Newsletter of the THOMAS MORE COLLEGE *of* LIBERAL ARTS

# COMMUNITAS

*Spring 2018*

# The Day I Saw Rome: A Sophomore Reflects

*By Gracie Mentink, Class of 2020*

I first encountered the *Laocoön* in freshman year.

Mr. Thompson-Briggs slid the printed picture of the sculpture onto my desk, and I immediately felt assaulted by the violence and the unapologetic nudity of the subject. I think I may have blushed. And yet, hovering in the back of my mind was my next assignment as a publications intern to write an article about this statue. I bit my cheek and resolved to make the best of the situation.

Surprisingly, class went by quickly for me that day. My knowledge of the story of the *Aeneid* was very limited, and as it unfolded before me, I was captivated. The fortitude of Laocoön and the ignominity of his death deeply moved me; the picture of the statue became a little less hostile. Though I was disgusted by the cunning of the Greeks, I began to see how Laocoön's death lead to the burning of Troy and eventually the founding of Rome. It was all so paradoxical and puzzling. I liked it. By the end of the seminar, the *Laocoön* had become less of a gruesome scene and more of a heroic sacrifice.

I wrote the article for the school newsletter that week, but my article was not simply about the *Laocoön*: it was also about Rome. I didn't realize it at the time, but the two things had become intertwined in my mind. *Laocoön* had become my representation of Rome. Don't get me wrong, Rome did not feel like a giant snake biting me in the hip. It was Laocoön's story alive in the sculpture that affected me. The

Laocoön and His Sons, *a Hellenistic statue judged by Pliny the Elder to surpass all others, has been part of the papal collection since 1506.*

*Laocoön* lit and maintained my flame of anticipation for Rome.

Granted, I was thrilled by the legacy of past classes in Rome. I drooled over pictures of the Pantheon and Saint Peter's. I wanted to see the Saints and the Pope and eat gelato. I wanted to read Robert Frost in a piazza and tour ancient basilicas with Dr. Connell. I wanted to walk in the footsteps of every TMC student, of every pilgrim that had come before me. But at the end of the day, it was that one Way of Beauty class on the *Laocoön* that made me really want to see Rome.

I had witnessed the transformation of marble into man in a single statue. I had seen agonizing suffering animated in an ancient sculpture. I had seen the spark which initiated the founding of an Eternal City in a carved slab of stone.

Last Friday I made my way through the torrential rains to the Vatican Museums. I endured the wait of a mile-long line. I paid 17 euro to get a little ticket and enter through a doorway. I shouldered my way through hordes of tourists. I got lost and retraced my steps four times. And eventually, I found the *Laocoön*.

He was smaller than I thought, but more alive in person than in the picture. Suddenly, my feeble mortality felt very dull, and the life of the marble was overwhelming to my smallness. And yet, *Laocoön* was a familiar face in a sea of foreigners. I knew his story by heart, and I was living on the soil of his legacy. He had been my "Rome" before I knew Rome. I was glad to finally see him in person.

And in that moment, I saw Rome.

*All TMC sophomores spend a semester in Rome at no additional cost. Follow each class at* Ciao, Roma!*—TMC's Rome blog: Rome.ThomasMoreCollege.edu.*



# Spring 2018

*Top row: junior Daniel Leahy meets a congressman during the March for Life; Woodworking Guild Master Tom Ford instructs freshman Pauline Ullmer; Dean Walter Thompson leads senior theology.*

*Second row: Way of Beauty class trip to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; Chaplain Fr. John Healey imposes ashes on junior Ella Fordyce.*

*Third row: senior Joseph Kerxhalli and sophomores Richard Kaiser and Aidan O'Connor carve a Paschal lamb; Michael Gilleran '16, freshman Owen Zaleski, President William Fahey, and senior Charles Easterday lead the TMC contingent of the March for Life; senior Cecilia Yellico sings at a winter contra dance.*

*Bottom row: senior Sandra Kirby learns to marbleize paper in Sacred Art Guild; freshmen Maria Teresa Briggs, Taylor Sbat, and Hannah Smith; poetry contest winner senior Liam McCarthy with judge Fellow Fred Fraser.*







# Dr. Connell's Rome

*By Esther Jermann, Class of 2020*

One of the most distinctive elements of the Thomas More College of Liberal Arts curriculum is its Rome program. Every spring semester, the sophomore class makes a three-month pilgrimage in the Eternal City. These students' experiences become a fountain, an endless gift, for themselves and for those around them. But what is the source of this fountain? Why is Rome so influential?

Dr. Paul Connell '85, Fellow and Academic Director of the Rome Program, has been teaching Thomas More students in the Eternal City since 1989. He says, "Learning about Rome—its history, its importance to the Faith, its culture, its art—is very important in the formation of a Thomas More student." For Dr. Connell, the core of the Rome program is, of course, the studies: Humanities, Poetics, Theology, Latin, and Art & Architecture. But he also notes, "A lot of our learning is conscious—that is, in the classroom—but a lot of our learning is unconscious. It's things we pick up along the way in our observations. Even the simplest things have the potential for a transformative encounter." The Rome program begins in the classroom, but its completion lies in "what the student is caught up in." Students merely set foot in Rome, and Rome comes to them. Sometimes she comes in roses on broken fountains, sometimes in unexpected sunsets seen from the Spanish Steps, sometimes in golden mosaics glinting in dark church apses or in musty catacombs where the martyrs lay still. In her endless ways, Rome always comes to sweep away each and every student in the dance of eternal beauty. "It's a whole tapestry," Dr. Connell says. "What's the most important part of a work of art?"

In the first class of each semester, Dr. Connell introduces his students to the Rainer Maria Rilke poem, "*Archaïscher Torso Apollos*" ("Archaic Torso of Apollo"). In contemplating an ancient sculpture, the poet realizes, "Here there is no place that does not see you. You must change your life." The encounter with Rome's beauty similarly changes the students who experience it. Dr. Connell believes that latent experiences come to life in the Eternal City. He says, "The student should see, and pause, and say, 'Oh! So this is what it's about! So this is all the fuss.'" Students return with widened minds, opened hearts, a penchant for adventure, a love of home, and a renewed sense of purpose. They are at once settled and invigorated, firmly rooted and growing upward.

"Archaic Torso of Apollo" is not the only poem Dr. Connell teaches in Rome. He spends all semester reading Robert Frost and Richard Wilbur with his students in Poetics. He begins with Frost, he says, because of his New Hampshire connection: Frost, like Thomas More students, hails from New England. In fact, many students visit the Frost family farm every year. The landscapes Frost describes—the white snow, the pine trees, the North American sky, mud season—are all old friends. According to Dr. Connell, Frost's familiarity and colloquial voice are instrumental in teaching students just how to read a poem properly. After contemplating Frost's New England mountains, the student moves on to Wilbur's Roman walks. Rooted in the love of home Frost inspires, the student is free to appreciate the new, the strange, the wonderful: Rome herself. Dr. Connell notes that Wilbur's attention to language is a sensibility he picked up in Rome, which influenced his poetry for the rest of his life. Wilbur fosters in each student an appreciation of Rome's piazzas and fountains, her winding streets and her tall obelisks. The journey from Frost to Wilbur is a transformation itself that marks the student's own transformation during the Rome semester.

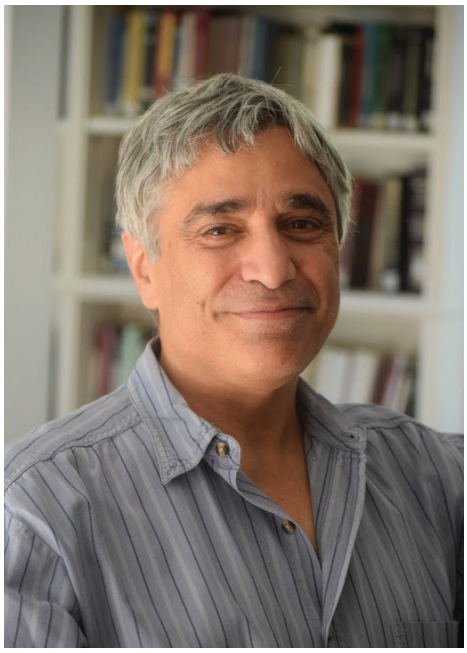
Dr. Connell often tells his students on Art & Architecture tours, "Remember, we are not tourists. We are pilgrims!" I recently asked him what the difference was: the appearance is the same, after all. He told me that the difference is that he is not a tour guide; he is a believer. He believes in the art, in the architecture, in the God that it glorifies. His hope is to awaken his students not merely to the beauty of Rome, but to the theology it illumines. Dr. Connell told me, "You're coming to the source of something in Rome, and that's what I hope to awaken in all of my students. I hope that it'll be something that they can grow on for the rest of their lives." And so, they do.

# Christopher Marlowe's *Tragical Histor*

## Highlights from the Curriculum: Compa

### The Old Lure

*By Dr. Anthony Esolen, Fellow*



The brilliant fool paces back and forth in his study, tossing away, in succession, logic, medicine, law, and theology. His reason is not far to seek. He says comments he tosses off in conversation are posted in public places, "whereby whole cities have escaped the plague." It is not enough. Says he: "Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man." This Doctor Faustus, in Christopher Marlowe's play of that name (based on a German account of a notorious necromancer in the early sixteenth century), will be satisfied only if he can surmount the infinite distance in being that separates the creature from the Creator:

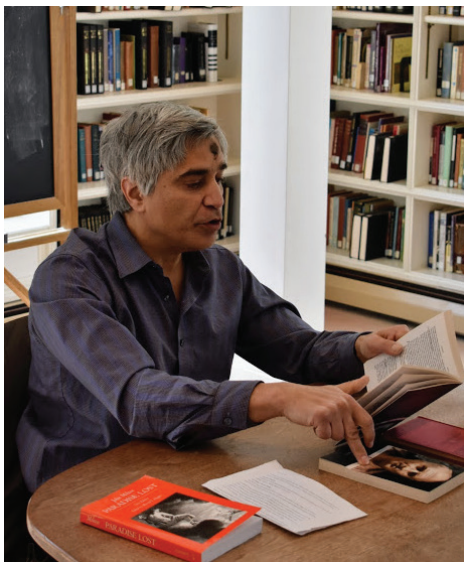
> Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
> Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
> Then this profession were to be esteemed.

We hear those words and we remember that one man, the true physician of both body and soul, has brought and continues to bring the dead to life. He is Jesus Christ; but Faustus is not thinking of him, or if he is, he suppresses the knowledge. He falls to the old lure. Says the serpent in the garden: "Ye shall be as gods."

So Faustus goes on to learn conjuring, and summons up from the realms below the devil Mephistophilis, signing away his soul in exchange for twenty-four years of what he believes will be limitless power and "a world of profit and delight." It does not actually work out that way, of course, and that is despite Marlowe's at best tenuous personal connections to Christian orthodoxy. One of the signs throughout the play that Faustus is hoisting himself on his own petard is that his very body seems to suffer one breach or amputation after another. That loss of corporal integrity is most fitting, because in desiring to be more than human, Faustus has in principle denied his nature as a body-soul union. The denial is made explicit in one of the conditions of the "deal" he cuts with Hell: "That Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance." He wants to be, in effect, an angel—a fallen angel.

His desire is a version of what in our time has been called "angelism," a strange denial of our physical nature, as if the body were merely a vessel to be manipulated by our true being, a spectral "self" that inhabits it, and does so with a great deal of impatience. Freedom, for the angelist, would be a liberation from the body, and therefore also a liberation from all of those tenets of the natural law that are deduced from the body's form and its functions. We see it in our attempts to transcend the sexual binary of male and female, resulting in the loss of any clear sense of what sex means to begin with. So Faustus, the trans-corporal, must breach his own body to sign the deal in blood; he will experience the apparent loss of a leg, and even the loss of his head; and his greatest fear, when he teeters on the brink of repentance, is that the devils will come and tear him limb from limb.

And as the clock strikes midnight on that fatal hour when the twenty-four years are done, Faustus wishes he were not more than human but less, much less—even inanimate: "O soul, be changed to little water drops / and fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!" Milton will later pick up the hint from Marlowe, and have his Moloch, in *Paradise Lost*, recommend open war against God who has thrust the fallen angels into Hell, not because he hopes for victory, though he makes a big show of it, but because he hopes for annihilation, when God's wrath will "quite destroy us, happier far / Than miserable to have eternal being." But we should not see this terrible reduction of Faustus as a merely extrinsic punishment. To try to step beyond the human is already to fall, to leap as Satan does into a "vast vacuity." So Marlowe does not provide the devil-assisted Faustus with twenty-four years of victory. They are instead twenty-four years of hedonism and petty parlor tricks: cheating a horse trader, putting horns on the head of a scornful courtier, giving the Pope a slap upside the head, and fetching fresh grapes in December for a pregnant duchess. What doth it profit a man, says Jesus, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? But for a bunch of grapes?



# Y of the Life & Death of Doctor Faustus
## nion Reflections by a Fellow & an Alumnus

### Rough Magic

*By Jonathan Wanner '14*

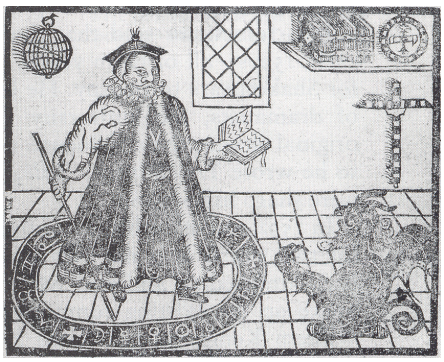
The story of *Doctor Faustus* may lack the zest of war and courtly love, but it endeavors nonetheless to undertake epic latitudes by charting the rise and fall of one man's appetite to become God rather than obey Him. An Elizabethan Everyman, Faustus is glutted with a desire to surpass all men in "learning's golden gifts." Touting a vast intellectual inventory, he bemoans the petty profits he has culled from disputations in logic, physics, law, and divinity, resolving rather to reorient his vaulting ambition toward a new end: "the metaphysics" of magic. Underlying this turn in perspective is a radical presumption: that man's dominion over nature "stretches as far as doth the mind of man." More than his stomach, Faustus's gluttony resides in his imagination—or as he terms it, his "own fantasy." He would be a poet-deity who, like God, can compose and unravel creation according to his whims: he would make the dead rise, pluck grapes from the air, and conjure wonders no less sublime than Helen of Troy. Purchasing the magic of the demon Mephistophilis at the price of his eternal soul, Faustus conspires to change the terms of divinity so that, subjecting the supernatural to his own nature, he might exceed the threshold of reason's natural powers. Faustus, under this scheme, values knowledge to the extent that it holds dominion over space and time. To him, a magician is "a mighty god" precisely because he does more than speculate: he partakes in a most divine act—creation.

During the time Doctor Faustus was written the word creation carried with it serious implications. Although Medieval authors spoke metaphorically of God as a poet and the world as His book, they did not typically reverse the analogy and speak of the human poet as a god or

poems as creations. Man merely "makes" art from preconceived matter: God alone possesses the generative power to create. This dichotomy is rooted in the very word "poet," derived from the Greek *poiein*—"to make." By the 16th century, however, the influence of Italian and French humanists led English authors to turn the analogy on its head, attributing divine creative powers to poets. We may read Marlowe's play, however, as a critique of this notion, demonstrating the limitations of the artist-as-God analogy and the ill effects which arise from taking man's divine powers too seriously. Faustus, after all, is far from omnipotent. Even when he purchases the aid of Mephistophilis, the demon refuses to give him a wife; Lucifer forbids him even to think the name of God; and the "miracles" he conjures are insubstantial, illusions which he largely employs for degenerate pranks and petty entertainment. In the end his magic profits him "nothing but external trash." Just as Mephistophilis suggests that Hell is wherever he presently is, so too man creates Hell wherever his imagination turns the theater of this world into the diabolical playhouse of his insatiable appetite—be it in the fancy of witchcraft, the excess of escapist art, or the allure of technology's utopic promises.

Finally, we can read the play as a commentary on the illusive reality of theater's "magic." Throughout the play Marlowe correlates the word "performance" with magic and theater alike. Several times the chorus prophesies that its words will be incarnated in dramatic action as Faustus theatrically performs his fate; alongside this the presentational showmanship of Faustus and Mephistophilis reminds us time and again that their "performance" of illusions proves the mystique of their paranormal prowess. These self-reflections upon the very act of theater remind the audience that as dazzling as the spectacles of playhouses are, they, like this world, are only a shadow of a more substantial reality. Turning to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, we find the truth of this notion in Prospero: surrendering his earthly magic, he submits to the reality of his nature's limitations; by ending the play asking for the audience's prayers, he causes us to fold our hands in the orisons of applause. This is Faustus's ultimate mistake: unlike Prospero, he fails to realize that his soul is not his own. It is God's or the Devil's; there is nothing but the "rough magic" of illusion in between.

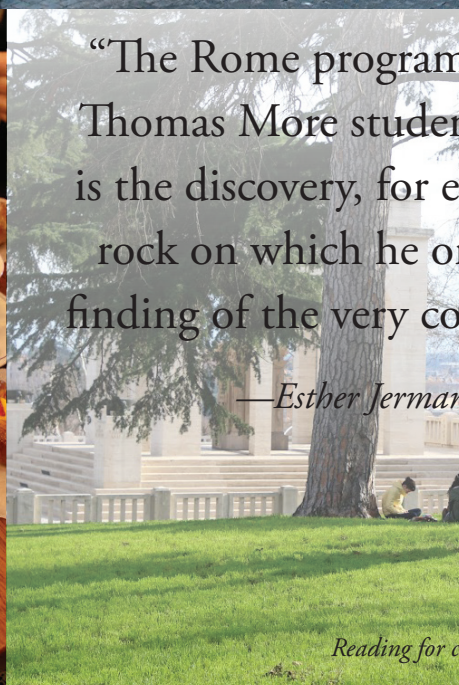
*Mr. Wanner is a candidate for the Ph.D. in English and a teaching fellow at Catholic University of America.*



*Woodcut from a 1620 edition.*

*Spring break in Poland.*


*Keeping a sketchbook.*

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*—Esther Jerma*

*Reading for*

# The Rome Program

*Pilgrimage to Castel Gandolfo.*

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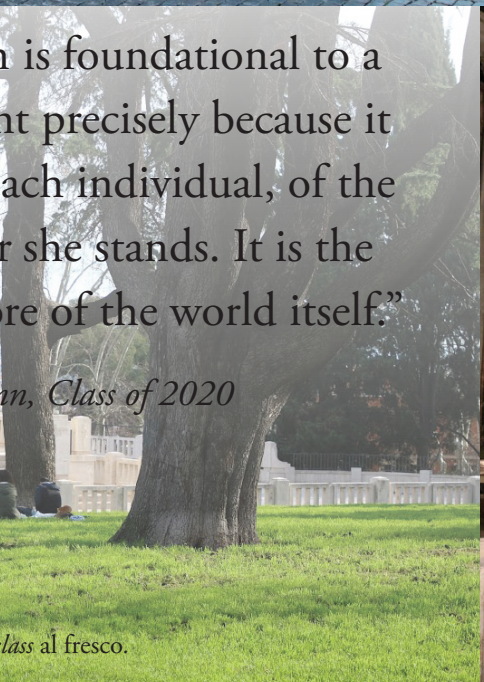
*n, Class of 2020*



*lass* al fresco.

# The Liturgical Day at TMC

*By Ella Fordyce, Class of 2019*

"Lord open my lips," the leader intones as Lauds begins. "And my mouth shall show forth thy praise," the other students chant back as they cross themselves. It seems an odd request; our lips must already be open to make the petition. But the simple prayer is not so much a request to part our lips as it is a reminder of why we part our lips at all: to praise the Lord. No songs sung, no words written, could ever praise the Lord in full for all that He has done. But that should not dissuade us from filling the span of the day with prayer. Students at Thomas More College of Liberal Arts do so by praying the Liturgy of the Hours and attending daily Mass.

The liturgical day at TMC begins with Lauds. Students stumble out of bed early in the morning to make their way down to the chapel in the red colonial barn. All campus is quiet at that hour; the day will not fully begin until after Lauds has been sung. Kneeling in pews, the gentlemen on one side and the ladies on the other, the students wait in silence until the leader rises to intone the opening prayer. After the opening, the leader chants Psalm 95 (94), an invitation to praise the Lord: "Come, let us sing to the Lord and shout with joy to the Rock who saves us."

Three more psalms are sung antiphonally; the men's side sings two lines, then the ladies' side sings the next two. The melody is simple, notes rising up before softly subsiding. It creates a gentle solemn cadence, and lends the words a deeper meaning. Every plea is heartfelt, every praise sincere. The subject matter of the psalms differs from day to day. Often the psalms express supplication, and a yearning for the Lord's aid: "God of hosts, bring us back; let your face shine on us and we shall be saved."

Next follows a brief reading, usually an exhortation from Saint Paul. Then the leader reads the intercessions. After chanting first the Canticle of Zechariah and then the Our Father, the students pray briefly in silence. Having fortified themselves for the day with prayer, they file down to the Café to fortify themselves with breakfast. Noise slowly fills the campus as students get ready for class. The day has begun.

As noon draws near, the high point of the spiritual day arrives with Daily Mass. In some ways, the Liturgy of the Hours and the Sacrifice of the Mass are similar. Together they comprise the public prayer of the Church. Both are embued with scripture, especially from the psalms. Both invite the faithful to praise the Lord in prayer and song. The relationship between God and man, however, is quite different at Mass.

The psalms during Lauds often express a feeling of anticipation, of yearning for the Messiah to come. The students, as they pray, are very much supplicants seeking the Lord. These prayers are answered as they find the Lord in the sacrifice of the Mass. During the Consecration, in the tiny barn chapel, Christ the Savior is made truly, physically present. Here at last is the Messiah whom the psalmists sought through long centuries. Having met face-to-face the answer to their prayers, the students leave the chapel ready to face the trials of the afternoon.

Classes continue and dinner follows. Darkness creeps across campus, and the quiet that reigned in the early morning draws strength once more. The day is coming to a close, and the students gather in the chapel one last time to pray the office of Compline. Again the leader crosses himself, this time intoning, "O God come to my aid," to which the body of students responds, "O Lord, make haste to help me."

The theme of the Lord's aid continues through Compline as students ask the Lord to keep watch over them during the night. They begin by singing the hymn "*Te Lucis Ante Terminum*," which asks that the Lord "from all ill dreams defend our eyes." Another psalm is chanted; then, after a reading from Saint Paul, the leader intones the responsory, "Into your hands, Lord, I commend my spirit." The students seek rest for the night by surrendering their souls unto God; the body cannot rest unless the soul has submitted to the Lord. It is as Saint Augustine says: "Our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee."

Next the students sing the "*Nunc Dimittis*," a canticle taken from the Gospel of Luke. After the final blessing, the students close by beseeching Our Lady's intercession in a Marian hymn—"*Alma Redemptoris Mater*," "*Ave Regina Caelorum*," "*Regina Caeli*," or "*Salve Regina*"—depending on the liturgical season. Compline is finished, night is truly fallen. Once more the students depart in silence, peaceful in the knowledge that the Lord watches over them. Tomorrow, they will again go to classes, talk with friends, and eat meals. But woven through the day, they will rest and praise the Lord.

# Preparing for Marriage at TMC

*By Student Staff*

In a world that focuses so heavily on jobs and careers, many of us are so intent on doing *something* that we forget to consider what it is we *should* be doing in the first place. Reflection is suppressed as a distraction from our work and life becomes an apparently infinite series of tasks interrupted only by the ever-ignored yet ever-approaching finality of death. Thomas More College of Liberal Arts opposes this reduction of man and his ends. In continuity with the Western tradition, the College seeks to awaken young people to the centrality of reflection for human flourishing and to the importance of discerning a personal vocation. In the classroom and in the chapel, the mind is formed to understand and to live out the priority of contemplation over activity, and each student is provided with the tools necessary to discern and to respond to his or her own vocation.

Most young people are called to the married state, so it is no surprise that many TMC students discern this call. No fewer than ten students and recent graduates are currently engaged to be married, and at least another ten were married in the last year or so (we won't speculate on how many more are contemplating marriage). The overwhelming majority of these couples met at TMC. Clearly Thomas More College is a good place to meet a future spouse, but it is also a good place to prepare for marriage.

*TMC Chaplain Fr. John Healey witnesses and blesses the betrothal of Brigette Nelson and Ryan Fagan, both Class of 2019.*

*Rosso Fiorentino's 1523* Betrothal of the Virgin *hangs in the Basilica di San Lorenzo, Florence.*

When asked how her education at TMC has helped her to prepare for marriage to Ethan O'Connor '17, Eileen Lloyd, Class of 2018, commented, "One of the biggest life-changing things here was taking Mr. Thompson's class on the Incarnation where we spent the entire class talking about love and its nature." As love is the meaning of marriage (according to the terminology of Dietrich von Hildebrand in his excellent work, *Marriage: the Mystery of Faithful Love*), a formal study of the nature of true love is inestimably valuable to a happy marriage. At Thomas More College, it is this study of fundamental truths that can then be applied to individual lives which gives direction to personal vocations.

Outside of the classroom, TMC students discerning marriage or preparing for it have ample support from the many priests in the TMC community. Several affianced couples are receiving marriage instruction from Fr. John Brancich, FSSP, Pastor of St. Stanislaus Catholic Church in Nashua, NH, about ten minutes from campus.

*(Continued on page 10)*

## Marriage Prep at TMC

*(Continued from page 9)*

Fr. Brancich fosters conversation on details of marriage that the couple may not have considered and instructs the couple in the nature and ends of sacramental marriage, particularly its indissolubility in light of Christ's teaching, "Every one that putteth away his wife, and marrieth another, committeth adultery." Fr. Brancich said that the most important point for him to emphasize is that "marriage is a sacrament, and the most important part of the marriage is that the two will be joined together in a holy bond, a contract with God and with each other."

When asked what he had drawn from his own preparatory experience with Fr. Charles Higgins, Pastor of Mary Immaculate of Lourdes Catholic Church in Newton, MA, Peter Lajoie, Class of 2019, responded, "It gave a certain weight and importance to what we were doing, in light of an increasingly perverted world culture. It was good to know what we were up against." Mr. Lajoie's wife, Theresa (neé Mazzarella), Class of 2018, said that they were often reminded, "Be open to any of the challenges that God gives you to deal with."

TMC students preparing for marriage also have recourse to supernatural aids. In addition to Mass and Confessions on campus, area priests like Fr. Brancich and Fr. Higgins, as well as TMC Chaplain Fr. John Healey, administer the Church's ancient rite of betrothal. Rooted in the Jewish betrothal that Our Lady and St. Joseph had entered into before the Annunciation, as well as in Roman custom, Catholic betrothal (Latin, *sponsalia*) is likewise a contract of future marriage between two persons. When solemnly witnessed by a priest, betrothal includes a series of blessings and is hence a sacramental, bestowing grace on the couple to strengthen them in their mutual commitment to God and one another. The text and rubrics of the ceremony condense all that marriage prep—both inside and outside the classroom—is meant to accomplish.

# TMC's Beloved Card Catalog

## Treasures from the Library

*Each semester, Thomas More College librarian Alexis Rohlfing—née Recchia '08, wife of MacKenzie Rohlfing, '05—highlights some of the hidden gems of the collection. Mrs. Rohlfing maintains a blog,* A Library for All Seasons, *at tmcwarrenlibrary.wordpress.com.*

*By Alexis Rohlfing '08, Librarian*

The Warren Memorial Library has its fair share of treasures spanning a fair length of time. It's easy to find something intriguing in every room—including the foyer. And no, I'm not referring to the returns cart. No, this particular treasure is easy to find, as it takes up most of the room. We're taking a break from the books this semester to discuss everyone's favorite library feature: the card catalog.

Card catalogs are a dying breed, with digital catalogs becoming standard practice. There is a lot to be said for a digital catalog from a search perspective, and for the ease of maintaining holdings. For all that, there is a deep-seated love of the card catalog, both at the college and in the wider world of bibliophiles. So where did the card catalog come from and why is it so treasured?

First, a quick history of the card catalog. It all goes back to the invention of the 3x5 index card. In the 1760s, Carl Linnaeus invented the index card to make it easier to track the taxonomy of various organisms and minerals. Prior to that, he had to write them in a book, which can cause issues when you run out of paper or need to reorganize. Libraries faced the same issue with the constant additions and changes to the collection, so about 30 years later libraries started to utilize the same method. About 90 years later, Melvil Dewey pioneered his system of book organization. The cards that had been held in different orders from library to library took on the same shape. Combine that with the development of the cabinets


*Swedish botanist Carl von Linné (Linnaeus) invented the index card around 1760.*

themselves at the same time (another Dewey development, the cabinet design being patented by his Library Bureau company) and the card catalog is born.

The cards and the cabinet have retained their form and function since, with some minor changes to scale the cabinets larger and smaller as needed. The College's catalog is stored in similar cabinets—two very large models, and two "counter-sized" ones. The catalog has three main components—cards by author, by title, and by subject. The cards come from the old OCLC service (formerly, Ohio College Library Center; now, Online Computer Library Center) and are typed as opposed to written in library hand. Our collection hovers somewhere around 45,000 volumes; consider the number of cards we hold! One for title, one (or more) for author, and at least five subject cards for each volume. There are easily 300,000 discrete cards in those cabinets, lined up neat as a pin, each holding all that you would need to find the book you want.

It's easy enough to see how the maintenance of a such a system would be time-consuming, and how having one entry per work that covers all these variables is easier. And yet, a quick glance at the Library of Congress blog or Instagram will show a profusion of card catalog love (though not, I imagine, from those tasked with typing or writing out those cards). Typing search terms into a computer is very different from flipping quietly through cards, where something else may catch your eye. The card catalog, at its most whimsical, is a great source of research serendipity. You also certainly feel accomplished when you find what you need, in the same way that you would feel accomplished in unearthing anything of value. Finding what you seek in the card catalog is a smaller reflection of finding what you look for in a book or play or poem. That, I think, is why people come back to the card catalog. When it is so easy to Google, it is nice to slow down, browse, and discover new things in the card catalog.

Should you happen into the library, you can bounce between the card catalog and the digital catalog, balanced between getting to the book that you need and exploring the other books that are available.

*TMC's catalog contains over 300,000 cards.*

Thomas More College
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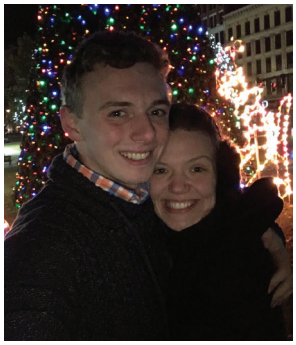
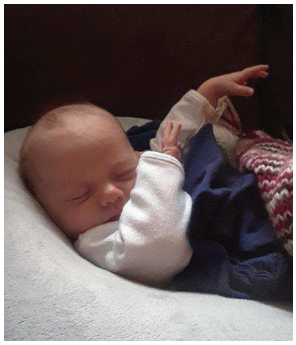
Merrimack, NH 03054

# The Society Page





*Left to right, top to bottom:*

**Engagements:**

Brigette Nelson and Ryan Fagan, both Class of 2019

Mary Grace Greer ’17 and Michael Yost, Class of 2018

Antoinette Deardurff ’16 and Michael Bryan ’13

Carley Novotny ’15 and Dominic Cassella, Class of 2018

**Wedding:**

Marguerite (née Deardurff) and Zachary Naccash, Class of 2018

**Baby:**

Antonio Stephen DeVito, son of Maureen “Molly” (née Lloyd ’13) and Frank DeVito

**Share your alumni news and pictures in the next *Communitas*! Email adeardurff@thomasmorecollege.edu.**