



Aquinas Scholars
HONORS PROGRAM

The

SCHOLARS JOURNAL

september 2023

WELCOME NEW SCHOLARS



Photo (left) of new scholars taken by Honors Program Director, Dr. Fort at the New Scholars Banquet on Monday, September 11th. Later that week, 154 Honor students gathered together and enjoyed some ice cream (below.)

FEATURED

Ice Cream Social

Scholars Community - p.1

- Professor of the Year
- Pizza with the President

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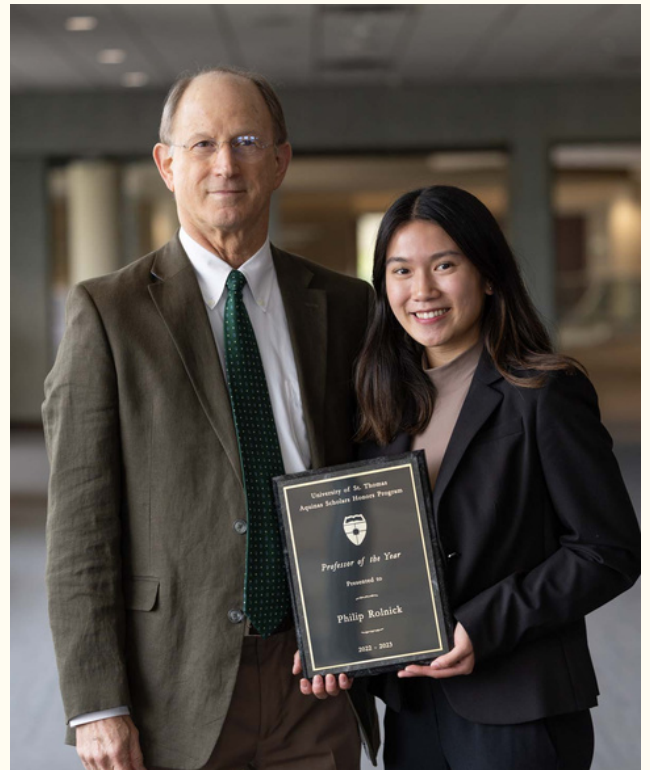
- "Fried Potatoes..."
- "Experiment 1"
- "Hike to Mni Owe Sni"
- "Lonely With"
- "Trace of You"
- "Going for the Goal"
- "Things I Think Someone Needs to Hear Right Now"

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PROFESSOR OF THE YEAR

The Aquinas Scholars Honors Program welcomed the new scholars on Monday, September 11th. During the event, Honors Student Board President, Macy Meilahn-Kinard, presented the Honors Professor of the Year award to Dr. Philip Rolnick of Theology.



PIZZA WITH THE PRESIDENT



The Academic Chairs hosted a special “Pizza with the President”, offering our scholars the opportunity to meet with University of St Thomas President Rob Vischer, while enjoying some free pizza. President Vischer shared his perspective on a wide range of topics from leadership to the challenges facing St. Thomas, as well as answering questions from the Aquinas Scholars.



FRIED POTATOES: AMERICAN ALLY OR FOREIGN FIEND?

Rose Hissom

There is only one side dish served in every crevice of the fast-food restaurant spectrum. Whether you prefer them from Culver's, McDonald's, or even a less common joint such as Wendy's, there is no form of golden brown, deep-fried potato perfection that can compare to the French fry. Oh, wait, my bad. These bites of happiness should actually be referred to as freedom fries, at least in America. After the September 11 attacks in 2001, George Bush proposed an invasion of Iraq as a response to the war on terrorism. Dominique de Villepin, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, made it clear that France would not help the US in its war efforts. This generated a fair amount of anti-French sentiment in the States. As a result, House Representatives Bob Ney and Walter Jones persuaded all House cafeterias to redub French fries and French toast "freedom fries" and "freedom toast" in March of 2003. Additionally, local restaurants began to reprint menus with the updated names. Excessive? Some said yes. French Embassy spokeswoman Nathalie Loisseau noted that fries were invented in Belgium and that France preferred to focus on the "serious issues". But was she just bitter about the name change? We may never know. And now, it doesn't matter. In August of 2006, the House gave the cafeteria dish names their traditional French titles back, and the whole affair was more or less forgotten. Could this happen again? Could the Russia-Ukraine conflict cause a whole new slew of food-naming controversy? Only time will tell. For now, I'll be enjoying my delicious, crispy French fries.

EXPERIMENT 1: CHILDHOOD MEMORY

Allison Shore

Seeing a dead body never gets easier, but it's expected to be ignored out of courtesy for others.

After all, people hardly choose to engage in discussion about mortality; it's uncomfortable, uncouth, and above all, inevitable. Of course, that may be a bit dramatic when considering squashed squirrels and floating frogs, both of which being a common sight in my family's neighborhood. My older brother was at a pivotal point in his adolescent life and chose not to point out the dried guts and fur plastered to the road as he once might have, but my sister and I saw anyway. She was perhaps too young to know why she should be as thoroughly repulsed as I found myself, but then again, this was the age when she would use her fingernails to scrape the scales off fish prior to them being cleaned. My intense interest in all things animals combined with general hyper-sensitivity meant that I could not look away from the roadkill as we walked past, my mood threatening to drop below the point of no return. Luckily, our destination was just half a block farther down the summer-heated road. The three of us willingly spending time together was more unlikely with each passing school year, but summer was a sort of stalemate when my sister became my shadow and my brother got stuck being responsible for the both of us. This lack of school friends and adult supervision left my brother desperate enough for our company when he paused his video games and remembered that he wasn't alone in the house. My sister and I marched across the suspiciously green lawn to the key-coded garage, an unknown luxury that dazzled me. We walked past the bored dogs sitting in their kennels – I was horrified – but my brother promised that they were used to the setup. My sister tried to pet them through the wires but was quickly stopped by my brother, who insisted that the dogs were used for hunting and didn't need the attention. I squirmed as I waited for him to change the food and water, feeling trapped in too many layers. I never could stand the sensation of wearing a swimsuit under my normal clothes, and I felt as though I were stuck in the backseat of a hot car during a road trip. After an eternity of waiting, my brother led us into the backyard and to the uncovered pool. My sister was out of her clothes and into the bug-filled water before I could even spot them – the floating frogs, what seemed like dozens at the time. Most of them were smaller than the size of my hand, but their eerie presence percolated the entire pool. My feet rooted into the ground and my mind shuttered against any possibility of touching the water. Without having to say anything, my brother noticed my discomfort and grabbed the skimmer to fish out the dead frogs, but I think he knew it wouldn't be enough.

HIKE TO MNI OWE SNI

Maria Bloemendal

A friend and I visited Coldwater Spring where we hiked and explored the trails down to the Mississippi River. It was only a 25-minute bike ride, straight south of campus. This area is focused on restoring the prairie landscape and included a garden of native plants with the Native American pronunciation/titles. Coldwater Spring (Mni Owe Sni) is a sacred place for the Dakota people with its proximity to where the Minnesota and Mississippi Rivers intersect.

Inside the arched structure, you can see the flowing water that runs down the spring. There were many joggers, dog walkers, and folks taking photos at sunset. I highly recommend visiting this location and learning about the importance of this land to the Dakota people.



[CLICK HERE
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INFORMATION](#)

LONELY WITH

Jeffrey Dalvin

Alone, and alone, and yet still alone.
Far this flown road, and only my own.
Long lovely lane curving, observe me, loan
Your stone-mute voice to whisper my groan.

Shining street puddles, a shadow trapeze.
Make-believe ballroom, nobody sees,
Breathless and bursting, the lover said,
Bleeding-heart blood is the brightest of red.

Frantic and folly, the flaming rose.
Futile death falling, nobody knows.
Swearing and sweating, the soldier said,
Bleeding-heart blood is the brightest of red.

Down to dream dying, double-dog-dare.
Deep for all diving, somebody cares.
Glimpsing the glory, the young fool said,
Bleeding-heart blood is the brightest of red.



TRACE OF YOU

Sloan Jacobs

Heaven seems to have forsaken me. The heavens have blackened, and yet they open themselves for the sake of dumping down all their grief. Raindrops lie splattered like a crimson crime scene in the place you used to occupy — by my side. My golden hair is drenched and ratted. An umbrella would have helped prevent that, I surmise, but I was too far gone to care. If I didn't know any better, I would have sworn there had been a chalk outline and the rain had simply washed it away. That was why I could no longer see it. That was why there was no trace of you

GOING FOR THE GOAL

Sofia Miranda



As a student photographer, I had the opportunity to capture the St. Thomas men's soccer team in action. Pictured is a forward dribbling toward the goal; the team took home an exciting 2-1 victory.

THINGS I THINK SOMEONE NEEDS TO HEAR RIGHT NOW

Shae Peterson

1. Perfection does not lead to happiness, but effort leads to pride.
2. Tell him that you like his shoes. Tell them that you love their hair. They will think about it for days (trust me).
3. Remember to tell people you love them. It is never embarrassing, or stupid.
4. Asking for help does not make you annoying, it makes you human.
5. Kindness is the best gift and costs nothing.
6. You have so much time, trust me. There is still so much time left.
7. It is never too late to start. *It is never too late to start.*
8. When was the last time you drank water? Don't remember? Go drink some water right now, and maybe eat a vegetable too.
9. Text that friend who you are missing. I promise, they are missing you just as much.
10. You can learn something from every person you meet. Each person has a story to share with you, if you are willing to listen.
11. **I am so proud of you. Keep moving forward.**



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