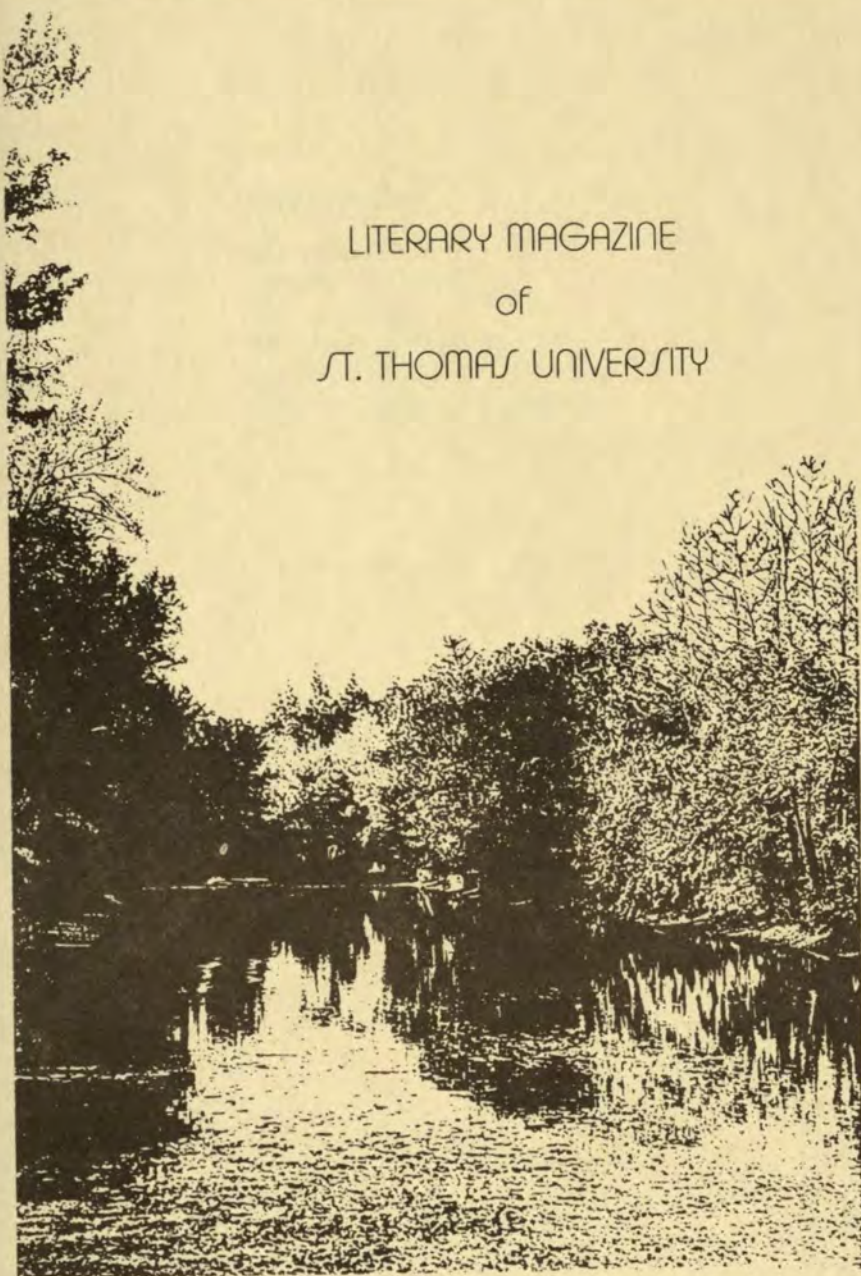


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# DRIFTWOOD

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LITERARY MAGAZINE  
of  
ST. THOMAS UNIVERSITY



Driftwood 1987

Special thanks to  
Dr. Philip Reckford,  
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## Beauty Is in the Eyes of the Creator

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"In the beginning, when God created the heavens and the earth, the earth was a formless wasteland, and darkness covered the abyss, while a mighty wind swept over the waters."<sup>1</sup> This is how the earth lay before creation; but within six days it experienced a total transformation from an absolute emptiness to a complete fullness. A picturesque landscape abundant with natural beauty, and eventually human and animal life, appeared. This is how our Creator envisioned His world – overflowing with beauty. As a sweet grape goes sour, however, so went the beauty that He longed so much to perfect.

Unlike the consummate world which He envisioned, the earth soon became a haven for man's selfishness and misdeeds. Only I, who toiled and suffered, could restore the beauty that this earth once shared: both the beauty in the land and the beauty in mankind. But that was not enough. Man continued to fight and annihilate his fellow creatures. Throughout this endless ordeal, all I could do was watch our Creator's masterpiece collapse in a manner that only decaying structures do. This touched the essence of His soul. Not only was He afflicted with the pain that usually accompanies failure, but He was forced to give up a part of His spirit in order to restore the beauty of His creation – mankind. I was that part. Father chose me to rescue mankind from the temptations of the world, from his inherent wickedness, and most important, to save him from eternal damnation because of his reckless disregard of my Father's ways. I became man's Saviour in the eyes of the people – Jesus of Nazareth. The beauty, however, was not restored in the physical beauty of the world, but in the sense that man now believed that there was an omnipotent force that was responsible for creation, and above all, that he is the subject or product of that creation.

<sup>1</sup>The New American Bible (Nashville: Nelson, 1983) Genesis 1:1.

**Tomas Barreto**

## A Book's Conclusion

---

A former love  
A chapter's end  
A current friend  
A page unturned

She fell for him  
He turned away  
She wanted me  
I never came

Again she tried  
To take control  
To lure his emotions  
Into her world

I panicked once  
I panicked twice  
He said never  
No interest there

Then my world crumbled  
His mind changed  
She had to try  
He wanted a chance

I backed away  
Breaking the triangle  
I had to leave  
My sanity called

A former love  
A chapter's end  
A former friend  
The book concluded

**Mario Eduardo Tarradell**



## The Creation of the Modern Woman

The rising sun reflects his glorious rays into the crystal-clear, placid water of a little pond. It resembles a glass mirror. We can see the image of a young person. He or she is kneeling and with cupped hands plunges into the refreshing water, quickly sipping it down. Dressed in hunter's garb, a bow and a quiver of arrows hang churlishly upon a slender yet sturdy body. The figure stands up and a face is revealed. It is Artemis, the beautiful goddess of the hunt.

Artemis' chestnut brown hair is pulled back into a tight knot. Her flawless olive complexion enhances the deep brown of her eyes. Her arms and legs are muscular because she cannot stand excess fat. Artemis has not always been like this, full of confidence, secure and physically strong. She had once been weak and naive. Something horrible happened to her in her youth, one of those things that creates emotional scars which can never be obliterated.

It occurred like this. One evening Artemis had been resting in her chambers when one of the male gods came to visit her. It was "love at first sight"; he was tall, dark and tremendously handsome. She greeted him with a smile. He smiled back and asked if they could talk. They conversed for hours. Finally Artemis asked him to leave. He refused. He began to force himself upon her. She struggled and screamed, but to no avail. He raped her and left her sobbing, slumped over in a corner.

Artemis felt used and abused. She was not a toy or inanimate object; she was a person with feelings. She hated herself. She had lost the only thing that was ever hers, namely her self-esteem. She had trusted him and he had hurt her. From that moment on, she decided to stand up for herself. She wanted to be respected; she wanted equality. The only way to earn this was to rebel. She promised herself that one day women and men would be equal.

Artemis' personality is a combination of all that is good and evil. She loves those who admire her and despises those who do not. She shuns the wealthy and curses lovers. Her anger turns into hatred, while her hatred turns into vengeance and her vengeance into an inescapable wrath. She is feared by some and cherished by others. She is clever and cunning. Her intelligence is her greatest invisible weapon.

Artemis is a revolutionary. She revolts against anybody and everybody. She is not restricted by time or space, for her soul and her spirit are free. Artemis is fully aware of what she wants and she will not stop fighting until she attains it. She is as stubborn as a mule but as bright as an owl. Her adoration of life satisfies her passion for death.

Presently Artemis pensively paces the moistened earth, which is covered with fresh morning dew. Her eyes seek the cloudless sky, her ears hear the chirping of the birds, her mind wonders. She unconsciously begins to run swiftly through the dense forest. She summons her nymphs and her dogs with a light twitch of the tongue. In a second, they are there, scurrying to her side, eager and hungry for adventure. She leads them to a place far, far away. There is a window. Inside there is a person standing next to a kitchen sink, a glass of sparkling water in his or her hand. Dressed in tailored pants and a blazer, the person turns around. It is The Modern Woman.

The Modern Woman's brunette hair hangs loosely around her shoulders. She is slim and in excellent health. She enjoys many activities – jogging, tennis and aerobics. She has a flair for fashion and unique taste in jewelry. Her large hazel eyes look sad as she stares at her left hand. (The diamond wedding ring that used to be there has left a white mark.) She thinks of her ex-husband, the divorce and the children. It had been a difficult year, but she had somehow managed to survive.

The Modern Woman is forced to play many different roles simultaneously. She must be a good daughter, mother, housekeeper, and hold a full or part-time job. In the work place, she finds that society is centered around the male ego. Men receive all the privileges, including higher salaries. She is considered inferior, while man is thought of as knowledgeable and strong.

But The Modern Woman is learning how to stand up for herself. She does not fall in love so easily. She remembers how her father had abused her mother, not only physically, but also psychologically and emotionally. She yearns to be liberated from the chains of confusion and shame that have held her for so long. She does as she pleases, for no man is better than she.

The Modern Woman looks outside her window and sees Artemis and her friends. The two women smile at one another. She invites Artemis into her home. They embrace. The Modern Woman, with tears in her eyes, whispers, "Artemis, you have been my inspiration, my heroine. Whenever I thought about giving up, I would turn the pages of a mythology book and read about your many trials and tribulations. You have made me what I am today. You have created The Modern Woman."

**Yvonne M. Castrenze**



## Crossing The Sahara

But when and why?  
My question has nothing to do with bushels and bushels of grain  
or like a plank of wood to the poor  
I am looking for warmth  
in 80 degrees temperature.  
Water still moves me and  
other things change  
the chemistry inside my bones.  
And I long to see and touch  
and smooth out the edginess in his voice.  
What would have Dante done.  
A late calling knocking down my door  
when a whisper could carry a tune all the way.  
from Zürich.  
There is so much.  
What about if nothing seems clear  
and angles are sharper than that lion's claws  
and what about the need to love and  
could we be at the end of the highway.

The goings and doings of life are  
crossing my puzzles  
and there is so much more  
there is his side, his fullness  
spilling all the way.  
Can we ever meet somewhere in the desert  
an old plain desert  
just eyes reflecting  
the air and the sun if it is out  
because otherwise it seems all foresaken  
a start that lies there in the middle of the lane.

Perhaps I'm missing agendas of  
priorities and that the desert is not out there  
and you are not in Coconut Grove.  
Sometimes it is easy for the woman to pretend  
that one more time and he  
will be gently knocking on the door — — —  
What about when he has had to travel  
and pass the desert and all he is looking  
for is a glass of water.  
Who is the good Samaritan?  
There is a plane crossing out my thoughts  
and the asphalt is hard  
and grey and uniform.

M.E. Ferrero

## Elegy For Joe Ruperto

Our lives are forever changing  
New doors open everyday  
God's love is given daily  
Our lives are much too short to waste

Now there's problems all around us  
That pile higher every day  
Maybe they wouldn't seem so bad  
If we'd stop . . . and smell the roses along the way

All gifts from God are like roses  
Whose beauty soon withers away  
So kneel down with me, pick a rose and you will see  
The gift, that's here for you this day

If we could stop living for tomorrow  
And let go of our yesterdays  
If we could see the beauty all around  
And just be happy, here, today

Life could be so beautiful  
Full of blessings everyday  
Joy and peace and love so full  
If we'd stop . . . and smell the roses along the way

All gifts from God are like roses  
Whose beauty soon withers away  
So kneel down with me, pick a rose and you will see  
The gift, that's here for you this day

George Garrison  
Jim O'Connor



## Gardening

---

I planted my cucumber seeds  
next to the lettuce where the dill  
and the zucchini on the other side.  
I'm waiting for things to really grow  
with all that fertilizer.

Like the broccoli.

The tomatoes are on their second season  
with the new ones just coming in.  
It should be warmer I think.

Some mornings

the wind. I like to look at my green patches.

I have three.

I like to see the peppers grow  
and the onions are getting large.

I have salad of all types.

I watch for gnats around the carrots  
where the beets

didn't grow. Perhaps the moon  
wasn't right -- my neighbor's are large.

Like fists

and the cabbages are the wonder  
of the block. My garden is special  
though. It gets greener at night.

When I water it.

(it needs me I think)

I must be careful

with three dogs and a cat.

It'll kill the roots.

Mine.

Are still there.

**M.E. Ferrero**

## Her Ocean-Green Eyes

---

I stand on the edge of your ocean-green eyes,  
Not sure -- should I wade or run in?  
Your eyes are a restless seascape,  
where tempests once surely dwelt.

But please accept me, tempest --

Please accept me, ocean;

For I'll come running as a sacrifice  
to ease and quiet all storms!

**Mark W. Phillips**

## Here—Now

---

Tell me not of sunsets  
On the far off planet Mars;  
Dream for me no pinwheels  
Made of burning dust and stars.

Let me stand in rapture  
At an oil and canvas sky;  
Give me time to study  
All the wonders of a fly.

Unloved lovers pain me  
Unheard singers too;  
Noah's first freed creature  
From that floating, cageless zoo.

Book for me no passage  
On a rocket to the Moon;  
I have yet to thank God  
For the roses here in bloom.

**Francis X. Gallogly, O.S.A.**

## In The Line Of Duty

---

He lay slumped over the steering wheel.  
the blood dripping from his hair  
mixing with sweat,  
on the back of his blue shirt.

Once full of love for life.  
Love for his baby son,  
who now can never see the Phillies with Dad  
or sit and talk during college breaks.

Once full of love for life.  
Love for his wife,  
who now can never kiss her high school sweetheart  
or make him his favorite dinner.

Once full of love for life.  
Love for his badge,  
which will now be hung on another rookie  
as a target for another assassin.

Once full of love for life.  
Love for his own killer,  
who he swore to protect  
and whom he swore to serve.

Once full of love for life.  
Which the killer never knew,  
and shot his own servant,  
but couldn't think of any reason why.

A small item in the paper,  
In the city of brotherly love.  
Cold, inhumane, unloving phrase:  
"Killed in the line of duty."

**Sean Melvin**



## Instinct

---

So sometimes it's right,  
But sometimes it's wrong,  
Instinct is something,  
You can't always depend upon.

Relying on the facts,  
And not on the heart,  
Makes matters much easier,  
When facing the reality part.

So, you have a little tug,  
That tells you, "hey hang on,"  
But waiting around may keep you,  
Waiting till he's totally gone.

Make sure you know where you stand,  
Leave nothing up in the air,  
For the drop of a bomb,  
Can give the heart quite a scare.

And so the message is,  
Rely on the mind not on the heart,  
For relying on instincts,  
Can keep you forever apart.

**Josie Valcarcel**

## To Joe:

---

It is sometimes difficult to put in mere words the passions of the heart.

How do you express overwhelming love and gratitude for a man who shared his exuberant delight of love, life and laughter with all he met?

At times like these it is fitting to make great statements about the charitable works done by him.

But what is more comforting to those left behind are the magical memories of time spent in his presence. Even more glorious is the knowledge that he was with you in heart and soul at all times.

It will please him to know that his gentle touch reached his friends and family and that they will continue with his mission of peace and harmony.

But the best gift to him is, "Thank you for everything Joe. I'll love you always."

**Hollister Brailsford**



## Key West Sunset

---

Looking backwards towards the key  
and the sun  
as the car purred along,  
taking me away,  
away from a day of pleasure,  
of leisure,  
I saw the sun sink  
below the horizon  
magnificently.

Clouds blushed pink  
as the sun's  
last rays caressed them  
then darkened  
blue.

Low storm clouds  
hung, moodily  
beneath softer, paler clouds,  
and high above,  
wisps of white cirrus  
against blue bright sky.

A bright band of sky  
became a kaleidoscope  
of colour.

Blue turned to yellow  
and then pink tinged  
to orange deepened  
into dark red  
as night, stained,  
blue to black.

Distance revealed a panorama  
of colour and light  
clouds became islands  
floating in an aquamarine  
and turquoise and  
violet sea.

Rain from a storm cloud  
became a faded  
smudge of charcoal,  
black sunbeam  
streaming down  
to the key.

## Maiden

---

She laughed and touched me;  
But there was darkness nearby,  
And in it she left.

**Mark W. Phillips**



## Miami In February

---

Miami in February  
pulls at your soul like a magnet.  
She seduces you with her  
tropical whisper,  
"Come on down; play with me.  
I will warm you with my touch  
until you glow golden inside and out.  
I'll show you sun and sand  
and sex and sin,  
and let you taste paradise.  
And then, when I've teased you  
and pleased you,  
and offered myself up to you  
until we're each obsessed  
by the other,  
we will part — you — to return  
to the promise of spring;  
me — to remain in perpetual heat."  
"I wonder," she says, this mistress  
named Miami,  
"Will I draw you to me  
and hold you tightly  
next winter — or  
will I find you in February,  
wrapped in the arms  
of a Caribbean sunset?"

**Brenda Barney**

## Morning

---

light shine on still life  
wall shadow and smile  
c l o s e r  
it is me  
!

**Terry Moons**



## Now Is All

---

Where is tomorrow or yesterday  
Or evening, noon or night;  
Where went the carefree holiday,  
Where hides the morning light?

Are distant planets yesterdays  
And stars the bright tomorrows;  
Is all our future wrapped in haze  
And garland with our sorrows?

Our calendars and clocks deceive;  
We speak such gentle fallacies  
As, "Spring will come and frost will leave"  
And, "Hours spent 'neath cherry trees."

When roads stretch out before our eyes  
And oceans seem to have no shore;  
When birds are clothed in boundless skies,  
Then truth supplants our former lore.

"Can corridors of time exist  
Of past and now and what's to be,  
Where Fortune keeps for us a tryst  
Upon the road of THIS MUST BE?"

The days gone past have ceased to be,  
The future has not come.  
The "now" will always seem to me  
A strobe light made of sun.

For every instant God creates  
The sun, the moon and me.  
For every instant is the now  
When we begin to be.

**Francis X. Gallogly, O.S.A.**

## Padre

---

Your eyes, my friend,  
finally closed . . . for good.  
The peace of which you spoke,  
was finally found, for yourself.  
The light at the end of your tunnel.

My years here were filled with you.  
My freshman eyes needed your guidance.  
My sophomore indecision, needed your firm hand.  
My junior problems, needed your understanding.  
My senior mourning, you'll never see.

Can you still hear the planes overhead?  
Do you still sit, by your window,  
in Donnellon Hall, with espresso,  
waking you up for your day of love.  
Watching the rain form your lake.

You taught me about God.  
You helped my suffering,  
by comforting me with your generosity.  
You gave me everything Padre,  
and carried me when I fell.

The biggest loss, I fear  
is the freshman that will never  
be taught with your wisdom.  
His eyes will never brighten at Christmas,  
his ears can never hear your stories.

Your job here is finished Padre.  
Your last assignment complete.  
You've done His work well.  
You've served His creation long enough,  
now it is time for Him to serve you.

**Sean Melvin**



## Poems From The Heart

---

One house was made of steel – looked always neat and clean,  
Another cedar wood and tall the buildings stood.  
Although pastey and lean, yet never never mean.  
To me they were still homes  
No matter what their tones.

To each was decorated – seven years we celebrated.  
They shone as purest gold,  
Though the furnishings were torn,  
The awnings became tattered  
The buildings later shattered.

Great houses though they seemed –  
Permit me now to dream –  
The day is near when bells will ring –  
And no more to be seen.

Refurbish that old house –  
Let the kitchen sparkle, the windows shine and clean  
the chimney often –  
Let the banisters stand firm –  
Advertise the price in gold –  
And keep the hearth aglow.

I wish I owned a house –  
To many I would boast –  
I'd sometimes offer toasts –  
Perhaps, a Sunday roast.

**Inez Alexandria Johnstone**

## Promise

---

A promise I made  
a while ago  
To you my friend  
a harbor to go.

When life has hurt  
and weakened you  
And it seems your ship  
won't make it through.

My harbor come  
and be at home  
Where love will thrive  
and you shall grow.

Follow the beam  
and come this way  
Toward the promise  
which I have made.

The promise my friend  
is a friendship strong.  
The beam, the love from  
the depth of my heart.

For you my friend  
are truly unique.  
A special part  
of my heart down deep.

**Heather Grimes**



## A Solitary Soul

---

Hours spent in private prayer  
For his flock, he is always there.  
A man of few words . . .  
Who doesn't receive what he deserves.  
The smile of an angel, the gentleness of a dove . . .  
Undoubtedly sent from God above.  
The manifestation is plain to see,  
Called upon this man to be.  
There are men . . . and then . . . there are men  
With those qualities we desire in a friend.  
If we take the time to appreciate our gifts,  
Perhaps this world could be a better place to live.

**Margie Pinto**

## The Special One

---

Our distance is so great,  
Yet our love is so strong,  
Our thoughts so alike,  
Could anything ever go wrong?

His sweet, kind words,  
The warmth of his touch,  
Every time he enters my mind,  
I notice I love him so very much.

Since that first day together,  
It was love at first sight,  
The vision of his presence,  
Made life sunny and bright.

Our paths have now collided,  
Our hearts one in the same,  
Yet no one match made us,  
We've got ourselves to blame.

The beauty of his humor,  
The sweetness of his laughter,  
When I make a statement,  
I wonder what will happen after.

Since he set foot in my life,  
Just two short months ago,  
People have been noticing,  
My happiness and glow.

His lips are his best asset,  
When they caress with mine,  
It feels like I'm in heaven,  
Floating on cloud nine.

His ears so nice to nibble,  
His hands so good to hold,  
His arms so perfectly built,  
His way so striking and bold.

There is no better man on earth,  
One that could love me more,  
And all his tender caring ways,  
Are what I love him for.

**Josie Valcarcel**



## The Sphere Of God

---

*"The world as a whole, including therefore its physical reality, is actually in process of reaching in and through Christ that final state in which God is all in all."* Karl Rahner

Like some shiny medal  
Some Barclay Street, tarnish-proof bargain  
We have hung religion around our lives.  
Our heroes returning from outer space  
And those beneath the clouds  
Have plugged The Product.  
Their faces lighted by exploding magnesium  
Have grown grave for T.V.'s world:  
"I feel my faith has brought me through."  
And a jolly, little Cardinal  
Planted with his rabbi and minister counterparts  
Among the celery-munching guests  
Should be pleased and reassured:  
"Mr. Ambassador, you wouldn't hear that in Russia."  
"You're right, your Eminence, they have no faith."  
No faith – but they were first  
To look down upon the sphere of God and find His hidden laws  
Though Architect and Ruler are denied.  
If atheists on the Black Sea  
Have built a city to themselves,  
Then what has Western man constructed?  
  
A double city for divided man  
Whose labor is apportioned in the task,  
Whose heart is shared between demanding loves.  
A construction that in division  
May prove doubly weak  
With neither city finding its true end.  
We light our buildings in the holy days  
And see reflected in our world of glass  
A cross, the symbol of our other world.  
But all these structures in their perfect lines  
Are tabernacles for a perfect God –  
This, even in the days when blinds are drawn.  
For every creature from the hands of men  
Is in itself man's homage to his God  
When in his priesthood man has brought to earth

Beauty in the sacrament of work.  
Anointed in the mystery of rebirth  
We hold a power from Incarnate God  
To breathe into the earth transforming life.  
Remember, Christ sprung up from flesh of her  
Whose fingers mixed the wheat with gathered rain,  
Whose feet were purpled in the press of grapes.  
Remember what took place within that room  
Where men were gathered round the God of men,  
Where earth once more was swallowed up by God.  
If God took earth and made it His own flesh,  
Then why should man deny to it his heart  
Since earth has now an honored place above?

So build your bridges high above the bay  
And see incarnate – God's, eternal law  
In beams of steel against the morning light.  
Raise up your buildings, Babels, to the sky  
And let your hammers speak a common tongue  
Constructing temples to a perfect God.  
Let every man who labors at a task  
And those who resting stand apart and gaze,  
Remember earth is man's and life's for love.  
And what if man should love this earth of his  
Which God has given over to his charge  
And made commandment that it be complete?  
God was pleased when from His molding hands  
He set our world upon its perfect course  
With: "It is good - this world I've newly made."  
So let us be about the tasks of earth  
And build ONE city with united heart  
To find therein our sainthood and our God.

**Francis X. Gallogly, O.S.A.**

March 13, 1963



## Tears In The Dark

---

The eyes of love shed a different tear, tears that come from the heart;  
tears in the dark.

Tears in the dark are the most painful and to the victors of love the most  
precious of all spoils. They come only when we are apart, as my heart  
coils in the dark.

Ready to defend,

Ready to strike.

You see friend, the betrayals of love breed suspicion even among  
friendships made alone in the dark.

Tears of the heart are shed lying in the cold, in the darkness of your soul,  
dreaming of "could be's" and living with "can't be's"; feeling only the slow  
beatings of a sad heart, a heart crying in blood, a heart crying in the dark.

Restless moves fill the sheets with askings of "why," tear filled memories  
turned into painful flashbacks, leaving only a pillowcase of tears.

Why can't I hold my love? Must it be hidden, must I shed tears in the dark?

**Carlos Perugera**

## Together & Forever

---

Together and forever,  
that's how it would be,  
sharing our love until eternity.  
Facing the fears and wiping away the tears.

Together and forever

Running upon sunset sands, hand in hand.

Together and forever

Watching ourselves grow in each others eyes,  
using love's colours to paint our paradise.

Together

We were living tomorrow's dreams today,  
I never thought you would go away.

So much time and plans shared side by side,  
washed away like the sands in a changing tide.

Forever

I held out my hand, but you reached for another's,  
I knew there would be no more together.

Life's shears cut us apart, and empty is my heart.

FOREVER

**Carlos Perugera**



## What Now Senior?

---

Now that the fire alarms have stopped buzzing  
Now that the last paper  
has been typed  
and proofed at 3:00 a.m.  
No more early classes  
to be late to  
No place to sit now

Now that all of the chicken patties  
on junk food night  
are eaten or thrown out  
Now that all of the Norton Anthologies  
and calculators and floppy disks and playbooks  
are put away  
What now

What to do now  
with no one to say  
Have this paper before midterm  
or read that this weekend  
With no class schedules to remember  
or meal cards to forget

Where to go now  
to replace the stream of faces  
in Kennedy Hall  
that look at you  
As if to wish good luck

Where to turn now  
Now that the bottle is empty  
and there is no more tonic left  
Now that the party is over  
Now for you  
the Pub is closed

Now that it's match point  
Now that your colors change  
from blue and white  
to colors of your choice

What now senior

**Sean Melvin**

## You And Me

---

I remember when we first met,  
I the shy, you the outgoing.  
Always, you were there to lend a hand,  
To give advice or share a plan.

As time went by  
We expanded outward.  
You unknowingly giving me  
Something irreplaceable.

We struggled up our social ladder,  
Taking it step by step.  
Sometimes one of us would slip  
But the other one was always there.

When we reached the top  
We celebrated together,  
Hoping the joy would never end  
And sorrow wouldn't enter in.

Then we began a new climb  
Toward our goals and dreams.  
As we reached out towards them,  
We drifted apart.

But slowly as our climb comes to the end  
I realize that we only drifted,  
In body not spirit.  
That the spirit was always there.

You gave me part of yourself  
Which has become a part of me.  
You have imprinted upon me  
Something which will never disappear.

You unknowingly brought me  
Closer to the meaning of life.  
You've shown me what love is,  
Through your sadness, caring and concern.

As the finish line draws closer  
And the last miles are uphill  
I see in these difficult times  
What I've received from you.

Our race will soon be over  
But our bond will never break.  
For when we do, I know I won't  
Forget a friend like you.

**Heather Grimes**



"The only tyrant I accept in this world  
is the 'still small voice'  
within me."

**Mahatma Gandhi**

Dr. Philip Reckford, Moderator  
Ben Carney, Editor  
Sean Collins, Editor in absentia



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