

A U T U M N 2 0 1 1 \$ 6 .

Also inside: The wounds of war · The power of story · A requiem for Neil Hyland
The truth about fantasy · When concussions don't stop · Writing on the wall

NOTRE DAME

MAGAZINE



March 2011

THE LEGENDARY EMIL T. HOFMAN

LET ME TELL YOU . . .

I believe in the healing of story. I think it's good for people to talk it out. There is something clarifying, curative, restorative in the telling; some would call it "therapeutic." Ernest Hemingway once said, "If he wrote it, he could get rid of it. He had gotten rid of many things by writing them."

The act of sharing is good for the recipient, too. The hand-off from storyteller to listener is an exchange of trust and understanding. And more is imparted in that transaction than the story itself. Storytelling is gift-giving.

One night when I was very little my father sensed my being heavy-hearted. I can't recall the reason for my gloom, but I remember standing in the kitchen while he asked me to tell him about it. "You can't help," I said. "Just tell me," he said. So finally I revealed my burden, and he responded with some inconsequential advice, like "That's too bad, but I'm sure it'll all work out."

But what he said next I will never forget: "When you hold something in and carry it by yourself, it can feel really heavy. But when you share it with me, there's two of us carrying it and that makes it lighter." He was right; it was true. I felt lighter, uplifted, liberated even.

Telling stories — like the one I just told — is in our nature, it makes us human. We tell stories over dinner, with wine, in dorm rooms late at night. It's communal.

Storytelling — whether in person, over the phone or in a theater, whether fable, parable or myth — is a way of conveying truths much bigger than words alone can hold. And those stories help define us, remind us who we are — whether family, culture or institution.

All this is true of the stories in this magazine. Among all the other things we try to do here, we also provide the family dinner table where members come to tell their stories, to share their lives, to sort out meanings and misgivings. And people do come to us with stories. You might remember Patrick Murphy '91 telling Margot's story in our summer issue, or Peter Graham '84 telling us about Eli, the little boy struck by a car.

This issue is filled with stories. The cover story celebrates a true Notre Dame icon — a giant in a kingdom of legends. Other stories may seem grim and gritty; one is especially graphic. They deal with death, with life passing, with that elemental desire for storytelling to make sense of those powers that affect us most deeply. And they also fulfill, with a tough but healing grace, this promise made by author James Carroll:

"The very act of storytelling, of arranging memory and invention according to the structure of the narrative, is by definition holy. We tell stories because we can't help it. We tell stories because we love to entertain and hope to edify. We tell stories because they fill the silence death imposes. We tell stories because they save us."

In a story the lost are retrieved, the fallen redeemed, the darkness lit and the tragic laced with humor. And the humanity we have in common can be at once offered up and blessed.

— Kerry Temple '74

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ON FACEBOOK



MATT CASHORE '94

FEATURES

20. The Excellently Extraordinary, Iconic Emil T.,

BY BRENDAN O'SHAUGHNESSY '93

Few people in Notre Dame's history have had such an impact on the place and its students. So why the T-shirts, "Deliver Us from Emil"? It might be those weekly quizzes.

26. The Damage Done,

BY JASON KELLY '95

It may have seemed that time heals the brain after severe blows to the head, but the evidence shows a cumulative effect may cause long-term suffering.

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BY HEATHER TRESELER '10PH.D.

She was my student, I her teacher. But as life wheeled around, so, too, the swing of our friendship — until she became my very own fairy godmother.

34. Flights of Fancy,

BY JAMES M. LANG '91 AND
ANTHONY F. LANG JR. '90

In a world where the supernatural is threatened with extinction, the sacred may survive in the lands of fairies, fantasy and fable.

38. Dealing with the Dead,

BY MAJOR ANDREW J. DEKEVER '95

The deceased were not the only victims of the mortuary tent in Logar Province, Afghanistan. Even the living are still haunted by the place.

44. Time Enough for a Story,

BY MARK PHILLIPS

As life quickens by and the generations pass, stories are handed down like heirlooms, told and retold to help us try to make sense of it all.

49. An Epilogue for Neil,

BY MICHAEL BAXTER '83M.DIV.

A decade has passed since 9/11 and friends still gather in his memory, laughing at the stories that keep him and his playful soul alive — and celebrate his quest for the "arduous good."

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STILLPOINT

LORD'S EYE VIEW The 134-foot mural that has come to be known as "Touchdown Jesus" got a little cosmetic surgery this past summer as Ziolkowski Construction did some restoration and repair work on the "Word of Life" mosaic installed in 1964. Clint Goble of Ziolkowski is shown having a lofty encounter with the artwork whose 324 panels contain 6,700 separate pieces of granite adorning the 13-story Hesburgh Library. Photograph by Matt Cashore '94.





LETTER FROM CAMPUS

Go Irish

BY CAROLYN Y. WOO

I don't know exactly when it happened, but somewhere along the way — as with almost all Domers — “Go Irish” became my standard closing.

As I sat in the Mendoza Chapel on Friday, June 24, trying to find the words to tell cherished colleagues that I would be leaving after 14 years as dean of the business school, those two words took hold in my head — despite my attempts at more profound articulation.

What do these words mean to me, and why do they take hold of my heart?

Once I focused on their meanings — “Go team” and “Go to our challenges” and “Go with God” — I realized we had lived them every day.

While I have received much congratulation for the success of the Mendoza College of Business, the truth is that the college has an unbelievable team of faculty and staff. From my first day when Assistant Dean Sam Gaglio promised that he would never bring me a problem without a solution, I knew I was with colleagues who cared about me, the students, each other, the college and the University.

Mendoza has a small faculty of about 110 serving a large student body of 2,500 across five undergraduate majors and four graduate programs. We had to work together to resolve resource conflicts and create an ethos that says that no problem is solved until every constituent is better off. We made decisions with an unspoken understanding that what is good for the students will always be our priority.

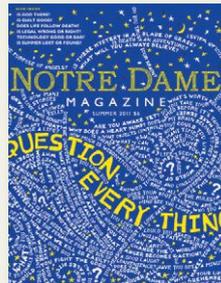
We did sometimes let frustrations get the better of us. Yet there has also been grace and the ability to let each other know that we needed support. In the end it was about a trust that we have a common purpose, that we are sufficiently objective to weigh the pros and cons, and that we have the honesty to call out the deficiencies when things don't work out.

And every day I reminded myself that this is God's work, that I call on the name

Carolyn Woo will leave her position as the Martin J. Gillen Dean of the Mendoza College of Business at the end of this year.

FROM READERS

The letters we publish here are edited for space and are representative of those we receive. We print only those letters referring to an article in the most recent edition of the magazine, not those responding to letters or commenting on issues not addressed in the recent issue. For a fuller presentation of letters visit our website at magazine.nd.edu.

**The issue of questions**

“Question Everything” is the best yet. Thank you, thank you for *finally* including all of us in a vital context and conversation.

SUZANNE MCLAIN
DURHAM, MAINE

Congratulations on the best edition of *Notre Dame Magazine* I've read. Since such a publication naturally describes the highlights of the ND experience, it was good, balanced, honest journalism to mention the lowlights — from Michael Floyd's alcohol-related offenses to Notre Dame's handling of sexual assault allegations to Declan Sullivan's tragic death.

Most valuable were your poignant articles on the accidental death and severe injury of two children. Even if selected coincidentally, such serendipity — sometimes seen as the grace of God — spoke to the spiritual aspects of the tragedies. Your magazine didn't just report stuff, you moved us. Thanks for not being afraid to forthrightly bring out truth. It's what Notre Dame is all about.

TERRY NEARY, M.D.
CAROL STREAM, ILLINOIS

That was a noble effort to sum up Notre Dame's essence and its current travails. I can give you one word to explain her fall from grace — secularization.

JOE LEASER, M.D., '54
OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA

Faith in the balance

I am disappointed you would print “When Life Hangs in the Balance.” I feel the parable of the seed falling on rocky soil applies here. Perhaps if Peter Graham's own son had been struck by the car and then recovered,

he would believe God exists. Instead, his story leaves me feeling sorry for him and his Godless existence.

LAURA BOLDT, M.D.
ALTADENA, CALIFORNIA

I am exasperated by the too childish and simplistic idea of God as a sort of playground monitor, bound to enforce the rules of fair play and pass out Band-Aids, remiss if He fails in this duty.

A year ago I endured a spectacularly traumatic childbirth, immediately followed by a diagnosis of Down syndrome for my new baby, and at once began receiving notes from well-wishers wondering if I “blamed God” or assuring me God had given me the child for a reason. I responded politely, but both ideas are of course profoundly illogical. The biological processes of this world are as fallen as anyone's will, and God is neither the inflictor of undeserved pain nor a clearinghouse for special-needs children. A faith supported by so little reason that it collapses at the touch of personal suffering is not much of a faith.

MARY HALSTED '98
MADISON, WISCONSIN

The old neighborhood

Like many alums, I've thought often of writing, but it was the piece on the neighborhood around Notre Dame and the way local kids could access the campus that put me over the edge. I have many similar memories (as does my wife, who lived a little farther down Angela) of growing up near campus. Most of mine involve the golf course and the hours spent there as a boy. In my teen years our regular foursome would sometimes snap a hook drive off the 16th tee into Cedar Grove Cemetery. We would climb the iron fence to get the ball and play our next shot from a gravesite.

Most of the golf course is gone now, along with the uncomplicated town-gown relationship that prevailed then. Thanks for rekindling some of the good feeling that I once had for my connection to Notre Dame.

TIM HARTZER '72 J.D.
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

Boys

In the most recent issue of the magazine, in which — again — all of the feature articles

are paired with male bylines, editor Kerry Temple's nostalgic "A Summer Night" claims summer and its corresponding swag-ger for the boys, too. Enjoy your summer vacation, Mr. Temple; soon your daughter will grow up and take you to school.

LAURA MORAN WALTON '07M.A.
SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Scientologists

My usual enjoyment of *Notre Dame Magazine* plummeted while reading the Café Arts piece about the fashion critics' website that "skewers everything from hideous awards-show fashions and unfortunate haircuts to botched plastic surgery and the Church of Scientology." While fashions, haircuts and plastic surgery are trivial and perhaps worthy of comment, criticizing someone's religion is hardly an insignificant matter and I find it extremely offensive.

I have lived in Southern California and have had occasion to meet any number of Scientologists. You do not find them going around criticizing Catholicism and thinking that it's funny. It seems rather obvious that we live in a world of many religions and to gain respect for one's own religious point of view requires extending a similar courtesy toward the religions of others. To allow this thoughtless error disgraces the magazine.

JAMES CALLAHAN '74
COSTA MESA, CALIFORNIA

Mortgage woes

Ed Cohen's article ("The Mortgage that Ate My Life") on paying his mortgage moved me. Bravo, Ed. The economy may have melted down completely but people like Mr. Cohen, who puts the common good ahead of their immediate financial interests, deserve our gratitude.

BOB BOLDT '75J.D.
ALTADENA, CALIFORNIA

While I sympathize with Ed Cohen and his financial disaster, it is curious that he frames his story as a morality tale. The explanation of his behavior seems to be a distinction without a difference. After all, by his own admission, he still ought to owe the bank \$179,000. His decision to conduct a short sale appears to have been motivated less by the desire to keep his promise to the bank

than by a desire to avoid the possibility of being served a default judgment.

His musing that if promises are broken "then the whole system of trust would collapse" is over the top. After all, at a wedding the couple traditionally promises in front of God and their families to remain true to each other until "death do us part." Nevertheless, 50 percent of U.S. marriages end in divorce. This is not to imply that a promise should be casually given. But it is important to realize that a promise can only be kept if the original conditions under which it was made remain in place. It is absurd to believe, when conditions make it impossible to keep a promise, that it will be kept.

GUY WRUBLE '77
DENVER, COLORADO

Ed Cohen encapsulated the cause of the housing crisis when he said the "industry collapsed under the weight of greed and irresponsible behavior." But I think we all need to confront the reality that greed was not limited to large institutions such as lenders, brokers and investment bankers. It also included those who did business with those institutions, who assumed that buying a home would be a riskless win for themselves.

I applaud the Cohens' efforts to do the right thing, but they paid \$498,000 for a house and put less than 20 percent down, using essentially all of their life savings and approaching the outer range of what their lender would approve. What led them to take that big financial risk was their assumption that they could sell the house in a few years at an attractive profit.

The financial crisis has not been one of capitalism's more shining moments; the greed of borrowers and lenders seems to have created a financial malaise that may take years to work itself through our economy. But my days in Professor Stephen Worland's microeconomics class as well as words from Milton Friedman remind me of a harsh reality: The success of capitalism is based on greed, and in recorded history, no better system to improve a country's standard of living has yet surfaced.

DIANE SILIKOWSKI '83
PLYMOUTH, MINNESOTA



MATT CASHORE '94

Carolyn Woo, shown here speaking at the Global Forum for Responsible Management Education at the United Nations, is stepping down as dean of the Mendoza College of Business to become head of Catholic Relief Services.

of the Blessed Mother each time I sign a letter, "Yours in Notre Dame."

It was impossibly difficult to think about leaving Notre Dame and the Mendoza family. Yet so often in my 14-year tenure we encouraged students to go out into the world, and I have been inspired by the many alumni who have left their comfort zones to apply their talents and engage a world in need. This inspiration summoned the "yes" I needed to accept the presidency of Catholic Relief Services.

During the six months of discernment prior to the appointment, I would awaken at 3:30 a.m., sweating bullets. I worried about my lack of experience in international relief and about assuming responsibility for an organization that serves 100 million people in the most difficult of circumstances. How would I operate in locations rife with conflicts and hardships, navigate among different constituents and stakeholders, and make changes in almost all aspects of my husband's life and mine?

Fear. It arose in many different guises and wrapped itself around things big and small. No logical assessments of pros and cons are capable of answering what ultimately is a question of the heart.

Fear. Its only antidote is faith: Do I or don't I believe that our welfare is in God's hands? Do I or don't I believe that His promise to be with us and His call for us to serve those in need are not just good-sounding words but the "word made flesh"?

So off I go on this journey, taking leave of my comfort zone to tend another part of the vineyard. As I do so, I go with gratitude to the whole Notre Dame family. Keep Catholic Relief Services and me in your prayers, and know that you are in mine.

Go Irish! ☐

If you can't beat 'em, eat 'em!

BY TARA HUNT '12

Notre Dame graduate students Matt Barnes, Andy Deines and Sheina Sim are not your average chefs — really they're not chefs at all — but they are convinced their studies of invasive species can help you put together both an eco-friendly and appetizing menu for your next tailgate.

Inspired by their biology lab's annual invasive species cookout, which features such specialties as rusty crayfish, Chinese Mystery Snail and earthworms, the group decided to take their rare yet environmentally savvy eating habits public. In January, they launched their website, invasivore.org, which combines invasives research with an innovative yet instinctive solution: "If you can't beat 'em, eat 'em." While they educate people on the ecological and economic ramifications of these biological invaders, the food isn't a bad hook.

Working under Notre Dame biology professors David Lodge and Jeffrey Feder with support from ND's Global Linkages of Biology, Environment and Society (GLOBES) fellowships, the three have encountered invasive species everywhere. Ranging from weedy plants to feral swine, these organisms are known for entering a new habitat and creating an ecological — and often economic — disruption.

Destructive, yes. But delicious. Barnes, Deines and Sim have found many ways to turn a nuisance into a nosh. For now, ND's Invasivores have shied away from the notorious Asian carp and have instead proposed an impressive list of unique dishes using species that are easy to find and prepare. Bite by bite, they may become less of a threat to their adopted habitats.

For the hesitant, Deines offers this encouragement. "We don't put anything on the site that we haven't eaten ourselves," he says. "There's a little quality control there because none of us are sick or dead."

As you prepare your next Notre Dame tailgate, follow these recipes to make an invasivore spread that nourishes the stomach and the mind.

Tara Hunt was this magazine's summer intern.



MUCH OF THE ND GEAR PICTURED HERE IS AVAILABLE AT THE HANNES NOTRE DAME BOOKSTORE (NDCATALOG.COM).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM GALLIHER



Invasive chefs Sheina Sim (center) and Matt Barnes party with fellow biology graduate student Tracy Arcella. Andy Deines missed the fun while researching in Australia.





Sim, Barnes and Deines sample the greenery at Michigan's Love Creek. Below, Tara Hunt on assignment.

Culinary counterattack



In theory, the invasivore idea is brilliant: Eat what you want to reduce. But is it reasonable? Should people who don't frequently peruse edible plant and survival encyclopedias forage in the woods and try to make use of nature's ingredients?

Despite a slight aversion to nature, I wandered into the woods at Love Creek Nature Center in Berrien Center, Michigan, in August with our team of graduate invasivores. We had called ahead asking about garlic mustard, Japanese honeysuckle and Canada goldenrod, so when we arrived, the staff had prepared a map highlighting where to find the most prominent patches of these invaders. Unfortunately, garlic mustard and honey-

suckle were largely out of season, leaving behind only a few withered stragglers. Canada goldenrod, on the other hand, was rampant. We identified this plant by its leaves — alternating on the stem, lance-shaped and sharply toothed, with furry undersides and three parallel veins. After seeing one, I was able to identify them. We harvested, making sure to remove the roots so they would not spread.

I was hesitant to put a bunch of leaves in my mouth — to the point where I watched my guides for a while to make sure no negative side effects would ensue — so I tasted just one. Peppery. Not bad.

When we returned to campus, I more eagerly took a portion of the goldenrod leaves, which taste similar to parsley or cilantro, so I could write a recipe for invasivore bruschetta.

I gave the plants a thorough wash as I didn't know who or what had browsed through them before me. The stems seemed firm and unappetizing so I just plucked the leaves for use in my recipe.

The furry leaves make Canada goldenrod easy to identify but don't offer the most appetizing texture, so I chopped the leaves into very small pieces so eaters wouldn't be distracted by the hairs and would still get the peppery taste. I combined them with diced tomatoes, fresh mozzarella, olive oil, salt, pepper and garlic salt. Then I toasted some garlic bread, wrote down the number for poison control (just in case), and tasted it. It was surprisingly delicious. The *Notre Dame Magazine* staff partook, and at press time we're all still alive and craving another batch. We later sampled Sheina Sim's Himalayan blackberry custard tartlets, which were also incredibly good.

So, I'm convinced. After experiencing the entire invasivore process from bug spray to blender, I can attest that it works. I would, however, be hesitant to pick the plants alone.

A few tips, then, for the more adventurous:

- Find a local nature center or preserve that is well-staffed and ask for guidance and directions.
- Study the species you want before you go and bring photos for identifying the plant.
- Be aware of pesticides and pollutants when eating foreign plants.
- Don't eat anything you haven't identified with 100 percent certainty.

To learn more or to Ask the Invasivore, visit Invasivore.org.

— Tara Hunt '12

THE RECIPES

JAPANESE HONEYSUCKLE

Introduced as an ornamental plant because of its fragrant, pretty flowers, the Japanese honeysuckle (*Lonicera japonica*) has become a nuisance throughout the United States because its creeping vines crowd and choke native vegetation. **Its berries are poisonous**, but the flowers and their nectar are sweet and can be eaten off the plant or steeped for tea.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM GALLIHER

Recipe: Hummingbird Fizz

By Sheina Sim

Honeysuckle syrup (made the same day or one day before)
 Watermelon chunks
 Club soda
 Rum
 Ice
 Syrup ingredients:
 Bowl of honeysuckle flowers
 Bowl of water
 Several cups of white granulated sugar
 Squirt of lemon juice

Syrup instructions:

1. Break off the green base of the honeysuckle flower
2. Submerge flowers in water and refrigerate overnight (use more flowers to increase flavor)
3. Combine honeysuckle water with equal parts sugar (1 cup water to 1 cup sugar) in a saucepan and heat at low temperature to dissolve sugar
4. Once all the sugar is dissolved, allow to cool
5. Mix in one squeeze from a wedge of lemon to prevent crystallization

Instructions:

1. Muddle watermelon chunks at the bottom of a glass
2. Add one part honeysuckle syrup, 4 parts club soda, and a shot of rum
3. Serve over ice
4. Garnish with tiny umbrella or something else that looks nice on the rim



GARLIC MUSTARD

Garlic mustard (*Alliaria petiolata*) is a European relative of cabbage, broccoli and turnips. It can be just as tasty, but the same properties tend to be off-putting to native herbivores, which has contributed to its successful invasion of the Midwest, the East Coast and the Pacific Northwest. Garlic mustard also releases chemicals into the soil that can harm neighboring plant communities. Fortunately, its roots do not grow deep so it can be yanked easily from the ground.

Recipe: **Garlic Mustard and Artichoke Dip**

By Sheina Sim

- 4 cups chopped garlic mustard
- ½ cup extra virgin olive oil
- 1 yellow onion, diced
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup all-purpose flour
- 1½ cups chicken or vegetable broth
- 1½ cups heavy whipping cream
- ¾ cup shredded Parmesan cheese
- 2 tablespoons chicken or vegetable bouillon
- 1½ teaspoons lemon juice
- 1 can quartered artichoke hearts, diced
- 1 cup shredded Monterey Jack cheese
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- A few splashes of Tabasco sauce
- ¾ cup sour cream
- 1 cup flavored broth

Mustards can be tough and fibrous. My first thought was to sauté them in oil, but that didn't work, so I braised them in chicken broth to soften them a bit. Unfortunately, the garlic flavor and smell was lost in the process. When I make this again, I'll add some chopped garlic to the sautéed onions.

Instructions:

1. Braise chopped garlic mustard in chicken broth until soft
2. Remove garlic mustard from braising liquid and set aside
3. Sauté onions in oil until translucent over medium/medium-low heat
4. Add butter and heat until melted
5. Mix in flour to make a roux
6. Allow the edges of the roux to brown a little
7. Slowly add broth and mix to incorporate (don't add it too fast or the glutens won't relax enough to thicken the broth!)
8. Once the broth is added, slowly incorporate the heavy whipping cream
9. Reduce heat to medium-low/low
10. Add remainder of the ingredients (including the braised garlic mustard) individually, making sure each one is well-incorporated

FERAL SWINE

A growing nuisance in the South and Midwest, feral swine (*Sus scrofa*) are relatives of domestic pigs that escaped or were released as a food source during European colonization. Feral swine damage vegetation by digging and trampling. These aggressive creatures will attack other animals, including livestock, and even people. There is plenty of meat on them, though, and many natural resource managers are encouraging recreational hunters to reduce their populations.

Recipe: **Pulled Feral Pork Sandwiches**

By Matt Barnes

- 4 lb. feral pig shoulder roast
- 1 tablespoon vegetable oil
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1 teaspoon ground black pepper
- 1 large yellow onion, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1½ cups tomato ketchup
- ½ cup yellow mustard
- Water as needed

Instructions:

1. Coat bottom of slow cooker with vegetable oil
2. Add pork roast
3. Stir in all ingredients, spooning mixture over pork roast
4. Add water until roast is halfway submerged, then occasionally to maintain level
5. Cook low for 6-8 hours until meat easily falls off the bone
6. While still in slow cooker, use a pair of forks to shred pork meat, removing fat as desired
7. Enjoy on a toasted bun

This recipe is intentionally simple to allow the feral pork flavor to come through. Add or even cook in barbecue sauce as desired. Top the sandwich with coleslaw to enjoy it southern style.



HIMALAYAN BLACKBERRY

The Himalayan blackberry (*Rubus armeniacus*) has Armenian origins but was brought from Germany by botanist Luther Burbank in the late 19th century. Since then, it has spread across half the United States by animals who ingest the berry and deposit the seeds in their feces. The thorny bushes are a pest to hikers and herbivores but they do bear tasty fruit in mid- to late summer. They are best stopped by pulling up the seedlings.



Recipe: **Himalayan blackberry custard tartlets**

By Sheina Sim

- 9" pie crust (you can buy one frozen or make it yourself)
- 2 cups vanilla custard (directions follow)
- 2 cups Himalayan blackberries
- Vanilla custard ingredients:
- ¾ cup sugar
- ¾ cup evaporated milk + ¼ cup water (hot but not boiling)
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Vanilla custard instructions:

1. Combine sugar and flour
2. Cream in egg yolks
3. Slowly add hot milk while stirring over low to medium heat
4. Add butter as custard gets hot and thickens
5. Add vanilla
6. Remove from heat when it reaches desired consistency
7. Allow to cool and then chill in the refrigerator

Instructions:

1. Cut pie crust into 4-inch diameter circles
2. Bake tartlets at 450°F for nine minutes or until golden brown
3. Allow to cool
4. When crust is cool to the touch, pour in refrigerated vanilla custard
5. Completely cover the custard with fresh and thoroughly washed Himalayan blackberries

Women's soccer at the summit

BY MATT STORIN '64

When the women's soccer team won its third national championship in 2010, it established itself in the pantheon of Notre Dame athletics. The program, begun in 1988, took national titles in 1995 and 2004, and its current coach, Randy Waldrum, who came to Notre Dame in 1999, owns a winning percentage at Notre Dame (.860) that would place him between Rockne (.881) and Leahy (.855).

But to understand the story of last year's championship run you have to return to the dark, painful days of October 2010, following the tragic death of student football videographer Declan Sullivan. The women's soccer team was practicing on an adjacent field when the lift from which he was shooting toppled

Matt Storin of Camden, Maine, was an adjunct professor in American Studies at Notre Dame and served as the University's associate vice president for news and information from 2002 to 2005, following a nearly four-decade career in journalism.

in high winds. Four days later the women's soccer team was booted out of the Big East tournament by UConn, losing to a conference opponent for the first time in 78 games.

The team had already faced other challenges. Waldrum prohibits his players, even those of legal age, from drinking alcohol from August till season's end. The 2009 team had included some backsliders, so the spring training sessions in 2010 were brutal.

"I think it's still left a mark on me," says three-year captain Jessica Schuveiller '12, remembering tough days with lots of running and not much soccer. "I think it was one of the lowest points [of my career]. He took away soccer." Players arriving for practice saw only orange cones, no balls.

"It was definitely disciplinary. Guys screwed up and broke our rules — not just the coaches' rules," says Erica Iantorno '11, referring to a contract all players sign, agreeing to the team rules.

Despite the punishing spring, the code

was violated again during the 2010 season, just a few days before "Senior Day," the last regularly scheduled home game. The team came to the decision unanimously; the player, a senior, was dismissed.

The status of Courtney Barg '12, one of the team's stars, presented other potential troubles. The then-junior midfielder had been injured in preseason and had missed almost the entire schedule. Ready to return to play with only six games left, she faced a



Jessica Schuveiller shows off the National Championship trophy during a welcome-home rally after winning the title last year.



Fighting Irish co-captain Melissa Henderson scores in an exhibition match against Nebraska.

PHOTOS BY MATT CASHORE '94



Randy Waldrum, who has a winning percentage to rival Rockne and Leahy, has coached the women's soccer team into the Final Four six times in the past seven years, including the 2010 national champs.

critical decision to come back and perhaps burn up a full year's eligibility or sit out the remainder of the season.

Notre Dame sports psychologist Mick Franco described Barg's decision to rejoin the team as an example of the players' "love for one another," but it also threatened team chemistry. Playing without Barg, the squad had climbed toward the top of the national rankings, with its only loss in overtime on the road to UCLA. "We were playing so well without her," Waldrum recalls, knowing it would take time for Barg to return to her high level of play and wary that lineup changes could hurt the team.

The fears seemed to have been realized when, two weeks later, UConn upset Notre Dame in the Big East tourney. But — everyone associated with the team agrees — that loss began the drive to the NCAA championship. "That really snapped our heads back on," says Iantorno.

The 15-2-2 Irish made the NCAA tournament but as a lowly fourth seed. No team seeded that low had ever won the title. Notre Dame would need to win six games, most on the road, to reach its ultimate goal.

The day after the UConn loss Waldrum called a 5 a.m. film session, and the team determined to ignore the seeding and not waste the season. Franco credits the leadership of Schuveiller and senior co-captain Lauren Fowlkes '11 — "extraordinary people who happen to be good soccer players" — and "an incredible adherence to the hierarchy on the team." The team was soon having the best practices of the season — intense, physical, even "fierce," according to Iantorno.

The Irish shut out New Mexico and USC in their first tournament games before taking on archrival North Carolina, winners of 20 national championships, in Chapel Hill. The

result? A dominant 4-1 victory — the most goals ever allowed at home by the Tarheels. Another road win against Oklahoma State, 2-0, sent the Irish women to the NCAA Final Four in Cary, North Carolina, in early December.

Snow flurries were swirling December 1 as the players loaded their own equipment onto a bus en route to a charter flight to North Carolina. Franco, with Waldrum's blessing, had filled their heads with the notion that "being cool" was no longer important. The reigning philosophy was, in the psychologist's words, "I love you, and I will do everything in my power so [you] can wear a national championship ring."

Franco told them to prepare to take risks, a mindset that may have been crucial to the 1-0 victory over favored Ohio State December 3. Notre Dame had dominated play but the game was scoreless with about seven minutes remaining when freshman Mandy Laddish took a chance and broke down the middle, outraced Buckeye defenders and propelled a left-footed shot past the goalkeeper, putting the Irish in the final against top-ranked and undefeated Stanford.

Stanford's goalkeeper was brilliant against a relentless attack by the Irish. But roughly halfway through the second half, another freshman hero, Adriana Leon, booted a rebound into the net, putting the Irish up 1-0. It was the one score the Irish needed as Barg's calm demeanor and skilled passing controlled play to secure the national title for Notre Dame.

Championships always take a bit of luck, but the fact that the Irish have missed the Final Four only once in the past seven years speaks eloquently of the team's consistent high quality. The key is the 54-year-old Waldrum, a native of Irving, Texas, who wanted nothing

more in life than to coach the University of Texas Longhorns.

In 1998, while head coach of women's soccer at Baylor, he was a finalist for an opening in Austin. But the job went to Chris Petrucelli, then the head coach at Notre Dame. A few days later a disappointed Waldrum, a 1981 graduate of Midwestern State in Wichita Falls, Texas, got a call from Notre Dame. "God watches over you in a lot of ways," Waldrum says.

His players describe him as always professional and fiendishly knowledgeable about soccer. Schuveiller cites his endless study of the game, particularly in the European leagues. "This year he's emphasizing the passing strategy of Barcelona," she says.

Kerri Hanks '08, one of four players in the history of the game to win two Hermann Trophies as top player in the nation, chafed under Waldrum's drilling of fundamentals. Hanks is now an assistant coach at TCU and sees the world differently. "Two weeks after I started coaching I called him and said, 'I am so sorry for anything I said.' He does everything for a purpose."

Hanks also raves about Waldrum's recruiting abilities. It's no accident that Schuveiller, Henderson, Barg and Hanks are all Texans. Hanks knew Waldrum when she was 10. Schuveiller, Henderson and Barg have known each other since they were in elementary school and played on the same club team in Dallas.

The men's and women's soccer teams play in the state-of-the-art, 2,500-seat Alumni Stadium behind the Joyce Center. Sadly, there are often plenty of seats available. I go because I appreciate just how good these women are at what they do.

When I visited Randy Waldrum's modest and cluttered office in the northwest corner



Mandy Laddish, shown here earlier in the season, scored the goal that put Notre Dame in the final.

of the Joyce Center last spring, he said the fact that he could cross campus most days without being recognized did not concern him. The only time the program’s relative obscurity bothers him “is on game day.” But generally Waldrum is an upbeat, enthusiastic face for women’s soccer at Notre Dame, spelling it out in a distinctive Texas twang.

He talked about his decision, early in his career, to coach women. “The women are really hungry for the teaching part of it.” Having coached both men and women at the University of Tulsa early in his career, Waldrum readily makes comparisons. He found that male teammates don’t necessarily have to like each other but with women “the whole relationship part is so important,” and everyone associated with women’s soccer at Notre Dame talks about the bonding that takes place.

Freshmen are indoctrinated during the preseason summer training sessions. Players are expected to arrive in peak condition. Preseason is not for fitness, Erica Iantorno notes. For freshmen, she explains, “It’s your time to prove to us how much you want to be here,” and throughout her four years, she adds, “It’s been all about getting the ring.”

Though he’s intense about soccer, Waldrum is a relatively quiet presence on the bench during games. He rarely argues with officials and almost never yells at his players. He believes practice is the place to inject strategy. “Game day is the players’ day to perform,” he explains, though he reserves the right to make an adjustment or two.

The players get this. Up 3-1 against North Carolina last November, Waldrum called Jessica Schuveiller over to suggest a change. She replied, “Coach, we got this.” They both laughed. Two weeks later, back in Carolina, the Irish women achieved what Mick Franco calls “the sisterhood of being national champs forever.” As well as a place in Notre Dame sports lore. □

Deaths in the family

MORRIS POLLARD devoted most of his 95 years to making medical research breakthroughs. He passed nearly 50 of those years at Notre Dame before he died in June.

Pollard’s early studies in science were interrupted by World War II. The young grad student from Hartford, Connecticut, enrolled in the U.S. Army’s Veterinary Corps and was stationed at Fort Sam Houston in Texas, where he tested vaccines for exotic diseases such as Q-fever and typhus that were plaguing Pacific forces. His research won him three presidential citations and an Army Commendation Medal, one of the highest honors for heroism outside of combat.

After the war Pollard joined the faculty at the University of Texas Medical Branch in Galveston, where he developed the first serological test for Hepatitis A and diagnostic tests for poliomyelitis. In 1961, Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, CSC, invited him to join the Notre Dame faculty. Pollard hesitated over how he would fit in as a Jew at a Catholic university but finally was persuaded to move to South Bend and direct the Lobund Laboratory.

At Notre Dame, Pollard published more than 300 scientific articles and created a breed of germ-free rats for research on the mechanisms of disease. Findings that triggered advances in bone marrow transplants won him the American Cancer Society’s Hope Award. More recently, he found that soy-rich diets could prevent refractory prostate cancers.

Late in life, he devoted himself to the cause of his son Jonathan, who has served 24 years on a life sentence for acts of espionage on behalf of Israel. He is survived by Jonathan, his two other children, Harvey and Carol, two grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

An acclaimed historian, esteemed professor, loving father and faithful Christian, **VINCENT DESANTIS** died in May at age 94. He is fondly remembered for his generosity and his 60 years of service to Notre Dame.

DeSantis spent his entire professional career at Notre Dame, beginning in 1949. He chaired the history department from 1963 to 1971 and wrote noted studies of U.S. politics and society, including *The Shaping of Modern America: 1877-1916*. Younger alumni knew him for his popular class, American Presidents from FDR to Clinton. Meanwhile, his scholarly contributions sparked the Society for Historians of the Gilded Age and the Progressive Era to establish the Vincent P. DeSantis Prize to honor the best book published in the field.

During World War II DeSantis served in the Army and saw action in New Guinea and the Philippines. After the war, the native of Birdsboro, Pennsylvania, used the G.I. Bill to pursue his interest in American history. He later returned to active duty to serve in the Korean War, but his enthusiasm for scholarship never flagged and would earn him a Guggenheim fellowship and three Fulbright awards that took him to Italy, India and Australia.

His generosity was similarly distinguished and included a graduate fellowship in history at Notre Dame. While studying in India, he funded the education of a family in gratitude for their hospitality. Everywhere he lived, he made sure to contribute in some way.

De Santis is survived by his four sons, Vincent Jr., Edmund, Philip and John. □

Echoes
Echoes
Echoes
Echoes

... a look back at campus past ...

Mr Borges



Jorge Luis Borges visits with students and faculty during the 1975 Sophomore Literary Festival.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME ARCHIVES

BY BRIAN DOYLE '78

One evening during my freshman year at Notre Dame I emerged from my dorm room and for once did not wend like an arrow to the Knute Rockne Memorial Gymnasium, where I spent much of my time, nor to the South Dining Hall, where I spent much of my time, nor to any of my mysterious classes, one of which featured a man lecturing mostly in French about paleontology, a class I enjoyed though I spoke neither French nor paleontology, and another of which was a year-long seminar in William Faulkner with five students total, a course in which the five of us kept a surreptitious count of the number of times our professor began a sentence with the phrase *Bill and I...*

No, this evening, this soft and redolent Indiana evening, I walked into Washington Hall, a rickety lovely castle, which that evening was to host a writer from Argentina named Jorge Luis Borges. I was not then, at age 19, familiar with the work of Mr Borges, but I had accidentally read some of his stories in the library, someone kindly leaving his book open for me on a table and my attention being snagged like a jacket in a door. I had really liked the way he surfed along the razor edge between fiction and reporting, his scholarly tone somehow making the most amazing pronouncements possible, and I thought I might as well wander over, while he was on campus, and tell him that his work, or what I had read of it, was not bad, not bad at all, which is high praise coming from a teenager, it still seems to me.

Washington Hall then, and perhaps now, was sort of a welter of stairs and doors and

odd corners, and as I had never been in the hall before I wasn't totally sure where I was to go to meet Mr Borges, but I figured there wouldn't be all *that* many people there, I mean, how many people are up to speed on scholarly Argentine fantasists, you know? So I stood by a side door, thinking that probably I would be able to pick Mr Borges out of a group of passersby, and maybe the poor guy would even be on his own, and not know where Washington Hall was, so maybe I could be of use, somehow — an idea that had not occurred to me before, probably ever. So when a small older man in an excellent natty dark suit appeared, accompanied by a helper student with his hand on the older man's elbow, I assumed, correctly, that the dapper older man was Mr Borges, and I said hey, Mr. Borges, how's it going?

Very well, he said, in crisp English, a plus, for I did not speak Argentine.

I read some stories of yours the other day and they were pretty good, Mr. Borges, pretty fine altogether, I said. I thought I would come over and tell you that they were really pretty good. I bet not enough people tell you that they like your stories, if they like them. Sir.

Many thanks, he said, peering up at me, and I realized he was blind. The student who was helping him looked annoyed and sort of seniorish, you know that supercilious look that senior English majors have, like they are *very* soon going to be Major Novelists and you are a slug in the path of their impending glory, and he, the senior helper student, took a step toward the door, looking particularly supercilious, but I sort of liked Mr Borges and didn't see any reason to cut the conversation short, so I held my ground.

Which stories did you like? said Mr Borges.

Well, sir, I don't remember the titles, but there was a tiger on the cover of the book.

Ah, yes, tigers. Remarkable animals. Both alluring and terrifying at once.

That's exactly right, sir. Maybe you should write more about tigers.

The senior helper student pretty much had smoke coming out of his ears at this point for some reason, and he tried to angle me away from the door with his shoulder, but I have brothers so I know from shoulders, and I boxed him out, and told Mr Borges that I too was a writer, and someday I would write books too, and I would send him one or two, if he wanted. He said that would be very kind of me, and then he asked me a question I never forgot.

Why are you a writer? he said, very polite. He was a very courteous guy.

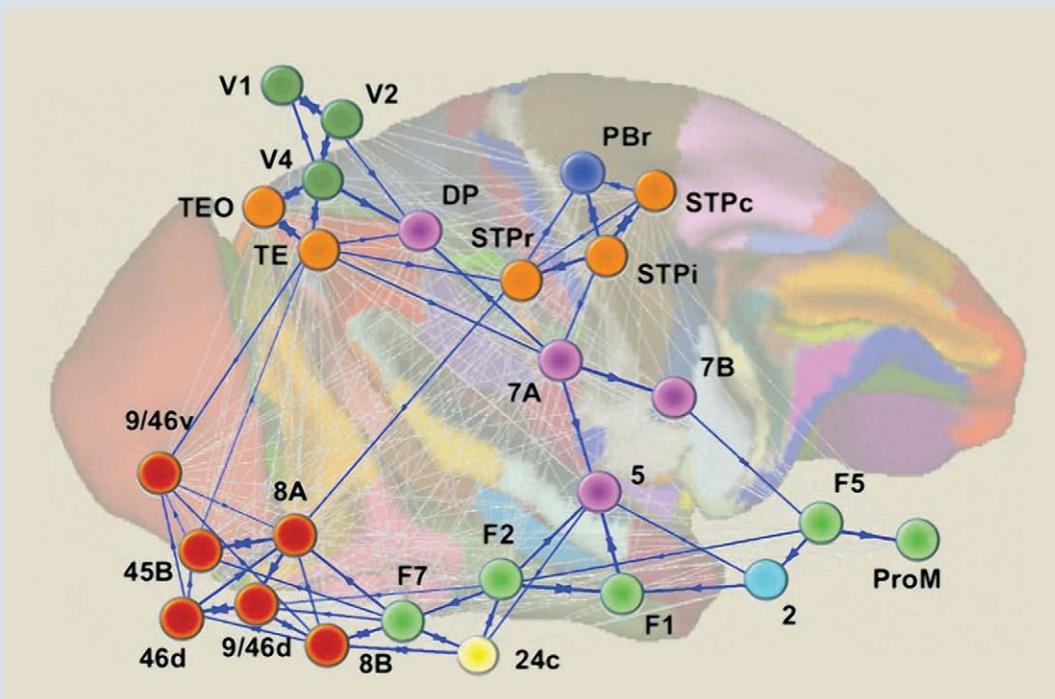
I don't know, sir. I just am. That's what I want to be.

Get as close to the truth as you can, he said, which turned out to be the last thing he said to me, or me to him, because by now the senior helper student, who had been working hard on his footwork behind me, got the drop suddenly and backed me against the railing, and popped old Mr Borges through the door into the hall before Mr Borges could even get off a parting hey or anything. I didn't get to say hey or thanks or good luck or anything to him either, which made me feel bad, because he was a really polite and courteous guy, and all in all you would think a blind older guy in a country not his own, accosted by a teenager who has read a few of his stories and cannot remember the titles, would not be quite so courteous, but he was, which I will always remember. Also *get as close to the truth as you can* seems like ever more excellent advice to me, so I share it with you, in memory of Mr Borges. He was a very courteous guy. □

Brian Doyle is the editor of Portland Magazine at the University of Portland and the author most recently of a novel, *Mink River*. He received Notre Dame's Father Robert Griffin, CSC, Award for Writing in 2010.

BY JOHN MONCZUNSKI

D. C. VAN ESSEN / M. ERCSEY-RAVASZ AND Z. TOROCZKAI



HOW IS THE BRAIN WIRED?

How the brain works remains largely a mystery. But physicists at Notre Dame’s Interdisciplinary Center for Network Science and Applications (iCeNSA), working with neuroscientists in France, have recently shed some new light on the process.

Understanding how the brain works on a neuronal level would be almost impossible, ND physics Professor Zoltan Toroczka notes. “You’d get lost in the detail. It would be like looking at a blueprint of the tens of millions of transistors in the integrated circuits of an iPhone or laptop.”

Therefore the ND researchers, who study networks of all types, from Facebook to disease spread, took what is called a

“top-down approach” to their analysis.

Specifically, Toroczka and post-doctoral associate Maria Ercsey-Ravasz found that the cortex of the primate brain is organized into a weighted network of functional areas. Analyzing a massive amount of data on macaque brains collected by the French scientists, the ND researchers found that brain network connections are greatest between areas that are closest to each other, trailing off in a consistent pattern related to distance.

Just how complicated brain circuitry is can be illustrated by the fact that the adult primate brain contains an estimated 100

billion neurons connected at more than 100 trillion points. All these connections are organized into bundles running between the 83 functional areas in the macaque brain and more than 120 areas in the human brain.

“The brain seems to work very differently than a computer,” Toroczka notes. “Although it has not been proven, it seems to employ a vastly different computing paradigm than the zeros and ones that today’s digital machines use.”

The ultimate goal of the iCeNSA researchers is to understand that new paradigm as well as how sense information is converted into electrical signals and then processed in the brain.

PROTESTANT SCHOOL GRADUATES LESS POLITICAL

Graduates of Protestant Christian schools place a higher value on family matters and are less likely to be engaged politically than their peers attending Catholic or nonreligious private schools, according to a recent study of Christian education in North America conducted by Notre Dame sociologist David Sikkink. The survey found Protestant school graduates talk less often about politics, participate less frequently in political campaigns and are less likely to donate to political causes.

Additionally, graduates of K-12 Protestant schools are more apt to donate money and less likely to divorce. However, they tend to have less higher education and lower incomes than their Catholic and nonreligious school peers. Related to that, Catholic school administrators were more likely to rank “university” as their top priority, while Protestant school administrators placed a higher value on “family.” The two-year study, which sampled adult graduates, ages 24 to 39, also revealed that those graduates:

- have more children than their Catholic and nonreligious peers
- participate in more relief and development service trips
- are more apt to express gratitude for what they have in life
- attend less competitive colleges.

The research study was conducted by the Notre Dame associate professor of sociology in partnership with Cardus, a public policy think tank.

WALLING-OFF NOISE

Driving around, you've probably noticed those tall sound barriers erected to minimize highway noise near residential areas and wondered if they work. Notre Dame's Joe Fernando and those who live near Arizona's East Loop 101 Freeway answer: "Not always."

When the 101 Freeway was constructed several years ago near Scottsdale, engineers erected 8-foot-high "sound walls" to dampen traffic noise. Once the cars and trucks began flowing, so did the complaints. Strangely, Fernando says, most of the complaints came from residents about a half mile from the highway. In fact, the noise closer to the road was not as loud as that farther away.

Although standard calculations predict the barriers should have worked just fine, the Wayne and Diana Murdy Professor of Civil Engineering and Geological Sciences at Notre Dame suspected local atmospheric conditions shaped by the terrain might be distorting the sound waves, causing them to travel far enough to disturb the residents.

Fernando's team and researchers from the Arizona Department of Transportation measured noise levels and atmospheric conditions near the roadway. Using the data, the Notre Dame engineering researcher developed mathematical models of highway sound transmission that take into account weather conditions.

Sure enough, the models showed that such things as wind shear and cooling temperatures at



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night could affect sound transmission. "Normally, sound goes in every direction," Fernando says. "However, if wind is blowing toward a sound source, the sound going toward the wind will be lofted upward, while the sound moving away from the wind is concentrated down. Also, if the ground is hot, the sound will ride the hot air up, and then descend as the air cools, traveling in a big arc."

While sound barrier walls can be effective in certain instances, Fernando says, "in this particular case there was no point because, as our mathematical model shows, the sound goes straight up. Our calculations showed the sound rising to 50 feet, so an 8- or 10-foot wall would have no effect."

Fernando says the ND mathematical model offers highway designers a way to predict where sound barriers would be ineffective and not worth constructing, thus saving taxpayer money.

ROAD WARRIOR APP

Does the thought of merging onto the freeway cause you to break into a cold sweat? When you gun your car, hurtling down the entrance ramp, do you pray fast and furious to Everything Holy, begging for a gap that lets you ease into the flow alive and unscathed? All those prayers notwithstanding, do you remain convinced that Death and Destruction eagerly await you, smiling, rubbing their hands together at the end of the ramp?

Fear not, intrepid Road Warrior: Christian Poellabauer, Notre Dame associate professor of computer science and engineering, and his colleagues at ND's Wireless Institute are working on a research project aimed at eliminating some of life's most frightening moments behind the wheel.

Poellabauer's group is collaborating with Toyota engineer John Kenney '88Ph.D. on methods to improve the reliability of "dedicated

short-range communications" (DSRC), a technology that allows cars to "talk" to one another.

For instance, a DSRC safe auto app might warn a driver of an impending collision, or it could gauge traffic flow and help with freeway merging. The app also could alert a driver that a vehicle is in the car's blind spot, or tell when it's okay to change lanes.

Safety-related information could be displayed not only on a car's dashboard but also on the driver's cell phone. Additionally, Poellabauer says smart phone sensors might be used by the system to gather additional safety-enhancing information.

Today's cell phones, the associate director of ND's Wireless Institute explains, offer engineers a bundle of sensors, including everything from global positioning systems and accelerometers — which are handy for auto safety applications — to light sensors, barometric pressure gauges and who-knows-what by the time you read this. Plus all of these gauges and sensors can "talk" to one another. That linking capability, Poellabauer says, offers amazing possibilities.

If, for instance, all the smart phone barometric pressure gauges were linked, it might make for super accurate local weather prediction. With all these data collection points we might create some interesting and useful things, Poellabauer says. Imagination is the only limit.

PROTEINS: KNOW WHEN TO FOLD 'EM

Life owes a lot to origami. Seriously. It's all about the fold. As with the ancient Japanese paper art form, newly synthesized proteins bend back on themselves to become functional, three-dimensional structures.

If the bends go as they should, the protein becomes what it is meant to become and ultimately a crane or other creature results. If not, the end product is an aggregated wad of worthless protein that can cause a malformed or diseased creature. Mis-folded proteins, for instance, have been linked to such neurodegenerative diseases as mad-cow, Parkinson's and Alzheimer's, as well as emphysema, cystic fibrosis, juvenile cataracts and cancer.

Some recent ground-breaking research by Notre Dame's Patricia Clark and a colleague from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology offers new insight into this disease-causing process. Clark, who is the John Cardinal O'Hara, CSC, associate professor of chemistry and biochemistry, and Bonnie Berger, a mathematician from MIT, developed an algorithm that accurately predicts which portions of a protein will inhibit the mis-folding that leads to protein aggregation. The ND chemist conducted experimental work, while the MIT mathematician tested computational predictions based on Clark's results.

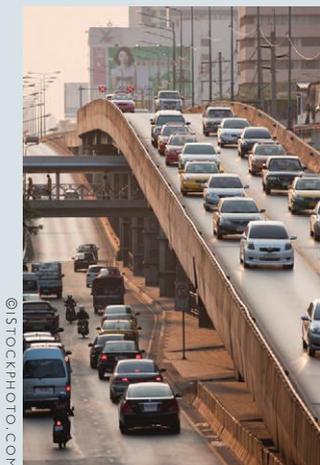
Clark and Berger discovered experimentally and mathematically that the key to aggregation-resistant proteins is a chemical "capping structure" which occurs at the end of a properly folded protein sequence.

The cap prevents the protein from doubling back on itself, interacting with copies of itself. If the cap is chemically removed, Clark found the protein quickly mis-folds and aggregates.

"It was really exciting when we found that Bonnie's mathematical predictions held water in our experiments," Clark says. "It means we are that much closer to figuring out what these mis-folded structures look like, and therefore how we might be able to prevent them from forming."



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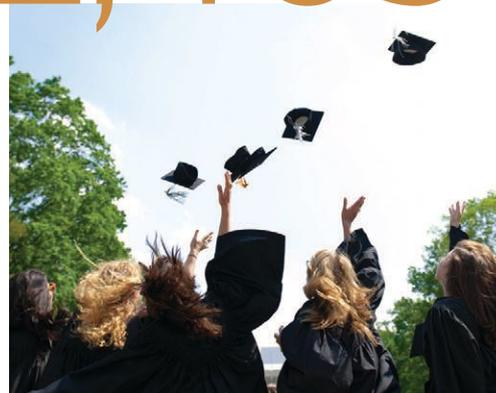
The Spirit of Notre Dame Campaign

2004–2011 FINAL REPORT

\$2,014,742,463

The University's Spirit of Notre Dame campaign, which concluded this past summer after seven years of fundraising, generated more than \$2 billion toward its \$1.5 billion goal.

Intended primarily to advance Notre Dame's undergraduate experience, research and graduate studies as well as its Catholic intellectual life, the campaign was the largest ever in Catholic higher education and made Notre Dame the first university without a medical school to surpass \$2 billion in a traditional seven-year capital campaign.



The Spirit of Notre Dame Campaign sought improvements to virtually every academic department and program, an extraordinary infusion of financial assistance for students, innovations to an already acclaimed undergraduate curriculum, widespread enhancements to the campus, an increased attention to Notre Dame's role in a global society and a deepening of the University's foundational Catholic identity.

"The Spirit of Notre Dame campaign has been stupendously successful because each one of us has come together to affirm the value of a Notre Dame education and to imagine, collectively, a future for this University that is far brighter and more impactful than any one of us could have imagined on our own."

— Rev. John I. Jenkins, CSC, Notre Dame president



SPIRIT
OF NOTRE DAME

The Spirit campaign considerably lessened the impact of the recent financial crisis on Notre Dame students, as benefactors contributed \$251 million to undergraduate aid, just surpassing the campaign's \$250-million goal for scholarships. The University estimates that it will award a record-setting \$106 million in undergraduate aid this year — nearly double the \$60 million awarded for the 2004–05 academic year, at the start of the campaign.

The campaign significantly aided graduate and professional students by generating nearly \$94 million in new fellowship funds — not only addressing the issue of cost but also helping the University to attract a more accomplished and diverse crop of postbaccalaureate scholars.



More than 120,000 donors participated, including:

Alumni	\$1,109,300,000
Foundations	\$274,000,000
Non-alumni parents	\$232,100,000
Friends	\$214,100,000
Corporations	\$129,100,000
Organizations	\$56,200,000

"A comprehensive campaign like this, if considered a success, will have accelerated Notre Dame's progress, focused the University's funding priorities, spawned innovation, given the place greater exposure and in the end leave a true sense of accomplishment. Only time can judge this, but early hindsight would indicate that this campaign delivered like no other."

— Dan Reagan, an associate vice president for University relations and executive director of campaign administration

59%



Fellowships in the **Graduate School** have grown markedly during the campaign, helping to attract a larger and more diverse student body. From 2004 to 2011, applications to the Graduate School increased by 59 percent; applications from under-represented groups were up 75 percent.

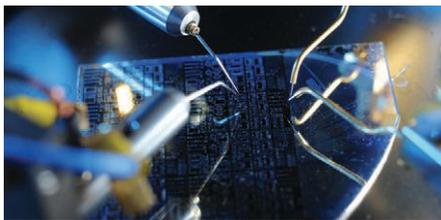
The **Law School** has an increasingly competitive fellowship program, with the LSAT scores of last year's class putting the school in the 93rd percentile of all law school applicants nationwide.

93%

Notre Dame instituted its first-ever merit-based scholarship with the **Hesburgh-Yusko Scholars Program** offering individual awards of \$100,000 over four years. The benefits go far beyond the monetary as the program also aims to develop students as leaders, and so incorporates a variety of potentially transformative enrichment experiences into the curriculum.

ENDOWED AND EXPENDABLE FUNDS:

Undergraduate scholarships	\$251 million
MBA fellowships	\$38.9 million
Graduate fellowships	\$33.3 million
Law fellowships	\$16 million
MNA fellowships	\$5.7 million
Total	\$344.9 million



The **Keough-Hesburgh Professorships** have helped to attract one of the most influential microeconomists in the world, a path-breaking nanobiologist who has launched a Notre Dame program in synthetic biology, and an international authority on liturgical music — all top flight scholars with a deep and manifest commitment to advancing the Catholic mission of Notre Dame.

One of the pillars upon which the Spirit campaign was built is the notion of Notre Dame as the center of Catholic intellectual life. Throughout the campaign, benefactors responded to the University's call to more aggressively recruit leading Catholic scholars, to expand the scope and influence of such signature entities as the Institute for Church Life, and to increase the University's capacity for service to the Church and the world. Some \$100 million was raised in direct support of Notre Dame's Catholic character.

The largest gift ever made to graduate education at Notre Dame, the Richard and Peggy Notebaert Premier Fellowships, provides up to six years of funding, including tuition, stipend, health insurance and professional development support to exceptional doctoral students.

The **Keough-Naughton Institute for Irish Studies**, beneficiary of Spirit campaign resources, is now acknowledged as the flagship program in Irish studies throughout the world.

An anonymous donor has made it possible for the **Notre Dame Haiti Program** to implement a mass drug distribution effort in Léogâne. In a nation where nearly a third of the population is infected with lymphatic filariasis, the deworming drugs and fortified salt promise to go a long way toward reducing — and, ultimately, eradicating — the mosquito-borne disease.



Some 417 Endowments for Excellence now support academic departments, programs and initiatives across the University. Only 124 such endowments existed at the start of the campaign.

417

The University launched its **Ford Family Program in Human Development Studies and Solidarity** within the Kellogg Institute for International Studies. The program examines the challenges confronting those living in extreme poverty, with special focus on sub-Saharan Africa. Undergraduate education and research are complemented by outreach in local communities.

A major cross-cultural research project, **Contending Modernities: Catholic, Muslim, Secular**, was launched in partnership with scholars and educators from around the globe. The project aims to develop a better understanding of religious violence and of the clashes between religious and secular forces — and to use that knowledge to address some of the greatest challenges of the 21st century.

Students of the arts now have access to some of the world's most celebrated performers, through artist residency programs that bring first-rate musicians, actors and dancers to campus for stays of a week or longer. As a result, Notre Dame and surrounding communities experience performances unmatched throughout the region, while students participate in intensive master classes under the tutelage of gifted artists.

The founding of the **Glynn Family Honors Program** in 2006 added vibrant new dimensions to the intellectual growth of ND's most accomplished undergraduates while also helping to foment a broader shift on campus — one in which undergraduate research, post-baccalaureate education, and deep faculty and student mentoring relationships are even more highly prized.



Benefactors to the Spirit of Notre Dame campaign contributed \$42 million for the Hesburgh Libraries — plus an additional \$1.3 million to the Kresge Law Library. These monies arrived at a critical time, as academic libraries around the world, including ND's own, are striving to make the transition from information repositories to something much more complex, dynamic — and digital.

Another milestone gift to the **Nanovic Institute for European Studies** has, among other major benefits, dramatically enhanced the institute's ability to provide undergraduate students with transformational learning experiences throughout Europe.

Buoyed by an infusion of campaign funding for faculty, facilities, graduate programs and research, Notre Dame announced in 2010 that, for the first time, the University had garnered more than \$100 million in **external research awards**.

Some 156 undergraduate science majors presented their research findings at the most recent Undergraduate Scholars Conference (nearly quadruple the number who presented at the first conference in 2007).

156

The creation of the **Harper Cancer Research Institute** marked a bold new step in the partnership between Notre Dame and Indiana University School of Medicine. The institute will combine the research strengths of each university with the expertise of the regional medical community to quicken the pace at which new treatments and diagnostics are discovered, developed, tested and, ultimately, used to improve and save lives.

The Pyramid:

About \$830 million of the campaign total came from gifts of \$5 million or more, with another \$444 million coming from contributions ranging from \$1 million to \$5 million. Gifts ranging from \$100,000 to \$1 million constituted \$422 million of the campaign total. Thirty-seven donors made gifts of \$10 million or more.



Three major new faculty and programmatic endowments have catapulted the College of Engineering's new **Center for Sustainable Energy** (cSEND) into a nationally competitive effort. Merging the work of the renowned Notre Dame Energy Center and the Sustainable Energy Initiative, cSEND will advance research in three key areas: safer nuclear, cleaner fossil and transformative solar, all focusing on the research and development of new materials to help make cleaner energy more affordable and more readily available. cSEND is also sponsoring a new undergraduate minor in energy studies.

The **Kroc Institute for International Peace Studies** welcomed the first students of its new doctoral program in peace studies in the fall of 2008. The program is one of only a handful of its kind in the world — and positions Notre Dame as a global leader in preparing scholars and professionals equipped to help build a just and sustainable peace.

Sixty-eight percent of Notre Dame alumni contributed to the campaign, with those gifts totaling \$1.109 billion.

68%

Notre Dame's renowned infectious disease programs were amplified many times over with the formation of the interdisciplinary **Eck Institute for Global Health**. Committed to the notion that health is a fundamental human right, faculty and students affiliated with the institute endeavor to advance health standards for all people, but especially for the poor who are disproportionately impacted by preventable diseases.



For the second year in a row, the **Mendoza College of Business** has been ranked No. 1 in Bloomberg *Businessweek's* annual survey of The Best Undergraduate Business Schools. The program was cited for excellence in international study, undergraduate research opportunities and an ethics-focused curriculum — all areas that have received significant campaign support.

The number of undergraduate students engaging in original research and creative projects has grown — and then grown again. During the 2004–05 academic year, for example, the Undergraduate Research Opportunity Program in the College of Arts and Letters awarded research grants to 60 students; 130 undergraduates received those awards in 2010–11.

Contributions for capital projects topped \$453 million, resulting in 14 new facilities and an improved Notre Dame campus. Half of these were academic buildings: cutting-edge teaching facilities, laboratories and research space to rival any university in the nation, a fully modernized law library, a technology park meant to funnel research breakthroughs into the marketplace. The campus expansion includes new residence halls and four new athletic facilities to help Irish student-athletes compete at the highest level.

Perhaps no gifts have done more to advance the mission of Notre Dame than contributions to endow professorships and directorships. Close to 50 named faculty positions were created through the Spirit campaign. These positions have assisted the University in recruiting a new class of superlative teachers, scholars and researchers, noted for their work in fields as diverse as Catholic theology, journalism, business management and environmental remediation.

Of the \$2.014 billion raised, more than 28 percent came in the form of expendable dollars, given primarily to the annual fund and to the various recognition societies offered by the development operation. Since the campaign launched, the Notre Dame annual giving programs have received gifts totaling \$243,371,087. These resources have enabled the University to provide scholarships, enhance academic and research programs, expand its global outreach and service, strengthen initiatives related to our Catholic mission and fund critical University operations. □

Few people in Notre Dame's history have had such an impact on the place and its students. So why the T-shirts, 'Deliver Us from Emil'? It might be those weekly quizzes.

The Excellently Extraordinary, Iconic Emil T.

BY BRENDAN O'SHAUGHNESSY '93

1. Notre Dame legend Emil T. Hofman

- a. Taught more than 60 percent of each freshman class for four decades, counting more than 32,000 graduates as former students, including more than 8,000 doctors.
- b. Instructed former president Monk Malloy, both of Notre Dame's eventual Nobel Prize winners and most of the University's other prestigious living alumni.
- c. Has a signed picture of astronaut Jim Wetherbee '74 in space with a written note: "This was easier than freshman chemistry."
- d. All of the above.

For nearly four decades, the drawn-out shouts of "Emil" rang across the campus of Notre Dame on Thursday nights.

Freshman students groaned the name of the legendary chemistry professor in communal misery as they flooded the Hesburgh Library while other students went to parties. The frustrated scream spilled from dorm windows as students struggled with their fear of failure and a blue-cover textbook written by the teacher. Those who finished studying for the weekly seven-question quiz on Friday morning yelled



MATT CASHORE '94

it exuberantly across the quads in the wee hours of the morning.

“Emil is evil,” some would shout, seeking a release from quadratic equation tension. Most would change the end of the daily Lord’s Prayer at the start of class to “Deliver us from Emil.” They even called the relentless quizzes “Emils.”

Yet the thousands of former students of Emil T. Hofman ’53M.S., ’63Ph.D., who started his Notre Dame career in 1950, seem to remember him with a fondness that mirrors their affinity toward their alma mater. For many, he embodied the Notre Dame spirit of tough love: a professor who demanded excellence in the classroom and worked just as hard outside of it to make them love the University as he did.

Hofman, now 90, exemplifies that rare combination found in all the great teachers. He was a lion on the stage who commanded a crowded auditorium without a microphone, yet he somehow conveyed a hint of his sly sense of humor and joy in teaching. He was a drill sergeant who exerted total authority over as many as 600 squirming near-adults, and he made it clear that he cared about each individual and wanted above all for each to succeed in his class.

Despite his unquestioned status as one of Notre Dame’s teaching legends, Hofman says his legacy at the University lies elsewhere. He grips a *U.S. News & World Report* magazine and proudly points to the figures showing that Notre Dame ranks third in the country in student retention, alumni satisfaction and percentage of the alumni donating to the school. The reason he’s proud of that, he says, lies more in the work he did as dean of the Freshman Year of Studies from 1971 to 1990 than as a teacher. That part of his story is not as well known.

For six decades, Hofman has been a fixture on campus. Since retiring, he has inspired prospects to come to Notre Dame via his homemade videos and alumni club visits, and led former students to volunteer their medical expertise in Haiti. He attends Mass each day in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart and holds “office hours” in good weather on a bench in front of the Golden Dome. Current students know little about the stooped old gentleman parked next to his walker, but they can’t fail to see the reverence with which alumni approach him.

Eric Wieschaus ’69 remembers all the students being terrified of Hofman. Wieschaus, now a professor at Princeton University, won the 1995 Nobel Prize in Medicine for his pioneering work on the way genes in the fruit fly determine the formation of body parts. Still, he was overwhelmed to be invited the next year to give an annual lecture named in honor of his former teacher. That was only his first surprise.

“He was such a figure in my life,” Wieschaus says. “I can almost still hear his big, booming voice. When he asked, I said, ‘Of course. Wow. Me?’ I was honored.”

After the invitation, Hofman decided to look up the grades Wieschaus earned in freshman chemistry. When Hofman saw that a Nobel laureate scored a B in both semesters, he marched into the Registrar’s Office and asked how a professor could retroactively change a student’s grade. Here’s how Hofman recalls the scene:

The office clerk asked, “For what semester would you like to make a grade change?”

“For both semesters . . . of the year 1965,” Hofman said.

“OK,” said the surprised woman. “What do you want to give as the reason?”

“I will accept the Nobel Prize as extra credit earned,” he said.

Then Hofman took the stamped form and presented it to Wieschaus in the introduction to his lecture. When Wieschaus returned to Princeton, he proudly held the form up to show the students in his chemistry lab.

“This, ladies and gentlemen,” Wieschaus pronounced dramatically, “is what it takes to get an A at the University of Notre Dame.”

2. A young Emil Hofman

- a. Remembers losing his home three times during the Great Depression.
- b. Studied on five different college campuses before settling at Notre Dame, not leaving despite later job offers ranging from Ohio State to Manhattan College.
- c. Married the nurse who took care of him in a Louisville hospital after a car accident.
- d. All of the above.

Hofman was born in Paterson, New Jersey, in 1921 to a family thriving in the baking and food business. The good times didn’t last long; his mother died in 1930, and his father lost everything in the Great Depression.

“That had a great effect on me,” he says. “I worked on a horse-drawn milk wagon. I picked up coal dropped on the railroad tracks and collected it in a burlap sack. I formed an attitude that security is the most important value.”

He had enjoyed chemistry enough in high school to build a crude laboratory above his father’s garage, but he found more interest in acting. After graduating from high school in 1940, he entered NBC’s Radio City program for radio actors and announcers. In a rare move for him, he quit after a few months and went to Seton Hall because they offered him a scholarship. He declared chemistry his major mainly because the two men who ordered his father’s most expensive pies — 40 cents each — were both chemists.

When Japan attacked Pearl Harbor late the next year, Hofman entered the Army Air Force and flew combat missions over Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia. His service earned him the air medal and presidential unit citation. Hofman, like many others of his generation, doesn’t want to talk about the war and his battle injury. He immediately switches attention to his younger brother, who was killed in Korea in 1951.

“We were close, even though he was 10 years younger,” Hofman says. “After that, I decided I’d spend my career helping young people find their way. It’s why I started every class with the Lord’s Prayer and a prayer to Mary, Queen of Peace.”

Hofman used the GI bill to study at Catholic University and the University of Miami. He arrived at Notre Dame in 1950 and never left. He hated South Bend at first, but he figured he should get a degree, and the chemistry department chair convinced him to cover a teaching assistant position in the laboratory. He was offered a full-time teaching job after receiving his master’s degree in 1953.

Brendan O’Shaughnessy works in communications for Notre Dame. A former Indianapolis Star journalist, his articles have appeared in this magazine, the Chicago Tribune and The Simon and Schuster Short Prose Reader.

“From the first day on the floor, I fell in love with teaching,” Hofman says.

His colleagues weren’t always as thrilled with him; he was the only one in the department without a doctorate at a time when Father Theodore Hesburgh, CSC, was trying to ramp up the faculty credentials and research profile. Hofman managed to survive, and finally notched the necessary degree in 1963 with his research in chelating polymers.

Jerry Freeman ’50, another emeritus chemistry professor, inherited the students coming out of Hofman’s classes for the organic chemistry class he taught for 31 years. Freeman had firsthand knowledge that Hofman’s methods worked.

“It was clear that hiring and promotion were tied to research,” Freeman says. “Some people appreciated Emil because he was willing to teach large numbers, and that freed up others for research and graduate students.”

Besides studying and research, fun also was part of his early teaching years. In 1952, he set out on a road trip to New Orleans with three fellow teachers. They were in Louisville late in the night when the driver ran into a tree and rolled the car into a ditch.

“I woke up with a priest giving me the last rites,” Hofman says. “I passed out again and woke up with an angel of mercy leaning over me. She was my nurse then; she’s my wife now.”

Except the progression wasn’t quite that fast. Joan Hofman, 78, says the hospital where she worked had a strict policy against fraternizing with patients. So she took care of him for five weeks and then said goodbye.

Five years later, Hofman was in Louisville for a conference and decided to look her up, figuring she was married by then. She wasn’t, and they went on a date. After six weeks of visiting her, he invited Joan to South Bend and proposed at the Grotto. They were married by Thanksgiving, and Emil finally got his trip to New Orleans for the honeymoon.

the spring of 1971 and asked him to become dean of the Freshman Year of Studies to welcome female students the next year after more than a century of all-male education.

“I told him picking me was a mistake,” Hofman recalls of his first discussion with Hesburgh. “I said, ‘I’m the most chauvinistic guy on campus. I served in the army, I raised three sons and I’ve taught only boys for twenty-some years. I don’t know one thing about teaching girls.’”

“Hesburgh said, ‘You’ll learn.’”

Sitting in his 13th floor library office, the emeritus president explains his choice. “I wanted Emil because he was a tradition here,” Hesburgh says. “He was totally dedicated to Notre Dame and always available to his students. And he was a very strong force. You don’t have to have daughters to be a leader of a university that is introducing women. We’re not talking about Martians. We’re talking about human beings.”

But to many at the slow-moving institution, female students were an alien life form and change came hard. Hofman remembers it as the worst year of his career, floundering in efforts to integrate nearly 150 female freshmen along with 200 female transfer students into a student body of about 6,300 men. He had to fire at least one teacher for inappropriate remarks and had to convince the male students to treat the women with respect.

Julie Silliman ’78, a member of one of the first co-ed classes, remembers the pressure of being the only female in nearly every class and the humiliation of entering the dining hall to tables full of men holding placards rating each woman’s appearance.

“Emil got lots of crying women in his office,” says Silliman, now an engineer married to a Notre Dame professor. “He would take us out to dinner and make us feel important. He went out of his way to show us we were wanted on campus.”

“Father Ted decided on co-ed education, but Emil made it happen,” she adds.

Hofman had long adopted the persona of a drill instructor in his classrooms, but he soon realized that wasn’t effective in his new role. His acting as an adviser, he says, finally led to a revelation — he would be proud to have the women as daughters. He consciously developed a new persona as a father figure.

The experience with female students led Emil to become a leader with other groups that bring diversity to the student body. He advocated for access for the disabled before federal laws made it mandatory and developed programs to support minorities. Of the dozens of awards he’s won, the first he points out is a plaque of appreciation from the Black Cultural Arts Council in 1986.

Lena Jefferson ’90 began calling Hofman “Dad” during her sophomore year, after he helped her through a grueling freshman year. An African American raised by her Detroit grandparents, she dreamed of becoming a psychiatrist, motivated by her mother’s mental illness. But she wasn’t prepared for pre-med classes: she withdrew from Hofman’s class and nearly flunked out of school.

Because of her determination, Hofman steered her to psychology and designed a curriculum to help her through, including scholarship money for an extra year to catch up on science courses. He convinced her not to give up when she nearly failed medical school.

“I will not let you down,” Jefferson wrote him in a “Dear Dad” letter of appreciation, “nor will I waste your time, effort, compassion, or money for that matter, if you keep believing in me and being a source of strength for me.”

When licensed psychiatrist Lena Jefferson was married in 2003, Hofman walked her down the aisle.

3. Chemistry Professor Emil Hofman

- a. Was appointed to lead one of Notre Dame’s biggest cultural shifts.
- b. Adopted the first dorm of women students and began a lunch tradition of “Emil’s dates” to ease the transition.
- c. Was rumored for years to have invented Prell shampoo and to be independently wealthy, teaching for \$1 a year out of the goodness of his heart.
- d. All of the above.

Teaching thousands of students over two decades, Hofman built up some clout at Notre Dame during its boom of post-war growth. He would need all of that political capital and a complete transformation in style to take on what he counts as one of his two major contributions to the University.

Early in the 1970s Notre Dame had attempted to merge with Saint Mary’s College. A rushed plan and opposition on both sides led to a parting of ways. Hofman calls it a “shotgun marriage that was annulled before it was consummated.”

Father Hesburgh was not deterred. He approached Hofman in



Hofman has a lifetime of stories to tell from his campus bench, from his early years as a chemistry professor to his later years serving in Haiti to the day he walked former student Lena Jefferson '90, now a psychiatrist, down the aisle on her wedding day.



MATT CASHORE '94



MATT CASHORE '94

4. Dean Emil Hofman

- a. Created the University's Learning Resource Center based on his experiences offering 7 a.m. Friday review sessions to students struggling in his chemistry class.
- b. Forced through a change requiring professors to give mid-semester grades that motivate students to bear down on their studies.
- c. Directed the Notre Dame Teacher Training Institute that granted degrees in chemistry to about 400 adults who went on to teach chemistry in high schools nationwide.
- d. All of the above.

As if integration were not enough challenge, Dean Hofman soon undertook a second major transformation at Notre Dame.

Before 1962, students had to declare their major before starting school in one of the four undergraduate colleges. As assistant dean of chemistry, Hofman had met with many students who were dropping the major, telling him they could no longer reach their goal of becoming a doctor. Hofman felt 18-year-olds were too young to know what they wanted, much less to fail on their dreams.

If Notre Dame accepts the best students, he figured they should be treated right. That meant giving them a flexible academic program with time to decide on a major, and helping them to succeed and like

the University. He decided in 1973 that the Freshman Year of Studies should be equivalent to a college and have power over the curriculum.

"It was a real battle, and I have the scars on my back to prove it," Hofman says. "The dean of engineering and I nearly came to blows. He didn't think engineers needed philosophy. The chair of the art department was the same way. They thought we needed more specialization, not more generalization."

Hofman insisted on two priorities in leading the committee to develop a new curriculum, which is still largely unchanged. First, he wanted a program general enough to force students to try new areas but rigorous enough to keep them ready for the sciences or other majors. Second, he wanted to give freshmen time to figure out their major, pointing to research showing that fewer than 20 percent of freshmen really know what they want to do with their life.

"Freshmen need the opportunity to explore before they commit," Hofman says. "It's our responsibility to help them figure it out."

Within five years of Hofman's changes, fewer than 1 percent of Notre Dame freshmen were dismissed for academic failure, compared to a national attrition rate of 17 percent. Today, about half of all freshmen change their intended major between the start of school and when they commit to one in the spring.

Ray Sepeta '75Ph.D., a counselor who worked under Hofman for nearly 15 years, says the dean had clear expectations of his team. He never gave up on a kid, Sepeta says, and held the counselors responsible for failures. Sepeta remembers a moment revealing that Hofman lived his beliefs.

Sepeta was advising an impoverished student from the West Coast

who was struggling on many fronts at Notre Dame. Hofman joined one conversation and learned that the woman wanted to go home to see her family on break but couldn't afford it.

"I watched Emil pick up the phone and pull out his own credit card and pay for her ticket home," Sepeta says. "I'm not sure if she realized how unusual this was. He had a belief that our kids will succeed at any cost."

5. Freshmen counselor Emil Hofman

- a. Has received about 10,000 letters from appreciative students, most of which he later answered with a note about how far they have come.
- b. Organized social events as a matchmaker now credited with dozens of ND marriages, including that of his colleague Jerry Freeman's oldest son.
- c. Co-chaired the University calendar committee that ended Saturday morning classes and moved autumn exams to before Christmas break.
- d. All of the above.

Preventing students from flunking out is one part of retention; making them enjoy their college experience enough to choose to stay is another. Hofman tackled the social deficiencies of the newly integrated campus with the same zeal as he did a chemical formula.

He started with Freshman Orientation, hiring buses to take vehicle-deprived freshmen on a shopping trip to the mall, where they could get basic room supplies they forgot to bring. He instituted a Friday night cookout and had the Glee Club show up in secret to teach the new Domers traditional ND songs. The program has changed little to this day.

Hofman set up transportation (a double-decker London bus at one point) for date nights — dinner at The Ice House and a movie. He organized a beach trip to the Lake Michigan Dunes, a rafting trip on the Saint Joe River, snow tubing trips to Bendix Woods and Saint Patrick's County Park and a Chicago trip for those left stranded over the Thanksgiving weekend.

"I went on every trip," Hofman says. "I usually charged \$7 [in honor of his quizzes] and paid for the rest with donations from former students."

Richard Isleib '87, an environmental engineer from New Jersey, was one of those freshmen who couldn't make it home for Thanksgiving in 1983. He and a roommate decided to see Chicago on a Black Friday trip with his strict chemistry teacher and about 150 freshmen.

After the downtown museums, the last stop was a restaurant in Greektown. Isleib remembers that Hofman taught the students to yell "OPA!" every time waiters brought out dishes and had the owner end with Greek dancing — leading a line dance right onto the buses home.

"Hofman's energy brought everyone together for bonding, so we would loosen up and get into the spirit," Isleib says. "You could tell he wanted to initiate the freshmen into the Notre Dame community."

Ken MacAfee '78, the All-American football player who is now an oral surgeon in a Boston suburb, knows both the strict and fun sides of Hofman. As a freshman, MacAfee told Hofman he wanted to be a dentist but did not have the math or science background to take chemistry.

MacAfee took the courses Hofman prescribed. The following summer, Hofman handed him a thick chemistry book and a set of equation problems and said, "Read this, do the problems and I'll enroll you." Hofman admits he never thought he'd see those huge hands in his office again. When the tight end returned with the work done, Hofman welcomed him to the class.

MacAfee remembered a student whose eyes wandered during a quiz. "He pointed to a kid and yelled, 'You!' — it was like God had spoken." No one even thought of cheating again. Another time, Hofman had to miss a class. His teaching assistants set three TV monitors onstage and Hofman gave his lecture on tape, walking the aisles as usual.

"Balancing football and pre-med classes, I thought of quitting several times, but I just couldn't do it to Emil," says MacAfee, who played pro football to earn money for dental school. "Being invited to give the [Emil Hofman] lecture was probably the highlight of my life; it meant more to me than being an All-American."

6. Professor Emeritus Emil Hofman

- a. Held the record for giving the most UND Night talks to Alumni Clubs nationwide until he was overtaken by Father Monk Malloy.
- b. Hosted with his wife, Joan, several alumni trip tours to foreign countries.
- c. Has traveled to Haiti about a dozen times and recruited dozens of former students to volunteer medical services there.
- d. All of the above.

Hofman retired in 1990 with his trademark dramatic style. Local television stations filmed his final exam "parade," a tradition in which he dressed in costume — as everything from Bruce Springsteen to a football player to James Bond (007) — and marched his exams from his office to the dining hall, where the tests were taken, while former students blared music and cheered. The purpose was to release tension for the freshmen taking the test.

He was given an honorary degree at commencement that year. He had once informed Emeritus Athletic Director Moose Krause that the title meant you worked just as hard but without pay, and Krause now welcomed him to the club. Hofman soon began a new tradition — staking out a bench in front of the Main Building before and after daily Mass at the Basilica.

But slowing down was not on Hofman's agenda. Dr. William Bell '57, a former student who took care of six U.S. presidents, started a lecture series in Hofman's name in 1993, now run by Dr. Mark Walsh '69, featuring former students who have gone on to distinguished careers. When Father Tom Streit, CSC, '80, '85M.Div., was scheduled to speak in 2005, Hofman discovered his next retirement passion.

He visited Haiti to learn more about Streit's program to combat lymphatic filariasis and was astounded by the levels of poverty

he encountered — yet also was inspired by the opportunity. He had been to Chile years before and saw the good work a medical school was doing there. He thought Haiti could benefit from a similar medical program with American volunteers.

He soon organized the first of about a dozen reconnaissance trips, inviting former students who had become doctors to join him. The goal is to give the doctors a chance to see the poverty and the good they can achieve and let them decide whether to return as volunteers. Haiti Program flyers for the trips were soon inviting doctors to become part of “Emil’s Army.”

“Here’s a guy who had several strokes, struggling to get around with his back problems and his walker, but he never complained,” says Dr. Kevin Olehnik ’78. “He gave the program legitimacy. I knew it would be a good cause, and we could really make a difference.”

Hofman was leading a recon trip to Haiti in January 2010 when an infection attacked his kidney, forcing him to board a plane for home — four days before the country was rocked by a major earthquake. Hofman was devastated to learn that Sister Esta Joseph, C.J., and more than a hundred girls at Saint Rose of Lima parish school were killed. The school had been a regular stop on his tours, and he had become a friend and benefactor over the years.

Olehnik was among the first to join Dr. Ralph Pennino ’75, another Hofman alum, in responding to the earthquake, flying a chartered plane to the Dominican Republic and making their way to Leogane, near the quake’s epicenter. The team set up a field hospital near the Notre Dame Haiti Program building and began treating the wounded. In the six months after the earthquake, the volunteers performed 700 surgeries, delivered 250 babies and saw more than 25,000 patients in critical need.

Hofman celebrated his 90th birthday during a trip to Haiti in June. He says that as long as he can, he will continue the work that gives such meaning to his life.

“He’s the embodiment of Notre Dame,” Olehnik says. “He’s a tough-love guy who is kind, generous and has a spiritual side.”

7.

Emil T. Hofman

- a. Received the Thomas P. Madden Award for excellence in teaching freshmen in 1963, the Presidential Service Citation in 1977 and the Father Shilts Award for teaching science in 1987.
- b. Won the Professor of the Year award from the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education in 1985.
- c. Has a scholarship fund, lecture series, teaching award and endowed chair named after him.
- d. All of the above.

When a renovation of the Main Building was completed in 1999, University officials established a Wall of Honor and selected 20 people to include for “lasting, pervasive and profound” contributions to Notre Dame.

Of those original honorees — who include founder Father Edward Sorin and coach Knute Rockne — just four are still alive, and only Hofman and Hesburgh remain active on campus.

Hofman’s teaching style and prowess are one part of why he is in this select group. In 40 years of teaching, he missed only one class for personal reasons (food poisoning in the early 1960s). Students had assigned seats, and he took roll by walking the aisles and memorizing the empty seat numbers, which he would write down when he strolled by his desk — all without skipping a beat in his lecture. He would occasionally call a strange face to the front and check the student ID, and nail someone who paid a roommate to sit in that seat.

He jokes that he started his 7-question quizzes because he couldn’t go out in South Bend without running into his freshmen, so he wanted one night a week for his own. Really, they were his way of forcing students to keep up with complex concepts rather than cramming for a final exam, and they were based more on application of knowledge than memorization. Despite the unquestioned rigor of his class, the study sessions and help available resulted in fewer than 5 percent of his students failing each year.

Drew Paluf ’80, now the University controller, says he had to study hard every week to succeed, but it’s the kind of fond memory that a military unit has of the time spent bonding in boot camp training. It was a formative experience.

“There was a camaraderie — all of us studying in the library on Thursday nights,” Paluf says. “You could look around and know who was in the club by seeing the blue-papered textbook he wrote. We were all in it together.”

But Hofman’s legacy only starts with his teaching. His story is one of wrestling with the issues that have defined the University’s history in the second half of the 20th century: creating a more diverse student body, finding the proper balance between teaching and research, and expanding into a national university with a high rate of retention, devoted alumni, huge endowment and international reach.

For Emil, the stories that matter are not about him; his still-sharp mind rejuvenates his declining physical posture when he recounts the stories of the students who exemplify the Notre Dame spirit. Several of them are now donors to Hofman’s ongoing activities.

One example is Dr. William Mollihan ’59, who grew up in a West Virginia orphanage. He dreamed of becoming a doctor because one visited the orphanage weekly and let Mollihan carry his medical bag. He didn’t have money for college but managed to get a scholarship to become a nurse anesthetist.

Mollihan clung to his goal and applied to Notre Dame, offering to run the infirmary at nights to make money for tuition. He lived in the infirmary and ran it for two years. Hofman was so impressed by Mollihan’s deliberate work ethic that he took the older student under his wing. He called Loyola University’s medical school in Chicago and threatened to never recommend another student if it didn’t take Mollihan.

Mollihan went on to open a radiology lab company and later started the Emil T. Hofman scholarship endowment in 1973. It is now worth about \$1 million and is one of three scholarships in Hofman’s name.

“I don’t know how you put into words what that man meant to me,” says Mollihan. “He was a surrogate everything for me.”

Ultimately, the mystery of Hofman’s popularity — despite being strict and demanding — is unlocked by his role as a surrogate. He exemplifies Notre Dame’s spirit of *in loco parentis* that sometimes frustrates students but also reminds them of their family. What students need, in his opinion, especially as freshmen, is tough love. For six decades, Emil has been dishing it out with all his mind, heart and soul. □

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THE DAMAGE DONE

IT MAY HAVE SEEMED THAT TIME HEALS THE BRAIN

AFTER SEVERE BLOWS TO THE HEAD, BUT THE EVIDENCE SHOWS

A CUMULATIVE EFFECT MAY CAUSE LONG-TERM SUFFERING.

BY JASON KELLY '95

Peter Grant '83 played interhall football for Notre Dame's Grace Hall. Dave Duerson, a classmate and casual acquaintance of Grant's from the dorm, was an All-American defensive back and an 11-year NFL veteran who won two Super Bowl rings. Their athletic careers could not have been more different.

But Grant and Duerson were alike in competitive passion. They played hard. And in the end, the game did not distinguish between them. It turned their intensity into an insidious, mysterious disease. Years removed from their last athletic collisions, they suffered a toll far worse than aching knees or arthritic hips, a loss impossible to repair or replace. They lost themselves and, within days of each other last February, their lives.

COLLISIONS

Spero Karas '89, the Atlanta Falcons team physician, talks about the intricate, delicate calibration of the brain in a way that suggests he keeps his in fine working order: "Brain cells communicate through ion channels, a normal flux of sodium and potassium and calcium, and then less implicated, of course, magnesium. There's a fine balance of these as cells communicate with each other in the brain."

To explain how a high-speed collision can jostle that communication into incoherence, Karas reduces it to a layman's image: think

of the brain at impact, he says, as a racquetball bouncing around a court. "You can imagine those cellular processes going haywire during a blunt-force trauma."

That's how someone suffers a concussion. When a collision generates g-forces strong enough to interfere with brain-cell functioning, the immediate effects are familiar: wooziness, confusion, slurred speech. "There's still no treatment for it, there's still no medication, there's still no really firm diagnostic tool," Karas says. "There's very much still that we don't know."

Doctors do know that a player should never return to competition until the symptoms have subsided and an objective level of neurological functioning has been restored. Computerized testing before an injury occurs, now common at all levels for athletes in high-impact

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sports, establishes their baseline level of cognitive ability. After a concussion, they must return to that level before receiving clearance to play. This method identifies subtle variations in memory, orientation and reaction time that observation alone might miss, which helps prevent debilitating injuries to vulnerable brains that can occur if players return too soon.

But there's another hazard, more difficult to identify, and possibly more dangerous: the cumulative effect of hit after hit after hit that never causes a diagnosed concussion. "Linemen might take a thousand, fifteen-hundred hits to the brain every season. That's the nature of the position," says neuropsychologist Robert Stern, co-director of Boston University's Center for the Study of Traumatic Encephalopathy — the "brain bank" that investigates trauma-induced disease. "They may not complain of any symptoms, or few symptoms, or irregular symptoms."

Nothing, in other words, that keeps a player off the field. Yet each collision could be contributing to the development of a degenerative condition with far worse consequences. Chronic traumatic encephalopathy (CTE) is the contemporary term for the disease forensic pathologist Harrison Stanford Martland identified in 1928 as dementia pugilistica. Punch drunk.

Repeated blows to the head can lead to this mental state that causes symptoms similar to — and, Stern says, often diagnosed as — Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, Lou Gehrig's disease or the more general term, dementia.

Neuropathologist Ann McKee examines brains donated to the research center, which now has more than 70 from deceased football and hockey players, boxers, and military veterans who experienced combat trauma. On thin slices of the brain stems, McKee identifies the pathology that distinguishes CTE from those comparable diseases. An accumulation of the protein tau inhibits brain-cell function. The condition progresses slowly, but nothing can detect CTE in a living patient. More and more cells die and, depending on the areas of the brain affected, memory loss, mood or behavioral changes offer the first indication of a downward spiral that no treatment can prevent.

A FOG

Before she got to know him, Dave Duerson's future wife, Alicia, feared him. He played with such ferocity that she couldn't imagine him acting any other way. Their first meeting dispelled that notion, and they stayed together for more than 25 years. "He was so sweet and kind," Alicia told *The New York Times*. "He could leave the game on the field and go back to being Dave."

For more than a decade that included Super Bowl titles with the Chicago Bears and New York Giants, he left the field and went back to being a loving husband and doting father to the couple's four children. But sometimes just getting home after games was a challenge. In interviews after his death, Alicia recalled driving him because he felt too foggy to be behind the wheel himself.

Tregg Duerson '08 doesn't remember much about his father's "Double D" football persona but recalls him "sleeping like a whole day" to recover from the physical punishment of NFL games. To Dave Duerson, the symptoms — dizziness, nausea, headaches — were routine. With some rest, he was ready to go again.

One report estimated that Duerson suffered 10 concussions, a number that sounds low to Tregg, given his dad's aggressive reputation and the era when he played. "I think it was a much different culture than today." And that number doesn't even account for the untold number of normal hits that he just slept off.

QUESTIONS

Repeated blows to the head — whether or not they are severe enough to produce concussions — are a known cause of CTE, but those collisions alone are not enough to trigger the disease. Otherwise every former athlete in a high-impact sport would be debilitated later in life.

A growing body of research, especially the identification of CTE in 14 of the 15 deceased professional football players who donated their brains to Boston University's study, has stirred public concern. And it's not just pros, the people who exposed themselves to the risk for decades dating back to youth football. At age 21, University of Pennsylvania defensive end and team captain Owen Thomas committed suicide. His parents donated his brain, which had the telltale buildup of the protein tau associated with CTE. An anonymous, deceased 18-year-old high school football player is the youngest person ever shown to have the disease.

Stern notes that the prevalence of CTE among his center's subjects reflects, in part, a self-selected group whose mental problems gave them or their families an incentive to seek a posthumous explanation. Still, 14 out of 15 professional football players is a startling statistic, especially for a condition all but absent among the general population. Although the victims have a history of repeated head trauma in common, the underlying susceptibility — why them and not their teammates? — remains a mystery.

"Are some people genetically more prone to developing the disease? Is it things like the age at which someone starts getting their head hit, or the overall duration of the exposure to brain trauma? Or the repetitiveness without rest in between hits?" Stern says. "We just don't know any of those answers."

MULTIPLE HITS

Katie Grant '11 can only imagine her father as a high school athlete. If Peter Grant played football and hockey anything like he competed against his son, Zachary, "I'm sure he was very intense," Katie says with a laugh.

He must have been. By his own account, Grant suffered seven concussions, including two that put him in the hospital. Once he was carted off the field, unconscious.

The specifics of the injuries — the circumstances, the severity, the length of recovery — have been lost in the retelling and the vague recollections of family and friends. "We also don't know," Katie Grant says, "if he took the full amount of time to heal after them."

That's a crucial piece of information. Using an individual's baseline results, doctors today determine when players can return based on computerized, objective measurements. In the late 1970s, when Grant played high-school sports, identifying how many fingers a trainer held up might have been enough. "Now what's important is screening, avoiding a second injury to a compromised brain," Karas says. "That's where the catastrophic, irreparable damage occurs."

It's possible that Peter Grant suffered that kind of irreparable damage before he even graduated from high school.

LONG-TERM FEARS

Tim Ridder '99 remembers his concussion and its aftermath the way most people might recall their 4th birthday party. "Remembering," he says, "is kind of a funny word to throw in there." From a video of his sideline evaluation and recollections of family and friends — but not from memory — he has cobbled together an account that has become the story.

During a preseason practice as a ND freshman offensive lineman

in August 1995, Ridder suffered a concussion on one play and, unaware, returned to the line of scrimmage for the next. After the snap, he never moved from his stance. Assistant coach Joe Moore barreled toward him, raging. But when Moore got there, he found Ridder dazed and in tears, and summoned the doctor.

Longtime Notre Dame sports-medicine specialist Dr. Jim Moriarity went to work, with a camera recording the examination for teaching purposes. In addition to answering Moriarity's questions, Ridder follows the doctor's finger with his eyes, touches his nose, and wobbles trying to put one foot in front of the other like a drunk driver failing a field-sobriety test. "I think at that point I told them I had won the Blue-Gold game on my own," Ridder says, "and I had never even been a part of the Blue-Gold game."

He hadn't even officially enrolled as a student. Freshman orientation was the next day, but instead of attending the event, he somehow ended up on the other side of campus, where a friend found him. Over the next week, he called home four times to tell his parents he had suffered a concussion. Not only were they aware of the injury, but Ridder's father was at the practice when it happened.

Now 34 and a middle-school principal in Leadville, Colorado, Ridder thinks about the potential long-term effects of his "one and only" diagnosed concussion that kept him out about six weeks. All the hits from a football career that included two years in the NFL already reveal their residual aches in his knees and shoulders. He can live with those things. "I don't want my brain to be the thing that happens early," Ridder says.

Even that threat — memory loss, dementia, mood or behavioral changes — comes with a sense of culpability. "I did this to my body," he says. "I had a lot of fun doing it; I knew what I was getting myself into." Then he reconsiders the thought. "Maybe not completely," he says, but common sense suggested what science has begun to establish — the correlation between repeated hits and mental decline later in life. Ridder remembers a professor telling him that if men were meant to play football, they wouldn't have to wear an exoskeleton.

He thought more about the physical consequences then, conscious that his body could absorb only so much punishment without retaliating. That awareness shaped the message he delivered to children about the importance of education: "I'd say, 'Your body falls apart, but your brain doesn't. Take care of your brain because that's what you'll have going for you long after your body breaks down.'"

MOVING FORWARD

After he retired from the NFL, a champion with a charitable heart who had received the league's Man of the Year award for humanitarian work, Duerson's professional success shifted to a new arena. His business aspirations were at least as grand as anything he pursued as an athlete — and he paid his dues like a rookie to achieve them. After retiring from football in 1993, he became a McDonald's franchisee, which requires months of training that includes working in a restaurant. "A year before that, this guy was in the NFL," Tregg Duerson says. "That's saying something. He was very hard-working no matter what he did."

After owning three McDonald's franchises, he bought a majority stake

in meat-supplier Fair Oaks Farms and later started Duerson Foods. He remained involved in the NFL labor issues and became a Notre Dame trustee. In business, he was the same ambitious, charismatic success story he had been in football. Even then, whether he recognized it or not, the damage already had been done.

CRASH TEST

Helmets don't help. Not enough, anyway. Most current models are not designed to protect against concussions at all. They are meant to prevent skull fractures — and they do. "But the head still moves around inside the helmet," neuropsychologist Stern says, "and the brain, more importantly, still moves around inside the skull. That's what causes brain trauma."

A Virginia Tech study — sort of a crash test for football helmets — released a star-rating system in May, the first comprehensive consumer safety information ever published on the industry. As if to illustrate how little had been previously known, the NFL's most widely used helmet — the league does not mandate what players wear — finished next to last in the study.

There have been improvements. New helmet models absorb more g-forces before they reach the brain; this could reduce the number of concussions. But no current technology can prevent them. Says Stern, "Equipment is not the answer — or it's not the sole answer."

As Stern and others continue to pursue research breakthroughs, they know this much: Eventually, some of the people exposed to the thwack of helmet on helmet, over and over again, will get sick. "The key to how to help prevent CTE, or at least decrease the risk," Stern says, "is to reduce the overall exposure."

That means less hitting in practice, a precautionary tactic beginning to gain traction. The new NFL collective-bargaining agreement limits contact in offseason workouts and regular-season practices. At the college level, the Ivy League has imposed the most stringent hitting restrictions yet. The rule, implemented this season, allows tackling, or contact of any kind, only twice a week. Current NCAA regulations permit five full-contact practices.

LOVING LIFE

There is a history of depression in Peter Grant's family. In his early 20s, he was diagnosed with bipolar disorder, which he managed for decades with medication. He was open about his condition with his wife and three children, but it was controlled so well that nobody else would have known. "He was always his usual self," Katie Grant says.

Outgoing and active in his West Bridgewater, Massachusetts, community, Grant chaired the town finance committee, served on the Bridgewater Savings bank board and coached kids' sports. An accountant with an undergraduate degree in business, he built a career in finance and operations for *The Boston Globe* and later worked as a media consultant. "He loved his job and the media business in general," Katie Grant says.

She describes all her father's interests that way. He loved to talk, he loved to read, he loved to travel. He especially loved Notre Dame. That influenced his daughters. Katie graduated in May and younger sister, Chrissy, is a senior. (Their brother, Zachary, is in high school.) The memory of her dad's animated campus visits makes Katie laugh. "It was almost too much."

DUERSON LISTENED TO STORIES ABOUT WILD PERSONALITY CHANGES — VIOLENCE, IRRITABILITY, DEPRESSION.

HE COULD SENSE HIMSELF UNRAVELING IN SIMILAR WAYS.

A SPORTING CHANCE

Tim Ridder's torn. He believes safety should be a priority, equipment and medical treatment should be state-of-the-art, and athletes should have as much information as possible about the risks of participation. On the other hand, he loved playing football, and he would hate to see the sport suffer if reasonable precautions could be put in place. "We have to make sure we're not creating another Rome," Ridder says, "where there are gladiators dying on the field depending on whether Caesar gives a thumbs-up or thumbs-down."

Some former players believe that's how they were treated. Claiming the NFL mishandled concussion treatment and concealed evidence for decades about the long-term effects of head injuries, in July a group of 75 former players sued the league. The NFL vowed to fight the suit, but its approach to head-injury awareness has changed in recent years.

A league medical committee formed in 1994 produced reports downplaying the ramifications of multiple concussions. A 2007 pamphlet informed players that "current research with professional athletes has not shown that having more than one or two concussions leads to permanent problems if each injury is treated properly."

The message shifted before the 2010 season with locker-room posters describing the threat of depression and dementia, new rules about concussion treatment, and a \$1 million donation to the Center for the Study of Traumatic Encephalopathy. "It is the hot-button item in the NFL," Karas says. "It's probably what we spend the most time on in our disability meetings. What is the NFL but a large corporation that employs thousands of people? And being able to characterize the amount of injury and potential disability and getting these guys back safely is the number-one medical issue in the NFL."

DUERSON'S FALL

Duerson understood football-related disability as well as anyone could without medical training. And he knew the horror stories all too well.

Part of a six-member panel that evaluated retired players' disability claims, Duerson heard about the suicides and the substance abusers. He listened to stories about wild personality changes — violence, irritability, depression.

Duerson could sense himself unraveling in similar ways. At first, he made offhand comments about his brain, expressing concern over symptoms he already felt and fear of how they might progress. His children never knew about those worries. "He was a very prideful man," says Tregg Duerson, who had never heard of CTE before his father died. "He would not have had that conversation with me."

But unmistakable changes in personality and judgment altered the course of Duerson's life. The patient man and prudent executive his family knew began to lash out in profane explosions and make bad business decisions that led Duerson Foods into financial peril. "He always had a very strong temper," Tregg Duerson says, but in retrospect, he can see how the disease intensified that trait. "I think toward the end of his life, his temper was more quick — he was easily agitated."

Duerson's personal problems splashed into the newspapers in 2005, when he was arrested after pushing Alicia against a wall at the Morris Inn on the University campus. He pleaded no contest, resigned from the Notre Dame board, and soon he and his wife were divorced. Everything seemed to be falling apart because his personality had changed in cataclysmic ways that he feared with chilling prescience.

MENTAL COLLAPSE

In December 2009 something changed. Medication that had controlled Peter Grant's mental illness for more than two decades stopped working. He became lethargic and withdrawn. Depressed.

Grant's doctors adjusted the dosages, to no avail, and searched in vain to explain alarming mood changes. Home for Christmas that December, when her father's new symptoms surfaced, Katie Grant thought he was preoccupied with work. When he visited Notre Dame two months later for Junior Parents Weekend, she recognized the depth of his depression.

His usual enthusiasm for a trip to South Bend vanished. "He just sat in the hotel room, didn't want to do anything, didn't even want to walk around campus," Katie says. "It was a 180-degree transformation from anything I had ever seen."

Through the summer and into the fall of 2010, it got worse, still without explanation. He had manic episodes — not sleeping, running around, talking incoherently. "Really sort of out of his mind," Katie says. One episode in October left him hospitalized for two weeks. After his release, he remained unstable. Alternately manic and depressed, Grant would claim to be feeling all right on his better days, "but it was a lot worse than he was letting us know."

There was no violence or anger, just withdrawal and forgetfulness. A dinner conversation would disappear in the fog of his mind, and when the subject came up again a day or two later, he would be upset that he hadn't been told about it before.

That change was especially jarring for Grant's family, who counted his intelligence and sharp attentiveness among his most notable characteristics. He was always on top of things. The difference could not have been lost on Grant himself, either, and they imagine that the frustration of his prolonged mental descent took an untold toll.

"I definitely think he felt hopeless," Katie says, "that he just wasn't going to get better."

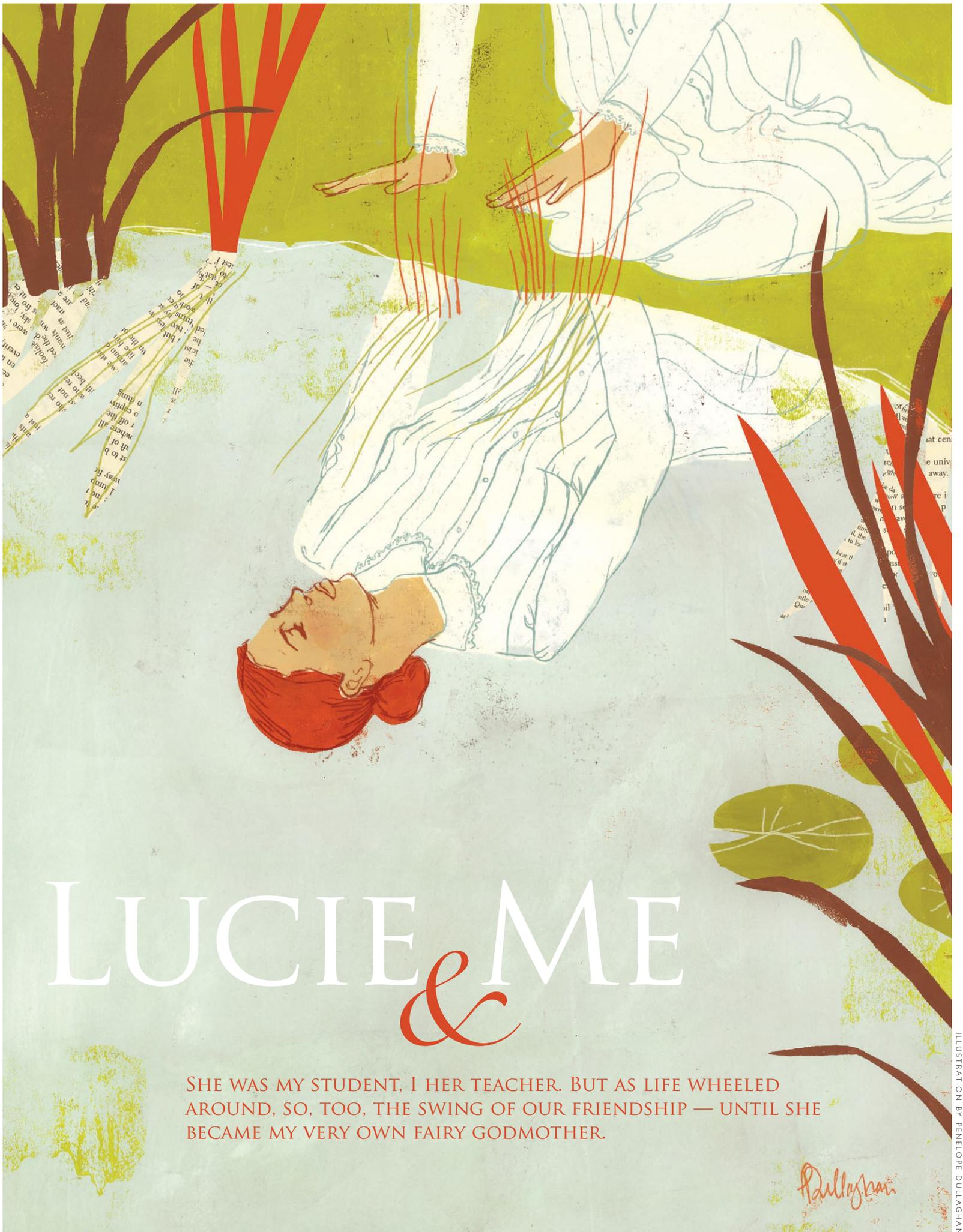
Duerson felt the same way. His financial problems reached their nadir in 2010, when he filed for bankruptcy and Alicia sued to collect unpaid child support, seeking assets that included his NFL Man of the Year award. By then he lived in Sunny Isles Beach, Florida, a family vacation destination where he moved full-time. In retrospect, he might have moved there to retreat from life as he felt his ebbing. Duerson's friend Ray Ellis told the *Miami New Times*, "He didn't want to crumble in front of an audience."

LEGACY

On February 8, Peter Grant committed suicide. Nine days later, Dave Duerson shot himself in the chest, a report that reverberated around the country because of the reason he did it that way: to preserve his brain for CTE research.

Both the Grant and Duerson families donated the brains. Grant's showed a mild level of CTE, Duerson's much more advanced. Announcing the findings in Duerson's case, the neuropathologist McKee displayed slides showing extensive damage to areas that affect "judgment, inhibition, impulse control, mood and memory."

There's solace in the CTE diagnosis for both families, insight into the torment that led Grant and Duerson to take their own lives. Beyond the emotional comfort, Stern says, their donations establish a legacy of medical evidence that transcends their own tragedies. Uncertainty still surrounds the disease. Players are left to wonder whether they will suffer a similar fate, or if hints hidden in the brains of previous victims will reduce the impact. □



LUCIE & ME

SHE WAS MY STUDENT, I HER TEACHER. BUT AS LIFE WHEELED AROUND, SO, TOO, THE SWING OF OUR FRIENDSHIP — UNTIL SHE BECAME MY VERY OWN FAIRY GODMOTHER.

Penelope Dullaghan

ILLUSTRATION BY PENELOPE DULLAGHAN

BY HEATHER TRESELER '10PH.D.

I acquired a fairy godmother after three decades of living as a committed rationalist: I never believed in fairy tales. As a child, I scorned tales of glass stilettos, talking frogs and mirrors, and sadly narcoleptic damsels. My empirical test of Santa Claus's sandwich preference revealed that no one unusual was sliding down the chimney. I knew the Tooth Fairy was just a fabulist anodyne for the painful wiggling required of second-graders. I never believed in anything but natural intervention.

When Lucie Beaudet first wheeled into my classroom, otherwise unannounced, I had a moment of logistical panic. The students in my night course were tightly seated around a square table; little room was left. Before I could think of a solution, Lucie had parked her chrome-and-black wheelchair with the skill of a Cadillac driver in a crowded church parking lot.

My fairy godmother (or "FGM" as she later identified herself) had arrived. I resumed my introduction to Composition 101, the first night course I taught at Washington University in St. Louis, where I had moved with my fiancé. The course was required for several degrees offered through the night school, and in many ways the class seemed an adult version of a Montessori classroom. My students' ages ranged across 40 years: from a 22-year-old computer programmer to a Naval officer in his 60s. Collectively, they had edited a city newspaper; promoted the opera; judged ice skating competitions; and managed a janitorial crew. They had raised children and ministered churches, tended bar and tattered banks. Lucie's own experiences — as a Chanel saleswoman, a neuropathology technician and an obstetrician's assistant —

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were extraordinarily rich, and yet not far from her classmates' norm. With one exception.

Wheelchairs provoke unasked questions. Months later, accompanying Lucie to an art gallery, the grocery store or the university library, I was startled by others' stares. The evident fact of Lucie's disability had not faded from my view, but I'd ceased to find it relevant. It was strange, then, to sense the cocktail of discomfort, sympathy, benign or prurient curiosity in others' looks. With auburn hair, cornflower blue eyes and an irrepressible laugh, Lucie is a vital presence, and anything but conventionally middle-age.

When she enrolled in my course, the 47-year-old Lucie had not been a student in three decades. She was as new to college as I was new to living in St. Louis, a Midwestern city of rectilinear streets, gated neighborhoods and racial tensions predating the Missouri Compromise. I had spent that summer both missing the liberal anonymity of New England cities and wondering if new acquaintances might result in a friendship or two. Half-consciously, I was struggling to find my footing in a life with my intended. At 27, I had little experience in the partitioning of coordinates, domestic and professional, or the zones of intimacy and independence negotiated in a shared existence.

So while I was the teacher armed with syllabi, lesson plans and expectation, I had acquired a student who, within a year's time, would reverse the poles of our pedagogical poses. Chance, one of life's more reliable variables, would serve us both well.

Whenever I teach composition, I recall my terror of middle-school math: days when I instinctively rhymed algebra with cholera and thought of *binomials* as double-toed gnomes.

Math phobia caused many late nights of broken pencils until Sister Andrew, a gentle nun skilled in the ways of exorcism, gave

me a month-long tutorial. At last, quadratic equations no longer made me feel like Napoleon's horse at Waterloo. But I recall that fear whenever I teach writing, an activity that can induce its own complex of anxieties.

Inscribing language — and the integrity of one's perceptions — onto paper, vellum or touch-screen induces the willies in almost all writers. Giving one's thoughts material form often reveals their inadequacy or inexactness, the frustration of the idea or meaning we had intended. To complicate matters, syntax and grammar have been out of educational vogue for at least a decade. When I first taught writing, I found terms such as "dependent clause" or "dangling modifier" sounded darkly ominous to students as if I were referring to clandestine divorce proceedings or to rustic tourniquets. So in the first weeks of a composition course, I try to get everyone writing — a paragraph or two for every class, in response to a range of texts and media. Students share from their written work while we review the genus, phylum and species of essays, paragraphs and sentences. Slowly, we enter the creaturely life of language.

Within the first month, it was clear that Lucie was one of the best writers in the course. Her essays about the euphemisms of laboratory science, the self-education of Malcolm X and the conceits of opera libretti suggested an unusually searching intelligence. Yet she often attached a written apologia to her assignments: for their brevity or perceived inadequacies.

Each week, I wrote back with comments and assurances that she needn't worry about her performance in the course. I finally realized that Lucie wasn't anxious about her grade, *per se*. She was writing with the sensitivity and the demand of a poet, judging each word she put to paper against the absolute-ness of her intention. While I might encourage her to be gentler in her self-assessments, it was not my job to dissuade Lucie of her standards. After all, I shared them.

Nothing had prepared me, however, for the essay she wrote in October. I had asked the students to write a piece that drew from their experience. Out of habit, I had saved Lucie's paper to the end.

"I awoke to the taste of grass," it began. In four paragraphs, she detailed the accident that paralyzed the lower half of her body. It occurred when her fiancé was racing his Saab at breakneck speed — the young hot-head lawyer had just passed the Missouri bar. When Lucie begged him to stop, he sped faster. The car flipped. When Lucie regained consciousness, she was pinned under several hundred pounds of the Saab's steel frame. Paramedics arrived, and the young attorney emerged from the wreck with a set of bruises. Lucie, meanwhile, could not feel anything beneath her ribcage. With complete fractures of lumbar and thoracic vertebrae, substantial blood loss and a third degree burn from the hot metal of the car's muffler, her life was in question.

The last paragraph glossed a purgatory spent in intensive care; multiple surgeries; the implantation of steel rods to stabilize her spine; their subsequent infection; the surgical removal of the rods and an antibiotic battle against systemic infection. More than a year of Lucie's life was spent hospitalized, some of it drugged beyond recollection. Narrowly, she had lived. She survived to remember the taste of grass.

I stared at Lucie's essay until the words grew indistinct. I thought of a famous line in Ezra Pound's *Cantos*: "As a lone ant from a broken anthill / from the wreckage of Europe, *ego scriptor* [I, the writer]." In that poem — with its heroic survivalist ant — Pound obliquely describes his imprisonment in Pisa, Italy, where he was kept under klieg lights in an open-air cage. And I thought of Lucie, physically immobilized in the fluorescence of an intensive care unit, a twilight zone in which space loses its civilian privacy and time is denuded of its circadian clothes. Like a prisoner-of-war, Lucie had known bare life and the hangman precariousness of a spine's damaged cord.

I looked out of my study's window at the row of unremarkable brick homes lining the street. If the body resembles a two-story house with its complementary lower and upper halves zoned for specific activity — for the pleasures of movement, sociality and solitude — I wondered if Lucie felt removed from the half she could no longer feel or will through space. What did it mean to lose sensation in half of one's body, half of one's somatic home?

It had been a decade since my own accident. Traumatic on an infinitely lesser scale, I had fallen from a running track's elevated turn, damaging muscles and my sciatic nerve. Weeks before my freak fall, an Ivy League track coach had hinted that if I took three seconds off of my time, I would be admitted. In one moment, I was flying in sneakers, wanting to study history and classics at an Ivy League university. In the next, I was down for the count.

After a year of caustic pain, I had surgery on my back and leg, which left me unable to sit or walk properly for another full year — a year I missed of school. In those lonely months, I enrolled in rounds of rehabilitation, from whirlpools and scar tissue massage to a truly boot-camp version of physical therapy at the New England Baptist Hospital Spine Center, where I joined professional linebackers, victims of auto wrecks and those otherwise "walking wounded" in learning how to compensate for a serious chink in the armor.

By the time I met Lucie, I had learned how to manage my physical limitations well enough to handle graduate school, gentle exercise and lengthening writing hours. But I hadn't learned how to mitigate the psychological wear of chronic pain. At times, I felt unable to hide its reality from my intended, who regarded my tougher days with a mixture of sad bewilderment and alarm. Months

hand. But Lucie demurred, and I followed her cue. Writing autobiography might offer what Robert Frost termed "a momentary stay against confusion." But it also might recapitulate one's garaged emotions and feel like a rummage sale of one's veteran furniture.

Lucie received the highest grade in the course. Over the holidays, I mailed her final paper to her city apartment, never imagining it was an address I'd soon call home.

Friends who are psychotherapists talk about the importance of preserving patients' anonymity outside of the therapy room. Encountering a patient at a local bank or neighborhood block party, they must allow the patient to decide how — and if — they will acknowledge each other. Teaching isn't the same, of course, but when my term as Lucie's composition teacher ended, I wondered if I would hear from her again.

To my delight, I did. Lucie invited me to coffee several times over the next semester, and we met to chat about her courses, to review her papers and to talk through her plan for a degree in social work or psychology. On occasion, I accompanied Lucie to the library. Reaching for texts on higher shelves or carrying our hot coffee to a café table, I caught a glimpse of some of Lucie's difficulties. Though it has been two decades since the passage of the Americans with Disabilities



would pass before Lucie and I spoke of such things, before I got her tutelage in living gracefully with ache.

When she wheeled into my office the following week, I asked Lucie if she had considered writing a memoir. "This would make a terrific beginning," I urged, her essay in

Act, many college campuses are not genuinely accessible. Narrow hallways, unreliable elevators, bumpy brick walkways and steep ramps create an obstacle course worthy of a reality television show.

Getting to class through snowstorms and freezing rain, Lucie completed the winter

semester with a 4.0 average. Emboldened, she doubled her course load. Distracted by our academic endeavors and the torpor of a St. Louis summer, we fell out of touch. Finally, in September, we made plans for a catch-up lunch.

The day before I was scheduled to visit with Lucie, a professor from my alma mater wrote that he had put my name forward for a temporary teaching position in creative writing at a New England college. Though I doubted my chances, I skipped home to tell my fiancé. In the self-reprisals of retrospect, I have wondered if this news — and its suggestion that I might, at some point, have a career of my own — was the proverbial final straw. After a three-year engagement, two cross-country moves, combined fates and bank accounts, the relationship ended. While he had a tenured job, I was a graduate student. He indicated that I could stay in the spare bedroom until I found a place to live.

The next 48 hours were a blur of grief and emergency thinking. When I called Lucie, she could tell from the warble in my voice that something was wrong. I told her of my predicament. “Miss Heather,” she began with a gentle bossiness I would come to adore, “do come to my house for dinner.”

Lucie answered the door with a flash of chrome and Chanel lipstick. “Come in, come in!” she sang out as I entered her apartment on the eighth floor of the Executive House, a building with a marble foyer, floral arrangements and uniformed doormen. Lucie’s living room was softly lit by lamps and a low chandelier. Tall bookcases with glass doors and an invitingly plump set of chairs — the sturdy leather kind with brass buttons — lent the parlor a William Jamesian air. At the far end, French doors opened onto a veranda with a view of the skyline, the city’s Gateway Arch featured to the right of center.

“Make yourself at home, and come tell me what you’d like to drink,” Lucie said, disappearing into a brightly lit kitchen. For the first time in 24 hours, I took a deep breath. The homey aroma of baked bread, cardamom and the sweet tang of reduction sauce led me to the kitchen, where Lucie was glazing fish and asparagus in a veritable cloud of steam. “When I bought this Chilean sea bass,” she said, an incipient twinkle in her eye, “the grocer reminded me that it is an endangered species. But I figured *that* was appropriate since, my dear, you are also an endangered species. Now, can I interest you in a chocolate martini?”

Shock had left me aphasic. That night, Lucie’s loquacity and pliant liquor coaxed me back to speech. Numbly, I recounted what had happened. Lucie was generous in her sympathies, unsparing in her assessments. The granddaughter of an Irish banker and a French chef, her invective was sharper than a tartly aged *fromage*. I laughed through my tears, and at the end of dinner Lucie plotted out steps for survival. In a few days’ time, I had secured a temporary apartment, part-time teaching jobs and a house-sitting assignment for the spring term. Shoring up my finances, I petitioned to renew my student health insurance and calmed my parents, apoplectic with worry.

But it was Lucie who would advise on every aspect of my improvised existence. With her help and gourmet replenishments, I taught four courses, wrote three book chapters, applied for fellowships and housed for faculty friends with five cats. When their Russian cat had a violent asthma attack, I called Lucie. When their tabby cat took a swim in the bathtub mysteriously planted in the backyard, Lucie coached me through Operation Feline Retrieval (on a broomstick) and a check of the vital signs. Weekends, we worked at her dining room table, fueled by endless cups of tea. She listened patiently to designs and redesigns of my dissertation. And when the owners of the feline quintet returned from England earlier than expected, Lucie insisted that I move to her guest quarters, where I stayed for three months, free of charge.

How had I lucked into such a fairy godmother? My relationship with Lucie — in its sisterly, maternal and filial dimensions — was unlike any platonic one I’d known. I worried that it wasn’t equitable. What minor assistance I could offer Lucie was no recompense for her generosity.

That spring, I won a one-year fellowship that would allow me to finish my doctoral degree at Notre Dame. It was time to finish my dissertation. I bought a second alarm clock, taught, caffeinated and wrote. Lucie was my support corps. Whenever she suspected that I was getting too squirrely in the library, she would buzz my cell phone and request my presence at the entrance to the university. Ten minutes later, Lucie would arrive in “Bertha,” a giant SUV equipped with hand controls, and a field trip would ensue. Sometimes, we cruised through the city listening to riotous opera. Other times, we visited a set of paintings in the St. Louis Art Museum. Decadently, we shopped for designer shoes, coats and lace hose. We held

spontaneous dance parties. In spite of myself, I had fun.

Lucie was a karmic rebuttal to my difficulty that year. Nor was I alone in adoring her. As her roommate, I got to know her circle of friends, culled from the ranks of local universities and science labs, her apartment building and book clubs. At her dinner table, I met Dr. Vernon Fischer, a professor of anatomy and a survivor of Hitler’s Kristallnacht; Ian Rice, an Olympic gymnast and a professor of kinesiology; Doris, an octogenarian Republican of scarlet lipstick and devastating editorials; Dr. W., a well-known nephrologist; and Paul, a handsome master electrician. In turn, Lucie’s friends showed me their favorite parts of the city. The master electrician drove me across town to visit a Carmelite chapel. The graphic designer advised on consignment shopping. I felt the godchild of a village.

In her walking days, Lucie had stood 5-foot-10. With her, I could talk candidly about the strangeness of living in an injured body. And it was from Lucie that I got belated, unorthodox training in pain management. Schooled in the occupational therapy of her own rehabilitation, Lucie showed me how to carry a book bag, exit a car, sit in a desk chair and follow an anti-inflammatory diet high in fish oils and leafy greens. More importantly, in her zealous commitment to music, mischief and the lives of her friends, Lucie suggested ways of displacing the liabilities of hurt into engagement, modest achievement, lasting bonds.

That August, I finished teaching my summer courses at Washington University and packed my car to the gills. Lucie tucked vitamins and protein bars into my purse, tipped the doormen to lift my suitcases and waved from the parapet as I left for Indiana. At Notre Dame, I would teach and write with intensity. But I spoke with Lucie every day, and biscotti and warm, winter tights arrived from St. Louis at regular intervals. On my birthday, a FedEx truck delivered a high-powered British toaster that jettisoned my English muffins 6 inches in the air. (Kitchen technology, Lucie opined, ought to make one’s early mornings interesting.) I traveled to St. Louis as often as I could.

When, on the first of March, I won a postdoctoral fellowship that would take me to Cambridge and the Harvard libraries, I called Lucie from the Notre Dame parking lot. We shared a virtual toast across the miles — from the driver’s seat of a small Volkswagen to her rooftop atelier. And Lucie assured me that I was likely to pass her course. □

Flights Of Fancy

BY JAMES M. LANG '91 AND
ANTHONY F. LANG JR. '90

In 2003, a German author named Gabriele Kuby published *Harry Potter: Gut oder Böse?* or *Harry Potter: Good or Bad?* She sent the book to then-Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger (now Pope Benedict XVI), in the hopes of obtaining the Vatican's approval of her argument, which was that J.K. Rowling's popular series of novels had the potential to corrupt the souls of young readers.

Cardinal Ratzinger was serving at that time as Prefect of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, a position charged by the Vatican to "promote and safeguard the doctrine on the faith and morals throughout the Catholic world." The future Pope Benedict found time to read Kuby's book and sent her a brief commendatory note in response.

"It is good that you enlighten us on the Harry Potter matter," Ratzinger responded, "for these are subtle seductions that are barely noticeable, and precisely because of that have a deep effect and corrupt the Christian faith in souls even before it could properly grow."

Pope Benedict's statement to Kuby about the seductive dangers of Harry Potter — which he agreed to make public, at Kuby's request — echoes the anxieties of many concerned Christians who fear that these seemingly innocuous novels and films, with their wholesome trio of protagonists, may have a sinister effect on the souls of young readers.

Anthony and James Lang are brothers and are working on a book about religious faith in the modern world. Anthony is a reader in the School of International Relations at the University of St. Andrews in Scotland and director of the Centre for Global Constitutionalism. James is an associate professor of English and director of the Honors Program at Assumption College in Worcester, Massachusetts.

Lev Grossman, fantasy novelist and book critic for *Time* magazine, published an essay in the magazine's July 2007 issue that articulated the most common religious criticism of Rowling's novels: "Harry Potter," Grossman claims, "lives in a world free of any religion or spirituality of any kind. He lives surrounded by ghosts but has no one to pray to, even if he were so inclined, which he isn't." As a substitute for God and religion, Grossman argues, Harry and his companions have love.

Love may seem innocuous enough — but not so, argues Grossman. The substitution of love for God represents a massive symbolic shift in our consciousness: "In the new millennium, magic comes not from God or nature or anything grander or more mystical than a mere human emotion. In choosing Rowling as the reigning dreamer of our era, we have chosen a writer who dreams of a secular, bureaucratized, all-too-human sorcery, in which psychology and technology have superseded the sacred."

In August of that same year, novelist Michael O'Brien took up the thread of Grossman's argument, again hammering away at the notion that Rowling's fantastic world reserves no place for God or real religion. O'Brien describes the series as "a kind of anti-Gospel, a dramatized manifesto for behavior and belief embodied by loveable, at times admirable, fictional characters who live out the modern ethos of secular humanism to its maximum parameters."

IN A WORLD WHERE
THE SUPERNATURAL
IS THREATENED
WITH EXTINCTION,
THE SACRED MAY SURVIVE
IN THE LANDS OF FAIRIES,
FANTASY AND FABLE.

O'Brien also has made the argument that Rowling's novels, with their "admirable" characters, might serve as a gateway drug for more dangerous fantasy literature: "When [a child] has finished reading the Potter series," O'Brien asks, "what will he turn to? There is a vast industry turning out sinister material for the young that will feed their growing appetites. In the wake of likable young Harry's adventures, not-so-likable characters will appear, and they will become role models or, at the very least, images of alternative ways of living."

It would be foolish to argue with at least one aspect of O'Brien's claim — that Harry Potter has unleashed an explosion of fantasy heroes and villains in both children's and adult literature, and that many of these other works have a much darker undercurrent than

Rowling's boy hero. The current rage for vampire novels and films, for instance, suggests a growing interest in the more macabre elements of the fantasy genre.

Gabriele Kuby, Pope Benedict, Lev Grossman and Michael O'Brien are all posing questions we think are worth answering: *Should* Christians fear the seductive dangers of fantasy novels and films like Harry Potter? Will the innocent heroes of Rowling's novels lead our children to more obviously corrupting novels of fantasy? Most fundamentally, should we be concerned that novels and films of the fantastic might teach impressionable young minds that wizards and vampires, warlocks and werewolves are more interesting, exciting — and perhaps even more real — than the Father, Son and Holy Spirit of our faith?



ILLUSTRATIONS BY STERLING HUNDLEY

One way to begin answering that question may be to gain some historical perspective on it by looking at a different kind of fantasy book — a fairy story written more than 300 years ago by an obscure Scottish minister, a story that still captures the imagination of devotees of fantasy literature today.

THE SECRET COMMONWEALTH

In 1815, Sir Walter Scott, the Scottish author of works such as *Ivanhoe* and *Rob Roy*, helped shepherd into publication a book called *The Secret Commonwealth*. Based on a manuscript dated from 1691, the book described the world of fairies, magical peoples living among humans who did both good and harm to the “terrestrial” inhabitants of rural Scotland.

The author of this strange little tome was Robert Kirk, a 17th century Episcopalian minister who lived and worked in small villages of the Scottish highlands. Kirk was best known during his lifetime for a translation of the Psalter into Gaelic and the beginnings of a Gaelic Bible. The son of a minister, he studied theology at the universities of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, and served as the minister of two different parishes during his life. He was, in other words, very much a Christian.

No one is sure why Kirk wrote *The Secret Commonwealth*. What we do know is that he refused to publish it during his lifetime, and that he died just one year after it appears to have been completed

(one legend says he didn’t die but was “taken” by the fairy folk for delving too deeply into their world). His personal papers, now in Edinburgh University’s library, offer little evidence for why he might have composed the book. Some doodles in his student notebooks look like witches, but nothing exists that would really explain why a Christian minister would write a book describing the world of fairies.

The Secret Commonwealth offers no argument for belief in fairies. Instead, it provides an account of them in all of their material and social reality, with detailed descriptions of everything from their habits to their diets and their weaponry. The book includes lengthy discussions of the politics of the fairy world — not a politics of kings and queens but something closer to the commonwealth that was emerging in England and Scotland during Kirk’s lifetime. The fairies themselves are presented as creatures composed of congealed air that suck the sap from corn stalks without being seen by farmers. All in all, the book reads like a journalist’s report of a distant land.

Although no evidence survives that would help us understand why Kirk wrote the book, we can make some guesses based on the world in which he lived. The 17th century was a time of intellectual, religious and political upheaval, particularly in Scotland and England. The civil wars that eventually led to the execution of one king, the creation of a Puritan commonwealth, the restoration of another king, and the Glorious Revolution of 1688 were driven by conflicts between Protestant and Catholic forces, and then between Anglicans

and Puritans. In other words, these were conflicts about faith and belief.

At the same time, partly led by scientific discoveries such as those of Francis Bacon and Isaac Newton, rapid changes were taking place in how people understood their own beliefs, including challenges to traditional religious faith that led many in both Scotland and England to abandon any pretense of belief in Christianity. David Hume, the great intellectual light of 18th century Scotland, was a leading critic of all churches and the mysticism surrounding such things as miracles.

Kirk lived, in other words, during a time when intellectual and political revolutions were being driven by challenges to established forms of belief. We can surmise that a minister living among simple farmers who had for hundreds of years seen their Celtic and Christian beliefs melded into overlapping narratives might see the world of fairies as a way to reinforce belief in a moment of intellectual and political crisis.

Perhaps, Kirk might have reasoned, the best means for him to promote and sustain belief in the largest spiritual realities of the universe — Father, Son and the Holy Spirit — was to cultivate belief in smaller, more local fantastic creatures, even if they were not “real” in the same sense as the Creator. Perhaps in his age of spiritual crisis, belief in magical or fantastic creatures could pave the road back to belief in God.

Two hundred and fifty years later, the devil would make the same argument.

THE DEVIL SPEAKS

Not *the* devil, we should say — *a* devil, by whom we mean Screwtape, the eponymous hero of C.S. Lewis’ imagined series of letters between a senior devil and a “junior tempter.” *The Screwtape Letters* appeared in England in 1942, in the midst of another political European crisis, and in a country that would witness an unprecedented loss of religious belief among its intellectual classes over the next two decades.

The movement toward ultimate disbelief seemed so inevitable that the English poet Philip Larkin wondered, in his famous 1955 poem “Church Going,” what would happen to all of those churches dotting the English landscape when religious “superstition” finally died out.

Screwtape addresses this issue early in his correspondence with his nephew Wormwood, designed to help the junior devil successfully tempt a young English man into damnation. We see only half of their correspondence; we never see any letters from Wormwood back to his uncle. Most letters, though, open with Screwtape summarizing or commenting upon a question or statement by his nephew, so we have some sense of Wormwood’s concerns. One of those concerns seems to be whether or not Wormwood should reveal himself to his young man — should the young human be made to know, in other words, of the existence of devils?

Ah, Screwtape sighs in response, this question creates a “cruel dilemma” for the devils of the world: “When the humans disbelieve in our existence we lose all the pleasing results of direct terrorism. . . . On the other hand, when they believe in us, we cannot make them materialists and skeptics.”

That last sentence clearly references the growing unbelief of Lewis’ fellow British artists and intellectuals in the mid-20th century: When humans deny the existence of devils, they become “materialists and skeptics,” refusing to acknowledge any realities beyond the physical world. For Lewis, then, belief in devils might play the same role that belief in fairies played for Kirk — they help cultivate a faith in things unseen in a culture gradually losing its grip on faith of that kind.

If Lewis and his devil are right, then we must consider the possibility that belief in fairies and devils — and magical creatures of any kind — has its roots in the same sense of openness to realities beyond the physical, material universe as more conventional religious faith. Historically, both Kirk and Lewis would seem to suggest, there may be times in which cultivating that openness, in whatever form it may appear, is the best we can do for a world in the grips of a crisis of faith.

For Kirk’s confused and frightened parishioners, as for Lewis’ skeptical modern readers, narratives of the fantastic and the magical may have provided an alternative means of keeping faith alive in a troubled world. When the doorway of conventional religious belief was in danger of slamming shut, their fairies and devils helped them to crack open a window.

We may find ourselves yet again in an era in which conventional religious faith is undergoing a new set of challenges. As if the rapidly evolving world of technology and scientific discovery were not difficult enough to absorb into our religious worldview, we have now to contend with the challenges of the “new atheists.” Recent bestselling arguments against belief in God have brought debates about the truth of religion and spirituality back into the intellectual and cultural forecourt.

But it may be premature to assert that today’s revival of fantastic literature will stem this new tide of skeptical materialism, because the nature of popular fantastic literature has undergone an important shift as well. This time around, as fantasy writers were propping up the window of belief in extra-material worlds, a new monster crept in over the sill.

FANTASY AND DEATH

In 1976, a lapsed Catholic named Anne Rice published *Interview with the Vampire*. Followed by nine books in what came to be known as *The Vampire Chronicles*, Rice helped to create what is today one of the most popular fantasy characters — the attractive, romantic, misunderstood vampire.

Of course, the vampire was not created by Rice. The idea of creatures that suck the lifeblood from innocent humans and live forever as a result reaches back into the mythology of many cultures. Interest in vampires returned with a vengeance in 18th century Europe, partly led by reports from what are now the countries of Bulgaria and Romania, but reinforced by the already growing Romantic reaction against Enlightenment reason and science, which relegated everything unseen — including religious belief — to the realm of myth and fantasy. Bram Stoker’s *Dracula*, published in 1897, brought to perfection the gothic, romantic hero.

AND YET FOR
ROWLING’S
CHARACTERS — AND
ESPECIALLY FOR
HARRY, WHO LONGS
FOR THE RETURN OF
HIS DEAD PARENTS
THROUGHOUT THE
ENTIRE SERIES —
DEATH DOES NOT
END OUR STORY.

Vampires have become popular once again, and now they are competing for the same young adult market that was captured by the Harry Potter novels. In 2005, the novel *Twilight* appeared. Aimed at a teen audience, *Twilight* and its sequels created a world of angst-ridden teen vampires and other fantastic creatures. The blockbuster movie made its debut in 2008.

Unlike Kirk's fairies or Lewis' devils, vampire mythology inserts itself directly into one of the gaps left by the withdrawal of conventional religious faith: the promise of eternal life. As a result, the vampire story removes one of the primary stings of atheism. To deny the existence of a world beyond this one and to reject the hard morals demanded of us by our religious faith or of judgment in the life to come may seem immensely liberating. This ability to surmount death without the aid of a deeper spirituality makes vampires more dangerous than the fairies of Kirk's world.

In the mythology, a vampire's life beyond the grave does not resemble the eternal paradise promised to us by Christian theology. For while vampires may be romantic, they are also tragic characters. In most of this literature, the vampires realize living forever is not what they thought it was, and they often hesitate to turn those they love into vampires. They know that while death seems to be the ultimate evil, perhaps there is something worse. Life without an ending, without a new beginning of some sort, is not a life worth living.

The promise of eternal life may satisfy our desire to escape death. But for the vampire literature, it does not provide, as our religious faith promises us, a movement toward a good.

SO IN THE END . . .

And that leads us back to our initial question: Is fantasy literature good or bad for our children (and for us)?

To help provide us our final answer, we want to turn to a fantasy author whose influence on the entire genre has been profound. J.R.R. Tolkien, the author of *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings*, created an immense fantasy world over a lifetime in which he taught literature at Oxford University. For our purposes, though, his most important work may have been "On Fairy Stories," a lecture he gave at the University of St. Andrews in 1939 — after he had written *The Hobbit* but before he launched his epic trilogy.

In the lecture Tolkien argued that fairy stories must have happy endings. A fairy story must go through danger, evil, even death — but through a fortuitous turn of events, all turns out well. Tolkien coined a neologism to describe this element of the fairy story — a *eucaastrophe*. Like a catastrophe, fairy stories have sudden and unexpected endings — but, with the simple addition of *eu-*, the Greek prefix for goodness, this turn of events is a turn toward the good.

In *The Lord of the Rings*, Tolkien's hero Frodo Baggins fails in the most critical moment of the story. When he stands at the rim of the fires of Mount Doom and can finally destroy the Ring of Power that has caused so much evil and destruction in Middle Earth, he instead gives into temptation and decides to keep it for himself. Before he can act upon his decision, though, the evil Gollum bites the Ring from Frodo's finger and falls into the fiery lake, thus accomplishing what Frodo could not bring himself to do.

So in the end, Frodo is saved by the fact that long ago his uncle Bilbo Baggins had refused to kill Gollum when he had the chance — and it is the evil Gollum who completes the task of destroying the



Ring. The world is saved by Bilbo's act of mercy, one that Frodo thought was foolish (and the reader also might have thought was foolish). But that is precisely the point of the *eucaastrophe*, the mystery at the heart of a good fairy tale.

When he published his lecture some years later, Tolkien added an epilogue that made a much deeper, theological claim: "The Birth of Christ is the *eucaastrophe* of Man's history. The resurrection is the *eucaastrophe* of the story of the Incarnation."

J.K. Rowling's novels — like Tolkien's, but unlike the vampire story — follow this model of the good fairy tale. The goal of Rowling's antagonist, Voldemort, is to cheat death. He splits his very soul into numerous parts in order to never die.

The fact that a number of characters in the novels die is perhaps one of Rowling's most important lessons — we cannot use fantasy to escape death. And yet for Rowling's characters — and especially for Harry, who longs for the return of his dead parents throughout the entire series — death does not end our story.

And this brings us to what yet may prove to be the most important *eucaastrophe* of our time: the story of religious faith in the modern world. Perhaps not as profound as Tolkien's *eucaastrophe*, but just as important today.

The most recent U.S. Religious Landscape Survey, from the Pew Forum on Religion and Public Life in America, reports that only 1.6 percent of Americans describe themselves as atheists — a number that hardly seems to justify the fears articulated by Rowling's detractors, and other critics of fantasy literature's role in displacing religious belief today.

But those critics might justifiably point to another key finding in the survey: the largest growing "religion" in the United States in recent years has been the "unaffiliated" category, which includes that tiny percentage of atheists, but mostly consists of those who claim to have some kind of belief in God or a spiritual world but do not count themselves as members of any organized religion. Here we might perhaps find those who would substitute abstractions like "love" — as Lev Grossman claims that J.K. Rowling would have us do — for the more traditional religious deities of their fathers and mothers.

Rather than calling Rowling and her fellow fantasy writers to the carpet for drawing believers away from their religious traditions, we might just as well laud her for following in the grand tradition of fantasy writers, like Scotland's Robert Kirk, who have helped to keep faith alive in a rapidly secularizing world. That faith may not conform to the standards expected by more traditional believers, but it may play an essential role in maintaining faith in things unseen in a world that looks with increasing skepticism on the orthodoxies of the great world religions.

The rise of the "new atheists" and their dismissal of God, the increasingly confident claims of the scientific world to explain the origin and nature of the universe, and the sex abuse scandals in the Catholic Church — all of these should leave us wondering not at the loss of religious faith in the West today but at its incredible persistence in the face of so many secularizing pressures.

And if it turns out that we are merely at a low point in this *eucaastrophe* — if more conventional Christian traditions begin to thrive once again, and those masses of unaffiliated believers return to their folds — it may be that we have our fantasy writers to thank for playing Gollum to our Frodo, and for keeping the light of faith alive in even the darkest of times. □



DEALING WITH THE DEAD

The deceased were not the only victims
of the mortuary tent in Logar Province, Afghanistan.
Even the living are still haunted by the place.

2 OCTOBER 2009

**Forward Operating Base (FOB) Shank,
Logar Province, Afghanistan**

“Oh, my God.”

The words escaped my mouth before I knew it, like the release of an emotional pressure valve. On the stretcher in front of me was Sergeant Eric Simpson, a 25-year-old kid from Nebraska who inexplicably had been machine-gunned to death by an Afghan police officer he had been working with.

His corpse was so skinny you could hardly detect any muscle on his body. His skin was more ghostly white than any I had seen in the past three months. His mouth was hanging open and his eyes still stared toward the ceiling of our tent, but what made me invoke the Lord’s name were the entry and exit wounds where bullets had peppered his body.

As I worked my way up and down his remains to help my soldiers remove his personal effects and to inventory everything on him (from patches to socks), I could see the damage the Afghan bullets had done.

This was not the first corpse I had seen during my time in Afghanistan. But getting an up-close look at what bullets can do when they rip through flesh, bone and muscle proved momentarily overwhelming for me.

“Are you okay, sir?” asked Sergeant Scott Altgilbers, a communications specialist who routinely assisted my mortuary affairs team in processing remains.

“I’m good,” I replied.

Simpson’s eyes needed to be closed. Turning off my emotions, I gently brushed my hands down his forehead, shutting his eyes for the last time.

ROAD TO AFGHANISTAN

I had arrived in Afghanistan in early June 2009 after completing seven months in Iraq with another unit. I was 36 years old then and had spent 14 of those years on active duty in the U.S. Army. My new mission was to assume the duties of Support Operations

Officer (SPO) for a brigade of 3,500 soldiers. As the SPO, I was to ensure the brigade’s logistical health by making sure they had all the supplies and services necessary to perform their wartime mission — such as food, water,

However, I routinely assisted my MA personnel when they were handling casualties. After all, these soldiers worked for me. If they had to expose themselves to the gruesome things that can happen when a person is killed in a war, I needed to stand at their side, leading by example.

Of the 63 remains my team processed during my six months in Afghanistan, I was present for 27. Among other things, I saw two American soldiers who had been incinerated when an enemy IED (improvised explosive device) destroyed their armored vehicle and cooked off its ammunition while they were trapped inside. I saw a soldier who had a bloody cavity where his face once had been. And I held a dead 8-month-old Afghan girl at 2 in the morning who had been accidentally shot in the neck during a firefight between U.S. forces and enemy insurgents.

But for whatever reasons — unclear even to me — the day I met Eric Simpson still stands out in my memory.

BY MAJOR ANDREW J. DEKEVER '95

fuel, ammunition, medical support, equipment maintenance and transportation.

My job description also included managing the mortuary affairs (MA) operations for our brigade’s sector of Afghanistan. This entailed processing the remains not only of U.S. soldiers but also those of Coalition forces and Afghan soldiers and civilians (including children). My team consisted of one soldier who was trained as a mortuary affairs specialist and four additional soldiers from other fields (ranging from cooks to a communications specialist) who had been assigned to the MA mission. Regrettably, though, they had received no prior specialized training on how to handle the sights, sounds and emotions surrounding their gruesome but essential duty.

I was but one of three majors in our battalion of 1,000, and no one expected me to assist the MA team with processing corpses. In fact, while the team handled 105 remains during its year-long deployment, my battalion commander and battalion command sergeant major never went to the MA tent, and my predecessor as well as my brigade commander went there only once.

TRYING TO COPE

Early on that October Friday, I was awakened by a knock at my door. Another soldier, killed on a mission, was en route to the mortuary tent, and so about 1:45 a.m. I joined my MA team there.

The walk from my room to the tent took about 10 minutes. No matter how many times I saw a corpse during my time in Afghanistan, I was always filled with anxiety as I walked up the wooden ramp and passed through the canvas flap that served as the tent’s doorway. I never knew in what condition I would find the remains. Would it be an intact body that resembled the corpse at a funeral home? Or would I see remains that had been blown apart, dismembered or shredded by bullets, shrapnel or explosions?

It was an especially bad sign whenever I walked into the tent and one of my soldiers would say, “Sir, you don’t want to be in here for this one.”

These thoughts would stew in my mind all during that walk. And when the rest of the base was fast asleep as I walked in the middle of the night — as I was doing now — it made me feel especially isolated and lonely.

Major Andrew J. DeKever is a native of Mishawaka, Indiana. Out of respect for the deceased’s family, “Sergeant Eric Simpson” is a pseudonym.

Fortunately, this young man's remains did not disturb me. All I could see was that the top of his head was bandaged, concealing the wounds which presumably had killed him. The worst part of the night was when I handled blood-soaked clothes the medics had removed from him earlier and when I saw his personal effects — pictures of loved ones, driver's license, credit cards.

Seeing the dead's personal effects was always hard for me and other members of the MA team. As a coping mechanism, my guys tried to keep themselves as emotionally detached from the casualties as possible. They even purposely tried to avoid learning the casualties' names. Seeing the personal effects, however, served as a reminder that these corpses were *people* who were now leaving behind a wife or husband, children and friends.

Once the body was in our refrigerated storage units ("reefers"), I headed back to my office for a few minutes and then returned to my room to get some sleep.

Unfortunately, he would not be the only fatality we would deal with on that Friday.

That afternoon we received word that two more Americans would soon be arriving at the MA tent. For reasons we never fully understood, an Afghan police officer they had been working with suddenly opened fire, killing them both.

We followed our typical routine that day: Some MA personnel headed to the medical tents to await the casualties. Meanwhile, helicopters delivered the bodies to the base, where the doctors pronounced them dead. My boys then loaded the bodies into an unmarked field ambulance and drove them to the MA tent. That's where I was, removing my uniform top, donning rubber gloves and waiting for the dead to arrive.

When the ambulance pulled up, the first stretcher contained the body of a young, well-built African-American kid. A couple of guys from his unit were waiting outside the tent, wanting to see his remains when we deemed the time to be right. Sergeant Altgilbers asked me to help him make this dead soldier presentable.

We unzipped his body bag and got to work. Unfortunately, making him presentable was easier said than done, as the blood was already dried to his face. I did my best to clear it off, but my concern about this

was lessened by a more pressing problem. Looking down at the portion of the "human remains pouch" (the Army's term for what is more commonly known as a "body bag") that was beneath his head, I noticed gray specks of brain matter mixed with a pool of crimson-colored blood. If this kid's buddies were to view his remains, cleaning up this mix of fresh blood and brain matter was



Major Andrew J. DeKeever

more important than scrubbing the dried blood off his face.

I grabbed a handful of blue, medical-strength paper towels and tried to soak up the pool of blood, while Altgilbers proceeded to clean the face with gauze. Altgilbers' efforts were in vain, though, as the blood was stuck to the skin. I also was facing a losing battle, as the neck and head wounds were seeping blood faster than I could soak it up. I eventually put the paper towels over the blood so his buddies couldn't see it when they came into the tent.

When a member from the casualty's unit entered, I stepped back to give him some space. He looked down at the soldier, placed his hand on the young man's shoulder and muttered a few words I couldn't hear before going back outside. It was clear he was trying hard to keep his emotions suppressed.

The MA team finished its paperwork on this first casualty, and when his body bag was zipped shut, we moved him to our reefers and brought the second corpse — that of Sergeant Eric Simpson — into the tent.

After the shock of seeing Simpson's bullet-

riddled body passed, I resumed my work. I helped Altgilbers search pockets for personal effects and lifted the body so he could look through the back pockets for more of the same. When the team was done with Simpson and had carried him to our reefers, I returned to headquarters.

As was my habit, I didn't watch the "Hero Ceremony" our base held as the casualties were later loaded into helicopters to start their journey home to the States. After helping my boys process the bodies, I felt I had done my part to honor the sacrifices of these brave men.

Back in the office, my initial reaction was that I didn't want to talk about any of it. I felt fine. As I was later waiting in line for dinner, however, I began to think about the afternoon's events. All of it hit me then, but the most troublesome memory was closing Eric Simpson's eyes. I had to fight hard to control my emotions; it was difficult to hold back my tears. Even eating dinner was a challenge.

When I returned to my section's office, I began to email a friend of mine in the battalion the details of what had happened in the MA tent. It was difficult, as I had to keep from crying in front of the personnel who worked for me while I typed away at my desk in close proximity to them.

Once I was done with it, though, I felt fine.

Or so I thought at the time.

STRESS

One of the things I learned is that MA stress is cumulative. The emotional impact each casualty had on me built upon my previous experiences in the mortuary tent. Before I knew it, I felt like I was shouldering this great emotional burden that, when added to my normal job stress plus personal stress from being away from my family, was almost unmanageable.

Finding support for myself or other members of the MA team was difficult. As one of the most senior officers in the battalion, I had only a handful of people in the unit from whom I could possibly seek support without risking the appearance of impropriety.

Regrettably, when I tried to talk to one of the other majors about my stressors, he didn't even look up from his computer screen. When I referenced my exposure to mutilated corpses while arguing with a civilian government employee over email, the employee forwarded it to my battalion commander. My

commander's response was to make me apologize to the civilian for my conduct.

My MA soldiers had similar problems in finding understanding among their peers and bosses, and we too often had to put rank aside and gain support from each other. But as great as these people were in providing a shoulder to lean on, my rank as their superior put limits on how close we could be as friends.

One night I woke up and couldn't fall back to sleep. I walked around the base for hours, trying to wear myself out so I could return to bed. I was terrified as the full weight of my situation hit me: I was alone.

I was surrounded by people who knew who I was and who would stop me in the shower tent or the dining tent to ask me about work. But they did not seem to care about me as a person. I felt like an astronaut stranded by himself on Mars. I could handle the job, even with the additional experiences in the MA tent. But to deal with all this in Afghanistan with my family and friends on the other side of the world . . . it ate away at me. Each day felt worse than the previous one.

Eventually, even toughing it out till the upcoming end of our deployment was looking like a hell I was losing the strength to resist. With everything in the world to live for at home, living here had become too agonizing for me.

In the final months before coming home, I was tempted with suicide more than once, believing death would be preferable to the mental anguish consuming me. At those times I found my hand caressing the leg holster that held my loaded M9 pistol, feeling comfort and reassurance in the thought that, should the pain become too unbearable, I could always find peace by taking my own life. Often, when I was walking around the base late at night and saw the lights of a vehicle coming toward me, I would yell, "Come on, you sonofabitch! Hit me! HIT ME!"

I was enraged that my men and I had endured so much death, blood and carnage, only to be surrounded by others who shunned us or who preferred to live in denial of the grisly reality of death, even though we were in a war zone. To most of our battalion, the "war" was limited to the chow hall, the motor pool, the gym and their bunk. Even

when I walked into our headquarters with a dead man's blood caked to me, my commander was more concerned about receiving an update on details of minor importance.

HOMECOMING

I returned from Afghanistan just after Thanksgiving 2009. Throughout my career, my experience has been that coming home



SPC Michael Fichman Sr. (crouching) is flanked (from left) by SGT Michael Leguillow, SPC Giovanni DeJesus and SPC Roger Bahrman. Members of the MA team not pictured are 1LT Don Davis, 2LT Ryan Carlton and SGT Scott Altgilbers.

from war is more difficult, in many respects, than being in a combat zone. Although you are now surrounded by family, loved ones and a grateful and respectful civilian population, most of these people have no way to relate to the images, experiences and emotions you've just endured. Your military buddies are still there to support you, but they are also now increasingly occupied with their own lives and families.

Whether it's bullets whizzing past you or contending with four mutilated corpses, many of war's experiences are impossible to reconcile with the events of day-to-day life in America.

With the memory of Afghanistan so fresh in my mind, I wondered to what extent the MA tent would be part of my daily life.

The first thing I noticed was how *angry* I was. As 2009 rolled into 2010, I usually felt fine, but periodically an uncontrollable rage aimed toward not only my boss but also my battalion and brigade flared up. The rage was so powerful that, whenever I drove past brigade headquarters, I would flip it off and

scream at the top of my lungs, "F--- YOU! F--- ALL OF YOU!"

When I was deployed, I was often at odds with my battalion commander since he seemed to me and others mostly consumed by our battalion's performance — as it affected our reputation and, by extension, his own reputation and career. When four of our brigade's soldiers were cut to pieces by an IED, my battalion commander was more worried about receiving a mission support briefing from me than he was that another soldier's blood saturated my uniform. After we processed those two soldiers who had been burned alive when the IED blast trapped them inside their vehicle, my battalion commander was more concerned about receiving updates from me on fuel tankers than on my team and me contending with what we had seen in the MA tent — corpses scorched so completely that we couldn't tell if we were looking at the head or the feet. I still think of those two men when I smell a backyard barbecue.

In my view, not only did my battalion commander create a toxic command climate that added unnecessary stress to my time in Afghanistan, he preferred to milk more work out of me than to let me detox for a few hours after a gruesome evening in the MA tent. This pattern of his never asking how I was coping with stress continued when we later returned home.

I struggled with the thought that, when I was deployed, my commander, my peers and my battalion's other personnel devalued my life to such an extent that I ceased to matter to them as a person. This hit me particularly hard because I loved the Army. Being a military officer was a part of my self-identity and my sense of self-worth. I realized, though, that I was begging for some acknowledgment from the Army of my suffering and that of my MA team. But that would never come.

I still wonder if my bosses and unit were targets for misdirected anger. Yes, I was suffering because I was exposed to battlefield death in order to uphold my soldiers as they faced the nightmares of the MA tent. The Army preaches the "Band of Brothers" concept of "Leave no man behind." Whether it is while bullets are flying during combat or after a deployment when soldiers are wrestling with their memories of war, we are expected to stand by each other.

Leaders also are expected to look out for the physical and emotional safety of their

PROCESSING THE REMAINS FROM THOSE GLORIOUS FIGHTS ARE MY 'WAR STORIES' FROM AFGHANISTAN, AND PEOPLE — EVEN FELLOW SOLDIERS — CRINGE WHEN I TELL THEM.

subordinates, and they must be willing to demonstrate through their actions a willingness to expose themselves to the same hardships and dangers as those of the people who work for them. That's basic leadership, and it's all I was doing by going to the MA tent to be with my personnel when they had bodies in there.

Introspection and intensive therapy sessions showed me how my commander, peers and fellow soldiers failed to live up to these principles. I really believe that handling death

and my job's normal stressors could have been bearable for me in Afghanistan, but what broke me was having to face this without a strong support network.

Part of the problem, I think, emerges when looking at the difference between combat and a pile of dead bodies. In the military, an aura of glory surrounds combat and those who experience it. Understandably the Army affords special honors to those who survive combat.

Combat also causes an adrenaline rush. George Washington once said, "I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me, there is something charming in the sound." Soldiers return from patrols feeling pumped up from encounters with the enemy.

With mortuary affairs, though, there are no adrenaline rushes, no special badges and no glory. Who wants to see what occurs when the dead are brought to my MA boys

and we have to go through their pockets and view their personal effects, see and handle the dead children, and look closely at what happens to a body that has been shredded and broken by war? Dead bodies are a sobering, emotionally disturbing, gut-wrenching reminder of what war is really all about.

People can return from a mission and think it's "AWESOME!" they got in a firefight and will be able to tell war stories about it. Processing the remains from those glorious fights are my "war stories" from Afghanistan, and people — even fellow soldiers — cringe when I tell them.

HAUNTED

While the rest of my brigade relaxed following our return to the States, my battalion commander placed me in charge of the brigade's maintenance refit from the deployment. As I contended with stress and

COLLATERAL DAMAGE

SOME WOUNDS ARE OBVIOUS. Others are hidden to the eye. But invisible scars — the ones lurking in the human psyche — can be just as crippling, similarly painful, and possibly much tougher to repair.

Various studies suggest that 20 to 30 percent of U.S. veterans from the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan suffer from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD), lingering and debilitating anxiety-related behaviors, experiences and physiological responses after exposure to psychological trauma. Symptoms include nightmares, flashbacks, difficulty falling or staying asleep, hypervigilance, anger and rage.

PTSD can lead to significant impairment in social and occupational functioning. The afflicted may have a hard time holding a job, maintaining relationships, overcoming substance abuse or sustaining their desire to live. They're hurting, and it's an ache impossible to explain.

"That's the thing that's so jacked up about PTSD," says Keith Hull, who served in Iraq and Afghanistan with the Marine Corps. "It's a mental degradation that you can't describe. If you hurt your arm, you have a mark. But if you hurt your mind . . ."

Hull, 37, lived under a bridge until finding the Tennessee farm where he and other vets help each other return from service. His description of PTSD in *Esquire* was anything but clinical: "It feels like something's trying to come out of my chest. Like in *Alien*? That's how I think of it — it feels like something is trying to rip through my chest. It's like: I don't understand it either, motherf---er! I just know I'm f---d up and I need help."

Despite the efforts of the military, healing the fractured mind has so far proven to be a losing battle. The statistics are alarming. But they further illustrate what an elusive beast the victims and their health care providers are grappling with. Unfortunately, suicide provides a useful window onto this bedeviled terrain.

The Army's suicide rate increased in 2010 for the sixth consecutive year (that rate having already doubled between 2001 and 2006). It was the second year in a row that the U.S. military lost more troops to suicide than

it has to combat in Iraq and Afghanistan. And for every death, at least five members of the armed forces were hospitalized for attempting to take their lives.

As many as 18 vets commit suicide every day, if you count veterans from all eras, according to a 2010 report from the Veterans Affairs Department. The same report cited 950 suicide attempts monthly, with 11 percent of those who didn't succeed trying again within nine months.

These numbers do not include deaths classified as accidental drug-related overdoses or the inordinate number of veterans killed in single-car accidents. Further complicating the murky picture is the variation in reporting across the different services. Some branches do not include nonmobilized reservists who kill themselves; the Defense Department does not count those who have left the service after deployment in Iraq and Afghanistan; and the Department of Veteran Affairs keeps track of suicides by only those enrolled in the VA health care system — which three-fourths of the veterans are not.

The causes are equally hard to specify. Of course, one is simply the horrific experience of combat and the residual mental anguish of those memories. That can be followed by difficulty resolving those sights and sounds with life back home, substance abuse and financial problems. Additionally, many point to the past decade's long and repeated deployments, deployments that also strain familial relations — often cited as a leading cause of suicide. Yet a third of confirmed suicides are committed by troops who had never deployed, and of the 112 guardsmen who killed themselves in 2010, more than half had not deployed.

All branches of the U.S. military and the VA have significantly ramped up mental health services in recent years, but there is a long-embedded perception that seeking care can harm a soldier's career and still not fix what's broken, not undo what's already been done. Soldiers are trained to fight, and those attributes that make a good warrior also make it more difficult to live any other way.

— Kerry Temple '74

my anger, I found myself still haunted by memories of the MA tent. When images of what happened there filled my mind, I had to hold back tears and even had to clutch onto something — a desk, a car seat — until the emotions subsided. I was especially haunted by the dead 8-month-old Afghan girl whose lifeless body I had held in the middle of the night.

Yet I refused to admit I had a problem. I remained in this denial even as my deterioration persisted four months after my return home. One night in April 2010, I drove around town like a manic, angered to the point of madness after my commander snubbed me at his farewell banquet. Tormented by the memory of the deaths I had seen, I could not handle the thought of how my unit abandoned me in Afghanistan and continued to ignore my plight — despite the Army's anti-suicide campaign that no soldier should be left behind. I repeated this same pattern of reckless driving at work one day, on the eve of the brigade's change-of-command ceremony.

I don't care how this ends, I repeatedly thought to myself. Even if it ends badly, it has to end.

MAKING PEACE

That same April my deterioration reached the point where I drove to post and checked in to the behavioral health department's after-hours care center. That night was the beginning of my road toward making peace with my ordeal in Afghanistan. Although the Army teaches soldiers that being "resilient" or "hardy" through a positive attitude is the key to emerging victorious from the horrors of war, my own healing required eight months of therapy and the use of antidepressants that I still take.

My wife and son served as my bulwarks against taking my own life. My wife, who had been a rape crisis counselor, understood the symptoms of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) and pushed me to get help when she saw me deteriorating. I also didn't want my 4-year-old to be scarred forever by his daddy finally coming home . . . only to take his own life.

Another factor that saved me was the antidepressants. By the time I finally collapsed that April, no amount of therapy would have been able to help me even though I had never

experienced depression or any other psychological issues in my life. My mind was too distorted to process anything my shrink would have to say. Antidepressants helped to rewire my mind so I was able to comprehend my therapy and allow it to help me.

What also helped was the arrival of a new brigade commander and battalion commander five months after I returned home.



Both men were good commanders and good people, and I quickly found myself embracing their vision for where they wanted to take our unit. Before long, no one was prouder than I was to be a member of our brigade.

Over time, I learned to deal with my anger by placing emotional distance between myself and the Army. The Army is still an important part of my life, but I make a conscious effort now to not let it control my life. I set firm boundaries with the military — not working past a certain hour, living off-post, respecting my wife's wish not to participate in unit functions. In the Army's place, I now focus more energy on the things that make the most sense to me in my life — my family, my friends and my travels.

Even as my anger subsided and my medication helped make me feel better, I struggled with the fact that the men who passed through the MA tent had such a powerful impact on me and yet I knew little about them. Although some of my MA team members handled stress by keeping an emotional distance from the casualties they handled, I needed to learn more about the soldiers in order to advance my recovery to the next level. I remembered many of their names from

looking at their ID cards in the MA tent, but I tried to learn the names of the others, as well.

I also was determined to visit the grave of at least one of them. When I transferred to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and learned that Sergeant Eric Simpson was buried there, I called the cemetery office to get directions to his final resting place.

It was a cold Friday afternoon in late February 2011 when I trudged through the snow of Fort Leavenworth National Cemetery toward the white headstone of Sergeant Eric Simpson. I was accompanied by a longtime friend of mine who had just spent the afternoon confiding in me her own struggles following two recent deployments to Iraq. Although Simpson's marker was virtually identical to the thousands of others around it, his was easy to spot, as the black lettering on his new headstone was clearer than the older ones surrounding him. Brushing the snow away, I planted three American flags in front of his marker and chatted with my friend about the circumstances that led to Simpson's life briefly intersecting with my own.

I felt very much at peace with the experience. Somehow, it helped to know that the young man had been cremated, and so buried beneath me were his ashes and not the body whose eyes I had closed for the last time in Afghanistan nearly 17 months earlier. His grave serves as a place where I can honor his life, along with the lives of the other U.S. soldiers who passed under my team's care during my months in Afghanistan.

Perhaps more important, visiting his grave helped me remember to live a life worthy of his sacrifice and the sacrifices of the other Americans whose lives intersected with mine during the Afghan War. The future is promised to no one — a tragic fact for Eric Simpson and one of his buddies in Afghanistan on that Friday afternoon in October 2009. I feel a sense of obligation to live my life on their behalf, which gives me an added sense of purpose that has also helped me make peace with my ordeal in Afghanistan.

Eric Simpson's obituary closed by saying, "He was an ordinary man who, by his words and actions, did extraordinary things." It is my fervent hope that the rest of my days are a fitting tribute to the life he never will have the chance to live himself. □

Time Enough for a Story

As life quickens by and the generations pass,
stories are handed down like heirlooms,
told and retold to help us try to make sense of it all.

BY MARK PHILLIPS

WHILE SHE SHOVELED FOOD AT MY FAMILY, I thought of asking her the possibly perturbing question about the passage of time. “Gimme your plate,” she said to my wispy wife, the big serving spoon ready with a heap of mashed potatoes. “You need more.”

She would soon join my grandfather in death, but for many years my grandmother had fueled a man who was concurrently a wood-cutter, highway worker and farmer. As she saw it, a less than ravenous appetite in an otherwise healthy person was a symptom of sinful indolence, and when she prepared meals on her six-burner, combination wood-propane stove, pot lids rattled and clunked with salvation and the kitchen windows fogged even in September. Her Bible reading had taught her that people bear the punishment of Adam and Eve: Life is full of hard work and ends tragically, and you must fortify those you love.

Mark Phillips, who lives near Cuba, New York, is the author of the memoir My Father's Cabin. His daughter, Hope, graduated from Notre Dame in 2009. Photographs by Rob Amberg and Builder Levy are part of the Appalachian Photographers Project.

The question I wanted to ask was in itself benign, but maybe not when directed at a person who is marking time on her final calendar. “I’m no fool,” she had said to my mother after telling the oncologist that she was refusing treatment. “I think them doctors just wanna make some more money off me before I die.”

She had not touched the little food on her own plate but tossed me a second leg of fried chicken as soon as I had finished the first — and instead of asking the question on the tip of my tongue, I found myself remembering, as I did whenever she served chicken, a story she had once told me about a November morning when she was newly married.

IN HER SHAPED AND CLUTCHED REMEMBRANCE, in her story that I have since repeated to my children and maybe they will one day tell to theirs, she and my grandfather’s extended family were plucking chickens, soggy and still warm, before eviscerating and dis-jointing them and canning most of the meat in quart Mason jars.

The killed birds were heaped on the ground near a shallow, cast-iron scalding kettle that was hung over a small fire and from a





PHOTOGRAPH © BUILDER LEVY, 2011, RED ROBIN INN, BORDERLAND, MINGO COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA, 1971

chain looped and bolted around a low limb of oak on the edge of a barnyard. Gripping the orange scaly legs with his gloved hands, my grandfather's brother Hank kneeled and quickly dipped two carcasses at a time in the roiling pink water, wings spreading wide below the truncated necks, the heated quills loosening from their moorings for easier plucking as steam plumed and slipped through the arthritic fingers of the big tree. Stronger than even the cloying odor of manure, the damp musky fetor of feathers clung to the yard.

No one noticed why, but her niece, a child of 3 with a scarf tied tightly beneath her chin, ran close to the kettle, laughed about something and abruptly backed against the rusty curve of iron.

She felt the heat and yelped and jumped and sat for a moment teetering on the low lip, the kettle swaying several inches above the coals, and then, before her father could take hold of her, splashed in backward.

The cries drowned out the long commotion from the hen house, and hands ripped at her clothing, pink water streaming into her boots and overflowing onto the muddy ground as she was held upright on unbearable legs and feet, too many burning hands tearing at

saturated cloth and at each other in a steaming, screaming blur across the barnyard from the reddened, slimy chopping block.

The hospital couldn't save her.

"I don't think anybody ate a thing the rest of the day and most of the next," my grandmother said. "But that next day for supper we all had chicken. I guess it's a good thing we didn't live on the sea and get our food that way. It's a good thing it wasn't lobster."

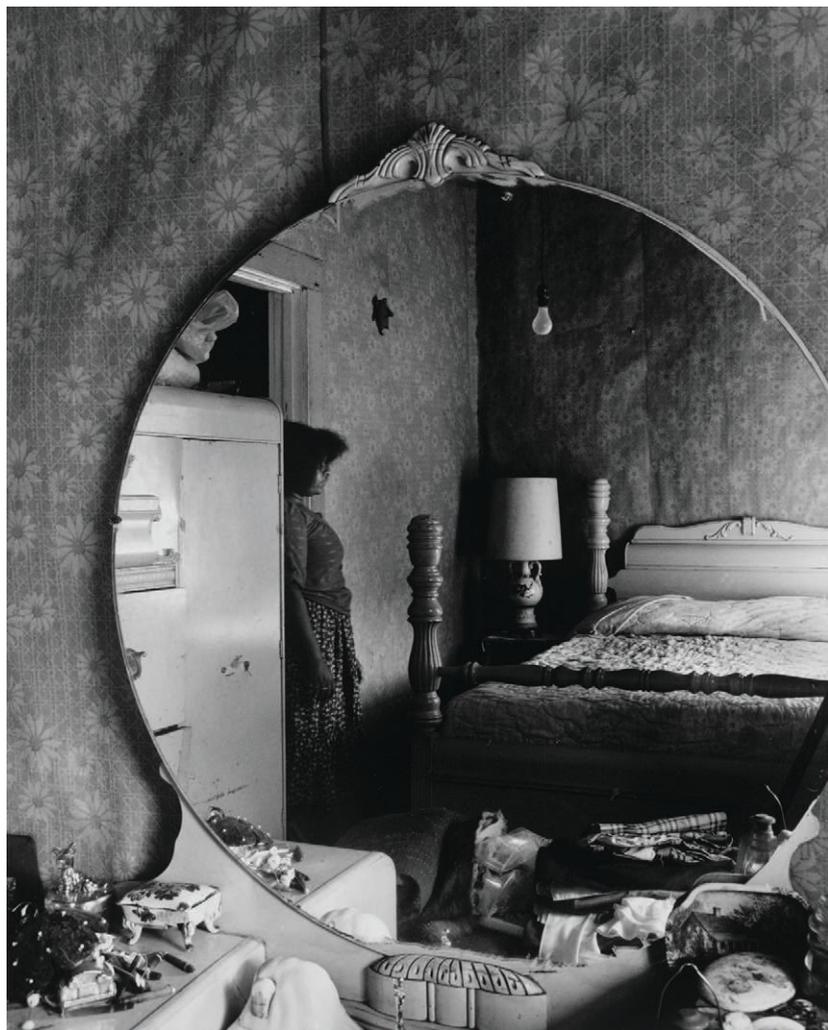
I WAITED TO ASK MY QUESTION until she had obliquely mentioned her circling doom.

It was as if she clumsily attempted to sneak the reality onto the table, squeezing it somewhere between the many bowls and platters of food. I asked my question after she asked her own while holding up a slice of Swiss by a corner: "Worms make their holes, don't they?"

Knowing what she had meant, I asked, "Did it go by fast? The time?"

She nodded, dropping the slice back onto the platter. "Oh, yes."

The raised window glass still rather damp from the steam, she looked through a cotton-plugged screen and past the bug-zapper



hanging from baling twine tied to a beam of the white front porch and on past the marigolds and petunias and pansies edging the curving length of gravel driveway, into a pastured distance that I didn't know like she did. She smiled almost imperceptibly at whatever it was she saw there. "It went like Grandfather ate a piece of apple pie."

STILL WRAPPED IN THE WHITE APRON, she followed us out to the stoop and kissed my son, Gabriel, who was asleep in my arms. She hugged my wife, Margaret, and me. She bent with a faint groan and kissed my daughter, Hope, who was tugging impatiently at Margaret's dress — as if the girl had heard quite enough about worms.

But my grandmother wasn't done with the living. She lifted her apron and smock, and took Margaret's hand and placed it on her abdomen where the skin was splotchy with brown and lined and stretched tightly over the home of the globular tumor. She asked, "You feel that? Don't it feel like I'm pregnant?"

TWENTY-ONE YEARS HAVE PASSED since that day on the farm when the hog and chicken yards were abandoned and overgrown with aster and thistle, and the pasture empty of cattle and becoming shaggy with saplings. But as my daughter and I recently drank in an Irish pub in the East Village of Manhattan, I recalled that day with my grandmother. Hope was employed at the Penguin Group, a publishing company there in the city, and we were discussing some political news reported that day in the *Times*.

As parents often are when they study their grown children, I was moved by banality; during a pause in our conversation about a bill before Congress, I wondered where the time had gone and felt overwhelmed by love. Or was it self-pity? I pictured my daughter, bluish pink and weakly squirming, placed in my arms for the first time — none of the hair on my forearms yet gray.

Before the doctor had permitted me to watch the C-section, he had asked whether I could tolerate the sight of blood. I replied, "I've gutted deer."

"Well, alright. You can watch."

But now in the pub I was almost teary. I looked down at my napkin. And as if my grandmother had risen from the dead to distract me from embarrassment, I suddenly recalled that after I had asked her about the passage of time, she had gazed into the distance with curiosity, which was more or less what I had been doing on that bar stool in the moment before I slipped off and landed in sentimentality.

Then something strange and surprising happened as I next glanced up at Hope: I pictured her as an old lady.

When I was a child, I enjoyed holding tissue paper out the open windows of speeding cars, watching it flap and disintegrate until it was quickly gone like a faded ghost.

WHEN I WAS 30 YEARS OLD, I knew nothing about Einstein-Rosen bridges, also known as wormholes, through which — it has been theorized by some physicists — we might find a way to time-travel. Yet like most people, I tried when I could to correct the past and improve the future: I donated a kidney to my sister Kim.

An infection set in several days after the surgery, and because Kim had been receiving anti-rejection drugs that suppressed her immune system, the infection grew

stronger despite the antibiotics injected again and again into her already black-and-blue arms and legs.

The doctors came to suspect that the source of the persistent and spreading infection might be the transplanted kidney, so they removed it and performed a dissection in the operating room before sending samples to a lab.

A few days after the slicing of the donor kidney, the source of infection was located in one of my sister's heart valves.

On her final day, she said, "I'm sorry you gave your kidney for nothing."

I said, "I needed to lose a pound anyhow."

Of course, I now wish I had said more, but it all happened so fast.

WHEN EVENTUALLY I READ ABOUT WORMHOLES, I was sure that the fanciful or hubristic physicists had it wrong. We can't time-travel through a swallowing wormhole; it's the other way around: we gulp down our future as quickly as my grandfather could make remembrance of an apple pie.

HERE'S A STORY MY GRANDMOTHER LIKED TO TELL at mealtimes, usually when a noodle dish had been served.

She was babysitting on the farm on a frigid evening, had given my sister April a scrubbing in the enameled, cast-iron tub and had dried her vigorously with a fluffy towel until she was brightly pink. Like an elated drunk, the toddler ran from the bathroom and into

the pantry, squealing and staggering toward the kitchen. My grandmother chased, thumping on arthritic joints over the creaking floor, fearful that April would fall against the recently stoked stove that was crackling and popping, the damper wide open, the kitchen faintly smoky.

As she caught April near the refrigerator — the white door covered with birth and wedding announcements and obituaries cut from the *Lockport Union-Sun & Journal*, cleaning tips from *Better Homes and Gardens* and a yellowed copy of the Lord's Prayer with a flowery border — she noticed a bit of something out of place. She said sharply, "Hold still now."

She kneeled and seized the something with her right thumb and index finger and pulled carefully, then with her left, hand over hand

As I leaned a ladder against a wall and then commenced destruction, I was in a rotten mood, though eventually the rhythm of the work restored my spirits. I decided to save the more solid boards for the construction of an outhouse: Margaret had long wanted a second bathroom.

until she had slowly extracted over a foot of writhing tapeworm.

"What's wrong?" she would say to her gagging guests. "It was kind of a pretty thing."

ON SOME MORNINGS DURING HIS 42ND YEAR, when neither of my sisters were yet old enough for high school, my father would wake from pleasant dreams. He would wake without pain, even zestfully, and minutes would pass before he would remember the sinuous malignancy in his spine and hips. But those mornings were unusual. It was as if wherever he was, the sun shone on his back, and his shadow, taunting him, walked ahead.

The previous summer he had begun building a small hunting cabin on land he had bought in the Alleghenies 70 miles south of our home near Buffalo, New York. Now he was in a hurry to finish the job. On weekends he and I shingled the roof, sided the block walls with plywood and installed a door and windows. In late July, during his vacation from his welding job at a power plant, we started work on the concrete floor. In August, when the floor had hardened, we began cutting and laying the fireplace stones.

Whenever his pain became too severe for him to work, I cleaned and put away the tools and stayed with him until he fell asleep on a cot, drugged on Darvon. While he dozed, I trained for football season on dirt roads, dammed forest brooks with sticks and stones, and lay in meadows with sunshine on my face.

Is it possible for a teenage boy with sunshine on his face to imagine life otherwise?

LAST SUMMER, I tore down the treehouse I had built for my children in the woods above our house on the land where my father had built his cabin. With rough-cut pine and hemlock purchased from an Amish mill, I had constructed

the treehouse eight feet above ground between four white pines that grew almost square to each other; it had a trap door in the floor, four windows and a tarred roof. I should have used hemlock exclusively: The pine had become so punky from the years of rain and shade and snow that the structure was beyond salvation. My children were grown by then, but I had hoped that grandchildren might someday play there.

As I leaned a ladder against a wall and then commenced destruction, I was in a rotten mood, though eventually the rhythm of the work restored my spirits. I decided to save the more solid boards for the construction of an outhouse: Margaret had long wanted a second bathroom.

That evening, when Margaret was not at home, I removed the framed photographs from their places on the walls of our living room. I deshrined the images of our grandparents and parents and siblings of various frozen ages; our babies and toddlers and teenagers; Margaret and me dark-haired and smooth-skinned and immortal. All but one were stacked and sealed in a large cardboard box that I carried into the attic.

I knew Margaret would notice as soon as she entered the house, and apprehensively, I practiced my defense aloud: "We need to live in the present."

THE MAN IN THE SPARED PHOTOGRAPH had lived in County Down, in the North of Ireland. I wasn't yet able to shape the right story of the other images, the seeming cacophony of them, but this one, of my great-great grandfather, William Phillips — named for William of Orange — was different.

His mouth is open as if he is catching his breath, and he squeezes the wooden handles of a horse-drawn, one-bottom plow, his hands and neck sheathed in dirt, arms and belly massive, skull bald, beard trimmed raggedly and brindled with gray. He wears a grimy long-sleeve undershirt and a grimy long-sleeve work shirt with the top four buttons undone, the left sleeve of the outer shirt ripped off at the shoulder and the right hanging from the shoulder by strings, and pants patched at both knees, and earth-battered leather boots.

He seems to glare past the picture-machine as if at something bobbing on the stone-dissolving sea over which his eldest son had faded forever away.



PHOTOGRAPH © ROB AMBERG, 2011, JUNIOR WALKING PET TO WATER, SODOM, MADISON COUNTY, NC, 1979

The son became an ironworker in America, settling in Buffalo. As did two of his own sons, he perished on the job, each of the deaths in a separate accident; another son, my grandfather, abandoned ironwork after breaking two ribs and bruising a lung and took a new job in a coal-fired power plant that he had helped to build. He got my father a full-time job there, and my father got me a summer job there shortly before he died.

I shoveled and swept coal from floors and vacuumed fly ash atop boilers in heat that reached 120 degrees, saving my earnings for payment of my college tuition. All summer, I blew black snot from my nose.

A few years ago, I talked to some people I knew and got my son a summer job as a grunt in a cheese plant near our home. He lasted a week before he quit the factory and took a new job as a counselor at a plush camp for rich kids.

I hung the photograph of William Phillips on a wall of the air-conditioned office where I work — here in the present.

After a few more minutes during which we clutched and sipped from our cans, he began to talk, quietly at first, about the war — which I had never heard him do before, despite my occasional prodding over the years. As I listened, I became amazed at how long he spoke.

ALTHOUGH NEITHER OF US REALIZED we were in his final year, I asked my Uncle Al the same question I had asked my grandmother.

That day had been rainy, but the night was suddenly clear, the moon splashing the landscape with milk. We were sitting in creaky, aluminum lawn chairs on the small lawn, drinking beer from cans and listening to the creek cascading through the ravine behind his house trailer and to the tumult of frogs in the quaggy pond just beyond the thinly graveled road and the occasional calls of owls and nighthawks and coyotes hunting in the distance. We smelled both the freshness of the rainwater still clinging to the grass and the dankness of the muddy places in the road.

Because my uncle tended to be stubbornly reticent, I usually waited for him to speak first when we drank together. That night it was quite a while before he did. Without a prompt from me, he eventually commented in a matter-of-fact tone that it was hard for him to believe 50 years had passed since he joined the army.

“So it went fast, huh?”

He nodded that it had.

After a few more minutes during which we clutched and sipped from our cans, he began to talk, quietly at first, about the war — which I had never heard him do before, despite my occasional prodding over the years. As I listened, I became amazed at how long he spoke.

HE TOLD ME THAT AFTER THE ATTACK on Pearl Harbor he enlisted even though he had a wife and young daughter and — as a welder in a power plant, an essential industry — was eligible for a deferment. He was stationed in the States until the invasion of Normandy and then was shipped to Europe.

He once surprised an enemy soldier in a partially collapsed trench, somehow stranded there as his German comrades slowly retreated

from an Allied attack. The German threw down his rifle and held his hands high and pled for his life — or at least that’s what my uncle assumed he was hearing — and so my uncle, who was under fire, had to make a rapid decision. It was not any time to be taking a prisoner, and he didn’t like the idea of climbing into the hole to take the weapon or the thought of turning his back with the rifle still within reach of the German, and so as the other young man looked up into his eyes and begged with arms raised and shaking, my uncle pulled the trigger.

Al said, “I got sort of paid back later.”

What he meant was that he too was left behind in the confusion of a battle after he was shot through the wrist while sneaking up on a machine gun emplacement with the intention of tossing in a grenade. Al and a wounded sergeant spent the night next to each other in a forest that the Germans were shelling; shrapnel gave his compatriot a second wound. As they hobbled up a dirt road the next morning, they encountered a speeding German tank whose driver seemed as lost as they; the machine-gunner opened fire on the two Americans fleeing into the woods and my uncle was spun around and knocked to the leafy ground.

The shot had torn through his flak jacket and had merely grazed a rib.

They met American troops and were eventually transported to a hospital in England for surgery. From there, Al was shipped to a Long Island hospital for convalescence, though he wondered if he would make it when, somewhere between the continents, the hospital ship began launching depth charges. Either it had been a false alarm or one of the charges had destroyed a stalking submarine, because the ship continued unscathed.

A train took him home to western New York. And with his right arm still in a sling, he learned that while he had been sleeping on mud and snow in Europe, his wife had been sleeping with her boss.

They worked at an insurance company.

There in a creaky chair near his trailer, on the moonlit lawn, he began to talk about bodies: frozen distorted bodies with arms raised as if to Heaven; bodies bloated with stench; bodies with entrails feeding flies and rats and dogs; smiling bodiless heads; faces wreathed brightly white with sheets of maggots.

After telling me about the body of a child, he stopped gazing into the distance. He looked at me and finished his story about chaos and deliverance, which he must have hoped would outlast him. He said, “I don’t know why I lived. I don’t know why for sure. But I lived for some reason.”

I thought I knew what he meant, my uncle who built a garage for my family when my father was near death; who became like a father to me after mine died; who was my best man at my wedding; who spent little money on himself but loaned me a large sum so that Margaret and I could renovate and expand my father’s little hunting cabin into a proper house when we lived there with no electricity or running water; who, after Margaret and I made seven monthly payments, would not let us repay the remainder of the loan; and who liked to drink beer with me, usually with little talk.

It struck me that if he could, the German who had died in the trench would tell a very different story. But I embraced my uncle’s story before the other could get its hook into me. I said, “Yes.”

AND THEN, his empty beer cans in a neat upright row like his completed story, mine tipped and scattered, we became numb and mute in the bright, babbling night. □



Neil Hyland (center)
surrounded by family.

An Epilogue for Neil

A decade has passed since 9/11 and friends still gather in his memory, laughing at the stories that keep him and his playful soul alive – and celebrate his quest for the “arduous good.”

BY MICHAEL BAXTER '83M.DIV.

I didn't know, when we gathered on Notre Dame's South Quad for Mass on September 11, 2001, that we were praying for one of our own. But later that night, the Holy Cross community learned that Neil Hyland '77 was missing. His father had called Rev. Austin Collins, CSC, '77 asking for prayers. For the next few weeks we mentioned him in the intercessions at Mass and evening prayer, and told Neil stories, recalling his jokes and classic one-liners, re-enacting his favorite monologues. Then word came that his remains had been recovered.

I first met Neil in January 1979, in the upper rec room of Moreau Seminary, at “pre-prandials,” to use the parlance of religious communities: drinks before dinner. I was a candidate in the formation program of the Congregation of Holy Cross, midway through

Mike Baxter, who spent 15 years in Notre Dame's Department of Theology, is now teaching at DePaul University in Chicago.

my pre-novitiate year. Neil had already been to the novitiate the year before, but left in April, “after the group field trip to Montreal,” he said. He was never one to pass up an excursion promising quality restaurants and a night on the town.

He re-applied in autumn 1978, was accepted, and showed up at the beginning of the second semester. I had heard of his irrepressible humor, his shenanigans, his approach to socializing as performance art. That spring semester, he lived up to his reputation.

Even now, this is my most vivid memory of Neil: one hand in his pocket, the other holding a glass of wine, standing in a circle of guys in the upper rec, telling a story or mimicking a staff member or enacting some monologue from a movie in a feigned accent of the British aristocracy until everyone around him roars at the punch line. And then, as the laughter subsides, he casually commands a younger seminarian, in the inflection of his favorite actor, James Mason, addressing a servant, “Another chablis, please, and make it quick.”

He had curly hair, brown eyes, a deep chest and strong arms but was in no way athletic, although he said he could go in for cricket or polo. It didn't take long for me to join the circle around him, egging him on to do one of his monologues. Always ready for diversion from the daily seminary routine — morning prayer, breakfast, classes, study, evening prayer, dinner, more study — we were regulars in the late-night, upper-rec crowd, gathering for drinks, rounds of hearts and spades, chit-chat about the community, the campus, the Church and the world — all enlivened with Neil's ongoing entertainment.

Our time wasn't all frivolity of course. An English major, Neil loved poetry and aspired to be a writer. So did I. We'd exchange pieces we were working on. My short story, "Nunc Dimittis," was published in *Chimes*, the Saint Mary's College literary journal. It was about an old man hearing from his son. I was proud of it. Neil liked it, but couldn't help adding, "My dear, dear Michael, I'll be publishing my poems in *The New Yorker* while you'll be writing descriptions of the entrées on Howard Johnson's menus: 'a tender chicken leg, mashed potatoes smothered in Hojo's distinctive tangy gravy and a side of fresh, crisp green beans.'" Neil had a sense of humor about our common aspirations.

That spring of '79, Neil and I became fast friends, vying to sit at the same table for dinner, a subtle sin against charity surely, but a vital survival skill, we felt, for making it in religious life. Being more familiar with Notre Dame's nightlife, he took me to movies on campus, to the Jazz Café and to the bars at Five Points. An older seminarian and close friend of mine once expressed his misgivings about Neil's influence on me; it was making me frivolous, he said, and he had seen it happen before. But I demurred. By this time, Neil had been accepted to the novitiate just like anyone else. Time would tell, I said, whether he — or I for that matter — would, in the traditional idiom, "persevere."

The summer before the novitiate, I stayed at Notre Dame to work as an apprentice at Ave Maria Press. By the end of the summer, I was writing articles and interviews that put me in touch with leading advocates of justice and peace in the Church: Daniel Berrigan, the Jesuit priest, poet and peace activist; Thomas Gumbleton, the pacifist, auxiliary bishop from Detroit; Harry Fagan, a hard-nosed community organizer from Cleveland. They left a deep impression on me — my first exposure, you could say, to the prophetic wing of Catholicism in the United States.

Meanwhile, Neil was living with his folks and working in Los Angeles. We looked forward to seeing each other and the others in our class at the start of the novitiate year in August.

The Holy Cross Novitiate was (and is) located on the north shoulder of Pike's Peak, a quarter of a mile down Ute Pass from the one-stoplight town of Cascade, Colorado. It consisted of a 50-acre plot of land at the center of which was a brick mansion with a well-equipped kitchen, a spacious living room and dining room with marble floors, and staircases leading up to a second floor of large bedrooms. The basement housed a rec room, a TV room seating 30, and a stereo room in the back corner.

Our year commenced the morning after we arrived with a house meeting led by Nick Ayo, CSC, '56, '62M.A., a soft-spoken, sage-like, somewhat melancholy priest who had been teaching literature at the University of Portland when he was appointed by the Congregation of Holy Cross to serve as novice master. This was his 13th year in that position, and his opening comments came with instructions as to

our community schedule: morning prayer at 7, breakfast after, then two hours of quiet for prayer and reading followed by an informal class on spirituality, the vows, the history of Holy Cross and other matters pertaining to our aspirations in religious life and the priesthood. Mass at 11:30. Lunch at noon. Work period from 1:30 to 4:30, during which we would help with projects around the house and property. Evening prayer at 5:30, dinner at 6, and evenings free. Tuesdays we'd go downtown to work at an "apostolate." Sundays and Wednesdays we were off.

Each of us would be assigned to an "obedience," a daily chore such as taking out the trash, sweeping the porch or tending to the library. We were to prepare dinners on a rotating basis with the help of our hired cook, Barbara. The overall ethos would be quiet, reflective quasi-monastic. With the help of the staff, five in all, we were there to discern God's will for us, our vocation.

"We are poor men living in a rich man's house." That's how Nick Ayo captured the irony of preparing to profess poverty in our luxurious mansion and lovely surroundings. It led some of us to quip: "If this is poverty, then bring on celibacy!"

Neil loved the place. It wasn't the English country estate he longed for, but the setting provided a fitting context for him to per-

Before dinner we posed, each with hands over our eyes, ears and mouth: see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. As the photo was snapped, Neil put his hand over his wine glass and exclaimed, 'and drink no evil.'

form his favorite imaginary characters. His obedience was that of sacristan, cleaning the chapel and preparing for and cleaning up after Mass; he assumed for himself the title "Lord Sacristan." During work periods, he would stroll about like an elderly gentleman of the landed aristocracy, as if wearing a tweed cap and jacket, admiring the property, offering an encouraging word to the help, and bemoaning the rise of the nouveau riche, all spoken, of course, in the voice of James Mason.

Neil used the marble staircase to elaborate on his Russian Revolution riffs: a mob of peasants storming the winter palace, rushing up to the top floor, hacking away at heavy, wooden doors with picks and axes, finally busting through to find the emperor standing stoically alone in the center of the room wearing a smoking jacket and an ascot and holding a brandy snifter; then, once the boisterous mob goes suddenly silent, he greets them calmly in a soft-spoken voice, "Hello. We've been expecting you. Care for a drink?"

Neil's antics drew laughter from most everyone, staff as well as novices. He lightened the atmosphere.

The end of the novitiate day was usually reserved for prayer, study and reflection, in the timeworn tradition of "grand silence." This pattern was mercifully broken up by the Friday Night soiree in the rec room. Most of the house headed for bed around 11, but Neil and I would often continue the festivities in the stereo room. We'd listen to records, reminisce about college days and play chess for beers. Sometimes we'd go down to Manitou Springs to play pool in an old-style western saloon. Getting up for morning prayer after these long

nights was a struggle, reciting psalms in a hangover fog, but we managed.

I usually followed up these nights with a weekend of resolute focus on things spiritual, taking on Garrigou-Lagrange's *The Three Ages of the Interior Life*. Neil, for his part, delved into *Brideshead Revisited*. We continued dabbling in short stories and poetry, exchanging works in progress. As the fall wore on, however, we realized our formation and discernment would have to take a more serious turn.

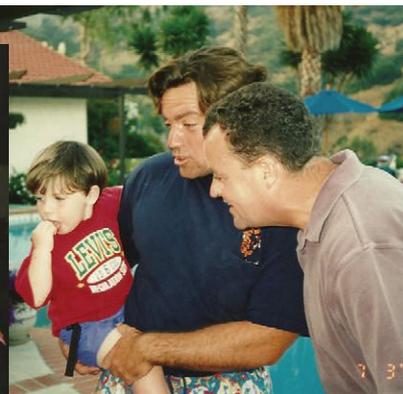
On Thanksgiving, I helped out at the soup kitchen in Colorado Springs; "the Kingdom in action" is how I described it. For dinner on Christmas, we were encouraged to invite people with nowhere else to go. I brought Skip, a homeless guy with a clubfoot I had come to know from the soup kitchen. Before dinner, Neil, Skip and I, along with Thanh, a Vietnamese refugee from Denver, posed on the front porch for a photo. It shows Skip, Thanh and me, each with hands over our eyes, ears and mouth: see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. As the photo was snapped, Neil put his hand over his wine glass and exclaimed, "and *drink* no evil!" Everyone got a big laugh.

Two days later Neil and I went with John Cross, another seminar-

the new, and we had both been putting off that arduous task. Neil expressed his gratitude for our friendship. As we stood at the door outside my room, we hugged in the usual CSC fashion, right hands in a handshake, left hands slapping each other's back. Then, haltingly, he said he loved me. I told him I loved him too. We went to our rooms. The next morning we headed out in different directions.

The January experience lasted until the end of the month. Dinner the night of our return was like a family reunion. After dinner, several of us gathered in the stereo room, telling apostolic adventure stories and getting ready to resume the novitiate schedule that by this time we had found strangely reassuring.

Hours later, Neil and I, the only ones still in the stereo room, were making enough commotion to wake one of the staff members, who called down to us to be quiet. A few minutes after that the door to the stereo room swung open and there, standing in the doorway in his pajamas, was Nick Ayo, the novice master, who asked what was going on and told us to get to bed. We gathered the glasses and bottles (not all ours) and tip-toed up to the kitchen to put them away when Nick came down again to order us to bed *now*. At this



ian, and John's sister, who was visiting, to Colorado Springs: lunch, light shopping, a hilarious time frolicking in the streets in the middle of a blizzard.

The next day John Cross got hit by a car. He was catapulted into a road sign. His torso broke the 4-by-4 post like a toothpick. Killed on impact, the doctors said, though he wasn't pronounced dead until late that night. We were devastated. John was a light-hearted presence in our class who cooked exquisite Chinese meals and taught us how to use chopsticks.

Relief from the somber mood came a week later as we prepared to travel separately to different Holy Cross communities around the country for a three-week "January experience." I went to Notre Dame High School in Niles, Illinois. Neil went to St. Edwards University in Austin, Texas.

The night before we left, Neil confided in me that John's death had jolted him into reflecting on his life: too much frivolity, too much drinking, too little concentration on his purpose in life. He wanted to make some changes, to be a good person and a good parish priest, to baptize, marry and bury a generation or two of the faithful. I was relieved to hear it.

The apostle Paul says we must take off the old man and put on

point, knowing we were in trouble, we stepped into the backyard to regroup and get our stories straight. On the way back in, Nick came down one more time, told us we were disobedient and that he'd deal with it in the morning.

I was up early and went to Nick's room to apologize. He said he was disappointed in me and expected me not to do it again. I assured him I wouldn't. Then he said Neil would be leaving. To which I responded feebly, "But he's just at the point of changing his life. We talked about it before we all went away." Nick said he'd been through this before with him and that the staff had already confirmed his decision in an early morning meeting. I went back to my room dejected, devastated.

Neil rose late and came to my room before seeing Nick. I told Neil he'd better go see him. An hour later Neil knocked, stepped into my room, closed the door behind him, raised his hand to his mouth and said, "Oops."

For the next three days, Neil took to his bed. "But I'm receiving visitors," he said. On Thursday came the news that he'd be leaving on Saturday. Neil made his appearance at dinner Friday night, "My last supper," he called it. That night, Neil and I talked in his room while he packed. The next morning, Nick took him to the airport.

I kept to myself that Saturday, moped around my room, went for a long walk on the mesa behind the house. It was all so surreal. Neil was gone.

A few days later, I went to talk about everything with Milt Adamson '62, a short, rotund, Holy Cross priest who was in residence at the novitiate. He explained Neil's departure to me in terms of different understandings of "conviviality." Neil was fun and fun-loving, probably to a fault, so it grated on some members of the community. He didn't fit.

Not long after, in an attempt to get a fresh start, I asked to move down to the gatehouse — John Cross' old room. I set aside fiction writing and commenced working on an article for the biweekly newsletter *A.D. Correspondence* on conscientious objection to war, then presented it to a reading group of peace activists downtown. Soon I began spending Wednesday mornings with them, holding signs in front of a local research corporation that made nuclear weapons. Many nights that winter and spring I spent reading John of the Cross and staring into my fireplace.

my door to see him standing in the hallway at Moreau in his dress whites. He looked happy and proud. The next night, we had dinner at the Whistle Stop, one of our favorites from two years before, then a nightcap in the upper rec. He hadn't lost his sense of humor.

In my remaining years at Moreau Seminary, I continued taking seminars on pacifism and started a draft-counseling center out of the Office of Campus Ministry at Notre Dame. By then, the U.S. Catholic bishops had begun work on their pastoral letter on nuclear weapons. A group of us organized peace demonstrations on campus. In autumn of 1983, while teaching high school in Phoenix, I got arrested with 50 other peace activists for trespassing at an Air Force base in Tucson where Cruise and Pershing II missiles were housed before being shipped overseas.

Throughout these years, I was not in touch with Neil but heard through others that he had been stationed in Germany, Hawaii and several other bases stateside and overseas. Then in the spring of 1985, I learned he would be coming to my ordination to the priest-



Neil eventually wrote to me, recounting his visit to the Bay Area, his return home to L.A., his search for work — and explaining that he had concluded he now had to start his life over. Not long after, he wrote that he would be attending Officer Candidate School in a few months. He summed up his decision with these words: "Michael, sons of the nobility traditionally have three options open to them: a career in the Church, the law or the military. I've been ejected from a career in the Church. The law is too much work. So I have decided upon the military."

I wrote back, urging him not to do it in the most serious way I could. A few weeks later, he sent me a postcard from Las Vegas, telling me to get off my high horse, assuring me that the Army's not so bad, and noting that "the MGM Theatre has crisp white napkins and table cloths." I didn't write back.

In August of 1980, I made my first vows with six other classmates, a remnant of the original 13, and returned to Notre Dame to begin my theological studies. Over the next year at Notre Dame, I took seminars that set me in the pacifist direction on which I had tentatively embarked.

Neil visited in the spring, up from Fort Benjamin Harrison where he was training to be an officer in the Judge Advocate General's Corps. He kept his visit a surprise, so I was stunned when I opened

hood. It was one of those weekends when the various people in one's life come together. Neil was at the center of the festivities, and I was glad he was. He was in rare form, performing his rendition of the parable of Dives and Lazarus in which Abraham comically taunts the thirsty Dives.

After the ordination, as Neil and I walked back from Sacred Heart to Moreau, I playfully told him that *he* might be an Army officer but *I* now had the power of the spiritual sword. "I can baptize. I can marry people. I can forgive sins." Neil slyly added, "Or *not* forgive them."

The next day, at the reception following my first Mass, Neil entertained us with his various renditions. My hosts still giggle at his brilliantly enacted riffs, especially the one on the Russian Revolution. He left from the party, flew out that night. That was the last time I saw him.

Like before, I kept up with his career through friends in Holy Cross. In standard military fashion, he was transferred from one place to another, Oregon, Texas, the Pentagon, Hawaii, then back to the Pentagon, where he worked in the personnel office. He had risen to the rank of lieutenant colonel. I, too, moved around: Phoenix, Berkeley, Duke, Princeton, back to Notre Dame where (among other things) I taught courses on the ethics of war and peace, and served as

faculty adviser to a student-led peace group.

Midmorning of September 11, 2001, a student called to tell me a vigil would be held later that day. “What for?” I asked. “What’s going on?” “Oh, you haven’t heard? The twin towers were attacked this morning by terrorists. Two planes crashed into them, and another plane flew into the Pentagon. . . .”

It turned out that Neil was in an anteroom watching the TV newscasts of the World Trade Center attacks when, at 9:37 a.m., American Airlines Flight 77 rammed into the southwest face of the Pentagon at 530 miles per hour.

In early November I flew to Washington for the wake and funeral. At a reception before the wake, Neil’s family, friends and co-workers told Neil stories. Tragically, his mother had died only a few months before. His father was grateful for the time Neil had taken to be with him in the weeks after. He told us that each evening, around the cocktail hour, Neil would say, “Look, father, the moon came up again. Let’s have a drink!”



When I got up to lead the rosary, I couldn’t resist noting that Neil’s inimitable humor had made life bearable and fun while we were in the seminary, and that it was apparent he had brought the same gift to his colleagues at the Pentagon. People nodded their heads, smiled.

For me, the years that followed were absorbed with “working for peace.” I cast the classes I taught on that topic in a historical timeline, beginning with Jesus and ending with the war on terror. Whenever we got to 9/11, I would ask the class where they were when the attacks occurred and if they knew anyone who had

been killed. I always took the occasion to talk about Neil, believing, I suppose, that telling the story could humanize those horrifying events, maybe even sprinkle our memory of them with a bit of levity.

Humor, after all, is a gift from God, as important in our lives as courage in defending the innocent or working for peace. The psalmist says, “He who sits in the heavens laughs.” And if the laughter that Neil and I enjoyed was often lubricated by a drink, the psalmist also says, “You bring forth bread from the earth and wine to cheer man’s heart.” Some medieval theologians, reacting against Aristotle’s approval of laughter in the *Poetics*, argued that there is no place for laughter in the Christian life. But Aquinas commended it (in moderation, of course), even finding a place in civil life for court jesters. If our earthly existence is absorbed in the task of attaining the arduous good, then it should be tempered with conviviality, mirth.

Every so often, when those of us who knew Neil see each other, we’ll recall one or another of his one-liners or break into one of his monologues. Unbeknownst to me, three friends of Neil’s from undergraduate days had been gathering each year at Arlington National Cemetery to commemorate his life, catch up with each other, then tell Neil stories over drinks and dinner.

Last year, they decided to meet on campus, and emailed ahead to a few of us. At a Sunday dinner in July hosted by Austin Collins,

we filled each other in on the course our lives had taken: one of his friends divorced, another worrying about his kids, me having left Holy Cross and the priesthood in 2006, Austin in his third decade teaching at Notre Dame.

We also filled each other in on parts of Neil’s life some of us had not known. I felt sheepish not knowing that Neil had served in the First Gulf War. They didn’t know the story of Neil’s unceremonious departure from the novitiate. It was a long evening, and we left reluctantly. Driving back to my house in downtown South Bend, I called a friend to tell her how the evening went. I’d been looking forward to it for weeks. “There was only one thing missing,” I told her. “Neil wasn’t there. He’s gone.”

I don’t think it had really hit me until then.

Thinking of the different directions our lives had taken, it occurred to me that Neil had found his vocation in the military, the setting within which he would exert himself in attaining his “arduous good.” And the comments offered by his co-workers on a 9/11 victims website make it clear he carried it out in typically humorous fashion. On a memorial website, Neil’s niece wrote, “To my uncle Neil, Mr. Joker. Thank you for teaching me to stay positive and always look for the laughter in life.”

This ability to see the laughter in life was something I lost after Neil left the novitiate, in my own struggle to attain the arduous good. Laughter did not come as easily for me as it did for him, which is why I was drawn to him, as I am to others who possess, although not in quite the same measure, the gift of conviviality.

This past March, when I was in Washington, D.C., to give a talk to the local Pax Christi group, I visited Arlington Cemetery with a friend. It was a sunny, peaceful afternoon. We walked past row after row of identical grave markers. After a turn in the road, the Pentagon came into view. A helicopter would occasionally take off or land, yet it remained quiet. We found the section, then the grave itself: No. 644649.

On the front side of the gravestone, the inscription read:

†
STEPHEN
NEIL
HYLAND, Jr
LTC
US ARMY
PERSIAN GULF
NOV 10 1955
SEP 11 2001
PURPLE HEART

Etched onto the back side of the gravestone were these words:

BORN WITH A GIFT
OF LAUGHTER AND
A SENSE THAT THE
WORLD WAS MAD

This is how I think of Neil now: He and I meeting again, both having enjoyed the mad world, both having endured the purifying fires of purgatory, Neil standing there, Peter on one side, Abraham on the other, one hand in his pocket, the other holding a glass of wine, wearing a smoking jacket and ascot, uttering the greeting, in his best James Mason, “Hello. We’ve been expecting you.” □

Getting in the game, from Peter Sellers to *Captain America*

BY SEAN B. SCANLON '91

The high-profile projects Stephen McFeely '91 and his screenwriting partner Chris Markus have been taking on for the past decade are ripe for potential sermonizing. As the screenwriting team for this summer's *Captain America: The First Avenger* and *The Chronicles of Narnia* movies — *The Lion the Witch and the Wardrobe*, *Prince Caspian* and *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader* — McFeely and Markus have resisted many opportunities to swing for the allegorical fences.

"I read the stories when I was young," says McFeely, "and so I went into this acutely aware of the iconic nature of C.S. Lewis' stories." The wrong team in charge of the film could have easily ruined it. Instead they were impressed with each director's commitment to telling the story as honestly as he could.

"We just put our heads down each day and

The integrity of that approach honored the original author and wowed audiences around the world, with the three *Narnia* movies taking in more than \$1.5 billion in box office receipts.

The excitement of this high-profile success is a far cry from the modest start to McFeely's engagement with professional writing.

While majoring in English at Notre Dame, McFeely recalls the ritual watching of *Midnight Run* or *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* with "the Flanner guys nearly every night."

"I loved my experience at Notre Dame. But I started my writing career worried that the homogenous nature of ND would not allow for interesting stories." McFeely does remember learning some good lessons about the craft of writing at Notre Dame.

One "aha" moment was a simple one in which a teacher helped him realize that in a good story seemingly innocuous details are actually not random. "They are in fact conscious choices and part of the responsibility of a good writer."

McFeely says he "did not write much except a couple of short stories" by graduation, after which he headed back home to the San Francisco Bay area and taught English at his former high school for two

years. During this time he decided to follow his passion more directly and begin graduate school in creative writing at the University of California, Davis. Before this, however, he took a year off to volunteer as a tour guide at Carlsbad Caverns National Park and gain a different life experience.

McFeely met Markus at the UC Davis program. "We hit it off because we were the resident smart-ass guys out of the small cohort in the creative writing program."

That attitude was fun for two years of grad school and for inspiring some creative thinking, but it didn't pay the student loans — at least not then.

"I went home for break and was dutifully working on my novel to finish the creative writing program," McFeely says. "I was a young man with limited life experience trying to describe my great-uncle, who was a Sicilian immigrant who had lived a lot. It didn't work."

Then came another simple yet profound realization: Someone gets paid for writing everything we see on television and in film. "As we sat one night making fun of everything on *Baywatch*, we also kept saying, rather incredulously, 'Someone gets paid to make this!'"

Facing the end of graduate school with student loans to be repaid, McFeely and Markus decided to move to Los Angeles, form a screenwriting team and dedicate at least four years to the long-shot attempt. "It was a risk, but we decided that we would give it an honest effort for a while. I hoped I would at least get in the game before I turned 30."

By summer of 1996, the duo had day jobs in the industry, answering phones and getting coffee. Every free hour was dedicated to writing their own first original screenplay, *You Kill Me*. On their days off, they were at the keyboard at 6 a.m., continuing to polish their first piece.

The team approach has some benefits.

"We keep each other disciplined. It's a lot easier not to stare at a blank page alone. Knowing you have someone else counting on you is like having a personal trainer at the gym — you are more likely to go."

Along with their discipline, McFeely and Markus pride themselves on being good at rewriting. This frees them up "to push through the hardest part — completing the first draft" because they trust the rewriting process. "We know we'll go back as many times if necessary until the story feels ready."

This commitment to the rewriting process was central to the team's beginning in screenwriting and later helped push them through on projects like *Captain America*.



Stephen McFeely: 'Getting an agent is a big deal.'

wrote the best page 72 that we could write that day. We tried hard to make the characters as compelling as we could, be truthful to the story without cutting or highlighting ideas to fit a personal agenda."

Sean Scanlon is senior director of philanthropy at the Cornell Lab of Ornithology (birds.cornell.edu).

“Here at Marvel [Studios], we never stop kicking the tires on a script,” says Stephen Broussard, co-producer of *Captain America*. “We are always asking how we can improve concepts, scenes or ideas. And to their credit, Chris and Steve . . . took any idea we threw at them and made it even better.”

As they were finishing *You Kill Me*, McFeely was working for producer Mike Tollin. He told McFeely he would like to read the screenplay when completed, and if he liked it he would “send it around.” Tollin liked it, sent it around, and soon McFeely and Markus were in the game.

“We were on the ‘baby writer’ circuit. They send you to company X, you meet with some people and get parking validation but

if there would be a next step, waiting a full year without work.

Luckily, the new agent got McFeely and Markus a chance to pitch for the HBO biopic *The Life and Death of Peter Sellers*. “Sellers really fit us, and we came up with a fun, quirky pitch that HBO loved. And so I was hired into a more promising career track on my 30th birthday.” The script was completed and turned in but sat for a while as studios worked through a backlog of movies prepared before the screenwriters strike.

By this point in 2002, the screenwriting story of McFeely had unfolded eerily close to the plot he had sketched out in 1996. It was an exciting period in which McFeely met his long-time girlfriend, Jennifer Cotteleer, an

actress and successful entrepreneur who runs Bon Vivant Events, an event staffing service. McFeely was also able to get a couple of his one-act plays produced in L.A. and New York. Those plays, he says, “are very personal, exploring all of my own issues, problems with relationships and marriage, and thoughts about God.”

The screenwriters strike ended, the *Sellers* movie was made and had a good buzz. “We

knew writing for HBO that they are a great outfit and often in contention for Emmy Awards.” In fact, Markus and McFeely were nominated for and then won Outstanding Writing for a Movie. The movie also took eight other Emmys, including outstanding lead actor for Geoffrey Rush.

McFeely recounts his first meeting with Rush in preparation for his role as Sellers. “We had a draft that included Peter Sellers . . . talking to the screenwriters, actually *being* the screenwriters for a few minutes as he thinks of how to recount his life and death.” The scene was edited out eventually, but for a day, Rush was sizing McFeely up in case Rush ended up portraying McFeely in the film.

The opportunities he has taken and excelled at have allowed McFeely to continue his career path in other fun ways too. Their first original screenplay, *You Kill Me*, was produced in 2007 and — much to McFeely’s and his Flanner friends’ delight — the cast included Dennis Farina of *Midnight Run*

fame. In addition, the financial success of the movies has allowed the screenwriting experiment to become more permanent; McFeely is now a homeowner.

Captain America was released in July and did well at the box office and with reviewers in its first few weeks despite fierce competition from the final *Harry Potter* movie and other summer superhero films. A couple of early negative reviews on Wednesday night before the film’s weekend release made McFeely nervous, since he claims he reads the reviews and “gets a little obsessed” around the film’s release date.

But his initial worry proved groundless, as live audiences and a wide majority of reviewers enjoyed the film. McFeely says that it is turning out to be “close to our best reviewed movie ever. It’s nice that most people recognize the type of throwback movie it was meant to be and meet it right there.”

Producer Broussard believes the affection McFeely and Markus brought to the characters is a critical part of its success. “Steve and Chris came in with a ton of excitement about the project,” he says. “Making a big movie like this can be such a long and grueling experience. So you really want to surround yourself with people that have true passion for the project. You don’t want to find yourself needing to convince someone of why making a Captain America movie is cool.”

Writing about an iconic superhero from the war of “the greatest generation” for a society that is so removed and unengaged from the decade-long war on terrorism, says McFeely, required some serious planning.

“We thought for a long time over the question — was this a superhero movie that has a war in it, or was this a war movie that has a superhero?” McFeely discovered that the original creators of Captain America in 1941 were struggling in their era with a lack of national commitment to the war. Captain America was written partially because the writers wanted to move people to understand what was really happening to the Jews in Europe.

Near the end of the shooting of *Captain America*, McFeely was hustled over to the set by the director, Joe Johnston, to help rework a line. Standing there on the set with the director, lead actors and the entire crew waiting on him to come up with a line, McFeely says he had a powerful moment of loving being part of this game.

It appears that he and Markus will get to keep playing. “We have already hired them to write the next project for us,” says Broussard. □



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not much emotional validation.” This experience led to a critical breakthrough: They got their first agent. “Getting an agent is a big deal. And this happened somewhat quickly for us by the spring of 1998.”

The agent led to opportunities to pitch stories for some big names writing broad comedy movies. This led to their first official screenwriting contract on a movie that ended up never being produced.

“We signed. We were now officially in the Writers Guild. We both quit our jobs and writing was now our full-time job,” says McFeely. “I look back at it now and realize that you *cannot* pick your first job, but if you get started and start to get noticed, you *can* pick your career.”

After completing the comedy job, they started to get offers for similar work. This is when they decided they should try to control where they wanted their careers to go. The first step was switching to an agent who could connect them with projects more to their liking. For a short time, they wondered

Her songs, her way

BY CAROL SCHAAL '91 M.A.

Kate Borkowski '03 says she's been told "my speaking voice sounds like a kid." When she actually was a kid, singing around the house, her parents would advise her: "Belt it out!"

The singer-songwriter will have none of that. "*American Idol* promotes loud singing and volume," she says from her Seattle home. "I think subtleness — what I try to capture — is really downplayed."



© 2011 KATE BORKOWSKI

Kate Borkowski: 'I like to write about what is true.'

Although she doesn't trash *American Idol*, Borkowski is no fan of its pop music. She's also afraid that those seeking a future in the music business may buy into the myth of instant fame and fortune the talent show seems to offer — and that only a limited number of contestants have realized.

"Finding out the whole structure of the industry can be a bad surprise if people do think it's a fairy tale," she says.

The hard-working Borkowski is no idle dreamer. When her extended play *The Vodka Honey* CD was released in August, the 30-year-old could finally celebrate the result of years of both planning and luck. "The more your planning and luck are entwined,

the better," she says.

Her planning has been prodigious. While her ethereal voice and haunting lyrics set her apart from the crowd, the smart business mind beneath her wild corkscrew hair has kept her music career on track.

That career officially started in 2004 when she decided to leave a paralegal job in New Orleans and live in Seattle. "It was just so beautiful," she says of her choice to make the move. Seattle also was a good place to begin public performances in coffee shops, clubs and festivals, eventually playing at larger venues with a band.

That's when her first bit of luck hit. In 2007, a "Seattle music enthusiast and philanthropist" underwrote the recording of four of her songs. Ben Smith, the drummer for Heart, and Keith Lowe, bassist for Fiona Apple, joined her on the demo.

"That was a great thing but didn't turn out the way I wanted it to," she says. "I felt far away from the songs."

What she discovered, she says, was that since she wasn't in control of the fundraising, she wasn't in control of the music. A lesson learned.

To truly get her career going, she says, "The missing piece for me was a quality recording. . . . You need the quality of what a major label would put out." For that, she says, you must "surround yourself with the most professional production team that you can."

When she began work in 2009 on the album *Beautiful Little Fools*, luck again provided just what she needed. Marcel van Limbeek, who works with Tori Amos, agreed to become Borkowski's mix engineer.

She couldn't be more thrilled. "That's so insane that every piece of music now that I put out has been touched by this guy," she says of Limbeek.



Smith, the Heart drummer who again joined Borkowski as a percussionist on several songs for her new CD, also sees Limbeek's involvement as yet another high note for Borkowski. "I was very pleased to hear that Tori Amos' production and engineering partners saw the potential in the music, and love what they've come up with together," he says in an email.

"She's taken a big step forward with this music," he adds. "I hope people out there get the chance to hear it."

They can now. *The Vodka Honey EP*, offering some songs from her as-yet unreleased *Beautiful Little Fools* album, is available on iTunes, and samples can be heard at her webpage: kateborkowski.com.

A childhood fan of the Ink Spots and Simon & Garfunkel, Borkowski is pleased to be singing her own songs these days. "I grew up singing other people's songs," she says, as well as playing them on the viola and clarinet.

It was during her senior year at Notre Dame, where her father, John Borkowski, is a professor of psychology, that Kate began to focus on playing guitar and piano and writing her own music.

"A lot of music today doesn't really resonate with me," she says. "I like to write about what is true and what's hard."

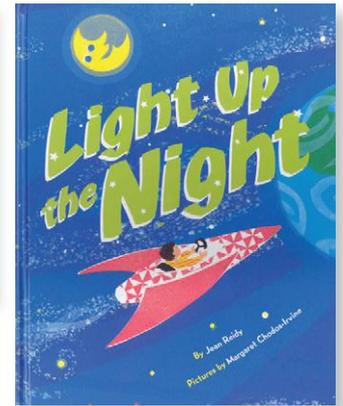
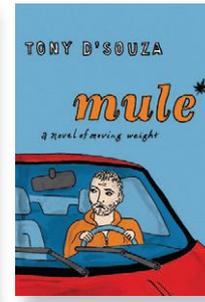
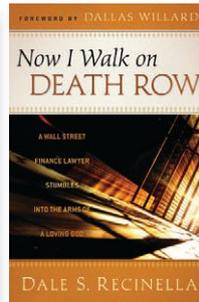
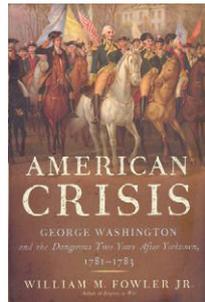
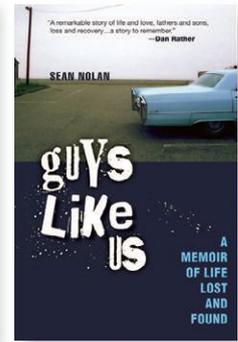
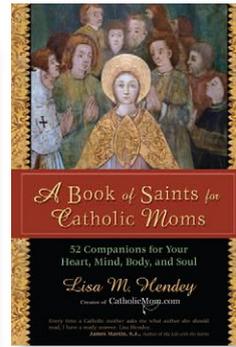
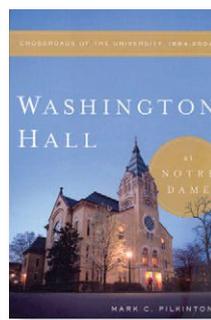
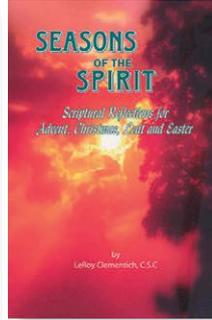
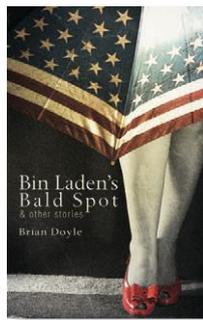
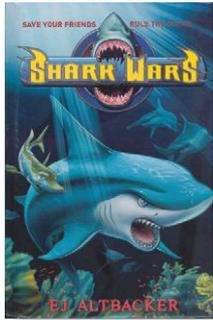
Her lyrics can sometimes come across as bleak, an observation that brings a soft chuckle. "I love sunlight and babies' feet," she says, "but it's hard things that cause me to write." She might be outraged about a news report she sees on TV, for instance, and those "really, really raw feelings" can result in a freeform paragraph that may be the basis for a song. "I only write if I just feel like, oh, I have to get this feeling out."

It's not all melancholy. Borkowski recently made a video of her song "Siamroot" (an anagram of Tori Amos), playing the part of a James-Bond-style secret agent. "It was just fun," she says.

Still, she remains focused on the music, and all the work that entails. "Alcohol and drugs and parties and being out until 4 — that's definitely not my life," she says. "I also don't go shopping very much."

That's because a few years ago she looked at her musical career and thought: "Oh my gosh, this is going nowhere. And I didn't like that feeling." She heeded the wake-up call, and today she is indeed, going somewhere. She just hopes fans will go with her. □

Carol Schaal is managing editor of this magazine.



CAFÉ CHOICE

Shark Wars, E.J. Altbacker '88 (Razor-bill). Life isn't going so swimmingly for reef shark Gray, who has strayed from his shiver, or shark clan, in search of food. Now exiled from his peaceful reef, Gray, with dogfish pal Barkley, must struggle to survive in an ocean of danger — where they might end up as someone's dinner — and try to defeat an impending evil. This first in a series for middle-grade readers will be followed in December by *Shark Wars: The Battle of Riptide*. See SharkWarsSeries.com to download a free shark wars game app.

Bin Laden's Bald Spot & other stories, Brian Doyle '78 (Red Hen Press). In this collection of 25 stories, readers will meet a barber who shaves the heads of thugs in Bin Laden's cave; Joseph Kennedy talking to a bartender just before a stroke silences him forever; a man who unearths a living baby boy in his garden; and a teenage boy who hightails it out of town with a surprising cargo in the trunk of his car. The author's essays and stories have appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Orion* and this magazine.

Seasons of the Spirit: Scriptural Reflections for Advent, Christmas, Lent and Easter, LeRoy Clementich, CSC, '53, '61M.A. (Corby Books). After decades of teaching, Clem, as he is known, served for more than 15 years with the archdiocese of Anchorage, Alaska, where he piloted a Cessna to bring the liturgy to remote villages. He also won several Catholic Press Awards for his scriptural commentaries in the archdiocesan newspaper, which, says that paper's former editor, "convey deep insights about the gospels in a humble, personal, conversational style."

Washington Hall at Notre Dame: Crossroads of the University: 1864-2004, Mark C. Pilkinton (University of Notre Dame Press). The Notre Dame professor of film, television and theatre chases "the true ghosts of Washington Hall, the fleeting shadows of myriad ephemeral events that have occurred over time." His history of the building that's been home to plays, lectures, concerts, commencements and various assemblies also

shines a light on the cultural history of the University. Archival photos and line drawings illustrate the book.

A Book of Saints for Catholic Moms: 52 Companions for Your Heart, Mind, Body, and Soul, Lisa M. Hendey '85 (Ave Maria Press). The founder of CatholicMom.com looks at the lives of her "wonderful spiritual mentors" through stories, lessons, traditions, wisdom and scripture. Those "saintly friends" include John Paul II, Margaret of Scotland, Andre Bessette, Rose Venerini and Josephine Bakhita. She also offers saint-inspired activities, such as spending time with a friend, reading the *Catechism* or preparing some traditional Irish food.

Guys Like Us: A Memoir of Life Lost and Found, Sean Nolan '97 (Gemma Media). When Mike Nolan is hit by a truck and loses his memory, his son tells him stories of his life and those of three generations of the Irish-American Nolan clan. He hopes the storytelling will remind his father of who he once had been — warts and all. Dan Rather calls the book, "A remarkable story of life and love, fathers and sons, loss and recovery. . . . It is a story to remember."

American Crisis: George Washington and the Dangerous Two Years After Yorktown, 1781-1783, William M. Fowler Jr. '69 (Walker & Company). The American Revolution didn't end with the Yorktown victory, and here the author chronicles those two years before the final peace treaty when economic woes, Congressional infighting and a near-mutiny by the Continental Army could have destroyed the newly evolving nation. Fowler's previous books include *Empires at War: The French and Indian War and the Struggle for North America, 1754-1763*.

Now I Walk on Death Row: A Wall Street Finance Lawyer Stumbles into the Arms of a Loving God, Dale S. Recinella '76J.D. (Chosen). The author does not walk through prison as a convict but as a lay chaplain, serving those on Florida's death row and in solitary confinement. Here he details his spiritual migration from a prestigious job to living out Jesus' call to serve him. "In the weighty matters of justice and mercy, Dale chose to follow Jesus, who sided with the poor, the dispossessed and the despised," says Sister Helen Prejean.

Mule: A Novel of Moving Weight, Tony D'Souza '00MEA (Mariner Books). When the recession hits, James and his pregnant wife, Kate, decide that transporting drugs for a friend will help them make ends meet. As James becomes more entrenched in the drug underworld, he faces unforeseen risks — the dangerous price of making a luxury income. D'Souza also is the author of *Whiteman* and *The Konkans*, which was named "one of the best novels of the year" by *The Washington Post* and *The Christian Science Monitor*.

Light Up the Night, Jean Reidy '81, illustrated by Margaret Chodos-Irvine (Disney Hyperion Books). Designed for ages 4 to 8, this rhyming bedtime story offers a colorful view of a child's "own little piece of the universe," traveling from the galaxy and the planets right down to a house and "my room with my name on the door, and my dinosaur lamp, and my rug on the floor." The author's previous picture books are *Too Pickley!* and *Too Purpley!*

Compiled by Carol Schaal '91M.A.
Visit magazine.nd.edu for Choices in Brief.

Pioneers on the Peace Corps frontier

BY LIAM FARRELL '04

ACCOMPANYING A PRIEST LIKE AN ALTAR BOY, TOM SCANLON HEADED UP A MOUNTAIN MADE DANGEROUS BY MAN AND NATURE. THE PEACE CORPS VOLUNTEER HAD GRADUATED FROM NOTRE DAME IN 1960, JUST TWO YEARS EARLIER, AND, AFTER SPENDING TIME IN GRADUATE SCHOOL, THE SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA, NATIVE HAD WENDED HIS WAY FROM TRAINING ON THE BUCOLIC SOUTH BEND CAMPUS TO A CHILEAN MOUNTAINSIDE AVOIDED BY POLICE AND GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.

Inspired by a friendship with Tom Doolley, the famous humanitarian who worked in Southeast Asia, Scanlon had been personally recruited by then Notre Dame President Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, CSC, to join one of the first groups of Peace Corps volunteers to go abroad after Congress officially authorized the agency.

During the Peace Corps training, Scanlon says, he and his peers shared the big fear that after countless interviews and classes they would miss out on a chance for overseas duty.

More visceral dangers lurked at the base of the mountain named Catrihueua — “lonely swan” in the local dialect — for Scanlon and the priest, Father Eugene Stiker, a North American missionary who was going to say Mass. The mountain’s 20-kilometer road was pitted with craters that would bruise a jeep and its passengers, and the reward for gritting out the journey was meeting the armed Communists and Socialists who had taken over the area’s villages.

Undaunted by the defining ideological clash of that time, Scanlon eventually pitched the Chileans on forming a co-operative for the production and marketing of the local lumber, cut from a cypress called *alerce*, that could help them buy food for the winter months.

Come back in the winter, they told Scanlon. When the mountain fills up with snow, we will have time to talk about this.

While subsequently visiting the volunteers, Father Hesburgh asked Scanlon what he was doing, a conversation later memorialized in a speech by President John F. Kennedy and encapsulating the hope and romance, the naiveté and frustrations, of one of the most potent symbols of idealism in American foreign policy.

Liam Farrell is this magazine's alumni editor.

“I am waiting for the snow,” Scanlon said.

A NEW FRONTIER

With the imminent dismantling of the nation’s space program, the Peace Corps stands to become the most enduring public policy legacy of the short presidency of John F. Kennedy and his New Frontier. In its 50 years, it has been portrayed both as a silver bullet and a misadventure, but it undeniably has staying power.

At its inception, the Peace Corps was infused with the same forces that defined Kennedy — a message of renewal and exploration, a “frontier” ethos revered in the American character that was both driven and hampered by competition with the Soviet Union and communism.

“[D]iplomats skilled in the languages and customs of the nation to whom they are accredited — teachers, doctors, technicians and experts desperately needed in a dozen fields by underdeveloped nations — are pouring forth from Moscow to advance the cause of world communism,” Kennedy said in a 1960 speech during his presidential campaign, adding, “Missiles and arms cannot stop them — neither can American dollars. They can only be

countered by Americans equally skilled and equally dedicated — and if I am elected, I ask you to help me find those Americans.”

Since the official creation of Kennedy’s vision on March 1, 1961, more than 200,000 of those Americans have served in 139 countries.

“It was the start of something that was terribly exciting and terribly important for the time,” Scanlon says. “It was important for our country to really be seen and looked at as a model.”

A primary concern driving Sargent Shriver, Kennedy’s brother-in-law and the first director of the agency, was to make sure the Peace Corps did not become another part of Washington’s bureaucratic tangle of the foreign policy establishment.

Shriver wanted an agency to be sustained on the experiences of volunteers like Michael Duffey ’70, ’81Ph.D., now a theology professor at Marquette University. After graduating, the Iowa native’s wanderlust led him to the developing world.

“I thought, ‘I have to see what it is like to live with the have-nots,’” he says. “I was very eager to just sort of set out and see what I could find.”

Tom Scanlon and Father Hesburgh, involved in the infancy of the Peace Corps, joined a reunion of Notre Dame volunteers to mark the agency’s 50th anniversary.



MATT CASHORE '94

For two years, Duffey was in Nepal as an agricultural adviser in the thatched-hut village of Tulsiper, about 20 miles from the border with India in the Ganges River plain.

Botched cultural translations were probably inevitable. Duffey once approached a local man after buying baby chicks from India in the hopes that they could grow a flock and provide both protein and profit.

“I could see from him that wasn’t an argument that would make sense,” he says.

The success of such individual projects, however, may matter less than the interaction itself.

“I think it was probably helpful for them to know someone would come from far away,” Duffey says. “It changes the perception of the United States and the commitment of the volunteers when they return home.”

From its inception, the Peace Corps has been fighting the notion that it is largely a dumping ground for aimless liberal arts graduates to work on amorphous development projects. To some degree, two of the organization’s three goals — helping promote a better understanding of Americans on the part of the peoples served, and helping promote a better understanding of other peoples on the part of Americans — do little to fight that image since they rely on relationships that are formed, nurtured and continued without the benefit of data tracking.

“The Peace Corps’ contribution has been less in direct economic development than in social development — health, education, construction and community organization,” Shriver once wrote. “We are convinced that economic development directly depends on social development.”

Scanlon says the benefits of those social connections are reaped in the United States, too, as people inspired by their work change the direction of their lives. He is one example, having founded Benchmarks, Inc., a consulting firm for domestic and international development programs.

Perhaps one of the Peace Corps’ greatest achievements has been its survival through the vagaries of 50 years of strife and politics, from the Vietnam War to the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, from the Great Society to Yes We Can.

SECULAR STANCE

Notre Dame has had more than 800 graduates serve in the Peace Corps since its inception, and 25 alumni are in its ranks today, according to the agency. Earlier this year, the

University was ranked 18th among the top 25 medium-sized universities in producing Peace Corps volunteers, the 11th year in a row the school has been in those ranks.

Notre Dame did play a pivotal role in the Peace Corps’ beginnings, with Father Hesburgh helping to set up a pilot program and hold training on campus. But the religious identity of the school was problematic; the White House wanted to make the Peace Corps a secular institution.

Hesburgh noted in his autobiography, *God, Country, Notre Dame*, that Shriver’s administration was “gun-shy about the ‘Catholic factor.’”

“He was Catholic, I was Catholic, the President was Catholic, and the project had been put together by a group of Catholics at a Catholic university,” the president emeritus wrote.

That push and pull remains in South Bend — students are encouraged to participate in service as undergraduates and alumni but the faith component is explicitly absent in the Peace Corps versus other high-profile options such as Notre Dame’s own Alliance for Catholic Education.

Michael Hebbeler, the director of Student Leadership and Senior Transitions at the Center for Social Concerns, helps inform students about post-graduate service opportunities.

“There is a growing interest in the international field. . . . Students are connected into it,” he says. “At a Catholic university, that sense of service is greater and cultivated more.”

The Peace Corps’ secular stance can be a deterrent, Hebbeler says, but individual students have to make the decision whether they are ready to be independent — with their own faith and the rest of their selves — in a developing, and potentially isolating, nation for two years.

“Do you want to go off and do it by yourself? Are you that strong?” he says. “It is pretty daunting. That is a long time away from home and everything you know.”

Rose Lindgren ’04 was willing to accept the challenge and is serving in the West African nation of Togo. She saw the Peace Corps as a perfect way to get experience and help launch a career on the global stage.

Although the Togo air initially felt like swimming through hot water, Lindgren has engaged with small business development, worked on a national level with a scholarship for girls, and helped develop a water committee that built a local school’s cistern.

“We are learning true on-the-job skills,” she says. “You do a little bit of everything.”

Rok Teasley, the Peace Corps’ recruiter for Notre Dame, says the University has averaged about 17 nominations the past four years but has already garnered 33 this year. He attributes this “huge jump” to growing awareness around the Peace Corps’ 50th anniversary and Notre Dame’s role in its founding, as well as the combination of a service opportunity with professional development.

The Peace Corps’ appeal, however, has been clouded by dark problems. The 2001 disappearance of Walter J. Poirier, a 2000 ND graduate volunteering in Bolivia, led to government inquiries questioning the efficacy of the Peace Corps in looking after its own. (See: magazine.nd.edu/news/10516.) A July 2002 Government Accountability Office report found “uneven performance in developing safe and secure housing and work sites, responding to volunteer concerns, and planning for emergencies.”

The Peace Corps also has faced critical hearings and legislation from Congress in response to past rapes of volunteers and the 2009 killing of Kate Puzey, a 24-year-old volunteer in Benin who had her throat cut after telling her supervisors another employee was sexually assaulting girls.

Teasley emphasized the Peace Corps only goes to countries where it has been invited and has determined there are no security dangers. Volunteers also receive three months of in-country training to make sure they understand an area’s language and cultural norms. “That is your primary line of defense,” he says.

Also, says Lindgren, the agency has begun to communicate more effectively and to make sure volunteers have specific objectives. She believes it is important to prevent any interest in increasing volunteer numbers from blunting the efficacy of those already on the ground.

“The emphasis is more on making what we have better,” Lindgren says. “Everyone comes in wanting to change the world.”

In order to last for another 50 years, it will be up to the Peace Corps to make sure the idealism of its volunteers can survive both outside scrutiny and two years of likely painstaking, minuscule progress. The agency has to make sure everyone is able to wait patiently for the snow.

“The Peace Corps has to learn, it has to improve,” Scanlon says. “The problems in the developing world are very definitely there, and there will never be a paucity of Americans who want to go out.” □

Boxer **Mike Lee '09**, a three-time Bengal Bouts champ who is 6-0 as a pro, was in the marquee event at "Fight Like a Champion," the first-ever pro boxing match at ND's Purcell Pavilion. All profits from the September 16 boxing match were donated to ND's Robinson Community Learning Center, an educational resource for children and adults in the South Bend community, and the Ara Parseghian Medical Research Foundation, which funds scientific research at Notre Dame on Niemann Pick disease. . . . In July actor **Eric Hunter '88** portrayed tobacco company whistleblower Jeffrey Wigand on the Bio channel program *William Shatner's Aftermath*. Wigand, who testified about the ways tobacco companies manipulated the nicotine level in cigarettes, was the subject of the 1999 movie *The Insider*, which starred Russell Crowe as Wigand. . . . **Augustus Francis "Gus" Stuhldreher '43 (hon.)**, a first cousin of Four Horsemen running back **Harry Stuhldreher '25** had a surprise private commencement ceremony in July at his Ohio retirement community when he was awarded an honorary bachelor's degree more than 50 years after his ND academic career was cut short by World War II. . . . U.S. Navy **Lieutenant Joseph Heieck '05** recently received the Bronze Star for his service as an intelligence officer in Afghanistan with the Naval Special Warfare Task Unit TRIDENT. . . . **Ashley Barlow '10**, who was a standout point guard on Notre Dame's women's basketball team, has been named an assistant women's basketball coach at Indiana University-Purdue University Indianapolis. . . . **Katie Brophy '06** was recently named head women's golfing coach at Georgetown University. A two-time captain at Notre Dame, she had been an assistant coach at Indiana for the past five seasons. . . . Xavier University athletic director **Mike Bobinski '79** was named chair of the NCAA's Division I Men's Basketball Committee for the 2012-13 season. . . . **Amanda Clarke '94**, a professor of physics at Arizona State University, recently received the International Association of Volcanology and Chemistry of the Earth's Interior's Wager Medal. The award recognizes her ground-breaking work in comparing model results to field observations. . . . **Stephen L. Weber '69Ph.D.** recently retired as president of San Diego State University after 15 years at the helm of the California school. . . . **John Powers '74**, former mayor of Spokane, has been named executive director of the Kitsap Economic Development Alliance, which promotes economic development in Kitsap County, Washington. . . . Michigan Governor Rick Snyder appointed **Thomas G. McNeill '81** to the Michigan Appellate Defender Commission, which provides legal appeal services to indigent clients. . . . **Marty Loesch '87, '91J.D., '92LLM, '94M.A.**, former attorney and inter-governmental affairs director of the Swinomish Indian Tribal Community in Olympia, Washington, has been named chief of staff by Washington Governor Chris Gregoire. . . . **Michael G. O'Grady '87** was named chief financial officer of Northern Trust Corporation. Previously he had been managing director of Bank of America Merrill Lynch's Financial Institutions Investment Banking Group. . . . A classically inspired architectural design by **Daniel Cook '96** won a competition sponsored by the National Civic Art Society for a traditional alternative to the proposed Frank Gehry modernist design for the Eisenhower Memorial to be constructed in Washington, D.C. Cook's counterproposal includes a classical arch inscribed with the words "Peace through Understanding." . . . Influential Chicago architect **Douglas Garofalo '81**, who was among the first in the United States to use computer technology in building design, died July 31 of a brain tumor. A story on his cutting-edge work

appeared in the autumn 2006 issue of *Notre Dame Magazine* (magazine.nd.edu/news/10024/). . . . Orland Park, Illinois, trustee and Notre Dame regional director of development **Brad O'Halloran '76, '09MBA** has been named to the board of directors of Metra, which oversees Chicago's commuter rail system. . . . Sculptor **Jerry McKenna '62** and TV personality **Regis Philbin '53** were recently inducted into *Irish America* magazine's Irish American Hall of Fame. . . . **Father Frank "Rocky" Hoffman '84MBA** is the executive director of Relevant Radio, which produces radio programming for the church's "New Evangelization" effort. He also hosts "Go Ask Your Father," a Relevant Radio question-and-answer program about Catholic doctrine. Additionally, the Opus Dei priest writes a column for *Our Sunday Visitor*. . . . **William Delaney '76** was recently sworn in as president of the Rhode Island Bar Association. . . . **Dave Doemel '75**, the boys' basketball coach at Christian Brothers' Academy in Albany, New York, has been named athletic director at the school. Under Doemel the basketball team won the 2010 Class AA New York State championship. . . . **Aaron Hernandez '10**, a former Notre Dame Marching Band drum major who just finished his first year at the Marquette University Law School, was featured in an *El Paso Times* story about NASCAR interns. Hernandez, who hopes to specialize in sports law, worked last summer in NASCAR's legal department. . . . **Sarah Fisher '86** is the founder of + Works, a parent-driven, grassroots, nonprofit organization combating bullying among school children. . . . **Nancy Scribner Ruscheinski '84** has been named chief innovation officer at Edelman, the world's largest independent public relations firm. . . . The third time was the charm for **Brian Dupra '11**, a right-handed pitcher who in high school turned down a draft offer from the Texas Rangers in order to attend ND on a baseball scholarship. The pitcher, who throws a fastball in the low 90s, was drafted again at the beginning of his senior year by the Detroit Tigers in the 11th round, but turned Major League Baseball down a second time in favor of education. Finally, after graduating from ND, he was drafted this past June by the Washington Nationals and has begun his pro career. . . . A feature about **Therese J. Borchard '94M.A.** and her battle with depression was the cover story recently of the Catholic magazine *St. Anthony Messenger*. Borchard writes *Beyond Blue*, a spiritually based blog about mental health for the Beliefnet website (blog.beliefnet.com/beyondblue/). . . . U.S. Navy **Commander Joseph Carrigan '93** recently assumed command of the *USS Russell*, a destroyer based at Pearl Harbor. . . . **Kristin Zielmanski '03** was recently awarded the Atlanta Bar Association's Kerry Harike Joedecke Atlanta Young Lawyer of the Year Award. . . . Legendary Milwaukee newscaster **John E. McCullough '55** died in July. He had been the main news anchor at WTMJ-TV for 21 years before retiring in 1988. . . . **John D. Cox '70, '74M.S.**, president of Advanced Technology Solutions, LLC, received a Lifetime Achievement Award from the Semiconductor Environmental Safety and Health Association, recognizing his leadership in addressing environmental health issues. . . . **Perry Veith '82J.D.** hopes to dig up a profit as co-founder of Ceres Partners, LLC, a farmland investment fund. He is joined by **Brandon Zick '01**, senior portfolio manager, and **Paul Blum '76Ph.D.**, chief operating officer. Based in Granger, Indiana, the firm acquires and manages farmland in the Midwest. The company was profiled in the September issue of *Bloomberg Markets* magazine.



The sacred and secular at Ground Zero

BY ANTHONY DEPALMA

IN THE 10 YEARS SINCE 9/11, the section of Lower Manhattan known as Ground Zero has resonated in the minds and hearts of Americans more than any other place in the nation, not because of what it is — a 16-acre hole in the ground that you can walk around in about 20 minutes — but rather because of what it represents, even though what it represents has changed continually since that September morning.

On any day, visitors from all over the world can be seen in a sort of pilgrimage, slowly making their way along the fences that delineate Ground Zero. Most of them know at least the outlines of the area's history, how in little more than 100 minutes it went from being a seat of international commerce that incorporated two of the tallest buildings in the world to a crime scene where thousands of innocents had been murdered. Some also may be aware that for months afterward it had to be treated as a multi-alarm fire that gave off hazardous smoke and gases.

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There were other changes, too. In the days immediately after the attack it was the site of a search and rescue operation. Sadly, when all miracles had expired and there was no longer the slightest hope of finding survivors, it became the place of a recovery and cleanup job.

And today? After many years of delay, several skyscrapers are rising to take the place of the towers that were destroyed. Commercial office space in the new towers is already being leased, and soon many of the high-stakes enterprises that once buzzed inside the World Trade Center will be returned to that part of Lower Manhattan. Once more, thousands of people will enter the area each morning, ready to pursue the American dream.

As surely as September 11 will never be just another day, however, these 16 acres will never be just another part of New York's financial district. The footprints of the twin towers — the 211-by-211-foot space where each of them once stood — will essentially remain concrete voids, never to be built upon again. Although this is some of the most valuable real estate in the United States, the decision was made long ago that those pieces of ground are hallowed and can be filled only by what once was and no longer is. Instead of towers of commerce, the spaces will hold memorial fountains, and around the fountains will be etched the names of the nearly 3,000 who died there that day.

Clearly, the exact space where those buildings stood for almost three decades has been transformed by the attack into sacred places where people come to pay their respects or silently pray. And because those sacred places are located right in the heart of one of the most important commercial districts in the world, a curious conflict has arisen between the sacred and the secular. Ten years later, that conflict has yet to be resolved.

Of course, in a pluralistic society like ours, sacred places are not always religious places. As a nation we have been reluctant to mix religion with affairs of state. Yet we have always been willing to recognize certain sites as worthy of special respect and to do what we can to protect and preserve them. For some, this is merely one dimension of civil history, a means of guarding our past and the essence of what it is that makes us who we are.

And yet to visit such places, to stand at Valley Forge or look out at the place where Washington crossed the Delaware and turned the tide of the Revolution, is to feel something more than just history, something that can connect us to a deeper and more profound order of the world.

Many such sites have been established over the years, but perhaps no other instance comes closer to underscoring what it means for a place to be sacred than the dedication of the Gettysburg Battlefield in 1863, just months after the terrible engagement ended. President Abraham Lincoln recognized the purpose of the day in his address at Gettysburg, yet he stated how impossible the task was: "We can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract."

And so it is with Ground Zero, which was consecrated by the lives of the brave men and women who rushed into the burning towers and died there, along with the thousands who were simply going about their business when they were confronted by the menace of evil and thus became martyrs. Among the visitors who flock to the site are many who stop and silently pray, invoking their own faiths. For them, the area's connection to religion is absolute. Theirs are the voices that called for the 20-foot cross made of busted steel beams that was uncovered in the ruins to be preserved indefinitely at Ground Zero. The cross, now in the 9/11 museum at Ground Zero, is a subtle solution to the sacred/secular dilemma because the artifact is officially designated a building remnant, a poignant reminder of the destruction. Yet for many it is the most profound of religious symbols (and for that reason a group of atheists has filed a lawsuit to have it removed).

There's no doubt that 9/11 has become a holy day, and Ground Zero sacred ground, even though the ceremonies held every year to commemorate the events of that day have avoided overtly religious symbolism. In a solemn and always moving part of the commemoration, the names of the dead are intoned every September 11 with sanctity and reverence. The ceremony is heavy on patriotic imagery but free of religious overtones, punctuated only by the ringing of a fine silver fire bell.

For all the deep emotion attached to Ground Zero, religion has played a minor role there, and when questions that touch on faith have been raised, religion has tended to bring more trouble than peace. It might simply be a sign of the times in which we live, or

maybe it is something deeper than that, something that goes to the heart of our own concepts of openness and equality, that brushes up against the limit of our tolerance and tests the depths of our suspicions.

This much was revealed last year when plans were announced for the construction of an Islamic Center, including a mosque, on the site of an industrial building on Park Place in Lower Manhattan. Nothing happened at that site to warrant veneration or mark it as sacred. People with enough money simply bought the old structures and decided to convert them. But because their plans included a mosque, the site — which is actually two-and-a-half blocks from Ground Zero — quickly became known as the Ground Zero mosque.

In the past year, the proposal to build the Islamic Center has driven a wedge into American society. A recent poll by the Public Religion Research Institute found that 56 percent of all people surveyed consider Ground Zero to be a sacred site, with Catholics most likely (68 percent) to see it that way. Yet, the sanctity of the land itself does not necessarily invite openness or tolerance. A slightly larger group (57 percent) than those who saw the site as sacred said they oppose the construction of the mosque.

Despite such popular opposition, Mayor Michael Bloomberg and other city officials have steadfastly supported the right of the developers to build the center there and have worked to clear the way for its eventual approval and construction. A New York City police patrol car now has to be parked in front of the Park Place buildings at all times to keep the peace.

The city's rigid defense of the Islamic center has made it all the more difficult for some people to understand what is happening to the one small section of the 16 acres of Ground Zero that is, in fact, both sacred and religious. Through a quirk of history, St. Nicholas Greek Orthodox Church had occupied 1,200 square feet of ground at the southwestern edge of the trade center site.

You can see the church in many dramatic photographs of the twin towers — a four-story wood-frame building constructed as a private residence in the 1830s, nearly 140 years before the towers went up. The humble dwelling went through several transformations over the decades, and for a time was converted into a tavern. In 1916, a small group of Orthodox Christians from the neighborhood, which was then made up primarily of Greeks and Syrians, acquired the old building. A top floor was added, along with space for a church bell. Czar Nicholas of Russia donated bone fragments from his namesake, the original St. Nicholas (aka Santa Claus) and St. Nicholas Church was founded.

The church and its consecrated patch of land sat just 250 feet from the façade of the World Trade Center's 1,362-foot-tall South Tower. At just 35 feet high at its highest, St. Nicholas was a fleck of mud on the foot of an elephant. About 70 families belong to the parish, but it became well-known in the financial district as an oasis of calm and serenity, and was often visited by the people who worked there, regardless of their faith.

When the South Tower collapsed on Sept. 11, it came down with all its might right on top of the church, obliterating it. Fortunately no one was injured when the building was flattened. Little has been recovered — a bible covering, some beeswax candles, the clapper from the rooftop bell and two paper icons of St. Dionysios of Zakynthos

and Zoodochos Pege. The 600-pound safe containing the relic of St. Nicholas was never found.

When plans were being drawn up for rebuilding Ground Zero, the church was included in the overall design. “St. Nicholas, as small as it was, was an incredibly moving piece of Lower Manhattan,” the project’s master planner, Daniel Libeskind, told *The New York Times* in 2004. He called the church “part of the spiritual legacy of the site.”

The land on which the church stood is owned by the Greek Orthodox Archdiocese of America. That means the church’s private property rights have had to be respected as the rebuilding moves forward. The configuration of the new towers and the preservation of the footprint of the old towers forced Ground Zero to grow to accommodate the new structures, and the expansion went right through the church’s property. In short, the developers needed the church’s land to proceed with the rebuilding of Ground Zero.

Complex negotiations between St. Nicholas and the Port Authority of New York & New Jersey, which controls the land at Ground Zero and is overseeing the rebuilding, dragged on for years. In 2008, the agency announced that it had reached a tentative deal with the church to move St. Nicholas’s property slightly to the east where a new sanctuary could be rebuilt on top of an underground terminal where buses and cars coming to Ground Zero will be screened for explosives, a necessary recognition of post-9/11 reality. The Port Authority agreed to provide \$20 million to help defray the additional infrastructure costs of building in such a potentially dangerous spot.

Eight months after the deal was announced, the Port Authority abruptly canceled it, claiming the church was making too many

demands. St. Nicholas insisted it was willing to work with the Port Authority and asked for negotiations to resume. The agency refused, and when the church could not get the support of city officials, it filed suit in federal court in February of this year charging the Port Authority with “arrogance, bad faith and fraudulent conduct.” The agency has denied all charges.

In this clash of the sacred and the profane, both sides claim the moral high ground. The Port Authority, which lost more than 80 employees on 9/11, claims it had to move forward without St. Nicholas’s participation to ensure that the long-delayed Ground Zero reconstruction project could proceed, providing the city and the country with tangible proof of their own resilience. St. Nicholas, it says, will be permitted to rebuild later, on its original site.

St. Nicholas claims it simply wants what it was promised, so it can fulfill its unique role in the destiny of this place. Archbishop Demetrios, the primate of the Greek Orthodox Church in America (whom Notre Dame honored in 2010 with an honorary doctorate) had declared within a month of the church’s destruction in 2001 that it would be rebuilt “on the same sacred spot as a symbol of determined faith.”

Fulfilling that promise has been the church’s guiding principle ever since. Father Mark Arey, the designated spokesman for St. Nicholas, said the design for the new church would have included a gathering place outside the sanctuary where people of all faiths could reflect on the circumstances that led to the destruction of the towers and the deaths of so many people. He said it should always be remembered that the people behind the attack were acting in the name of religion, even though their acts actually perverted their own faith.

The Freedom Tower now under construction at Ground Zero will eventually rise 1,776 feet above the street, a soaring and patriotic testament to the spirit of America. Plans for the new St. Nicholas called for it to be even squatter than the original’s 35-foot height, though it would have covered a larger footprint to accommodate the meditation area. If it ever gets rebuilt, the new church is intended to be a humble reminder for all of the power of faith.

It has been argued that for all of the religious freedoms guaranteed by our constitution, and the high percentages of Americans who tell pollsters they consider themselves to be religious, the predominant faith in America is actually a civil religion that has more to do with values than creed, more about memory than sanctity.

Although people worldwide venerate every inch of Ground Zero, St. Nicholas was the only sacred site to be destroyed on 9/11, and the sacred remains of St. Nicholas have been mixed in with the mortal remains of all the others who fell victim that day. Even so, the church’s place in the rebuilt Ground Zero has become something of an awkward afterthought, an issue elected officials clearly would rather not have to deal with.

It is a perplexing turn of events, for sure. Ten years ago, the attack on the trade center unified our society and led to a national day of prayer in which everyone, regardless of faith, was invited to take part. Now there is a bitter standoff over a tiny church and a controversial mosque that divides us and threatens to keep us apart. And that’s too bad. If the last painful decade, with its wars and its deaths and its anger and its fears, has taught us anything, it ought to have made clear just how high the price of intolerance can be. □





What fools these mortals be

BY PATRICK DUNNE '60

WHEN AS AN ADJUNCT professor of English in Texas, I taught (or perhaps more accurately *exposed*) the skill of essay writing to college freshmen, I customarily would assign as my students' first research project the Authorship Question.

In the last several centuries considerable argument has raged around the career of William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon — a person who beyond doubt did exist. The controversy is over whether the Shakespeare we know and love did in fact write those plays and sonnets that have earned him fame as the greatest poet in any language.

Most inexplicably, and certainly unlike others who have earned their reputations as

authors, he left us not one scrap of writing — no manuscripts, no first drafts, no notes, no letters, not so much as a grocery list — nothing but a half-dozen or so signatures, none of which spell his name as we spell it, and all of which, according to the doubtful, appear scrawled by someone clearly unaccustomed to holding, much less using, a pen. The question of Who Wrote Shakespeare further obscures the hunt for the so-called Dark Lady of the Sonnets, a famous unknown rather like Beethoven's mysterious Immortal Beloved.

I told my students to do the research and settle in their own minds the identity of the author we know as Shakespeare, then write an essay to convince me.

One morning at the end of class, after delivering my opening lecture on this subject, naming a dozen or so likely and unlikely names of the "real" Shakespeare poets — ranging from the Earl of Oxford to Christopher Marlowe to

Francis Bacon to Queen Elizabeth herself — and after handing out to the students copies of Diana Price's fine article summing up the problem in *Skeptic* magazine, as well as suggesting some good Internet search phrases, I looked up from my notes to face an obviously troubled young lady, a high-school graduate and a product of the Houston Independent School District, an organization not celebrated for its academic excellence.

"Who," she asked, "was this Sha... Sha... did you say Shakes... Shakespeare? Who is that?"

Good question, lady. The very question, in fact, that I just assigned to you.

This brought to my mind, not for the first time, an even more intriguing question: why Dame Fortuna, the ancient Roman deity in charge of bestowing luck and fortune for good or ill, and worshipped by the Greeks as the goddess Tyche, not only

Patrick Dunne lives and writes in Houston, Texas. After a career teaching literature and writing, he entered law school at age 53 and practiced immigration law until his retirement in 1999.

lays her fickle finger betimes on the undeserving, but so often maddeningly withholds her magic touch from the deserving until after they die.

We have lost even the names of some quite famous persons. Despite the outrageous claim uttered by one of the Beatles, nobody knows for sure the actual proper name of the man who probably is the most famous personage in history, but his friends and family certainly never called him Jesus Christ. More likely they knew him as something like Yeshua bin Yusef — in English, Joshua Josephson — but his name became “Greekized” because the Evangelists likely wrote their gospels in Greek.

Like William Shakespeare, Jesus left us nothing at all in his own writing, and for that matter neither did Socrates, despite the many famous quotes attributed to all three. Of the reputedly superb literary genius of the Greek poet Sappho we have next to nothing — only a scrap or so quoted in the works of other writers. As for the Etruscans, whose civilization and splendid art preceded those of ancient Rome, we possess not even their language, much less their literature.

Many celebrated authors live on not under their real names but in pseudonyms. Even folks well versed in literature sometimes have to think for a moment before dredging up from memory the true names of O. Henry, Mark Twain, George Eliot or George Sand. Who knows, we might not even have the name of Jane Austen, one of the greatest authors in the English language and a staple

of present-day movies and *Masterpiece Theatre*, had her novels continued in publication as they first appeared, “by a lady.”

The Dark Lady of the Sonnets and the Immortal Beloved have plenty of company among thousands of unnamed souls who have achieved immortal fame through, so to speak, the back door. Think of the two “thieves” crucified along with Jesus, of King Herod’s “Slaughter of the Innocents,” of all those people buried in Thomas Gray’s country churchyard or who met untimely deaths in a cruel sea after the sinking of the *Titanic* and the *Lusitania*.

It would certainly have surprised — even dismayed — Emily Dickinson to have learned that after her death she would become celebrated as one of the greatest poets in American literature. On the other hand, it would have miffed Franz Schubert and Vincent van Gogh and Franz Kafka, who surely had some aspirations to recognition, hopes based on a personal and quite accurate appreciation of their own artistic genius, to find that they would die having completely missed out on worldwide fame, not to mention posthumous millions in income.

Then let us consider Felicia Hemans, a celebrity poet in English during Jane Austen’s heyday, who must have confidently expected her fame to survive the grave. Ever hear of Mrs. Hemans? Anybody? And how many vice presidents of the United States can you name, offhand?

I’ve heard it asserted that history would now call Adolf Hitler one of Germany’s most admirable leaders, had he happened to die before Kristallnacht. But Dame Fortuna sometimes enjoys making her famed favorites infamous. Joan Crawford died a great motion picture star before she became Mommie Dearest.

Fortuna also gets a laugh out of untwisting her cruel twists. Oscar Wilde, the toast of the London stage, got toasted himself when his public and the long arm of the law learned of “the love that dares not speak its name.” Wilde made the mistake of suing for defamation of character, an ill-considered act that only draws public attention to the fact. The author Lillian Hellman lived to commit the same error when she sued her longtime foe Mary McCarthy for having publicly, and not without justification, called every word written by Hellman a lie, including “and”

and “the.” We have once again raised Wilde to glory as a wit and playwright, although of course Oscar himself didn’t live to enjoy it.

Everybody considered Czar Nicholas II and Kaiser Wilhelm II as hopeless incompetents well before their deranged imperial power led to the senseless slaughter of millions of Europe’s young men in the Great War. And even Fortuna’s magic touch can never restore to them a redemption they never earned in life.

She more often can, however, cause many of her most cruelly fated victims to come out smelling like the proverbial rose. Friends, family and acquaintances viciously rejected Mary Ann Evans for her scandalous lifestyle before she became England’s most acclaimed author and one of the nation’s wealthiest women, admired and sought after under her *nom de plume* George Eliot. People and politicians alike rose up in outrage against “Mad” King Ludwig II of Bavaria, adjudging him insane, deposing and condemning him for building extravagantly expensive fairyland castles — castles that now, long after his death, flood Bavaria with millions of Euros from awestruck tourists.

To Jean-Jacques Rousseau we owe the essential beginnings of our society’s care for the nurturing, upbringing and education of children. All the world has sung his praises, including such notables as Kant, Shelley, Schiller, John Stuart Mill, George Eliot, Hugo, Flaubert and Tolstoy. Yet Rousseau’s own five illegitimate children he dropped off to the depredations of the terrible orphanages of his time. We quite rightly know Percy Bysshe Shelley as one of the greatest poets in English, but according to Paul Johnson’s wonderful book *Intellectuals*, Shelley also had a personal career as an unfeeling monster who destroyed the lives of everyone he touched.

Obviously, some well-known names live on in well-deserved infamy: Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin, Lucrezia Borgia, Ivan the Terrible, Oliver Cromwell, the debauched young third-century Roman emperor Elagabalus. Others deserve all the praise fame can bestow: Mother Teresa, the Dalai Lama, Black Elk, Madame Curie, Pope John XXIII.

History sometimes bestows its plaudits on men who deserve its shame instead: the “heroes” of Goliad, the Alamo and San Jacinto, who gave their lives in defense of



slavery. Many have reputations that may deserve approbation or disgrace, depending on whom you read: Henry VIII, “Bloody” Mary, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Pope Pius XII, Julius Caesar. Some may just possibly, even if improbably, have “taken the rap” for others guilty but unknown. Lee Harvey Oswald comes to mind. And did Lizzie Borden really take that ax and give her mother 40 whacks?

Some, like the Greek poet Homer, to whom we attribute the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, or the Roman hero Aeneas, celebrated in Virgil’s *Aeneid*, may or may not have actually walked this earth. Some people who did, oddly enough, have taken on fame only as fictional characters: Scotland did indeed have a King Macbeth, and who would ever have thought twice about the real Saint Nicholas, had he not become Santa Claus? The Vatican itself has cast doubt on the historicity of Saint Patrick, and as for the Irish belief that he drove out all the snakes, well. . . .

Some fictional characters, like Harry Potter and Sherlock Holmes, have greater fame than almost any real people, but their only slightly less well-known authors collected the money. At least one famous fictional character, the resurrected creation given life by Dr. Frankenstein in the novel by Mary Shelley — who portrayed him as pretty ugly all right, but really a sweet, pitiable, even lovable creature nonetheless — took on the name of his fictional mad-scientist creator when Hollywood and Boris Karloff remade him into an infamous and fearsome horror.

Does William Shakespeare really deserve his reputation as the greatest poet in any language? The Russians, as usual, don’t agree, bestowing the palm instead on their own Alexander Pushkin. The great-grandson of a black page in the court of Peter the Great, Pushkin has inexplicably escaped the notice of the promoters of Black History Month.

So exactly who did write those plays by

“Shakespeare”? Personally, and for several rather lame reasons, I side with the decided minority that point to Queen Elizabeth. But genius has its reasons that reason cannot know. And the Stratfordians — the scholars firmly and solidly in Shakespeare’s camp — have countered with excellent arguments against all the alternative candidates. My son Michael came up with my own favorite among the objections demolishing the claims for Christopher Marlowe as the Shakespeare Poet: “He would need to have gotten a lot better.”

Does it really matter? Fortuna’s touch should have made John Maynard Keynes a household name for his enormous influence on the economic policies of the United States and the world, instead of making him well-known only to academia and the readership of John Kenneth Galbraith. But Keynes had the last word: “In the long run we are all dead.” □

Escorted to eternity

BY KERRY TEMPLE '74

DEATH CAME TO OUR HOUSE in February 1960. It was a Saturday morning. I was 7, playing alone in my front yard. My sister, four years older than I, came outside and said, “Grandmother died.” Our eyes met, then she turned and went back into the house.

My maternal grandmother lived with us. She cooked and cleaned, and her matriarchal ways dominated our home. She was 78, diabetic and had a tired, old heart. But death was a surprise.

She had gotten over a mild case of pneumonia (as had my aunt, who also lived with us) and things were back to normal that Saturday morning. I had eaten pancakes and bacon, watched cartoons and had come outside to play by myself — digging in the soft, moist dirt beneath a pear tree, as you can do in the South, even in February.

Now I didn’t know what to do.

It seemed odd to stay outside and play as if nothing had happened. Then, too, Grandmother was gone. There was nothing to be done for her now. The grownups would tend to things, I reasoned; a little boy wasn’t needed at a time like this. Mainly I was afraid.

I played a few more minutes before heading into the house to face what death had left behind.

Inside were sobs and hugs and tears and the disturbing tumult

of a family crying out. As I had suspected, no one paid me any mind. So I waded past the others, walked down the hallway and fearfully stepped to the doorway of my grandmother’s room, a room always off-limits to me.

She was lying in her bed, head propped on pillows. Her eyes were shut, her mouth wide open. It was a jarring, scary sight to that little boy, to see his grandmother dead that way — the woman who had been there since he could remember, who had made him breakfast just that morning. He stood in the doorway, trying to take it all in. But he went no closer to the bed or the body. That was as close to death as he wanted to be.

Time would pass before he heard the story of the final moments in the life of Nettie Eudora Finnegan McPhee.

She had bathed and was getting dressed. Her daughter was in the kitchen, one room away, when she heard her mother talking, exclaiming, “Mother, Aunt Minnie, what are you doing here?” My mother saw no one else in the room, but my grandmother continued speaking with girlish excitement. She undressed then and — despite her daughter’s protests — pulled on her nightgown and climbed back into bed.

“What are you doing?” her distraught daughter pleaded.

“Mother and Aunt Minnie have come for me,” she said. “We’re going away. It’s time.”

“But you’re fine,” her daughter countered. “You were sick, but you’re fine now. You’re fine.”

But her mother — my grandmother — pulled the covers to her chin, leaned back and softly died. The doctor called it heart failure.

I have often wondered since that morning where she went and how she did it. But I have been in no hurry to find out. □

Kerry Temple is editor of this magazine.



Kiljoy is here

BY RANDALL B. SMITH '98PH.D.

IS THIS WRONG? Whenever I see the work of one of those so-called “tag artists” — the stuff most of us call “graffiti” — I sometimes have this fantasy. It usually begins with me finding the guy’s house and, when he’s not there, painting some odd, indecipherable words on his living-room wall in big, bulbous letters.

When the graffiti artist comes home and sees the big, bulbous letters on his wall, he’ll jump back, startled, and think, “Whoa! What the heck is *that?*” Then he’ll ask himself, “Why? What was the point of that?”

But he’ll never know, because my identity will remain forever secret. He’ll just find the results of my work. Even in his bathroom he’ll discover jagged squiggles with arrows and exclamation marks around his toilet paper dispenser and a few more scratched onto his bathroom mirror for good measure.

In my fantasy, our graffiti artist wonders, “What makes this guy think he can come in here and write all over my wall? That wall doesn’t belong to him. Doesn’t he have any respect for other people’s property? Doesn’t he have any respect for things that *don’t belong to him?*”

As part of this fantasy, I run a series of articles in the local newspaper extolling the creative work of a new group of mysterious “living-room artists” whose work has been springing up all around town and make a big point of how lucky people should feel to have such “art” on their walls. I’d argue what a crime it would be for these people to paint over this “art.” So here this poor guy would be with my weird, indecipherable letters painted on his wall, feeling as though there’s nothing he can do about it because the newspaper has decided it’s *art*.

In time, though, when he gets tired of looking at those weird markings on his walls, he paints over them. Then he’ll have to live for months with this big paint blotch on his walls, because the new paint

never exactly matches the old paint. Everyone who comes to his house will ask, “What happened there?” and he’ll have to say: “I had to paint over some weird writing someone left on my wall.”

That big smudge will always be there, as ugly as any big stain can be, impossible to ignore, crying out to be fixed. In time, he’ll decide to repaint the whole wall. “*There,*” he’ll say to himself when he’s finished, “I’ve finally gotten things back to normal.”

My fantasy then really gets nasty. Because that’s when I go back to his house — while he’s not there, at a time he least expects — and I paint the same bulbous letters and jagged squiggles on the same walls. When he comes home to his newly painted wall, he finds my work staring him in the face again, just as before, as though he hadn’t worked for four hours and spent 50 dollars on paint to cover the whole doggone thing. He finds his handiwork and mine, as if I were telling him: “No, no, Mr. Graffiti Artist, you’re *never, ever* going to be rid of me. However long it takes you to paint over my work, it only takes seconds for me to put my mark on your wall all over again. That’s the real beauty of what I do.”

He’ll feel truly violated, saying to himself: “Once might have been creative expression. Doing it again after I just painted the whole wall is just cruel. It’s an act of will-to-power. It’s this guy’s way of saying he doesn’t care what anybody else wants; it only matters what *he* wants.”

When our graffiti artist complains in a letter to the local newspaper about the “vandals” who keep messing up the walls of his house, in my fantasy I imagine that he is forced to endure a long, public scolding from a thin, severe-looking woman with a short haircut and horn-rimmed glasses who screeches at him in a high-pitched whine that he should *never* have painted over the letters I left on his wall in the first place.

“How dare you ruin someone else’s art!” she shrieks.

When he retorts: “But it’s not that guy’s wall, it’s *my* wall,” I imagine her saying, “You’re so ignorant! Don’t you understand that what this creative genius is doing is trying to redefine our whole conception of ownership and property and public art?”

“But why,” he’ll protest, “can’t he redefine our whole conception of ownership and property and all that *on his own wall?*”

“Precisely because no one’s permission was sought is what makes the art ‘edgy’ and especially ‘creative.’ Art isn’t about beauty or about what we want,” she’ll tell him dryly, “art is supposed to shock and challenge us, and that is what has happened on your wall. You should be grateful that this creative genius has deigned to bring his morally uplifting, intellectually enlightening work to your drab living room walls.”

That’s when our poor, bewildered graffiti artist’s head explodes. So that’s my fantasy. Is that wrong? □

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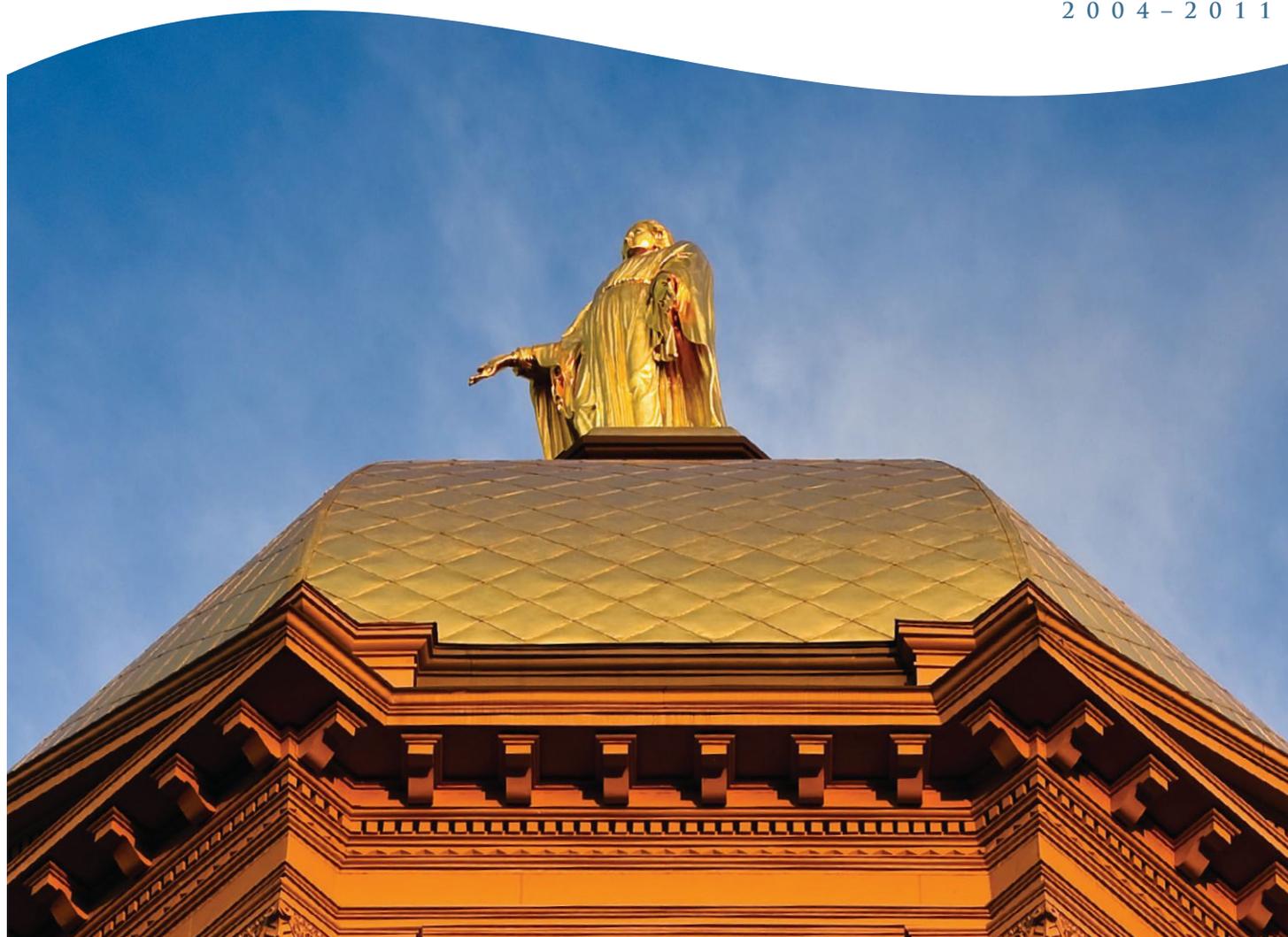
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