Like Thoreau in Walden, we will record our sauntering here, remembering that “if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours.”

---

**Editors’ Note**

By Adam Heisman & Camille St. Regis, editors

As editors, we decided to take a more lenient approach to the articles in this semester’s issue of The Saunterer. We did not establish a single, unified theme and asked the students of the Honors Program to write about whatever they wanted to share. It is by a strange coincidence that so many of these articles are about going abroad.

The knowledge that such cultural exposure offers is a fundamental part of what distinguishes Honors students. They thrive not on the world that they know and with which they are familiar, but on content that is new and mysterious. Experiencing other cultures allows an individual empathic insight into the way other people think and behave, giving us a better connection to and understanding of them.

Honors is built upon this principle of going outside what is familiar and learning about the unfamiliar. Our courses are cross-curricular and our interests lie not in one field, but in many. Even if we do not leave the United States, we still challenge ourselves to be exposed to new and different experiences, both in our personal lives and in our academic careers.

This issue of The Saunterer is dedicated to this multicultural essence. Each of these articles highlights, in some way, a student of the Honors Program experiencing something outside of their own world and exploring it with an open mind and keen interest. We offered no boundaries or limitations this semester and received an appropriate, yet coherent, diversity of responses.

---

**On Academic Conferences**

By Adam Heisman

Research, conferences and presentations. This is the pinnacle of Honors to me. Everything that I have learned through my time at Salisbury University culminates in the form of an academic conference. It reflects what I have accomplished, like knowledge made manifest. Standing up in front of an audience and presenting material that has come to almost represent me as an academic.

Yet, there is so much more to it.

The conferences I have been to include the National Conference for Undergraduate Research (NCUR) and the North-Eastern Regional Honors Conference (NRHC), and they have proven to be about so much more than simply presenting research. They reinforce the positive relationship between students and faculty, especially with regards to the Honors Program.

NCUR for me was an enjoyable experience. I went to a state I had never been before, presented research, met a couple friends there and generally had a relaxing pseudo-vacation. It was a good experience, but the focus was still on my research.

NRHC was a totally different experience. Our group was much smaller and more personal. Most of us knew each other already and were led by a teacher with whom we were already familiar. The conference was no longer about our individual presentations with a peripheral focus on other side events. It became a community event, taking on a much broader sense of interconnection.

In my memory, my presentation has been overshadowed by everything else that happened that weekend. What I remember most vividly is the restaurant chatter the night before and the open mic night later on (which I actually skipped, much to my regret). I think I am most disappointed that I missed out on our group’s impromptu jam session; I never knew Dr. Carlander played guitar!

If you asked me what I did for NCUR, I would tell you about my presentation and how that went. If you asked the same question for NRHC, I would tell you about the restaurants we went to, our experiences walking around Baltimore, the various conversations with Dr. Carlander, getting lost in the city – everything from that weekend, except for my presentation. I am proud of the research I presented there, but care much more for the time I spent there.

My opinion on the importance of academic conferences has not changed. I think they represent a crucial part of academia and the Honors Program, but I also see beyond that. They build relationships and connections within the program. The bond of Honors that connects each member is strengthened through events like NRHC. There is more to conferences than mere academic clout. I think that community, alongside academic esteem, is the rightful pinnacle of the Honors Program.
Charades, or How to Speak Spanish

By Noelle Ford

This is originally from Noelle Ford’s travel blog. To read more about her study abroad experience, go to www.whereintheworldisnoelle.wordpress.com.

Speaking Spanish combines three very important things: humiliation, charades and the ability to laugh at one’s self. A lot. So here are some stories of my speaking poorly.

1. The first week here [Malaga, Spain], I was a little neurotic. Meaning I was beyond hysterical. My left eye twitched. A lot. And I had donned this crazy whisper voice whenever I spoke to anyone Spanish. So after not sleeping for about two and half days (literally, no sleep) due to the snoring of my old roommate, I decided to buy a fan. The sound, I repeated over and over in my head, the sound will let me sleep. Shivering, since, uh, it is the dead of winter in January … so in the 50s I trudged into Corte Inglés (the equivalent of a Nordstrom, except that it has eight floors, including a travel agency and a full supermarket). After finding a man in a blue CORTE INGLÉS suit, I told him, in my creepy baby whisper voice:


The blue suit coughed a little and leaned forward, “Perdón?”

Assuming the man didn’t hear me because I am speaking like a two year old, I repeated myself, a little louder: “Busco por la ventadora.”

The man’s eyebrows lowered. I repeated myself again, speaking slower, pronouncing the word “vent-a-dora.” The blue suit nodded and began to walk.

I followed him, weaving in between the hundreds of aisles in planta 4 (floor four). He finally stopped in front of this woman. A beautiful española wearing a feminine blue suit. Man blue suit spat rapid fire Spanish words at the woman blue suit, who shrugged. I stand there, nervous, my foot tapping the floor aggressively.

Finally, Blue Boy turned me to pointed at the Blue Girl. “Ventadora,” he told me.

Confused, I stepped closer to the counter that Blue Girl stood behind. Blue Man repeated his word “Ventadora,” his voice gruffer. Blue Girl shook her perfect hair and smiled at me. Assuming, that I need to tell the woman what I want, I mumbled my same phrase: “Busco por la ventadora.”

Blue Girl nodded and said “Sí. Yo sé.” (Yes, I know.)

But she didn’t move.

Ok. So here is where the story gets a bit more, well, real. And I can’t say I’m proud. But please remember that I am going off no sleep and my Mom was in the United States and I was very hungry and my feet hurt. Because that does play a part in, this, well exchange.

Essentially, what happened was this: I repeated my desire (ventadora) and the Blue Girl repeated her answer (Sí).

“Ventadora?” Me, hesitant.

“Sí.” Blue girl, rolling her eyes.

Me, twitching, “Busco Ventadora?”

Blue girl, “Y?” (And?)

Me, succumbing to charades, began to wave...
Amelia’s Farewell Letter

By Amelia Willoughby, HSA President

I am always last. Having the last name Willoughby, and being of petite Amazon proportions, has alphabetically and genetically predisposed me to the end of lines, the back of classrooms and the final pages of yearbooks. Such circumstances could have been a great way to exercise patience, yet I’ve never been one for such a virtue. Being last made me an acute observer. I never had to listen to directions – I always had the luxury of watching what everyone before me did and then follow suit later. Naturally, such a habit pervaded every aspect of my life, and joining the Honors Program was no different.

It was the senior year of high school and I had no idea what I was going to do. All of my friends had already applied to their schools and I was somewhat at a loss. On the last hour of the last day Salisbury University was accepting applications, I filled out the online form. A few months later I found out I was accepted; however, I had also been accepted to Franciscan University, and I was positive that it was better matched to my needs (being nine hours away and triple the cost of SU seemed completely logical in my 17-year-old mind). My indecisive nature, though, impaired my ability to out-right reject Salisbury, and again, by the day of the deadline, I felt a strange impulse to commit. The summer passed inconsequentially, until I unearthed a buried e-mail from Dr. Richard England. It was an invitation to the Bellavance Honors Program, sent three months ago. Whoops. So again, the day before the semester began, I expressed my interest in the program and was placed in Dr. Stephanie Moore’s Latin America and Delmarva’s Latino Community course the next day.

Dr. Moore’s class was, in a word, terrifying. Compared to my first class of the day (ECON 150) that had about 70 students, the Honors class had about 13. Suddenly my last name and height meant nothing. However, within the first couple of minutes, I was bewitched by an international student with a velvety voice. I was smitten. Sadly, he did not notice my existence. I finally mustered enough courage to ask him what Honors course he was taking next semester, and he said that, as an international relations major (as was I), the Contemporary China course intrigued him. I was heart broken. It did sound terribly interesting, but I really wanted to take the Darfur Genocide class, and both were HONR 112. So I did something drastic, I took both. Which at the time, may seem foolish (perhaps because it was), but I am really happy that I did end up taking both because I learned more than I could have imagined. It was also at this time I met my mentor, Dr. Lucy Morrison. She really inspired me to not only stay with the program, but to also present my research at conferences.

Dr. Morrison is incredible, comparable to the Hulk – I could easily write a whole article singing her praises and her major impact on my life, but I think a humble thank you is all I can offer at the moment. I successfully completed the Honors Program by the first semester of my junior year. Within that time, I took classes ranging from Russian Literature to Science in Modern Society to Styron Literature, and I even presented my Darfur research at NCUR in Missoula, MT. The Honors Program really brought me out of myself and into the world – figuratively and literally. Despite all of the amazing courses I took, I must admit that saying goodbye to all of the wonderful people I met through the program will be the most difficult. I really thank all of the students, faculty and staff of the Bellavance Honors Program who supported and taught me so very much. To all of my teachers: Dr. Moore, Dr. Pat McDermott, Dr. Morrison, Dr. Timothy Stock, Dr. Brent Zaprowski, and Dr. Greg Cashman; to the directors of the program (both past and present) Drs. England, again, Dr. Morrison and Dr. Jay Garland; and to the staff Linda Abresch and Tina Melczarek, both of you ladies have meant so much to me and the program. Lastly, thank you to my classmates and the students of the Honors Program, with a special thank you to my co-president, best friend and scholastic Catholic in crime Noelle Ford and the charming exchange student from my first class. Both of you are my greatest memories of Honors, and I could not have done it without you!

As I look around the Honors House, I cannot help but remember the fond memories. Having endless conversations with Jamie about amazing music, maybe sharing a kiss or two under the mistletoe, eating the delicious treats prepared by Andrea and Rebecca, listening to Bridget into the wee hours of the morning, playing hide and seek with Noelle (and discovering the “secret room” of the house, I invite you to try to find it!), crying and pounding my head against the keyboard at 3 a.m. – okay perhaps the last memory is not so fond, but definitely memorable. The Honors Program made me realize my limits, and more than that, it has helped me realize the endless possibilities that exist within me and my future.

My last name is Willoughby and I am 5’8”, but the Honors Program made me forfeit any excuse to make myself last, or even second. The program was both academically demanding and socially engaging – it was the best decision I made upon acceptance to SU, even if it was at the last minute. Even now I am writing this piece 30 minutes before the deadline, thank you Camille for your patience, some things never change.

I’ll remember you all in Seattle!
When someone asks me to list the courses I’m taking this semester, I have to pause for a few moments before it hits me again: I’m taking five classes, four credits each. Naming all my professors in less than 60 seconds is no easy task, and not just because I’m bad with names.

“Let’s see ... well I’m taking one 300-level French, three 400-level English courses and Darwinism, my Honors class.”

“Why?”

Why indeed. I have amassed an arsenal of replies for those who question my life choices, the first of which is I decided to do this in lieu of getting a job during the semester. I figured that if I pile on the classes I could graduate a whole year early and save myself thousands in tuition and room and board. This is particularly compelling if you find yourself in the position I’ve been in since my first semester freshmen year: paying my own way through school. My other reasons are not quite as gripping. These include: I wanted to see if I could handle it, I love challenges, I couldn’t choose just four classes and I’m a masochist. All of these are true, to some extent.

So far, the workload has been just shy of impossible. Readings assume the form of mountains composed entirely of books and papers on my desk, and I even find myself dreaming in text — mostly gibberish that appears before my eyes as they move from left to right and back again behind closed lids, mimicking that familiar motion that consumes most of my waking life. Not a day goes by that I don’t find myself reading something for at least two of my classes. On top of this, my readings stem from various time periods and languages: in Medieval English Lit, we read Old English and Middle English; in Shakespeare, we read ... something that resembles modern English (I’m not convinced); in Darwinism, we read scientific jargon; in French, on l’il en français; and in my Writing Center class, modern English at last. Maybe I’m making too big a deal out of all this. I’m lucky; I love languages.

What I don’t love is not being able to devote much time to my assignments. I’m one of those students who will spend too many hours to count writing any given essay, if time permits. When in the midst of composing an essay, I will weave the topic I’m exploring into every conversation, which usually involves confessing how inadequate I consider my treatment of the subject matter to be. People tell me to relax, to use inductive reasoning and assume that I will get a good grade because I always do.

Inductive reasoning only breeds a false sense of security. I often find myself wondering if there is a point to all this reading, studying, writing, and obsessing over even the minutest details of an essay. Why am I doing this?

This question is especially difficult to answer at two in the morning, when I’m still up reading, even though I know my internal clock will not permit me to sleep past 7:30 in the morning. You could say that I’m burning the candle at both ends, but I’m pretty sure that by now I’m nothing more than a wickless pool of wax. And then, I find myself reading or thinking in French without consciously realizing it, grasping the double meaning of a text with ease, or experiencing a flurry of mental activity that lasts for an entire class period, sometimes a day. But the question remains: why am I really doing all this? Why can’t I just allow myself to have a normal, far less stressful college experience, save for the fact that I have to worry about the financial burden of college? Do I really love challenges this much?

Maybe. But the point is, it’s easy to question yourself when you’re only 19 and you have a vague idea at best as to where you’re going and what you’re going to do, or what you aspire to do after college. The best way to handle this question is to ignore it. “Why?” is a question that can be answered later, à l’avenir. Right now, we need to trust our instincts to lead us somewhere we will want to be. My instincts tell me that if I get through this semester, I will have gained something valuable in terms of life experience. Now that we’re halfway through the semester, and now that I’ve learned to embrace low As that neighbor high Bs, I feel I’ve earned the right to say this: just go for it, whatever “it” is. I’m shooting for something celestial, something beyond the moon. Maybe I’ll land in a crater. Maybe I’ll make friends with the man on the moon while I’m there. I wonder what language he’ll speak.
Chelsea Chmél’s Roman Holiday

Interview Questions by Camille St. Regis

Did you learn much Italian on your trip? Unfortunately, I did not learn much besides basic greetings, polite phrases, yes and no, and a few names of foods. I became accustomed to saying ciao (hello and goodbye), salve (a more polite version of hello and goodbye), grazie (thank you), arrivederci (hope to see you again), si and no (yes and no), and per favore (please). I also learned acqua minerale and acqua naturale, which means “carbonated water” and “noncarbonated water,” respectively.

Did you learn anything interesting or profound about Italian culture, language, Italy or life over the course of your voyage? Definitely. Italian culture is very different than ours. For example, when walking into a store, restaurant, café, home or anything with people in it, you MUST greet them. That means interrupting their conversation to scream hello, thank you and goodbye. They consider it very rude if you do not. Also, Italy is a socialist state. I was surprised to learn that they had public healthcare and that heart surgery is free! I found this unbelievable. I also learned so much about ancient Rome’s architectural styles, traditions and emperors, and about present-day Italy’s struggle with the past, present and future. For example, in order build a subway, they would have to dig into the ground and destroy 2,000-year-old ruins. Even though they interfere with their daily lives, these ruins are of great importance to Italian culture and are one of the few remaining traces of the ancient world. Consequently, Italians struggle to find the delicate balance between holding onto the precious historical past while moving forward and making the city more efficient. Though it was considerably less modern, Rome did not feel too far from home. It reminded me of being in a big, bustling city like New York, except with 2,000-year-old history everywhere you look.

One more thing was that you always had to pay for water. Very different than America! Also, instead of leaving 15 percent at restaurants, you should always leave 1 euro (about $1.30 U.S. dollars), no matter how much the meal was. It is simply a custom!

How did you spend your time? Did you take classes or were you free to roam about the city? We spent the majority of our time as a class going to ancient sites, walking around Aventine Hill, where we stayed, and visiting tourist attractions. Most of our class time was spent on site during our day-long trips to certain ruins, churches, sites, etc. Sometimes, before we left in the mornings (reasonably early), we would sit in the lobby of the hotel and have a formal class. Every night we were required to keep journals as well. As the weeks progressed (three weeks total), we were able to roam the city more freely with our bus passes because we were starting to get to know the area. For only about half our meals we ate together as a class, leaving a lot of time for exploring, seeing sites by ourselves and finding different restaurants. Some areas we visited were the Colosseum, Isola Sacra (Sacred Island, a necropolis or city of the dead), the Forums, Capitoline Hill, the Circus Maximus remains, the Domus (house) at Palazzo Valentini, Piazza Navona, San Clemente, the Palatine Hill, the Vatican museum, St. Peter’s Basilica, St. Peter’s tomb under the basilica, the Aqeducts, the Baths of Caracalla, the Capuchin Crypt (which was basically a church decorated with human bones), Cinecitta (where movies are made in Rome), the Castle of San Angelo, Herculanuem, Ostia Antica and San Giovanni, one of many Roman churches.

What’s one thing you’ll always remember about your experience in a foreign land? I will always remember the beauty of Rome. There was so much history and magic, some so preserved that you could imagine living there 2,000 years ago. I will never forget the experience itself of traveling to a foreign country and seeing all the beautiful and unfamiliar churches, ancient ruins, food and people I met along the way.

Charades, or How to Speak Spanish continued from page 2


And then I get it.

Ventadora. Means clerk. Yep. Blue Girl? A clerk. I was saying “I look for a clerk.” But because it is ventadora with an a – a female clerk. I look for a female clerk. So here this poor woman is being screamed at as I slap my arms around like some freakish helicopter impersonator. Realizing this, I apologize profusely and try to explain what I really want (cosa que – uh – como – uh – … ) with the help of charades. Ventadora realizes exactly what I mean and then “No. No tenemos eso. Es invierno.” (No. We dont have this. It’s winter.)

Yep.

In A ndulucía, many people cut off the end of words. For example, Gracias becomes gracia and hasta luego becomes has lug. And since I am “Andulucian,” I thought I would take this into practice. So when someone would ask me if spoke English, I would respond happily “Si, hablo ingle.” Now, Inglés is the correct word. With the accent over the é, which means it is pronounced Ingl-ay-s. But I would leave out the accent. For no reason, really. Just because yo hablo ingle.


No.


3. I went to Spanish confession before Ash Wednesday. It was very interesting because Spanish confession at the Catedral in Malaga is said out in the open. You kneel and speak through a window. But everyone is able to see you do this since it is not a room, just a kind of wooden structure. Nervous, I kneel and immediately dive into my confession.

“Perdoname, Padre porque tengo muchos pecados.” Forgive me, Father because I have many sins.

The priest leans forward again and asks me to repeat myself.

“Perdoname, Padre porque tengo muchos pecados.”

He asks me to repeat, slower.


We do this twice before I realize what I am saying.

The word for sin is pec-ado. Not pe-s-cados. Pecado? Si. Pescado? Fish. I am telling this priest to forgive me for I have many fish.
It all begins with a dream and a lesson in a classroom. There, sitting on a Sunday morning at Temple Beth Ami, a light-brown-haired girl with big green eyes and delicate skin is intently listening to her fifth grade Hebrew school teacher describe in great detail the wonders of a place called Israel, a place for the Jewish people, a place where dreams come true. Soon this girl starts to envision herself in this land called “Israel,” as though it was a fairy tale place where she could flee reality. Maybe this is the place where she can finally find harmony and a place to meditate on her thoughts, where she can believe in something. Yes, she decides she will believe in Israel. Though she is quite small, her big dreams will not burden her. She quietly tells herself that one day she, like many others before her, will go to Israel.

I was this little girl. Throughout my Hebrew school days, one of my favorite subjects was Israel, partly because Zionism, the establishment of a Jewish homeland, has always been quite important to me. I believe that after many years of wandering, the Jewish people need to find a place to settle down; if I was wandering for 40 years, my feet would be sore and I would need a good foot massage and rest. All joking aside, I always want to be a part of Israel and support the country. The national anthem called “Hatikvah” means “the Hope,” and part of the hope is to pass the importance of a Jewish state from {\textit{E\textdollar o\textdollar v\textdollar e\textdollar d\textdollar o\textdollar r\textdollar o\textdollar r\textdollar o\textdollar r}} or from generation to generation. I got to experience what hope can feel like with Birthright, a nonprofit organization dedicated to the hope and the law of return, which welcomes all Jews into Israel. Birthright provides a free 10-day trip for Jewish people. I chose to go on a trip with a group called {\textit{Tolim}}, which translates to Israel Outdoors.

Along with all this hope, there is also sorrow. When I was in Jerusalem, visiting the Western Wall – also known as the Wailing Wall – it hit me. Not just tears streamed down my face, but vivid images of people I knew fighting for their lives flooded in. This was the place where my people were almost destroyed. Sad story aside, my family was there with me as well; they too had been to this place. My Bubbie and my Pop-Pop had touched this wall, as had my parents. Talk about {\textit{E\textdollar o\textdollar v\textdollar e\textdollar d\textdollar o\textdollar r\textdollar o\textdollar r\textdollar o\textdollar r}}, I managed to leave two little prayers in the cracks of the wall since I got to go twice, first on the Sabbath, then again later that week.

In the Negev, the desert region of Israel, I rode a camel. This desert is surprisingly cold in January. It was a rewarding experience learning to ride a camel and being a part of a camel caravan, despite the coldness of the Bedouin tent where I slept at night. To make my camel Phil stand up after I had climbed on his back, I had to endure a little roller coaster ride as his front legs first extended and then his hind legs followed shortly thereafter. It was the opposite when I got off. The camel caravan made me feel as if I was in a movie set in the Middle East; I kept singing “Arabian Nights” from Aladdin. Riding a camel was truly a once in a lifetime experience that I will never forget.

Two other favorite places of mine were Masada, an ancient mountain fortress, and Safed, a place of Jewish mysticism. It was really early in the morning, before sunrise, when I ascended Masada. The purpose of this hike was to watch the sunrise over the Dead Sea. Although it was quite spectacular, I would rather not get up that early again. As for Safed, it was indeed a place of mystery and marvels. It was as though the spirits of the ancient world were calling out to me. On second thought, what I assumed was ancient spirits calling out to me may have been all the wonderful shops and places to eat calling out to my taste buds. There were so many other places I went. There was Tel Aviv as well as the Dead Sea itself, where what happened there, stayed there. On the Sabbath, I got to experience Machane Yehuda, the Jerusalem marketplace. There was Sde Boker (the grave of David Ben-Gurion), Yad Vashem (the Holocaust museum), wine tasting, more hiking and relaxation in a hot spring. This is how my childhood dream of Israel became a reality.
I Love Paris in the Springtime

By Kate Connolly

This may be the line out of one a Frank Sinatra’s songs, but, to me, it summarizes my spring break. While some of my classmates were on white sandy beaches down south or buried under mountains of schoolwork at their kitchen tables, I decided to pack my bags and head across the ocean. A longtime friend is studying abroad in Paris, France, so I took advantage of her hospitality and knowledge of the French language. I spent 10 days with my friend exploring the city and all it has to offer. We took in the country’s rich history, historic landmarks, amazing art and delectable cuisine.

When I am asked what I did while I was there, I feel it would often be easier to say what I did not do. One day I went to the top of the Eiffel Tower, and another I went to the Palace of Versailles. I spent some time admiring the Mona Lisa and other great pieces of artwork in the Louvre (although I probably could have spent the whole 10 days there). I saw the tomb of Napoleon and admired the architecture and stained glass of Notre Dame.

One warm day, my friend showed me where the French president lived while walking the Champs-Elysées (the Fifth Avenue of Paris). As we saw golden arches, stalwart guards and a long line of people, we thought for sure we were in the right place. So we got in line, walked the path and walked right into a five story building. As we walked through the massive gilded doors, we discovered why the line was so long. There were shirtless male models with whom women of all ages were lined up to get a picture. This, however, was not the most amusing part of the day. The best part (for my friend at least – I really enjoyed the models) was when we actually found the president’s house and saw that there were no tourists or anyone for that matter around.

I was sad to leave Paris at the end of my adventure. In those 10 short days, I had learned a little French, practiced my Spanish, discovered that I know zero Russian and visited some of the Europe’s most historic monuments. I met people from all over the world, climbed atop some of the world’s most famous landmarks and had an awesome adventure with one of my best friends. Although I was sad to say goodbye and leave this fairy-tale place, I knew that there were tests, quizzes, papers and HSA meetings waiting for me back at Salisbury.

Veni, Vidi, Fugi, Revini: “I Came, I Saw, I Fled, I Returned”

By Theo Williams

My mother, as an English professor, has always encouraged the study of languages. However, as a high school student, I wanted nothing to do with languages. Taking three years of Latin in high school, I dreaded every class. My mother attempted to stress the importance of language education to me, yet I obstinately refused to listen. After my third year of Latin, I swore it off forever. Little did I know where life would take me. As a scholar, and a mom, my mother could not bear to see me swear off learning. She encouraged me to take a college history class my senior year of high school. Dr. Kristen Walton’s passion for history reignited my love for the subject. Entering college as a history major, I devoted myself to research of the medieval period. However, I kept coming up against the same problem over and over again: languages.

I realized that to pursue my dream of being a historian and a medievalist, I would need to learn languages, namely French and, of course, Latin. Unfortunately, Salisbury University does not offer any Latin courses, so I had to look toward private tutoring. I then approached Salisbury’s eminently knowledgeable Dr. Timothy Miller, who specializes not only in Medieval studies, but Byzantine and medical history as well. He can not only tell you about any aspect of history, but he will always make the time do so. Meeting regularly for over two months, Dr. Miller would answer any possible question I might have had about medieval history. As my freshman year drew to a close, Dr. Miller agreed to teach me Latin, even though he was in the process of finishing his third book. This summer, returning once more to Latin, I devoted myself to the very language that just a few years prior I swore never to study again. As last fall approached, Dr. Miller and I desired to set up an independent study for my Latin research. As Dr. Miller was on sabbatical, this was not possible. Understanding my financial constraints as a college student, Dr. Miller generously continued to assist me in my Latin studies, meeting with me once a week. Through the great skill and seemingly infinite knowledge of Dr. Miller, we flew through the book. Dr. Miller furthered not only my Latin education, but also often attempted to connect Latin to my French studies, even occasionally tying in Greek and German.

At this time, Dr. Miller approached me with an idea for publication. As Dr. Miller has been published several times before, he was shooting big. In my medieval research, I have often consulted the journal Speculum, published by Cambridge University. Some of the greatest medieval historians have been published in this prestigious journal, including Dr. Miller himself. Dr. Miller wishes to get published again by this journal, this time, however, with my name as co-author. Having successfully set up independent studies for the winter and this current spring semester, I have devoted myself to the translation of Statuts de la Léproserie de Brives, “the Statutes of the Leprosarium of Brives.” This 13th century document written by Gui Faucou, latter known as Pope Clement IV, lays out 36 rules that these monks had to follow. Interestingly, this document portrays not only the life of these monks, who were stricken by leprosy, but also, as Dr. Miller believes, this document was a precursor to a modern democratic constitution.

Having learned Classical Latin, translating this medieval document has presented me with a great challenge because of the degradation of Latin during the medieval period. Currently we are half-way through translation and hope to complete the document and the adjoining article by the end of summer.

Dr. Miller, who is teaching an Honors class next fall, exemplifies the excellence of Salisbury’s faculty, especially the Thomas A. Bellavance Honors Program. These professors have afforded me incredible opportunities as an undergraduate student. Numerous professors have personally assisted me in my research, Dr. Miller and Dr. Walton being chief among them. Translating this document has taught me much, and, honestly, has been a rather enjoyable experience. Just a few years ago I would never have described Latin as “fun,” but Dr. Miller, the faculty of Salisbury and my mother have shown me the “fun” side of learning languages.
Attention Alumni:
If this newsletter was forwarded to you, please provide a current mailing address so we can mail direct in the future. Send updated addresses to:

honorsprogram@salisbury.edu

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED
PLEASE FORWARD (if necessary)