



JOURNAL

The National Catholic Scholastic Honor Society

Wisdom | Leadership | Service

Member of the Association of College Honor Societies

Volume LXIV

Spring 2019

Number 1

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Official Organ of
DELTA EPSILON SIGMA
THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC SCHOLASTIC HONOR SOCIETY

Published two times a year by Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal. Publication office at Neumann University, Aston, PA 19014-1298.

Send all changes of US mail and email address to Ronald L. Smorada, Ph.D., Assistant to Executive Director, Delta Epsilon Sigma National Office, Neumann University, Arts and Sciences, BACH 305, Aston, PA 19014-1298. Email: DESNational@neumann.edu .

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. Submissions published in the Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal may not be afterwards published elsewhere without the express consent in writing of both the Executive Director and the Journal's editor.

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).

Indexed in Ulrich's International Periodicals Directory and Columbia University Libraries' web archive of freely-accessible e-journals.

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>.
- DES names Nicolette Loaiza of Iona College the new winner of the J. Patrick Lee Award for Service. Her photo and interview are featured at the front of this issue.
- The National Undergraduate Student Award has been conferred on Henry Koller, University of St. Thomas (MN) and Dorothy Kirsch, Saint Mary's University of Minnesota. Their photos and a summary of their accomplishments appear at the beginning of the Announcements section of this issue.
- The Executive Committee announces the year 2018 winners of the Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing (1st and 2nd place winners, and honorable mentions). Please see the pertaining full list in the Announcements section. This issue publishes the first place winning papers in Creative Nonfiction, Short Fiction, Poetry, and Critical/Analytic Essay. Winning entries that are in a tie for first place are presented according to the alphabetical order of their authors' respective surnames. The first place winning paper in Scholarly Research shall appear in the Fall 2019 issue. **FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE FULL TEXTS OF ALL WINNING ENTRIES, INCLUDING HONORABLE MENTIONS, SHALL BE PUBLISHED AT THE DES WEBSITE (www.deltaepsilonsigma.org).**
- Submissions for the forthcoming 2019 Undergraduate Writing Competition in Scholarly and Creative Writing are due on Dec. 1st, 2019. Chapter moderators are encouraged to organize their own local contests. Before sending the winning entries on to the national competition, moderators must have 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. All Notes (no Footnotes) should be relegated to the submission's back matter. Submissions must not contain any copyrighted images, unless these have been cleared by the copyright holder. For complete guidelines, see the pertaining Announcement in the announcements section of this issue of the *DES Journal*.
- All published work in the *DES Journal* is peer reviewed by doctorally-prepared academics or specialists in the pertaining subject matter.
- We continue to seek updated postal and email addresses of our membership. In order to help with this database project, please notify the DES national office of any change of address(es). Requests to discontinue receipt of the print version of the *DES Journal* should also be directed to the national office. Contact the Executive Director: Dr. Claudia M. Kovach, Neumann University, Division of Arts and Sciences, Aston, PA 19014-1298, (610) 558-5573, FAX (610) 361-5314, Email: DESNational@neumann.edu.

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THE J. PATRICK LEE PRIZE FOR SERVICE: INTERVIEW WITH NICOLETTE LOAIZA

You've done many different kinds of service. What do you enjoy the most? Why?

That's so hard to pick. I think I enjoy working with kids the most. Something about seeing how excited they get over learning a note or getting to a new base makes it super rewarding. The stories they make up are filled with so much imagination it is impossible to not laugh along with them.

How and when did you begin serving others?

I think I was probably in 6th grade. In my middle school five of us got the opportunity to spend our lunch period playing with the kids who were part of the special education program. I remember it was once a month and I would be so excited to go play different games with the program. We would help their teachers get them all ready and then have fun for an hour. At the end of the hour we would bring them back to their classrooms. As we got to know them, we started to joke around with them, and it became more like friends going to gym together and playing everyday games. I think it did more for me then it did for them.



As you have given to others, what do you believe you have gained in return?

I think I have gained a new way to look at people. Every person has a past and comes from somewhere, but people are resilient and work so hard to get to where they are at that moment. Likewise, through all the service work I have done I have gained so many friendships with the people I have worked with. I have friendships in Peru, in Texas and in the different cities surrounding New Rochelle. As big as the world is, kindness is universal and no matter where I have served, I have always been given so much love and kindness by others.

You write that music has played an important role in your life and in your service. Explain the connections you find in the sharing of such gifts.

Music for me was my outlet when I was younger. I was such an introverted child and singing in the chorus of Songcatchers was what helped open me up. Going through the Songcatchers program as a 7-year-old student then volunteering for the past 8 years has been a great way to connect with people. Seeing the happiness it brings to people of all ages makes it such a wonderful gift to be able to share. At my internship, it is through music that I help my residents socialize with one another. Music is a way of getting people who speak different languages to connect in a nonverbal way. Anyone can tap to a beat or dance to a song; that's the best part about it.

Your trip to Texas has brought you close to the challenges of immigration. Please describe this experience. What have you learned that might give *Delta Epsilon Sigma*

***Journal* readers insight about the current immigration situation, especially on the border of Mexico and the United States?**

My trip to Texas was such a powerful experience. To see and hear first-hand of the struggles people went through to get to Texas is life-changing. I think that oftentimes people forget that immigration involves real people. People who leave their countries aren't leaving by choice. The conditions back at home are so bad that they have driven them to leave all they know to come to this new country they know nothing about. The journey to get to the border of Mexico and the U.S.A is extremely hard. People we met had burn marks on them and scars from being hurt by the "coyotes." Their journey does not end at the border either. The support they need once in the country is even more critical. If it weren't for the organizations down in Brownsville that provide clothing, food, directions and a place to sleep for the night many of these people would be lost as to where to go next.

You mention working toward a career in social work. What service experiences have inspired this choice of career path?

I think all of them have inspired me in one way or another. Working at Songcatchers taught me that I love working with children. It has also taught me that a skill that I learned when I was younger, I can now use with groups I run to teach skills and promote socialization. Going on the different service trips while at Iona opened my eyes to the needs of different populations. Peru has made me realize how important proper housing is, and how we need to advocate for affordable housing within cities. Texas has given me an interest in working on our immigration system and working with the individuals who have just arrived in this country. I am not sure which path I will end up choosing, but I know if it weren't for these experiences, I would have never thought that Social Work was a career for me.

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?

I think the hardest thing about service is seeing that what I have done is valuable. I know going into it that I am not going to change anyone's world by working with him or her for a week, so I tend to downgrade the work I have done. It is not until others point it out to me that I realize that, oh what I did was valuable to someone even in the smallest form. Having said that, often times in doing service work things don't go as expected. You are working with people who all have emotions and reactions so changes in your plan are bound to happen. I think the important thing is to not put yourself down on how one thing didn't work out but to look at it and see that even with the unexpectedness you were able to work around it and come up with the best result you could think of in that moment.

Do you think all university students should engage in service? Why or why not?

For sure! It doesn't have to be anything big like going to another state or country; local work is just as important. Change begins in your backyard and it is important to find ways to serve in the community you engage with on a daily basis. Through service you are seeing life through another person's eyes. Service lets you see the needs of others while working alongside them. You learn so much through these interactions and it really will change how you look at the world around you.

COUNTRY OF WANDERERS

DESTINY VANG*

Within the gray, dust-covered walls of our basement, my father raises chickens in cages fashioned out of wooden planks and domes of handled wire. He keeps them separate by age and sex: baby chicks with their mother—or at least a mother—in the cardboard box with the large, circular lamp that washes the yellow puffs in a soft, golden light; toddler chicks in the old bird cage that used to house the angry green bird that once escaped its cage and wreaked havoc in the game room; and then the roosters with their black feathers and tough, bumpy faces, each in his own, private cage of freedom.

When the roosters get too noisy or restless, probably upset from being cooped up for so long, he shoots water at them from a plastic spray bottle, something I once saw my mother use for her gardening. The roosters cower their heads, lower their scaly, yellow feet, and retreat—as much as they can, anyway—to the back of their cramped wire cages. In a matter of moments, they're back to the front, the warning jet of water forgotten, and resume their endless crowing and oddly rhythmic pacing. Often, he lets the chickens out to roam the room in cycles: first the little ones, who have too much energy to be huddled together for so long, and then the older ones, who come out to walk the same circles they walk in their tiny homes.

My father always wakes them up before he leaves for work in the morning, and we have all learned to sleep through their incessant talking and singing. They babble and bumble around for a little longer after he leaves, but they normally quiet down until the clock strikes noon and they've suddenly remembered that silence is much too luxurious a gift to give for so long. Their come-and-go chatter pushes and pulls like the tide, a soft soundtrack that fades into the background and becomes white noise until my father returns with their dinner, at which point their joy with some type of company echoes through the house in trebled calls and warbles. At 9 P.M., the light in the chicken room snaps off, and they settle into sleep, letting their voices rest for another day of doing nothing.



It is difficult to say where my old country begins and ends because the Hmong are a group of nomads who have no country to call home. Originally born in Laos, my parents moved to the refugee camps of Thailand after the chaos of the Vietnam War. “So I’m Laotian, then,” I said, writing down notes. “Got it.”

*Destiny Vang, Cardinal Stritch University, won first place in the Delta Epsilon Sigma Fitzgerald Undergraduate Writing Competition in creative nonfiction.

“No,” my father insisted. “We are not Laotian; we are Hmong.”

In fifth grade, it wasn't a concept I could understand. When someone's parents were born in Italy, that made their children part Italian, right? So if my parents were both born in Laos, why weren't we considered Laotian? Why did they call themselves Hmong, and who were the Hmong, anyway?

Even today, that's not a question I can answer fully. There are rumors and myths that have come from all over. Long ago, my sister told me that we were born from the dragon. Its eggs rolled off the mountain-top, landed all over the earth, and gave birth to the 18 Hmong clans. *Vaj*, the true way to say my last name, comes from the egg that landed in the gardens. Modern-day essays say that the Hmong were originally kicked out of China, and we have no home to trace our lineage back to because we were burned from the history and had no language of our own to write down our stories. I tried to ask my parents once, but it is difficult to unravel the meaning behind their long, drawn-out sentences and large hand gestures when I only have a handful of Hmong vocabulary to rely on.

Still, my old country lives on in every breath from their lips, in every shuffle of their feet. Although they no longer have to live in houses made of wood and bamboo or spend all day tending to the livestock and garden, my parents still keep their heritage close to their hearts. The shelves and walls of the living room are lined with pictures of their family, many who still live off of the sun-baked earth and bathe in murky rivers. These people are dark and tan, and they wear worn sandals on their feet, their skin coated in dirt that will never really fade away no matter how hard they scrub.



My mother's schedule begins at night when she roams the house searching for little bits to tidy or chores to finish. The dishes must be washed and put away; the rice must be bubbling away in the new, silver rice cooker. If the floor has already been swept, she tackles the bathrooms, scrubbing the toilets and wiping off the sinks. When most people embrace the warmth of their bed, my mother opens up her massive seed collection, the miniscule grains and shapes dotting the kitchen table and rolling onto the floor. She organizes them into little blue and white bags made of a rough fabric, throwing away the old seeds and keeping the newer ones, all in a vain hope that she will one day return to the huge garden she once shared with my aunts and grandmas. And then, finally, when she has finished every chore possible and the hands of the green clock that hangs off the kitchen wall are probably well past eleven, she retires to her bedroom. But it is just a short break; she rises again in a few hours to prepare breakfast for my father and herself before they go to work. Sometimes, when I visit, I hear my father's feet stomp up and down the stairs as he feeds the chickens their breakfast. My mother's feet are lighter, but I still hear them as she scurries from one room to the other, always in a flurry of motion for whatever she needs to do next.

Her life has been the same since we moved there over ten years ago. When she returns home from work, she whips out the pots and pans and knives and chopping boards to make dinner for my father and the rest of the kids. Usually it's a stir-fry of some sort, a hodge-

podge of sliced carrots, broccoli, cilantro, and meat, but sometimes she leaves chicken thighs out to defrost the night before and fries them up for dinner the next day. Time and time again, she has tried to teach me, but I have yet to understand the amount of salt or sauce to add to her spicy chicken dish, and I can never manage the perfect, crispy skin that she gets on her fried chicken. The only piece of my old country that I have is the one dish of hers that I have successfully recreated: boiled chicken. It sounds simple, but I like to think there is a knack for knowing how much lemongrass to boil in the beginning and how much salt to add towards the end. When I lift the spoon to my lips and taste the broth, I feel connected to a country I have never known, a country that perhaps never really existed.



My mother's family kept a garden in my father's village; that's how they first met. His sister knew Maiiv Nkauj Hnub to be a pretty, hard-working young woman, and she was the last eligible daughter for marriage in her village. So my father, freshly 18 and still shy, persuaded his good friend to go with him to her garden for the start of what would become a long game of mouse and cat.

During the chaos of the Vietnam War, my mother fled to the refugee camps in Thailand with her family, leaving my father and their relationship behind. But even miles apart, she still thought of him. Nearly a year later, my father left his family behind and found my mother in the refugee camp, still alive and waiting. Even though the possibility of never seeing each other again was very real, she had pushed away suitors and waited for him to find her again.

I've never known my father to be an emotional man. As he ages now and sees his flock of ten children maturing into adults, he spends less time with his chickens and sticks closely to his grandchildren, giving them a love I'd never received myself. Even so, he is still reluctant to show his feelings, opting instead to rub the red eyes away and force a smile. But when he told my mother a year and a half after finding her again that he would not marry her because he had no money or family, a tear rolled down his cheek as she stared at him with a face of stone. He stopped talking to her as often and started flirting with other girls. He did whatever he could do to make the bond between them disappear.

A few months passed, and my mother, stubbornly refusing to leave him alone, went to the hospital to get some medicine for her sick dad. My father, who worked as a nurse at the time, gave her twelve round tablets of chloroquine, enough for three days. A couple days later, she returned for more, and my father gave her another six tablets, hopefully enough to settle her dad's fever for good this time. But those pills never made it to her dad; instead, my mother downed them in one go, a rash and dangerously-close attempt at suicide. That night, my father rushed over to her home and saw a throng of concerned people huddled around her still body. They poured cold water on her to cool her off and forced raw egg down her throat to make her puke. After two or three hours of intense care, she finally regained consciousness, and it was decided that she would live. But the event did not go by easily. My mother's sister-in-law pulled my father aside and scolded him heavily. "Why is she like

this? What did you do?”

A few weeks later, the two of them got married. There was no ring, as it is not a tradition we practice, but there was a ceremony—*ua tshoob*—to make it official. Soon after, they would have their first child, a girl who would stand out from the others in America, a girl whose skin stayed dark even though she would not grow up with the harsh sun beating down on her shoulders. A girl whose Hmong name would change to “Meena” when my parents reached America about a year after her birth. A girl who, despite growing up in the land of the free and living by their rules, would never quite leave her alien status behind.



During spring break of my freshman year at college, I returned home to earn some quick cash at the fast-food restaurant I work at in my time off. I came back one evening and found my father rushing up the stairs, a baby chick cradled in one palm and a hair dryer in the other. He plopped the chick onto the TV table propped up against the wall that held our coffee machine and plugged the hair dryer into the outlet above it. Curious, I took my shoes off, put my bags and coat down, and pulled a chair over to watch. The baby chick’s pale yellow fur was slicked back and wet. My dad curled his hand behind its tiny body and turned the hair dryer on high, cooing and muttering encouraging little phrases all the while. The chick didn’t move; it didn’t peep or even twitch a leg. Dead, I realized. The baby chick was dead, and my dad was desperately trying to bring it back to life.

We sat there together for a good ten minutes before I spoke up: “Dad, I don’t think it’s alive anymore.”

“Is still alive,” he insisted, his thick accent forcing its way into his rough English. “The mother hen is not good hen—she kick her own baby out of the nest. But I come home and see.”

I’ve seen my dad do this kind thing before. He’s brought his baby chicks onto the kitchen table and performed surgery on them, removing tumors from their necks with his long tweezers and sewing them back up again with needle and thread. But this time, the baby chick wasn’t responding to his tender and loving care.

Another five minutes passed, and the chick still didn’t move. “Dad,” I tried. “I really don’t think it’s going to work.”

He ignored me, of course, and turned the heat down, saying something about not wanting to burn it. I sighed and gathered up my things, dropping them off in my room and grabbing a change of clothes for a shower. But before I went to the bathroom, I checked in the kitchen one last time. My mother had wandered in to make dinner, listening attentively as my father told her the story, and I heard their happy murmur as the baby chick twitched its leg. A smile broke my dad’s wrinkled face, and he curled the chick even closer in his hand, his eyes never once leaving the shivering bundle of fur in front of him.



DROP-OFFS

CAROLINE BREITBACH*

A car pulled into the parking spot and sat for a moment. Snow fell as a man and his wife stared at the building ahead. It was illuminated by bright white lights reflecting off the smooth, mirror-like walls, snow like tiny diamonds littering the pavement.

“Today’s the day,” he said as he turned off the headlights. “You ready?” She nodded. Before opening her door, she pulled down the mirror and smoothed her hair. “I’m sure the perfect one is in there waiting for us,” the man stated. Then, the two of them got out of the car and walked through the flurries to the front door. He held it open for her. Once inside, she shook the fluff from her fur coat, and he stomped his boots to rid them of any excess snow.

The lobby looked renovated and upscale. Everything was white or glass. Bowls of shining oranges sat on top of polished wood coffee tables. An entire wall was made up of an aquarium with exotic fish in fake-looking turquoise water. Smooth jazz floated through the air, a delicate female voice singing lightly over the tune. The man tried to take his wife’s coat, but she insisted on keeping it on and brushed snow out of her hair.

A lady welcomed them from behind a sleek counter. She wore bright pink lipstick and a white polo shirt.

“We called ahead,” the man said to her.

The lady behind the counter gave a wide grin as she checked her appointment book. “Oh, yes. Here you are.” She turned her gaze back to the couple, “Can I get you anything to drink? Sparkling water? Grapefruit juice? Champagne?”

“No, we’re...”

His wife interrupted, “I would love some sparkling water.” She fidgeted in her coat.

The lady disappeared behind the fish wall and then returned with a glass of bubbly liquid. As she handed it to the wife, she said, “I feel I should let you know right off the bat that we have one other family coming in to tour today, so if anyone catches your eye, ensure a visit right away. Okay?”

“Thanks,” the man said. His wife stared at the bubbles in her drink.

The lady asked, “Are you ready to meet your new addition?”

“Are we ever,” the wife responded.

The lady gestured for them to follow her down a marble corridor. As they went, the wife’s heels made loud clacking noises on the ground, echoing around them in the quiet building.

* Caroline Breitbach, Loras College, won first place in the Delta Epsilon Sigma Fitzgerald Undergraduate Writing Competition in short fiction.

The man reached for her hand, but it was latched onto the glass of water, so he put his own back down at his side. The lady pushed open a heavy frosted glass door and let the couple pass by her first. She followed behind them and slid a bolt back in place once they were all in the new hallway.

Down the hall, there were doors placed every few feet apart from one another on each side, the metal door handles glinting under the fluorescents. The floors smelled like they had just been scrubbed clean, and they were a cream stone to match the cream wall paint. The smooth jazz continued into this corridor, the singer now a deep male voice. Other than the music, the hallway was silent.

“So there are twenty rooms here, and all of them are filled.”

“So many,” the wife remarked. She handed her glass of sparkling water to the man, and he held it for her.

The lady led them up to the first door, “Now, if you don’t find anyone you like, don’t worry. We get new drop-offs every day.”

Before the couple was a door that blended into the wall. The only way to see into the room behind it was from a porthole window towards the top of the door. Under the window was a name tag and next to the door was a little step stool. The man used his foot to slide it over for his wife to stand on.

“So, take your time looking,” the lady said. “Once someone catches your eye, come and get me. I’ll be waiting right down the hall, and I can arrange the visits. Sound good?”

Yes, perfect,” the man said.

“Good luck.”

“Thank you,” the couple said. The lady exited the hallway, and they were left alone. The man glanced at with wife.

“So, who’s in there?” he asked. He peered at the tag hanging up on the door. “Donny. That’s cute. I think I had a great uncle named Donald.”

The wife looked through the window again. It was a tiny room, an unmade bed taking up half of it. On the other half was a wall covered in scribbles and drawings. A young boy, no more than four, stood in the back corner with a large crayon in his hand. He wore plain blue pants and a white undershirt; his other clothes were scattered around the room. His shoes were nowhere in sight, and his feet were dirty.

“He’s drawing a tree,” the wife said, stepping aside for her husband to glance through, as well.

“Donny suits him.”

“He has red hair,” the wife commented.

“Yes,” the man said, glancing at his wife.

“He wouldn’t look like me.” After a second, she murmured, “But those curls...”

Donny turned to look at them. The man raised his hand to wave. Donny opened his mouth and let out a scream. The man chuckled, but the woman stepped off the stool. Donny rushed to the door, screaming again.

She laughed, “Not for us, dear.”

The man waved goodbye to Donny and went to the next door with his wife. Matt, John, and Patrick were all sleeping.

“I wish John had been awake for me to see his face,” the wife said. “His room was very

tidy for a toddler.”

Carl’s fee was very high. Ollie was not cute enough, and the wife hated Christopher’s freckles. Jeremy was too fat.

The lady approached them and asked how their search was going.

The wife asked, “Are there any more?”

“Yes, we have some more boys in the back.”

“Great,” the wife said.

They were led down more cream hallways until they reached an area of cages, endless rows of tiny fingers wrapped around the links of the fenced walls.

“We’re getting more and more donations by the day, and our facility isn’t large enough to give each child a room yet,” the lady said as the couple walked past her into the room.

“They’re lucky to have a place to stay at all,” the man replied.

“We just got this one in. His name is Mason. He’s very well behaved and actually had siblings in his last home, whom he got along with well. We do recommend that if you want to take him or any other child home, you should have him meet anyone you have at home first,” the lady told them.

“Oh, that won’t be a problem,” the man said. “There’s no one else at home yet. Just us.” He took a sip of his wife’s drink since she had not.

They walked up to a cage where a small boy was going to the bathroom. His white undershirt was pristine, and when he had finished his business, he tucked it into his pants. He walked to the back of his cage to sanitize his hands.

“On his toilet and everything,” the lady pointed out.

“Hello, Mason,” the man called to him, grinning.

“Oh, no. I’m sorry, we have to keep going,” the wife said. “We live in a very specific neighborhood. There are some unspoken rules. She stepped away from the cage. “Are there more back here?”

Mason returned to sit on the edge of his low bed, staring at the wife and the man. He lifted a tiny hand to wave at them before breaking into a large smile. The man started to read the information listed under his name tag.

The lady nodded, “Just go ahead and look around. I’ll be waiting outside in the hallway again.”

The man asked his wife, “You want to keep looking?”

“Yes. I have a good feeling about today. He’s in here,” she said, walking forward.

A small child named Greg sat silently on his bed, not even looking at the couple as they passed by. Henry had turned his bed on its side and was cowering behind it in the corner of his cage farthest from the couple. His name tag said he had just gotten there yesterday. Brian was screaming and laughing too loudly in the middle of his cell; he was Donny’s brother. The wife did not want either of them.

“Oh, now what about him?” the wife asked, stopping in front of the cell of a boy named Arnold. He was extremely thin and had long, straight blond hair. When they walked up to his cage, he gazed at them and smiled. The wife said, “I adore the name Arnold.”

The man shook his head, “I don’t.”

“Maybe he’s young enough that we could get him used to a new name. Just look at his little blond eyebrows, dearest. I think I’m in love with him.” Her fingers touched her own

blonde hair as she spoke.

The man turned to her and held her shoulders, "Let's look down the other side, but we'll make sure to visit with Arnold, all right?"

"Yes, all right," she said, smiling. She turned and blew a kiss to Arnold before they continued on. When they had past his cage, he walked up to the front and held onto the links, watching them walk away from him. The man turned around and waved at him, sipping from the water again.

When he turned back around, he noticed another young, quieter boy. "Darling, what about Phillip?"

"Who?"

"You just walked past him."

"Let me look."

Phillip was a sturdy-looking young boy. He had brown hair that was cut short but just starting to curl where it brushed against his neck. His bed was made neatly, his extra clothes folded, his shoes set at the end of the bed. He was jumping on a trampoline that had been placed in his room. He glanced at the man and the wife as they watched him.

"Hello," the man said to him.

Phillip ceased his jumping and held up a small, chubby hand to wave at them. "Hello."

The man grinned and whispered to his wife, "Oh, darling. I may have just fallen in love, as well."

"Phillip?" she asked, looking hard at the child.

The man replied, "Yes."

The wife examined her husband before saying, "Fine. Let's look at Phillip and Arnold then, sweetheart."

"Do you want to finish looking around?"

"No. I'm getting tired, and I have a good feeling about Arnold."

The couple found the lady outside the room with the cages and told her they wished to visit with Arnold and Phillip. "Both are such sweet boys," the lady said. "I knew you would love them." Then, she led the couple to a visitation room. "Now, if you wait in this room, I'll bring them to you. Do you care who first?"

The man chuckled, "Surprise us."

"Just a moment," the lady smiled.

The couple took their seats in a pair of comfy chairs. The room was painted a pale blue color and had bright white carpets. In the corner was a chest full of toys, and one wall was a large mirror. Next to the door was an intercom. The man reached over to hold his wife's hand, patting it a couple of times with his own. She nodded but continued watching the door. "Ready to meet our son?" the man asked, removing his hand and setting the sparkling water on the floor.

The wife nodded and straightened her back. Then, the lady reappeared with Arnold. After opening the door, she let Arnold enter first. The young boy stood with his hands folded in front of him, staring at the tiles. The lady pushed him in a bit more so she could also enter. His hair was a yellow bowl sitting on top of his head and covering his eyes.

"This is Arnold," she announced. "Say hello."

Arnold said, "Hello."

The man smiled, "Hello!"

The wife started to make a face like she crying, "Isn't he precious. How old are you, Arnold?"

When he didn't speak, the lady said, "Go ahead."

"Four," came the quiet reply.

"You're really a big boy, aren't you?" the wife asked, smiling a bit. She pulled a handkerchief out of her purse and dabbed at her eyes.

Arnold began to smile, "Yes, I am."

The man laughed and was about to ask another question when suddenly the wife said loudly, "It didn't say he had a speech impediment. The name tag... it didn't say anything about his lisp."

Arnold stared at the wife with his wide blue eyes, watching her carefully.

"Dear," the man said, "let's just talk to him for a bit, okay?"

"You didn't say anything about it," the wife said again to the lady.

"I'm sorry. We'll make sure to provide more accurate information in the future," the lady replied quickly. "I'll leave you to visit." She pointed to an intercom, "Just buzz when you're ready to see your next one." Then, she left.

Arnold dropped the smile and began to stare at the floor, specifically the wife's heels. She ended up crossing her ankles and pushing her shoes as far out of his sight as possible. "Do you like to play, Arnold?" the man asked, stroking his wife's hand. She moved her hand to her coat collar.

Arnold finally looked up and watched the wife's face as she dabbed her cheeks, wiping off nonexistent tears.

"Honey, it's okay," the man said. He spoke to Arnold again, "What do you like to do?"

"I dunno. Run around and stuff."

"Where do you do that?" the wife asked him.

"Outside," Arnold lisped, gesturing behind him.

"Oh, great," the man said. "Anything else you like to do outside?"

Arnold suddenly spoke out, "Why is that ugly lady crying?"

The wife glanced at Arnold. The man asked, "What did you say?"

"Ugly?" she whispered.

"She's not crying, Arnold," the man said quickly. "We're just trying to get to know you."

He gestured to the chest, "Should we play something?"

"You were crying. Why?" Arnold asked.

"I was not crying," the wife whispered again. She shoved her handkerchief back into her purse. "Dear, let's buzz the lady back."

"You wanted to see Arnold, though," the man said. "Shouldn't we take more time to..."

"I didn't have all the information, darling," the wife responded, leaning away from him. She looked at Arnold.

He returned her gaze, "Are you going to take me home?"

"Not today, Arnold," the wife told him, holding onto her coat and purse tightly. Then, to her husband, she said, "Dear."

"Arnold, should we play something? Would you like that?"

“Dear. He’s not the one. Please. Buzz the lady for me.”

The man looked at his wife before walking over to the door and pressing the button to call back the lady. Arnold watched him and then returned his stare to the floor. The wife stared at the child until the lady had returned to the door.

“Finished already?”

“Please, take him away. And update his information for future families,” the wife instructed.

The lady took Arnold’s hand, “Would you like to see Phillip now?”

The man gazed at Arnold, “Yes, thank you.”

Arnold looked back up at the man for a brief second before the lady crouched down and whispered something to Arnold. He gave a miniscule nod to her, and she led him off down the hall. The man stayed at the door and watched until they turned a corner. Then, he returned to his seat.

Without looking at his wife, he said, “Love. Please.”

“He wasn’t the perfect one for me. Too... quiet.”

The man gripped the bottom of the seat tightly and still didn’t meet her eye.

His wife pulled her fur coat over her shoulders. “It’s too cold in here.”

“I know,” the man replied.

They sat in silence until the lady returned, this time towing Phillip along. As soon as he entered the room, he said, “Hello,” to the man.

“Hello, there,” the man replied. “What’s your name?”

“Phillip,” the child said.

The wife held onto her coat, brushing the fur so it all faced one direction. She took a brief glance at Phillip before going back to brushing out her coat.

“And how old are you?” the man asked. The lady left the room with a close-lipped smile, closing the door behind her.

“I’m three and a half.”

“Did you hear that, darling? He’s almost four!” the man smiled, turning to his wife.

She stayed silent.

“What do you like to do, Phillip?” he asked.

“I like learning the alphabet. And I like coloring.”

“Oh, you do?” the man exclaimed. “Love, did you hear that? He’s learning how to write.”

“How exciting,” the wife mused, still stroking her coat.

He looked at the boy, “Should we color something now?”

Phillip grinned and rushed to the chest in the corner to pull out a coloring book and some crayons and hurry to the chairs where the man and wife sat. The man got down on the floor to color with him.

“Which should we do? This fish?”

“Yes.”

“Yes,” the man smiled, pulling out a blue crayon and beginning to shade the background while Phillip pulled out a brilliant red to start coloring in the fish. “Phillip, it’s wonderful to meet you.”

Phillip laughed and delicately colored within the lines.

“You’re trying very hard.”

“I don’t want to mess up the fish,” he answered.

The man chuckled and continued the background. After a minute or so of silence, the man looked up at his wife. “Darling, look at how well we’re doing.”

She glanced down at the drawing just in time to see Phillip run outside the lines.

“Oh, no,” he muttered.

“You’re a genius. It was just what this picture needed,” the man said. He took a dark crayon and outlined the mistake and drew other lines around it. “A coral reef for our fish to live in.”

Phillip gave a small smile and began to fill in the new outlines with two crayons at once. The wife looked away again, staring at the buzzer by the door intensely.

“Are you going to take me home?” his small voice asked.

The man paused for a moment before saying, “Maybe,” and staring at his wife.

“Would I have brothers and sisters?”

“Um,” the man laughed, “not for a while.”

The wife turned to look at Phillip. They stared at each other for a long time. Phillip slowly began to smile at her. “Can I touch your coat?”

“Go for it,” the man said.

She said, “No.”

“What was that?” the man asked. “Dear?”

“No, you can’t touch my coat,” the wife said.

Phillip looked deeply at her before looking back at the man.

“Send him away,” the wife continued. “I don’t want a son today.”

“Love?” the man asked.

“You aren’t taking me?” Phillip asked, standing up.

The wife said, “Dear, press that button.”

The man stood up now, too, and knelt beside her. He whispered in her ear, “Please, my heart, I understand. But just look at him again. Please, reconsider.”

Phillip took a step closer, his eyebrows beginning to furrow deeply.

“Let’s not adopt today,” the wife said. She glared at her husband, “I think it’s for the best. Please, buzz the lady in.”

The man slowly stood up and walked over the door, placing a hand on Phillip’s head and ruffling his hair. Then, he pressed the button and stayed at the door. His finger stayed resting lightly on top of the button. The lady soon came to take Phillip.

“There wasn’t a connection,” the wife told her, waving her hand at Phillip.

Phillip reached over and grabbed the man’s pant leg. When the man looked down at him, Phillip held up the drawing.

“He wouldn’t fit into our family,” the wife continued, standing up and buttoning up her coat.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” the lady told her, starting to extend her hand to the boy. Her eyes landed on the fish. “That’s a great drawing, Phillip.”

The man knelt down and took the drawing from the little boy and eyed it in his hands. “I love this color for the fish. It was really a great choice.”

A tear slipped out of Phillip’s eye, and he nodded. A second tear raced after it down his

round, red cheek.

“Oh, dear,” the lady mumbled softly, taking Phillip’s hand. She looked up, “This happens all the time, don’t worry about it.”

The man watched the tears trail down Phillip’s neck and disappear under his clean shirt. He gave the coloring back to Phillip, watching intently as his small fingers reached over to grip the crinkled paper edge. They stayed there for a long moment, both looking at the picture and their hands holding onto it. The wife cleared her throat, and the lady tugged Phillip out of the room. As he was led down the hall back to his cage, his gaze stayed on the fish in his hands.

Slowly getting up from his knees, the man stared out the door and said, “So, not Phillip, huh?”

“I don’t see a future with him with us. He’ll find a good home, though.”

“Yeah,” the man said quietly. “For sure.”

The lady suddenly reappeared at the door. “Anyone else? Perhaps a little girl. We just got a pair of twins, if you’re interested.”

“No, I think we’ll head out for today. Thank you,” the wife said.

The lady smiled, and she escorted them out of the room and back to the lobby.

The man asked, “How long do children usually stay here?” His wife gave him a look.

“No longer than two weeks,” the lady told him. “If it’s longer than that, we need to clear them out to make room for the new donations.”

“So, Phillip...”

“He was donated earlier this week. And he’s such a dear, he’ll probably be adopted soon.”

“And Arnold?”

“He’s been here,” the lady looked at her clipboard, “almost two weeks now.”

The man looked over at his wife and then back at the lady. “I think we need some time to think it over.”

“Of course. Thank you for coming in,” the lady said, heading back behind the counter.

He stopped his wife at the front door, grabbing her arm, looking her in the eye, and asking, “Are you set on leaving?”

She stared at him for a long moment before saying, “Take me home.”

They left the building, his wife hurrying through the snow to her car door, waiting for him to unlock it for her. He pressed his automatic button, and she jumped into the front seat. He took his time walking through the flurries, watching his boots sink with each step into the inches of snow now covering the sidewalk.

He reached his car and had his hand on the handle when a pair headlights suddenly flashed through the snow into his eyes. The new car slid into a parking spot farther down from him. The man watched as a woman got out of the car and walked up to the back door of the building with a small girl’s hand in her own. Once she reached the door, she knocked, put the girl inside, and then hurried back to her car.

His wife suddenly hit their car’s horn, and he opened his door and sat down in the seat, snow melting off of his clothes already. The man glanced at his wife and asked if they should head home. She nodded. He put the car in reverse and pulled out of the parking lot.

“We’ll come back next week, weather permitting,” the man said to his wife as they started home. “There’ll be a new batch, then.”

AMERICAN FAMILY PORTRAIT

after Carlos Drummond De Andrade

ANNA GIRGENTI*

Yes, this family portrait is a little too clear.
My father's smile airbrushed
white, thin gray specks in his black crew cut.
He wears my grandfather's dark Sicilian skin.

My uncles, his two older brothers, foreheads shining,
have not spoken in fifteen years.
My father stands between them like a rope bridge,
too frayed to hold anything heavy.

Grandma Pam remembers Jimmy, her soldato,
husband, in his green combat uniform, unsmiling.
How he worried her with his drinking, how they
danced in the kitchen to Sinatra after dinner, her apron loose.

We the children have not changed
despite our aging. Reunited, we resume our roles.
Michael still so stoic, the oldest,
and David, the baby in a suit.

What people don't tell you about family portraits
is that someone is always missing. If you look
hard enough you can see Grandpa Jimmy

tucked in the corner of Pam's eye, but not
the way he went. That man on the living room floor,
the pool of blood, the rough hand still gripping the pistol.

* Anna Girgenti, Loras College, tied for first place in the Delta Epsilon Sigma Fitzgerald Undergraduate Writing Competition in poetry.

Twenty years is a long time to be married
to a dead man. Enough time to choose
new memories, to die slowly
surrounded by them like family.

A young man takes a boat to America,
his grandson marries a German girl,
she learns to cook Italian food,

but all these stiff bodies pushed together
didn't choose to be here.
See how Uncle Jim's fingertips
are almond-shaped like his mother's?

In a photo this small, we all resemble someone.
We are braided together, unable to stand
and walk out of the frame, unable to change
without changing someone else.

I'd like to move to the west coast
with this photo in my pocket,
let it fade until my mother's smile
doesn't remind me of my own.

But isn't a family more than a photo
in a shoebox in someone's attic? It's
a little country with a borrowed language
and a culture of its own,

spreading ever thinner over a lot of land.



FOUR POEMS BY
LEANNA HAAG*
INDIVIDUAL

The hills fold around me
like fresh linen. Snow sprinkles
my lashes, the down

of some poor goose plucked
naked on heaven's kitchen counters.
My mittens catch a falling infant

star, a puzzle
of thread, a child's dream frozen
in midair. Crumpled wad of tissue

paper, cobweb, crow's feet in the corner
of my eye. The icy feathers puff
below my boots. Like flour

beneath my mother's hands on Sunday
mornings when I help. Pore-pocked
nose pressed to mine she says, "You

have those eyes." She means blue-green
mixed like snowstorm skies. "Never
seen the like." She lets me stir

* Leanna Haag, Saint Mary's University of Minnesota, tied for first place in the Delta Epsilon Sigma Fitzgerald Undergraduate Writing Competition in poetry.

dough with strokes only I
know how to give. But that was a winter
and winters ago. Now, I watch each

flake drop, some into the mass
of other shards of frosted glass
and some onto my Hunter boots.

They roll, a silver river
into the puddle
beneath the rubber soles.



SEASON OF FALL(ING)

Summer rustles among stalks
of corn change to rattles,

the sounds of older women eating
secrets in bowls around the kitchen

table. They know some missing
piece of story we skipped

in reading paragraphs of wind-
words. Leaves scrape

plow-shredded ground hunched
against freezing spear grass. Flakes fall

as voices fall in a room
filled with hush before heaven

thunders. Spider web
flecks sputter, hover-

birds over oceans of clover
and the first silver

to wash out of the throat of sky
in sheets of moon-blue ice.



SING TO ME OF WONDER

Night has left a trace of splendor,
clinging to each ragweed's stalk.
Webs of silver-tinted lace
like frozen whispers left to me--
 laughter caught in ice.

Against my back the press of snow
demands that I be silent.
The world hushes, stills,
 waits
to hear snow breathing in the chill.

I crouch and hear
these jewels drop into silent snow.
They sing to me a song of time—
 sing to me of wonder.

The winds blow spirits in the field.
Once gathered here
they cluster snow
 in tresses like a woman's hair,
around the shoulders of the hills.

The camouflage of drifting flakes
disguises wolf-prints in the snow—
initials of this drifter
 meant for me to follow on
 across the vastness of the land.

A secret I would like to know—
from whence they came and where they go.
The land will never tell me though.
It sings to me of wonder.



OREGON TRAIL

Summer it came, pushing its serpentine length past her house and into the body of her town
right into its chest,
past the cemetery, the school. "No more," says Dad, "No more hauling ice in tracks." No more
left-overs of horses dragging carts in ruts
that mimic the genesis of a land called Oregon. "Something for schoolbooks," he says,
but she only half believes him
for when she looks down, she sees walls of baking soda boxes shaped into feet - her feet -
cardboard soles Mother glued
to her shoes for places she mustn't go barefoot. "Shoes wear away and so does time."
That's what her sisters sigh
each afternoon as they watch the workers chasing down the ground, the dirt that can't escape
trains of shovels and gravel carts.
"Someday you'll understand," the sisters say. She thinks their words drip sounds too much
like the sweat that slides from the brows
of these road-men that their eyes hunt and their minds imagine into husbands. She thinks
maybe if she wanders far enough,
she will find more than ice paths, soda-box soles, husbands, polios and paralyses
paving the way to an Oregon,
or something beyond a timber-dark horizon. She does not dare look up to see the moon weep
glass tears like chips of broken bottles
because it knows she has already arrived. She won't admit that the place she's looking for
lies under the edges of the crumbled,
fresh-fractured rocks that cringe beneath her body - under her footprints and the drops of sweat
spilled over ice paths carved into rot-black dirt.



FOR FELIX

JEREMIAH K. DURICK*

My neighbor leaves his dog alone too long, too often, so when I come home, or my wife comes home, or one of the other close by neighbors comes home and we make all those familiar coming home sounds, Felix comes to the front picture window to watch. Sometimes he barks, but mostly he just watches, leans on the back of a green sofa and watches through the nose-smudged glass, follows us. His whole head moves along, follows the familiar moves we make – the car doors clicking open and the clumsy closings, our few words, if any, our garages yawning open, swallowing us, cars and all, and then the silence we leave behind, a silence he knows all too well from watching it come and go with us. He knows his place, and since he’s a dog he doesn’t judge or comment or even complain for that matter. He’s a watchdog watching nothing, warning no one. He is what has been done to him – captured, tamed, trained, and left, left to be a reluctant watcher, a watcher we try so very hard to ignore.



* Jeremiah K. Durick has recently retired after a long career teaching literature, humanities, and writing. His recent poems have appeared in *Front Porch Review*, *Nine muses Poetry*, and *Scarlet Leaf Review*.

GOD'S GRACE

EDWARD J. RIELLY*

Raining slowly,
imperceptibly,
drop by slow drop,
my shirt dry for decades
until the first faint
touch of dampness,
a minute spot,
making itself known,
the rain working its way through,
drop piling on drop,
finally touching,
only now,
my skin,
the cool,
refreshing rain
working itself through
until, at last,
I feel something unmistakably
cool and wet.



* Dr. Edward J. Rielly, professor emeritus and former director of the Writing and Publishing program at St. Joseph's College of Maine, is the author or editor of approximately thirty books, most recently the memoir *Bread Pudding and Other Memories*, the children's picture books *Spring Rain Winter Snow* and *Jugo Meets a Poet*, and *Answers Instead: A Life in Haiku*.

MEMORARE

MARGARETTE R. CONNOR*

Waiting, praying, hoping.
What Catholic women do best.

Prayers for the injured.
Prayers for the dead.
Prayers for a city.

Not Catholic anymore
but when under stress,
the Catholic girl
climbs out of the tight
corner she's been pushed to
and asserts herself.

She learned long ago
that there's a purpose
(not sure I agree)
and God has a plan
(but there's free will)

So in times like this
Pray:

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. Inspired by this confidence, I fly unto thee, O Virgin of Virgins, My Mother, to thee I come, before thee I stand, sinful and sorrowful, O Mother of the Word Incarnate! Despise not my petitions, but in thy mercy, hear and answer me!

Be with them in Boston.

* Dr. Margarette Connor, a native New Yorker, has returned home after living in Europe, Asia, and the Middle East. A literature professor and writer, she "uses poetry as an emotional outlet, especially when tragedy strikes."

Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc, et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.

To the Mother.
Always to the Mother.
Woman to woman,
Heart to heart.

[Written after the Boston Marathon bombings (2013), but change the name of the city and this is true of all recent tragedies]



WILLOW TREE

CHRISTINA (CURCIO) CRAHALL*

One day you will
Wish for that which
You wished away
While the willow was
White and wide.

Today, wish for time,
Watch the way it
Waltzes with the wind,
Before the willow weeps
With bare arms this winter.

* Christina (Curcio) Crahall, a mother and an author of three self-published collections of poetry, invites readers to visit her author page at [amazon.com/author/christinacrahall](https://www.amazon.com/author/christinacrahall) and also to follow her on Twitter @cheepin or on Instagram @loquaciousheart.

OLD BONES

H. WENDELL HOWARD*

Old bones in threadbare winter coat,
Old bones in shoes almost worn through,
Old bones that form parentheses
'Round time, once was when they could do.
Old bones whose hinges grate and stick,
Old bones now a loose-tenoned frame,
Old bones if broken never seem
To fit together quite the same.
Old bones slow to negotiate
Paved walkways' slightest dip or rise,
Old bones, though walker's firm in grip,
Prove strolling a lost enterprise.
Old bones' impediments, harsh-edged,
Stand well apart from much else old --
Old friends, old books, old loves, old wine.
Old bones help emphasize, truth told,
That joy of living ne'er gets old.

* H. Wendell Howard, doctorate from the U. of Minnesota, diploma from Juilliard, is prof. emeritus of English, St. John Fisher College; and a retired choral conductor (after 40 years of service). He has published over 150 book-chapters, essays, articles, and poems in a wide array of books, journals, and periodicals. Since 1968, his essays have appeared thirty-one times in the pages of the *DES Journal*.

TEARS - "JESUS WEPT"

ROSEMARY JUEL BERTOCCI AND
FRANCIS HENRY ROHLF*

That's how it is with diseases: One word, only *one* counts.
With Mom, it was *Cancer*. Now, it's *Crohn's*.
I long to hold you, to tell you it isn't true.
My mind races here, there: Where may comfort be found?
I fall to my knees and call to Jesus from my narrow prison.
He enters the smallest of spaces.
Anger dissipates, fading. In its stead, silence.
Slowly handing over your pain, I listen.
The wall of anger no longer serves to protect us; it disappears -
Insubstantial, inconsequential, a poor, reckless substitute for tears.

* Dr. Rosemary Bertocci, Chair of Philosophy and Religious Studies at Saint Francis University, Loretto, PA, was awarded a John Templeton Foundation Grant for her course, "Science and Religion."

Dr. Fran Rohlf is Coordinator of Philosophy and Religious Studies at Mount Aloysius College, Cresson, PA. He has degrees in Philosophy, Pastoral Ministry, and a Doctorate in Systematic Theology from Duquesne University.

10 THINGS I HATE ABOUT MAN SHREWS

ANNA BAUGHMAN*

Women who are not afraid to voice their opinions, do not allow men to treat them badly, and stand up for themselves and others are commonly referred to as “bitches.” In the time of Shakespeare, these confident and unafraid women were referred to as “shrews.” According to the *Dictionary by Merriam-Webster*, a shrew is “an unpleasant, bad-tempered woman”; a bitch, “a malicious, spiteful, or overbearing woman.” Despite the substitution of select adjectives, one fact rings true: women are specifically designated for these words with unpleasant connotations. Women who fit such descriptions can be found in *The Taming of the Shrew*, written by William Shakespeare, and *10 Things I Hate About You*, directed by Gil Junger, as the latter is loosely based on the former. Katherine, the shrew, and Kat, the bitch, take their respective insults and make them something different: compliments. Both lead female characters take the personal qualities that turn people away and own them as powerful attributes. Moreover, the women use their strengths to tame the men opposite them. Therefore, in the words “shrew” and “bitch,” readers and viewers find strengths that enable such characters to control their destinies and their men, as shown in *The Taming of the Shrew* and *10 Things I Hate About You*.

Why did Shakespeare write the original play, which had heavy themes of gender inequality? Critic Sherri Thorne argues for Shakespeare’s objectivity, declaring, “Shakespeare does not support this violent treatment of women, nor does he walk through the streets of London campaigning for their better treatment” (53). Thorne believes that Shakespeare wrote this play to create a commentary on the relationships of men and women of his time and offers the following historical context for Shakespeare’s tale:

Religious leaders created contradictory views of women by simultaneously condemning Eve and revering the Virgin Mary. In the secular arena, Neoclassical scholars embraced the tenets of humanism, which proclaimed women inferior to men. The average couple, who lived during the Renaissance, incorporated bits and pieces of all the popular ideals, but the strong influence of the church and the embedded traditions of society supported a patriarchal position. Men exerted strong control over the women in their lives, and if these women resisted or complained, men labeled them shrews. Physically subdued, often a woman’s voice was her only weapon of defense, but her cries for help seldom reached sympathetic ears. (53)

Whether Shakespeare’s commentary was in support of or an argument against these patriarchal ideals is unclear. However, his choice of a comedy with such radical displays of

*Anna Baughman, Saint Francis University (PA) won first place in the Delta Epsilon Sigma Fitzgerald Undergraduate Writing Competition in critical/analytical essay.

gender oppression can be viewed as satirical, highlighting the hilarity of the preposterousness that these beliefs entailed. Thorne presumes that Shakespeare wrote this play to “[cajole] the audience into reconsidering its ideas about and its treatment of women” (54). The exact reason Shakespeare wrote the story, though, will most likely never be known.

Despite this, the finished text inspired *10 Things I Hate About You* four hundred years later. The character names—Katherine and Bianca—and the use of Padua (as a city in *Taming* and a school in *10 Things*) are not where the similarities end. The characters of Katherine and Kat are strikingly similar in their lack of interest in marrying/dating, indifference to what others think of them, and bitterness toward their sisters. Too, the Biancas—the sisters—are both shallow, praised by any man who comes across them, and unable to marry/date until their older sisters do. Petruchio and Patrick—the lovers—are both changed in the end, moving from a focus on money and taming to love. Within these stories are characters commonly seen throughout literature, or archetypes. These kinds of characters have the same fundamental qualities. Critic Northrop Frye emphasizes the importance of archetypes when studying intertextual works, or works that mirror each other. Katherine and Kat are shrews: abrasive and terrifying women. The Biancas are the perfect princess characters. Themes of change, love, and acceptance are apparent in both.

Typically, *The Taming of the Shrew* and *10 Things I Hate About You* are regarded as anti-feminist texts. As the female characters are tamed or controlled by the men, the play and the movie are thought of as repressive. Erica Hateley, who does a gendered educational analysis of both of these stories, quotes Melissa Jones, who argues, “What the play teaches . . . is that social disruptors are sweetest when bullied into submission and silenced in a patriarchal embrace” (131). Because Katherine ends the play completely devoted to Petruchio—her new husband—it is deduced that she is giving into this patriarchal embrace. However, this is a very superficial reading of the story, which demands more thought and analysis.

Michael Friedman, when looking at the stories from a feminist point of view, offers that *10 Things I Hate About You* is a feminist version of *The Taming of the Shrew*. While this is a step in the right direction, there can still be a feminist reading of the play, which Friedman does not attempt. Monique Pittman has looked at the story from a reader-response perspective using multiple teenage interpretations—her students’—on the play compared to the movie. Her students thought that the characters in *10 Things I Hate About You* “were given more freedom to choose and decide for themselves” (144). Moreover, Rachel De Wachter offers that “directors have convincingly interpreted the play in many different, even contradictory, ways,” which adds the element of artistic license to this argument, showing that *The Taming of the Shrew* has been transformed in many ways throughout the years. While directors today may not find the original text to be feminist, they have the power to create a Katherine who is more obviously feminist. While I appreciate these attempts to understand Katherine’s submission, I argue that a feminist understanding of the original text is possible, but only if one can appropriate and empower the definition of a shrew.

The feminist, though apparent in both *Taming of the Shrew* and *10 Things I Hate About*

You, is represented differently in each. In the former, the feminist is subtle: Katherine is tamed in the end but only because she has *allowed* herself to be tamed. The latter shows an obviously strong woman in Kat, who finds love but is not necessarily tamed by the one she loves. In fact, she, like Katherine, seems to tame her supposed tamer. Both women embody the stereotypical feminist, as they are screaming, man-hating, and blunt characters. Katherine is commonly referred to as a “fiend from hell” and “Curst Katarina,” while Kat is called a “bitter, self-righteous hag” and “heinous bitch.” These adjectives are typically used when describing feminists, or “femi-nazis” as they are affectionately nicknamed by society.

Critic Josephine Donovan determines that in Western culture “female stereotypes symbolize either the spiritual or the material, the good or evil” (228). Using stereotypes about feminists, Shakespeare and Junger create characters who are openly perceived as evil. What makes these characters feminist is not their negative qualities, but their ownership of these qualities as foundations of their strength. Though men try to use these qualities to lessen the value of these women, it is not always successful. For instance, when Petruchio first mentions Katherine to her father, he says, “Pray, have you not a daughter / Call’d Katharina, fair and virtuous?,” to which her father, Baptista, replies, “I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina” (2.1.42-43). The insinuation here is that Katherine is not beautiful or virtuous. However, Baptista’s children *are* described as “two fair daughters” (2.1.44). Her beauty is one thing the patriarchy cannot take from her, despite its attempts to do so. The same applies to her virtue, which is firmly intact. In addition to these positive qualities is Katherine’s intelligence. Katherine, after being starved, denied sleep, and abused mentally, seems to have an awakening in her knowledge of herself. This is more clearly seen in live versions of the play, rather than the written word. For this purpose, I watched the movie adaptation of the play from 1983, which shows a thoughtful Katherine as Petruchio attempts to convince her to say that the sun is the moon. Though she originally disagrees with this obvious fallacy, she takes a moment to consider her options. Petruchio will not take her home for her sister Bianca’s wedding unless she agrees with everything he says. There is a clear moment of revelation that results in Katherine agreeing with Petruchio. From this moment on, Katherine listens to and agrees with Petruchio explicitly. Here, we see Katherine *allowing* herself to be tamed, a true feminist act. Though Katherine undoubtedly has the ability to continue to be a shrew, she wisely decides to stay alive and live a peaceful life. Kat, though similar in personality, presents a different case. She starts the movie with a peaceful life. As an overt, rather than covert, feminist, Kat does not believe in living to please others. On the contrary, she lives for herself and does not let anyone influence her decisions. After Patrick comes into her life, she attends a party and prom, both of which are completely out of character for her. However, in the end, she is the same Kat she always was. In a way, Kat tames herself; she allows herself to be the young woman she was meant to be, her own awakening in knowledge of herself.

Though the women are seen as tamed, the men, too, go through a taming process. While Katherine and Petruchio finish their story as a married couple, Kat and Patrick end as a couple dating in high school. The couple is together and believed to be entering a happily-ever-after life when the movie ends, as many Hollywood films do. This assumed fairy-tale

ending leaves viewers to believe that Kat and Patrick eventually end up married, as Katherine and Petruchio do. These two men, now husbands, have been tamed in the most obvious way: they are married. Marriage is the ultimate form of taming for men, who are commonly afflicted with commitment issues. Petruchio starts out in *The Taming of the Shrew* searching for money in the form of a dowry. He finds, marries, and “tames” Katherine. However, by the end, he is no longer concerned with the money (granted, he already has it); instead, he is as in love with Katherine as she is with him. Too, Petruchio is an abusive husband for the majority of the play but becomes caring and loving at the end. Furthermore, the idea of a woman taming a man is subtly shown in Katherine’s sister Bianca throughout the story. Bianca has the ability to make any man fall in love with her. It is clear that these men would do anything for Bianca, proven when men wear disguises to try to win her over. One, Hortensio, has his friend, Petruchio, marry her sister, who we know is described in primarily awful adjectives. Hortensio, a bitter and unpleasant man, puts aside years of friendship for his love of Bianca, showing Bianca’s power over men and, thus, representing the tamed man-shrew.

Perhaps more obvious is Patrick, a stereotypical bad boy. He often is seen smoking, skipping class, and hanging out in pool halls with less-than-reputable company. When courting Kat, the first thing he learns about her is her hatred of smoking. Thus, we see Patrick smoking only once more. Patrick and Kat have one class together, which he walks into—and directly out of—in one of the first scenes. In the end, when Kat is reading a sonnet written by her to Patrick, he is in this very class. In other words, Kat has inspired him to attend class. Additionally, Patrick appears less and less with his disreputable friends, who represent his past debauchery. In fact, he is seen more with Cameron (Bianca’s love interest) and his friend Michael, two of the most innocent characters in the film, as the story progresses. Moreover, Patrick begins courting Kat because he is paid to do so. In the end, he does not want to take the money anymore. Instead, he uses the money he already has to buy Kat a guitar and hire her favorite band to play at prom. Technically speaking, Kat remains a static character throughout the story, and Patrick is the protagonist. Patrick evolves into what every woman wants, a tamed man-shrew.

The image of the bad girl evolves from *The Taming of the Shrew*, written in the 1500s, to *10 Things I Hate About You*, produced in the 1990s. In Shakespeare’s time, being a shrew was disgraceful. Women were typically beautiful, silent, obedient, and innocent; essentially, they were dolls. While Bianca fits this description quite well, Katherine clearly does not. In fact, a man tells Katherine’s father that she is too “rough” for him and tells her she would be more likely to find a husband if she were “milder and gentler” (1.1.55, 61). Clearly, Bianca was a more desirable woman, while Katherine was atypical. She was likely a surprising character in this time, and the shock value Katherine offered undoubtedly added to the comedy. In 1999, *10 Things I Hate About You* featured Kat, who represented a more contemporary type of woman. She preaches about feminism and the importance of women often throughout the movie. Had Katherine done this during in her role, it would have been out of place, and it is clear that Kat is out of place in her setting, if not in her historical context. The other students are all obsessed with popularity and sex, while Kat abhors these things. When Kat is first seen in her car, the song “Bad Reputation” by Joan Jett is playing.

The title alone proves that Kat does not fit in with her fellow classmates. Automatically, this makes people think she is a bitch; her own sister even calls her a bitch when criticizing her for not fraternizing with her peers. While Katherine is an obvious shrew in the way she acts, both in what she says and what she does physically, Kat is a more realistic and toned-down shrew. Despite this, both have attributes that make them the stereotypical bad girl. Arielle Pardes explores the evolution of the word “bitch,” which I think applies to both of these stories. “[Bitch is] the original insult,” Pardes begins her analysis; “It needs no introduction, no following; it works as a standalone slur for just about any scenario” (par. 1). When originally used, bitch was a highly offensive insult. However, Pardes notes that later “‘Bitch’ it seemed, was turning its face toward feminism,” and it was (par. 8). Nowadays, people think of a bitch as a strong, independent woman. This is because of women like Katherine and Kat, who are unapologetically themselves, good or bad.

Not only has the shrew evolved, but the taming has also changed. As mentioned before, Patrick is clearly tamed in *10 Things I Hate About You*, which embodies the evolution in taming. The definition of taming clearly altered from 1590 to 1999. In Shakespeare’s time, the taming was literal: Petruchio stops feeding Katherine and does not allow her to sleep, making her listen to what he says. Like a blinded bird, she obeys everything he tells her to do: “My falcon now is sharp and passing empty; / And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged, / for then she never looks upon her lure” (4.1.125-26). In the case of Kat and Patrick, the taming is less recognizable. At the end of the movie, when Patrick and Kat are making up, he cuts her off with a kiss every time she tries to speak. Erica Hateley observes the action in this part of the movie, saying, “This moment of silencing should be disturbing, whether viewed with Shakespeare’s play in mind or not” (132). Her interpretation of this scene is that Patrick is taming and silencing Kat. However, if this is the taming of the shrew in *10 Things I Hate About You*, it is quite a mild and farfetched subduing, as Kat in the rest of the film does not let Patrick talk over her or say anything inappropriate. The belief that this behavior would suddenly stop does not follow the pattern of the movie or its characters. Patrick likes Kat’s sharp tongue and witty repertoire; he would not want to tame that out of her. While it is safe to assume that the couple ends up happily-ever-after, it is also safe to assume that Kat begins to talk once more when the camera is turned off. The viewers know Kat would not let Patrick have the last word. Therefore, the question remains, how is Kat tamed? And it can be argued that she never is.

Katherine and Kat are two strong female characters; in other words, they are two shrews and bitches, two women who know their own minds and are not afraid to show it. They take these descriptors and let them become their identities. Despite their oppressors, who come in the form of men in love, they prevail as strong, smart, and independent characters. They redefine the original conceptions of a shrew or a bitch, creating forces to be reckoned with. The apparent feminism that accompanies this appropriation invents an interesting and refreshing archetype: the woman who is not afraid to be herself, in spite of society’s opinions of what that might mean.

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WINNERS OF THE DES NATIONAL UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT AWARD

The National Undergraduate Student Award has also been conferred on Dorothy Kirsch, Saint Mary's University of Minnesota. Majoring in biology and minoring in music and classics, Dorothy has a 3.973 grade point average. A member of both Concert and Chamber Choir, she enjoyed an internship in hybrid corn development and believes in servant leadership.



The National Undergraduate Student Award has been conferred on Henry Koller, University of St. Thomas (MN). A double major in English and philosophy, Henry has a 3.96 grade point average. A tutor for the philosophy department, he serves actively on the Aquinas Scholars Honors Program Student Board and on the University Conduct Hearing Board. He scored a close-to-perfect percentile on the LSAT.



J. PATRICK LEE AWARD FOR SERVICE

Delta Epsilon Sigma names Nicolette Loaiza of Iona College the new winner of the J. Patrick Lee Award for Service. Her interview and photo are featured at the front of this issue.



DELTA EPSILON SIGMA WEBSITE

The Delta Epsilon Sigma website is undergoing a redesign which is taking place now and step-by-step over the coming months. The new and improved format features information about the Society and its constituent Chapters; the present issue of the *Journal* and an archive of past issues; and information for Advisors and Members, including instructions and application forms for the various contests and awards. Please see the new website at www.deltaepsilonsigma.org.

RESULTS OF THE 2018 DES UNDERGRADUATE WRITING COMPETITION

Poetry:

- 1st (tie) “American Family Portrait,” Anna Girgenti, Loras College
- 1st (tie) “Individual, Season of Fall(ing), Sing to Me of Wonder, Oregon Trail,” Leanna Haag, Saint Mary’s University of Minnesota
- 2nd “The Radio Clock” & “ Snowy Morning,” Jill Patton, King’s College
- Honorable Mention: “inchoate recovery,” Brook Batch, Thomas More University

Short Fiction:

- 1st “Drop-Offs,” Caroline Breitbach, Loras College
- 2nd (tie) “An Inheirited Art,” Cassie Froese, University of St. Thomas (MN)
- 2nd (tie) “Starcatcher,” Alyson Corey, Mount Aloysius College
- Honorable Mention: “Miracle: 50 Cents,” John Regnier, Saint Mary’s University of Minnesota

Creative Nonfiction:

- 1st “The Country of Wanderers,” Destiny Vang, Cardinal Stritch University
- 2nd “Things Remembered,” Rachel Whitehill, Thomas More University
- Honorable Mention: “Five Stars,” Jill Patton, King’s College
- Honorable Mention: “On Not Shooting a Coyote,” Brennan Pivnicka, Loras College

Critical/Analytical Essay:

- 1st “10 Things I Hate About Man-Shrews,” Anna Baughman, Saint Francis University (PA)
- No 2nd Place
- Honorable Mention, “Battling for a Sense of Self: Marie’s Quest for Identity in *Love Medicine*,” Jill Patton, King’s College
- Honorable Mention, “Intertextual/Feminist Approach to Eavan Boland’s *The Pomegranate*,” Maria Teets, Loras College

Scholarly Research:

- 1st “Lessons Unlearned: The Impact of American Civil War on the Franco-Prussian War,” Thomas Brophy, Holy Cross College
- 2nd (tie) “Energy Availability, Menstrual Function and Bone Mineral Density in Pennsylvania Cross Country Teams,” Hannah Weber, St. Francis University
- 2nd (tie) “From United to Genocide: An Examination of British Policy in Scotland following the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745,” Jessie Willingham, Notre Dame of Maryland University
- Honorable Mention, “Hunting for Heroines: How Magic Affects the Agency of the *Strong Female Character*,” Cassie Froese, University of St. Thomas (MN).

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.



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 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 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.



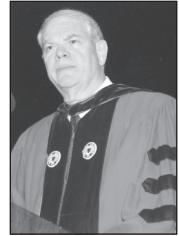
*Sister Brigid Brady,
OP, Ph.D.*

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 course paper); and (5) 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**



THE J. PATRICK LEE PRIZE 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.**



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 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 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.



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.



Synopsis of the Minutes DES National Meeting 1/3/2019

After the opening prayer, Shelly McCallum-Ferguson (who received 56% of the votes) was installed onto the board for a 3-year term. The board members next reviewed the 2017 tax filing and financial statement for the year ending 30 June 2018. In accordance with professional advice, an audit report (an abbreviated version of a full audit) will henceforth take place annually since this approach has become the norm for organizations with the size and purpose of DES. A full audit will take place every five years.

A consideration of investments and management of funds showed both the current portfolio mix and the plan for moving forward are working well. Revenues and expenses were also examined, with a focus on printing costs. Ideas were offered regarding moving the journal completely to our online platform. This change would require continued efforts to collect email addresses of members through, for example, yearly or bi-yearly email notices, an opt-in for a print copy of DES materials when membership is submitted, and a notice in the journal asking individuals to shift to electronic DES materials. Fundraising in Fall 2018 increased over previous efforts. One hundred Catholic colleges and universities eligible for and not yet members of DES will receive letters of invitation with introductory materials. Outreach to these eligible institutions will include the new brochure. Other materials will be sent out to prospective colleges to encourage chapter membership. A quote from SprintQP is expected shortly regarding the possible digitalization of 47 early issues of the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*. Besides adding these issues to the digital archive, the first issue can become a special printed edition offered to DES members and other constituencies. The Executive Director will determine how DES may attend the annual ACCU conference Feb. 2019 in Washington— either by sending a speaker or operating a DES “exhibitor table.”

After an announcement that Abbey Gambrel, because of family and professional duties, has resigned as assistant editor to the *DES Journal*, the DES Board members offered enthusiastic thanks to Abbey for her service and dedication to DES and the *DES Journal*. A journal report regarding the growth of accepted submissions led the board to agree to adjust the type font as needed to stay within a 48-page limit, necessary to prevent escalation to a costlier USPS mailing bracket. The DES Executive Board will give consideration to the publishing of contest papers in print and/or online. Space will determine if second-place winners will appear in print. An abstract should be included with scholarly research submissions, but the abstract will not count towards the word limit.

The DES National Office will have the newly revised By-Laws printed, resent to chapters, and sent to potential new college chapters. To encourage chapters to use “The Ritual for Induction” at induction ceremonies, a copy of the ritual will be sent out with membership materials starting this Autumn in order to encourage chapters to follow the Ritual’s designated wording. A subcommittee will review the current status of the DES website/Website webmaster/Filemaker database. Key priorities include web search capability for DES, forms, and ACHS and ACCU Membership. A review of the new budget led to an addition of \$1,000 to the website line. To generate interest in the Brady Award, the

members agreed to eliminate criterion 5 and to amend criterion 4 so it reads “sample of a course paper” within the application requirements. In addition, the budget will allow an increase of the Brady Award amount to \$1,500 per award (maximum 3 awards a year).

Outreach to current member institutions will encourage chapters to induct graduate students. Letters addressing inactive or underactive chapters will be dispatched in May. To connect to members who have belonged to now closed institutions, an article will go into the *DES Journal* announcing the creation of a Founder’s Club: the function of this Club would be to support these valued members whose connection to their alma maters would exist in a very real sense only through their continued membership in a thriving Delta Epsilon Sigma Honor Society. In order to promote the DES National Lecturers Program, this opportunity will be clarified on the website and in the *Journal* and in chapter materials. The promotion of Scholarships and Fellowships by means of the new posters has been a success, bringing about an increased participation in the writing contest and applications for awards. If possible, the *Journal* will include photos of scholarship/fellowship recipients, and the winners will be announced on the website as well. To connect with chapter advisors, the DES National Office will send out electronic versions of the posters in addition to the printed copies and will suggest that chapter advisors post DES information on e-bulletin boards. Webinars and Skype/telephone calls to address the questions of advisors were discussed. The challenges of time and funding were reviewed while again considering the feasibility of a National Congress and/or an Undergraduate Scholarly Conference.

The last business of the meeting comprised the judging of the Fitzgerald Undergraduate Writing Competition and the J. Patrick Lee Service Award Competition. The Gavel was passed to Dr. Francis Rohlf, and Dr. Valerie Wright was elected to the office of Vice President. The next meeting is planned for January 2-4, 2020.



THE DELTA EPSILON SIGMA STORE



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DES Gold and Maroon Double Honor Cords	\$11.00
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#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
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THE DES NATIONAL CATHOLIC SCHOLASTIC HONOR SOCIETY EMBLEM



The emblem of DES contains the motto, the name, the symbols, and the founding date of the society. Delta Epsilon Sigma is an abbreviation constructed from the initial Greek letters of the words in the motto, *Dei Epitattein Sophon*. Drawn from Aristotle and much used by medieval Catholic philosophers, the phrase is taken to mean: “It is the mission of a wise person to put order” into knowledge.

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

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

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