



The National Catholic Scholastic Honor Society

Wisdom | Leadership | Service

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The Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal accepts submissions from non-members as well as members of Delta Epsilon Sigma. While student contributions are welcome at any time, each spring issue will reserve space for the Delta Epsilon Sigma Undergraduate Writing Contest winners. We will consider for publication a wide variety of articles, fiction, and poetry. Our primary mission is to serve the Catholic cultural and intellectual tradition, and we favor work commensurate with that aim. Submissions to Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal are peer reviewed by doctorally-prepared academics or other specialists. 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.

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MESSAGES FROM THE EDITORS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

The Delta Epsilon Sigma Executive Committee wishes to cite Dr. Valerie Wright, outgoing president, for her dedicated service to the society and her willingness to continue with additional duties as Head of Special Projects. She will especially begin work on more online and social media promotion of the society. Instagram and LinkedIn accounts will also soon appear. Potential online conferences for chapter advisors and for student member remain under discussion.

To continue robust competition, the Delta Epsilon Sigma Executive Committee invites chapter advisors and their students to continue to participate in the various opportunities membership provides, including the Father Fitzgerald undergraduate writing completion and the Fitzgerald scholarships and fellowships. Undergraduates may also pursue the J. Patrick Lee Award for Service or the Harry R. Knight Undergraduate/Graduate Prize For International Service. Current graduate students may seek one of the Sr. Brigid Brady Graduate Awards (which, upon application, may receive renewal). See the Announcements at the end of this issue to find out more information.

As has become customary, this issue publishes first-place winners of the Fr. Fitzgerald Undergraduate Competition in Scholarly and Creative Writing. Second place winning papers designated for publication will appear in the Fall 2024 issue. Submissions for the forthcoming 2024 Undergraduate Writing Competition remain due on or before Dec. 1st, 2024. Chapter advisors are encouraged to organize their own local contests. *Before sending the winning entries on to the national competition, advisors must require the student-authors to revise to correct all grammatical and mechanical (spelling, punctuation, wordiness) 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. *Submissions that exceed 5000 words shall not be considered.* Use the format of In-Text Citation and Works Cited. **All Notes should be relegated to the submission's back matter as Endnotes (NO Footnotes).** Submissions may not contain copyrighted images unless these have been cleared by the copyright holder. For further specifications, see the pertaining section of the Announcements at the rear of this issue.

The Delta Epsilon Sigma website—www.deltaepsilonsigma.org—still invites *your active participation*. The site features information about the Society and *its constituent chapters*. It supplies the latest news, **current and past issues of the *DES Journal***, instructions, and application forms for the various contests, awards, etc.

All published work in the *DES Journal* remains peer-reviewed by doctorally-prepared academics or recognized specialists in the work's subject-matter.

The Executive Committee continues to seek updated postal and email addresses of our membership. Please notify Ronald L. Smorada, Ph.D., Assistant to the Executive Director, DES National Office, Neumann University, Arts and Sciences, BACH 305, Aston, PA 19014-1298.

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J. PATRICK LEE PRIZE FOR SERVICE INTERVIEW QUESTIONS

INTERVIEW WITH TYKEESHA BEAUCHENE



Tykeesha Beauchene, a student at Briar Cliff University, won the 2023 Patrick Lee Award for Service.

How and when did you begin serving others? Tell us please about your current experience in service as a busy non-traditional student.

My journey serving others began as a young child. My mother, Jane, also a registered nurse, instilled a strong sense of helping others as early as I can remember, and her dedication to community service was a practice that she instilled in her children. Often, my siblings and I helped decorate her unit to help lift the spirits of the many dialysis patients receiving her care. We delivered Meals on Wheels on various holiday to elderly members of our community and often volunteered at fundraisers hosted by the hospital and events within our church, Holy Spirit Catholic Church. Throughout middle school and high school, as a member of the National Honor Society, I often volunteered at church and at school programs. As a young teenager, I hosted a canned-food drive for my mother's coworker who lost her home in a house fire. As an adult and parent, I can be found sharing my time running concession stands at my children's sporting events, chaperoning field trips, serving meals at my grandparent's church, Sacred Heart Catholic Church, or most frequently, volunteering with The Junior League of Sioux City. Our local chapter belongs to an international non-profit organization that promotes women, leadership, and volunteerism within the community. I have participated in many projects over the last 11 years, including building a playscape for The Dorothy Pecaut Nature Center, hosting free Easter Bunny and Santa Day pictures at Junior League's local consignment shop, building beds for children, painting the interview room at the child advocacy center, co-chairing a committee that provided backpacks for foster children, and many more collaborations within Siouxland. Our most recent project, The Period Pantry, addresses a social issue that I feel very passionate about, menstrual equity. Over the last year, we have provided thousands of menstrual supplies to many local middle and high schools, and recently expanded to several elementary schools within our community.

Of the various kinds of service you have experienced, what type do you enjoy the most? Why?

While I tremendously enjoy sharing my time to help members of my community in any way, The Period Pantry holds a special place in my heart. I began advocating for this cause as part of several classes of my bachelor's program at Briar Cliff and writing letters to congressman and sharing power point presentations throughout the community. Soon, I learned that my opportunities to provide further support to my community would grow immensely. As a registered nurse, I began my career in behavioral health and this provided me with the opportunity to support, educate and research additional resources for my patients, many of whom were homeless. Early in my work as a nurse, I was offered the chance to become a preceptor for a nursing student. This incredible experience quickly taught me that I also had a strong passion for teaching. Currently, as a gastroenterology nurse, many students from several local colleges and universities, shadow on our unit, and I am awarded the chance to continue teaching future nurses. This opportunity became a gift that I truly enjoy and find very rewarding. I believe that it remains our moral duty to teach the next generation and to instill a core foundation of service, compassion, and empathy leading to the highest quality of care.

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

Serving my community as a child, parent, volunteer, advocate, and citizen, I have been rewarded abundantly. First, seeing my children initiate helping others and choosing to actively participate in their community, fills my heart beyond measure. Advocating for others has provided me with a sense of justice and courage to continue this type of work. The mentorship of educating students and peers has created a sense of pride and happiness that I could contribute to helping others succeed. The knowledge that my participation and service to my community creates a positive impact on others, especially those in need, remains profoundly satisfying.

You indicate that your 21 years as a pharmacy technician remain essential to your decision to pursue a degree in nursing. Explain how you think these disciplines relate to one another and to Catholic social teaching.

Another crucial component to the foundation of my nursing career includes 21 years of experience as a pharmacy technician. In this role, I encountered many individuals who lacked knowledge on proper medication administration or required assistance navigating insurance companies or medical clinics, and some people who were unable to afford purchasing their necessary prescribed medications. In these instances, I took upon the role of advocate, educator, or aide. These moments presented themselves as great opportunities to improve patient outcomes and health management. Often, I searched for online coupons on expensive medications or found alternative, less costly options. At other times, I provided a teach back method for diabetic testing or various medication administrations. Each of these encounters enabled me to promote patient autonomy, offer alternative options to vulnerable and poor patients, and encourage well-being. The principles of Catholic social teaching are entwined with the standards of healthcare and equally promote stewardship, dignity, benevolence, justice, and the necessity of providing help to those in need.

What have you learned that might give *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* readers insight concerning the current needs in the United States to address social problems?

My lifelong journey of service will continue for as long as I am able to help others because a need waiting to be fulfilled will always exist. Everyone has the responsibility to answer that call. Our civic duty to our community and to humanity requires us to provide assistance to those in need, especially when we have been blessed with the opportunity to do so. Mankind cannot thrive with meeting our basic needs and upholding the standards of Catholic teaching and or the ethical principles of healthcare, provides the tools necessary to do so. It is imperative to search out areas of need around us, in our community, in efforts to improve the social issues that afflict many. We must collaborate with others to create resources that may greatly improve the health and lifestyle conditions of those in need. Many community organizations work tirelessly to tackle these problems yet still require the assistance of others. Junior League of Sioux City is addressing menstrual equity in our community and have also worked with other organizations to facilitate change in the war on human trafficking. Numerous non-profit organizations and groups within the community labor to facilitate social change for those in need. The opportunity to become a steward of service remains only a click away online, or at your church, local government buildings, schools, and any charity organization. Talk to co-workers, fellow parishioners, peers, your local government, friends, or family to find a way to be a spark within your community.

What would you like to share about your experience as a registered nurse? How specifically does service fit this profession? How will the Bachelor of Science degree enhance your ability to provide needed service to the human family?

My career as a registered nurse has provided me with incredible teaching opportunities, for peers, students, and patients. Being a nurse includes fulfilling an everchanging variety of roles while providing patient care, and service is an intrinsic component of nursing. Whether it may be sharing access to new resources with a patient, reviewing competencies with peers, contributing to a policy change that provides an increase in patient care and outcomes, or teaching students how to start intravenous therapy, there are countless possibilities to serve others. Several classes

in the Bachelor of Science degree program focus on enriching a registered nurse's knowledge base. At Briar Cliff University, these classes include Evidence Based Learning, Community and Public Health Nursing, Health Assessment, Nursing in the Healthcare System, and Leadership for the Professional Nurse, to name a few. The goal of these classes is to deepen and expand the nurse's knowledge, so that it may grow with him or her, as well as grow the profession. Nurses with advanced education are associated with improved patient outcomes because a Bachelor of Science and Nursing degree facilitates the nurse's ability to provide more effective and comprehensive care, which ultimately decreases patient mortality rates.

Tell us about your views regarding the importance of developing a sense of community to address social problems. Explain the connections you find in the sharing of your personal gifts.

Humans are incredibly social beings, and a strong sense of community is essential to fulfilling our basic social needs. Our community extends beyond the city or town in which we live. Many communal relationships have been a part of our lives since childhood, including family, friends, neighbors, classmates, peers, co-workers, fellow churchgoers, or spiritual followers. Each of these relationships work to fulfill our sense of community and belonging, and present further opportunity to address social issues at large. This community involvement remains an inherent attribute of my ideals of service. Many companies, organizations, or schools often organize fundraisers, and churches and spiritual groups offer food pantries to assist those who suffer from food insecurity. These social issues affect many within the community and by working and serving together, we can increase the potential for change that impacts those in need. I have incorporated my work with the Junior League into my career, family, education, and friends by promoting service through action. My family frequently volunteers with me, and every singular interaction exponentially amplifies this synergistic relationship. Using our connections within the community allows us the opportunity to facilitate growth and change, as well as positively influence others to serve.

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

One of the hardest components of serving others is knowing how impossible it becomes to help everyone, but we must never let that reality interfere with providing aid to those we can. We must be creative and work together to increase available resources and develop alternative methods that may also be useful. Another important aspect that may present difficulty is remembering to be thoughtful and provide dignity when helping others. Some people may feel shame or embarrassment when they are in a situation that requires help. During these moments, it is important to be empathetic, kind, and to show compassion.

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

I believe that all students should participate in service, as early as elementary school. This core principle must be passed on to each generation, and incorporating service into education can provide essential lessons on what it means to be human and how to provide aid to others. The essence of humanity should embrace and promote a culture of compassion, love, hope, empathy, and kindness. Acts of service allow us to connect to one another and to learn the importance and value of helping those in need. Utilizing acts of service throughout all stages of childhood development and education nurtures an altruistic and benevolent character that flourishes into adulthood.

Tykeesha concludes the interview by thanking all involved for the honor of receiving this award. She commits to continued service by example.

THAT GIRL LAUREN FITZPATRICK LIAM DALE*

Our school was a moderate size compared to other elementary schools. Nothing too fancy, but it wasn't ghetto. Students were sons and daughters of office workers and nurses destined to give a speech about hard work and determination in their child's class at "show and tell." One in memory nearly had a breakdown in front of the entire 2nd grade cohort as he realized he was in a dead-end sales job with had no means to escape it. "Show and tell" certainly became interesting that day. Something our school felt pride about was having educated the supposed NFL linebacker Tyler Raymond, even though no one could find evidence of him having played. For as bland and simple as our school seemed, we did have a few anomalies worth mentioning. Lauren was one.

We all saw it in the way she walked: A sort of pride in her step as her glimmering Hello Kitty backpack navigated itself through the cohorts of second grade. Craft supplies filled her hands, and a thin layer of glue coated her index finger that she was planning to peel off later during the math lesson. None of us could figure out if we were jealous or in simple awe of her; you couldn't be anything else with that girl. At recess, she liked to occupy herself in a patch of clover in the school's modest field. A few of us found her out there that day. From the blacktop, her neon yellow tee stood out in contrast to the green pasture. Her posture told us what she was doing long before we got there. She was hunched over, eyes fixed on something below her torso as her arm freely scrambled point to point, adding only the most necessary accents to her masterpiece. Her bag was laid down next to her with the zipper opened to form a mouth ready to vomit out materials for her cause.

She knew more than us, that much we could all agree on. Never looking up when we made our approach, we could see from her disposition that she had been expecting us. Without officially acknowledging our presence, her tongue worked at the corners of her mouth, licking in a methodical rhythm of focus, as we tried to make out what she was drawing. A few of us sat down with her to get a better angle as we watched her work. They were weird shapes, ones we had never seen before. It became clear that she was drawing a woman, but where were her clothes? We didn't have the dormant knowledge to fact-check, but they seemed naturally compelling. Our eyes watched the mixture of marker, color pencil, and crayon build up the figure of the woman; they seemed to entrance us. The lines were diligent in outlining a stomach and then breasts. Then, while Lauren moved to give the lady a face, Sterling Baker, a boy who relied more on his wits than his wisdom, made his way from a heated game of tag, towards the promise of attention from the growing crowd in the field. When no one noticed his arrival, his heart sank; he was not acclimated to being ignored. In an act of defiance, young Mr. Baker moved to the front of the crowd and scoffed, calling the illumination simple: an insult of the highest degree for such an artist as Lauren, but still no one budged. Lauren was accustomed to braving all blows.

In kindergarten, she would often come to school with bruises and other scars. "I'm not afraid of anything," she'd tell us. We believed her. How else would someone come to school every Monday with a giant bruise on her thigh or a cut from some unknown source? One time, in a particularly secretive fashion, she took a group of us back into the cubby area and showed us three circular scars blow her neck where she said a snapping turtle had almost killed her at the lake last weekend, just before her dad saved her. She was really proud of that one. Most of us couldn't imagine how she survived such a thing. Her credibility and fame with the rest of the grade skyrocketed, while at the same time, she was marked as an outcast. Back of the classroom, end of the line, you name it; she was there.

Sure, some of us wanted to be her friends, but none of us knew how to go about it in an honest way. Most of us just wanted her around as a point of interest, not because we wanted to get to know her. She had her own defense mechanisms to this though. When someone came seeking her favor, she gave excuse after excuse until the seeker lost interest. We knew her

* Liam Dale, a student at Loras College, won first place in the short fiction / drama category of the 2023 Father Edward Fitzgerald Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing.

excuses were lies, but it seemed like there was no harm in leaving them be so; we concluded that she had a good reason for keeping to herself. Maybe that's just another part of Lauren that made her who she was.

The Baker boy must have plotted something on the spot because he acted rashly, only taking a few moments to send him off the rails. Swooping like an eagle, he bent low and grasped her nearly finished piece of art. Our eyes locked on him with dread as he bolted for open ground. In a moment, all were motionless except for Lauren, whose art was now in jeopardy. Her cheeks filled with blood in a mix of embarrassment, fear, and rage as she sprung up in pursuit.

What happened next had been seen by all of us before.

They call this one the Cheetah, the fastest terrestrial animal, capable of a 61mph top speed. Cheetahs prefer to hunt in groups, but preferences don't matter when the options are life and death. Baker, someone who would probably have to end up running away from a bull in a rodeo someday, had put a good distance between himself and Lauren. Lauren closed the distance in what seemed like five seconds. Reaching him, she wrapped up his legs and made a buttery smooth tackle, leaving Sterling on his back. That move looked as if it belonged on an NFL highlight reel. Baker, seeing the jig was up and attention was gained, tossed the piece of art away from his body, thinking that the girl would leave him alone if he no longer stood between her and the work. However, in true predatory fashion, Lauren straddled him, grabbed his left arm, and sank her teeth into his flesh. The high-pitched sound that followed was hard to describe. Even though none of us had ever really heard the cry of a dying animal before, we could identify it the moment it reached our ears. Mrs. Johnson, the teacher condemned to recess duty, also heard the cry. With a shot of adrenaline in her step, she pivoted her attention to the field.

The rest of what ensued was a blur: Mrs. Johnson shouted back the students gathering around the scene. Children tried to order the more clueless students, pushing them back to form a neutral zone. Sterling and Lauren were the first to be led away, but they were like shells of people now. As they gently drifted away, we suspected we might never see either one of them again. We were the next to be led away from the field, with several of us suspected to have had a pivotal role in the event. However, the interrogators only found clues that led to Lauren and Sterling. The rest of the day dragged; a few of us thought they replaced the clock wires with molasses, and the teacher's presence surrounded us like a fog until the dismissal bell.

As much as we tried, we couldn't get the last image of Lauren Fitzpatrick out of our minds. She rose timidly from Sterling, shaking from fear. Her lips and chin were tinted red from her prey's wound. Sterling was now getting all the attention he could imagine, only not in the way he had anticipated. Some of us had to avert our eyes, knowing the student unrest that would ensue. The rest of us stared, still processing what happened. Never had Lauren so intrigued us while also managing to terrify us at the same time. The ferocity and animal instinct seemed foreign and dangerous. She was no longer simply the craft-loving, storytelling girl that we had come to know, but rather, a nude-drawing predator. All of us struggled for the right language because we believed that we finally got a glimpse into the reality that was Lauren Fitzpatrick.

The lunch ladies dropped the ball that day. One after another, we handed disappointment on a green plastic tray in the form of unappetizing lasagna. It had some clever name to entice our hunger, but scarcely struck any chords as it wept its red sauce on our plates. It was as if Sterling's blood had followed us here too, embodying itself in the sad pieces of baked pasta. In the trash after the meal, milk cartons and vegetables were smeared red while stray noodles stuck to surfaces.

Lining up after lunch, we only wanted to talk about Lauren and her drawing. We didn't too much care about Sterling or the lesson of the day, but each one of us mourned the absence of Lauren, even though the thought of seeing her again terrified us. We theorized her current situation and agreed that the picture was too lewd to make it back to our hands. In our heads, though, the scene was permanently burned into our mind. Her gentle lines guided us with confidence and familiarity down the torso of a woman. The naked form was new to us and hard to process, but we had been eager to take it in. A couple of us tried to bring it up in conversation, but failed at finding the right words; it was just so hard to talk about. Talking about the fate of Lauren though, came easy. Some were minimalists and said that Lauren would soon be

released after a smack on the wrist, and our hearts deeply desired this to be true, yet there was an encompassing air of uncertainty. The bolder ones preferred to speculate that Lauren was closer to being fed to the dogs than being allowed to come back. That theory made us all uneasy, but it was also clearer than the imagination of vague optimism. Someone made a sly jest about how she might eat the dogs before they get a chance to get her, and this joke made us pass a laugh around the table, dissipating some of the sickness that we felt.

Heading off into the hallway towards the second-grade classrooms, most of our thoughts shifted to the spelling test threatened before recess. However, the long hike brought us past the school's offices. Just inside the glass door sat Lauren. The secretary sat behind her screen, typing away as Lauren looked at a fish tank full of goldfish. Her shirt was streaked with grass stains and her pants had holes at the knees. Her legs held the glittering Hello Kitty backpack between them, and one of her feet was bare. The foot was mud-ridden and looked like it wouldn't survive the night. The most incredible thing about her though, we could tell she noticed us without looking up. There was no pride behind it now though; she was sulking like she'd been sentenced to death.

When we got back to the classroom, we found Sterling, eyes red from crying. We passed him without many words, except for one who asked him in a whisper to see his arm. We continued on with our day and uniformly bombed the spelling test. The rest of the day we were concerned with the true spelling of "rhinoceros" and the possible locations of Lauren's shoe. When the final bell rang without her return, we wouldn't see her till tomorrow when she'd tell us how she stole one of the office goldfish as a trophy for her time in jail, or what we more feared, what the blood of another person felt like in the mouth. But when the morning came and our seats taken, she was still absent.

At recess the next day we found her shoe lying sideways in the grass field with its laces completely untied, and we kept it for her. A week or so passed and Lauren never returned. A month passed with the same. Someone eventually asked our teacher if she was ever going to come back and got a cold explanation that she was moving out of state to live with her father.

With our spirits defeated, we gathered in the atrium to commemorate a memorial in her honor. We gathered in a huddle around the shoe and prepared it. We selected our best thrower and within three tosses, he secured its position on an outcropping, close to the ceiling. Tucked inside the shoe was a sticky note that said, "Property of that girl Lauren Fitzpatrick."



SEEKING THE “SACRED RIGHTS OF JUSTICE” AND SALVATION: BLACK CATHOLIC REPRESENTATION IN GILDED AGE AMERICA

MICHAEL MURPHY*

I

The sight would have been hard to believe for many Americans at the time – with the end of Reconstruction, race relations between white and Black Americans were said to have been at their nadir beginning in the 1880s and 90s. Yet before the sun had even risen in the nation’s capital on New Year’s Day, 1889, a Solemn High Mass was being held in a Catholic church, one celebrated by a Black priest to a congregation filled with educated Black men and prominent white clergy, with a white Cardinal preaching a sermon on racial equality.¹ The Mass began the proceedings of the first Colored Catholic Congress, an event that had its roots in the workings of just a few educated, motivated, and devout Black Catholics, and culminated in these figures meeting with President Grover Cleveland and achieving his blessing, beginning a “new age for the black Catholic community.”² In fact, even white clergy who were sympathetic to the Black Catholic cause were surprised by this newfound Black Catholic movement as it convened in Washington – “had any one told me of this Congress ten years ago,” remarked one priest present, “I would have been dumbfounded.”³

A community 150,000 souls strong, this joyful moment was overshadowed by the continuous struggles that Black Americans faced.⁴ While Black Americans enjoyed emancipation and the advancement of rights during Reconstruction, especially in the South, its end in 1877 enabled the beginning of a new period of oppression against Black Americans. In the South, Jim Crow laws segregated Blacks, limiting their job opportunities, social mobility, and political participation as white supremacy and racism were institutionalized, while facing racial discrimination in the North as well.⁵ The Black Catholic experience is also set within the context of the white Catholic experience, which was characterized by their immigrant character (Italian, Irish, etc.) and their attempts at integration into American society.⁶

This paper seeks to define the specific ways Black Catholics sought to claim their rights as citizens and Catholics during this era. In defining this, the paper analyzes primary sources already referenced in the secondary literature, as well as new sources and specifically white newspapers, in constructing a narrative that focuses on the specific methods and language used by the emerging Black Catholic leadership, members of these communities that were active both in the national lay movement and their own communities, as well as local instances of Black Catholics following in these leaders’ footsteps.⁷ Black Catholics in the Gilded Age, attempting to establish themselves as a community deserving of citizenship and salvation, worked primarily through Catholic institutions as a means to advance their race. Through the lecture circuit, publications, meetings with prominent clergy and laymen, and cooperation with white Catholics, prominent Black Catholics called for a widespread evangelization and education of Black Americans, encouraged fellow Black members of the Church to persist in their Catholic faith and seek self-improvement, sought to demonstrate their intellectual and physical capacities to wide audiences, and called for change within the Catholic Church, all of this for the advancement and recognition of their race.

* Michael Murphy, a student at Mount Saint Mary’s University, won first place in the scholarly research category of the 2023 Father Edward Fitzgerald Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing. The bibliography and endnotes for this essay can be found on the Delta Epsilon Sigma website (deltaepsilonsigma.org/journal/).

The thinking espoused by this Black Catholic leadership fell well within contemporary Black social thinking. The national Black Catholic leadership and its associated movement were neither strictly followers of Booker T. Washington's self-help, "accommodationist" style of racial progress, nor W.E.B. DuBois's calls of "racial uplift" and complete integration.⁸ Rather, these Black Catholics called for both their Catholic Church to accept them and to their own race to improve themselves. They cooperated with white newspapers and clergy members in demanding equal treatment and expressed disappointment in their institutions for failing to accept talented Blacks into their ranks. Simultaneously, they encouraged fellow Black Catholics to educate themselves and their children, especially in the trades, as a prerequisite for receiving equality from whites. Black intellectuals, both Protestant and secular, saw the newly emancipated Black population as "a primitive social class," one with "specific disabilities" in need of "rehabilitation." As "victims of circumstance" – enslavement and repression – they typically advocated for Black Americans to follow a Black elite that would lead them to fulfill their true potential. Within this thinking, however, lay differing ideas on what Black Americans were to do. Some advocated for a pan-African identity and radical independence from whites, while others argued for freedmen to pick up trades and seek education.⁹ Thus, what differentiates the ideology espoused by the Black Catholic leadership and these Black thinkers is in the latter's firm belief in the necessity of an "elite" leadership.¹⁰ With delegates to the Colored Catholic Congresses being all male and little explicit mention of Black Catholic women, one may assume that this movement's thinking was not preoccupied with that of gender, and perhaps aligned with the contemporary belief that a women's proper role was in the home and not in public life.¹¹

John T. Gillard provided one of the first attempts to document Black Catholics as a community in its own right in the 1920s. Gillard wrote two major works on Black Catholics in America with some historical analysis, however, they are limited in their contemporary scope and "apologetic" nature.¹² A major work that followed this would be in the 1960s with David Spalding's coverage of the Colored Catholic Congresses, an article that influenced subsequent works by leading scholars of the field.¹³ The next critical work did not appear until Stephen Ochs's treatment of Black Catholics and the priesthood in 1990. Focusing on the Josephites, Ochs documented how the organization took on the mantle of educating and converting the Afro-American community while championing the cause of a Black clergy.¹⁴ However, it was Cyprian Davis's *The History of Black Catholics in the United States* that provided the first serious historical overview of the community. In relation to this period, Davis offered evidence of an emerging African American laity, one that found courage from the few Black members of the clergy but was ultimately hampered by the lack of cooperation from white Catholics amidst other circumstances.¹⁵ Davis examined the relationship between Black Catholics during this time and the Church in Rome, arguing that the papacy was concerned for the plight of Black Americans but could not find cooperation among the white Catholic hierarchy.¹⁶ Since then, works detailing specific elements of Black Catholicism during this time has been published. Biographies of Black Catholics, such as the influential journalist and lecturer Daniel Rudd or Reverend Augustus Tolton, the first Black American to be ordained a priest, have examined the lives of the most prominent figures of the community during this time, but other characters have received little to no attention.¹⁷ There has also been some scholarship on the most prominent Black Catholic newspaper of the time, the *American Catholic Tribune*, which was published by Rudd and was an influential voice for Black Catholics during this period. These works focused on its relative success, reasons for failure, and conflict between Rudd and other Black Catholics, which was not covered elsewhere in the scholarship.¹⁸

II

Black Catholics were primarily concentrated in Maryland, Louisiana, Kentucky, and Alabama, with six-sevenths of them found in the first two.¹⁹ Within these communities, Black Catholics appeared largely alone in their efforts of promoting the faith among their race. The

postbellum period saw two plenary councils, synods composed of American bishops with the blessing of Rome, convened in Baltimore. The Second Plenary Council, called in 1866, featured discussion on the evangelization of the newly emancipated Black slaves.²⁰ Yet a plan to establish a nationwide organization that would have coordinated evangelization of newly emancipated Black Americans and provide pastoral care to them, and existing Black Catholics was overwhelmingly rejected. By the time of the Third Plenary Council in 1884, “little had been done” on the “conversion of the Negroes,” and more extensive discussions on the topic took place. These were more productive, as a special collection for the conversion of “Indians and Negroes” was set up, as well as a commission to use these funds. Additionally, seminarians and religious orders were urged to work among Black Americans while bishops advocated for forming catechists, “laypersons of both sexes, who would spread the gospel.”²¹ Still, there lacked a nationwide, organized effort on the part of white Catholics to evangelize the nearly four million Black Americans that found themselves without a church in post-Reconstruction America.²² While organizations such as the Mill Hill Missionaries (and later the Josephites, which broke from Mill Hill in 1893 to serve Black Americans more directly) were established and sought specifically to serve the Black population of the United States, Black Catholics largely had to rely on their own efforts to establish themselves as a community within the Catholic Church.²³

Black Catholics created and utilized specific institutions in actively calling for recognition and the bettering of their condition. The main example of these vessels of change were the short-lived Colored Catholic Congresses. These were the concerted gatherings of representatives of Black Catholics that met a total of five times from 1889-1894. The Congresses aimed to address the needs of “the particular type of American citizenship [in] whose interest these Congresses were held.”²⁴ The language here used by the publisher, likely Daniel Rudd, illustrates an understanding that this community was unique and needed a distinct organized body to serve itself. These congresses were not dedicated to any formation or propagation of a Black theology, or to dispute theological positions held by the Church – these topics belonged “to our duly appointed teachers in the church” – but rather were held to “talk about our needs as a people” to “try and devise ways and means of bettering our condition, religious and socially.”²⁵ Each Black Catholic organization in the nation was asked to send one delegate for every 500 members, for localities without such organizations to form them at once, and for those with a small number of Black Catholics to still send representatives. In this way, the organizers of this Congress sought to ensure that all Black Catholics in the nation would be adequately represented.²⁶ Through these Congresses, Black Catholics were to “look out for the temporal interests of the race” by advancing specific causes and by providing a coherent voice for the emerging community.²⁷ These Congresses were formed as they “lament[ed]” the “fact that the sacred rights of justice and of humanity” were out of their reach. It was hoped that these “solemn expression[s] of our convictions, of our hopes and of our resolutions,” would prove that these delegates, “the Catholic representatives of our people,” had contributed their “humble share” to the goal of equality between Blacks and whites.²⁸

This representative body also established its legitimacy through hosting prominent white clergy – Cardinal James Gibbons, archbishop of Baltimore and one of the most influential Catholic figures during this time, joined in celebrating Mass with members of the Congress and was asked to speak by the Black delegates at the First Congress.²⁹ Subsequent Congresses deliberately sought prominent white clergy to participate in their proceedings and provide sermons for the Black delegates.³⁰ This body adopted resolutions, issued demands, condemned instances of discrimination in unions and real estate, and encouraged action to both the white and Black Catholic community, establishing themselves as the preeminent voice for Black

Catholics.³¹ In forming and propagating a Colored Catholic Congress, Black Catholics sought to create a body that ultimately would be responsible for the advancement of their race, a forum through which Black Catholics could be represented.

III

The critical engines to these machines of change were educated Black men, prominent leaders in the Black Catholic community for their devotion and dedication. Daniel Rudd is perhaps the most influential Black Catholic in this period, notable for publishing the *American Catholic Tribune*.³² Accompanied by a few colleagues, including his nephew, these Black Catholics published the paper in an attempt to spread the message of the Catholic Church to fellow Black Americans, publish relevant lectures and sermons, and call for change within the Church and the Black community. It was this establishment of Black Catholic print that sought to effect change and create a consistent form of communication within the Black Catholic community, discussing current events with the designs of being a national newspaper, hoping to “bolster African American Catholics’ pride in their race and church and engender in them a sense of solidarity and common purpose.”³³ Rudd’s work in print was critical to that of this Black Catholic movement, and was endorsed by the Colored Catholic Congress for “which this Congress owes so much,” having “furnish[ed] our people with useful [...] reading.”³⁴ One of Rudd’s most prominent activities was that of publicly lecturing, which he did throughout his time in the Midwest. In front of both white and Black audiences, Rudd advocated for the advancement of not just Black Catholics, but Black Americans.³⁵ Rudd also represented Black Catholics abroad at the Anti-Slavery Congress held in Switzerland in 1889, being one of two representatives for all Blacks of the United States.³⁶ Perhaps one of Rudd’s most notable accomplishments was his extensive involvement with white Catholic print, which was a necessary step for the Black Catholic movement in establishing itself as a community within the Church.

The inclusion of whites in this movement was especially useful for the Black Catholic community, as it provided legitimacy and important support. White Catholic clergy, including some of the most prominent figures of the period, were active in promoting the Black Catholic cause, in part as Black Catholics invited them to take part. Cardinal Gibbons spoke often in support of Black Catholics, including offering sermons and advice to Colored Catholic Congresses.³⁷ Beyond this, Gibbons also preached and wrote letters to voice his support – in one instance, Gibbons wrote to a “Prot. Episcopal conference” in Charleston, South Carolina, which was divided on the issue of “colored ministers,” to offer the perspective of the Catholic Church. Drawing on his own experiences in Rome, where a multiracial College of Cardinals met for the First Vatican Council, Gibbons notes that in the Propaganda College there is “no distinction whatever between [Black Catholic students] and the whites,” while he “hope[s] the day is approaching when colored clergymen will be multiplied.”³⁸ Gibbons’s endorsement of the potential of a Black clergy, as a leader of American Catholics, would have lent credence to the Black Catholic cause. Additional prominent clergy denounced racism within society and the Church. Archbishop John Ireland, prelate of St. Paul’s, Minnesota, denounced America’s past of slavery and “contended that it was the white people who now stood in need of lessons in [...] justice and religion, and who had permitted unreasonable cause and prejudice to sway them.”³⁹ Black Catholics invited these white ‘allies’ to join in their proceedings, demonstrating that high-level members of the American Catholic Church supported them in their mission.

The cooperation with white Catholics was not just limited to the clergy, however, as white Catholic print cooperated extensively with Black Catholics, especially with those involved in Black Catholic print such as Rudd. White Catholic newspapers that operated in Ohio, the state where Rudd first operated, reprinted articles of the *American Catholic Tribune*, including one about sending Black delegates to the Anti-Slavery Congress to take place in Europe in 1889.⁴⁰ White Catholic newspapers also printed advertisements for the *Three Catholic Afro-American*

Congresses, a book in which the proceedings of the first three Colored Catholic Congresses is documented, as well as the *Colored Harvest*, the Josephites' primary magazine.⁴¹ The presence of these advertisements reveals that Black Catholics, such as those of the Josephites and Daniel Rudd, the publisher of the *Afro-American Congresses*, recognized that Black Catholics needed to get their message out to white Catholics, and were to use the white Catholic print to do so. White Catholic newspapers covered other events that portrayed Black Catholics like Rudd in a favorable light: one sounds off support for the effort of Rudd, "the gentlemanly leader of the colored Catholics," in organizing the Colored Congresses, while another mentions Rudd bringing a civil suit to a restaurant in Cincinnati for refusing him service in a supportive tone.⁴² The importance of this type of support and the use of white print also lies in the fact that these instances occurred both before and after the Colored Catholic Congresses and the *American Catholic Tribune* had run their course.

Beyond utilizing these means in demanding representation, Black Catholics throughout this period appealed for greater access to education in an effort to improve their conditions. Education was a concern that occupied each session of the Colored Congresses, as it was seen as the primary way in which Black Americans would be freed from the "slavery of ignorance."⁴³ Ideally, Catholic schools would be found throughout the country, teaching both whites and Blacks. These schools would teach "the head and the arm," teaching Black youth both a sound Catholic morality and the trades.⁴⁴ However, Black Catholics disagreed on some points regarding education during the Congresses – in one address adopted, it declared "that on all sides there are calls for schools," however a motion to reconsider this was passed after "considerable discussion" as it was "thought the Colored race should be encouraged to establish high schools" themselves. While many Black Catholics felt it was a shared responsibility, the sentiment that it should be the responsibility of them alone was prevalent among whites.⁴⁵ Nevertheless, the Congresses still maintained that the "education of a people" was the "fundamental" mean through which a people could be elevated "to the higher planes to which all Christian civilization tends." As such, they pledged "to aid in establishing [...] Catholic schools [...] as in them and through them alone can we expect to reach the large masses of Colored children" that went without a "Christian education."⁴⁶ The Congress also sought to spread literary societies for the necessity of "completing our young men's training and attainments [sic]," as well as the establishment of industrial schools.⁴⁷ Education was seen as the manner which "trains the superior endowment of understanding which likens man to his Creator" – by denying this to Black Catholics, they were denied an opportunity to become closer to God.⁴⁸ Not only this, but it was thought that "a mighty host of Colored Catholics are being yearly lost to the Church because of the nonexistence of Catholics schools," especially among the youth; education was not just necessary to advance the position of the race, but as a necessary way in maintaining the faith among the Black Catholic population.⁴⁹ One of the most cited ways to improve the conditions of Black Catholics, increased access to and equality of education was sought by this community as a way to assert themselves as people worthy of the "sacred rights of justice," intellect, and prosperity.⁵⁰

The educated Black Catholics that led this movement sought to prove themselves as equally capable as their white counterparts, in part to, on more solid footing, demand for greater access to education and religious instruction to better themselves and their race. In this, Black Catholics held a similar strategy to other Black activists throughout the struggle for civil rights, publicly proving their intellectual and physical capabilities. In an article published in the *American Catholic Tribune* and republished by a white paper, Black Catholic converts were said to be "men of great force of character and all of them educated gentlemen," demonstrating that Black Catholics were a community of worthy men that commanded respect.⁵¹ In another publication of the *Tribune*, a "bright negro boy" is said to be working for the paper, who possesses numerous trade skills, such as conducting repairs and having the training of a tailor,

as well as the intelligence to construct mechanisms without instruction, such as a combination lock with nothing but wood. Rudd ends his account with a quotation that reveals his intention of portraying Black Americans as capable workers and citizens: “Who says the Negro is not advancing?”⁵² Amongst other examples, these provided demonstrations of good Christian characters, “showing the true Christian spirit in trying to furnish good examples to their brethren” – not only did these prove to whites that Black Catholics were capable brothers, but it proved to other Black Americans what they could accomplish.⁵³ Beyond these examples, the Congresses themselves were seen as “evidence of [Black Catholics’] intelligence,” by which they would increase their claim to the “rights as citizens and Catholics” as they “manfully and intelligently” put these claims forth.⁵⁴

Additionally, Black Catholics called on their fellow Black Catholics to improve themselves and their families. While much of this responsibility was on the white Catholics who held the means, Black Catholics also bore some responsibility. Black Catholics were called to not sit “idly by to receive” the gift of sacred rights, but to be “gratefully ever ready as far as in our power, to assist them and to help ourselves.”⁵⁵ Black Catholics were to begin progress “at home, around the hearthstone, with the children; at the family altar.” In this, Black Catholics must embody and pass on Christian virtues to “solve what there may be of the great race problem,” by being “honest, virtuous; respecting above all the family tie [... Black Catholics] must be thrifty, frugal, and industrious.”⁵⁶ Black Catholics were also supposed to practice temperance and educate themselves, especially through attending literary societies.⁵⁷

IV

Within this framework, this Black Catholic lay leadership extensively called out their Church to reform and to receive them and any potential converts with greater care and enthusiasm, demanding equal treatment from Church officials and white parishioners. It was thought by many of the delegates at the Colored Congresses that the Catholic Church was the best route through which Black Americans may improve and assert themselves; it was through their “spiritual superiors” by which Black Catholics were “passing from the weakness of infancy to vigorous manhood.”⁵⁸ This faith in the Church as the instrument of “the moral and mental elevation of mankind” to its “highest planes of perfection” meant that it must “of necessity lift the Colored race.”⁵⁹ As such, reform was to be undertaken within the Church. Whites that refused to advance the cause of the Black Catholic movement, either through “the conversion of the Negro” or through advancing current Black Catholics, were condemned to “blush with shame before God and man for his acts” as Black Americans “like helpless beings suffer” from racial injustice.⁶⁰ White Catholics were called on to open the doors of schools to “at least those of our Colored children who are well behaved and able to pay.”⁶¹ Additionally, segregation of churches or parishes made them no longer “worthy temple[s] of God.” Rather, it was “a shame and a scandal [...] when a man on account of his color is driven to an obscure corner to a loft” in a church.⁶²

This protest of segregated Catholic institutions was not just carried out within the Congresses. Writing in 1875 during a journey throughout the South, Canon Peter Benoît, the acting superior of the Mill Hill Fathers, observed that “Negroes certainly do not wish to be taught by colored people” and that “a Negro priest would find no favor with his race.”⁶³ However, this sentiment may be seen as a misinterpretation by the bigoted Benoît, as he notes that the “Negroes themselves preferred to keep their inferior condition among the whites rather than to be an exclusively black congregation.”⁶⁴ Perhaps these Black Americans spoke of resistance to being taught by Black priests, not broadly, but rather in the sense of being forced to rely on themselves in a segregated church, especially considering the popularity of Black priests such as Tolton within their congregations.⁶⁵ Some years later, in New Orleans, Archbishop Francis Janssens reported in 1894 that the Black Catholics of the area “do not want a church for themselves. They

imagine that I wish to separate the races and widen the gap.”⁶⁶ Reporting in 1895, the archbishop stated that these “colored people, most of them light mulattoes and politicians,” abused him in print for attempting to create a separate Black church, as they “aim at a greater equality with the whites, politically and socially, and also in the churches.”⁶⁷ This policy was eventually “definitely accepted by 1900,” although it was protested by Black Catholics who opposed it by continuing to attend white churches or “ceas[ing] to attend any.”⁶⁸ The episode underscores the attitudes of many Black Catholics, which was that instead of granting “autonomy” through separate schools and churches, they were instead discriminated against, and that rather than pursue this policy the Church should provide equal opportunity instead. Additionally, the Church was called on to increase the body of Black priests, so as to minister to Black Catholics – the Church’s only Black priest at the time, Father Augustus Tolton asked the First Colored Congress, “why can we not have one of our people to say mass and to administer the sacraments?”⁶⁹ Ultimately, however, this Black Catholic movement sought the approval of their Church, asking for the Pope’s blessing in their meetings, and, upon receiving it, celebrated extensively.⁷⁰

V

This period of Black Catholic activism and participation was not to last indefinitely. Beginning in the 1880s, the movement would sputter in the late 1890s. While white Catholic allies contended with integrating themselves into American culture and found an opportunity with the 1898 Spanish-American War, Black Catholics in the South began to contend with Jim Crow laws that sapped away the gains made in civil rights during Reconstruction.⁷¹ The last Colored Catholic Congress was in 1894, with the Congresses halting “in part because of the more militant tone of its members.”⁷² Augustus Tolton, the first Black Catholic priest and a major figure in promoting the Black Catholic cause, would die of heat stroke in 1897, with the *American Catholic Tribune* folding around this time and Rudd moving to Arkansas shortly after.⁷³ The historiography of Black Catholics during the Gilded Age is limited in many respects. Previous scholarship has focused on the key events and figures within this group but has not deeply analyzed the language and methods used in claiming equality within the Catholic community. There has been some interpretation offered, especially from the field’s leading scholar Cyprian Davis, yet this body of scholarly work is small, and includes works that follow certain figures or organizations through time rather than the community as a whole. Black Catholics, through their Congresses, the press, and cooperation with whites, called for change within the Church to address their discriminated position, demanding access to education and equal treatment. In this way, Black Catholics attempted to claim representation for themselves within their Church as a community worthy of respect and dignity.



THE TROUT THAT MADE AN OLD MAN

JACOB KLAUNG *

Cold fat raindrops fell on my head as I latched the topper onto the truck filled with everything from fishing poles to a CPAP machine. The post-apocalyptic sleeping apparatus belonged to my father. My dad stood by the driver's side door looking like a 6'3", 340-pound mix of The Buddha and Walt Whitman.

"Are you ready to go?" he asked me.

"Yeah, I'm ready to go," I replied, in a semi-sarcastic tone.

My dad needed to get work done before we could leave, and this delay had changed our original departure date. A social worker by trade, he had to finish grant writing before his two-week vacation. My dad is the director and a therapist at a small counseling agency in Freeport, Illinois. After many years of long hours and low pay, this job finally let him take time off and enjoy life. This decision made me happy because, of all people, he deserved it. Finally getting paid well--rare in the world of overworked, underappreciated, and underpaid social workers--my father had worked for not-for-profits all his life. It was something I admired about him.

We stood by the truck. Our means of transportation was a behemoth '07 Ford F-150 extended bed. It was barebones, with crank windows, no cruise control, and 150,000 miles of adventure piled on it. The truck was dubbed "Moby" at some point, by whom I cannot recall.

Raindrops pelted the truck's all-white frame as I put my backpack inside the cab. Two large kayaks were strapped on top, and a white two-cot pop-up camper extended from the trailer hitch. It resembled a tail, a *whale's tail*. Our means of transportation did look like Captain Ahab's mythic White Whale.

We left; we were "off like a herd of turtles." My dad says this when we leave for any trip due to our slow nature. Our intended destination was Grand Marias, Minnesota, about an eight-hour drive. We hadn't even turned off the street of our house when my dad said, instead, "Let's go to Yellowstone."

This sudden change came as a surprise. While it was customary practice to fly by the seat of our pants on any journey, this time was different. Usually, we at least had a point of destination in mind. But circumnavigating new swaths of the country would be a pleasant change. I had been reading "hippie literature" at the time, so I was "all about the journey, man." The idea of going where the road took us fascinated me. (I would later learn from my now wife that there are two types of people in this world. Those who want to go, stop, and see everything they can on a vacation, wander, and go wherever the road takes them. And then there are those who want to take a max of 75 steps a day and plant their butts on the beach of an impoverished country, sipping fruity drinks and sleeping in the sun. My father and I are in the first camp's ideology, and I'm not sure which school of thought on "vacation" is *more* insane.) I would later learn that these wandering trips belonged to youthful men, and I would come to realize that my father was getting old. But the excitement I felt from the opportunity to go where the road took us made me agree with the impulsive objective.

We were off, off like a herd of turtles. Sioux Falls came before sunrise. My dad needed a nap, so we pulled over and he reclined his seat and drifted off. I couldn't sleep and decided to take a walk around the falls. I had stopped in Sioux Falls many times in my life, not paying it much attention. But the ethereal effervescent dawn gave me a new appreciation for the place. In my travels, Sioux Falls was always a pit stop, a place to passively visit and curiously view.

The sun rose over the horizon and seemed to whisper the secret to happiness or the meaning of life in yellow and orange shades. The sun's warm presence found my skin, battling the chilly South Dakota morning. The sun shone and glistened on the rocks and water, on the steel beams and the bridges. The scene was the only nature and man conglomerate that has ever satisfied

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me. The mysteries of time rolled over the granite boulders like a long-forgotten language, and the sun greeted the falls like an old friend. The stirring vignette was gibberish to me. *Beautiful* gibberish. I had never seen a sunrise like it, and I haven't since.

Off like a herd of turtles again, we headed east, homeward. Our time in Yellowstone was over, and it was now time to go back to our home in Northern Illinois. We decided to take the long scenic route homeward. Our wandering nature would lead us through the Bear-Tooth Mountain Pass. I could tell the impulsive decision to go where the road took us had exhausted my dad. He had driven most of our adventure, not ready to pass the wheel to me and admit that he did not have the same nimbleness and energy of his youth.

The pass was through beautiful country, remote and refreshing. The air was a cool 50 degrees with pockets of snow hidden in the shade of the mountains and at their peaks. As "Moby" swam and chugged through the mountain pass, it began its descent toward Billings, Montana, in the valley below. A small town before Billings was to be our first stop, but we were still quite a distance away. Montana is remote country, overall, but up in the pass, the desolation seems never-ending.

The afternoon crept upon us, and the sun would set in an hour. My father spotted a waterfall, just like the other twenty we had seen in the pass. I turned my head, saw him pointing, looked at the waterfall and before I knew it, my dad and me, Moby and the trailer began to dive.

The curious thing about this dive is that it wasn't as most whales do, nose first. We would later find out that the rear passenger side tire had touched the shoulder while my dad pointed at the waterfall, causing an unfortunate chain reaction. The shoulder of the road in front of the waterfall caved under the weight of just one tire. The waterfall swallowed, from the back, the White Whale, the pop-up, *and* us. We were marooned in the truck now laying passenger side down in the waterfall. I sat in the passenger seat, my door up against a boulder where the tires were supposed to be. Stuck in a whale. I thought of Jonah.

I noticed my dad above me. I don't remember falling or any of the events until my dad said: "Are you okay?" His voice was shaky and tired.

I replied, with confusion and uncertainty, "Yeah, I think so."

We were both disorientated and confused but then the dire circumstances pressing upon us began to manifest.

"I can't believe it," my dad said, his tired voice now turning to anger and disappointment in himself. "I just can't believe this."

I replied: "It's okay, man, shit *happens*, you can be mad at yourself once we get out, but we *need* to get out right now. At least we are okay and that's all that matters."

I tried being comforting, but the strangeness I felt from having to be the voice of comfort in such a dire situation was a bit disturbing. My dad had messed up, and I had at least to try to fix the situation. Usually, I was the one messing up, and my dad was the one saving the day. But now he seemed too upset with himself to get us out of our delicate situation. His face had a far-away look and his white hair stood up from nervously rubbing his head.

I certainly couldn't get out of my side; I was, after all, quite literally between a rock and a hard place. The only way out was up, but my father sat in the way of "up." He sat there silent, seemingly in a state of shock and dismay.

"We need to get the hell out of here," I eloquently remarked. Fear overtook my mind. "Take the keys out of the ignition," I said after my head cleared.

My dad turned off the truck but didn't take the keys out of the ignition. I couldn't think, because the key-in-ignition chime was dinging in my brain with the force of 1,000 Boeing -767 jet engines.

"You're right, let's get out of here, I don't think we're safe," my dad softly replied.

No shit, I thought.

I was worried about the same thing he was. We had no idea what the geological features of this waterfall were. Unable to see anything from our desperate position, I imagined the truck dangling over a hole that went to the center of the earth.

My dad unbuckled his seatbelt and tried to push the door open. Gravity caused the door to be much heavier than normal. He finally got the door all the way open. Like Rabbit does to Pooh Bear, I pushed on his ass with my shoulder until he cleared the door frame. My dad popped out like a confused Christmas present.

I shimmied and crawled out of our capsized vehicle. The full view of what had happened was right in front of us. The truck and the pop-up were jack-knifed, almost touching each other. To see such a machine in such an “unnatural” position disturbed me. The waterfall’s features were now in full view. Water from the fall poured into a shallow creek that meandered along the side of the road. The topper on the truck had come unlatched in the chaos and the only thing to fall out was my duffle bag of clean clothes. It sat in the shallow stream soaking up the snowmelt, out of reach.

We were lucky to emerge from the wreck unscathed. The sun was setting, and it was getting cold. I climbed back and forth from the truck grabbing necessities like bear spray and warmer clothes. Our phones had no service during our entire time in the pass, so we couldn’t call for help. We told people driving down to call for help once they got to town. A few people stopped to see if we were okay, and some people just stared, wondering (I presume) if they were hallucinating two guys and a truck in a hole.

My dad sat on a boulder at the rim of the waterfall gazing down at the scene. His frosty beard seemed to point at the forlorn vessel. His eyes began to close, and his shoulders were hunched over. He rested his arms on his knees with his hands clasped and looked like he was napping. I could tell how upset my father was, and I tried to comfort him. His eyes were tired and glazed over. He worried the truck had become too damaged from the fall to get us home. I had a feeling, from the way the truck lay in its rocky cradle, that it could get us home if we could just somehow get it out.

First, the ambulance came and checked us out and we told them that we were okay, just shaken up. Then the highway patrol officer came, and he waited with us until the tow truck arrived at our marooned vessel. He didn’t talk much, and I became leery of him. I was trying to “have a good time” on this trip, and my backpack held substances that the State of Montana would have frowned upon. While we stood, waiting in the chilly darkness, my mind drifted to the old wild-west movies where they strung up cowboys for petty crimes. The tow truck arrived around 1 a.m., and we didn’t get to a hotel until about 2 a.m.

Miraculously, upon inspection the tow company’s mechanic determined that the truck had hardly sustained any damage. It *was* a miracle. The tow company gave us the all-clear to continue our journey homeward.

We did not continue homeward. Instead, we stayed at a hotel in Billings for three days. Resting, drinking lots of beer, and going to the grocery store was our self-prescribed cure for the traumatizing and tiring ordeal we had endured. Although I felt fortunate that my father and I, and the truck, were okay, I felt disturbed and saddened. It confirmed a fear I had from an event earlier in the week while we were in Yellowstone: My dad was getting old.

* * *

A week earlier and shortly after our arrival in Yellowstone, my dad had wanted to kayak. My father had researched the park and learned of a small river connecting Lewis Lake to Shoshone Lake, in a remote wilderness. It has no road access and no hiking trails leading to it. The only way to the virgin lake was a two-mile paddle upstream. So we set off across Lewis Lake to the Shoshone River. It is a ten-mile trip across the deep-blue waters of the lake to the river mouth. At times on our expedition I would paddle too fast and wait for dad to catch up. I felt bad after this happened a couple times and made sure I didn’t out pace him. As we paddled, the maiden sky and idyllic waters blended and merged, becoming a tangled web of azure that seemed to go on forever.

To the disgust of any respectable fly fisherman, we fished and caught trout with spinning rods on spoons and jigs. For the greater good of the ecosystem, any rainbow or brook trout caught must be killed. Some old cowboy, long ago I presume, decided it was a clever idea to introduce the two species to the lake. The foreign fish put pressure on the native cut-throat trout. So I brought myself to it. I hate killing anything.

Catching a fish in a kayak can be tricky business. We were about a half mile from the river's mouth. My dad had just reeled in a nice rainbow. I could see him holding it from the underbelly with both of his huge hands.

I told him I wanted to take a picture, so I took out my phone and aimed it in his direction. At the same time the fish started to flail about. It startled my dad because the fish had been still for so long. The energy of the fish seemed to possess my dad's body, and he began to flail too. A Hemingway-esque novella began to play out before my eyes. Before I knew it, I heard a loud splash. He dumped his kayak and fell overboard. He fell over away from me, and his kayak blocked my view of him. I paddled over like a madman. I became worried. The temperature was mild, but this was a cold glacial lake.

I got to him, and he was barely treading water. What I saw almost made me dump my kayak. My father looked pale and tired; he almost looked dead. His face seemed cold and lifeless even though I knew it wasn't. It seemed his white hair was falling out, whisking away in the blue water. He looked like his father, my grandpa, at his visitation before his funeral. What I saw in the water was not the Nordic-Sumo-Wrestling man that looked like he could lift the front end of a car. What I saw was an old man in his final hour. I realized at that moment that my dad *was* old. He wasn't just my caretaker anymore, but I *was* his as well. In a split second, I had a realization. I grew up.

I know that people who think they are drowning act primally and irrationally. They drown other people out of survivalist instinct. So after I got to him I told him in a stern, comforting tone:

"Grab on to the back of my kayak, it's going to be okay. Don't dump me, or we are gonna be in deep shit."

And then, just like that, the old man went away. My dad was back to his normal self, treading water with his thick strong arms. He grabbed the back of my kayak while treading water.

In his kayak, I could see the trout flopping around. It was funny in a way. In the chaos, the fisherman ended up in the fish's home and the fish in the fisherman's vessel.

With one strong kick of its tail, the trout launched itself overboard, out of the kayak. It made a loud splash as it hit the water and I watched as the trout who made an old man, swam away.



MY FATHER'S PORTRAIT

TIARA ARAGON* *

i- twist the knob to close the door- the bouncing of wood on wood drums in my ears past your snores i scrounge through your closet- i like the way your pants fit me see- a message in the corner of my eye- see that cardboard paper- paper whose wrinkles run through, making a pressed fur of brown lines a- throw away paper- the size of a card- edges creased in awkward angles see- the smear of blue ink, lightened by stray water the- indent of words sits bone without ink- my fingers read it. you printed out a premonition in

all caps - I AM A
MAY 10, 2026.-
mirror- neon pink
all caps- there's a
AM A MILLIONAIRE.

message taped in
out to it- i- press
slap the wall- i- must
falling- in white
back of a worksheet-
MILLIONAIRE. 2018-

look- look at the line
get lost in the labyrinth
desktop files- adobe
your computer fans-
your documents-

language but- it

string- fold me a helicopter,

the tracks the letters

taught me how to

point out to me a

what letters are that-

windmills to ducklings

train in stop motion

hands in stray shots-

picture- trace the

the side of the car-

teach me- says a boy-

a rubber band and tie

left a book in church

pews- hope- the person

Dad,

MILLIONAIRE. ON

saw this message in the
sticky note-blue sharpie-
smiley face in pencil- I

2020. - saw this

front of your desk- reach
down with my palm- i-

keep the tape from

printer paper on the

it reads- I AM A

saw it- see it- know it

of PDFs you made and I

of your mind- of your

panting in the run of

ask me to spell check

english forever a second

doesn't matter- cut- glue

or a train out of paper,

of the alphabet- you-

read circle- A B or C

little cat- take a crayon-

from cardstock to

to dogs- see alphabet

frames- catch my- round

you invite me to take the

edges of the letters from

teach me- teach me-

in broken chinelas- take

the strap to the sole- you

fumbling up to the

who takes it is the

* Tiara Aragon, a student at Notre Dame of Maryland University, won first place in the poetry category of the 2023 Father Edward Fitzgerald Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing.

person who needs it-
 pages' golden edges
 was gone- you- tell
 good student- tell
 algebra- you didn't
 college- till you had
 teach it- those kids had
 needed to teach them-
 deciphering a distant
 your children are
 your first award- you-
 didn't expect America
 got a silver medal for
 watching- she bought you corn flakes as your celebration `cause- she had the most money out
 of all the siblings and you- hoped. they- offered you a mentorship at one of the top schools- you
 didn't accept- your- mom told you to- turn it down- she said- how could a Philippine mentorship
 take you to America- i think your medal burned in the house fire- i ask you- are you happy? and
 you say yes. when questioned- why? you don't say- `cause we made it- you say- `cause I have
 you

you tell me of the
 and how the next day- it
 me you were never a
 me you never got
 get multiplication till
 to teach it- you- had to
 to learn someone-
 and so there you sat
 language- make sure
 fluent- you- tell me of
 weren't expecting it-
 or a home or a car- you-
 coding your- sister was

Anak.

i- took a scrap of cardboard paper- reached for some blue ink to mark it- for you, dad, i- gotta
 write something- gotta- scrawl something- fed from the fruit of your labor, yet my

paper is still empty.



MARQUEZ, “HERMENEUTICAL DELIRIUM,” AND THE BANANA MASSACRE

ERIN DALY*

History is written by the victors, by those powerful enough to control the narrative. In Latin America, the “victors” are often authoritarian regimes who force citizens to forget their abuses of power and the suffering of the oppressed. Gabriel Garcia Marquez’s novel, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, provides a microcosm of Latin American, specifically Colombian, history through the fictional story of the Buendia family. He combines the historical and the fictional, conscious of history’s biases and the notion that complete historical objectivity remains impossible. Any event stays subject to countless points of views, and each retelling becomes part of a broader narrative the author wants to purport. When fictionalizing the 1928 Banana Massacre, Marquez retains key elements found in the evidential accounts of the incident, namely the report of General Carlos Cortes Vargas. Marquez subverts the historical event, however, by transferring it to a sort of mythical plane of existence where reality is questioned by both Jose Arcadio Segundo and the reader. Marquez does not try to lessen the historical ambiguities of the massacre, rather he emphasizes the distortions of truth to display how moments forgotten by history come to entirely lose their existence. Ironically, Marquez’s fictional depiction of the incident has become historical truth for many, further proving that history and fiction remain so closely intertwined in Latin America that the two can become indistinguishable.

The early 20th century saw the rise of neocolonialism in Latin America, when North American corporations indirectly controlled nations through capitalist ventures. The United Fruit Company, for instance, controlled most of the economies of the main banana producing countries in Central America, such as Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, and Panama. The corporation had local dictators in its pocket, benefiting from generous concessions and the oppression of laborers. The United Fruit Company “throttled competitors, dominated governments, manacled railroads, ruined planters, choked cooperatives, domineered over workers, fought organized labor, and exploited consumers” (Bucheli 3). The U.S. company established a foothold in Colombia with the support of the foreign business-friendly conservative government, who had just triumphed over the liberals in the War of the Thousand Days. This bloody civil war, which took place from 1899 to 1902, destroyed the economic infrastructure of the country, causing a national recession (20). Therefore, the conservative hegemony provided incentives for foreign investment, and gave the United Fruit Company subsidies and tax exemptions to expand their railroads and build plantations in the Magdalena region of Colombia. The presence of the company caused an economic boom, increased the value of real estate, and generated enormous demand for labor. Workers from all over Latin America and from Italy, Spain, and Lebanon came to Colombia seeking employment with the United Fruit Company (90). Small towns like Aracataca and Cienaga became “dynamic urban centers” and were drawn out of their isolated oblivion, a notion Marquez demonstrates in his novel (21).

When writing *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, Marquez was inspired by stories he heard from his grandmother who grew up in the banana town of Aracataca. His fictional town Macondo, mostly isolated from outside influence until the coming of the banana company, irrevocably changes its social, political, economic, and ecological makeup. Marquez describes “foreigners who arrived on the train from halfway around the world” and “built a separate town” that “was surrounded by a metal fence topped with a band of electrified chicken wire” (Marquez 226). Marquez depicts the banana company as having unequivocal, God-like power over Macondo. They cause “a colossal disturbance” and “endowed with means that had been reserved for Divine Providence in foreign times, they changed the pattern of the rains, accelerated the cycle of harvests, and moved the river from where it had always been” (227). They convert the small town into a bustling and diverse city, full of “strange whores,” “gambling tables,” and “shooting galleries” (227). The “foreigners who arrived without love” bring wealth and prosperity, but

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with wealth comes corruption, violence, and crime: “on Sunday morning there were scattered on the ground bodies that were sometimes those of happy drunkards and more often those of on-lookers felled by shots, fists, knives, and bottles during the brawls” (227). The local government is replaced by “dictatorial foreigners,” and the old policemen were replaced by “hired assassins with machetes” (237). The inhabitants of Macondo, only eight months following the arrival of the banana company, “had a hard time recognizing their own town” (228). Marquez clearly displays the irreversible impact the United Fruit Company had on small Colombian towns.

The damaging effects of the United Fruit Company did not go unnoticed by the citizens of Magdalena, particularly the liberals and the banana workers. Liberals seeking to undermine the conservative government publicly criticized the concessions given to the corporation and brought light to the poor working conditions. They also questioned the way the United Fruit Company acquired public lands and their exploitation of the lack of clear land legislation (Bucheli 93). The workers were angry about the voucher system of payment that only allowed them to buy merchandise from the United Fruit Company’s stores. Based on historical record, they also sought collective insurance, compensation for work-related injuries, hygienic dwelling places, weekly rather than biweekly payments, and the establishment of hospitals with proper sanitation in the camps. Most importantly, they wanted to be recognized as official United Fruit Company employees, rather than subcontractors under the Colombian Conservative regime (126). The workers union organized strikes in 1918, 1919, and 1924, but they were ultimately unsuccessful in achieving the laborers’ primary goals. A separate organization, The Union Sindical de Trabajadores del Magdalena, led by the revolutionary socialist party, was more effective. They gathered enough support to commit “subversive activities” like sabotaging harvests and blocking transport in and out of the region (123). The group also organized the strike of 1928 that led to the infamous Banana Massacre.

Marquez’s fictional account of the rising tensions in Magdalena resembles the historical understanding, but he emphasizes the ridiculous actions of the banana company. He casts Jose Arcadio Segundo as an underground union leader, who helps organize demonstrations in towns throughout the banana region. The protests of the workers appear similar to those historically recorded: “the lack of sanitary facilities in their living quarters, the nonexistence of medical services, and the terrible working conditions... they were not being paid in real money but in scrip, which was good only to buy Virginia ham in the company commissaries” (Marquez 300). The workers draw up a list of petitions, and Mr. Brown and the other heads of the banana company disappear from Macondo. When the workers do find one manager remaining in town and make him sign a copy of the sheet with their demands, the “mournful lawyers” of the banana company ordered that “they had him jailed as an imposter” (301). When Mr. Brown is found and forced to sign the document, the lawyers have him dye his hair black, speak Spanish, and pose as “Dagoberto Fonseca,” a “harmless vendor of medicinal plants” (301). The lawyers continue producing “hermeneutical delirium” even when the workers take their case to the higher courts by proving that “the workers did not exist” (302). Marquez uses this almost humorous sequence to reinforce the notion that the United Fruit Company had unequivocal power over the government and the justice system. The workers had no rights and no hope for negotiation with the multinational corporation, as they did not even officially exist as employees.

The tension between the revolutionary working class and the United Fruit Company backed by the government reached its boiling point, however, in November 1928. The strike organized by the Union Sindical de Trabajadores del Magdalena successfully halted all production of bananas in the region. The president sent an army battalion and a negotiating commission led by General Carlos Cortes Vargas to Magdalena on November 13. The United Fruit Company, willing to negotiate on some points, refused to acknowledge the workers as existing employees or recognize an official labor union. The striking, sabotage, and blocking of train lines continued until the local governor called in strikebreakers, alternative workers protected by the army. Production and transportation resumed by December 4; as a last resort, strikers demanded to talk to the governor, who promised to see them in Cienaga. Word spread throughout the banana region, and hundreds or perhaps thousands of people gathered in Cienaga’s main plaza to demonstrate. Cortes Vargas dispatched his troops there, but at first all went well. At 2:30 pm the demonstrators were told the governor was on his way to sign the agreement, and they began to

celebrate. They were told later, however, that he was not coming, a disappointment that created extreme chaos and anger. Cortes, according to his report, ordered demonstrators to disperse and gave them until 11 pm. The workers refused, and at midnight the troops opened fire on the crowd. The number of casualties remains unknown. Cortes Vargas himself admits first to nine then later to thirteen deaths, and other historical versions range from 60 to 200 to 1000. In *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, Marquez writes that there were 3000 killed, but he admitted that he exaggerated the number to fit the novel's exaggerated nature. History has adopted Marquez's number, however, and his version of events is even seen in textbooks. No "truth" about the amount of people killed now exists, but it is undisputed that the army opened fire against peaceful protestors who had no way to defend themselves and were making reasonable requests. (Bucheli)

Marquez's fictionalization of the massacre further mystifies the historical incident. Vargas remains the only historical figure named directly in the novel, and Marquez incorporates his version of the story into the novel's version. The lines "Ladies and gentlemen... you have five minutes to withdrawal" and "five minutes have passed... one more minute and we'll open fire" appear in both versions (Sims 5). Other details, such as timing, Marquez includes from the documentary evidence. As Vargas notes, they opened fire on the crowd around midnight, and the novel reports similarly, "around twelve o'clock, waiting for the train that was not arriving..." (Marquez 303). Vargas' original report, however, shows chronological order with militant objectivity, while Marquez's narrative is channeled through human experiences, specifically the experiences of Jose Arcadio Segundo and the child he saves. Marquez switches from the present to the future, muddling the timeline of the incident: "Many years later that child would still tell, in spite of people thinking he was a crazy old man, how Jose Arcadio Segundo had lifted him over his head..." (305). The reader sees the events through the child's eyes, the workers "brutally penned in, swirling about in a gigantic whirlwind that little by little was being reduced to its epicenter as the edges were systematically being cut off all around like an onion being peeled by the insatiable and methodical shears of the machine guns" (306). Then the perspective switches to Jose Arcadio Segundo, who wakes up in the middle of the night "on an endless and silent train" filled with "the man corpses, woman corpses, child corpses who would be thrown into the sea like rejected bananas" (307). The reader experiences the same confusion and doubt the character does, and "how long he slept after he fainted, how he got on the train, in short innumerable historical details are simply omitted. The nocturnal ambience only reinforces the ambiguity" (Sims 14). Marquez transports the historical event to an ambiguous, mythical plane, causing the reader to question reality.

Jose Arcadio Segundo, and by extension the reader, are confronted with the reality that any trace of the massacre occurring has been wiped from existence. Marquez writes that "the official version, repeated a thousand times and mangled out all over the country by every means of communication the government found at hand, was finally accepted: there was no dead, the satisfied workers had gone back to their families, and the banana company was suspending all activity" (309-310). Marquez captures the power of authoritarian regimes backed by multinational corporations like the United Fruit Company to shape history by forcing amnesia on its citizens. Jose Arcadio Segundo insists that "there were more than three thousand of them" killed, but no one remembers but him (313). Eventually, Jose Arcadio Segundo himself is forgotten by history. The soldiers who look for him cannot see him, and "the rest of the family forgot about him" (313). Marquez purposefully denies the incident a concrete ending. Jose Arcadio Segundo and the Banana Massacre "dissipate, evaporate into the mists of time. Since there is never any hard evidence to substantiate [his] claims, the witness' credibility is forever in doubt" (Sims 11). Instead of separating the historical from the fictional, Marquez melds the two together, presenting a historical event that is so fictionalized the reader must question if it ever actually happened. So too, do authoritarian powers fictionalize events to fit their agendas. The government's search squad could not see Jose Arcadio Segundo because "for men indoctrinated by such a government, opposition must not exist. For such men the past must disappear" (Conniff 177). Incidents like the Banana Massacre have been lost or forgotten to history as a result of imperialist oppression. If neocolonialist powers could erase events from existence, what's to say they did not fictionalize the history we take to be absolute truth?

Marquez combines history and fiction to the point that the two become indistinguishable. His fictionalized version of the Banana Massacre has been adopted by history, despite him admitting he intentionally exaggerated the number of deaths. The notion that “the legend has been taken by history” emphasizes that history itself is not always absolute truth. It is shaped by human perceptions and agendas, and often stories of the oppressed are lost to time due to “hermeneutical delirium” and enforced amnesia. Marquez ambiguates the infamous 1928 United Fruit Company massacre to display the ambiguities present in Latin American history. The narrative of Latin America has often been told by outside forces or oppressive regimes, which calls into question the legitimacy of many historical accounts. The novel’s distortion of truth and circular narrative attempt to make the incidents of oppression visible again. Marquez’s fictionalization of the banana massacre, despite his use of magical realism, makes Latin American history more credible.

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UNDERGOING A METAMORPHOSIS: GREGOR AS LEVINAS'S THE OTHER

MICHAEL HICKEY*

Franza Kafka's *The Metamorphosis* (*Die Verwandlung*), a novel about a breadwinner turning into a parasite, depicts something once desired transforming into something despised. Gregor Samsa, the aforementioned breadwinner-turned-parasite, wakes up in his bedroom like normal—a universal experience for most privileged people—in a house filled with people who love him (his family). Immediately he realizes, however, that he has been “transformed right there in his bed into some sort of monstrous insect” (Kafka 21). Entirely out of his control, Gregor's transformation affects his relationships with everyone around him, the family whom he provided for now rejecting him because of his grotesque appearance and inability to work. The intense rejection of Gregor via his family and society featured in *The Metamorphosis* conjures Emmanuel Levinas's ideas on “Otherness.” Gregor becomes the “Other” to his family, but what makes him unique is that he was not always that way: the memory of Gregor prior to his Otherness prevails in the minds of his peers, making the confrontation between the two forces all the more painful. In reading *The Metamorphosis*, readers witness Levinasian dynamics unfold within Gregor's relationships with his sister, the lodgers, and his father, ultimately proving that confrontation of the Other remains a test few can pass.

According to Levinas, “The face is present in its refusal to be contained,” the face consisting of the ultimate force one must confront when encountering the Other (194). Of all the senses, vision stays the primary way people encounter friends and foes: “A thing is given, offers itself to me [Levinas]. In gaining access to it I maintain myself within the same” (194). Kafka focuses on the visual aspects of Gregor to make the reader confront him and to understand the plight he is in. Furthering the visual, a motif of aesthetics exists in the novel when Gregor describes images he sees on the wall. For instance, the second paragraph of the first chapter describes an erotic image in Gregor's room: “This picture showed a lady in a fur hat and fur boa who sat erect, holding out to the viewer a heavy fur muff in which her entire forearm had vanished” (Kafka 21). Later in the same chapter, after his family's first encounter with Gregor's Otherness, the narrator limns a patriotic photo of Gregor during his time in the military: “Straight ahead, on the opposite wall, hung a photograph of Gregor from his time in the military, showing him as a second lieutenant whose carefree smile as he rested his hand on his dagger commanded respect for his bearing and his uniform” (Kafka 29). The latter photo suggests that human beings hang pictures on the wall to remind themselves who they are, thus eradicating any doubts or concerns about Otherness that could potentially arise.

While Levinas does not explicitly talk about money, his thoughts on Otherness can lead to some conclusions. Levinas writes:

The Other who expresses himself precisely does not give himself, and accordingly retains the freedom to lie. But deceit and veracity already presuppose the absolute authenticity of the face—the privileged case of a presentation of being foreign to the alternate of truth and non-truth, circumventing the ambiguity of the true and false which every truth risks—an ambiguity, moreover, in which all values move.... To seek truth I have already established a relationship with a face which can guarantee itself, whose epiphany itself is somehow a word of honor. (200)

People, especially those in business, may lie and deceive, placing the success of a transaction over their ethical responsibility to represent themselves truthfully. People may obfuscate aspects of their character in order to mask their Otherness, or at least mitigate it to some degree. Kafka himself has been quoted as insisting, “I was ashamed of myself when I realized life was a costume party and I attended with my real face.” Gregor's problem, that he cannot hide his Otherness, makes his insect manifestation a metaphor for the Other hidden from the world. Because Gregor's inner self is realized, he can no longer work for his company nor maintain healthy relationships with his peers, an event that affects his pecuniary relationship with his family.

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The last relevant aspect of Otherness worthy of explanation in the story is Levinas's destruction of the Other. To reject the Other, "negation" as Levinas calls it, is to metaphorically kill it. He writes:

To kill is not to dominate but to annihilate; it is to renounce comprehension absolutely. Murder exercises a power over what escapes power. It is still a power, for the face expresses itself in the sensible, but already impotency, because the face rends the sensible.... I can wish to kill only an existent absolutely independent, which exceeds my powers infinitely, and therefore does not oppose them but paralyzes the very power of power. The Other is the sole being I can wish to kill. (198)

While the Other remains the sole being people wish they could kill, Levinas notes how the face contains an infinity stronger than the urge to murder: when one genuinely looks at the Other's face, one becomes overcome with mercy, guilt, or reflection. Gregor's Otherness makes him a target for negation, but he possesses the face Levinas explains. One would think, given the other background elements of the story, that Gregor survives, but he does not.

Grete Samsa, Gregor's sister, becomes the only character to practice empathy for Gregor and confront his Otherness. Introduced in the first chapter, she expresses sorrow for Gregor's shocking condition: "In the left-hand room horrified silence, while in the room on the right Gregor's sister began to sob." (Kafka 26). A Levinasian interpretation of her tears leads to multiple conclusions. Optimistically, the tears she expresses (since she remains the only person in the family to cry instead of reproach) may reflect a realistic reaction to Gregor's Otherness. Grete resists her inner desire to negate Gregor, and the emotional overload caused by her confrontation drives her to tears. More cynically and following the motif of aesthetics, Gregor's grotesque appearance violates the gallant image of her brother (see the photo of Gregor dressed as a soldier, for example) in her mind. She is related to him, and by mere association, the grotesque becomes contagious and viral. Regardless of which stance one takes, Grete attempts to love Gregor in spite of her emotional trauma. In a quaint scene in chapter two, she experiments with Gregor's tastes:

Gregor was exceptionally curious to see what she would bring in its stead and mulled over various possibilities. But never would he have been able to predict what his sister in her kindness proceeded to do. To gauge his tastes, she brought him an entire assortment of foodstuffs, all spread out on an old newspaper. There were old, half-rotten vegetables; bones from the family supper the night before caked in a congealed white sauce; a few raisins and almonds; a piece of cheese Gregor had declared inedible two days before; a dry piece of bread; a slice of buttered bread; and a slice of bread with butter and salt. (Kafka 34)

Grete has invited the Other into her home, faced it, accepted it, and now accommodates it; Levinas would be proud, but the kind treatment of her brother does not last forever.

Grete's facing of the Other is extrinsically motivated, however, and based on aesthetic pleasure. She only cares about Gregor as the breadwinner; when Gregor no longer earns money, this social contract becomes voided. In the same chapter with the cute food scene, the narrator informs that "All had grown accustomed to this arrangement, not just the family but Gregor as well: they gratefully accepted the money, and he was happy to provide it, but the exchange no longer felt particularly warm" (Kafka 36). Some people will tolerate the Other if the benefits outweigh the pain of looking at the face. Following in her parents' footsteps, Grete begins to ostracize Gregor, resenting him for the burden he places on his family. Gregor's mother and Grete start removing Gregor's furniture from his bedroom, leaving just the picture of the woman in furs, an image Gregor dearly covets.

Symbolically, the attempt to remove the picture of the woman in furs represents a theft of human connection and aesthetic power from Gregor's life. Levinas would classify this action as a negation because Gregor's family tries to sever the Other's connection to humanity. By dehumanizing the Other, the power of the face (infinitely powerful, as Levinas describes) is diminished, making the Other easier to kill. The woman, when analyzed psychologically, juxtaposes Gregor almost entirely: her pulchritude in combination with a symbol for man's conquest against nature (the fur, something sexual and powerful) contrasts Gregor's unsightly and non-mammalian exoskeleton (something asexual and alien). He literally clings to the photo for dear life—for opposites attract—panicking at the prospect of the women removing beauty from his ugly life:

....but then his eyes lit on the picture of the lady clad all in furs, conspicuous now

on the otherwise empty wall, and quickly he made his way up to it and pressed himself against the glass, which adhered to him, pleasantly cool against his hot belly. At least this picture, which Gregor's body now covered up completely, was absolutely certain not to be taken away from him. He swiveled his head toward the living room door to observe the women as they returned. (Kafka 41)

Another subtle detail, the theft of aesthetics from the Other, only becomes apparent when one reaches the novel's terminus. The final lines of the novel discuss Grete's own metamorphosis:

As they were conversing in this way, Herr and Frau Samsa were struck almost as one while observing their daughter, who was growing ever more vivacious, by the thought that despite all the torments that had made her cheeks grow pale, she had recently blossomed into a beautiful, voluptuous girl. Growing quieter now and communicating with one another almost unconsciously by an exchange of glances, they thought about how it would soon be time to find her a good husband. And when they arrived at their destination, it seemed to them almost a confirmation of their new dreams and good intentions when their daughter swiftly sprang to her feet and stretched her young body. (Kafka 56)

Kafka seems to have characterized Gregor and Grete as oppositions to one other. Both of them undergo their respective metamorphosis in opposite directions, the former becoming uglier and the latter becoming prettier. The woman in furs scene stands as the midpoint in their journey. Grete sacrifices an Other in order to attain status and social mobility, similar to how success is fueled by oppression. She attempts to steal Gregor's object of beauty so she can become beautiful herself.

Furthermore, Gregor's interaction with the lodgers remains a terse-but-potent scene. Continuing Kafka's obsession with aesthetics, Gregor is lured out of his room when he hears his sister playing the violin. The narrator remarks, "[w]as he a beast, that music so moved him? He felt as if he were being shown the way to that unknown nourishment he craved" (Kafka 50). The audience thus sees Gregor, despite his Otherness, perhaps showing more humanness than his relatives. But the larger message lies in the monetary aspect of the situation, because Grete plays music to entertain lodgers: "searchingly, sadly, her eyes followed the lines of notes" (Kafka 50). When Gregor is revealed, causing an uproar, his father tries to hide him from the lodgers:

Gregor's father apparently found the task of driving Gregor back into his room less urgent than that of calming the lodgers, despite the fact that they did not appear particularly worked up and seemed to be finding Gregor more entertaining than the music. He hurried over to them and tried with outspread arms to herd them back into their room, at the same time using his body to shield Gregor from their view. And now they did in fact become a little angry, though it was no longer clear whether this was on account of Gregor's father's behavior or the realization dawning on them that without their knowledge they had been sharing their home with a roommate of this sort. (Kafka 50)

Perhaps Levinas would argue that the situation would have coalesced smoothly had Gregor's father not tried to hide the Other from the lodgers. One can infer from line "despite the fact that they did not appear particularly worked up and seemed to be finding Gregor more entertaining than the music" that the lodgers would have tried to face Gregor's Other had Gregor's father given them the chance to do so. Focusing on money and optics (obfuscating the truth) ruins the interaction between the lodgers, and thus they decide to leave.

The interaction overall presents a portrayal of outside forces preventing Levinas's "I" from facing the "Other." Empirically, one can become dissuaded from interacting, associating, or befriending Others because of any gossip or information that paints them negatively. One can think of each interaction as a test: human beings have an ethical responsibility to try to pass the test, look the Other in the face, and understand everyone as they ought to understand themselves. Additionally, the scene with the lodgers shows readers that interfacing with the Other is not a one-on-one ordeal. People live within a social network and often face Others coming from all sides, technically and spiritually.

Gregor's father, the cause of Gregor's physical (and metaphysical) demise, establishes the most painful negation in the story since the father forsakes the son. Usually, the Other remains a

complete stranger—someone not known—who originates from an outside source. Gregor stays a unique example because he starts as a known entity and becomes transformed into an Other, and Gregor's father treats him accordingly. As the book progresses, the reader understands that Gregor's father never knew his son to begin with; he never recalls old memories, reminisces wistfully, or tries to love his son in a traditional way. His hatred for the Other culminates into the climax of the story, the scene with the woman in furs, when he throws an apple into Gregor's back, causing Gregor excruciating pain and misery:

He had filled his pockets from the fruit bowl on the sideboard and now was tossing apple after apple in Gregor's direction, for the moment not even bothering to take particular aim. The petite red apples rolled around the floor as if electrified, knocking into each other. One lightly lobbed apple grazed Gregor's back and slid off again harmlessly. But it was immediately followed by another that embedded itself in his back. Gregor tried to drag himself forward, as if this sudden shocking pain might vanish with a change of place; but he felt nailed to the spot and collapsed there, his legs splaying out, all his senses in a state of utter bewilderment. (Kafka 44)

The original translation of this scene contains a telling line: "As if nailed fast to the floor" [in the context of Herr Samsa throwing apples at his son]. By means of this historical add-on, the reader may unearth a Levinasian dynamic of God and his creations, an interpretation that under Christian moral theology does not make sense but remains thought-provoking nonetheless. To Gregor, his father would be his creator, akin to Dr. Frankenstein creating the monster, making their dynamic all the more complex.

Although Levinas was highly intelligent and conscientious, his writings (especially *Ethics and the Face*) do not factor in post-humanist relationships or spiritual relationships with God. Beyond a literal interpretation, can Otherness be inherited? For example, can an Other produce life (typically in the form of a human child) and then refuse to face their creation by killing it? Genetic factors arise too: that child contains fifty percent of their Other parent's DNA, so the child is not actually an Other at all. Refusing to face the child remains a willing and conscious act, akin to a grave sin under Catholic moral theology, and *The Metamorphosis* may remind readers of contemporary issues such as child abandonment and euthanasia of children with disabilities. Lucidly, Herr Samsa lacks a sense of responsibility and honor, rejecting his Son and violently trying to kill him for wanting a human connection (the woman). In fact, one might replace Gregor with a child having a disability like down syndrome, autism, or cerebral palsy, and the story would read the same. When Gregor is found dead at the novel's terminus, Herr Samsa sighs, "now we can thank God," harkening to the belief that children with disabilities (Others) are possessed by demons (Kafka 54). The narrator describes the corpse of Gregor:

Just look how skinny he was. He went such a long time without eating anything at all. All the food that went into his room would come out again just as before." And indeed Gregor's body was completely flat and dry, which hadn't really been noticeable until now when he was no longer raised up on those little legs and nothing else remained to distract the gaze. (Kafka 54)

Indeed, when parents render children objects, dehumanize them, and sever the bond between child and parent, they become two-dimensional, flat and dry.

The Metamorphosis provides a glimpse into the world of the Other. It shows how quickly an Other can be systematically tarnished by society and family and destroyed entirely. In a roundabout way, *The Metamorphosis* can also be read as a Levinasian treatise, inspiring people to treat Others with dignity and respect. Anyone may wake up as an insect one day and have life turned around, becoming the Other to formerly trustworthy people.

Works Cited

Kafka, Franz. *The Metamorphosis: A New Translation, Texts and Contexts, Criticism*, edited by Mark M. Anderson, W.W. Norton & Company, 2016.

Levinas, Emmanuel. "Ethics and the Face." *Totality and Infinity*. 1961. Spring, 1991, pp. 194-219.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

WINNERS OF THE FALL 2023 FR. FITZGERALD UNDERGRADUATE WRITING CONTEST

Creative Nonfiction

- 1st “The Trout that made an Old Man,” Jacob Klaung, Loras College
- 2nd “Crossing the Rainbow Bridge,” Anarose Davidson, King’s College

Critical/Analytical Essay

- 1st (Tie) “Undergoing Metamorphosis,” Michael Hickey, Saint Francis University (PA)
- 1st (Tie) “Marquez, Hermeneutical Delerium...,” Erin Daly, Mount St. Mary’s University
- 2nd “A Pearl of Great Price,” BethAnnie Hartman, Loras College
- Honorable Mention: “Ghosts of Our Past,” Erika Smith, Notre Dame of Maryland University

Poetry

- 1st “My Father’s Portrait,” Tiara Aragon, Notre Dame of Maryland University
- 2nd (Tie) “Heavenly Bodies,” Erin Daly, Mount St. Mary’s University
- 2nd (Tie) “Body Forget,” Brianna Hilby, Loras College

Scholarly Research

- 1st (a) group: “Seeking the Sacred Rights of Justice,” Michael Murphy, Mount Saint Mary’s University

Short Fiction

- 1st “That Girl Lauren Fitzpatrick,” Liam Dale, Loras College
- 2nd “Dear Gracie,” Claire Doll, Mount St. Mary’s University
- Honorable Mention: “8 Ball,” Isaac Johnsen, Saint Francis University (PA)

WINNERS 2023 SR. BRIGID BRADY, O.P., AWARD

Céire Kealty – Villanova University

Kelly Vino – Salve Regina University

John Williford - Caldwell University

**WINNERS OF THE FALL 2024 SCHOLARSHIPS
FOR UNDERGRADUATE STUDY**

Emily Cavanaugh, College of Saint Benedict

Bradley Szotko, Holy Cross College

Laura Camila Segura, Loras College

Nadirah Roberts, Neumann University

Ashley Beriau, Saint Anselm College

Nickolas M. Ellis, Villa Maria College

Emily Cavanaugh, College of Saint Benedict

Bradley Szotko, Holy Cross College

Laura Camila Segura, Loras College

**WINNERS OF THE FALL 2024 FELLOWSHIPS
FOR GRADUATE STUDY**

Margaret Harris, Belmont Abbey University

Donnette Jones, Caldwell University

Reilly Hennen, College of St. Benedict

Kyle Kochanowski, Holy Cross College

Alesandra Payne, Iona University

Eric Pierre Johnson, King's College

Rachel Grace Meehan, Neumann University

Vanessa Aiello, Regis College

Trie Yale, Saint Anselm College

Isabelle Buonaugurio, Salve Regina University

THE DELTA EPSILON SIGMA NATIONAL UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT AWARD

Delta Epsilon Sigma has a national award to be presented to outstanding student members of the society who are completing their undergraduate program. It provides a means by which a chapter may 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. A photo and brief profile of recipients will be published in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*. Qualifications for the award include the following:

- Membership in Delta Epsilon Sigma.
- An overall Grade Point Average of 3.9-4.00 on all work completed as an undergraduate.
- Further evidence of high scholarship:
 - a grade of "A" or with the highest level of distinction on an approved undergraduate thesis or its equivalent in the major field, or
 - scores at the 90th percentile or better on a nationally recognized test (e.g., GRE, LSAT, GMAT, MCAT).
- Endorsements by the chapter advisor, the department chair or mentor, and the chief academic officer.
- Nominations must be made no later than six (6) months after the granting of the undergraduate degree. Include with the nomination a 300-dpi photo and a three-sentence abstract of the student's accomplishments, including the ways the qualifications for the award have been met.
- **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.**

THE HARRY R. KNIGHT UNDERGRADUATE/GRADUATE PRIZE FOR INTERNATIONAL SERVICE



Harry R. Knight

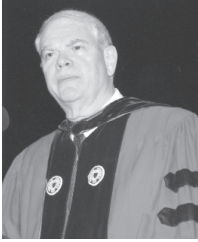
Through the generosity of the Knight family and named for a professor and long-time member of Delta Epsilon Sigma, this award supports a student who wishes to offer service to others outside of the United States by assisting with travel costs up to \$2500.00. The transformative nature of such efforts provides benefits to the student as well as to those served. New skills related to work, language, and culture can enhance resumes 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*.

Requirements: Applicants will submit the following items:

- 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.
- a brief CV with biography including career goals, other completed service, and academic accomplishments.

- an official transcript of coursework.
- 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.**

THE J. PATRICK LEE UNDERGRADUATE AWARD FOR SERVICE



J. Patrick Lee

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*.

Guidelines for The J. Patrick Lee Undergraduate Prize for Service:

- In order to participate in the contest, the student should submit a 300-dpi photo (preferably highlighting the candidate's service) and a personal statement of 500-1000 words to his/her chapter advisor. Personal statements should reflect on the service experiences by responding 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. Make every effort to explain service involvement instead of just listing service activities.**
- The student should also submit one letter of recommendation written by someone in a professional position who can attest to the type and extent of the service in which the student has been engaged.
- Chapter advisors should select one student from their chapters to nominate for the prize.
- Nominated students must be undergraduates at the time of nomination.
- Nominated students must be members of Delta Epsilon Sigma.
- **Applications must contain a complete official entry form to be considered.** Please visit the DES website, www.deltaepsilonsigma.org, for this form.
- Advisors should submit all entries electronically as MS Word Documents (no PDFs, please) to the National Office at Neumann University, Executive Director: Dr. Claudia Kovach, Neumann University, Division of Arts and Sciences, Aston, PA 19014-1298, (610) 558-5573, FAX (610) 361-5314, Email: DESNational@neumann.edu.
- **The deadline for nominations from advisors is December 1.**

THE 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.

This contest remains open to undergraduates (members or non-members) in an institution that has a chapter of the society. Manuscripts may be submitted in any of six categories:

Fr. Fitzgerald

- Poetry
- Short fiction / Drama
- Creative nonfiction/personal essay
- Critical/analytical essay
- Scholarly research in the non-empirical humanities
- Scholarly research in the empirical sciences and in the social sciences

A first prize of five hundred dollars and a second prize of two hundred and fifty dollars in each of the six categories will be awarded. No award may be made in a given category if the committee does not judge any submission to be of sufficient merit. **Winners must submit a 300-dpi photo of themselves to accompany the publication of their essays in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*.**

General Guidelines: Either MLA or APA documentary styles are acceptable (except where they may deviate from the instructions contained here in the *Journal's* "Guidelines"). Publishing restrictions do not permit the Chicago Manual of Style. All prose should show double-spacing, appear in Word format (no PDFs), use 12-point font, and include just one space between words and sentences. Number all pages. Citations should use the "in-text plus Works Cited" format. Relegate all explanatory notes to the submission's back matter as Endnotes (no footnotes!). Do not include headers or footers. The author's name should not appear after the cover page to assure anonymity during judging.

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, as long as it is the student who--in the final analysis--implements them.

Proofread carefully to reflect the standards of your college or university. Adhere to all guidelines, including conventions of grammar and punctuation. Also follow formal academic requirements of language and style (such as avoiding excessive wordiness and redundancies). The *DES Journal* reflects Catholic values. *Gratuitous use of profanity or vulgarity will not impress the judges and will not merit publication.*

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 / Drama: Writing in this category should be original fiction or drama, such as short stories, plays, 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. Provide appropriate in-text citations for all direct or indirect (paraphrased) quotations. Integrate brief quotations properly with correct punctuation.

Scholarly Research in the Non-Empirical Humanities: Writing in this category should present primary or secondary research that provides and elucidates some original insight on a social, ethical, cultural, or humanistic question. Emphasis will be paid to the quality, depth, and presentation of the piece, and proper adherence to conventional documentation format (MLA or APA). Such scholarly research should include an abstract (situated at the beginning of the paper). Provide appropriate in-text citations for all direct or indirect (paraphrased) quotations. Avoid block quotations and integrate brief quotations properly with correct punctuation. Follow all requirements for formal academic writing by avoiding casual or conversational language such as contractions or informal vocabulary. Avoid using the first person, overusing verbs of being, and including other examples of wordiness. Papers in this category should total 1500-5000 words.

Scholarly Research in the Empirical Sciences and in the Social Sciences: Scientific writing does not just include writing about science; it shows the technical writing scientists use to communicate their research to others. Predicated on the rigors of scientific inquiry, scientific writing must reflect the same precision as that demanded in the research process. Writing in this category thus demands precision (the precise use of words and phrases), clarity, and economy because the writer is communicating highly technical information to others who might, or might not, be as knowledgeable; they may be from a different discipline; they may, or may not, be a native speaker of the language used. Many journals have international audiences, so precise communication helps prevent misunderstandings and mistranslations in other contexts. Communicating facts, figures, and methods used in research—as well as the description of the results—has to be precise and exact. The research question, hypotheses, methods, analysis, and conclusions must be stated clearly and simply.

This category should present primary research elucidating original results of scientific research. Emphasis will be paid to the writing quality, depth, and presentation of the piece, and proper adherence to the appropriate disciplinary documentation format such as that of the American Psychological Association (APA); American Chemical Society (ACS), used in chemistry and some of the physical sciences; American Institute of Physics (AIP); the American Mathematical Society (AMS); the American Society of Mechanical Engineers (ASME); and the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers (IEEE). Scientific scholarly research should include an abstract (situate it at the beginning of your paper).

Incorporating the stages of the scientific method, the scientific research paper begins with an abstract followed by the introduction, methods, results, conclusions, and acknowledgments. The introduction discusses the issue studied and discloses the hypothesis tested in the experiment. The step-by-step procedure, notable observations, and relevant data collected are all included in methods and results. The discussion section consists of the author's analysis and interpretations of the data. Additionally, the author may choose to discuss any discrepancies with the experiment that could have altered the results. The conclusion summarizes the experiment and will make inferences about the outcomes. The paper will typically end with an acknowledgments section, giving proper attribution to any other contributors besides the main author(s). Keep all graphs, tables, and figures at a minimum, and never include visual materials as a substitute for verbal description and explication. Papers in this category should total 1500-5000 words.

Specific Guidelines for Preparation of All 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.
- Advisors as well as faculty mentors are expected to take an active role in providing additional comments to students.
- **Advisors and faculty mentors 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 no later than May 1st of the following year. Winners will be notified through the office of the local chapter advisor.

THE SISTER BRIGID BRADY, O.P., DELTA EPSILON SIGMA GRADUATE STUDENT AWARD



*Sister Brigid
Brady, O.P., Ph.D.*

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 for an additional year for one awardee during a given year. 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 handmade her own harp and was deeply committed to the Arts. In addition to

her service to DES and other societies, Sister Brigid frequently presented and published papers at the Conference on Christianity and Literature, an international society of scholars dedicated to the study of Christian themes in literature.

Requirements: Applicants will submit the following materials:

- 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.
- a brief CV with biography (no more than three pages).
- an official transcript of graduate coursework.
- a 1,500-word sample course paper.
- 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 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 one of ten Fitzgerald Scholarships at \$1,200 each, to be applied toward tuition costs for their senior year. Senior-year members may apply for one of 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.**

SYNOPSIS OF THE DELTA EPSILON SIGMA ANNUAL MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE 1/4/2024

Attendees:

Claudia Marie Kovach, Ph.D., Executive Director
Luigi Bradizza, Ph.D., President
Shelly McCallum-Ferguson, DBA, Vice President
Rev. Anthony Grasso, CSC, Ph.D., Chaplain
Mary Ann Miller, Ph.D., Board Member
Ronald L. Smorada, Ph.D., Assistant to the Executive Director
Valerie Wright, Ph.D., Board Member and Head of “Special Projects”

Not Present:

Jonnie Guerra, Ph.D., outgoing Board Member at Large
Robert Magliola, Ph.D., outgoing Editor, DES Journal

Dr. Valerie Wright welcomed members and called the meeting to order. Fr. Grasso opened the meeting with a prayer. Dr. Luigi Bradizza was installed as President and Dr. Shelly McCallum-Ferguson as Vice President. (President and vice president serve 3-year terms.) Dr. Claudia Kovach thanked Dr. Wright for her extended term of service because the previous president had had to step down before the end of a 3-year term. Dr. Guerra has stepped down as head of “Special Projects.” Dr. Magliola retired as editor of the DES Journal, and the board thanked him heartily for his 15 years of exemplary service.

The committee reviewed the editorial process for the DES journal with a view toward replacing the retired editor. Discussion ensued about the cost of maintaining the printed journal and whether to offer only an online version. Despite that 7800 copies of the journal are printed, the committee decided to continue the printing/ mailing process because of the low cost of mailing at the non-profit rate.

Dr. Wright was invited to become Head of “Special Projects,” especially more online and social media promotion of DES and a possible online conference for students. Members of the committee all agreed that we need to start at the very least Instagram and LinkedIn accounts and find someone to maintain them on a regular basis when DES has announcements, such as writing contest, scholarship winners, and the publication of the journal.

The financial report highlighted the increase of TIAA-CREF funds despite the fluctuation of the market. Because of the cost of mailing, no fundraising letter was sent in 2023, but with

ballots required next year an appeal will be included. The bleak investment forecast for 2024 and the need to keep costs of membership down for new student inductees to DES makes the possibility of a campaign for donations in 2024 especially important. Overall, the society has enjoyed a 4.28% return on investment from inception-to-date. (The initial membership fee was raised from \$55 to \$65 for 2024.)

The committee also discussed the need to revive inactive or “lapsed” member institutions and recruit new ones. Although 62 institutions still stay active, almost an equal number of inactive institutions remain. Reasons for inactivity include the retirement of faculty advisors.

The committee also discussed whether increasing DES’s participation in conferences sponsored by the Association of College Honor Societies (ACHS) and the Association of Catholic Colleges and Universities (ACCU) would be cost-effective. Dr. Kovach reported that the membership and conference fees are too prohibitive at the present time.

The Proposed Budget for July 1, 2024 – June 30, 2025 passed unanimously after discussion. The committee noted that the amount of funds allocated for the Sr. Brigid Brady Graduate Award (\$3000, i.e. two \$1500 awards) did not need to be increased this year to cover a renewal for the single 2023 award recipient because she will be graduating this year, and the Brady Award becomes renewable for one additional year. Two new graduate students will be funded in 2024. For the 2025-26 budget, however, the \$3000 amount will need to be doubled to \$6000 to cover two new recipients as well as two renewable awards at \$1500 each. Recipients applying to renew their award for a second year must resubmit a current transcript and provide another letter of recommendation from their academic advisor.

The next meeting of the executive committee will be held in St. Petersburg, Florida, on January 3 with travel to the meeting taking place on January 2 and travel home on January 4.

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, 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. The *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* editors encourage contributions from all readers, both DES members and non-members.



THE DELTA EPSILON SIGMA STORE



Item Description	Price
NEW Grey DES Chapter Polo Shirt* – unisex	\$49.00
NEW Men's Fitted DES Red Chapter T-shirt*	\$25.00
NEW Ladies Fitted DES Red Chapter T-shirt*	\$25.00
NEW Horizontal Certificate Frame with Medallion	\$85.00
DES Gold and Maroon Double Honor Cords	\$12.00
#502 Key - gold kase	\$31.00
#502 Key - 10K yellow gold	\$282.00
#503 Key Tac - gold kase	\$32.00
#503 Key Tac - 10K yellow gold	\$272.00
#502D Key with 2pt. diamond - 10K yellow gold	\$325.00
#503D Key Tac with 2pt. diamond - 10K yellow gold	\$313.00
ML/02S Staggered Lavalier - sterling silver	\$31.00
7.25" Rope Bracelet w/ lavalier - sterling silver	\$71.00
18" Rope Necklace w/ lavalier - sterling silver	\$85.00

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Award
CONCEPTS **THE BEST**

THE DES NATIONAL CATHOLIC SCHOLASTIC HONOR SOCIETY EMBLEM



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

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

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

DELTA EPSILON SIGMA JOURNAL
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