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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.

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

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

MESSAGES FROM THE EDITORS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

The pandemic has had an impact on the publication schedule of the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*. The printing company that has served the society well for many years has had to close its doors as a result of COVID-19, and the search for another partner in publishing the *Journal* had to take place. The academic move to unplanned virtual teaching also created a delay in both this installment and in the Spring 2020 issue.

- Because of increased printing costs and the desire to funnel precious resources to student members, plus the negative impact of print media on the environment, the Executive Committee has moved to limit the number of *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* printed copies. Members shall henceforth receive the print edition for the first five years after their induction into their DES chapter. After the first five years, they shall receive the print edition only if they request it from the society and remit to the DES National Office a financial donation of their own choosing. For those many members already beyond their first five years after induction, if they wish a continuation of the print edition, they should notify the national office of Delta Epsilon Sigma and their names will gladly be added to the readership list. All future issues (and many past issues as the archiving project advances) of the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* may be found via the DES website (www.deltaepsilonsigma.org). The Executive Committee encourages DES members to use this digital access.
- **DO YOU KNOW?** Thanks to the Amazon Smile program, you can donate to DES by simply shopping online at Amazon? When you designate Delta Epsilon Sigma as your chosen charitable organization, DES receives 0.5% of the value of your Amazon purchase. Use this link and it will automatically select DES for you: <https://smile.amazon.com/ch/41-6038602>.
- In regard to the year 2019 Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing, the first-place winning papers in creative nonfiction, critical/analytical essay, poetry, and scholarly research were published in the Spring 2020 issue. A tie for first place in short fiction permitted the winning paper of Erika B. Girard to appear in the past Spring issue; Scott Riner's work appears in the present Fall issue. This sequence has been determined alphabetically according to the first letter of the respective authors' surnames. Part Two of the first place winning paper in critical/analytic essay category appears in this issue, as does Part Two of the research paper authored by the distinguished outside contributor, Prof. Janice Fedor, Ed.D., MBA. The second place winning papers in creative nonfiction, critical/analytic essay, poetry (two papers tied for second place), and short fiction (two papers tied for second place) are published in this present issue.
- Submissions for the forthcoming 2020 Undergraduate Writing Competition in scholarly and creative writing are due on Dec. 1st, 2020. 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 correct all grammatical and mechanical (spelling, punctuation) errors in their submission. Please note that the Executive Board must receive all submissions in Word format (no PDFs) and that submissions are limited to 5000 words maximum. *Submissions that exceed 5000 words shall not be considered.* **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— 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, and other society business.
- All published work in the *DES Journal* is peer-reviewed by doctorally-prepared academics or specialists in the work's subject-matter.
- We continue 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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ON THE PIER IN BOCA RATON, FLORIDA,
WITH MY GRANDFATHER

MADISON TOLLEY*

The wooden bench creaks as I sit down next to my grandfather.
I ask to hear stories
of his childhood in West Virginia.
This is the first time I am visiting him here in Florida,
and as we look at the crashing waves
he tells me of his youth and of those glorious mountains.
He never mentions he's under mountains
of grief. He won't say this because he is my grandfather,
and I won't ask. So we stroll along, his hushed voice like sweeping waves,
his eyes glistening as he brings life to the old stories.
He never wanted to move to Florida;
at night he dreams of West Virginia.
This, he says, was boyhood in West Virginia:
mowing lawns for ten cents and catching bluegill in rivers that split the
mountains,
and it's not the same in Florida,
even though there are fish, because of that particular stream, the memory of my
grandfather.
He pauses. It's too much to tell these stories,
too much for memories to crash on him like waves.
I look at my grandmother on the beach, her feet buried in the hot sand. She
waves
at us and looks back at the shimmering sea, her mind far from West
Virginia,
far from her own stories—
modeling and winning pageants, and how she could have left those
mountains
if she hadn't loved my grandfather,

* Madison Tolley, a student at Loras College (IA), won second place (tie) in the poetry section of the Delta Epsilon Sigma Fitzgerald Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing.

how at night she used to dream of moving to Florida.
So here on the pier in southern Florida,
between the silence and the roaring waves,
I study the sun-and-soil colored eyes of my grandfather.
This is the man who first brought me to West Virginia,
the man who taught me how to fish with a stick and shoot a gun, who
 made mountains
out of words and shaped them into stories,
and he begins again to tell stories
of life before Florida,
the days of breathing in the mountains'
air, hunting squirrels with BB guns, skipping school and river rocks,
 feeling waves
of love for the girl from the diner, raising two West Virginia
boys and becoming a grandfather.
How the generations roll in faster than Florida's waves.
When my kids have kids, I'll bring them to the mountains in West Virginia,
teach them to bait a hook and write stories, hoping they'll see me the way
 I see my grandfather.



CHICKEN AND BREADCRUMBS, EXPOSED

ERIKA B. GIRARD*

Take a ceramic baking dish, oval
 With a glass cover for the eventual hour-long stint in a regulated heat
 That you must now set to 375°F to start warming up for about
 Fifteen minutes or until the obnoxious beep.
 But work fast, because you want
 To beat the clock, not because you need to for the meal's sake
 Or even for time's sake, but because you've always heard that
 "Winning" is achieved by being fast or being fake.
 Take three or four chicken cutlets
 (Oh, who am I kidding? Raw slabs of frozen breast meat)
 And thaw 'em until you can stab 'em with a fork, and the prongs
 Poke so far through you can see.
 Don't be lactose intolerant, because
 Next up is grabbing pre-cut slices of fake white American
 Cheese to cover your fake white American chicken
 Six 'Kraft singles' slices for one layer, nice and even.
 Take a 10.5-ounce can of Campbell's
 And make sure it's definitely cream of chicken.
 Not like soup but not monomythic Joe the literary theorist, either.
 It's not okay to be mistaken.
 Remove the lid by means of force
 (I mean, the tab, the *tab*) and save the tab, save the world
 Like a soda can tab or a soup one might actually
 Reverse this climate change hurricane's swirl.
 Take heart, little love, and dump it in
 Shake from the can what you wish and don't forget the rest,
 Because then you take to it a mini spatula, ignoring the scrape
 Of the can's metallic ridges tearing its rubber flesh.
 Lovingly smooth it across the pink,

* Erika B. Girard, a student at St. Leo University (FL), won second place (tie) in the poetry section of the Delta Epsilon Sigma Fitzgerald Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing.

Each beautiful salmon-colored salmonella slab
Of a raw breast that doesn't quite make you a cannibal
But also doesn't look like the ads.
Take a bag of store-bought herb stuffing
That I refer to as breadcrumbs, the cubed Pepperidge Farm brand,
And shake *the entire bag* out evenly over the other ingredients,
Spreading it even more evenly with your hand.
Then grab an entire stick of butter
Yes, salted, and definitely Land-o'-Lakes (and Land-o'-Lakes only)
To cut into quarter-inch slices with a butter knife and place at variance
On top of the breadcrumbs, nice and neat.
Take the not-yet-discarded can
Of Campbell's but this time you're not looking for creamy goodness,
You're filling it up with water (probably filtered, if you care) and
Pouring it lightly over the breadcrumbs.
Place the glass cover atop the dish
To seal it and/or to keep the world from interfering with an evil plot
And set the timer for an hour, removing only then with oven mitts
And serving, spooning, enjoying hot.
Take this dish as a metaphor for life—
For the universality, the diversity of humans present and past—
The *pink* slabs cook to *white*, *yellow* breadcrumbs to *brown*,
And the *brown* edges to *black*.
The *black* is the sweetest part, too.
The breadcrumbs are literally thousands of different shades
Yet all taste incredible together, and the *white* chicken would be
Too bland any other way it's made.
Take it with a grain of salt (or pepper,
Or through a postcolonial lens) that the breadcrumbs were
Watered down to begin with so they wouldn't seem as dark and
Unappetizing as they might if they'd burned.
Of course, water is always harmless
Unless it's tap or poisoned or you don't know how to swim
Because then water is in tsunami form not kiddie pool, and
There's that sinking feeling: you can't win.
Take this as my favorite meal both to consume and to make,
Or as America's least humorous joke, so authentically fake.

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK

SCOTT RINER*

Upon the death of my uncle, I inherited everything he owned. Mortimer fathered no children, and, being the only relative still alive, I was the sole heir. Mortimer amassed quite the collection of odd antiques - a faded teapot used in the Elizabethan era, a landscape painted by an Italian Renaissance artist, porcelain dolls which looked unblinkingly on - but nothing intrigued me as much as his clock.

The grandfather stood alone in the eastern wing of his house. It ticked loudly, rhythmically out of time. The sound repulsed me, yet its alluring melody fascinated me so. After every second *tock*, it sped up slightly, sounding vaguely ominous.

Tick-tock tick-tock tick-a-tick-a tick-tock.

The result of the rushed ticking was a clock which kept time, but it chimed, not on each passing hour, but at random. When the clock rang, it did so with defiance; the clangor resonated throughout the quiet manor, startling and disturbing.

Uncle Mortimer's funeral costs exceeded his money bequeathed to me. I began the timely process of picking through his belongings and selling whatever necessary to maintain the arrangements. I was able to sell many of his eccentricities, along with his gaunt manor. At the end, the only one of his possessions left was the clock.

When my uncle had been properly buried and his things long gone, I decided to move the grandfather clock into my own home. Despite its peculiarity, I believed I could fix the old grandfather so that it would indeed announce the hour. Besides, no one else had laid claim to it.

My wife, Constance, objected to my ownership of the clock. She disliked it, believing the discrepancies in the way it ticked was the work of otherworldly demons, not of faulty craftsmanship.

"The hands on the face are the hands of the devil!" she shrieked, signing the cross on her person. "You have brought Beelzebub into our home!"

I paid the delusions of my wife little attention. I was not a religious man and had little faith in Heaven or Hell. A clock was just that: a clock.

Without the help of my wife, I began the laborious task of moving the clock into my home. I decided upon setting it in the parlor, a room furnished well but without a timepiece. In the corner of the parlor it sat, ticking the time off beat, echoing loudly throughout the house.

Constance feared the clock; by the end of the first week, she refused to enter the parlor, preferring to entertain her weekly guests in the kitchen. I, however, found myself drawn to the clock, much like a moth to an open flame.

Tick-tock tick-tock tick-a-tick-a tick-tock.

* Scott Riner, a student at St. Francis University (PA), won first place (tie) in the short fiction section of the Delta Epsilon Sigma Fitzgerald Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing.

I watched the pendulum swing, slowly at first, then quicken, then resolve itself. I steadfastly believed that I could fix the clock, adjust the inner workings ever so slightly. But by now I was enamored by its defect, captivated as it skipped time, corrected, skipped, corrected.

As the weeks drew on, I began to spend more time with the clock. On one particular evening, I was so intent on watching the clock, so mesmerized by its intricacies, that I was unaware of how much time had really passed. When I finally managed to tear myself away, the night had lightened into dawn.

I began toward the kitchen just as a hissing sound punctuated the air. I ran, finding Constance in the kitchen. She had put the kettle on, and the water was already hot.

Pouring the steaming water into my cup, Constance questioned me on my whereabouts. I dismissed her nagging, adding two sugar cubes into my tea before starting back to the parlor.

“Where are you going?” Constance called, but the glorious clock rumbled, providing an answer. In the kitchen, I heard the crashing and breaking of glass. Constance swore.

“That damned clock!” she shrieked. “Made me drop the plates!”

I didn’t respond, didn’t care to talk to her. She wasn’t worth the breath. Instead, I returned to the parlor, sitting down in my green armchair. I sipped my tea and watched as the hands moved across the face.

At ten after six, the clock chimed again, then once more at half past seven. It sang its song for the second time in an hour at four till eight. It laid in silence until twenty-six after nine. Each time it rang, I heard an audible complaint from my wife. Each time, I ignored her, transfixed.

The day passed by, every now and then enunciated by the tolling of the clock. Back and forth the pendulum swayed. Back and forth, back and forth, like the pocket watch of a hypnotist.

Around midday my wife crept slowly into view. She dared not enter the parlor, staying in the corridor. She announced that lunch was ready, but I felt no inclination to eat. My appetite was satiated by the noises of the clock. Constance departed scowling, cursing the devil for his hold over her home.

I understood not her aversion to the clock. She seemed repulsed by it, as once I had been, yet she had not grown fond of its unusualness as I had.

Noon transpired into evening. I broke away from the grandfather only once to relieve myself. Constance chided me, called me obsessed, but I knew that she was jealous. Never in our thirteen years of marriage had I paid half as much attention to her as I had the clock. Constance interested me not - ours was a union of convenience, not affection.

As late evening approached, Constance returned, scolding. She spoke of sores that would form on my bottom if not I stood up. She insisted I come down to the kitchen and eat with her - she had made my favorite supper - and that it was growing cold. I declined, refusing her offer to eat once again. Constance, irritated, left.

It would not have been insincere to say I was bothered by Constance’s reaction to the clock. At length, my annoyance at my wife flared from minor irritation to fury. My anger burned hot, fueled by her constant negativity.

The brass hands moved tirelessly around the clock face, landing on each numeral. I watched faithfully, the clock tick-tocking. The day lengthened into night. Soon, the parlor

was plunged into darkness, save for the light of flame. I stoked the fire in the fireplace. Soot and ash arose in the darkness. I coughed, wheezing.

Tick-tock tick-tock tick-a-tick-a tick-tock.

Shadows danced across the wall eerily. I shivered in spite of myself.

“I shall retire to bed,” my wife said. Startled, I glanced to where her voice had come from. She stood in the doorway, wrapped in her frayed nightgown. She suggested I join her.

“In a moment,” I replied, waving her away. She tapped her foot impatiently. I realized Constance was waiting for me, waiting so we could go to bed together. The thought infuriated me. How dare she act so impolite, so brazen! Fresh anger boiled hot, a white fury unmatched.

“Be gone woman!” I shouted, moving toward her. Constance flinched, fleeing down the corridor. I heard the sound of her feet padding down the hall, then our bedroom door shut and locked firmly in place with a neat *click*.

I sat down in my armchair, fuming. Absently, I drummed my fingers on the arms of the chair, syncing to the beat of the clock.

Tick-tock tick-tock tick-a-tick-a tick-tock.

Time passed, *tick-tocking* away loudly. The hands moved slowly around the clock, agonizingly so. The sound of the pendulum swinging became a soft lullaby, so soothing, so restful.

Tick-tock tick-tock tick-a-tick-a tick-tock.

My eyes dropped, vision fogging. My anger toward my wife slowly faded, as did my consciousness...

I slept poorly, dreaming dreams no man should ever dream. Visages of monsters and murder and madness flashed through my mind. I jerked about restlessly, like a fish brought out of the water.

There was no way of knowing how long I slept for sure, or even if I had. I awoke at once, sensing something wrong. I opened my eyes and they bulged at what I saw: my wife, standing in the parlor, messing about with the clock.

“What the hell?” I cursed, jumping to my feet. Constance turned her face toward me. Her eyes glistened with tears, but they were the tears of fury, not of sorrow.

“The devil hath taken you!” cried Constance. “Beelzebub lives in you!”

I had my hand raised high above me, ready to strike her as I came upon her.

“Stay back!” she warned, face wet.

I laughed, a cool, emotionless sound. What was she planning on doing? She was a mad woman who cooked poorly and cleaned infrequently. She had no talent, no abilities to hold over me.

I moved closer to her, smiling.

“I warned you!” she said, and with that pushed against the clock with all her weight. A hefty woman, the clock staggered, then dropped to the floor.

I stood, shocked by her outburst. “The hell have you done?” I murmured softly. I moved toward the shattered remains of the clock, kneeling down, cradling the broken face as if it were but a baby. I turned my gaze back to Constance and rose from my crouching position. “What have you done!”

Broken glass crunched under my foot as I started toward her. Constance shrieked, running down the corridor to our room. The door opened, then shut. The lock clicked in place and from behind the heavy door I could hear her panting.

I returned my attention to the broken clock, examining the damage my deranged wife had caused. Perhaps I could fix it, I thought to myself, but I could not entertain the idea for very long. My skill set did not pertain to fixing broken clocks. After all, if I could, wouldn't I have fixed the ticking?

A crack of thunder exploded, shaking the house. With the sound came the accompaniment of rain, barrelling down from the darkened sky like bullets. The lights flickered and before long, I was plunged into utter darkness, save for the fire roaring in the fireplace.

Another burst of thunder, followed by a much louder, stronger sound: *BRONG, BRONG, BRONG!* I realized without hesitation that the sound was that of the grandfather clock. But how? Had Constance not knocked it over in her fit of jealousy? The clock could not ring; it was broken.

BRONG, BRONG, BRONG!

The sound rang out, ringing my ears. My head ached as it continued to sing out. *BRONG, BRONG, BRONG!*

The irregular ticking of the clock had stopped, replaced by the insistent cries of the midnight hour. Or so I thought, until the clock let loose another volley of *BRONGs*. A pause, then another set of three.

It continued for another set until I realized that the clock could not stop ringing, would not stop ringing, until it was avenged. I wrenched the hour hand free from the broken clock face and held it tightly in my fist.

The wind picked up outside, whistling through the eaves of the house. An attack of lightning lit up the darkened house, guiding me down the otherwise unlit corridor of my home.

BRONG, BRONG, BRONG!

The noise became unbearable. I felt my body tremble as I made my way toward my room. I grasped onto the wall and sank to my knees, praying that the clock would stop its evil singing.

BRONG! Tears welled in my eyes. The pressure in my head was too much for me to bear. My knuckles, white, slipped from their grasp on the wall and I tumbled downward. In that moment I wanted to lie there forever, but I knew the clock would not let me.

BRO-ONGGGGG! It was the demand of an angry god, infuriated by my despondency. A second, then a third sharp blast, and I regained my feet. *BRONG!* The sound no longer weakened me; rather, it empowered me! With each toll, I felt my strength return. Before long, I found my feet and began to close in on the door to my room.

At length I reached my room, leaving bloody footprints as I went - my feet had been cut up from the broken glass, after all. I turned the knob of the door, knowing perfectly well that Constance had locked the door following her retreat into the room. The door did not budge.

BRONG!

The moment I heard the clock, I threw my weight into the door. As if aided by the grandfather clock, the door swung open. I crept into the room, silent as a wraith, brandishing the hour hand of the clock as I went. Constance was in bed, covered from head to toe in blankets. I could not see her, but even in the darkness of the room I could clearly see the

bundle that was Constance shaking furiously. Did she sense my presence, I wondered. How could she, I reasoned, for the sound of the door breaking had been masked by the ringing of the great grandfather clock!

I drew near her, barely breathing, for I did not want any unnecessary sound to betray my intentions. I moved slowly, considering every floorboard as I went. I knew which ones squeaked and where; I paced myself, never putting my full weight on any of the boards.

The sound of the clock continued, filling my ears with beautiful music and my heart with peace. As I approached the bed, I raised the hour hand high above my head. In that moment, Constance ripped off the blankets which covered her and let loose a scream that would have unnerved the devils in hell.

She made as if to get out of bed, but I was on her in an instant. My knees found her arms and pinned her to the mattress. She screamed again, struggling beneath my weight.

BRO-ONGGGGG! BRO-ONGGGGG! BRO-ONGGGGG!

I lifted the hour hand above my head once more. Lightning flashed outside and I could see her face in the dark of the night, painted white with fear. She began to say something, but was interrupted by the tolling of the clock.

“Harken!” I shouted. “The hour is upon us!” With one swift downward motion, I sank the pointed hand of the grandfather clock deep into my wife’s stomach. She let out a gasp, her bed clothes turning a dark crimson. I repeated the action several times until at last her breathing ceased. When I was sure she would wake not from her slumber, I crawled off of her.

Outside, the storm had calmed. There was only the faintest sound of the rain outside my bedroom window, but no trace of the thunder. Inside, the house was quiet and restful at last, disturbed only by the uneven ticking of the broken grandfather clock.

Tick-tock tick-tock tick-a-tick-a tick-tock.



MY DARLING, WHAT IF YOU FLY?

CARA E. GOSE*

Three years ago, she woke up a bird. A chick, actually, brand new to the world and ripe with potential and absolutely terrified. She woke up buried under the sheets and pillows she had fallen asleep under as a slice of a human being, a mere six hours ago. She didn't realize she was a bird right away; she was only aware of the soft, crushing darkness against her back, the slow siphon of air from the sheets, her tiny heart thump thump thumping against her fragile ribcage. She pushed against the sheets in an impressive display of baby bird strength, a creature of desperation and panic. All that seemed to accomplish was a few sharp bobbles from under the covers and a little heart beating with exhaustion as well as fear. She caught her breath with air she couldn't afford to lose.

Somewhere in between hypoxia and adrenaline, a bit of light caught her eye, and for the first time as a baby bird, she thought. She weaved forward, flopping over woolly clumps of blanket in her path as large as boulders and as tall as mountains. She could feel a draft through the fine fibers of her soft, downy feathers, like a cool breeze on a spring morning. She took a deep breath and burst out from under the covers, into sunlight so blinding it paralyzed her, and she tumbled gracelessly to the ground.

When she finally shook herself, stood, and regathered her wits, she saw the world above her, a looming and unfamiliar monster licking its lips, ready to gobble her up. She trembled in her new, helpless little body, wishing she could shed herself and fade into nothingness. Baby birds, however, don't have the ability to cry. She retreated to a secluded corner of the room that used to be her sanctuary, returning to a darkness she had just escaped.

She must've sat there, slipping in and out of a ghostlike sleep, cherishing the vanishing of her consciousness for one moment and desperately stealing it back the next. When she woke, fully and properly, she found herself blinking directly into sunlight. She waddled out from the corner, squinted, and saw a windowsill through the white patches in her vision. The windowsill did not seem very high, and if she could leave, she thought, she could get help. In a rapid series of hops and flutters, scrambling onto books, chairs, and two shelves, she stood, nothing but her feet between her and the rest of the world. She was amazed at the freshness of the air through the crack in the window and the vibrancy of the trees, at how her eyes could now pick apart every blade of grass. She could see her neighbor across the street as perfectly as on a picture screen, ambling around his kitchen, and knew that he would be able to help.

She approached the edge, glanced over, felt dizzy. Stepped back, exhaled sharply a couple of times, peeked over again. Stood back, spread her wings, and sprinted to the edge.

She shut her eyes tight, felt her feet kick in the air, and did not fall. She opened one eye, then the other, and twittered in pure amazement.

She was *flying*.

She stayed steadily on course, riding a gentle breeze, flapping her wings only when she began to sink, squealing in delight, like she was finally where she was meant to be. Halfway

* Carla E. Gose, a student at Mount St. Mary's University (PA), won second place (tie) in the short fiction section of the Delta Epsilon Sigma Fitzgerald Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing.

across the street to her neighbor's house, a fierce gust from the north knocked her off her path, the cold slicing through her like a knife. She barreled sideways, skyrocketing toward the ground, managing to throw her wings away from her body at the last second. Another wind current whooshed her upward, straining the new, delicate fletchlings on her wings. She twittered, this time in pain and fear, losing control again, beating against the current and losing, until it pressed her small body into the unyielding trunk of a tree. Shocked from the impact, she tumbled between the branches, crumbling to the Earth into a tiny heap of feathers, leaves, and sticks.

After some time, she woke, stiff and sore and broken, and stared up at the tree. The leaves above her shifted softly in the breeze, like it had asked them humbly and politely to make music, and they could do nothing but oblige. The sun twinkled overhead as if applauding the peaceful harmony of its things. She, too, noticed how beautiful and peaceful the sky seemed from the ground, and how stable and soft the Earth was beneath her toes. She was slightly disappointed that staying on the ground was the answer, had always been the answer, and that the feeling of flying was too dangerous to live by. But she had it all figured out now, and she was happy she did. She did not know how far the wind had carried her from home.

She started walking, fearing she would not find somewhere to rest before the sun set. Along the way, she was chased by a cat, almost hit by a car, and nearly kicked by a toddler. Still, she was absolutely sure staying grounded was the way she should be.

By the time she laid down to rest under some shady evergreen bushes, her legs were shaking from exhaustion and her wings, useless and aching on her back, were cripplingly heavy.

When she woke up the next day, she tried with all her remaining willpower to fall back asleep. She had never been so spiteful and fearful of the sun, never recoiled at the thought of fresh air. She didn't want to be awake. She wanted to sleep for the rest of her life.

She couldn't fall back asleep, so she stepped out of the bushes. For a little while, she pondered why she did this. She couldn't understand why she would leave a safe place for one that, more likely than not, would defeat her.

Her little legs burned with each step, and she couldn't walk far on them without taking a long break.

She had plopped down in the middle of a large field of wildflowers, staring up at the gentle rainbow of color shifting above her like ocean waves. She wondered if she would ever see the ocean again.

The ground beneath her started to shake.

She hopped to her feet, only beginning to tap into her old friend fear when a huge mutt's large paws nearly trampled her, the huge beast barking its head off. She squeaked in shock and terror and scurried in the opposite direction, willing her legs to hobble faster. Her wings were heavy on her back, nearly dragging in the dust, a weight holding her down. She could feel his slobber on the back of her little tail, his hot breath caressing her neck like a warning. She looked up at the sky, stricken, wondering why its peace she perceived from the ground had abandoned her. The sky looked sadly down on her, too, wondering why one of its children had abandoned it, why this baby bird was too afraid to face it. She closed her eyes, steps slowing, and stretched out her wings to the mutt in surrender.

When she opened her eyes again, the dog and the field and the world were suddenly very, very small.

No, not small, she thought. Very far away.

She had been reunited with the sky again, and for the first time since she woke up a bird, she felt light and powerful and okay.

In a mere few seconds of flapping her wings and riding the current, she could no longer hear the barking or see the field. She didn't look back.

The sun was shining on her body, warming the sore muscles in her back. Her legs were tucked beneath her, finally at rest, as her wings, now strong enough to ride the currents, carried her through the world. She forgot all about the fear that had come with being a bird, and she flew instead.

She changed her mind. It was much better to be a part of the peace in the sky than merely an observer.

After many long hours of flight, she settled into a large oak tree that had been hollowed out with years of use. It was cozy, the bark soft against her feathers. Her belly was full of worms that had tasted like caviar and insects that had tasted like chocolate truffles. She said goodnight to the sun and hello to the moon, and dove into a deep sleep.

She grew stronger over the successive months, no longer a baby. The Earth was plentiful with nourishment for her body, and the sky never ceased to feed her soul. She lived at the oak tree until the leaves mimicked the sunset.

The worms and insects began to retreat deeper into the ground, and the sun left her with the nights earlier and earlier, like an increasingly impassive guest. Still, she stayed.

As the days shortened, she flew less. Some days, she stayed inside the tree, asleep, waking up multiple times in a row and seeing only the moon. She missed the sunlight.

The wings on her back grew heavy, the feathers dull and broken. Sometimes, she laid awake, shivering for nights on end.

Her perfect home, she felt, had betrayed her. For the first time in months, she felt like a scared baby once more.

She decided to fly south on a crisp, cloudless morning, when the first fluffy snowflakes began to fall to the Earth. She outstretched creaky, crumbling feathers and approached the edge of the oak. She bunched her muscles and lifted from the tree from ease, just like she had done a thousand times now. When she flew, her feathers molted. The sky granted her new wings, like a Christmas present, something to help her on her journey forward. She flew tirelessly for hundreds of miles until she found a new home.

She left her room three years ago. She always leaves the safe place when it is time, and she finds that home is not a permanent place. Home, she understands, is wherever she wants to be.



“CASTLES AND KINGDOMS”

COURTNEY ALLEN*

Lucas sucked in a breath and held it deep within the chambers of his chest. He squeezed his right eye shut so tightly that he could feel an ache beginning to radiate in his temple. The wind blew around him, rattling the bare branches of the trees, chunks of white snow falling from the thin limbs as they knocked together. He pressed his cheek against the butt of his rifle like he had a million times before and slowly released the air from his lungs. As his finger pulled back on the trigger, he wiggled his toes anxiously in his boots. The snow beneath him crunched enough to alert the buck standing a few feet away. The animal abandoned its hunt for grass beneath the icy coating on the ground and darted off into the dense woods. Lucas sighed, lowering his weapon.

“That’s the second one you scared away.” Reese, Lucas’s brother, groaned.

“Sorry,” Lucas said, a visible cloud of air puffing from his cracked lips.

Reese shook his head and trudged off in another direction. Lucas followed close behind. As he walked, he glanced up at the sky. It was bright, a faint pink undertone lurking behind the mountains in the distance. Normally, a stream could be heard—the waters twisting and weaving in a bendy formation among the greenery. It was probably frozen. Lucas hopped and skipped behind his brother, trying to step directly into the older boy’s footprints. It helped that his feet were twice his own size.

“Are we going home now?” Lucas asked.

“Dad won’t like it if we return empty handed,” Reese replied.

Lucas whined, fumbling with his gun in an attempt to rub his hands together. He kicked the toe of his shoe against the solid ground.

“These boots don’t fit me anymore. They hurt.”

“All you do is complain. Be lucky you have any at all,” Reese said. He continued to walk a good distance in front of his brother.

Reese had always hated hunting, ever since he was young. Being forced to wake up before sunrise and tromp through the forest in frigid temperatures wasn’t exactly a little boy’s idea of fun. He had a natural talent for it, though. He was a quick learner with a steady hand. He could remember the look on his father’s face when he shot his first buck. His eyes glowed as bright and as wide as a full moon. It was a quick, clean kill, and the animal was huge. Had to be at least 170 pounds. That was the first and last time he had ever seen a genuine smile from his father.

The two of them spent a lot of time together when Reese was a child. When his mother was around, his father was distant and demanding. But when they were alone together, things were different. His father was affectionate.

He would take Reese into the woods to play pretend. High seas adventures where they would be swashbuckling pirates. A seemingly unsolvable series of mysteries involving

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ghosts and ghouls plaguing haunted grounds. The game they played the most was “Castles and Kingdoms.” Reese was always the princess doomed to forever be locked away in the tallest tower. His father played the role of the brave knight who would rescue him and set him free.

“Every good deed deserves a reward,” his father would say. He would plant kisses on his chubby cheeks, then on his neck and shoulders. For years, it continued. It was normal. Lucas was born about two years later. When he was old enough, he replaced Reese on all of the hunting expeditions. Lucas didn’t like hunting either. He didn’t want to kill animals, but his father quickly snapped him out of it. After Lucas was born, the world revolved around him. Reese was jealous of the shared bond between his father and brother. He didn’t know why he was suddenly kicked to the curb—tossed aside like a broken toy. It wasn’t until he was older that he finally understood.

“Reese, can we stop? My feet hurt,” Lucas called out.

“We should keep going before it gets dark,” Reese said.

“I can’t walk anymore.”

Reese turned around and Lucas was already sitting on the nearest rock, removing his boots. Reese stormed over and snatched the leather footwear out of his hand and kneeled down, staining his jeans in the wet snow. He wrapped his slender fingers around Lucas’s ankle and tried to jam the boy’s foot back into the small boot.

“C’mon, we don’t have time for this!” Reese yelled.

Lucas squirmed and kicked his thin legs at his brother, jabbing and poking his tiny toes into his ribs. He cried and moaned as he resisted. Reese stood up and bit down hard on the inside of his cheek to keep from cursing. He plopped down next to Lucas on the rock. Lucas couldn’t tell whether his face was red because of the whipping winds or his bubbling anger.

“You don’t listen. You don’t ever listen,” Reese said, rubbing his thumb against the wearing fabric of the boot.

Lucas sniffled and rubbed his runny nose on his coat sleeve. He swung his dangling chicken legs back and forth, his exposed foot only being sheltered by a thin sock. Lucas’s cry-induced hiccups eventually died down and a silence passed between the two. The occasional snap and crack of a branch crashing onto the rocky soil below echoed around them. To Reese, the woods felt like a dome. The sounds of nature were always clear, as if they were bouncing off of the large glass casing that entrapped them. Somewhere buried in the shelter of a pine tree, an owl hooted. Somewhere a family of foxes was squeezed into a dirt hovel, smushed side by side to survive the winter.

Lucas removed his rifle from his back and slammed it onto the ground below. A booming gunshot rang out and Lucas clasped his hands tightly over his ears. Reese’s heart jumped at the sudden blast. Reese took hold of Lucas’s pale arm and dug his nails into his skin.

“You better knock your shit off. What if that hit one of us, huh? Do you ever think?”

Lucas, blubbering uncontrollably, fiercely ripped his arm away and recoiled. Tears streamed down his face as he choked and wailed.

“You’re always mean to me! Ever since mom died, you’ve hated me! You blame for everything, I know it! Why can’t you just be a good brother?”

Reese paused. Lucas frantically wiped his swollen eyes on every inch of his coat that he could manage. The memory barged in, breaking down the doors of Reese’s mind like an intruder.

“I don’t blame you. I never blamed you,” Reese said. It wasn’t entirely the truth. For months he couldn’t even look at Lucas. As time passed and he matured, he understood. He was a child, a scared, confused child. His father would often make petty threats after their play session that would plague his mind for days. He most likely did the same to Lucas, but Lucas was brave, much braver than Reese ever was. He decided to reveal the secret to their mother, but it consumed her. She couldn’t wrap her mind around the truth, so instead she drowned the thought in Chardonnay and painkillers. Reese developed a shame towards himself for not protecting his brother. It was the first time either of them had brought up the incident in conversation, and again, things went quiet. Lucas sat back down and Reese sat next to him. Something unspoken passed between the boys, as peaceful and silent as the breeze that tousled their hair.

Lucas kicked his remaining boot off into the snow. After a moment, both brothers got on their hands and knees and buried both boots into the snow, patting them down as deep into the ice as they could manage. Reese stayed on the ground and motioned toward his back with his thumb.

“Hop on kiddo. I think it’s time to go home now.”

Lucas smiled. As Reese carried Lucas on his back, Lucas buried his face into his brother’s furry hood.

“I’m like the princess being rescued.”

“No. Not a princess. It’s time we created our own game,” Reese said.

Lucas nodded in agreement. “Our own game.”



FINDING REALITY IN REAL LIFE (TWO SHORT WORKS)

ERIKA B. GIRARD*

THANKING THE VINE NEAR WHERE THE SKUNK CABBAGE GROWS

That day, I remember, the woods smelled of pines and the color brown in a surprisingly pleasant way. Skunk cabbage grew in kelly-green clumps all around the swamp, but only on the lower ground that didn't quite reach the far pond we were going to explore. If anyone had managed to destroy one—like I feared one of the boys in my class might—I've heard that the odor sends woodland creatures scurrying for shelter before you can yell for them to take cover.

Despite the latitude we had been given when our science teacher casually gestured to indicate that we were free to explore pretty much anywhere, the outing was dull. I, who would never readily admit to being bored, decided that the canoe was worth the risk of humiliation it brought with it. I grudgingly accepted that the dozens of fellow middle school kids who'd recommended taking a turn in it might be right in their claims that it *was* kind of amusing. Plus, I wouldn't even get wet. I was wearing the too-big adult-sized waders my mom had bought for me so that I *could* walk through the water without being too uncomfortable. Of course, she couldn't have known how awkward it would be for a chubby twelve-year-old girl to be chafing in what could politely be dubbed rubber overalls made for grown-ups, or how disgusting it was when pond water decided to seep over the edge of the already-sagging waist.

It didn't really matter to me that this day was a science experiment in itself, because I intended to make it enjoyable in spite of the heat, humidity, and plain old bugginess of the pond we were investigating. We'd been sent off that morning armed with our oversized waders, packed lunches, and Deep Woods mosquito repellent. Nothing could deter those suckers from our sweet blood, but psychologically it made a difference.

Once we pushed off from land, the water surrounded us like a peaceful graveyard at dawn's first light. The canoe itself was as grand an adventure as I should have expected. I just paddled around with one oar, sitting opposite my twin and another girl who made lame jokes that we all still laughed at because no one could scoff at us for doing so. She was the one scooping the murky water into an already-cloudy vial. We paddled—no, we drifted—back toward the starting point slower than we should have, because we knew others were waiting impatiently for their turn in the canoe but we selfishly wanted to remain apart from reality for as long as we could. We were outsiders. I know now that all outsiders someday discover where they belong—something I wouldn't learn firsthand for another decade—but I didn't believe it then. Nevertheless, we outcasts obediently rowed back to the root-laden embankment with oars gently nudging water and vial kept upright by Abbey's careful hand. Back to the bank, where I found my life and almost laid it down.

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I remember it like a movie scene, except instead of watching it I'm playing the lead role with a script I never table-read. I'm still sitting down in the canoe but now facing a near-vertical bank of dirt clods and fallen leaves and tree roots and embedded rocks. It's steep and, although it's only about six or seven feet high when measured from the water's surface, it looks impossible to climb or at least impossible for *me* to climb. I stand up, steeling myself to clamber out of the canoe. I *really* don't feel like stepping into the water but won't necessarily need to if I do it right. (Am I still wearing my waders at that point? I hardly remember.) I carefully step one foot and then the other onto the bank, because despite my misgivings I'm still forcing myself to practically scale the thing in my efforts to climb up. Everyone else had done it...so why was I supposed to be any different? Leaning my weight forward, I inch my foot—maybe it's my right foot?—higher to what I think is a decent foothold. To be honest, I have very little memory of what actually happened after that. Everything was a blur. Everything, that is, except the vivid details of my slowed existence.

The earth before me bade farewell as I fell backward in slow motion.

All I remember is: one moment I was almost to the top of the bank and the next I was falling and waiting to be caught. The death sentence was not the pond below me, nor was it the worry of ingesting any manner of freshwater bacteria. No. It was the trajectory of my fall. I was perfectly positioned to hit my head on the canoe as I fell, either splitting it open fatally right there or striking it hard enough that I'd fall unconscious just long enough to drown.

I remember that instant of freefall, a moment of slight panic but of greater resignation, as I waited for my life to flash before my eyes. I was curious to know what I would see.

But I saw *nothing*.

Perhaps my life as it was held little to see, or had not been lived fully...or perhaps it simply was not over.

Without control over my balance, or my fall, or my life, I focused on the earthen world before my eyes and my gaze landed on what I instinctively classified as a vine—maybe an eighth of an inch in diameter, if that—and in pure desperation I reached out toward it, hoping beyond hope that it was stronger than it looked. My fingers grasped it, and held, and held, and held....

And I *held*.

I held onto that vine for dear life, clinging to it as a mountaineer does a cliff face or a pioneer does the frontier. And it did not fail me. It refused to give out or break or let me down. I held there, dangling at what felt like a forty-five-degree angle suspended above brown water and a canoe that I am still convinced would have cracked my skull, had that vine not been so fiercely determined to keep me alive. My twin probably squeaked. Abbey might have called out. I don't remember that now. What I don't remember doesn't matter, I tell myself.

My twin—

my wombmate...

my roommate...

my best friend...

my only true friend...

my cheerleader...

my other half...

alive with me even before we were two separate beings—

she almost witnessed my death before her very eyes. Years later she confessed how horrified she had been in that moment, even though she hadn't given me reason to suspect it then.

Hauling myself up using upper-body strength I typically didn't possess, I climbed to safety using the vine that had saved me and the tree it was delicately corkscrewed around. For the home stretch I used the outstretched hand of my science teacher who had come over. He either didn't care that he almost saw me die or knew how to hide it well or hadn't even seen it happen in the first place. I straightened up in shock and giddiness and finally I breathed, ready to babble my thank-you's to the people who saved me.

But I couldn't.

You see, it was a vine that had saved me, a vine that didn't have a voice to say, "You're welcome." It couldn't accept my gratitude and I couldn't give my gratitude, for reasons unbeknownst to me then but so illuminated to me now. I longed for someone to thank. That longing had been latent for years but I never realized it until then, until the moment *I was almost okay with letting go* but my fingers refused to loosen their grip on the vine that tied my mortal soul to this world. One misstep, and you learn to appreciate the murky water for the soft grave of nothingness it offers your weary soul. But one grab at the smallest vine, and you learn to appreciate the One you come to believe was holding onto the other end.

REMEMBERING YOU

I still remember the last time we talked before the accident.

I still recall your voice on the other end of the line, hesitant but in a way that reassured me you cared. It made me feel like I mattered, a feeling that has faded into wistfulness since the accident.

I still understand the hesitation you didn't think I noticed when we went to say goodbye at the end of that call and neither of us really wanted to, although my bus was liable to pull up at any moment and you'd answered my call in a client's basement. I ragged on you for that and in mock exasperation told you to get back to work, which still prompts a trace of a smile when I think of it. It's different thinking about it now, after the accident. I had known it needed to be a quick call. But I'm almost relieved it was our last call.

I still hear the echo of your laughter. It whispers through my memories as if yet alive, your chuckle a steel plow across a gravel drive, your laugh punctuating the silence in my echoic chamber. It survived the accident and has yet to disappear from my chest.

I still relive those beautiful memories that we shared over our short time as, dare I say, best friends. I remember feeling like I never wanted to live without that amazing crutch, the support you served when I needed it most...and least...and all times in between. You occupied a space in my heart that will always ache for what I never knew.

You're in a better place now, I tell myself.

You always used to make it sound like I was the best thing that had ever happened to you, and it took a while but I even started to believe it. Our correspondence was my favorite. It always lifted my heart, which now beats with the painful reminder of the accident because your kindness never failed to make me blush. Always ending with "You're the best!" with a sequentially greater amount of exclamation marks and smiley faces as the months passed, your writing strengthened as we did.

The messages kept coming. And coming. And coming. Even after the accident. The accident still weighs heavy in my mind.

The accident.

The circumstance, really.

The time that lengthened between messages, causing our friendship to run aground on rocky shoals as you registered the unfairness while I was too blinded by my concerns to recognize the slow approach of land. I wasn't entirely aware of it at the time, but that accident cost me a friend as much as it saved me from dying to myself.

The accident.

That accident.

It was an accident, ghosting you. Not entirely, but enough. The days between our correspondence accidentally morphed into weeks and then the weeks became months. I used work as an excuse and placed sleep on a higher pedestal than you. That doesn't sound like much, but it was enough. I persuaded Time to rescue me from my island of conformity without telling you. Everything happened so quickly and so slowly that I can hardly comprehend. It was accidental. Or accidentally-on-purpose. I meant to do it, but not for it to hurt you so. I meant to do it, but I didn't even know what *ghosting* meant until yesterday, when I was struck dumb by the Merriam-Webster definition. It convicted me of what I'd done, something I wasn't quite comfortable with reliving. *Ghosting* was supposed to be a light word, not a word that would make me want to shrink at the mere mention of your name. *Ghosting*, to me, still meant the spooky game of ding-dong-ditch I loved and hated in my old neighborhood in the weeks leading up to Halloween, always with a bucket of fun school supplies and treats and a paper cutout of a ghost to tag the ghostee as the next ghoster. But then it meant you. It meant the accident: I accidentally took you for granted.

I accidentally forsook your rare kindness for a safe landing without warning you, jumping ship as the metaphorical iceberg approached when I realized that what I had constructed in my mind was different from the way things would actually be if we continued down the paths we were traversing.

I accidentally packed up my emotions and moved out of a friendship that had been built to surround me with care and trust, not realizing then that what I perceived as suffocating beams actually sheltered me from the world and protected me from harm. I could never tell you that I didn't want more than what we were. Not merely because I was afraid of losing your friendship—which I ultimately did—but because I was secretly afraid that I *did* want more, though I had finally convinced myself otherwise. But “convinced” would be the wrong word, because it was true. I was content with listening to “Perfectly” on repeat, aware that as Chelsea Lee's words mingle with Jason Reeves's voice, they conveyed the very sentiments I could never share with you outright.

I accidentally forgot to inform you that I was worried you wanted more than friendship with me, because I wanted more than friendship with you but then I didn't. We were too alike to complement each other yet too different to suit, despite what church family said.

I accidentally drifted away from you, even as I greedily preserved the moments like fossils in the raft of driftwood memories I stole from the *us* that never was.

I accidentally plunged the oars into the water with deeper strokes as Time curled up beside me and we left you on the shore of my past.

I accidentally failed to remember what it felt like to be left there all alone myself, and I'm honestly grateful that the *you* I abandoned on that shoreline has moved on to a better horizon.

RESURRECTING VALUE: PRESERVING RESIDUAL CULTURE WITHIN PAULA MEEHAN'S POETRY (PART TWO)*

ALEX KRUSE**

Meehan continues the working-class tradition that valued women for their strength and resiliency. Within "Cora, Auntie" (2009), she recalls the strength of her aunt as she is dying of cancer. She begins the poem stating the fierceness of her aunt in the face of death: "Staring Death down / with a bottle of morphine in one hand, / a bottle of Jameson in the other." The hardships of her life have prepared her for this faceoff, as she had to emigrate for economic reasons in her young life. When she had passed away a young Meehan found sequins of hers all around the house. These sequins are hidden remembrances which allow Meehan to recall the strength and the glamour of her aunt when she is least expecting it. She had gathered them all together:

With odd beads and single earrings,
a broken charm bracelet, a glittering pin,
I gathered them into a tin box
which I open now in memory –
the coinage, the sudden glamour
of an emigrant soul.

These closing lines equate the mismatched possessions to coinage, as if it is the only wealth that was left behind by Cora, all corralled into a small tin box. The hidden sequins resist being commodified and objectified. Cora's subjectivity has reached beyond the grave and now exists within these small collectibles.

If "Cora, Auntie," showcased the strength of working women, "A Reliable Narrative" (2009) showcases the distinction between male bourgeois subjects and female objects, ultimately destroying and subverting the dichotomy. The poem tells the story of a flashback to a memory of a girl's uncle, who had abused and molested the young girls of the family. The flashback is from when the girl was thirteen and her mother had sent her to his house to give a few gifts to his family: "I've to get / two buses with my parcels and the few bob for his wife." She also states that "We wouldn't have had that much ourselves," signaling the sacrifice that her mother is making to try and help out their family. The mother is sending her daughter into a place that she knows is not safe, for even the girl's father knows about the type of man the uncle is: "I'm not to tell my father who's barred him / from the house, barred all mention of his name." The mother is showing a sense of subjectivity that puts herself in opposition to her husband. There are also negative side effects to this action: mainly, the experience of the daughter who must confront her abusive uncle. The mother

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** Alex Kruse, a student at Loras College (IA), won first place in the critical/analytical section of the Delta Epsilon Sigma Fitzgerald Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing.

is caring for the other (the uncle's family) in an unconditional way. This sense of care is described by the psychologist Carol Gilligan as "reconsidering what is meant by care in light of their recognition that acts inspired by conventions of selfless feminine care have led to hurt, betrayal, and isolation" (336).

The speaker in "A Reliable Narrative" is the one who feels betrayed, hurt, and isolated by the mother's decision to have her go and deliver the money and parcels to her uncle's family. The mother's efforts pay off in the end, as the daughters of the uncle grow into womanhood and are able to collectively oppose their father with the help of their mother:

His daughters grew into womanhood:
they taught their mother barring orders and legal separation.
They taught their mother the beautiful shining world
of work and peace and dignity and choice.
They taught their mother the new facts of life.

With the sacrifice of the speaker and with the help of the mother, the family was able to be liberated from their father who resembled all of the things that modern liberal capitalist society looks for in a man, namely, his pure subjectivity. He objectified and exploited those around him, "the way he'd pull our panties or pyjamas down / and spit on our bottoms and rub the spit in." He quite literally was living off of the work of others, being that the speaker within the poem had to deliver money to their house so that they could make do, money that the speaker's family did not have. All of his exploitation culminates in his lonely death, no doubt a recognition of his separation (self-caused) from a community, that of his family. His subjectivity and individual liberty turned out to be his downfall in that "He died alone one Christmas in a city centre flat. / His body lay there for days." His death came long after the speaker's mother however, who had done the revolutionary act of sacrificing her own wealth and her daughter's mental health to sustain the women of the uncle's family. This is a detail that must be recognized to handle these poems in light of liberation.

"Hearth Lesson" (2009) provides an account of subjectivity for women but not for the workingclass as a whole. The poem describes a flashback Meehan has to when her parents had a feud over money. This flashback will be brought about whenever she hears the phrases: "*money to burn, burning a hole in your pocket.*" She was a young girl at the time her parents had this particular fight and even at this young age she could "tell it was money, / the lack of it day after day, / at the root of the bitter words." When her father handed his wages to the mother, she being the one who handled the finances of the family, "she threw the lot in the fire." In this act, the mother "had the last, the astonishing, word." Regardless of the fact that the mother has the last word, it does not help the fact that they know that they will not be able to make do.

In an earlier poem, "The Pattern" (1994), Meehan describes the work of her mother and the relationship between her and her mother. Very little material inheritance has been passed on from mother to daughter: "a sewing machine, a wedding band, / a clutch of photos." What is most remembered seems to be the lessons that her mother has taught her, "the sting of her hand / across my face in one of our wars." The material things do not seem to matter much to Meehan within this story. Her story seems relatable enough too, that it isn't confined to Meehan's own story, it reaches out. Here, as Eavan Boland notes, the *I* becomes *we*: "Far from being oppositional to the *I*, it was integral . . . They are bound together . . . It is the community the *I* has grown from and will not abandon" (Boland 20). There is also an element of feminism that is different from what Meehan considers

“American feminism.” Instead of a flight from the material existence of the mother, the mother grounds the daughter in reality, she wishes to pass on a useful tradition, to which the daughter can assess and take flight from: “she’d reel me firmly / home, she’d land me at her knees.”

“Woman Found Dead behind Salvation Army Hostel” (1994) within the sequence “Three Paintings of York Street” is written to a friend of Meehan’s. Meehan is writing to her friend who is a painter, describing a scene that she should paint: the scene of a dead homeless woman. Death is the ultimate action that strips away subjectivity from an individual. In this woman’s death, she has become an object to be painted. Her death was not natural, as one might think being that she had been living outside, but caused by humans. In the last few lines of the poem Meehan condemns the woman’s murderer by way of telling how they have hidden themselves:

They impose a discipline, the comfort of habit,
as does the symmetry of brick walls
which define the alley and whose very height
cut off the light and hid
the beast who maimed her.

What killed the woman was a “beast” who is still a subject that has agency (the agency to kill). This beast is hidden by the brick walls that line the streets she lived upon, the beast behind the walls is a business person, a banker, or a politician. The killer is from the capitalist class.

The Irish working-class community had produced its offspring, Meehan being one of them, that developed and articulated the residual elements of their shared experience and ideology. Meehan’s poetry became a continuation of this tradition, a place where these beliefs reside, where their residue can still be witnessed. The tradition she inherits revived what was devalued within modern liberal capitalist society, namely, working-class community itself, women, and the natural world. Each of those devalued aspects were stripped of their subjectivity by the dominant ideology of the capitalist economy, particularly during the era of the Celtic Tiger. Meehan’s two collections, *The Man Who Was Marked By Winter* and *Painting Rain*, track the continuity of the capitalist ideological dominance and positions the working-class ideology as residual and oppositional to it. Through a class analysis of Meehan’s poetry, not only can insights be drawn about the Irish working-class, but commentary in regards to gender and nature can also be developed and can be traced through the residual elements of the working-class culture. Because of Meehan’s position within the Irish working-class, her commentary is separate from the dominant narratives of bourgeois society. She has stated, “if you’re in a position of comfort and you’re in the majority, and your values and beliefs are the ones that the majority of society holds up as right and real and true, then maybe you’re blind to the Otherness” (*Body* 258). The “Otherness” to which she refers is the position of the devalued, the position of the uncomfortable, the position of what opposes the dominant narrative. Meehan sees “the poet as holder of public memory, community memory, tribal memory” (260). In this case, Meehan utilizes the medium of poetry as a way to preserve the ideology of the Irish working-class, making her poetry a site of class struggle, showcasing the residual oppositional narrative and the dominant, hegemonic narrative.

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REASSURING ENGLISH MAJORS: THE SKILLS TO BE GAINED AND WHERE THEY CAN USE THEM

ALAIR DIREMIGIO*

Most English students are far too familiar with a typical response whenever they share their major: “Oh, so you’re going to be a teacher?” Albeit well-intentioned, friends and family of the students echo this chorus time after time. After all, English is comprised solely of studying classic literature and articulating long-winded research essays – at least according to the general population’s belief. Those who found fulfillment in the discipline throughout high school, upon hearing the consensus, may be discouraged from pursuing it in college. It is hard to put faith in a major that seemingly leads to a single fixed path, causing several students to reconsider their passion for reading and writing in exchange for a more “practical” education. Little do they know, however, that the English field can indeed satisfy that desire for occupational practicality. It is easy to overlook the broader applications of skills one can acquire from it, which involve not only educators, but also students, readers, consumers, and even business associates. The discipline’s practices are utilized in daily life, even outside of its own subject territory. Contrary to popular belief, English majors graduate with valuable skills including critical thinking and communicating clearly, effectively, and professionally. Several career opportunities thus unfold for English literature students. Their skills also render them especially qualified for the demands of various professions.

Before one can use words to powerfully convey his/her analysis, a deeper, thorough level of thought is necessary. Whereas other fields may be based more on often self-explanatory facts and numbers, the English major requires students to look beyond the surface of its subjects for causation and prevention of various issues. This process, known as critical thinking, applies to both fictional literature and realistic affairs that affect all our lives. Literary studies observe characters’ motivations and actions to find parallels to human morality, while with realistic analyses, the “characters” in question are actual people whose roles in society can be either positive or harmful. In making these connections, English students develop a critical acknowledgment of cause and effect in order to suggest potential solutions for recurring problems in the world. Hiner believes that critical thinking is best cultivated in such students because they are forced to use their own definitions and ideologies to assess the topics presented to them (32). Because many perspectives exist in such topics, English majors also gain an appreciation for differing points of view that each have their own justifications. Feeney argues the value of experiencing familiar subjects in the eyes of foreign writers, whose distinct cultural backgrounds can enlighten English students via a new side of the content (35-36). Such diversity prepares them for future occupations, where people of various cultures and their ideologies need to be treated with professional equality.

After precise deliberation, students in English must then communicate their messages in a way showing both clarity and effectiveness. While simple to accomplish in theory,

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argumentative writing requires the articulation of several aspects. Perhaps most important among them remains the audience: those who will read and digest a piece to gauge their own opinions in relation to the author's. Students must find a balance between confidently expressing their thoughts and retaining respect for potential readers, specifically those who may disagree with them. They must also appeal to the audience without appearing overbearing in the process. By achieving such middle ground, students become more geared for career-oriented writing that will be critiqued by a variety of readers as opposed to just their professors alone. Feeney finds the English major's enhancement of communication skills assists even in matters such as e-mails and cover letters. Even in these areas of writing, presentation must suit the audience's expectations and thus remains equally important (35-36). Another vital aspect, the writing style itself, becomes honed within an English-major curriculum. Without "dumbing-down" the content, sentence structure, and word choice, a writer must express an opinion in a decipherable way for those searching for a general message. English majors can become more successful in future expression as a result of this practice, since information travels through society to people of various intellects and diverse educational backgrounds. Smith and Costello support this point, crediting the English major for aiding in a more flexible, opinionated writing style compared to that in the communications field (194-195).

English students also develop a keen sense of writing mechanics and style amidst a culture of careful literary crafting, modeled by their reading of great literary works and practiced extensively in English courses. Such methodology arguably sets English literature students apart from other majors in expression as well as in analysis. Formal, proper conventions remain equally important as opinions because they make up the overall presentation of students' arguments. The English major raises awareness towards the art of phrasing, ensuring that students' future audiences will take their work seriously. Professors often aid in the refinement of style, offering feedback and constructive criticism to writing. Rhetoric, for example, can naturally lead to excessiveness; educators can encourage more concise expression. In an age where digital media has grown abundant, the presentation of writing has become especially crucial. Andrews, for one, shudders before the new age of "textspeak" for its simplification of the English language (5). Employers may be less inclined to hire those with flawed grammar or spelling since such egregious errors suggest that those individuals lack the fundamentals of English conventions and will represent their organization poorly. By sharpening their professional styles, English majors have an advantage over others who may not have benefitted from tutorials that illustrate how to revise their grammar, spelling, and turn of phrase.

Although the common presumption may annoy students uninterested in teaching, education is nonetheless a viable career path for those who have garnered the aforementioned skills. For one, effective communication remains vital to an educator's relationship with students, as the content of a class is not always easy for them to immediately comprehend. A teacher often needs to explain ideas or themes in ways that a younger, less knowledgeable audience can grasp, a task prepared by the English major's presentational training. By extension, critical thinking also plays a hand when educators notice lapses in their pupils' application of course content. To reconsider methods of teaching, a series of questions must be pondered alongside assessment scores and amounts of time spent on sections, leading to correlations that indicate success (or lack thereof). Just as the English major employs this acknowledgment of cause and effect, education challenges teachers to contemplate effective strategies within the classroom. Another use for critical thinking arises in the discussion of literature and its moral implications. English instructors are not only tasked with improving students' literary expression, they also support the development of their capacities in relation to fellow human beings. Guzy sees the humanities as a way to show students what they share in common, especially through class conversation (40).

By analyzing the themes of classic works, students can gain an ethical base used in their own lives, heightening their benevolence and empathy. Teachers use multi-leveled thought processes to interpret these life lessons and discuss them in ways scholars can relate.

However, other careers remain equally worthwhile, such as the various forms of professional writing. Whether in publishing, journalism, or editing, the English major must employ the effective writing. The need for advanced writers has increased as a result of widespread apathy currently around proper English writing; those who polish such a skill throughout college become desirable in the job market. Communication also aids in this field, specifically for those releasing reports or opinions to the public. In the former's case, a formal, unbiased style is necessary, a point that many collegiate English classes stress to students. Employers need writers who have learned to restrain their own opinions for the sake of relaying pure information. Just the same, those expressing their personal opinions to an audience will use communication, not merely through words, but also through the message behind the words that may resonate in readers. English courses often encourage (if not require) students to form even-handed discussions that do not completely dismiss the opposition, and this quality can prove valuable to a writer's occupational success. Lastly, critical thinking plays a large role in the formulation of those discussions as professional writers must avoid pure conjecture; those who assess topics with complexity can create credible work capable of enlightening readers.

While the proposition may sound jarring, the strengths developed in the English major can even be applied to a career in business. Hiner finds that the skills taught in English courses are not only sought after by businesses, but also often lead to eventual promotions because of their utility in the field (24). Although the occupation's context differs greatly from education and writing, the utilization of critical thinking, communication, and proper presentation remain just as pertinent. For example, business workers must speak clearly and concisely with clients to assure them that their time is not being wasted. If clients are reluctant to strike a deal, persuasion can be used to reach a reasonable compromise, retaining both the company's relations with the clients and the sales themselves. The English major aids in developing persuasive skills by channeling an argumentative mindset often illustrated in students' essays; in the case of sales, their "audience" is still present, only now in the form of potential customers. On the more analytical side of the field, critical thinking plays a role in assessing the financial trends of a company. Just as cause and effect are given increased attention in academic writing, businesses study financial trends to determine which methods remain successful and which become detrimental. At times, the implications of monetary surges or stagnancies are not easily interpreted at surface level, calling for higher-order thought processes found in many English majors. According to a 2010 survey conducted on 302 business executives, 81 percent of them desire critical analysis skills in employees and 89 percent value effective communication (Peter D. Hart Research Associates). Additionally, presentation remains a key factor in doing business with others since a negative first impression can easily ruin a deal before it even surfaces. Because the English literature program trains students to express themselves professionally through writing, English students in the business area can translate such etiquette into social interactions, leaving customers confident in their professionalism.

Despite the evident applications for English students' abilities, some see the English department as a shell of its former self and possibly on the verge of collapsing. Schalin, for instance, criticizes the contemporary curriculum for adopting a broader range of courses to deal with a decrease in enrollments (9-10). He goes on to claim that a new socio-political edge has been ingrained into certain English courses, morphing the department into a social platform rather than a skill-enhancing major (12). Luangphinit follows similarly, though instead claims that poor enrollment and post-graduation employment statistics of the English major jeopardize its survival as administrators demand proof of its benefits

(74). Brown pins the blame on professors, stating they do not show English students the variety of jobs available in the world as a result of their fixation on future employment in education (2). The major's undeniable lack of sheer numbers contradicts the previously-stated advantages: some might argue that English would not be suffering if it truly were so essential in the modern workforce. However, the shortcomings of useful techniques does not hinder the major; instead, a widely-accepted misconception that English graduates can only become teachers dissuades many students from pursuing a major they might otherwise enjoy and find profitable. If more students were enlightened regarding the various potential career paths available and how those paths utilize certain skills, perhaps colleges would see more English majors confidently studying in the field.

Incoming college students who find passion in literature and written expression should not feel discouraged by the stigmas surrounding their field of interest. English can equip them with abilities that are valued in the current workings of society, affecting individuals regardless of their positions in the occupational hierarchy. Such skills also appeal to employers in an age where critical thinking and proper execution are dwindling as a result of the streamlined nature of mass media. Overall, English students remain capable of achieving more than the average person may believe (and in great capacities at that). Unfortunately, recent enrollment trends do not reflect the theoretical practicality of the major. Perhaps if more English students discard their doubts and find careers after university, a new word of mouth will gradually shift the public's skewed view of the major.

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LEARNING IN A COHORT: COMMUNITIES STRENGTHEN WOMEN'S LEADERSHIP [PART TWO] *

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EFFECTS OF COHORT MODELS OF EDUCATION ON FEMALE STUDENTS

As enrollment numbers continue to rise along with the cost of higher education, administrators are challenged with designing programs that meet the needs of students and employers without an unnecessary raise in tuition. The Elms-HCC bachelor's degree completion program was created to fill a demand in the local economy for students who need to finish their bachelor's degree in a condensed time-frame for a reasonable amount of tuition. The Elms- HCC adopted a cohort model in order to deliver a bachelor's degree within a twenty-month time-frame. Keeping the students together for a scheduled rotation of classes is economically desirable.

Researchers of cohort models of education agree on the many positive effects of cohort programs, including providing a framework for communicative learning; providing a framework for transformative learning; an opportunity to establish long term connections and networking; a framework for enhancing grit; and a forum within which to practice leadership skills and improve communication skills (Barnett, Bason, Yerkes, & Norris, 2000; Barnett & Muth, 2008; Greenlee & Karanxha, 2010; McCarthy, Trenga, & Weiner, 2015; Pemberton & Akkary, 2010). This study was designed to reveal both the positive and negative effects of cohort programs specifically from female students' perspectives. Gathering information from students during in-depth interviews provides more robust data than the exit survey currently being utilized.

The cohort approach is more effective at teaching and measuring the skills needed by a contemporary workplace, for example, teamwork, listening, communication, and collaboration (Collins, 2013). One of the driving questions of this research was the influence of cohort members on women's leadership practices in the workplace. Knowledge about how cohort membership influences women in the workplace may help organizations that wish to develop more female leaders.

RESEARCH FINDINGS

Learning in the context of a cohort had a profound effect on the participants, changing the way they learned, the methods they used to learn, the depth of exposure to different

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worldviews, an increase in overall confidence, and an increase in leadership skills. The participants acknowledged that they cared more about learning and about how other students in the cohort were learning. All sixteen participants agreed that it was a more positive experience to learn in a cohort as compared to a traditional classroom structure.

Participants' perceptions of how their experience in a cohort model influenced their personal development fell into five major themes: Cohorts provide an opportunity for long term relationships and networking; Cohorts provide a framework for communicative learning; Cohorts provide a framework for transformative learning; Cohorts provide a framework for enhancing grit and self-efficacy; and Cohorts provide a framework for improving communication skills and increasing leadership skills.

Theme #1: Cohorts provide an opportunity for long term relationships and networking.

While the program did present many challenges it also presented opportunities for the women to give and receive support from each other as they shared their struggles to balance everything in their lives. The opportunity and ability to give and receive support in this program built confidence in the women as they found a community of learners who were all motivated and goal oriented. Determination to finish the program was a universal theme as was amazing support.

The group camaraderie that they enjoyed has had lasting effects beyond the end of the program. Many of the students have stayed connected and get together for social events. This has allowed the women to maintain the relationships that they've established during the program and continue networking as many of them move in to different positions of increasingly higher responsibility. Having helped each other personally they were poised to help each other professionally. The commonality of being working adults in a bachelor's degree completion program was just the beginning of their network. Several of the women shared the same concerns about industry, in particular the healthcare industry, which had prompted them to finish their degrees so they could make a difference. They were intrinsically motivated to learn more about the current problems in their industry and brainstorm within their cohort.

Theme #2: Cohorts provide a framework for communicative learning.

Students enrolled in the cohort developed a long term orientation to learning, which influenced their progress in a variety of positive ways. They knew they would be in class with the same people for the next 20 months, so there was a strong initial incentive to make the effort to get to know their classmates and understand how they approach learning. At first this was somewhat of a forced act on behalf of many students who were not naturally oriented to group work.

A second fundamental influence of cohort membership on learning is the phenomenon of a shared interest in learning outcomes. The cohort model fostered a culture of support, rather than competition. While the students did regularly engage in friendly competition during classes in the form of debates and other class activities, the overall attitude was of helping each other so that all could succeed and finish the program. The students quickly learned each other's strengths and weaknesses in an effort to complete coursework, developing more patience with differing opinions and perspectives along the way. In this way the cohort became a motivating agent for doing homework, sharing notes, and helping each other study and learn the material. This finding was consistent with Greenlee and Karanxha's position that highly cohesive groups have a greater commitment to group goals (2010).

Theme #3: Cohorts provide a framework for transformative learning.

A more subconscious theme throughout the cohort experience was a change in the ways of knowing, which was consistent with Scribner and Donaldson's finding that cohorts provide a framework for transformative learning (2001). For the five women who began the program as subjective knowers this influence was more significant than an improvement in the communication and interpersonal skills because it influenced the fundamental message and content of their communication. One woman identified the change in herself as accepting the fact that there is more gray area in knowledge and life in general. Participants described the cohort as a learning environment that was transformative and themselves as being in a state of constant improvement.

The seven women who began the program as procedural knowers were overwhelmed with learning new frameworks for solving problems and new tools to work with. Figuring out "what tools to use and when" was a main part of the cohort's group discussions. The four women who began the program as constructivists did not experience a change in their stage of knowing, but they enjoyed the camaraderie of the cohort model and appreciated the opportunity to brainstorm with other members.

Theme #4: Cohorts provide a framework for enhancing "grit" and self-efficacy.

An overt theme of the program was the challenge it presented and the opportunity it provided for the women to show how resilient and determined they can be when they set out to achieve a goal. Cohorts acting as a framework that enhances grit and self-efficacy was a theme that was shared by Barnett and Muth (2008) who also stated that cohorts increase academic rigor. This study found that the students all wanted to maximize their experience in the program; therefore, they set higher standards for themselves and other cohort members. As they got to know each other better, it meant more for them to increase their effort on coursework in a friendly camaraderie of helping each other maintain a quality program. This may have been influenced by the fact that the participants were enrolled in a business program, whereas Barnett and Muth (2008) studied educational leadership cohorts.

The fact the women were so invested in their learning goals and finishing the program, sometimes in spite of serious obstacles, contradicts the position of Barnett and Muth (2008) that closed cohorts are too rigid and a source of non-completion. However, Barnett and Muth's study (2008) was on educational leadership programs, which may account for the difference. Knowledge that closed cohorts can be created and become a significant source of grit and self-efficacy may have implications for future program design.

Theme #5: Cohorts provide a framework for improving communication skills and increasing leadership skills.

The most significant influence the cohort had on the women's personal development was an improvement in communication and interpersonal skills. Responding to McCarthy, Trenga, and Weiner's call for more evidence documenting the effects of cohorts on workplace practices, including leadership and communication (2015), the results of this study included all sixteen of the participants' descriptions of how spending time in the cohort allowed them to develop a more nuanced way of thinking and communicating, which resulted in an increase in leadership skills for many of the women.

Learning ways to respectfully disagree was important, as they were assigned many group projects throughout the program. Hearing other people's perspectives allowed them to develop more patience and more empathy as they were relating to people of different backgrounds. Learning to listen more and be more open-minded was a positive influence on the students. Pemberton and Akkary's position that the benefits of cohort membership extend beyond the classroom (2010) was substantiated by the data related to this theme.

The most significant future influence cohort membership had on the participants was in the competency of leadership potential in the workplace. Many women discovered they had latent leadership skills, brought out by being leaders of their cohort and taking leadership roles in group projects. Gaining confidence in themselves as leaders helped several of the participants learn how to interact with superiors at their own organizations. For example, several of the women mentioned that they now felt they had more overall professionalism and a strengthened sense of professional integrity. These enhanced areas of self-image gave the women more confidence to stand up for themselves in the workplace.

SUMMARY

Leaders in education should consider creative ways to harness the power of cohorts by adopting a cohort model when designing new programs. The positive effects of cohorts outweigh the amount of time and minimal amount of money spent creating a cohort, as compared to enrolling students in traditional courses. Management skills that are increasingly valued in today's organizations include the traditional female skills of listening, communication, and teamwork (Caproni, 2012; Collins, 2013; McKee, 2011). These are precisely the skills that are enhanced during the cohort model of education. Utilizing cohort models is a relatively inexpensive way to develop new leaders in any organization. Top managers at organizations should consider using a cohort model when designing professional programs such as company orientation, diversity and sensitivity training, and technical training. Bridge programs that allow associates to become mentors could be added to the end of professional programs that utilize cohorts.

The United States is part of a global economy and our society's workforce is increasingly diverse (Canas & Sondak, 2011). Historically, one of the missions of higher education has been to benefit society by promoting a more egalitarian community structure. Adopting more cohort models within the structure of higher education will help to effectively serve the needs of both men and women in the future.

The overall trend in management is working in groups and teams (McKee, 2011; Robbins, Decenzo, & Coulter, 2011). More women will be in leadership positions in the future (Canas & Sondak, 2011; Pierce & Newstrom, 2011). It is crucial to the economy and society that more women are trained in leadership skills and have the confidence to move forward into leadership positions. Supporting more women to be successful in higher education is an important part of training the next generation of leaders (McKee, 2011). During the first half of the twentieth century, women who were admitted into male dominated colleges were forced to adapt to masculine ways of learning (Cohen & Kisker, 2010). It is time to make changes to the structure of higher education in order to benefit both genders.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

AN INVITATION TO POTENTIAL CONTRIBUTORS

The editors of the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* invite contributions to the journal from the readership. Submit manuscripts via email attachment to the editor, Robert Magliola (magliola.robert@gmail.com), with copy to the interim co-editor, Claudia Kovach (ckovach@neumann.edu). All attachments should be sent as Microsoft Word documents; no PDFs please. Submissions should be limited to 5000 words at maximum. Submissions to *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* are peer reviewed by doctorally-prepared academics or specialists in the pertaining subject matter. The journal is open to a wide variety of topics and genres. Particularly welcome are submissions addressing issues of concern to Catholic colleges and universities. The *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* editors encourage contributions from all readers, both DES members and non-members.

DELTA EPSILON SIGMA NATIONAL UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT AWARD

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

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

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

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

HARRY R. KNIGHT UNDERGRADUATE/GRADUATE PRIZE FOR INTERNATIONAL SERVICE

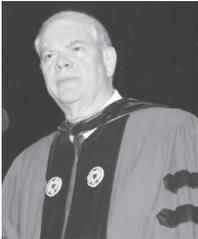


Harry R. Knight

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

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 J. Patrick Lee Prize for Service: In order to participate in the contest, the student should submit a personal statement of 500-1000 words to his/her chapter advisor. Personal statements should respond to the following questions: How does your current and past engagement in service reflect the tenets of Catholic social teaching and enrich the local, national, or global community? How will you continue or expand your service in the future? **Students are encouraged to be as specific and thorough as possible within the word limit. Please do not simply repeat information listed on the entry form.**

- The student should also submit one letter of recommendation written by someone in a professional position who can attest to the type and extent of the service in which the student has been engaged.
- Chapter advisors should select one student from their chapters to nominate for the prize.

- Nominated students must be undergraduates at the time of nomination.
- Nominated students must be members of Delta Epsilon Sigma.
- **Applications must contain a complete official entry form to be considered.** Please visit the DES website, www.deltaepsilonsigma.org, for this form.
- Advisors should submit all entries electronically as MS Word Documents (no PDFs, please) to the National Office at Neumann University, Executive Director: Dr. Claudia Kovach, Neumann University, Division of Arts and Sciences, Aston, PA 19014-1298, (610) 558-5573, FAX (610)361-5314, Email: DESNational@neumann.edu.
- **The deadline for nominations from advisors is December 1.**

THE FATHER EDWARD FITZGERALD UNDERGRADUATE COMPETITION IN CREATIVE AND SCHOLARLY WRITING



Fr. Fitzgerald

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 is open to undergraduates (members or non-members) in an institution that has a chapter of the society. Manuscripts may be submitted in any of five categories: (a) poetry, (b) short fiction, (c) creative nonfiction/personal essay, (d) critical/analytical essay, (e) scholarly research. There will be a first prize of five hundred dollars and a second prize of two hundred and fifty dollars in each of the five categories. No award may be made in a given category if the committee does not judge any submission to be of sufficient merit.

General Guidelines: All prose should 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. Relegate all notes to the submission's back matter as Endnotes to accommodate the *Journal* printing requirements (no Footnotes!). Do not include headers or footers. The author's name should not appear after the cover page to assure anonymity during judging. Proofread carefully to assure that all guidelines are followed and that conventions of grammar and punctuation, in addition to the use of language and style (such as avoiding excessive wordiness and redundancies), reflect the standards of your college or university. 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: Writing in this category should be original fiction, such as short stories or stand-alone sections of longer pieces. Fiction should total 1500-5000 words, either in a single work or, in cases of very short pieces, in groups of two or three.

Creative Nonfiction/Personal Essay: Writing in this category should communicate some dimension of the worldview or feelings of the writer. Writing should be true—

as affirmed by the writer—but may be creative in structure or form and may make use of character development, dialogue, or other techniques of creative writing. Creative nonfiction pieces or personal essays should total 1500-5000 words, either in a single work or, in cases of very brief pieces, in groups of two or three.

Critical/Analytical Essay: Writing in this category should investigate a text, or a social or scholarly issue, through a critical lens. Examples of this type of writing may include textual interpretation or expository or argumentative essays in which original research is not the primary aim. Essays in this category should total 1500-5000 words. Provide appropriate in-text citations for all direct or indirect (paraphrased) quotations. Integrate brief quotations properly with correct punctuation.

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

The first phase of the competition is to be conducted by local chapters, each of which is encouraged to sponsor its own contest. A chapter may forward to the national competition only one entry in each category. Preparatory to student revision, editorial comment and advice by a faculty mentor is expected and appropriate, as is correction of grammatical and mechanical (spelling, punctuation) errors, so long as all writing is done by the student.

Preparation of Submissions

- Prose manuscripts of 1500-5000 words should be typed and sent electronically in 12 point Times New Roman font.
- One space is permitted between words and sentences.
- Include a cover page with title, name, university, and home address.
- The page following the cover (the beginning of the actual text) should contain only the title and no other heading.
- The pages must be numbered, the lines double-spaced, and in Word format (no PDFs, please).
- Scholarly papers should attach an abstract, include primary and/or secondary research, and present some original insight.
- Documentation should follow one of the established scholarly methods, such as MLA or APA.
- Advisors as well as faculty mentors are expected to take an active role in providing additional comments to students; **they should approve and send all entries to the Executive Director of Delta Epsilon Sigma (DESNational@neumann.edu) by December 1.**

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

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



*Sister Brigid
Brady, OP, 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 upon verification of continued enrollment, for a total of three years. Sister Brigid served as a National Executive Board Member, Vice President, and past President of the Society, and was a remarkable Religious, educator, and woman. She spent sixty years as a Dominican Sister, forty-three of which she dedicated to teaching at Caldwell University. Sister Brigid challenged and aided her students to excel. A scholar of Medieval Literature, Shakespeare Studies, and the History of the English Language, Sister Brigid was among the first professors at Caldwell to introduce classroom technology as a way to broaden

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

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

DELTA EPSILON SIGMA FATHER EDWARD FITZGERALD SCHOLARSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS

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

DELTA EPSILON SIGMA DISTINGUISHED LECTURERS PROGRAM

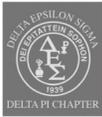
Each year, Delta Epsilon Sigma offers an award of one thousand dollars for a speaker at a major meeting sponsored or co-sponsored by a chapter of Delta Epsilon Sigma or by a Catholic professional society.

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

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



THE DELTA EPSILON SIGMA STORE



Item Description	Price
NEW Grey DES Chapter Polo Shirt*– unisex	\$39.00
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NEW Horizontal Certificate Frame with Medallion	\$65.00
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#502 Key - 10K yellow gold	\$284.75
#503 Keypin - gold kase	\$31.00
#503 Keypin - 10K yellow gold	\$274.75
#502D Key with 2pt. diamond - 10K yellow gold	\$324.75
#503D Keypin with 2pt. diamond - 10K yellow gold	\$314.75
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THE DES NATIONAL CATHOLIC SCHOLASTIC HONOR SOCIETY EMBLEM



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

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

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

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