccinations and autism ("MMR vax," 2011, p. 1). This paper discussed changes that occurred in 12 children who were supposedly healthy prior to receiving their vaccinations. After being vaccinated, children showed some signs and symptoms of autism, such as diarrhea and abdominal pain (Ziv, 2015, p.12). Once this research got out to the public, parents began to panic. Many decided that it was best for their children not to be vaccinated, thus leaving them without any protection from deadly diseases. As controversy over Wakefield's research stirred, suspicion about the accuracy of his findings grew. Many other doctors and scientists were having a hard time believing Wakefield's findings because no one else could replicate his results (Ziv, 2015, p. 13). This pushed many to further examine his study for inconsistencies. In the end, evidence was found to show that Wakefield had falsified his research. One journalist, Brian Deer, looked deep into Wakefield's study of the 12 children. Deer found that "no single case was 'free of misrepresentation or undisclosed alteration'..." ("MMR vax", 2011, p. 1). Wakefield fabricated information from each of his 12 subjects. Other research found that Wakefield had paid children for blood samples at his son's birthday party and "subjected children to intrusive procedures that were not clinically indicated..." ("Lancet editors fully retract Wakefield paper," 2010, p. 1). These findings, along with the fact that no replication of Wakefield's results could be produced, proved that Wakefield's conclusions were fraudulent. Still, to this day, parents worry that vaccinations will cause their children to develop disorders like autism and ADHD.

Because children are not fully grown, neither are their immune systems. This leaves them completely exposed to viruses and heightens their chances of infection. Those who do not get vaccinated are prone to serious illness and even death. They become living incubi for viruses to flourish. It has been estimated that routine childhood immunization of children born in the year 2009 prevented nearly 42,000 premature deaths and an astounding twenty million cases of disease. The CDC then went on to estimate that 732,000 deaths of U.S. children and 322 million cases of childhood illnesses were prevented due to vaccination between the years 1994 and 2014. In addition, the American Academy of Pediatrics claimed that most childhood vaccinations are 90% to 99% effective in preventing disease (Chemerinsky & Goodwin, 2016, p. 599-600). At the same time that doctors estimated the amount of deaths that were prevented due to vaccination, a large number of children died because they were not vaccinated. During the flu season of 2007-2008, a total of 88 influenza-related pediatric deaths were reported to the CDC. Out of the 88 children, only 6 were known to be completely vaccinated (Peebles, Dhara, Brammer, Fry & Finelli, p. 26-

27). These numbers show the real-life effects of not vaccinating children. This was not the worst of it though. In the following years, during the 2009-2010 flu season, a confirmed 344 influenza-associated pediatric deaths were reported (Mustaquim et. al., 2010, p. 1). This is almost four times as many deaths as the 2007-2008 flu season. Had many more children been vaccinated during these two seasons, the mortality rate would be significantly lower. These findings prove that the only way to ensure the health of children is to vaccinate them.

Unvaccinated children pose a threat to others around them, especially children who are too young to be vaccinated, those who cannot be vaccinated due to medical complications, and the elderly. When unvaccinated children get sick, their immune systems have no way of protecting them. Instead, they go around spreading their disease to others who are susceptible and a deadly chain of events unfolds. In 2014, it was reported that forty-two people in connection with Disneyworld had been exposed to measles. Most of the victims of this disease were children who were too young to be vaccinated or whose parents had chosen not to vaccinate them. In just over a month, the outbreak spread beyond California to several nearby states, including Utah, Washington, and Oregon. It took over a year for the outbreak to end, with no new reported cases of infection after April of 2015. It is estimated that 147 people within the United States were infected during this outbreak overall. Though there were no deaths, this was the worst reported outbreak of measles in California in twenty-four years (Chemerinsky & Goodwin, 2016, p. 590-591). This outbreak shows just how easy it is for disease to be spread and while there were no deaths in this case, other cases were deadly. During the flu season of 2007-2008, 39 of the 88 children who died had high-risk medical conditions that prevented them from being vaccinated (Peebles et. al., 2011, p. 27). These children relied on healthy children to be vaccinated in order to help build up what is known as herd immunity. As explained by Peebles et. al. (2011):

A population that is appropriately vaccinated against highly infectious diseases is a common good to the very society of which its members are a part...Maintaining this common good requires that all vaccine-eligible individuals be vaccinated...Ultimately, as more individuals behave in a manner that fails to consider the common good, there is a detrimental effect on the overall well-being of the group. (p. 274).

This is exactly what occurred for the children who could not be vaccinated. More and more healthy children were not vaccinated, so the overall immunity of society was at an all-time low. Unfortunately for the high-risk children, the negligence of parents who decided not to vaccinate their own children cost them their lives. This example is only one of many in which children and others who could not be vaccinated, whether it was due to medical conditions or age, have died because of the carelessness of their counterparts. These cases further prove why it is necessary for children to receive vaccinations.

The health of future generations relies solely on the built-up immunity that is passed down to them. When children are not vaccinated, their immune systems do not build up immunity to preventable diseases. Unvaccinated children then grow up to have children of their own and without immunity, their children are put at a greater risk of contracting disease. According to the CDC (2015), "Passive immunity is provided when a person is given

antibodies to a disease rather than producing them through his or her own immune system.” This is what occurs from mother to child through the placenta (p. 1). The mother, who has gained immunity to certain diseases via vaccination, passes this immunity down to her child. Passive immunity is crucial to protecting infants as it lasts several weeks to several months, during the time period in which they are too young to be vaccinated. If children who are unvaccinated grow up and do not have any built up immunity to pass on to their offspring, their children are at a much higher risk of contracting disease. Another way to protect the health of future generations is through mass vaccination, which can help eradicate nearly all cases of specific, life-threatening diseases. The CDC (2015) states:

Before the middle of the last century, diseases...struck hundreds of thousands of infants, children and adults in the U.S...As vaccines were developed and became widely used, rates of these diseases declined until today most of them are nearly gone from our country. Nearly everyone in the U.S. got measles before there was a vaccine, and hundreds died from it each year. Today, most doctors have never seen a case of measles. (p. 1).

This evidence shows that widespread vaccination can help make diseases nearly nonexistent. A disease like the measles, which once was catastrophic and responsible for hundreds of deaths, is almost unheard of today. The CDC goes on to claim that, “...vaccinations are not just for protecting ourselves, and are not just for today...they also protect our children’s children and *their* children by keeping diseases that we have almost defeated from making a comeback” (2015, p.1). For this reason, vaccinations should be made mandatory for children. It is important for them to build up immunity to diseases at a young age so that they can be part of the change. As more and more children are vaccinated, the chances that diseases will spread becomes less and less. This, in turn, makes the possibility for their own children to contract the same diseases nearly impossible. It is the responsibility of the youth of today to protect the children of tomorrow.

Many parents believe that mandating vaccination goes against their rights to freedom of religion and freedom to choose. However, many doctors and researchers agree that it is in the child’s best interest to be vaccinated. Dr. Megan Gibson of the University of Louisville questioned if it was possible to allow religious exemptions to mandatory vaccines while still protecting the health of the general population. Gibson addressed several possible solutions that have been posed in an attempt for religious exemptions and public health to coexist peacefully, including the idea to create different classes of children based on their parents’ religious preferences. Gibson stated that this solution, among others, was no such solution at all. She claimed that classifying children according to their parent’s belief violated the Fourteenth Amendment, which ensures all children’s right to equal protection. This classification would potentially deny certain children from getting equal access to vaccinations. Gibson concluded that a parent’s religious beliefs are irrelevant to a child’s personal health needs and are in no way relevant to the best interest of the public (Gibson, 2016, p. 23-25). Parents are so invested in their own desires that they fail to acknowledge their children’s basic human rights.

Parents also fear that vaccinating their children will cause autism or other forms of

developmental regression, but do not acknowledge the fact that not vaccinating their children poses an even bigger threat; death. In 2013, physicians in Poland sought to prove that a specific vaccine did not negatively affect the cognitive development of children. This study aimed to prove wrong prior claims by Andrew Wakefield about the connection between vaccinations and the development of autism in children. Physicians studied 369 infants from the time that they received the MMR—measles, mumps, and rubella—vaccine up until their eighth year of life. They also studied infants who received only the measles vaccination for the same period of time. The results of this research study showed no significant differences in cognitive and intellectual development between the children who received the MMR vaccine and the single measles vaccine (Budzyn-Mrozek, Kieltyka, Majewska & Augustyniak, 2013, p. 2551). This study, along with many others that have taken place, further proves that Wakefield's theories were not only made up, but completely incorrect. Furthermore, it shows that parents who do not want to vaccinate their children out of fear of harming them have no real argument to support these beliefs.

It is important that people, parents especially, become better informed on the positive effects of vaccination. Not only does vaccination prevent the spread of disease, but it protects children from becoming seriously ill and, in some cases, from dying. Not vaccinating children can cause other children and adults to become gravely ill. When less and less children are vaccinated, the health of the entire nation is put at risk. For these reasons, it is critical for the United States to mandate vaccinations for children from birth to age six in order to ensure their health, look after the public, and guarantee the well-being of generations to come.

References

Chemerinsky, E., & Goodwin, M. (2016). "Compulsory Vaccination Laws are Constitutional." *Northwestern University Law Review*, 110(3), 589-615.

"Compulsory Vaccination Laws are Constitutional" argues that mandating childhood vaccinations is constitutional. It states that all 50 U.S. states should mandate childhood vaccination, regardless of parents' religious beliefs. The essay claims that no exceptions should be made to compulsory vaccination unless there is a medical reason. It is written by Erwin Chemerinsky, Dean of the University of California, Irvine School of Law, and Michele Goodwin, the Chancellor's Professor of Law at the University of California, Irvine School of Law. The essay provides statistics that prove that vaccinations are necessary to ensuring children's health. It also offers evidence that shows how not vaccinating children led to serious, widespread health issues in the past. The author concludes that the religious affiliation and/or personal beliefs of parents should not interfere with the law. It is constitutional to enforce vaccination laws with no exceptions other than medical necessity.

Gibson, M. (2016). "Competing Concerns: Can Religious Exemptions to Mandatory Childhood Vaccinations and Public Health Successfully Coexist?" *University Of Louisville Law Review*, 54(3), 527-551.

"Competing Concerns" questions if it is possible for religious exemptions to mandatory vaccinations to exist while protecting public health at the same time. The author details the history of and laws surrounding vaccination in the United States. It also discusses possible solutions that would allow religious exemptions and mandatory vaccinations to coexist. The article is written by Dr. Megan Gibson, who has both her B.A. and Ph.D. in Biology from the University of Louisville.

She is also a J.D. Candidate of the Brandeis School of Law at the University of Louisville. The author concluded that all possible solutions mentioned in the article would not work. She provided a structured argument that stated that, according to the First Amendment, children have rights to vaccinations, regardless of their parents' views. She also provided a true story backed with statistics that show that when children are not vaccinated, viruses quickly spread and affect public health.

Hendrix, K. S., Sturm, L. A., Zimet, G. D., & Meslin, E. M. (2016). "Ethics and Childhood Vaccination Policy in the United States." *American Journal of Public Health*, 106(2), 273-278. doi:10.2105/AJPH.2015.302952.

"Ethics and Childhood Vaccination" presents parent's views towards vaccination. The article takes into account religious, personal, and scientific views towards vaccination. It discusses how these views, along with parents choosing not to vaccinate their children, leads to a threat towards public health. The article was written by Kristin Hendrix, Lynne Sturm, Gregory Zimet, and Eric Meslin; all of the Indiana University School of Medicine. The article presents insight on the way certain parents view vaccination and why they feel this way. It provides points of view that oppose that of provaccine supporters. The authors provide possible resolutions to the problems surrounding parents' choice and vaccination, such as more educational communication methods and cooperation between parents and physicians.

Jesty, R., & Williams, G. (2011). "Who invented vaccination?" *Malta Medical Journal*, 23(2), 1-5.

"Who Invented Vaccination?" provides information about several men who contributed to the invention of vaccination. It discusses three men's methods for creating and testing vaccinations. It also includes information from critics who believe that one man is more responsible for the invention than the others. The article is written by Robert Jesty and Gareth Williams, Professor of Medicine, from the University of Bristol. This article provides factual information about Edward Jenner, the man who is believed to be the prime person responsible for the invention of the vaccination. It discusses Jenner's methods for testing his hypothesis regarding vaccination. The article also mentions methods completed by two other men, Jesty and Fewster, who are responsible, in part, for this invention.

Kennedy, A. M., Brown, C. J., & Gust, D. A. (2005). "Vaccine Beliefs of Parents Who Oppose Compulsory Vaccination." *Public Health Reports*, 120(3), 252-258.

"Vaccine Beliefs" presents the results and analysis of a survey taken by parents regarding their views on compulsory vaccination. The article aims to discover the reasons behind why some parents are opposed to vaccination. The article was written by Allison Kennedy, Cedric Brown, and Deborah Gust, all from the Epidemiology and Surveillance Division with the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. Results of the survey show that some parents are against vaccinations because they do not believe they are safe. The article provides statistics from the survey that show the number of parents who support and oppose vaccination. The article also presents sociodemographic information about the parents surveyed. The authors conclude that if parents are provided with more information about how vaccinations are safe and will benefit children's health, then less parents will oppose compulsory vaccination.

"Lancet editors fully retract Wakefield paper." (Cover story) (2010). *Reactions Weekly* (1288), 1.

"Lancet Editors Fully Retract Wakefield Paper" discusses the retraction of a paper published in *The Lancet*. The paper, written by Dr. Andrew Wakefield, describes research that points to a possible link between vaccination and autism. The article mentions a brief history of Wakefield's research and findings. This article was published on the online publication *Reactions Weekly*. The article describes Andrew Wakefield's research and alleged findings. It explains Wakefield's method of research, including the number of children he studied and what he supposedly discovered about each of them. The article also details actions taken by Wakefield that show that his data cannot be trusted, including a specific action at his own child's birthday party. It mentions that Wakefield's methods and actions were unjust and unethical towards his subjects.

"MMR vax/autism study deemed fraudulent" (2011). *Reactions Weekly* (1334), 1.

"MMR vax/autism" discusses how the 1998 paper written by Andrew Wakefield, which reports a connection between vaccinations and autism, is fraudulent. The article mentions that Wakefield's findings were disproved because no other scientists could recreate them. It also notes that all of the cases mentioned in Wakefield's paper were altered or misrepresented. This article comes from the online publication *Reactions Weekly*. The article concludes that Wakefield's research and paper are "a deliberate fraud." The article provides examples of how Andrew Wakefield interfered with and lied about his findings. It also includes an expert's findings on the actions taken by Wakefield to forge the results of his research.

Mrozek-Budzyn, D., Kiełtyka, A., Majewska, R., & Augustyniak, M. (2013). "Measles, mumps and rubella (MMR) vaccination has no effect on cognitive development in children – The results of the Polish prospective cohort study." *Vaccine*, 31(22), 2551-2557. doi:10.1016/j.vaccine.2013.03.057.

The article "Measles, Mumps, and Rubella" details a study done by Polish doctors to see if there was a connection between vaccination and cognitive development in children. The article mentions that doctors tested if the three-part MMR vaccination affected children differently than the single vaccination. This study was conducted by Dorota Mrozek-Budzyn, Agnieszka Kiełtyka, Renata Majewska, and Malgorzata Augustyniak, who are all part of the Epidemiology and Preventive Medicine unit at Jagiellonian University Medical College in Krakow, Poland. The article concludes that there is no negative correlation between the MMR vaccination and cognitive development in children. It provides information about the methods and materials used to test the hypothesis, as well as statistical results. The article also presents detailed data charts that prove that there is no connection between cognitive development and different vaccinations.

Mustaquim, D., Bishop, A., Epperson, S., Kniss, K., Blanton, L., Dhara, R., & ... Finelli, L. (2010). "Update: Influenza Activity—United States, 2009-10 Season." *JAMA: Journal of The American Medical Association*, 304(9), 957-960.

The article "Update: Influenza Activity" presents the outcomes of the 2009-2010 flu season. It discusses surveillance and characterization of the virus, along with the number of new cases that were found that year. This article also includes mortality rates for adults and children due to the influenza virus. The authors are affiliated with the Influenza Division of the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. The authors conclude that vaccinations are necessary to reduce the impact of vaccination. This article includes valuable statistics that show the horrible consequences that occur when people are not vaccinated. It also provides specific dates and locations to show how the virus affected real people from all over the country.

Peebles, P. J., Dhara, R., Brammer, L., Fry, A. M., & Finelli, L. (2011). "Influenza-associated mortality among children - United States: 2007-2008." *Influenza & Other Respiratory Viruses*, 5(1), 25-31. doi:10.1111/j.1750-2659.2010.00166.x.

"Influenza-associated Mortality" discusses the number of pediatric deaths that occurred during the 2007-2008 flu season. The article details an investigation done by the authors that questioned why the virus was so deadly. Author Patrick J. Peebles is a member of the Influenza Division of the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, and holds The CDC Experience Applied Epidemiology Fellowship in Atlanta, Georgia. The other contributing authors are also members of the Influenza Division. The article concludes that most of the children who died from the virus were unvaccinated. It provides specific information about the subjects who died, such as the type of bacterial organisms found in them and causes of death. It also includes statistics about the age of the subjects and how long each was ill.

The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. (2016). Retrieved from <http://www.cdc.gov/>.

The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention is a government agency under the Department of Health and Human Services. Its purpose is to protect people from health threats. This site gives definitions of key terms such as immune system, vaccination, and virus. It also provides statistics about how viruses affect people every day.

Ziv, S. (2015). "A Deadly Shot in the Dark." *Newsweek Global*, 164(7), 12-15.

"A Deadly Shot in the Dark" provides information about Andrew Wakefield, the man behind fraudulent research that links autism to vaccination. The article notes that Wakefield's actions have caused many citizens to distrust vaccinations, while others still believe in his findings. According to the article, Wakefield still stands by his findings, though he has been charged for ethical misconduct. The article is written by Stav Ziv, a general assignment reporter for *Newsweek*. The article utilizes expert opinions on the benefits of vaccinations to help disprove Wakefield's study. It also references specific studies done elsewhere that show no link between autism and vaccination. The article concludes that Wakefield falsified his findings and that vaccinations are necessary for children's health



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF CANDIDATES FOR EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

(A mail-in ballot can be found between pages 74 and 75.)

Dr. Shelly McCallum-Ferguson, Professor of Business Administration and Chair: Business Department. Saint Mary's University of Minnesota, Winona, MN

On the faculty of Saint Mary's University of Minnesota in Winona (MN) since 1998, Professor Shelly McCallum-Ferguson currently chairs the business department and has been the Beta Chapter Moderator to DES for eight years. Besides providing leadership to chapter members through encouraging more active participation in contests, scholarship, and fellowship opportunities, Dr. McCallum-Ferguson has served on the Executive Committee of Delta Epsilon Sigma. There she has given support to executive decision-making and leadership to outreach initiatives. She was instrumental in setting up a Beta Chapter online site to promote awareness of DES and integrate student and faculty participation. The Beta Chapter has been recognized through national student awards in each of the past five years that speaks to the high caliber of student engagement in the values of the DES society. Dr. McCallum-Ferguson holds a D.B.A. from St. Ambrose University in Davenport, IA. Her research interests include teaching and learning in higher education, networking behaviors, organizational commitment, career satisfaction, leadership development, and corporate social responsibility. She has consulted for a number of entrepreneurial firms and larger private organizations with a focus on marketing, strategic planning, and leadership development. She has authored numerous publications that generally focus on relational skills in business and teaching excellence. Her publications include: "Social capital and leadership development: Building stronger leadership through enhanced relational skills" (*Leadership & Organization Development Journal*, Vol. 30:2), "CSR: A case for employee-based volunteerism" (*Social Responsibility Journal*, Vol. 9:3), "An examination of the flipped classroom approach on college student academic involvement" (*International Journal of Teaching and Learning in Higher Education*, Vol. 27:1). Her approach to publishing and academic work has always been collaborative and team based with a focus on enhancing the success of her students and her colleagues.

Dr. Ines Angeli Murzaku, Professor of Religion and Director: Catholic Studies Program. Seton Hall University, New Jersey

Ines Angeli Murzaku is Professor of Religion and Director of the Catholic Studies Program at Seton Hall University in New Jersey. She earned a doctorate from the Pontifical Oriental Institute, Pontifical Gregorian University in Rome and has held visiting positions at the Universities of Bologna and Calabria in Italy and University of Münster in Germany. She has won grants including the Alexander von Humboldt Research Fellowship for Experienced Researchers; the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada

Grant (SSHRC); and the Fulbright Senior Research Scholarship. Her research has been published in multiple articles and seven books, the most recent of which is *Life of St Neilos of Rossano* (1004) (Dumbarton Oaks, Harvard University Press 2018). Prof. Murzaku is currently writing a book to be entitled *Mother Teresa: The Saint of the Peripheries Who Became Catholicism's Centerpiece* (Paulist Press 2020). She is a regular contributor and commentator to media outlets on religious matters, including the *Associated Press*, *CNN*, *National Catholic Register*, *Catholic World Report*, *Voice of America*, *Relevant Radio*, *The Catholic Thing*, *Crux*, *Salt and Light*, *The Record*, *The Stream*, *Radio Tirana (Albania)*, *Vatican Radio*, and *EWTN*. Dr. Murzaku was the vice-president of the Association for the Study of Nationalities (ASN) and a United Nations accredited representative for Christians Associated for Relationships with Eastern Europe.

**Dr. Carl Procaro-Foley, Director: Office of Mission and Ministry
and adjunct Professor: Religious Studies. Iona College, New York**

Carl Procaro-Foley, Ph.D., directs the Office of Mission and Ministry at Iona College where he serves as an adjunct Professor of the Religious Studies department and the Freshman Seminar. His doctoral work was completed at Fordham University's Graduate School of Religion and Religious Education where he also teaches in the Master's program preparing pastoral ministers. He holds his Bachelor's degree from St. John's University and his Master's degree from Catholic Theological Union at Chicago. He was raised in the Washington, DC area. Carl has researched and published in the areas of academic service-learning, peer ministry, and mission education. In 2013 Carl became the advisor of the Iona College Delta Epsilon chapter of Delta Epsilon Sigma. Having served at Iona College for twenty-eight years, Carl has founded their peer ministry and domestic/international immersion programs while developing and participating in over 25 social justice immersions throughout the world. Carl and his wife, Elena Procaro-Foley, Ph.D., are parents to three children: Joshua, 22; Sophia, 20; and Susanna, 17. They live in New Rochelle, NY.



AN INVITATION TO POTENTIAL CONTRIBUTORS

The editors of the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* invite contributions to the journal from the readership. Submit manuscripts via email attachment to the editor, Robert Magliola (magliola.robert@gmail.com), with copy to the interim co-editor, Claudia Kovach (ckovach@neumann.edu). All attachments should be sent as Microsoft Word documents; no PDFs please. Submissions should be limited to 5000 words at maximum. 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.

SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO SR. COLMAN O'CONNELL, OSB

Sister Colman O'Connell, OSB, president *emerita* of the College of St. Benedict (Minnesota), passed away on Sept. 30, 2017, at the age of 90. We commemorate her here in particular for her long-standing commitment to Delta Epsilon Sigma, for which—as her official obituary declares—she was always a “fierce advocate.” Having earned her doctorate in higher education at the University of Michigan, she went on to a distinguished career spanning many decades. During her remarkable tenure as President of the College, she supervised the impressive expansion of the College’s facilities and enrollment. Arguing for the advantages of coeducation in a “gender-conscious environment,” she defined and advanced the coordinate relationship with St. John’s University that has proven to be so fruitful for both institutions. She will be greatly missed.



WINNERS OF THE DES UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT AWARD

The Undergraduate Student Award has been conferred on three students:



Grace E. Anderson
Saint Anselm College



Patrick Fisher
University of St. Thomas (MN)



Alexis Hanson
Loras College



DELTA EPSILON SIGMA FATHER EDWARD FITZGERALD SCHOLARSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS

Delta Epsilon Sigma sponsors an annual scholarship and fellowship competition for its members. Junior-year members may apply for ten Fitzgerald Scholarships at \$1,200 each, to be applied toward tuition costs for their senior year. Senior-year members may apply for ten Fitzgerald Fellowships at \$1,200 each, to be applied toward tuition costs for first-year graduate work. These scholarships and fellowships are named after the founder and first Secretary-Treasurer of DES, Most Rev. Edward A. Fitzgerald of Loras College, Dubuque, Iowa. The awards will be made available on a competitive basis to students who have been initiated into the society and who have also been nominated by their chapters for these competitions. Applications may be obtained from the website (deltaepsilonsigma.org) or from the Office of the Executive Director (DESNational@neumann.edu). **The deadline for submitting applications for the DES scholarships and fellowships is March 15.**

THE FATHER EDWARD FITZGERALD UNDERGRADUATE COMPETITION IN CREATIVE AND SCHOLARLY WRITING

The DES Board is proud to honor Fr. Edward A. Fitzgerald, the founder of Delta Epsilon Sigma. Fr. Fitzgerald conceived the notion of a national association of Catholic scholastic honor societies in 1938 and chaired the Committee of Founders that wrote up DES's Constitution in 1939, thus initiating the national association.



Fr. Fitzgerald

This contest is open to undergraduates (members or non-members) 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, (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 does not judge any submission to be of sufficient merit.

General Guidelines: All prose should be double spaced and in Word format, 12-point font. No PDFs, please. 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 stories or stand-alone sections of longer pieces. 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 Nonfiction/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, dialogue, 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 or 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 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 of the piece, including conventional documentation format (such as MLA, APA, or 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. Preparatory to student revision, editorial comment and advice by a faculty mentor is expected and appropriate, as is correction of grammatical and mechanical (spelling, punctuation) errors, so long as all writing is done by the student.

Preparation of Submissions

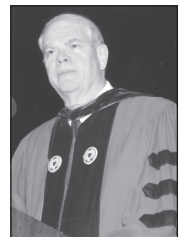
- Prose manuscripts of 1500-5000 words should be typed and sent electronically in 12 point Times New Roman font.
- One space is permitted between words and sentences.
- Include a cover page with title, name, university, and home address.
- The page following the cover (the beginning of the actual text) should contain only the title and no other heading.
- The pages must be numbered, the lines double-spaced, and in Word format (**no PDFs, please**).
- Scholarly papers should attach an abstract, include primary and/or secondary research, and present some original insight.
- Documentation should follow one of the established scholarly methods, such as MLA, APA, or Chicago.
- Advisors 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 (DESNational@neumann.edu) by December 1.**

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



THE J. PATRICK LEE UNDERGRADUATE AWARD FOR SERVICE

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



J. Patrick Lee

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 advisor. 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. Please do not simply repeat information listed on the entry form.**
- 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 advisors 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.
- **Applications must contain a complete official entry form to be considered.** Please visit the DES website, www.deltaepsilonsigma.org, for this form.
- Advisors should submit all entries electronically as MS Word Documents (no PDFs, please) to the National Office at Neumann University, Executive Director: Dr. Claudia Kovach, Neumann University, Division of Arts and Sciences, Aston, PA 19014-1298, (610) 558-5573, FAX (610)361-5314, Email: DESNational@neumann.edu.
- **The deadline for nominations from advisors is December 1.**

**THE SISTER BRIGID BRADY, OP, DELTA EPSILON SIGMA
GRADUATE STUDENT AWARD**

Named in honor of Sister Brigid Brady, OP, Ph.D., The DES Graduate Student Award will grant \$1000 to each of up to three (3) graduate student members of DES per year who have shown a strong commitment to graduate study and maintain the Society's ideal of service to others. The award is renewable upon verification of continued enrollment, for a total of three years. Sister Brigid served as a National Executive Board Member, Vice President, and past President of the Society, and was a remarkable Religious, educator, and woman. She spent sixty years as a Dominican Sister, forty-three of which she dedicated to teaching at Caldwell University. Sister Brigid challenged and aided her students to excel. A scholar of Medieval Literature, Shakespeare Studies, and the History of the English Language, Sister Brigid was among the first professors at



*Sister Brigid Brady,
OP, Ph.D.*

Caldwell to introduce classroom technology as a way to broaden student learning. A Renaissance woman, Sister Brigid also hand made her own harp and was deeply committed to the Arts. In addition to her service to DES and other societies, Sister Brigid frequently presented and published papers at the Conference on Christianity and Literature, an international society of scholars dedicated to the study of Christian themes in literature.

Requirements: Applicants will submit: (1) a three-page essay, which includes a statement of (a) career goals, (b) academic accomplishments, (c) scholarly activity, and (d) how the applicant's goals correspond with the mission of DES; (2) a brief CV with biography (3 pp.); (3) an official transcript of graduate coursework; (4) a 1,500-word sample of scholarly work; (5) a synopsis of scholarship that includes publication placement and funding (1-2 pp.); and (6) a letter of recommendation which addresses the candidate's academic work and potential. **All documents must be sent electronically to the National Office (DESNational@Neumann.edu) by March 15th.**



HARRY R. KNIGHT UNDERGRADUATE/GRADUATE PRIZE FOR INTERNATIONAL SERVICE

Through the generosity of the Knight family and named for a professor and long-time member of Delta Epsilon Sigma, this award supports a student who wishes to offer service to others outside of the United States by assisting with travel costs up to \$2500.00. The transformative nature of such efforts provides benefits to the student as well as to those served. New skills related to work, language, and culture can enhance résumés and refocus existing career plans. A required reflective report, submitted after the student returns, will be published with photos in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*.



Harry R. Knight

Requirements: Applicants will submit: (1) a three-page proposal, which includes a statement of specific details of potential destination, travel costs, length of stay, assistance goals, and how the applicant's goals correspond with the mission of DES; (2) a brief CV with biography including personal career goals, other completed service, and academic accomplishments; (3) an official transcript of coursework; and (4) a letter of recommendation which addresses the candidate's character, academic work, and potential to contribute to society. **All documents must be sent electronically to the National Office (DESNational@Neumann.edu) by March 15th.**

DELTA EPSILON SIGMA NATIONAL UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT AWARD

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

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

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

The calendar deadline for the submission of names of proposed recipients of this award is February 15th. Please send nominations to the Office of the Executive Director: DESNational@neumann.edu.



DELTA EPSILON SIGMA DISTINGUISHED LECTURERS PROGRAM

Each year, Delta Epsilon Sigma offers 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.

The society also offers awards to help subsidize lectures sponsored by local DES chapters. An application for one of these must be filed with the Office of the Executive Director thirty days in advance; the maximum award will be two hundred dollars.

All applications should be directed to the Executive Director: Dr. Claudia M. Kovach, Neumann University, Division of Arts and Sciences, Aston, PA 19014-1298, (608) 558-5573, FAX (610) 361-5314, email: DESNational@neumann.edu.

THE DELTA EPSILON SIGMA STORE



Item Description	Price
NEW Grey DES Chapter Polo Shirt* – unisex	\$39.00
NEW Men's Fitted DES Red Chapter T-shirt*	\$15.00
NEW Ladies Fitted DES Red Chapter T-shirt*	\$15.00
NEW Horizontal Certificate Frame with Medallion	\$65.00
DES Gold and Maroon Double Honor Cords	\$11.00
#502 Key - gold kase	\$30.00
#502 Key - 10K yellow gold	\$219.00
#503 Keypin - gold kase	\$31.00
#503 Keypin - 10K yellow gold	\$209.00
#502D Key with 2pt. diamond - 10K yellow gold	\$260.00
#503D Keypin with 2pt. diamond - 10K yellow gold	\$249.00
ML/02S Staggered Lavalier - sterling silver	\$29.00
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The emblem of DES contains the motto, the name, the symbols, and the founding date of the society. Delta Epsilon Sigma is an abbreviation constructed from the initial Greek letters of the words in the motto, *Dei Epitattein Sophon*. Drawn from Aristotle and much used by medieval Catholic philosophers, the phrase is taken to mean: “It is the mission of a wise person to put order” into knowledge.

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

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

DELTA EPSILON SIGMA JOURNAL
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