Andee Everman stands with her father, Tim, in front of a mural showing how her class — the Class of 2020 — plans to use their education to change our world. She will study graphic design this fall. Read about the #BeTheChange mural, Page 11.
An eruption of color signals spring's arrival to the corner of Irving Avenue and Frericks Way near Campus South.

Photo by Larry Burgess
What I learned from the Wright brothers
SPINNING SUCCESS
A short story by Anna Adami ’16

THY WILL BE DONE
Where medicine fails, faith steps in and offers hope — and maybe a miracle.

REVEALING INK
Her body is the only vessel she controls

CONTRIBUTORS
MATTHEW DEWALD worked as a writer and editor at the University of Dayton for 10 years. His academic background is literature. “I was trained to read closely and think carefully about the language we use and the stories we tell to make sense of the world around us,” he said. He is editor of University of Richmond Magazine.

ALEXANDRIA DIGBY worked as the graduate assistant for UD Magazine during her fifth and final year at UD before earning her master’s in communication in May. Along with writing for UDQuickly and working with the student writers, she had the unique privilege of reading every page of the magazine, not once, but twice before publication. She is now a marketing and graphic design manager at Lakeside Chautauqua on Lake Erie.

SHELBY QUINLIVAN is a public relations professional in Dayton. She first wrote for this magazine as an undergraduate and said she enjoys connecting with fellow alumni to tell their stories. She’s served as pinch hitter for UD publications for the better part of a year, filling holes in our lineup as well as filling pages with wonderful stories.
Reflections

Some moments remain with you forever. During joyous commencement ceremonies throughout my presidency, I shook the hands of nearly 39,000 University of Dayton graduates — including an emotional moment with my son.

This spring, the president’s emissaries gave me an “honorary diploma.” Other students created a montage of the chapel featuring hundreds of selfies taken with me. They presented a personalized jersey during halftime at a Dayton Flyers game. They signed a bed sheet — the kind that hangs off porches in the student neighborhood — with the words, “We ♥ Dr. Dan.” At a spring carnival, I surprised students by joining in the fun and sliding down a huge slide — just as they surprised me during the men’s basketball team’s Elite Eight run by spontaneously lifting me up over their heads for a storied crowd-surfing moment.

As I step down as president after 14 years, I know I will always be “Dr. Dan” to generations of students and alumni.

For me, the cumulative successes of our students, faculty, staff and alumni stand out. We will always be a community that supports and challenges one another as we reach higher.

As president emeritus, I will spend part of my time teaching at the University of Dayton China Institute. While on campus, I will be found in my new Fitz Hall office, part of the Human Rights Center. In my teaching and research, I will continue to advocate for social justice, to promote the common good.

I have seen the center’s work up close. Using advocacy skills gained in the classroom, students successfully lobbied for an anti-trafficking law in Ohio. With faculty, I visited Brazil, where we’re working with Catholic Relief Services to raise awareness and help eradicate slave labor. I’ve attended global conferences we’ve convened on campus to search for solutions to systemic injustices. Our graduates are working on the front lines of advocacy around the world on behalf of those living on the margins.

I’m grateful to alumni and supporters who are stepping forward with gifts to support the Human Rights Center as a way to commemorate my tenure and support our Catholic, Marianist mission.

As I wind down my presidency, I’m reminded of the words of Marianist priest William J. Ferree: It’s not up to individuals alone to make a difference. It’s the responsibility of all to work together to create change.
There are so many things that make UD a very special place. Having a first-class, professional EMT service for the UD community is certainly one of them.
—Jennifer Meredith Geraghty ’91

REMEMBERING MIKE MEANS
I was disappointed to see the only mention in the magazine (Spring 2016) of Mike Means’ passing was in the In Memoriam section. I think Mike deserves more.

Mike Means taught in the English department for more than 30 years, and the major quality I remember about him was his decency. The warmest memory I have of the University of Dayton is the Christmas parties that he and his wife Joanne held. They were memorable and expressed a rare quality of warmth that transcended the day-to-day. It seemed to be what UD wants their essence to be. He shouldn’t be forgotten.

TONY MACKLIN
LAS VEGAS

Editor: Agreed. His Chaucer class was the highlight of this editor’s English education. Fans and friends are invited to share their wishes here at bit.ly/MichaelMeans.

FAMILY PHOTO
Editor: We asked our readers for more information on the Time Lapse photo from Winter 2015-16. Here is what they said.

My father, Harry F. Finke Jr., thinks the man in the picture with the steam shovel behind him is his father, Harry F. Finke, owner of the Finke Engineering Co. (name on side of steam shovel). Harry F. Finke attended UD (then St. Mary’s Institute) and received his bachelor’s degree in civil engineering in 1902. A plaque at the front of the chapel below the statue of the Blessed William Joseph Chaminade from his family is dedicated to his memory. It reads: “My son, let us be in all humanity the heel of the woman,” a quote from Chaminade.

Harry F. Finke Jr. followed in his father’s footsteps, attending UD in the early 1940s and receiving his degree in civil engineering in 1902. A plaque at the front of the chapel below the statue of the Blessed William Joseph Chaminade from his family is dedicated to his memory. It reads: “My son, let us be in all humanity the heel of the woman,” a quote from Chaminade.

Harry F. Finke Jr. followed in his father’s footsteps, attending UD in the early 1940s and receiving his degree in civil engineering. My daughter now attends UD as a sophomore studying environmental biology.

ED FINKE
ENON, OHIO

I saw the picture of Harry Baujan next to the Finke power shovel. I had the good fortune of being in his presence on numerous occasions while a student. His son, George “Jerry” Baujan, was a close friend and classmate of mine at UD in premed and medical school at St. Louis University School of Medicine.

I’m sure that this is Mr. Baujan because the timing is right and, examining the face under magnification, you see the palpable evidence — the nose belongs to Harry Baujan!

LESTER E. WALL ’52
BRUNSWICK, GA.

The photo is my father, who was the founder and developer of the Finke Engineering Co. He was a graduate of the Class of 1902 and had several children and grandchildren that graduated also.

SUE FINKE SCHILLER ’57
KETTERING, OHIO

That is definitely Harry Baujan in the photo. He was one hell of a good-looking man! I knew him from the fall of 1957 until his death in 1976.

JOE MCLAUGHLIN ’75
DAYTON

DEVOTION TO UD
What a lovely surprise to open the spring issue of the
University of Dayton Magazine and see the photo of the UD 1962 NIT basketball championship team. Hal Schoen did a great job retelling the story [“Not a Very Good Team”] of that incredible winning season. I enjoyed hearing that story many times over the years from Stan Greenberg (1939-2003), my husband. His devotion to UD extended beyond basketball. Stan was the “Jewish kid from Philly” — as he used to tell me — on an athletic scholarship to “a great school.” He was known for being reinstated to play on the 1961-62 winning team by coach Tom Blackburn after having taken a one-year hiatus to serve as student body president during the 1960-61 season.

Stan’s dedication to UD continued throughout his successful career as a lawyer, having been a member on the UD board of trustees for 18 years and actively involved in re-establishing the School of Law at the University. He graduated from UD in 1962 and went on to graduate from UC law school.

Most of the players from the mid-to-late ’50s through the rest of Stan’s life even today remain teammates and close friends. My thanks to those teammates, friends and to the University of Dayton for having been such a special part of his life!

SANDY GREENBERG
SARASOTA, FLORIDA

UNEXPECTED MEMORY
I am not a UD alum (hail Purdue!), but our two daughters are proud Flyers ...

Thankful for UD Rescue

I am writing this as a proud alumna and a thankful mom. My magazine containing “To the Rescue” [Spring 2016] arrived a month after which my daughter, a UD freshman, had a life-threatening emergency in her dorm. The quick thinking of her floormates and the prompt arrival of UD’s rescue squad, I have no doubt, saved her life that day. I am so thankful for both. There are so many things that make UD a very special place. Having a first-class, professional EMT service for the UD community is certainly one of them. Thanks for spotlighting the program and those remarkable students’ efforts. The program is a win for their educational experience and a win for the community they serve. I encourage everyone to support the construction of their new squad house, as their presence on campus is truly a lifesaving presence. Thank you again to everyone at UD Rescue!

JENNIFER MEREDITH GERAGHTY ’91
MARYSVILLE, OHIO

It was nice to see the publicity of the UD Rescue Squad in the recent article “To the Rescue” [Spring 2016]. As a member of UDRS from 2000-03, I can attest to the dedication and professionalism of the students who volunteer countless hours of their time to this top-notch organization. My experiences with UDRS are some of my most cherished memories. While the house at 214 Lawnview is home to the memories of many squad members for more than two decades, the replacement project is much needed and well deserved. Special thanks to University trustee John M. Forte for pledging to match donations.

SCOTT VOELKERDING ’03
CHICAGO

My 63-year-old husband, Mike Baltes, was in very good health. In late February, he was at his athletic club on an elliptical machine. On a treadmill in front of him was Joe Mauch, 19, a UD sophomore premed major and volunteer member of UD EMT, the student rescue squad. Home on spring break, Joe was bored; his dad suggested the gym.

Joe and Mike had never met. Then Mike collapsed face down. While others stood around, Joe stepped in quickly. Joe checked for a pulse, felt a quiver and initiated CPR. He heard the first rib crack. A thoracic surgeon told us later this indicated Joe was doing everything correctly, as good compressions require a 2-inch pressure on the heart. At about the five-minute mark, Mike gasped for air. Joe yelled for the AED to shock Mike’s heart. The club had it in storage due to “lack of use.”

Joe kept compressions going. Mike’s heart was in v-fib, the most serious cardiac rhythm disturbance, according to the American Heart Association. The heart quivers but does not beat. Deprived of oxygen, organs begin to fail. When the life squad arrived, Joe stepped away. An electric shock recalibrated Mike’s heart to a normal rhythm. It remained there through eight days of intensive care, open heart surgery and placement of a defibrillator.

Mike’s survival was nothing short of a miracle. He has no neurological or cognitive deficits. He is already walking 3 miles again, just four weeks after the event and the surgery.

Joe Mauch is a hero. There are simply no words to capture his maturity, his courage and his composure under tremendous pressure. He acted when others didn’t. He remained steadfast in his effort when equipment wasn’t available. He saved a human life.

We told Joe that, from the day he was born, God had planned for him to be there at that moment to save Mike. Joe said the event changed his life, that now he wants to be a cardiologist. That, he said, might allow him to save lives every day.

LINDA BALTES
CINCINNATI
They don’t want our attention. They want our death.”

—ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR MARK ENSALACO ON ISIS AFTER THE MARCH TERRORIST ATTACK IN BRUSSELS, AS TOLD TO WDTN-TV

“There were times when I was reading where the tone is like he was in the room with me.”

—ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR JANA BENNETT, ON READING THE POPE’S DOCUMENT ON FAMILY, AMORIS LAETITIA, AS QUOTED IN THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC REPORTER

“[C]ourts should impose strict liability for earthquake damage in part to compel oil and gas companies to modify their fracking and disposal techniques.”

—ENVIRONMENTAL LAW PROFESSOR BLAKE WATSON ON FRACKING IN AN ARTICLE HE WROTE FOR TEXAS JOURNAL OF OIL, GAS, AND ENERGY LAW
“Sometimes I tell people I like the adventure, other times I tell people I really enjoy the culture.”
—JUNIOR LYDIA WILLIAMSON, ON WHY SHE HAS STUDIED ABROAD TWICE AT UD’S CHINA INSTITUTE

“I may never have this chance again and must serve you with my whole heart.”
—ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR SUKI KWON DURING HER CAMPUS DEMONSTRATION OF A JAPANESE TEA CEREMONY

“I see the chapel as I walk to class, and I thank God that I can attend the University of Dayton.”
—LYNN ROESCH ’93 ABOUT HER PATH TO CLASS TAUGHT BY THE RUFF CHAIR IN ENGLISH

“I get to stare unblinkingly into the souls of so many students.”
—UD SQUIRREL, AS INTERVIEWED IN THE APRIL 6 FLYER NEWS, ABOUT HIS FAVORITE PLACE TO STUDENT-WATCH: A TREE BY ROESCH LIBRARY

“I am just fighting to find the words to describe a place I love so much, a place that has become my home.”
—GRADUATING SENIOR CAROLINE MCCORMACK, ON WRITING HER FINAL UD ESSAY

Dynamic duo
Sean Ferguson and Matt Lickenbrock have taken the message that CPR saves lives on the road. In March, the Flyer duo traveled to the Indianapolis airport to unveil a new CPR training kiosk, an event reported by the Associated Press, Huffington Post and news outlets in cities also receiving kiosks, including Atlanta and Chicago. It was in the Dallas-Fort Worth airport that Lickenbrock spent 10 minutes at the American Heart Association’s test kiosk to learn the skill; two days later, he used it to help save Ferguson’s life after Ferguson was struck by lightning.

More than camel rides
In Righting America at the Creation Museum, professors Susan and William Trollinger debunk the idea that the Creation Museum — which has attracted millions of visitors since it opened in 2007 in Kentucky — is a bizarre and irrelevant cultural site located on the fringes of American life: “Not only is the museum nicely situated on the Right side of the American mainstream, but it is a remarkably sophisticated cultural site that we ignore at our peril.” The Trollingers — Susan teaches in the department of English, William in history and religious studies — write that while the Creation Museum offers one “literal” interpretation of the Bible, to read the Bible “literally” can yield competing interpretations.

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**Grand greeter**

“Christ the Teacher” now greets those who enter Raymond L. Fitz Hall, home to students studying education, health, music, art, electro-optics and more. Brother Ray Fitz, S.M. ’64, requested the statue, which stands nearly 12 feet tall. “Jesus came into the world to provide the Word of God — he’s a model teacher,” Fitz said. Joseph Aspell ’68 designed this statue and others on campus, including those of Father Chaminade in the Central Mall, Mary in Serenity Pines and a young Jesus on the shoulders of Joseph outside Kettering Labs.

**Eyeing up Alzheimer’s**

How can a fruit fly’s eye help us understand Alzheimer’s? Timothy Cutler ’14, premedicine, and Ankita Sarkar, a current doctoral student, took a close look to see how a protein called amyloid beta affects the developing eyes of fruit flies. The image on the left shows a misshapen eye where the nerve cells, in red, died when given the protein. Researchers achieved a more normal eye (right) when also activating a second protein, CBP. In Alzheimer’s patients, amyloid beta clumps together in the nerves to form plaques. CBP may provide a pathway to treatment. The students worked in biology professor Amit Singh’s laboratory, which has developed a humanized fly model that exhibits Alzheimer’s neuropathology. Their photos and research were featured April 1 on the Biomedical Picture of the Day website.

**Light and memory**

Tiny pieces of glass crowd a projector and scatter color across the Roesch Library wall. On a pedestal nearby sits a glass cube, light shining from within. Students and faculty designed all art in the *Living Glass* exhibition — created from the chapel’s former nave windows — to explore memory, emotion and our Marianist mission. Senior fine arts major Allison Parrish said she wants visitors to look at her work and see continuity of the chapel’s design and mission. “We were able to use art to maintain that memory,” she said. The exhibit runs through July 20.
JOIN US

THE LIFE OF MARY IN IMAGE AND WORD
- Through July 23
  Art, from calligraphy to online graphics, by various artists celebrates Mary, the Mother of Jesus. On display in the Marian Library Gallery, seventh floor of Roesch Library.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION SUMMIT
- Friday, June 23
  Join with educators, staff and community partners to explore trends and best practices in Catholic education. At River Campus. Registration: go.udayton.edu/cce/summit

HANS FRIEDRICH GROHS: ARTIST AND MYSTIC
- Aug. 4 - Nov. 15
  Known for his printmaking, Grohs’ art expresses the Christian message. On display in the first-floor gallery and Marian Library Gallery in Roesch Library.

MOVE-IN DAY
- Saturday, Aug. 20
  As first-year students start their UD experience, volunteers from the Dayton alumni community offer water and well-wishes to new Flyer families. Contact: dayton@alumni.udayton.edu

UD Sinclair Academy

In an innovative new collaboration, the University of Dayton and Sinclair Community College will help increase accessibility of a UD degree for students who start their education at Sinclair, the region’s largest community college. Officials from both institutions said it will put a UD education within reach for students who are academically eligible but who might not have previously considered UD for financial reasons.

Initially, the academy will offer pathways in 22 high-demand majors, including teacher education, business, engineering, criminal justice, sociology and mathematics.

“This collaboration will not only strengthen the University of Dayton and Sinclair, it will bolster the local economy by providing a more educated workforce,” said UD President Daniel J. Curran.

The academy will assist students with a seamless academic transition, providing advising and support services and making available opportunities to join the UD community from their first day at Sinclair, including:

- A UD student ID card and email
- More than 240 student clubs
- Recreation facilities, including RecPlex membership
- Athletic events, including basketball games
- Development of a UD co-curricular transcript and e-portfolio
- Peer mentoring through the Office of Multicultural Affairs

In addition to other grants, students can receive up to $15,000 in scholarships for their junior and senior years. Academy students will lock in UD tuition for their junior and senior years at the rate in effect at the time of admission to the academy.

UD and Sinclair staff plan to visit high schools and community-based organizations with information on the benefits of the new academy.

Said Paul Vanderburgh, an associate provost for the University, “We’re well-known as the University OF Dayton. The academy is another way we are the University FOR Dayton.”

Advancing excellence

President Daniel J. Curran and President-designate Eric F. Spina announced two appointments effective July 1 to lead the University into the future.

Paul Benson, interim provost, will take on that role permanently after an internal search.

As the University’s chief academic officer, Benson’s responsibilities include preserving, developing and promoting the academic mission and vision of the University, plus coordinating academic and research units and their support systems.

Jason Reinoehl was named vice president for enrollment management and marketing after a national search and having served as interim since last May.

Reinoehl has played a key role in developing strategies, including the net-price guarantee, that have led to record-breaking first-year classes and significant increases in retention and international enrollment.
Be the change

An artist with a Sharpie turned the aspirations of 620 prospective students into a wall to change our world.

Last fall, UD asked high school students completing their applications to answer the question, “How do you hope to create change?”

Nationally known graphic artist Timothy Goodman transformed hundreds of answers into a visual representation on how the Class of 2020 intends to put their educations into action.

Their answers included:

- Improve parks
- Live my faith without shame
- Become a global citizen
- Reduce the rate of adolescent tobacco use
- Give voice to the voiceless
- Revolutionize the way NICUs work

“The mural was designed to be a visual representation of what bold, thoughtful thinking looks like,” said Jason Reinoehl, vice president for enrollment management and marketing. “It shows what it means to dream big, and it symbolizes what the future can be when we work together.”

Students received a fold-out poster of the mural — perfect for coloring — along with the University's thanks for their contributions. Throughout the summer, UD will continue to feature their hopes and those of current students on social media using #BeTheChangeUD. The mural can be downloaded at udayton.edu/bethechange.

And be known for change

The Princeton Review named UD one of the 25 best colleges for students who want to change the world. It noted the University's many opportunities for action and education around sustainability, including the SEE minor — Sustainability, Energy and the Environment — and students who are “very conscious about community service.”

This spring, The Princeton Review also named UD one of the 50 best schools in the nation for undergraduate academics and experiential learning that lead to great careers. Among UD’s programs highlighted in Colleges that Create Futures are the Common Academic Program, Center for Social Concern, China Institute, Engineers in Technical Humanitarian Opportunities of Service Learning (ETHOS) and Flyer Enterprises.

Climate solutions, served hot and cold

The air felt every bit as cold as the 35 degrees written on the temperature card posted outside the multistory house in Springfield, so visitors were happy to step inside and escape the chill.

But this exercise didn’t take place in January, and the house isn’t a cozy Springfield, Ohio, abode — it’s a model that serves as one of five laboratories at The Helix Innovation Center, the state-of-the-art Emerson Climate Technologies research facility located on UD’s campus. The Helix celebrated its grand opening April 27.

“We need a place to explore ideas,” said University President Daniel J. Curran, who spoke about opportunities for cross-disciplinary collaborative experiences for UD faculty and students. “We need a place to ask the big questions.”

The 40,000 square-foot center contains a fully functioning and furnished home, a model supermarket, a light commercial environment, a commercial kitchen and a data center. Through The Helix, University students and faculty will work with Emerson engineers and industry leaders to gain real-world experience developing innovations in the heating, ventilation, air conditioning and refrigeration industry.

The Helix continues a nearly four-decade relationship between the University of Dayton and Emerson that has included hands-on student projects, internships and co-ops; support of UD’s Minority Engineering Program and the Innovation Center; as well as scholarships for students in engineering, business and the arts.

“It’s really exciting to see where business and the community can get together to create something unique to solve the world’s problems,” said Dave Farr, Emerson chairman and CEO. “This is pure innovation the way it should be done, just like the great Wright brothers did in this community with the aircraft industry many years ago. Pure innovation, pure heart and soul, and hard work.”

—Shannon Miller
Tasty renovation

A $7 million renovation will transform outdated dining areas in Kennedy Union into three micro-restaurants and a café-bakery offering expanded food choices, longer hours, hot breakfasts and increased seating.

Kennedy Union dining areas serve more than 3,500 customers daily during the school year and haven’t been significantly updated in more than 25 years.

Paula Chambers, assistant vice president for auxiliary services, said she is especially excited about the first-floor Barrett dining room. Dining services plans to operate it as an Au Bon Pain café-bakery with soups, hot breakfasts, hearty entrees, sandwiches, salads and bakery items.

“Soups and salads are by far the most popular items with Barrett’s current faculty and staff customers,” she said.

Hours of operation will be extended from early morning to about 10 p.m. The first-floor Marianist Dining Room will be retained for the exclusive lunchtime use of faculty and staff.

The ground floor will follow the model of the successful Virginia W. Kettering Residence Hall dining facility and feature a micro-restaurant serving authentic Asian food.

Funded by dining services, the project will also increase seating for students to gather and study; the renovation will add more than 130 seats, bringing the total number of after-hours seating to 400, Chambers said.

The food court will close in November and the Barrett dining area will close in December. The two dining areas will reopen in August 2017, along with separately funded upgrades to KU lobby and Torch Lounge.

—Cilla Shindell

Your flight plan

In June, alumni, parents and other friends of the University received an email invitation to UD’s new e-newsletter. Powered by Cerkl, the new format allows a user to customize content — choose the topics in which you are most interested, and set the frequency, day and time you receive the e-newsletter. As you click on stories of interest, the e-newsletter learns your preferences and refines your news offerings.

The e-newsletter replaces New from UDQuickly, previously sent monthly. It will include stories from blogs from each academic unit; news releases; athletics news; stories from UD Magazine and UDQuickly; and videos from the University’s YouTube channel.

To subscribe, visit your.udayton.edu/newsletter.

Breath of fresh Aer

Senior Jessica Kerr had a very specific audience in mind when she designed her at-home lung machine: her college roommate, who has cystic fibrosis, and her grandmother, who died of complications related to her lungs.

Kerr won first place in UD’s Business Plan Competition and $25,000 for Aer — a patent-pending device designed to allow people with chronic lung diseases to monitor their lung function at home to determine whether they require a hospital visit. The contest included a finalist from the new Entrepreneurship in China contest, held at UD’s China Institute. Next year, the competition will include an elevator pitch round in Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam.

No electricity, no problem

University of Dayton engineering students won three awards at the USA Science and Engineering Festival in Washington, D.C., for their Solar Thermal Adsorption Refrigerator. The team, supported by a U.S. Environmental Protection Agency People, Prosperity and the Planet grant, is continuing to refine the process: adsorption of ethanol vapor on charcoal, and a cycle of evaporation where liquefied ethanol continually removes heat from the fridge. The project started in 2012 with a UD ETHOS trip to Patna, India, searching for a way to refrigerate medications and vaccines to reduce spoilage, and has the potential to achieve 22 tons of lifetime carbon dioxide emission reduction — equal to emissions from three typical U.S. households in a year.
Tim Boswell  
@boswelltim12  
Dayton has a player named Scoochie Smith and now I’ll forever be disappointed my parents didn’t name me Scoochie.

Allie Bellanca  
@alliebells_  
Just paid $8 to get wifi on a plane just so I could watch UD #FlyerFaithful

KenKen  
@kenni_graham  
Officially a Division I Cheerleader at the University of Dayton. ❤️❤️❤️

UD SAAC  
@UD_SAAC  
We have a remarkable group of individuals that is the athletic class of 2016, you will all be missed. Best wishes! 🎓

jillian marron.  
@thatgirl_June  
three great things: fridays, 80 degree weather, and the university of dayton. how blessed are we to have all three right now?

Christian Hobson  
@c_hobson60  
You know you go to a good school when the cafeteria checkout ladies become your away from home moms @univofdayton

Alygator  
@AlyssaNorden  
MARYCREST HAS COTTON CANDY

Eric F. Spina  
@efspina  
#ThanksDrDan for being so supportive of me and gracious to my family and me during the presidential transition. We are blessed. #udnewprez

laurie vogelsmeier  
@lo_vo34  
Pretty positive every person that I know at this university is on the 4th floor of @roeschlibrary rn

Laura  
@lauradonohue93  
#LIFEGOAL: To be the white haired alum with season tickets for the red chairs (double cushioned) at @UDArena

JKRO  
@julieromar  
showing my french peers @univofdayton pictures and proud beyond belief that it’s my school. missing you lots DYT 🙄 #eurojules

Katie Parker  
@katie_parker11  
@univofdayton it’s not like I’m counting down or anything

JD Arland  
@ArlandJD  
Religiously liking all of University of Dayton’s Instagram photos so they remember my name this fall

Madeline Simmonds  
@madsimzz  
This place 🖐️ @univofdayton

Chris Gallo  
@CJRGallo  
UD friends: Walk a bit slower through campus this week, we won’t be doing this much longer #UD16Grad
My mom told me to write a thank you note for any graduation gifts, so here you go, University of Dayton:

Thank you for the last 1,359 days.
Thank you for making my 18-year-old self feel at home.
Thank you for Stuart Hall and conversations on the walk up that hill.
Thank you for helping me through days of grief.
Thank you for celebrating my accomplishments.
Thank you for the nights in Roesch when I wanted to give up.
Thank you for the friends and professors who reminded me that I can do it.
Thank you for Sunday Mass.
Thank you for Dayton basketball.
Thank you for snow days.
Thank you for my friends and for the moments that are the once-in-a-lifetime kind.
Thank you for my service fraternity and dance team.
Thank you for Daytona.
Thank you for Highlander Grogg.
Thank you for fueling my passions and encouraging my leadership skills.
Thank you for keeping the library open for 24 hours during finals.
Thank you for introducing me to sushi.
Thank you for giving me somewhere to call home for the past 1,359 days.

More from graduation:
How four years at UD turned into four decades for Bill Pugh '16 to earn his degree [bit.ly/UDM_Pugh16]
Caroline McCormack ’16 now knows there’s no place like “home” [bit.ly/UDM_McCormack16]
Physical therapy graduates enjoy 100 percent placement rate [bit.ly/UDM_DPT16]
Jonathan Melendez ’16 and Khristian Santiago ’16 read UD Magazine in Playa Sucia, Puerto Rico, at the southwest corner of the island. They write, “We are enjoying our warm winter break before going back to our last — tear — semester at UD.”

Marissa Jama writes, “I am currently a junior biology major, and this past Christmas break I went to Nicaragua with UD’s chapter of Global Brigades and brought the most recent UD Magazine with me. I am holding the magazine alongside some of the other 54 members who came on the trip; we dug a trench up a mountain near the town of Jinotega to help bring running water to homes without access to clean water.”

Mike “Speed” Metz ’82 writes, “My wife, Denyse Denbigh Metz ’82, and I took a break from the New Year’s festivities in San Francisco to read the UD Magazine in front of the Bay Bridge while awaiting the start of the 2016 New Year’s fireworks. GO FLYERS!”

Tracy Csavina ’96 writes, “I brought my UD Magazine along on my travels to Nepal in February and March when I volunteered with the Global Village program through Habitat for Humanity. I worked with a team of people to help rebuild homes in a village that lost nearly everything in the 2015 earthquakes. My hope is to continue this international volunteer work on a yearly basis.”

Paul Hengesbach ’03 writes, “My parents, John and Bernadette Hengesbach, and I took a dynamic Catholic trip to Italy. In this photo, you can see the beautiful Basilica of St. Francis of Assisi in the background.”

Matty Toomb ’90 and Annie Kidd Toomb ’90 write, “We spent Christmas break on a trip to northern California and brought our UD Magazine with us. We took a selfie on the seventh hole of Pebble Beach.”

Mark Porta ’81 writes, “Here I am, shooting the UD vs. Davidson men’s basketball game Jan. 12 from the crow’s nest in UD Arena for CBS Sports. It was fun seeing Red Scare in action for myself. I can tell you, they make for good television. The networks love Dayton.”

Kim Ewin ’77 writes, “Pictured are David Bernens ’78, Kevin McQuaide ’78, Jim Trentman ’78, me and David Groene ’78. Kevin’s son Jake #44 played for the St. Louis Rams, so we made a trip to cheer him on. Our friendship of 42 years continues on!”

Jim Pearson ’82 writes, “While in Las Vegas, I was reading my UD Magazine on the Strip and was approached by these lovely ladies who requested I take my picture with them. How could I refuse?”

Sue Dalton ’92 writes, “Steve ’92 and I are excited to welcome our 4-year old daughter, Jun Lowes Dalton, from China! This photo was taken outside the U.S. Consulate in Guangzhou in November 2015 just before she and her Baba finalized the visa for Jun to come home.”

Christopher Spieles ’88 sent this photo of the Spieles family taking a break in January 2015 from a medical mission trip to San Juan, Dominican Republic, to read UD Magazine. He writes, “We traveled to work with Solid Rock International performing surgeries, constructing a new clinic for future use and acting as a traveling outpatient clinic.” Pictured, left to right: Aaron Spieles, Debbie Spieles, Christopher Spieles ’88, Katie Spieles ’18 and Joe Spieles ’16; front: Ann Spieles.

First-year student Mary Deadrick ’19 writes, “I read my University of Dayton Magazine in Chatham, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod, where I spent the holidays this year. Chatham is a very special place to me, and I was so happy I got to bring along a little part of UD.”
By “D”sign
Marianist sponsorship

What is it? How does it further the Marianist mission of formation and education?

We asked that of Brother Tom Giardino, S.M. ’65, provincial assistant for education of the Marianist Province of the United States.

Two years ago, the Marianist Province established an Office of Sponsorship to further the evolving relationships, structures and processes of the Society of Mary’s collaborations with high schools, universities and retreat centers.

The province and the boards, administrators, staffs and volunteers of Marianist-sponsored ministries all have distinct roles in this effort to deepen and expand the Marianist tradition and charism. Marianist sponsorship also encompasses ongoing formation for boards, administrators, faculty, staff, parents, students and volunteers, as well as members of the province.

In the past seven years, the religiously unaffiliated portion of the U.S. population has risen from 19 percent to 23 percent. Most self-identify by saying their religion is “nothing in particular.” Others say they are spiritual but not religious.

This is not the first time the Society of Mary has faced such a test. We were born out of the French Revolution when faith was challenged, church structures were destroyed and believers were isolated. Chaminade emphasized family spirit, which helped us create excellent schools that are a second home.

Today, Marianists of the U.S. Province sponsor 16 high schools, three universities and four retreat centers as places where faith can grow within community conversations about how to live life with meaning and significance. We believe that solid education in the liberal arts and in professional schools, inside and outside the classroom, is an excellent means of forming in faith, of educating persons to be witnesses and agents of social transformation.

I am not naïve; educational institutions, retreat centers and vowed religious life are in the midst of significant change. We don’t know what the future will bring, but we believe sponsorship is an element of the Marianist imagination that embraces adaptation and change true to our mission of formation in faith through education in its varied forms.

Inside-Out turns perceptions around

On a Tuesday evening in March, UD undergraduates piled into a campus van and traveled to Lebanon, Ohio, where they joined fellow students from the Warren Correctional Institution for an evening of Inside-Out class.

They started class sitting in a circle, sharing their definition of empowerment one by one: “Equal opportunity.” “Solidarity.” “Integrity.”

They then wrote the name of someone who has inspired them, someone who has worked for justice in their home community.

Before they split into groups to plan their final project — a magazine and online blog about life in prison — they put the names on the backs of empty chairs.

Their definitions of empowerment, and the names of people who influenced them, sat in the room with them during their discussions.

The class is officially titled Crime & Inequality, taught by assistant professor Jamie Longazel.

“On its surface, the Inside-Out program is simply a college course taught inside of a prison where ‘traditional’ college students and people who are incarcerated learn side-by-side,” Longazel said. “On a deeper level, however, Inside-Out brings all students to their ‘learning edge’ — an intellectual and emotional space where we can explore difficult issues within our society and ourselves.”

The course had nine “insiders” and 11 “outsiders.” Inside student Marlon (all students used only their first names in class) said the class was the highlight of his week.

“The topics of the class also make us see what we have in common,” he said. “You can coexist in harmony if you have an open mind.” While in prison, Marlon has earned his GED and taught himself Spanish.

Said outside student Emily, “Breaking down the barriers within our own hearts and minds, we can gradually start to take down the walls of oppression, apathy and ignorance that separate us.”

—Grace Poppe ’16

To see handwritten letters from the Inside-Out students on their class experience, visit bit.ly/UDM_InsideOut.

Dayton, digitally


The book chronicles, through photos and stories, the University’s momentum during the tenures of presidents Raymond L. Fitz and Daniel J. Curran.

The hardcover book is available for sale through the UD Bookstore.
Larry Ruff was teaching on a hot day in Miriam Hall when the air conditioning died. His students were dressed in shorts and T-shirts. Professor Ruff was as usual attired in a beautifully tailored three-piece suit.

“Ladies, pardon me while I disrobe,” he said.

He then removed his suit jacket, leaving in place his vest and necktie.

Ruff had a sense of decorum.

Last fall in the humanities building which has more reliable air conditioning than the Miriam of yesterday, Cynthia Richards, this year’s Lawrence Ruff Chair in English, continued Ruff’s devotion to the 18th century. Ruff, whose UD career as a student and teacher spanned 50 years, died in 2004, leaving a bequest to the University that supports a rotating visiting professor.

Among the students in Richards’ graduate class were women from Saudi Arabia, dressed more fully than those ladies that hot day in Ruff’s class. The Saudis were in some ways better prepared to come to grips with “components of the 18th century such as monarchy and expectations of female decorum,” said Richards, on sabbatical from Wittenberg University and who has chaired the English department as well as headed women’s studies and writing across the curriculum.

Another student in the class, teaching assistant Lynn Roesch ’93, had Ruff as a teacher in the 1990s. When Roesch was planning what to take during this past term, English department chair Andy Slade said, “You have to take ‘The Body.’ You’ll never have this opportunity again.”

“The Body” was Richards’ class: Reading the Body in Eighteenth-Century Literature: The Body, Trauma, and War, 1667-1798.

“The 18th century does not have much beauty,” Richards said. “It has complexity of knowledge and life. I like that it’s not Shakespeare. I like teaching something less known. I like an unfamiliar adventure.”

Much that has been written about the period downplays what its inhabitants suffered from war and other disabling circumstances. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, saw comrades killed by cannon shot. He became rebellious, alcoholic and self-destructive — signaling post-traumatic stress. “Yet biographers and critics alike,” according to Richards, “represent Rochester and his poetry as being largely unaffected by war.”

She argues, however, that “we must read Rochester as wounded by war in order to understand the true value of his wit.”

One 18th-century work that forces the reader to confront trauma is Laurence Sterne’s Tristram Shandy, upon which Richards’ class spent a month of the semester. The work had popularity in part because it was considered, in 18th-century terminology, “bawdy.” There is ambiguity over what body part of the character Uncle Toby was injured.

The novel has been praised by figures as diverse as Schopenhauer, Marx and Goethe and was said to have influenced James Joyce and Virginia Woolf. Tristram Shandy also, Richards said, “insists on reminding us of the wounds of war and the infirmities of disease.” Not only does it make the reader confront trauma, it describes recovery and healing in terms congruent with the latest modern findings, Richards said.

Part of its attraction to the modern mind lies in its lack of traditional plot; it’s rambling, confusing and hard to read.

“Who threw the book across the room this time?” Richards would ask the class, adding by way of encouragement that, by having read the novel, “You are part of an elite group.”

Richards, like Ruff before her, can hold a class’s attention. “The class was an hour and 20 minutes,” Roesch said. “It went quickly. At the end someone might ask a question. As she answered it, she’d say to the rest of us, ‘You don’t have to stay.’

“But we all did.”

Roesch takes English seriously. She remembers Ruff’s Structure of English course as occasioning “study groups and study groups and study groups.” The result of her study is documented; she received from Ruff his highest honor, a holy card, “For Excellence in Grammar,” signed “Lawrence A. Ruff, P.S.D.R. [Sisters of the Divine Retribution].”

Roesch said she appreciates the opportunity to study older authors. Two decades ago, the canon of writers, the writers of works known as classics, she said, consisted of “dead white men. Now we have dead women to study, too. I like that.”

She was able to study several of them with Richards, who “has a wealth of knowledge and is willing to give it to you any way she can,” Roesch said.

“She and Dr. Ruff could have a good conversation.”

—Thomas M. Columbus

Thomas Columbus, though not a graduate of this distinguished University, was awarded an honorary holy card by Larry Ruff, colleague and friend.
Building a program
One class at a time

By Thomas M. Columbus

“You have a series of recruiting classes,” said Michael LaPlaca of UD’s athletics division. “Success comes because of the effort of previous classes.”

LaPlaca is not a coach. He’s assistant athletics director — for multimedia. He’s talking of the students who have built an initial foray into online streaming of Flyer games into an enterprise which offers Dayton fans all UD fall and winter home games — football, volleyball, men’s soccer, women’s basketball and any men’s basketball for which there is no television — plus a majority of baseball and softball games.

The success is fed by a highly unusual partnership between athletics and academics. Students doing the streaming include those taking a Flyer TV practicum in the media production concentration of the Department of Communication as well as student employees of the Division of Athletics.

Using LaPlaca’s team analogy, Rachel Keck ’16 — who weeks before graduation landed a full-time job as a videographer with the major news website in one of the country’s top-20 media markets — may owe some of her success to former student Kevin Hession ’13.

Hession was just beginning his UD career about the time that communication professor Roy Flynn was approaching athletics about multicamera streaming and LaPlaca was in the early stages of his UD career. Media times were everywhere changing with increasing speed. LaPlaca, a 2002 Missouri journalism grad, remembers that as an undergraduate print and TV were just beginning to merge.

“Now,” he said, “a journalist needs to write, shoot, blog, use Instagram...”

The UD effort at streaming “was crude at first,” Flynn said. “Now we are invested in second- and third-generations of technology and equipment.”

Hession gratefully remembers a breakthrough: “Athletics bought us a TriCaster” — an expensive piece of equipment that merges live video switching, graphics, special effects, audio mixing, recording, social media and streaming. It’s basically the same equipment he used after graduation as a freelancer doing games for the NBA D-League, the WNBA and ESPN3 and now at Brown University, where he oversees the streaming of 14 sports and participates in the Ivy League Digital Network.

“To come this far this fast is amazing,” he said. “On Monday mornings I’m in a conference call with people from Dartmouth and Yale and Princeton...”

Unlike UD, Brown does not have an academic media production program. Hession hires student employees and relies heavily on professional freelancers. “Often everybody I work with — other than students — is older than I.”

Even at schools with academic programs, according to LaPlaca, a collaboration between academic and athletic areas is rare; athletics usually just goes off on its own and runs its own show.

At Dayton, athletics staff and students work with students from Flyer TV. Keck experienced the partnership from both sides starting with Flyer TV the fall semester of her junior year and then working for athletics.

Although the semester media production practicum of the Department of Communication yields just one credit, Keck and Hession agree it offers a wealth of experience for those willing to work hard. Some non-majors taking the practicum, Keck observed, find the work a bit overwhelming.

Students working on streaming Flyer games also come at it from different angles. Flyer TV students are basically there to learn; athletics student employees are doing a job. In addition to those two perspectives, there are those of faculty and staff from communication and athletics.

And adding to the complexity of the academic-athletic, staff-student partnership, there is Time Warner. The cable company provides several men’s basketball games over its channels in Ohio and streaming outside of the state. Last August the company informed the University it wanted live productions of UD’s fall sports to give its customers.

UD was ready.

Last summer athletics had purchased a vehicle and invested in Flynn’s group, fitting it out as a production truck. The work students are now doing, LaPlaca said, is similar to what they had been doing — but now with “commercial breaks, sponsors, corporate branding and more graphics.”

Students are now undeniably getting, he said, “tangible, real-world experience.”

Such experience pays off. The day after being interviewed for this magazine, Hession streamed a lacrosse game between two of the top four Division I teams in the country. (Brown defeated Yale, who had been the last undefeated team in the country).

After graduation, Keck went home to Cleveland and to a job with Cleveland.com, which brings news from the The Plain Dealer, Associated Press and other sources to an average of 5 million unique users each month.

Based on her experience in the Dayton program, she’s ready to join the pros.
Steve McElvene, a center for the men's basketball team who recently completed his second year on campus, died May 12 in his hometown of New Haven, Indiana. He was 20.

The campus community celebrated his life and mourned his death at a prayer service May 16. The chapel was full — in the front pews, McElvene's family on the left and the men's basketball team and coaches to their right were dressed in Dayton Flyers and True Team shirts. The baseball team, in white polos, filled three pews and lined the wall, standing with other friends and classmates who spilled out into the narthex. Faculty and staff sat beside basketball fans in red Flyers gear.

He was known as “Big Steve” — 6-foot-11 with a wide, welcoming smile. In his first year as center for the Flyers, McElvene set the program’s single-season blocks record with 55. He was a discover arts major.

“We are devastated at this news,” said Archie Miller, men’s basketball head coach. “Any death is a tragedy, but for someone so young who worked so hard to have his dreams within reach, it’s hard to put into words how painful this is. Our hearts and prayers go out to Steve’s family.”

The cause of death was not known at press time

The service included a reading from the Letter of Paul to the Corinthians: “Love never ends.” And love for McElvene filled the chapel — first, during a moment of quiet reflection when attendees scratched tributes on pieces of paper to be shared with his family, and then when mourners turned to their neighbors and shared those memories out loud, voices echoing off the high ceilings.

Father Kip Stander, S.M., University chaplain, called all in attendance to grieve McElvene’s loss and support one another.

“We believe that all the ties of friendship and affection which knit us as one throughout our lives do not break with death,” he said. “We are confident in God's blessing to Steve and in God's presence with us. ... Let us continue to grow as a community even amid loss.”

Track and field members take titles
Sophomore Jenni Rossi was named Atlantic 10 Conference field performer of the year. At the A-10 Outdoor Track and Field Championships, she took gold in the hammer throw, discus and shot put. Senior Sonya Napariu took bronze in the hammer.

Freshman Taylor Vernot was named A-10 most outstanding rookie after winning the 5,000-meter title.

Senior Jordan Hoffman’s school record 14.22 in the 100-meter hurdles earned her a silver medal. Sophomore Sarah Sepanski earned bronze in the heptathlon with a school-record 4,769 points. Sophomore Grace McDonald won bronze in the 3,000-meter steeplechase. Sophomore Leah Frischmann, silver in the pole vault. The 4x100-meter relay team took a silver medal.

Softball continues winning ways
The Flyer softball team finished the 2016 season with a 27-21-1 record, becoming the first Flyer softball team to go above .500 in back-to-back seasons. The senior class of Kirsten Bartlett, Emily Froment, Katelyn Gibson, Krista Gustafson, Kennedy Haynes and Kathryn Hess leaves UD as the program’s all-time winningest class.

Sophomore Manda Cash was named A-10 pitcher of the year. Cash was also named All-Atlantic 10 first team; sophomore Zach Berry made the second team.

The women’s tennis team finished 15-10, notching its highest win total since 2002. Sophomore Marlys Bridgham earned first team A-10 honors; sophomore Jade Kawamoto, second team.

The men’s team was 16-8, achieving its highest win total since 2005. Freshman Jordan Benjamin was A-10 rookie of the year. He and sophomore Carsten Fisher were named all-conference first team; sophomore Zach Berry made the second team.

Tennis teams win most in more than a decade
The women’s tennis team finished third of the 11 teams competing in the Atlantic 10 Championship. The women’s team finished fourth of the eight competing in the Metro Atlantic Athletic Conference.

Golf teams finish in top half of tourneys
The men’s golf team finished third of the 11 teams competing in the Atlantic 10 Championship. The women’s team finished fourth of the eight competing in the Metro Atlantic Athletic Conference.

Basketball flashback
Men’s basketball ended the 2016 NCAA Tournament with a 70-51 loss to Syracuse, a game that attracted well-traveled fans. For a recap, visit bit.ly/UDM_MarchMadness2016.
Wilbur Wright offered this advice to young people on how to succeed in life: "Pick out a good father and mother, and begin life in Ohio."

Adjunct professor Peter Newman would add to that, "and go to school at the University in Dayton."

After all, we are the Flyers for a reason, Newman said. And so, in his course The Legal Environment of Business, Newman asked his students to read The Wright Brothers by David McCullough.
The 2015 book, Newman said, fleshes out the historical fact we all learned in second grade — that two brothers from Dayton invented powered, controlled flight — and gives us insight into both the rules of business and the personal traits required to be successful entrepreneurs.

“There is more to being successful than just following the rules,” said Newman, an adjunct professor in both business and law with more than three decades of experience in labor and employment law, corporate compliance and alternative dispute resolution. “You must be ethical, empathetic, optimistic, brave. The Wright brothers embody the traits of successful people that we should try to emulate.”

Newman wondered what lessons his students would find in the pages of the Wrights’ lives, so he had them write about it. Junior Nicolette Dahdah found inspiration.

“When we look back at the past, we should admire and seek to emulate the humbleness they carried to the enterprise, the dedication that made sure they saw it through to the end, and the perseverance to take the dream of flight and bring it into reality despite all their setbacks,” she wrote. “For what is an entrepreneur if not one who tests the limits of society's thinking and wonders what barriers can man break today?”

Newman: “There is more to being successful than just following the rules.”

In addition to reading McCullough's book, students visited one of the Wright historic sites in the Dayton area and snapped a photograph. Students knelt at the brothers’ gravesites in Woodland Cemetery, posed in front of the Wright Cycle Co. shop and stood on the replica front porch of the boys’ childhood home less than 3 miles from campus.

The assignment, Newman said, also provided a historical context for their business education at UD. Students who knew nothing of Dayton’s history learned through McCullough that, in the era of the Wrights, Dayton inventors held more patents than those in any other city — good motivation for the next generation of entrepreneurs, Newman said.

Sophomore Ally Ayoob snapped a selfie at Hawthorn Hill where Orville spent his latter years. She wrote that, as she continues her education and enters into professional life, she will draw on the lessons she learned from the Wright brothers and from McCullough, who made their story come to life:

“As a University of Dayton entrepreneurship major, I am both humbled and inspired by the rich entrepreneurial history from which my university and its city draw so much pride.”

**Determination**

In reading The Wright Brothers, it is evident that Orville and Wilbur had a great deal of determination. Despite countless setbacks and negativity coming at them from every direction, the brothers never gave up on their dream. When it first became known that the Wrights were interested in building a flying machine, they immediately received negative feedback. People called them fools and cranks and thought they were trying to achieve the impossible. It wasn’t until nearly a decade later when people were able to witness the flights for themselves that they would rescind their comments. It would have been easy for the Wrights to become discouraged. Additionally, once Wilbur and Orville began building and testing their planes, they struggled for years in coming up with designs. Whether it be in designing the frame, wings, propellers, engines or any other aspect of the planes, each proved to be a great struggle. Wilbur and Orville could have concluded that, after multiple failed attempts in design (for each of the different parts), flight was simply not meant to be. They had to persevere through bad runs, failed attempts, and above all, plane crashes. The worst of these crashes, Sept. 17, 1908, left passenger Lt. Thomas Selfridge dead and Orville in critical condition. That Orville would later return to the air shows his commitment to aviation. —**CARMEN BENDER**, junior, international business management

**Creativity**

Otto Lilienthal, a pioneer who made great progress in flight from observing birds, provided the basis for all men pursuing flight. McCullough wrote of the Wright brothers’ use of Lilienthal’s data tables, “The difficulty was not to get into the air but to stay there, and they concluded that Lilienthal’s fatal problem had been an insufficient means of control — ‘his inability to properly balance his machine in the air,’ as Orville wrote.” At this moment, the Wright brothers decided to throw out Lilienthal’s data and start from scratch. The Wright brothers used their creativity and developed their own testing methods in a wind tunnel with small models. If the Wright brothers were not willing to challenge and change the status quo, they would not have been able to invent the airplane. —**TIANMU LUO**, senior, marketing

**Tenacity**

The brothers did not believe they had what it took to be businessmen because they did not think they had any tenacity. Wilbur wrote, as conveyed by McCullough, that “the boys of the Wright family are all lacking in determination and push.” But the tenacity of the brothers was evident. As the brothers started to make headway in flight, people did not believe they had what it took to go any further. McCullough...
One of the earliest examples of ingenuity in the lives of the Wright brothers is described by McCullough; while still in high school, “Interested in printing for some while, Orville had worked for two summers as an apprentice at a local print shop. He designed and built his own press using a discarded tombstone, a buggy spring, and scrap metal.” Orville exemplified that self-drive has no age requirement, an important lesson to all aspiring entrepreneurs. Later in their journey, Wilbur had to rely on his ingenuity when The Flyer arrived to the Bollée factory in shambles. McCullough described, “Those who worked with him at the factory marveled at his meticulous craftsmanship, how he would make his own parts when needed, even a needle if necessary.” He took matters into his own hands and fixed the problem himself. —MEGAN O’KANE, sophomore, marketing

At no point during their experiments and successes did the Wright brothers seek to lord their performance over another member of the field, nor did they boast in their own time of their accomplishments. They offer us a lesson in humility. When we contrast that to how today’s business practices work, it’s a startling and shameful difference. The Wright brothers spent $1,000 on their flight venture; aviation pioneer Samuel Langley spent $70,000 on his failed attempt. “[B]eing the kind of men they were, neither said the stunning contrast between their success and Samuel Langley’s full-scale failure just days before made what they had done on their own all the more remarkable,” McCullough wrote. More importantly, instead of belittling one of the key figures who had inadvertently competed with them to be the first to achieve the power of flight, they praised him for being so generous to their cause and assisting them in their own efforts. Wilbur even stated that Langley deserved credit beyond the jeering and cruel amusement his failings brought him from the community because he shared with the brothers the drive to pursue a dream that many found foolish and impossible. If competing businesses worked hand in hand to pool resources and intellect in order to harness the vast shared knowledge between them, humbling themselves to put aside differences and work for mutual gain, the atmosphere of the marketplace would be astonishingly changed. —NICOLETTE DAHDAH, junior, communication

Humility

At Hawthorn Hill, Orville Wright’s home from 1914 to 1948, now part of the area’s historical organization Dayton History
wrote that “as far as the reaction in Dayton, probably not one person in a hundred believed the brothers had actually flown in their machine, or if they had, it could only have been a fluke.” Hearing comments such as these would be enough to hinder many entrepreneurs, but for the brothers it was simply fuel to keep progressing. Instead of hanging their heads and giving up, the brothers continued innovating to show these doubters that they could and would achieve their goals. —Andrew Hoffman, sophomore, entrepreneurship

Creative Place
Orville and Wilbur needed a place to test their airplane in a place of high wind, no trees and sand where they could land. The brothers researched and contacted the weather bureau, and Wilbur asked Octave Chanute, a French-American civil engineer and aviation pioneer, for advice. They concluded that the small island of Kitty Hawk was the perfect secluded place for their test runs. Their creative place, though, was not always a perfect place. McCullough wrote that “they had endured violent storms, accidents, one disappointment after another, public indifference or ridicule, and clouds of demon mosquitoes. To get to and from their remote sand dune testing ground they had made five round trips from Dayton, a total of seven thousand miles by train, all to fly little more than half a mile.” Entrepreneurs need a place for their idea to be tested, a place for it to come to life and become a reality. —Corinne Cowan, junior, marketing

Risk Management
Everyone is very quick to praise the risks the Wright brothers did take but often overlook their more important ability to identify the risks they were not willing to take. From the beginning, Wilbur and Orville decided that they would never fly together. That way, if tragedy were to strike, one of them would still be around to carry on the legacy. They realized that their work was far more important than the enjoyment they would experience flying together. It was not until 1910, shortly before Wilbur’s death, that they flew together for the first and last time. Their risk management abilities were also seen in their everyday work. The brothers never let the opinions or wants of others affect their work. It did not matter who was watching or how big the crowd was — including a planned demonstration for the U.S. Senate and others at Fort Myer — they would not fly in poor conditions or take unnecessary risks just to please the crowd. Risk management is vital to the success of any business. Not only their success but also their lives relied on their ability to judge risk. —Mary DeCrane, sophomore, leadership

Independent Personalities
Personality differences between Wilbur and Orville helped contribute to the success of the brothers. Wilbur, four years older than Orville, was the senior leader in the partnership. He was often described as critical, or, as McCullough wrote, “always ready to oppose an idea expressed by anybody.” In terms of business, critique is beyond important. Wilbur did not critique to offend anyone but to have, as McCullough wrote, a “new way of looking at things.” This critical attitude developed higher expectations, and when expectations were not met, Wilbur was often more discouraged than his younger brother. Wilbur became so discouraged that at one point he said, “Not in a thousand years would man ever fly.” Yet when discouraged by repeated failures, it was Orville’s spirit of ambition and generally optimistic attitude that brought Wilbur right back to the next calculation. While Wilbur had more confidence in his work as time progressed, Orville continuously displayed a high, hopeful, contagious spirit. —Kayla Mclaughlin, junior, accounting and operations
Although Wilbur and Orville maintained ownership of their machine and depended on each other instead of outside sources, the brothers made the right friends and hired the right employees, both of which were crucial in their success. The Tate family, friendly Kitty Hawk locals who allowed Wilbur to stay with them when he first arrived in North Carolina, often helped the brothers build structures and execute experiments on the dunes, McCullough wrote. Charlie Taylor was an employee of the Wright Cycle Co. who proved to be, as McCullough wrote, “more than a clever mechanic, he was a brilliant mechanic and for the brothers a godsend.” It was Taylor who built the engine that would allow the brothers to make aeronautic history Dec. 17, 1903. Invested, excited, innovative employees such as Taylor are at the heart of a business. Personal relationships are also incredibly important, especially to new businesses. Friends and family are usually a business’s first supporters, first sales and first marketing resource. They provide advice and goodwill and may even volunteer time and resources to the venture. Without the Tate family and Charlie Taylor, the Wright brothers’ path to creating the airplane could have looked much different. Entrepreneurs need to recognize just how important friends, family and employees are to their businesses and utilize these relationships as influential assets.

—**ALLY AYOOB**, sophomore, entrepreneurship

A saying that their father constantly preached to them was “good mettle.” In other words, embrace the challenge in front of you. They met every project and task in front of them with a mindset full of passion and heart. This would result in heated arguments and isolation, but it would also consume them in a beneficial way. John T. Daniels, the amateur photographer whom the brothers had document their progress, once referred to Orville and Wilbur Wright as “the two workingest boys I ever knew.” Innovators today view their work as work, whereas the brothers viewed their work as life. When one shares this perspective, the discipline, the work ethic and perseverance come without question and without hesitation.

—**PATRICK DUGGAN**, sophomore, marketing
corner my boss between desks and ask him if we can talk. The whole office hears. The whole office hears everything. We keep our eyes fixed on computer screens and pretend to be lost in our work. Spreadsheets and hollow numbers never led me to feeling found, and I am tired of searching.

I sit across from him in the conference room. He clicks his pen. I give him my two weeks’ notice.

“I’m confused,” he says. He leans back in his chair. “You work hard. With time, you’ll be promoted.”

I watch the clock. “I’m sorry, I am,” I tell him.

“Oh, replacing you won’t be a problem. I’m just concerned for you. Do you have another job lined up?”

“Well, not exactly, but – ”

He says, “The economy is tricky. Unemployment is on the rise.” He stacks a pile of papers that are already straight. “I’m worried for you.”

“I appreciate your concern, sir.”

He takes an exaggerated breath. “Very well.”

I stand. “Thank you for your understanding.”

“Best of luck.” He turns away from me. I walk out.

I GREW UP in a one-bedroom apartment with my mother and brother. Mama came home every night after dark with bags under her eyes and fingers that ached.

One time, Louie left me home alone. I must have been 6 or 7 years old. He checked his appearance in the cracked mirror. He was nine years older than me. “I gotta go,” he said. “Mama should be home soon.”

I sat alone with dust and cobwebs. I was crying when Mama jiggled open the finicky door. “Hush, child. I know it’s late,” she said, “But I’m here now. I’m here.”

She picked me up and hugged me close. “Let’s get you washed up, why don’t we?” She started the bath, and she sang. She scrubbed me up, and she kept on singing. Then she tucked me into bed. The linens needed to be washed. I snuggled my body close to hers. “Mmm, girl,” she said, “You smell good. Like lavender and bubbles.” She was asleep before I could reply.

She never had time for much. She waited tables in the mornings, sewed shirts the afternoons. She left food for us when she wasn’t home. She had her jobs and she had her kids and she had one friend who came over for dinner on Sundays. After dinner they’d have “adult conversation.” I would crack open the bedroom door, lay on my stomach and listen to the grownups talk as if they were movie stars on the television we never had.

I remember a time they laughed so hard that my mama fell out of her chair. And then they laughed harder.

“I mean, shoot,” my mama said, “he says,” she clutched at her stomach, “he says, ‘You ain’t a slave! You get paid!’” They howled. Then they wiped the tears off their faces and let silence settle with the dust. My mama reached for a napkin and scrubbed at a stain on the table that never seemed to come off.

“Norma?” her friend asked.

“Hmm, child?”

“We doing a good thing, ya hear?”

My mama nodded her head like she did in church. “I know it,” she said.

Her friend sighed. Mama stood and turned on the radio. Jazz wiped away the silence. She closed her eyes and hummed. She rocked back and forth, tapping her foot,
I CALL MY MAMA to tell her I quit my job. She starts talking before I do.

“You remember that old friend of mine?” she asks, “I'd have her over for dinner sometimes. She was another single mother. Worked with me at the diner. Anyway, we got to talking yesterday for the first time in three years. She asked about you. I told her about how you're doing so good for yourself. How you got yourself a car now, and a good, well-paying job. How you moved to the suburbs. Now you're just looking for a husband,” Mama laughs. “I told her ain't a single man good enough for my baby girl.” I let Mama keep talking. When my doorbell rings, I have an excuse to hang up.

I ordered Chinese. I don't open the boxes. My stomach is cluttered with cobwebs. I go to bed early. I toss from my left to right side. I think through telling Mama I quit my job. I rehearse scenarios in my head. I turn to my stomach. Louie always told me I wouldn't have bad dreams if I slept on my stomach. I fall asleep in an instant.

In the morning I have my coffee with the newspaper and a legal pad. At the top of a fresh page I write “DREAMS,” then cross it out and write “FUTURE.” I look through the jobs pages, but don’t find much worth circling. Where the job descriptions end, the obituaries begin. I read one. A white boy. Twenty-two years old. Graduated from Columbia. Summa cum laude. Interning for a marketing firm. Unpaid, probably, but he had “such a bright future ahead of him.” He fell off the Brooklyn Bridge. Left “two loving parents and a sister behind.”

My stomach feels empty, but the thought of food makes me sick. I stare at the black and white photograph. I grab my Sharpie. I circle the date, time and address. I go to my closet and try on the black dress I haven't touched since Louie's funeral.

I SIT AT THE BACK of the church. We all stand when the family walks down the aisle. A wail jumps from the mother's mouth, though she tries to keep it caged. The father wraps his left arm around the mother. His right hand clutches a handkerchief to his nose. The sister walks with a straight back. She looks at each face they pass. Her eyes hit mine. They gleam with still dewdrop tears. She looks away.

Grief walks with the family. Through it, they reach for each other. Except the girl. She shrugs away. She wants time with Grief alone. She has questions she needs to ask it.

There’s a reception after the funeral. I don't want to trespass, but I’m not ready to go home. I pace through the garden in front of the church. I stand in front of the statue of a saint and wonder what it means to be that good.

I turn and see the sister. She is sitting on a bench and looking straight ahead.

“Mind if I sit here?” I ask her.

“Have at it,” she says. Her voice is empty.

“Your brother?” I ask the obvious. She nods.

“Did you know him?” she asks.

I say, “Not very well.”

We sit still. A spider crawls over my knee. I don’t flick it off. The girl pokes the silence. “People don’t just fall off the Brooklyn Bridge,” she says.

I watch the spider crawl across the bench but feel it in my throat.

“They jump,” she says.

The spider stops. “My parents refuse to acknowledge it,” the girl continues. She lets out a breath and a hollow laugh. “They mean well, they do. They just ... well,” she rubs her palms back and forth on her skirt. “They pushed Dave,” she says. “They pushed him hard, you know. Private school his whole life. His first day of high school they said, ‘Make us proud.’ After high school was Ivy League. If he wanted to go to college, he had to prove himself. He doctoried his life to fit a résumé. He thought college meant freedom. God.”

She looks at her hands. Then she starts watching the spider, to fit a résumé. He thought college meant freedom. God.

“He wanted to major in philosophy,” the girl says. “My parents told him they wouldn’t pay for that. So he studied business.” The spider climbs the tree. “He didn’t come home much.” The spider starts spinning a web. “I think ... I think my brother may have ended his life because he felt like it
wasn’t his in the first place. Everyone’s saying how tragic his death is because he just graduated and his life was getting started, but I think how tragic,” she starts laughing, “how tragic it is that his life hadn’t started before.” She laughs harder. “I mean, Jesus!” she says. “His life should have started the day he was born!”

Then I laugh, too. We both laugh body-convulsing laughter on a sunny day that would be better off cloudy. I imagine the reception happening inside. I think about people eating meatballs on toothpicks and making small talk about tragedy and about future. I laugh harder. I never thought I’d relate so much to a dead white boy or his laughing sister.

We stop laughing but we don’t stop crying. We sit still and let the saltwater surge like the tide of an ocean too big to entirely fathom.

I snag my voice back from the spider. “I’m sorry for your loss,” I tell her.


“Oh, child,” I tell her, “I didn’t realize I needed to hear it. But I did. I did.”

I reach into my purse and fumble for paper. “When you need to talk,” I tell her. “Real talk. With someone unrelated to anything else.” I write my phone number. “Call me. I’ll probably need to talk too.”

“I will,” she says. She looks at me. “I like you,” she says.

“I like you, too.”

She stares ahead again. “Life is strange,” she says.

“And heavy.”

She rubs her eyes with the palms of her hands. “Yeah,” she says. She takes a quick, shaky breath. I leave the girl so she can talk with Grief. I shake the branch that holds the spider’s web. I watch it fall. I walk away. But I know the spider will crawl back up the tree. It will spin a web again. It will catch a mosquito and it will eat it and it will feel full. So full.

When I get home, I pick up the phone. I lay on my stomach and listen to it growl.

I call to ask for my job back.

Anna Adami graduated in May with an English major and a Spanish minor. She found a writing community at UD of professors and peers who gave generous encouragement, smart critique and unfiltered love. For the development of her writing skills, she credits the passionate English faculty; style with Patrick Thomas, fiction with Joe Pici and screenwriting with Chris Burnside. She recently transferred her writing from the page to the stage, performing downtown with the Dayton Poetry Slam, an equally eclectic and supportive community. She is now looking for a job that will employ her passion for the written word.

On Orpheus

By GRACE POPPE ’16, Orpheus editor

Orpheus art and literary magazine began publishing student writing in 1903, when it was called The Exponent. Our mission is to spread artistic expression among under-graduates. We are proud that Erma Fiste Bombeck wrote for and edited The Exponent during her time at UD, 1946 to 1949, and that our adviser, Joe Pici ’62, has been working with the student staff since he began teaching English at UD in 1965.

Anna Adami’s short story “Spinning Success” was first printed in the fall 2015 issue under the theme “Simplicity.” In the past couple of years, we have worked hard — to expand our staff to represent more and varied student voices, to choose a theme for each semester’s issue, to develop an online blog to include more submissions, and to host writing workshops and open mic nights for short stories. We truly believe in our new motto, “To share is to inspire,” and work to weave those words through everything we do.

Around the perimeter of our office in Kennedy Union, we hung on a clothesline one copy of every issue of The Exponent and Orpheus that we have. It shows the progression of the magazine over time, but it also reminds us that we are not creating in a vacuum. We are building on years of history, and we ask which chapter would be the best to add to the archive. How should we keep tradition, and how can we test the limits? How can we best reflect our student body through our next magazine? On procrastination days, we might reach up and unpin an old copy. As we thumb through the pages, as we go down the clothesline, we realize obvious changes through time: the pages become less faded, the designs more vibrant. But if we focus on the content — close-read a poem or analyze a photograph — we find that it is sometimes not so different from today’s. There are coming-of-age messages cemented in our four-year undergraduate experience that permeate our craft, whether the magazine is from 1906 or 2016. I am sure whoever sits in the office chair in 2040 can look back and follow along the underlying theme of consistency.
Loved ones are praying for the recovery of Coral Flamand ’13 after a catastrophic car crash. Medical science says her rehabilitation is not possible, but her parents’ Catholic faith holds out the hope of a miracle, perhaps through the intercession of a saint. Father Chaminade, founder of the Society of Mary, could be that saint. ‘Thy will be done’

Story by Matthew Dewald
Photographs by Erika Rodriguez
In 1980, some plucky U.S. college kids and amateur players won an Olympic ice hockey game against a team of experienced Soviet players. In the game’s closing seconds, ABC broadcaster Al Michaels delivered what’s still the most famous call of his career: “Do you believe in miracles?”

But “The Miracle on Ice” wasn’t a miracle. It was a hockey game.

Here’s what a miracle looks like: Thousands fed with five loaves and two fishes. An enemy’s approaching army blinded by a handful of dust. Lazarus resurrected.

On the afternoon of Friday, Dec. 13, 2013, Coral Flamand ’13 was in her Honda Civic turning left onto Montgomery Road in Cincinnati when a Cadillac Escalade T-boned the driver’s side of her car, sending it with her flying into an empty lot.

In the moment before the collision, Coral was on her way to her apartment to study for the last final exam of her first semester in law school at the University of Cincinnati. She didn’t really want to be a lawyer, said her mom, Diana, herself a family law attorney in San Juan, Puerto Rico. Coral wanted to understand legal systems so that she could be an effective advocate for people who are marginalized and dispossessed.

But those plans couldn’t protect her from the hard facts of physics and biology at the moment of impact. It was late afternoon when Diana, sitting in her San Juan office at the end of a long week, started to get calls about her daughter. Around 5 o’clock, emergency responders asked for permission to transport Coral by helicopter to University of Cincinnati Medical Center.

“They told me, ‘It’s very bad. You need to get here as soon as possible,’” she said.

Diana left the office for the airport that moment, somehow making it through San Juan’s Friday-afternoon, Christmas-season rush hour in time to catch the next flight to Miami, which took off at 6:15. She sat in a middle seat between two strangers, praying she would get there quickly enough that her daughter would not die alone.

Coral was the baby of the family. The sibling nearest in age, her brother Francois, was 10 when she was born. “She was a surprise,” Diana said. “But from day one, you could tell this child was different.”

From an early age, “she had the gift of the word,” said her father, Luis. “She could always speak and write beautifully, in both English and Spanish.”

She was always, he said, conscious of the suffering of others. Back in fifth grade, her parents got a call from her school about a fight. They learned Coral was sticking up for a girl whom other students were calling “faggot.” In high school, Coral went with the Jesuits on a mission trip to Paraguay and returned without her suitcase because she’d left everything behind for others. She liked to borrow her father’s Economist and Time magazines and could tell you exactly what was happening in Darfur.

When it came time for college, she was admitted to the University of Chicago but chose Dayton instead, partly because it had the nation’s first program in human rights studies and partly because her brother Francois was a Flyer, Class of 2004.

At UD, she was a dedicated writer to the letters to the editor page of Flyer News. In one, she criticizes, with care and respect but pulling no punches, UD’s decision to provide shuttles to the local Walmart, “a corporation that has been criticized for anti-union and deplorable human rights practices for years,” she wrote. In another, she protests what she sees as lackadaisical responses to incidents of racial bias.

“She was always getting into other people’s fights,” her father said. “She was a very determined girl, always advocating for the other person. It’s one thing to have gifts, but it’s another to use them in service of others.”

In the hours after her crash, Coral’s family converged on the hospital in Cincinnati. Coral’s oldest brother and godfather, also named Luis, drove six hours straight from his home in South Carolina. It fell to him, as the first to arrive, to make the initial medical decisions on his sister’s behalf. Another brother, Juan Carlos, came in from Arizona. Her third brother, Francois, lived in Panama but was in Miami for work and met Diana at the airport gate.

When she landed, Diana called her son Luis to find out whether Coral was still alive. He said yes.

“Then don’t tell me anything else,” Diana said. “That’s enough for now. And don’t tell your father. Just have him call me. I will be the one to tell him.”

Coral’s father Luis was across the ocean in Spain, settling in for the evening on the final day of a six-week religious retreat sponsored by the Jesuits. It was a long time to be away. Diana had offered her blessing for the trip on the condition that he bring back an image of the Virgin of Montserrat, the patron saint of Catalonia. Diana had chosen to give a virgin saint to each of her four children. She had already picked
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the daughter’s hospital bed in Cincinnati — remains with her also.
“I know that miracles have already happened with Coral,” Luis said. “First, she is alive. Second, she is there; her being is there. She is already a miracle.”

Medical science doesn’t offer a path for Coral’s recovery. In the weeks after the crash, one physical ther-
pist advised that physical therapy was not only hopeless but unethical. Her parents know this, so they pray for a sign that God’s will aligns with their deep hope to have their daughter back closer to what she once was. They pray for her brain to redevelop the connections with her body that will enable her to be made more whole again. They are praying, they say, for the miracle of her rehabilitation.

The doctrines of their Catholic faith hold out the possibility that God may grant this miracle, perhaps through the intercession of one or more saints. The Catholic Church’s canonization process has four steps of recognition — servant of God, venerable, blessed and saint — and confirmation of miracles moves a person up the last two steps toward sainthood. The designation “blessed,” the third of the four steps, reflects the official doctrine of the Catholic Church that a person is in

On the Glasgow Coma Scale — a three-part scoring system that medical staff use to evaluate a patient’s level of consciousness — Coral initially scored 3, the lowest possible number: no eye opening, no verbal response, no motor response. Anything under 8 is generally considered a coma state. Still, there was a neurologist on hand — he’d stayed behind so others could attend an office holiday party — who took her into surgery, something he later told the family “was a human decision, not a medical one.” He had a daughter around Coral’s age.

With the medical team’s intervention, Coral survived the collision, but just barely. She did not break her neck or sever her spine, did not lose a limb or have her organs sliced to bits by metal. All three of her car’s airbags deployed. Nonetheless, her injuries were catastrophic. A note from one of her UC Medical Center doctors outlines the litany of her trauma: “a traumatic subdural hemorrhage, traumatic subarachnoid hemorrhage” — explaining where her brain was bleeding — “carotid artery dissections” — the tearing of arteries in her neck — plus various bone fractures, a “grade 2 spleen laceration,” a collapsed lung, “and other minor injuries.”

Broken bones and lacerations heal.

The lasting damage has been to Coral’s brain. The same doctor’s note describes her as “mentally devastated.” She is quadriplegic and bed-bound, unable to care for herself or make her own medical dec-
Coral’s medical condition lies in the consequences to her brain of being hit squarely by an SUV going 58 mph. The impact violently bounced her brain around the inside of her cranium, causing severe damage and bleeding that severed her brain’s ability to communicate with the other parts of her body. Her heart beats, her lungs breathe and her mind thinks, but her muscles wait in vain for signals to move. Her medical prognosis is bleak. If it holds, she will never walk, never say another word, never bite into an apple nor extend her hand with the sign of peace at Mass, and never insert herself into anyone else’s fight ever again.

After a year in hospitals in the States, Coral now lives back in her childhood home in San Juan. Her parents renovated the garage into a new room for her with a hospital bed and other medical equipment — “like a studio apartment,” they say. It’s just off the kitchen. There’s a futon by the door where one of them now sleeps every night. They’re worried saliva might accumulate in her mouth and choke her, or that she might slip into an awkward position and be in pain, her father said.

“Most importantly, we do it so she knows she is not alone, so she feels protected and cared for always,” he said. A small statue of the Virgin of Montserrat — the one he brought back with him from Spain and sat next to his daughter’s hospital bed in Cincinnati — remains with her also.

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out Our Lady of Fatima, of Carmel and of Lourdes.

Until the accident, the plan was for Luis to arrive from Spain back in San Juan on Monday. Coral would take her last exam in Cincinnati that day and arrive back home on Tuesday. On Wednesday, they’d cel-

On the flight from Miami to Cincinnati with Francois, Diana prayed: “Father, I’m not going to argue. I’m not going to bargain. Thy will be done. But if we can have a miracle, please.”

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Coral’s medical condition lies in the consequences to her brain of being hit squarely by an SUV going 58 mph. The impact violently bounced her brain around the inside of her cranium, causing severe damage and bleeding that severed her brain’s ability to communicate with the other parts of her body. Her heart beats, her lungs breathe and her mind thinks, but her muscles wait in vain for signals to move. Her medical prognosis is bleak. If it holds, she will never walk, never say another word, never bite into an apple nor extend her hand with the sign of peace at Mass, and never insert herself into anyone else’s fight ever again.

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understand well the mechanisms of reproduction. As the Flamands hockey win but “the miracle of birth,” for example, even though we throw the term “miracle” around casually, referring not only to a reference source. But it adds that a miracle is more than something inexplicable. Its essential nature comes not from what it is, but from what it signifies. A wonder becomes a miracle when it is understood as a revelation of the divine, a sign that can be read only through the knowledge that God is with us.

Claims of miracles are investigated by the Congregation for the Causes of Saints, the precursor of which was established in 1588 by Pope Sixtus V. The current congregation has 34 members whose charge, according to the Vatican, is to annually prepare “everything necessary for the pope to be able to set forth new examples of holiness,” including the approval of miracles.

Today, the go-to miracle is healing, recoveries neither predicted nor explained by medical science. The belief in healing miracles can be subject to the abuse and exploitation of people desperate for cures. Just in March, Pope Francis introduced new regulations to curb perceived abuses in how contributions made to the Congregation for the Causes of Saints to reimburse investigation expenses are regulated.

But what, exactly, is a miracle? The word itself comes from Greek, thaumasion, “something that is extraordinary in itself and amazing or inexplicable by normal standards,” according to one standard reference source. But it adds that a miracle is more than something inexplicable. Its essential nature comes not from what it is, but from what it signifies. A wonder becomes a miracle when it is understood as a revelation of the divine, a sign that can be read only through the knowledge that God is with us.

But do miracles really happen? I wondered this as I spoke on the phone to San Juan with the Flamands. We throw the term “miracle” around casually, referring not only to a hockey win but “the miracle of birth,” for example, even though we understand well the mechanisms of reproduction. As the Flamands talked with me from their home about praying for a real miracle for Coral, who I imagined lay nearby, they moved uneasily between past and present tense, the ground constantly shifting underneath them between who she was and who she is.

The 18th-century Scottish philosopher David Hume went as far as to use the language of transgression when he wrote about believers in miracles. He argued that advocates of miracles, by definition, are willing to allow that God capriciously violates the very laws of nature. Hume dismissed witnesses to miracles as deluded or deceptive. “No human testimony can have such force as to prove a miracle,” he wrote.

That may be so, but I know that my mother, like Diana, is certain of miracles. She has told me more than once that she felt the guiding hand of an angel when I was a baby. We were in a car in the mountains of Europe — the Italian Alps, I think — when a truck careened around a blind corner. Her quick, evasive turn of the steering wheel sent us toward a sheer drop off a high cliff, irretrievably, she says, until the hand of an angel turned the wheel back at the very last possible moment before we slipped over the edge. I’ve always suspected that maybe the car corrected because our wheel hit a rock or something, but could that not also be grace?

Our recognition of what we call miracles has a long history, not only in the Catholic faith but in all of the world’s major religions, according to Kenneth Woodward, the former religion editor at Newsweek, who published a book in 2000 analyzing the stories about miracles told by various religious traditions. Both the Buddha and Jesus are said to have walked on water, he points out, and both Jesus and Mohammad are said to have ascended into heaven.

The Gospels ascribe roughly three dozen miracles to Jesus of Nazareth. His first was turning water into wine at the wedding at Cana, and from there he variously cured lepers, the blind and others, exorcised evil spirits, and even cursed a fig tree, which then withered. The greatest miracle of his life was his own resurrection after his crucifixion. When his apostle Thomas doubted, Jesus invited him to “reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands” and “reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my sides,” according to the luminously beautiful King James translation I grew up reading. And then he damned Thomas (but only figuratively, with faint praise): “Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.”

That’s as good a definition of faith as I’ve ever read: not having the evidence in hand, yet believing anyway. The Gospels frequently model this version of faith. When Simon Peter has cast his fishing nets again and again without success, Jesus tells him to try once more. He complies, and the nets fill. When disciples have failed to heal a man’s epileptic son, the man still kneels before Jesus and professes his faith. “All things can be done for the one who believes,” Jesus tells him, and he heals the boy.

To Christians, Jesus of Nazareth was the Word made flesh, God become man. “The coming of Jesus represented the reappearance of God in the world,” Woodward writes, a reappearance that was “manifest chiefly through the miracles, or signs, of Jesus.” But his life on Earth lasted but 33 years, his ministry just three of them. Then he was gone again, leaving behind evidence but with himself no longer seen.

After Christ’s ascension into heaven, the Christian saints continued to work miracles through the power of the Holy Spirit with the invocation of Jesus’ name, according to the Catholic tradition. With time, indications of miracles ascribed to the intercession of the
faithful and holy came to be understood as evidence of sainthood. With more time, these miracles came to be ascribed posthumously.

Woodward points to Thomas Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, as an important turning point in this understanding. After his murder in his cathedral in 1170, a monk was stationed near the altar steps where Becket died to record claims of miracles attributed to him.

“Fifteen years later, the records showed over 700 cures and other miracles,” according to Woodward. He says a shift was underway in the Church’s understanding of miracles.

“From the late 12th century onward, the papacy required posthumous miracles as signs from God, especially for nonmartyrs, confirming the [canonization] candidate’s reputation for holiness,” he writes. The candidates’ miracles were seen not only as signs of God’s presence in the physical world but as signs of their own closeness to God.

In addition to praying to the Virgin of Montserrat, the Flamands pray for the intercession of two current candidates for canonization. Blessed Carlos Manuel Cecilio Rodríguez Santiago, who died in 1963, was a native Puerto Rican and layperson of the Catholic Church, and was beatified in 2001. Blessed William Joseph Chaminade, who died in 1850, was beatified in 2001. He founded the Society of Mary, which founded UD. In the bureaucratic and often lengthy process of canonization, each man is blessed, just one miracle away from being declared a saint. If the Flamands’ prayers are answered, Coral’s rehabilitation could be that miracle.

“God has been very merciful in giving us the strength to accept his will and have the internal will to deal with this situation with — I can say it — with joy,” father Luis said. “There is a purpose for everything.”

The miracle already ascribed to Rodríguez is the cure of a 42-year-old mother diagnosed with non-Hodgkin’s malignant lymphoma who had prayed to Rodriguez for intercession. If another miracle is attributed to him, he will become the Catholic Church’s first Puerto Rico-born saint.

The Congregation for the Causes of Saints has already attributed one medical miracle to Chaminade, the healing of a Buenos Aires woman suffering from lung cancer. The congregation declared her cure “scientifically inexplicable.” Three thousand pages of investigative materials for another possible miracle, the cure of a St. Louis high school student suffering from Askin’s tumor, a kind of sarcoma, was forwarded to Rome in 2010, but the congregation did not judge it a true miracle without medical intervention “beyond a reasonable doubt.”

“There is a rigorous process in Rome,” said Father Martin A. Solma, S.M ’71, provincial of the Marianist Province of the United States. “Should Coral be cured, we would begin a local process, involving medical records, testimony and expert witnesses. At the conclusion of the local, diocesan process, the entire documentation, sometimes totaling thousands of pages, would then be sent to the Vatican for the lengthy process of study, verification and, finally, judgment.”

Solma personally prays for Coral daily. “She was a UD student, and the circumstances of her accident are heartbreaking, especially for her parents,” he said. “As believers, we accept the possibility that God can so touch the human person that healing, experienced in both body and spirit, happens.”

Just after Coral’s accident, her family stayed in a hotel for a few days and then moved into her apartment. There they saw signs of the woman she was becoming and understood her in new ways. Her friends from Dayton and Cincinnati told them stories they’d never heard.

“We learned so much about her, things we never knew,” Diana said. They knew that in her last two years at UD, “some sort of metamorphosis was happening. Her worldview was evolving,” as her father Luis put it.

When Diana offered to buy her a new bag for books when she started at UC, Coral said, “I can make do with what I have. I have what’s necessary in life.” Diana saw this commitment to live simply when she entered Coral’s apartment. “She had just the bare things,” Diana said. On a wall near a simple table where Coral ate and studied was a cross decorated with three flowers and the words “faith hope love.” Luis called it “the icon.” It took months of going back and forth between hospital and rehab rooms and nights of sitting at Coral’s table before he paid any attention to the framed image just below it. It was a giant peace sign with the word “Imagine” in large letters across it.

“I never paid attention to the ‘Imagine’ poster, which meant nothing to me,” he said. “One night, I wondered why only these two objects on that wall in that position.” He Googled it and read John Lennon’s iconic lyrics. “I started to look at the two items as one, and suddenly it made all the sense in the world.... I was so consoled at that moment.”

The juxtaposition spoke to Diana as well: “We believe it defines Coral, her beliefs and mission in life.”

Back home in Puerto Rico, Coral is beginning to express herself again through the movements of her eyes, say Luis and Diana, something doctors and therapists said was unlikely to happen. “At first, they thought we were distraught,” Luis said.
Diana put it more bluntly: “Everybody thought we were crazy.”

It’s an encouraging sign for them. The girl with the gift for the word is finding a voice again, however tentative. “Her most precious gift was the ability to talk,” Diana said. “The inability to communicate must be the worst thing for her.”

Through the movements of her eyes, they say, she picks the color for her manicure or gives her consent for her daily physical therapy.

“She's there,” Luis said. “She reads. She cannot talk, but she processes things in her mind. She watches TV. She follows politics and is into what’s happening. She reacts. She’s very much aware of time and space,” though, he added, her processing time is longer. “Only another miracle will make her walk. She knows this.”

The key for her and for them, the Flamands say, is that they have kept faith and found the strength to accept what has happened rather than struggle to make sense of it. “Thy will be done,” as Diana prayed on the way to Cincinnati.

They live, they say, comforted by the sacrament of the present moment, which encourages grace through a selfless abandonment to God. Memories are in the past; pleasant or not, you can’t do anything about them now. The future is similarly beyond grasp. “But we have today,” Luis said.

Even though medicine fails their daughter, the revelation of God's will continues in their lives, they say. As they pray for the miracle of her rehabilitation, they say they already see many miracles, in her tiny steps toward recovery, in her continuing ability to benefit others around her, such as doctors in training or other families struck by sudden accidents of their own.

“A miracle can be right in front of you, but you have to see it,” Luis said.

“This is not easy,” Diana said. “I wake up every morning and wonder how we will do it. And every night, I’ve won, but it’s not me. I see little miracles every day. Coral’s doing this for me.”

And every night when they pray for her rehabilitation, their prayers don’t ask for better understanding. The miracle they seek, if it comes, will defy understanding. They are asking to deepen the inexplicable mystery of faith. UD

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Prayer for Coral

We believe, O God, that You are the author of life, and You hold all of creation in Your eternal embrace. Because our faith tells us that we live in the palm of Your hand and we are never outside of Your care, we beg most earnestly that through the intercession of Blessed William Joseph Chaminade You will restore to full health Your servant, Coral. It was You who gave her life, it is You who can bring it to fullness. We pray our need in union with Mary who is our model disciple today and forever.

—a Marianist
“We both think marrying an alum was the best thing we’ve ever done.”

How did this Flyer flag end up in Qatar?

Marycrest memories of meeting on the fifth floor.

Our favorite alumni couple is on Page 60 — and Pages 58, 54, 52 ... we like you all!
They do

To Eileen Dolan ’67, UD’s Chapel of the Immaculate Conception is more than a beautiful memory of her time at UD; it’s the place where she just got married — at age 70.

“When I went to UD, I went to Mass every morning at 11:30,” Dolan said. “Even though he didn’t go to Dayton, my fiancé suggested that we get married at the chapel. He knows how much it means to me. He also has a deep faith, which is one of the things that I love about him.”

Dolan, now living in Amarillo, Texas, is still a Flyers fan. She tapes every televised basketball game and makes a point to attend any that are held within 700 miles of her home.

“I fell in love with everything about the school: the community, the feeling of inclusion,” Dolan said. “I savored every moment of it. I come back every five years to replenish my supply of sweatshirts at the bookstore, and I watch my taped basketball games all summer long.”

On Tuesday, May 24, Father Al McMenamy, S.M., presided at the marriage of Dolan and her fiancé, Rafael Tinajero.

“It was just a 15-minute service,” Dolan said. “We didn’t want a reception. We just wanted to keep it quiet and personal. We didn’t need anything else.”

Just one another, under the blue chapel dome.

—Courtney Mocklow ’17
49 years overdue

A former University of Dayton student returned a library book — checked out 49 years ago.

James Phillips, of Minnesota, mailed the History of the Crusades back to campus, along with this note in February to the Roesch Library:

“Please accept my apologies for the absence of the enclosed book History of the Crusades. I apparently checked it out when I was a freshman student and somehow it got misplaced all these years.”

When contacted, Phillips explained he borrowed the book in 1967 either for a history class or his general interest but left school — just hitched a ride away from campus and joined the U.S. Marines.

He believes someone gathered his belongings from his dorm room and sent them to his parents’ house, where they stayed until his parents passed away — his father in 1994 and his mother in 2002. The items were then mistakenly sent to his younger brother.

“By the time I eventually realized the error and to my great surprise I received a box of goods from him. Lo and behold! Among those items in the box was the History of the Crusades book,” Phillips said.

“I apologize for my oversight in not returning the book before I left the University of Dayton, but I feel much relieved knowing now that it has finally made its way home to where it belongs,” he said.

Katy Kelly, University of Dayton communications and outreach librarian, said there was no record the book was missing.

“It was interesting to see a book that had no evidence of our modern technology returned. It still has the old borrowing card stamped with dates back to 1950,” she said. “It was very thoughtful of him to do this because not everyone would choose to return it after so long.”

The policy in 1967 allowed students to keep items for 14 days, and face a fine of 2 cents a day after that. Of course, the library will not be charging a late fee — which, in this case, would amount to about $350.

The book will go back into circulation once a barcode is applied.

—Meagan Pant

Although the residents of 124 Evanston might not have kept their house as clean as they should have, the mess didn’t stop them from becoming lifelong friends, said Nick Hummel ’02.

Hummel lived at 124 Evanston with Tom Zientak, John Surso, Lou Cioffi, Aaron Sorrentino and Jay Harrison — all members of the Class of 2002.

“We thought the house was awesome, after having to live off-campus in Irving Commons for our junior year,” Hummel said. “The house had three bedrooms, one bathroom, a kitchen, a dining room, a living room and, most importantly, a front porch. We were also able to use the basement when we were there and turned it into a VIP lounge with shag furniture and vinyl records on the wall.”

Hummel explained that one night, while he and Zientak were asleep, their roommates decided to cover the whole downstairs of the house — floor, furniture and walls — in tin foil.

“We can remember watching the news as things unfolded that morning and listening to the sonic booms of the jets being scrambled from Wright-Patterson Air Force Base,” Hummel said.

The residents have continued to stay in touch since their time at UD.

“We grew to be best friends, best men in each other’s weddings and godparents to children. UD was great, and we try to get back as often as possible,” Hummel said, adding that he recently attended a UD basketball game and visited with the current residents of 124 Evanston.

“Most of my best memories of UD involved the guys in that house,” Hummel said.

Another moment that Hummel and his roommates remember is being together in the house on Sept. 11, 2001.

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—Ryan Wilker ’16

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Reunion Weekend
For those who attended Reunion Weekend 2016 June 10-12, it didn’t matter how long they’d been gone, only how much they still belonged. UD Magazine captured moments of joy and friendship at the class parties, campus tours and other activities throughout the weekend. To look in on the fun, visit our photo albums at facebook.udayton.edu.

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This spring, we're celebrating the 14-year presidency of Daniel J. Curran — known to students as “Dr. Dan” — through a tour to alumni communities, a student festival, a community celebration and more. We've asked students and alumni to share their favorite photos and memories. Below is an excerpt of remarks by [Daria-Yvonne J. Graham ’94], director of student leadership programs, offered at the faculty and staff celebration April 28, 2016.

My connections to Dr. Curran's time at the University of Dayton are more than just as a staff member of the Division of Student Development. I grew up in a house whose backyard was connected to the parking lot for Welcome Stadium and the UD Arena. As a child, I not only remember watching the parking lot fill with excitement before a game, I also remember hearing the bands play as they served as an unwelcomed alarm clock on Saturday mornings, or swimming in the pool at Old River Park in the summers. I also remember my mother working 40 years for the NCR Corp. and me never being allowed to enter the buildings in which she worked. So as I walk the halls of what is now called the River Campus, look out its windows at the Old River Park that is now owned by the University of Dayton, and learn and teach in the classrooms of what is now called Fitz Hall, I am extremely appreciative of the personal impact Dr. Curran's vision and leadership has had on my life.

With the expansion of the University of Dayton's community, I now have a clearer understanding of my own citizenship, where I used to feel as if I was just an observer. As the invisible gates have shifted from Brown Street to China, I am part of a worldwide community that continues to share the values of a Catholic and Marianist education. I do so not as a spectator but as one who belongs in this community.

I thank you, Dr. Curran, as an alumna, a staff member, a fellow educator, a city of Dayton community member and as the little girl who had no idea she was doing more than just peering out of her window.

We — I — will always be grateful.
These Flyer alumni have moved out of the UD bubble and into the sprawling Dallas/Fort Worth area. “Our community is friendly, active and incredibly welcoming,” said community leader Julia Prior ’10.

It’s not all cowboys and barbeque — North Texas is a bustling metropolis with Fortune 500 companies and a diverse population from all over the world, she said. But location still matters. Much like the loyalty of residents to Stonehill Road or Woodland Avenue, these Texans are loyal to their municipality. “You won’t find someone with a Plano address telling people they live in Carrollton, even if the two are right next door,” Prior said.

DayMag asked: What’s your favorite Texas-sized Flyer moment?

“I would say a collection of moments — basically every UD basketball game-watching party. There are not a lot of UD alumni in Texas, much less in Dallas/Fort Worth. We turn out in force to support our team, however, whether it be a blow-out victory, a squeaker or a shocking defeat. My most recent memory is the Feb. 27 game against Rhode Island. The restaurant thought it could get away with one server at 11 a.m. on a Saturday. It thought wrong. Go UD.” —Shaun Hassett ’09

“I love the Dallas Mavericks game with Flyer couples. My most recent memory: My son has decided to join the Flyer family and is officially a Dayton Flyer, Class of 2020.” —Erin Reilly ’97

“My favorite ‘Texas-sized’ Flyer moment was when I attended the Dallas Mavericks game with the Dallas/Fort Worth chapter. It was an incredible event, and I was so shocked to see as many Flyer alums as I did. It was fun to meet new people from this area and attend an exciting game. Being so far from UD has been hard, but attending events like these and making connections with fellow Flyers has made it better.” —Katie Giacomini ’15

HEY! VINA
Jen Aprahamian ’06
Jen Aprahamian believes that “every woman deserves a great #girlsquad.” However, she and a friend found that making new girl friends was a challenge once they left college. After using dating apps to try to reach out to other women to become friends, they realized it was time to make an app for that specific purpose. Hey! VINA is the result. On the app, women create profiles and can match with other women in the area who have similar interests. After that, they are encouraged to meet up and let the friendship grow.

“As the co-founder and CTO, Aprahamian has seen the app go viral and continue to grow. At the time of the launch, the app was available in San Francisco, Los Angeles and New York City, and Aprahamian said they are adding new cities as more women sign up on the free app.” —Sarah Spech ’16

“The Cycle,” a weekly podcast. The comedian will host the hour-long show throughout the 2016 season, interviewing former players and others related to the franchise. McGann, who has made appearances on late night talk shows, believes teaming with the White Sox gives him a ready-made audience as well as a topic he’s interested in. “Being a lifelong White Sox fan, it is really cool. I want to talk about things they are not talking about in press conferences.” Listen in at bit.ly/UDM_TheCycle.

—Shelby Quinlivan ’06

EACH VAGABOND BY NAME
Margo Orlando Littell ’99
Margo Orlando Littell published her debut novel in June 2016. “A poem I heard during a poetry class more than 20 years ago wound up becoming the epigraph of this book. I began writing short stories during my time at UD and then wrote novellas at Columbia University.” In 2011, she turned one of her novellas into a full-length novel that would become Each Vagabond by Name. “I’m driven to write about characters who are rooted to a place and who, even if they succeed at leaving, feel pulled toward home for one reason or another.” The novel recently received the University of New Orleans Publishing Lab Prize. Visit her website at margoorlandolittell.com. —Shelby Quinlivan ’06
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Golden Flyers
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Divergent thinking

In 2012, Robert Boeke and his wife, Rita, traveled to Haiti to teach a three-week math and English course. They didn't intend to visit the island more than once. But in August 2014, they returned to facilitate a seminar that helped Haitian students plan for their futures.

Originally, the Boekes went to Haiti at the suggestion of Father Medard Laz, with whom they started a Catholic parish in Inverness, Illinois, in the 1980s. When Father Laz later became involved in a project in Haiti, he informed Bob Boeke that his math background would be a help at the University of the Nouvelle Grand'Anse (UNOGA) in Jeremie.

Upon arriving in Haiti, the Boekes realized almost immediately that their students had trouble envisioning the future in their work.

“We were concerned that university graduates in agronomy and business management would be hampered in their ability to start businesses, plan plantings and bring about change in Haiti,” Bob Boeke said.

He and his math educator colleague Mercedes McGowen planned a two-week seminar to stimulate multiple areas of the brain and help students become well-rounded independent leaders and thinkers.

After the Boekes returned to the U.S., the Divergent Thinking Seminar was approved by the UNOGA administration for Aug. 18-29, 2014.

UNOGA will continue to offer the seminar, after sending three Haitian employees to stay with the Boekes for a two-week training on presenting the material. Following the training, the Boekes plan to have daily Skype sessions with the teachers for support.

“Perhaps the most important ongoing result of the seminar is that the students have a sense of empowerment. They are talking among themselves and others about believing that they can change Haiti,” Bob Boeke said.

—Grace Poppe ’66

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The magazine does not publish pregnancies. If it's important to you, it's important to us. Send us all your news: births and deaths; graduations; new jobs and retirements; fabulous situations among themselves and others about believing that they can change Haiti,” Bob Boeke said.

—Grace Poppe ’66
vacations, service excursions and classmate reunions; health crises, job losses and difficult transitions; random Flyer encounters.

1973

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1976

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PATRICIA RUSSELL ’77

Transforming cultures

For Patricia Russell, innovation comes in all forms. Not only has she taken risks professionally, starting her own consulting firm after a successful chemical engineering career, but her methods as a consultant concentrate on changing individual perspectives.

During her time as an undergraduate, Russell recorded a great deal of firsts. She helped found Minority Engineers for Advancement and was both the first woman from the Bahamas and the first African-American woman to graduate from the University with a chemical engineering degree.

After getting her master’s in chemical engineering and working in the field for several years, she discovered a different path.

“I loved chemical engineering — I liked the analytics and the numbers,” she said. “But while working as a chemical engineer, I discovered the type of work I really belonged in. It was always about people.”

Sixteen years ago, she made the leap. By starting The Russell Consulting Group, Russell was able to pursue the work she loved. Her firm works with companies, primarily in health care and higher education, to improve productivity and create a great place to work.

“A lot of consultants work on changing behavior, hoping that will impact results,” she said. “I focus on shifting thinking, on identifying thought patterns behind behaviors, on mastering ego to transform cultures.”

Russell’s engineering background has continued to serve her well, giving her firm a competitive edge.

“The strategic-thinking skills I learned help me survive the ups and downs of consulting work,” she said. “If you don’t have that strategic or critical-thinking talent, it’s almost impossible to adapt your business model.”

—Madalyn Beban ’17

1978

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To see the Lego chapel, visit bit.ly/UDM_DonahueLego.

RAFE DONAHUE ’87
From lectures to Legos

Some might say that Legos are toys meant only for the hands of children. Rafe Donahue would respectfully disagree.

Donahue, now senior director of statistics at Wright Medical in Franklin, Tennessee, used the popular building blocks to construct a structure iconic to UD’s campus: In 2014, Donahue built a miniature Lego model of the Chapel of Immaculate Conception.

“A couple of weeks after I had started building it, Paul Elloe in UD’s math department called me,” Rafe said. “He asked if I wanted to come to UD and give a speech, so I thought I’d also present the model while I was there.”

After graduating with a degree in mathematics from UD, Rafe went on to receive a doctorate in statistics from Colorado State University. To complete his Lego masterpieces, he needed to translate his knowledge of numbers and equations into the field of Lego architecture.

Rafe had an admiration of the chapel’s structure, inspiring his build. “Once I finished it, I immediately wanted to build more, so I made two more copies after giving one to the math department. One is with my sister, and the other I carry to Lego shows around the country.”

Donahue is grateful he was able to present UD with something to exemplify his appreciation of the school.

“I wanted to present all the amazing professors I had at UD with a gift that was really meaningful, something important and beautiful on that campus.”

Two models are currently displayed on campus: one in O’Reilly Hall, in the office of Maura Donahue, Rafe’s sister and director of budget and operations for the College of Arts and Sciences, and the original model, outside the mathematics office in the Science Center.

—Courtney Mocklow ’17

long-lost friends can find you, just say so.

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HEIDI GAUDER ’90

Porch reads, and beyond

Whether it’s a question about research or the best place on campus to curl up with a good book, Heidi Gauder has your answer.

As coordinator of research and instruction at University of Dayton, Gauder coordinates a team of librarians to teach students how to conduct research, a task that has evolved as much as the library has since Gauder began her career there in 1998.

“Oh, how quickly life changes! Include maiden name and spouse’s name (if applicable), and if you’ve gotten divorced, please tell us since we have yet to complete the prototype for our mindreading machine. (When that happens, Class Notes will be 1,356 pages long.) If you’re sending information about your children, please include birth dates rather than ages (as they grow up before your eyes and celebrate birthdays between our deadlines). The magazine does not publish announcements of engagements or pregnancies; please send updates after the joyful event.

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IN MEMORIAM

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Reunion Weekend June 9-11, 2017  reunion.udayton.edu

IN MEMORIAM

ALUMNI

1943
Walter J. Haessig — July 10, 2015
Paul W. Herking — Feb. 5, 2016
Brother Charles J. Cummiskey, S.M. — Sept. 9, 2015
Anna C. Milam Gamble — Dec. 23, 2015

1947
Thomas P. Hanlon Jr. — Dec. 8, 2015
Jerome “Jerry” V. Butler — Dec. 20, 2015
William “Bill” V. Homan — Feb. 18, 2016
Thomas L. Knapek — Oct. 27, 2015

1950
Patricia L. Bell — Dec. 23, 2015
Howard J. Reed — Jan. 18, 2016

1951
Thomas R. Leist — Jan. 20, 2016
Hubert J. Miller — March 7, 2016
Joseph D. Savino — March 9, 2016

1952
Hubert P. Koesters — March 6, 2016

Charles J. Backs — Jan. 16, 2016
Robert C. Trick Sr. — Nov. 27, 2015
James W. Donnelly — Dec. 24, 2015
Charles J. DeHart — May 20, 2015
Dale P. Hahn — Jan. 17, 2016
Norman J. Schmidt — Dec. 8, 2015
Joyce Smith — Jan. 25, 2015
Paula M. Stelzer Tunney — March 3, 2016

Laverne M. Cosgrove Dunn — Jan. 27, 2016
Thomas E. Madigan — Jan. 4, 2016
Armando Garcia-Perez — Jan. 28, 2016
Mary McDonald Phillips — Dec. 4, 2015

1958
Harold E. Bockhorn — March 5, 2016
Sister Margaret Michael, S.N.D. — Jan. 11, 2016

Donald “Don” F. Fullam — March 25, 2016
William C. Laub — Feb. 12, 2016
Harold W. Wicks — Feb. 21, 2016

1960
Gerald “Jerry” E. Comer — Feb. 10, 2016

1962
William “Bill” G. Ditzel — March 6, 2016
Floyd W. Little — Feb. 23, 2016

1963

1964
Nancy A. Rausch McNeil — June 6, 2015
Patricia “Patt” Minogue Runberg — Aug. 11, 2015

1965
Mark J. Brunwick — May 23, 2015
David C. Greene — March 1, 2016
Dittany “Dee” Anderson Osgood — May 24, 2015
Marie Helm Storment — Jan. 31, 2016
Rita C. Pohl Croy — Feb. 7, 2016

1966
Donald Hjelle — Nov. 21, 2015
Charles “Charlie” C. Newton — March 6, 2015

1968
Bernaeda L. Erbaugh Filbrun — Jan. 8, 2016
John J. Guehl Jr. — March 2, 2016

1969
Raymond “Ray” F. Bachus — Dec. 21, 2015
Carlos M. Clifton — Dec. 28, 2015
Roger F. Crosby — Jan. 19, 2016
Thomas S. Hornbach — March 15, 2016

1970
Richard Oldenski — Dec. 12, 2015
David L. Summer — Feb. 11, 2016

1971
Barbara A. Crossley Lindsay — Nov. 18, 2015

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Can uDentify us?
These football faithful followed the Flyers on a windswept afternoon during an autumn game in 1995. Cheer us up and see if you can identify these students; email magazine@udayton.edu if you recognize them, and see more archival images at ecommons.udayton.edu.

From our last issue
For the spring issue, several readers wrote in to identify the student in the dark jacket. “I believe that is Jim Carroll, UD Class of 1971,” casting a furtive glance in the camera’s direction,” E.J. “Ed” McLaughlin ’71 said. John Jensen ’71 also identified Jim. “We lived together with four other guys, first at 3 Lawnview and then upstairs at 340 Stonemill,” John wrote. “He married Mary Beth Alonzi, and they had twin girls. One, Jill Carroll, was the young woman who was kidnapped by Islamic extremists a few years ago in Iraq where she was working for the Christian Science Monitor. After several anxious months, she was released and returned to the U.S. Jim now resides in North Carolina.”

Dave Terkoski ’82 also wrote in with more information on the fans highlighted in the Winter 2015-16 issue. “The young lady holding the No. 1 sign is Karen Schubert McGinnis. The other girl is Sonya Berry (now Ruppel). I went to Fairmont East with both of them and went to Dayton with Karen.”


1972
1972
1974
Timothy M. Kennedy — Jan. 16, 2016
Lee R. Taulton — Feb. 27, 2016
Wayland B. Williams — Dec. 11, 2015
1975
1976
James J. Schanck Sr. — Jan. 15, 2016
1977
Charles “Chuck” C. Barrett — Feb. 29, 2016
1978
1979
Precious “Jewel” Freeman Graham — Nov. 30, 2015
Gerald “Andy” A. Studebaker — Jan. 5, 2016
1980
Dolores T. Barnes — Feb. 28, 2016
1981
Kathryn “Kate” J. Bolton — Dec. 27, 2015
1982
Spero M. Alex — Dec. 8, 2015
Mark S. Maurice — Feb. 26, 2016
Steven “Steve” E. Yuhas — Feb. 22, 2016
1983
Gary P. Alexander — Feb. 5, 2016
1984
1985
Christopher K. Bennett — Dec. 29, 2015
Sandra J. Hatcher Edgington — Jan. 11, 2016
Patricia Lewis Fox — March 6, 2016
1988
1989
Deidre A. Miller Pitsinger — Dec. 28, 2015
1990
1991
1992
Jean R. Riegel — Jan. 18, 2016
1995
2002
Mark J. Duvelius — Feb. 2, 2016
2004
2011
Bryan W. Gardner — Nov. 2, 2015
2012
Krystal L. Byrne — Jan. 29, 2016
2015
2016
FRIENDS
Sheri A. Bennett — Jan. 26, 2016; former employee, survived by son Thomas Bennett ’14
Ceferino J. Cata — Jan. 29, 2016; survived by son Ceferino Cata Jr. ’84 and daughter Margarita Cata ’86
Joan C. Cooper — Feb. 22, 2016; survived by son Daniel Cooper, current student.
Mattie M. Horton — Dec. 27, 2015; retired employee.
Jeanne C. Kendig — Feb. 24, 2016; retired employee of the president’s office and office of student housing. Survived by son Joseph Kendig ’09 and daughter Mary Kendig ’10.
Kelly A. King — Feb. 11, 2016; survived by father Eric Hungerford ’64 and mother Barbara Hungerford ’64.
Peter J. Li — March 5, 2016; Education and Health Sciences Advisory Board member.
Anita M. Michel — Jan. 13, 2016; retired employee of Roesch Library.
David “Dugan” Pessler — June 25, 2015; survived by daughter Nancy Pessler ’86 and son Michael Pessler ’94.
Suzanne Ritter — Jan. 14, 2016; survived by husband Charles Ritter, professor emeritus in geology, and daughter Mary Ritter ’87
Anna M. Ruhl — Dec. 30, 2015; survived by daughter Cynthia Haller ’71
Ruth Scheuer — Jan. 27, 2016; survived by daughter Edna Scheuer Willis ’80.
Phyllis E. Shope — March 1, 2016; retired employee of the catering department, Marianist Service Award Winner 2013.
Elizabeth Swaney — Dec. 5, 2015; retired employee of the bursar’s office.
Charles E. Wendeln — Feb. 3, 2016; survived by daughter Courtney Wendeln Deutsch ’98, son Brady Wendeln ’06 and son Andrew Wendeln ’10.
Geraldine Wernersbach — March 9, 2016; retired University of Dayton School of Law librarian.
Ruth Y. Wilson — March 7, 2016; retired employee of University of Dayton radio station WVUD-FM.
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COLLEEN O’MALIA STINE ’06

Finding light in darkness

In the midst of tragedy, Colleen O’Malia Stine learned that positive messages were so much more than words on T-shirts.

Stine started by selling handmade prints adorned with phrases like, “Choose being kind over being right, and you’ll be right every time,” and “There is a time and place for kindness. Always and everywhere.”

In 2012, one of Stine’s prints was featured on Pinterest. Her website soon had thousands of views and too many orders to fill, so Stine reached out to her sister Shannon O’Malia Hall ’96. Being 10 years her elder, Shannon would do anything for her baby sister, even drive from Chicago to St. Louis to help her complete the mountains of shipments.

With her sister and a business partner, Colleen opened the online store Mama Said Tees.

“The main goal of the store is to remind us to stay positive and show our children how to treat others,” Stine said.

Five days after the shop opened, Shannon was killed, leaving her two children without parents. Stine took them in as her own, doubling the size of her family.

On her blog The Best Job I’ve Ever Had, Stine recounts what it was like to lose her sister, “I felt hopeless. I felt lost, like a part of me was missing. I didn’t think I would ever live wholly again.”

The store helped, the sayings on the shirts now brightening happiness wherever you can.”

—Erin Frey ’18
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When Erma calls

By Susan Pohlman ’81

As a girl I can remember finding my mother with the newspaper spread across the dining room table. She read it cover to cover, clipped recipes, read aloud the latest hint from Heloise and cut articles to send to various family members. My favorite memory, however, was watching her giggle as she read the Erma Bombeck column. She, like so many of her generation, would tape it to the refrigerator for the rest of us to enjoy.

Imagine my delight when I was invited to participate as faculty in the 2016 Erma Bombeck Writers’ Workshop at the University of Dayton.

I arrived two days early. I wanted to settle in, perhaps see a few old friends and walk the campus. As I drove into town, I slowed my car as every corner seemed to stir a memory. Those were good years.

The location of the conference, the Dayton Marriott, made me smile. It opened in 1982 when I was starting my teaching career. The bar in the hotel was considered snazzy (remember when we used to use that word?), a step up from Tim’s and Flanagan’s. Just up the road is Carillon Historical Park. The sloping lawn surrounding the carillon is where I began a journey with the man with whom I have shared the last 30 years.

After checking into the hotel, I walked along the Great Miami River to the park. I climbed the sloping lawn and stood at the base of the carillon. As the sun slid down behind the UD Arena, I reminisced about the girl I was at 20 and the boy he was at 21. We had sat on this lawn in our bell-bottoms and UD sweatshirts and shared a tender first kiss.

Dusk was soon upon me, but I could not leave until I heard the carillon ring. I circled the base and came upon a door on which is inscribed a portion of a poem by Longfellow, written upon hearing that his son had enlisted with the Union army, much to his dismay.

“... It was as if an earthquake Rent the hearth-stones of a continent, And made forlorn The households born Of peace on earth, good-will to men!” Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: “God is not dead, nor doth He sleep; The Wrong shall fail, The Right prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to men.”

I had forgotten about this door. Now a writer, I read each word with a new reverence, marveling how Longfellow captured the heartache and fear of an entire country in just 89 words.

At the stroke of 6, the bells began to ring. I can’t resist the sound of bells. They stir a yearning, deep and primal. I feel them in my center, a sacredness. When I hear their rich pealing, I instinctually look in their direction. A calling I can’t ignore.

And I thought, too, of how writing was like this. A calling, deep and primal we simply can’t ignore. I imagined the hundreds of writers journeying here as if the tolling of these bells were calling them. As if Erma, herself, was calling us to gather courage, to sharpen craft, to claim our art. To celebrate and continue her important work of capturing the complexities of the human experience in just a few words.

Page by page we share stories that chew on life, love, loss and the blessings of family and friends. Page by page, we try to somehow lift our own little corner of the globe through frank observation and humor, just as Erma taught us to.

Soon the other writers arrived, one by one, with suitcases, laptops and hopeful smiles. The energy and excitement that infused the air was palpable.

Instructors and participants laughed and learned together. We connected as we wrote and shared about deep and powerful things. The family atmosphere was disarming and reaffirming.

Inspired, I left the conference with new friends, renewed vigor and cheeks that ached from laughter. I drove past the carillon, hoping that two years hence I would stand at its base once more, called back to Dayton not only to reminisce about the girl I was at 20 but to continue to celebrate the woman writer I have become.

Thank you, Erma!

For more information about the 2018 Erma Bombeck Writers’ Workshop, see humorwriters.org.
Finding the way

By Erin Dooley ’00

S
ome people wear their hearts on their sleeves; I wear a yellow arrow on my foot.

At the tattoo parlor, I asked the artist where on my foot would be the least painful place to get a tattoo. His response was “somewhere other than your foot. You’re choosing the most painful part of your body.”

Be that as it may, my feet had just carried me across northern Spain as I followed a path marked with yellow arrows. So, despite having a very low pain threshold, I branded my left foot with my favorite arrow I had seen along the way. It felt like a fitting way to commemorate the best experience of my life — the Camino de Santiago.

I walked the centuries-old pilgrimage in March and April 2015. I had been interested in the Camino for 15 years; so when my life fell apart and gave me six weeks to walk the Way of St. James, I booked my trip.

I departed from St. Jean Pied de Port, France, and arrived in Santiago, Spain, 35 days later. I then continued on to the Atlantic. This brought my total journey to 40 days, which I thought appropriate for the Catholic pilgrimage.

Along the way, I experienced some pretty rough times. I walked a week without my belongings since the airline had misplaced my backpack; I had an asthma attack while alone in a forest; I had multiple blisters on my feet; I had a panic attack in the middle of the night after having a terrible dream about seeing my soon-to-be-ex-husband in court days after my return to the U.S.; I had to get a knee brace halfway through; I was on the verge of fainting due to dehydration in Burgos; and I cried almost every day as I dealt with the end of my 12-year marriage.

However, when I look down at the little arrow on my foot, I don’t think of any of that.

I think of the food that I ate — the pilgrims’ meals, the chocolate con churros, the bocadillos, the pinchos and, of course, the copious amounts of vino tinto.

I think of the beauty I saw — the mystical fog as I climbed the Pyrenees that made me think I was in Narnia as it thawed out, the huge red rocks that reminded me of the famed amphitheater in Colorado, the gorgeous field of purple and yellow flowers that were the only positive on the tough climb up a hill to the Iron Cross, the rock walls that transported me back to my trip to Ireland, the massive Cathedral of St. James that welcomed me as I arrived in Santiago, and the crashing waves of the vast ocean that greeted me as I reached “the end of the world” and the zero-kilometer marker in Finisterre.

I think of all the pilgrims I met — people from countries in five continents, whom I only knew for a few weeks of my life but came to mean so much to me. These pilgrims played an instrumental role in healing not only my broken body but my broken spirit and broken heart.

I think of all the lessons I learned — seeing my trust in the arrows I followed along the way as symbolizing following God’s will for my life; learning to accept help from pilgrims and to be a helping hand for others; never going back from where I came because the arrows only point in one direction, as does life; accepting that there are times I need to walk alone and there are times to share the road with others; knowing that the climb up the mountain is tough, but I’ll get rewarded with the best view; and that I can choose to get up and walk every day — no matter the circumstance — because the best things in life don’t come to you, you must go out and claim them.

So what do I say if people ask about the yellow arrow on my foot? The pain was worth it.

Erin Dooley lives in Los Angeles. She is working on a documentary about her Camino experience. Her website is dashentertainmentllc.com.

Revealing ink

By Becky Koop ’83

Dressed to share her body tattoos with the world, the teenager shot me a glance, challenging my not-so-subtle stare with her eyebrows, “What’re you looking at?”

I wanted to say … If you must know, I’m thinking if I tattooed my chest at your age with that butterfly, it would now resemble a pair of beached manatees. I’d probably wind up spending my children’s braces money having it removed. You’ll never get a corporate job sporting that tat.

But I held my thoughts. As my eyes surveyed her body, I noticed words covering her calf. Pointing, I asked, “What does it say?”

“It’s a poem.” She closed her eyes for just a moment, then read aloud the sorrowful ballad, pointing to each of the dozen lines inked between her knee and ankle. At the last word, she looked up, her eyes challenging me to ask.

Although I wondered what would prompt a young woman to choose such a tattoo, I returned only her gaze, leaving her in a wake of silence.

Her stare dropped to the ground between my feet as she filled the quiet with her story. Pregnant in high school, her family kicked her out. The baby’s dad, a much older boyfriend, gave her shelter. But, after the child was born, he declared the baby too much — too much work, too much noise — and kicked them both out. “We had nowhere to go,” she said raising her head and making direct eye contact. “We had to live on the streets … my baby got sick … my baby died.”

She took a deep breath, pointed to a colorful date inked on her arm and said, “This one is for how happy I was when he was born.” Motioning toward a date on her other arm, she whispered, “This one is when he died.” Her fingers paused on the delicate butterfly covering her chest. I noticed it trailed a wispy vine connecting to her son’s death inscription. She forced a smile. “This one is to remember he’s in a better place.”

She was navigating the world without her son, without a partner, without a family, without a home. My life is surrounded by friends and family. My children are healthy. The walls of my home are lined with favorite quotes and photos. New paths of empathy surged where opinion and judgment previously clogged my thoughts.

Looking back through her eyes, I released my biases. Her body art is not a youthful indulgence, not an act of impulse to be regretted over time. Her body is the only vessel she has to express her pain and suffering. Her body is her own art gallery, a celebration of her life and a memorial of her losses.

This essay by Becky Koop was the winning entry in the local human interest category of the 2016 Erma Bombeck Writing Competition.
PARTING WORDS

A LITTLE BIT OF LOURDES sits on my dining room shelf — a half ounce, to be exact, water from the grotto in France where the Virgin Mary revealed herself to a 14-year-old peasant girl in 1858.

I’ve been thinking often about that water since Myron Achbach ’58 called me six months ago. A longtime UD director of admission, his Flyer network spiders across the globe. Along these threads he senses good stories and sends them my way.

So when Myron called, I thought I was in for a treat. Instead, I was heartbroken.

A young alumna, Coral Flamand ’13, had been in a horrible car accident, he said. Her family — including the Flyer family — was organizing a service at UD’s chapel to pray for a miracle.

And when that miracle happens, Myron said, they will have documentation in place to ascribe it to the intercession of William Joseph Chaminade, founder of the Society of Mary, which founded UD.

In my mind, it is hard for these two things to occupy the same space: a miracle, by definition something neither logical nor anticipated, and a documentation process as rational and detailed as an IRS audit.

Yet not only do I have one bottle from Lourdes, but I had a second, which I filled for a friend’s mother who was battling multiple myeloma. She accepted the bottle, thanked me and rose to place it on her dining room shelf, with so many other bottles brought to her by the legions who love her. Her action gave me no reassurance she believed, and no indication she did not.

I had filled those bottles while traveling with the Marianist Educational Associates on a pilgrimage to France. We were there to deepen our faith and understanding. Outside the gates to the sanctuary in Lourdes, I was skeptical, seeing how hope distorted into profit in every corner shop (including the one where I purchased my bottles). But inside, it was holy. I looked down from the basilica at the lines of wheelchairs ribboning through the grounds. The faithful, pushed by their attendants, waited to receive the holy water and be immersed in God’s love. I witnessed no spontaneous healing, but there were tears of joy and fullness of hearts.

So, do I believe in miracles, the kind that happen not in books of old but in our world today? As Matthew Dewald writes in our cover story on miracles, faith is not having the evidence in hand, yet believing anyway.

And so I will pray for Coral the beautiful prayer a Marianist priest wrote for her. I have no evidence that the intercession of saints will heal her mind or her body. But, like her family — and her Flyer family — I have faith.

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Presidential progeny
A few of the Flyers who have served as college and university presidents

Michael Grandillo '86
Ohio University's 20th president
OU's first African-American president

Roderick McDavis '71
President, Chaminade University, Honolulu, Hawaii
One of three Marianist universities

Brother Bernard Ploeger, S.M. '71
First lay president of Madonna University
Founded by the Felician Sisters in 1937

Richanne Mankey '97
First female president of Defiance College
Master's in social agency counseling

Thomas Sullivan '69
President of Cleary University, 1989-2014
Became accredited under Sullivan's leadership

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Roderick McDavis '71
President, Chaminade University, Honolulu, Hawaii
One of three Marianist universities

Bonnie Coe '00
In 2004, inaugurated president of Central Ohio Technical College
Doctorate in educational leadership

More presidents: bit.ly/UDM_FlyerPresidents

“I want to wake up every day to live up to the sisters' values, serve those students and make sure they are prosperous in life.” —Detroit News

“People motivate themselves. Give people opportunity to understand their role, make decisions and serve their customers. That produces joy in work — motivation naturally follows.” —Ann Arbor News

“I believe I'm to be a disciple as Mary was — someone who led from the middle of the disciples in the upper rooms at Pentecost.”
CONGRATULATIONS TO THE 2,108 GRADUATES JOINING THE FLYER ALUMNI FAMILY, 112,000 STRONG. Wherever your next flight takes you, you can find a little piece of home away from home — maybe even a porch! Regional alumni communities keep us connected and informed all across the country. Flyer gamewatches, networking, service — these are just a few of the things we do together.

We’re proud to welcome Flyers like you to the alumni family.

Learn more about alumni communities and how to meet other local alums at your.udayton.edu/forever-a-flyer.
The cafeteria in Kennedy Union is packed on a September day in 1967. The union, opened in 1964, was one of several projects, part of the “brick and mortar growth of the institution which has never before been equaled,” wrote President Raymond Roesch, S.M. ’36, in a letter to the Class of 1964. “Good facilities make a fine program possible.” To see what the future holds for KU’s dining facilities, turn to Page 12.