

VISIONS MAGAZINE

VOLUME 20 SPRING 2020
20TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

ARTS & LITERATURE

ABOUT COFFEEHOUSE

**TWENTY YEARS
OF VISIONS**

**THE MYSTERY OF THE
MISSING MAGAZINE**

MUSEUM OF RAIDER ART

**COLOR WHEEL
CHALLENGE**

MEMORY PROJECT

**ART IN OUR CITY:
COMMUNITY
PARTNERSHIP**

SENIOR FEATURES

DINAMARY COMPRES

QIHANG GUO

JUJU JAWORSKI

CAROLINE McLAUGHLIN

SARA PETRAKIS

YICHENG WANG



Three young men are performing on a stage. The man on the left is wearing a dark blue sweater over a white collared shirt and khaki pants, holding a microphone. The man in the center is wearing a green bomber jacket over a white t-shirt and blue jeans, also holding a microphone. The man on the right is wearing a light green hoodie with a red and black logo and black pants, holding a microphone. In the background, there is a drum set and a banner with the word 'COFFEEHOUSE' partially visible. The stage is lit with blue and red lights.

COFFEEHOUSE

OCTOBER 31, 2019
DECEMBER 21, 2019
MARCH 6, 2020
MAY 29, 2020



ABOUT COFFEEHOUSE

We are descended from the dimly-lit cafes of Greenwich Village. These places - where beatniks in sunglasses and folkies with acoustic guitars performed at open microphones under the bright lights and amid the chatter of glassware - were the wellspring of the revolution.

Four nights each year, we try to recapture some of that magic.

At the conclusion of the school day, a hundred students quickly and quietly transform the Baroni Hall into something entirely different. They retrieve furniture, equipment, and decorations from every corner of our school. As we build the sound and lighting rig, assemble the concession, unpack the merch booth, and set the house, it all starts to come together just around sundown. The smell of fresh coffee begins to scent the air.

And then the doors open.

Our floor show starts a short time later. Student and faculty writers, poets, singers, musicians - storytellers all - take the stage and work together to create an evening that celebrates the voices and visions of our Central Catholic community.

When the evening concludes with the singing of the Alma Mater, all of our guests join in the now-traditional breakdown of the room. In thirty minutes, everything has been returned and packed away. From the look of the place, you couldn't be sure that the Coffeehouse ever even happened.

This year's events included a collaboration with S.C.O.P.E. in celebration of Hispanic Heritage Month; our third annual Christmas Coffeehouse, which saw the Baroni Hall transformed into a winter wonderland - complete with an enchanted forest; and a Spirit Day Coffeehouse hosted in conjunction with Student Council.

Due to the devastating spread of COVID-19 and the resulting social distancing guidelines, it was not possible to host our fourth Coffeehouse of the year in person. This event usually doubles as our fond farewell to seniors and a launch party for this magazine. In response to our new normal, Visions hosted its first-ever Virtual Coffeehouse. Students and faculty created videos of their acts from their homes, which were then live-streamed to all of our guests. Some people would later recount that they even smelled the faint scent of coffee wafting from their laptops. While we were not together physically, we were all there in spirit.

To our seniors, we will miss you dearly. Thank you for all that you have done to transform Visions into what it has become over the past four years. To our underclassmen who have performed on our stage before, we can't wait to see what you will show us next. To those of you who have never performed at Coffeehouse before, we are here when you are ready. To all those who have come out to support us, we couldn't do it without you.

Mr. Matt Joyal & Mr. Mark Svendsen
Visions Moderators

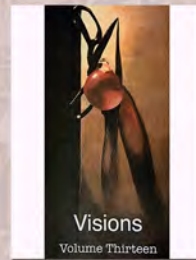
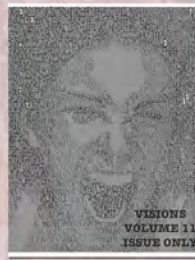
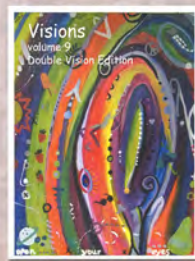
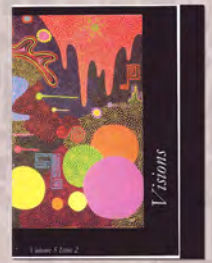
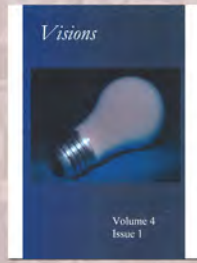
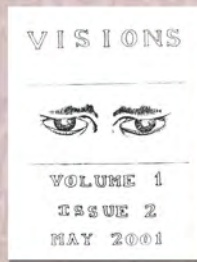


2019-2020 PERFORMERS

MIKAYLA ALMEIDA 2022 | BERANIA ARIAS 2020 | MAX BELAND 2020
SEBASTIAN BENEDETTO 2021 | OLIVIA BENVENUTO 2021 | HELENA BERNIER 2023
MR. RICK CAVANAUGH | ANTHONY CHAMOUN 2021 | EMILY CHEN 2021 | CHLOE CHUN 2021
DELANEY CLARK 2020 | QUENTIN COLLINS 2020 | TREVOR COLLINS 2022 | TOM CUDDY 2022
LIV DIFIORE 2023 | JONELLE ECHENDU 2023 | MADDIE FREITAS 2020 | MEGAN GALLAGHER 2021
GRACE GARESCHÉ 2021 | RYAN GEORGE 2021 | KRISTIN GNABASIK 2022 | NICO GONZALEZ 2022
SIOBHÁN HALE 2020 | MR. TIM HART | BRIANNA HASBANY 2022 | ALEX HAY 2020
KYLE HEBERT 2021 | KERRIGAN HEMP 2020 | ENEDILY HENRIQUEZ 2022
FELIPE HERNANDEZ 2022 | WENZHENG (JIMMY) HU 2022 | SEBASTIAN HUTCHISON 2020
ZACHARY JACQUES 2020 | JUJU JAWORSKI 2020 | MR. MATT JOYAL | BRENDON KELLEY 2020
ELINA KHOURY 2021 | BRIANNA KORECKI 2020 | CATE MANGIONE 2022 | MRS. DANIELLE MARINE
MARIA MATAAC 2021 | SYDNEY MODA 2022 | NOAH NORRIS 2020 | MRS. LAURA O'CONNOR
ARIANNA OHANIAN 2020 | FAITH OMOSEFE 2022 | BRANDON PEREZ 2021 | BELLA PERROTTA 2022
SARA PETRAKIS 2020 | OLIVIA PITOCHELLI 2020 | JAMES POTHIER 2020
ANYA QUAGLIETTA 2021 | RANJANA RAMESH 2023 | DAVID ROZEMBURG 2021 | SOFIA RUIZ 2022
CALEB SCOTCH 2023 | CAITLIN SINE 2021 | ANNA SORENSON 2020 | JULIAN SPADA 2022
CAROLINE SULLIVAN 2021 | DELIA SULLIVAN 2023 | JACK SULLIVAN 2021 | MR. MARK SVENDSEN
VICTORIA TORRES 2021 | DREW TREMBLAY 2023 | SUN VENKAT 2023 | SEAN VUMBACO 2020
ISABEL WETHERBEE 2020 | JACKSON WETHERBEE 2022 | IZABELLA ZOUËIN 2023







VISIONS THROUGH THE YEARS

2001-2020

Twenty Years of VISIONS

CELEBRATING THE ARTS AT CENTRAL CATHOLIC

This year, we celebrate the twentieth year of the *Visions Literary and Arts Magazine*. Started during the 2000-2001 school year by Mr. Joseph Welch of the English Department, the magazine has grown and developed into a Central Catholic institution.

VISIONS MODERATORS REMEMBER

In its earliest days, Visions provided just another opportunity to support the arts in our CCHS community. The magazine's evolution over the years from a makeshift collection of written pieces - stapled together by hand before school! - to professional publications featuring student art and photography in color admirably captures and celebrates the diverse and laudable talents of our students. And with the open mic nights now, Visions is no longer just a magazine: It's an experience! I am incredibly thankful for the contributions of students and staff over the years. And I am sincerely humbled by the impressive legacy fostered by those who appreciate and nurture its original creative spirit today.

-Joe Welch

When I think back to the five years that I moderated Visions, I have only happy (and happily chaotic) memories. Whether we were doing layout on the floor of room 302, collaborating in the conference rooms of Nevins Library, scanning away in the guidance office, or bringing ALL of the covers to Riverside Press, we never took for granted the opportunities to express, laugh, debate, learn and create. Gathering at England's MicroCreamery and then eventually in the Baroni to connect over messages, songs, talents, and coffee was an experience that made our community come alive and continues today. It gave us a deeper respect for each other and the way we each made sense of the world. I am so proud of all the Visionaries, past and present, and I wholeheartedly love this magazine and all it represents. Thank you to Mr. Welch for creating this space and to all those who've added to its magic over the years.

-Kristin Tetreau

In the brief time I moderated Visions, I most loved the collective of both shared experiences and diverse perspectives. This magazine embodies the very real importance and human need to express both verbally and visually; as those shared experiences become the common ground, our connection point to one another and a deeper understanding of our true selves.

-Nikki Giraffo



JOSEPH WELCH
2001 - 2006
2014 - 2016



KRISTIN TETREAU
2006 - 2012



NIKKI GIRAFFO
2012 - 2014



MATT JOYAL
2016 - 2020



MARK SVENDSEN
2016 - 2020

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING MAGAZINE

MR. MARK SVENDSEN, EDITED BY MR. MATT JOYAL

Like all of my stories, this one is long and convoluted. If it were a holiday decoration, it would be a strand of tangled Christmas lights with a few missing bulbs.

In celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the publication of the first *Visions Literary & Arts Magazine*, Mr. Matt Joyal and I set out at the beginning of the year to find copies of every volume and issue ever printed. Mr. Joseph Welch was more than happy to supply two giant boxes full of the *Visions* archives from his time as moderator and beyond. Mrs. Kristin Tetreau also was able to provide some of the volumes that were not in the original boxes. After sorting through all of the materials in the archive and creating a master set of magazines, we realized that we were still missing a couple of the publications. In pure Mr. Joyal fashion he said that he would look for them later - after all he probably had them in his room somewhere.

Fast forward to April 1: I asked Mr. Joyal if he was able to find any of the missing copies. He hadn't. Even though he told me he did, in fact, look for the missing volumes throughout the school year, I'm more than a little skeptical. Volumes 13 and 15 were still among the missing.

Desperate for leads, I put an email blast out to the faculty. Many responded saying that they had stacks of past *Visions* in their classrooms and that I was welcome to go into school and look. After formulating a search plan, I drove into school and started the hunt. The building was quiet - too quiet.

Success came fast, but was fleeting. Mr. Tim Hart's stash of magazines revealed Volume 13! Volume 15, however, was not there. I next checked Ms. Casey Coyne's bookshelf - again, no Volume 15. I took a deep breath and returned to the archives that Mr. Welch had given us at the beginning of the year. No luck. I even reached out to Ms. Nikki Giraffo, a former CCHS art teacher and *Visions* moderator. She was happy to hear from us but could sadly offer no promising leads.

Later that evening, I sat surrounded by old copies of the magazine, unable to wrap my head around a few key details that didn't make sense. The magazine was first published in 2001 and the issues from that year were numbered as Volume 1. The 2002 magazines were numbered as Volume 2 and so on. How then, could the 2020 magazine be Volume 21? Something wasn't right. Could it be that two volumes were mistakenly published in the same year? Was there simply a volume of the publication that no one in living memory could locate? Had I stumbled upon the work of some nefarious underworld organization operating from the shadows?

Shrugging off the need for sleep, I began combing through the magazines in more detail to check publication dates against volume numbers. Volumes 1 through 14 were all released in their corresponding years. Then something strange happened. Volume 16 was published in 2015. I called Mr. Joyal, who had just settled down to listen to some smooth jazz and sip some chamomile tea in his study before bed. He was not pleased to hear from me. I convinced him to begin checking his personal library of Central Catholic yearbooks.

After a few moments of silence, his voice came through the receiver with the information I needed. He supplied a list of the seniors on the *Visions* staff for 2014 and 2015. By cross-referencing this with the information printed in the magazine, I confirmed my deepest suspicion. In the end it was Mr. Welch, the creator of *Visions*, who made a small clerical error that led to a year-long treasure hunt. Since I am pretty sure that Mr. Welch is incapable of human error, my only thought is that he purposely adjusted the numbering to give me and Mr. Joyal something to obsess over (and him a good chuckle).

The mystery was solved; the case was cracked. All that was left to do was to correct the numbering system. We have made the choice to call this magazine Volume 20 in order to reset the volume numbers to match their corresponding years. And now I can sleep again.

Museum of
Raider Art

Museum of
Raider Art

THE ARTS GO ONLINE!

The Central Catholic Fine & Performing Arts Department is proud to present the Museum of Raider Art (MORA). The online galleries officially opened on Friday, May 8, 2020. This dynamic, online platform is curated by art teachers Mrs. Jennifer Chatigny and Mrs. Lauren Roeser and features student work from a variety of different visual arts classes at Central Catholic.

MORA GALLERIES

- Advanced Placement Studio Art
- Drawing and Painting
- Introduction to Visual Art: Freshmen
- Introduction to Visual Art: Sophomores
- Photography and Composition
- Sculpture

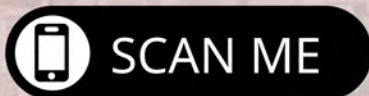
CURATORS

Mrs. Jennifer Chatigny
Mrs. Lauren Roeser

PLAN YOUR VISIT: 2020 ART EXPO

You are invited to sit back, relax, and browse our online galleries and exhibits.

www.centralcatholic.net/mora





DINAMARY COMPRES

2020





GRACE CALDWELL 2021



ISABEL DANOS 2020



JUJU JAWORSKI 2020 MENDED FENCE

Silence is louder
Than any yell
Than any scream
Than any cry
Than any argument
That permeates these four walls or my cellphone speaker

Seeing someone's name
Fall to the bottom of your recent caller log
Stings like
A knife being driven between your shoulder blades

It's not for the obvious reason though
There is no guilt
Or shame
In the words said

(Words you can't take back)

They needed to be released into the world
Because if you
Had kept them bottled inside
The explosion afterward
Would have been much worse

The sting
Is due to an identity crisis

For once
This isn't about them
This is about you
And who you are

You can't change their actions
You can't take back your words

But,
Every morning
When you look in the mirror
You have to see your reflection staring back at you

Your two brown eyes
Your freckles dancing on your cheeks
Your knotty hair

And you have to know
That you did
All you could

That you
Chose kindness over despair

That you
Chose to mend the fence
Even though
Someone else
Would have left
It in shambles

Because,
At the end of the day,
You are stuck with you

Don't let
The connotation
Of the word
Stuck
Become a negative one

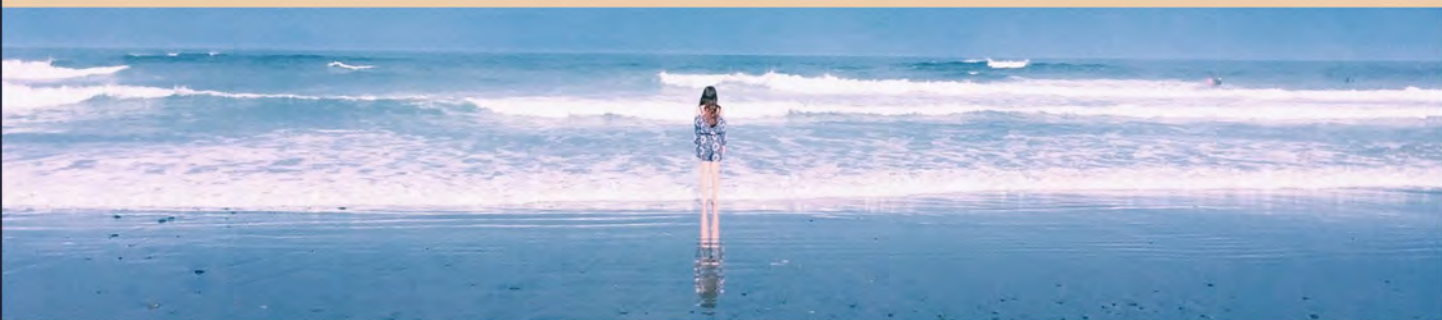
Be *stuck* with someone you love
Be *stuck* with someone you are proud of
Be *stuck* with you

The *you* that
Chose to take the hammer and nails
And mend the fence

So you can rest easy
Knowing you fought
To find the good
Amidst the bad



MR. MARC PELLETIER



HANNAH PATTERSON 2022



KAT DESIMONE 2020

ISABEL DANOS 2020



MANNY MARTIS 2020

AT SEVENTEEN

November

At seventeen, I learned:

That vulnerability is beautiful
That warm knit sweaters feel like hugs
That the music of *Hairspray* brought a certain smile to my face
That performing at *Visions* with my best friend made me feel whole

December

At seventeen, I learned:

That I wear my heart on my sleeve more than I should
That car rides with my Dad are special
That iced coffee is still essential even when it's cold outside
That stepping out of your comfort zone serves as a reward
That Christmas lights shine the brightest in New York City

January

At seventeen, I learned:

That sitting and having coffee with your mom feeds your soul
That communication is key to any relationship
That prom dress shopping is a stressful event
That nothing feels as crisp as New York in the winter

February

At seventeen, I learned:

That the energy you get from watching the Super Bowl with your friends is infectious
That making plans for the future can give you a little light in what looks like a long tunnel
That music is always the answer

March

At seventeen, I learned:

That school pep rallies ignite a fire in you
That I tend to care too much
That pets aren't around forever
That seeing my favorite actor point me out in a crowd makes my heart swell

April

At seventeen, I learned:

That a hug from your mom and a phone call with your best friend can be the best remedy
That the warmth of a spotlight makes your face rosier than ever
That my grandma is proud of me
That ball gowns aren't the easiest to walk in
That some people don't have your best interest at heart

May

At seventeen, I learned:

That being vulnerable is scary
That having my best friend move over 400 miles away was going to be hard
That you really do meet some of the best people in your life between four cement walls called high school

June

At seventeen, I learned:

That Junior year was as hard as they said it would be
That life is very short
That you should not take a single second for granted
That spending long nights laughing with your friends makes your heart feel a little less heavy during tragedy

July

At seventeen, I learned:

That family reunions radiate a certain type of magic
That the people you miss miss you too
That nights up at the lake bring calmness
That standing outside a stagedoor with my friends can still cause me to shake

August

At seventeen, I learned:

That some people will take your hard work for granted
That the buzz of a rehearsal room makes me feel alive
That the music of Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons never gets old
That watching my best friend pull out of my driveway and fly 400 miles away *was* really hard

September

At seventeen, I learned:

That nothing beats having a full table at third lunch with all of your friends
That college applications can be draining
That having a study in your schedule can save your life
That people can surprise you
That you need to trust your gut

October

At seventeen, I learned:

That your mindset is key
That heart-to-hearts in a parking lot late at night can make you feel whole
That high school flies by before you know it
That photographing with cellophane is harder than it looks
That a puppy can provide you the most unconditional love in the world
That once you find what makes you happy, run with it and never look back
That this year taught me a lot about myself through it's ups and downs, and I would not change it for the world

EXCERPTS FROM "LASTS"

I always imagined the infamous lasts
Of my high school experience

The hallmarks
That I had heard about
From upperclassmen
Who told me they knew
I'd be in their shoes soon

I always envisioned
The last time I'd say "here" for attendance in homeroom
The last time I'd turn the dial on my lock 26 6 16
The last time I'd yawn as I stood for morning announcements
The last time I'd sling my backpack over my shoulders to trek to first period
The last time I'd fidget with my pencil waiting for a test to be handed out
The last time I'd hear the crinkling of my brown paper lunch bag under my fingers
The last time I'd hear immerse myself in a sea of laughter at my lunch table
The last time I'd take a walk around the hallways with Liv when I was feeling anxious
The last time I'd grab a mint from the bowl in the guidance office
The last time I'd step on the Central stage and take my final bow
The last time I'd sing our send-off song
The last time I'd read my written works out loud in the cafeteria
The last time I'd sing the Alma Mater staring out into a sea of people I love

These small things
These gifts I cherished
Were suddenly gone in a blink of an eye

But along with these small details
The big details
Vanished too

I had always envisioned
Senior prom
Senior day
Awards ceremony
Senior breakfast
Baccalaureate
Graduation

Saying a proper goodbye to the four walls
that transformed me into who I am today
Sitting here
Writing this
For you

Life is full of a lot of lasts
And there will be many more to come

I just wish
I had gotten to experience some of these ones



JUJU 2020
JAWORSKI 2020



JACK HANLON 2020



CHARLIE POWERS 2020



JACK HANLON 2020



MANNY MARTIS 2020

COLLEENE KABARIA 2022 NEVER TAKE THINGS FOR GRANTED

i never gave them a hug
not even a proper goodbye

“see u in two weeks”

i don't even know what day it is anymore,
i've never been this sad,
the news playing every second of every day,

“we haven't even reached the peak yet”
“the most deadliest day in the US so far”

i've already heard enough bad news
regret seeps in...

all i want to do is be with my friends again,
i miss the after school shenanigans
i miss the lunchtime banter
i miss walking the crowded halls
i miss my homeroom
i miss the theatre
i miss sitting in the raider café drinking hot chocolate

i wish i appreciated my friends more,
my education more,
my school more.

u never know who or what you'll miss, till its gone,
never take things for granted

SOPHIA BELAND 2020





MR. MATT JOYAL

ZULLYMAR CASTRO 2022 GONE

My heart drops to my stomach hard making it feel like an empty hole. Doubt and confusion racing through my mind, but overall fear. What? I say. I couldn't move for a brief second like a video on pause. Your house is on fire! Fulana yells. Let's go! Get in the car. Those words spun around my head. Each time it did, it got louder and louder and was bringing me back to reality.

The first thing that came to my mind was my dog. I wanted to run over there, but I knew I couldn't. I called my closest friend and told her everything. She was nice enough to give me clothes since we knew it was going to be gone. I kept thinking about my family, my dog, my house, my room. I still don't know if anyone made it out alive. The word gone makes me feel empty like an unused box. Just sitting there. I try to call my mom but she wouldn't pick up. My worries just kept growing like a stack of papers.

I stare and stare and stare at the wall for what it seemed like an eternity. My face blank like I got writer's block. A text on my phone makes my heart skip a beat. Everyone is fine no one was hurt. But - BUT?! Why is there a BUT? Our dog died, it read. My eyes opened so wide to the point where they started to hurt. She was like my best friend. She was my best friend. I cried hysterically, and I didn't care at all if the whole city heard me. I let my body drop to the ground. I wanted to stay there but my friend was there to pick me up.

I felt like my whole life was put on silence, like everything I had in life meant nothing. She was my best friend. She was always there when I needed someone. Is this what people call depression? Is this why I feel so empty?

The next day at school, all eyes were on me since it was on the news. I felt hollow, like the inside of a birch tree. I wanted to be at home. I miss my bed, my childhood blanket, my back yard.

No one knew how I really felt. I always keep my stuff locked in. There's no key for it. Rivulets of hot tears come down my face. I can't cry. I need to be strong, for my mom.

THE COLOR WHEEL CHALLENGE

FEATURING:

CAROLINE
CLARK
2022

BRAEDAN
CURRAN
2023

JACLYN
DEHNEY
2023

SKYLER
DESCOTEAUX
2023

ADRIANA
LEBLANC
2023

ANDREW
LESOFSKY
2022

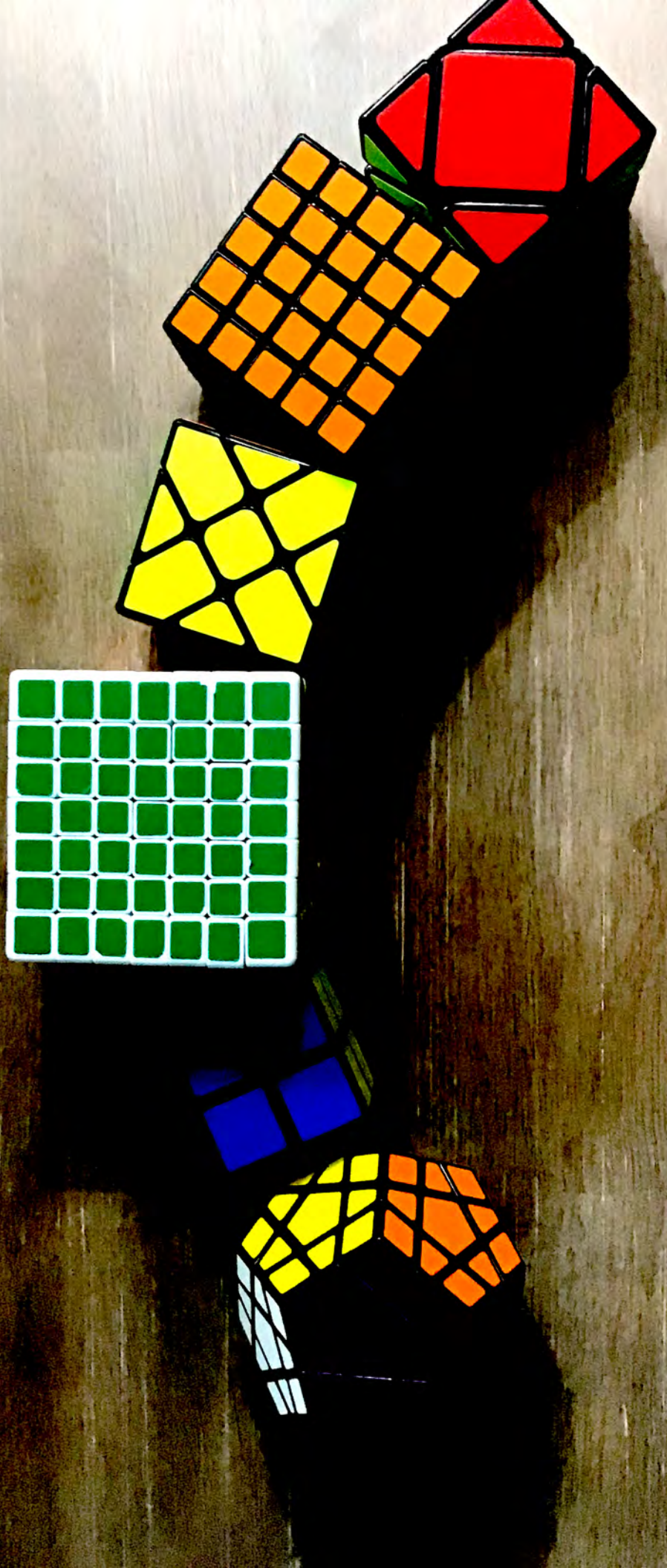
PAMELA
MATEO
2023

CAROLINE
ROURKE
2023

KATE
SANTOS
2022

BRYNA
SPRATT
2022

CHEN
WANG
2022

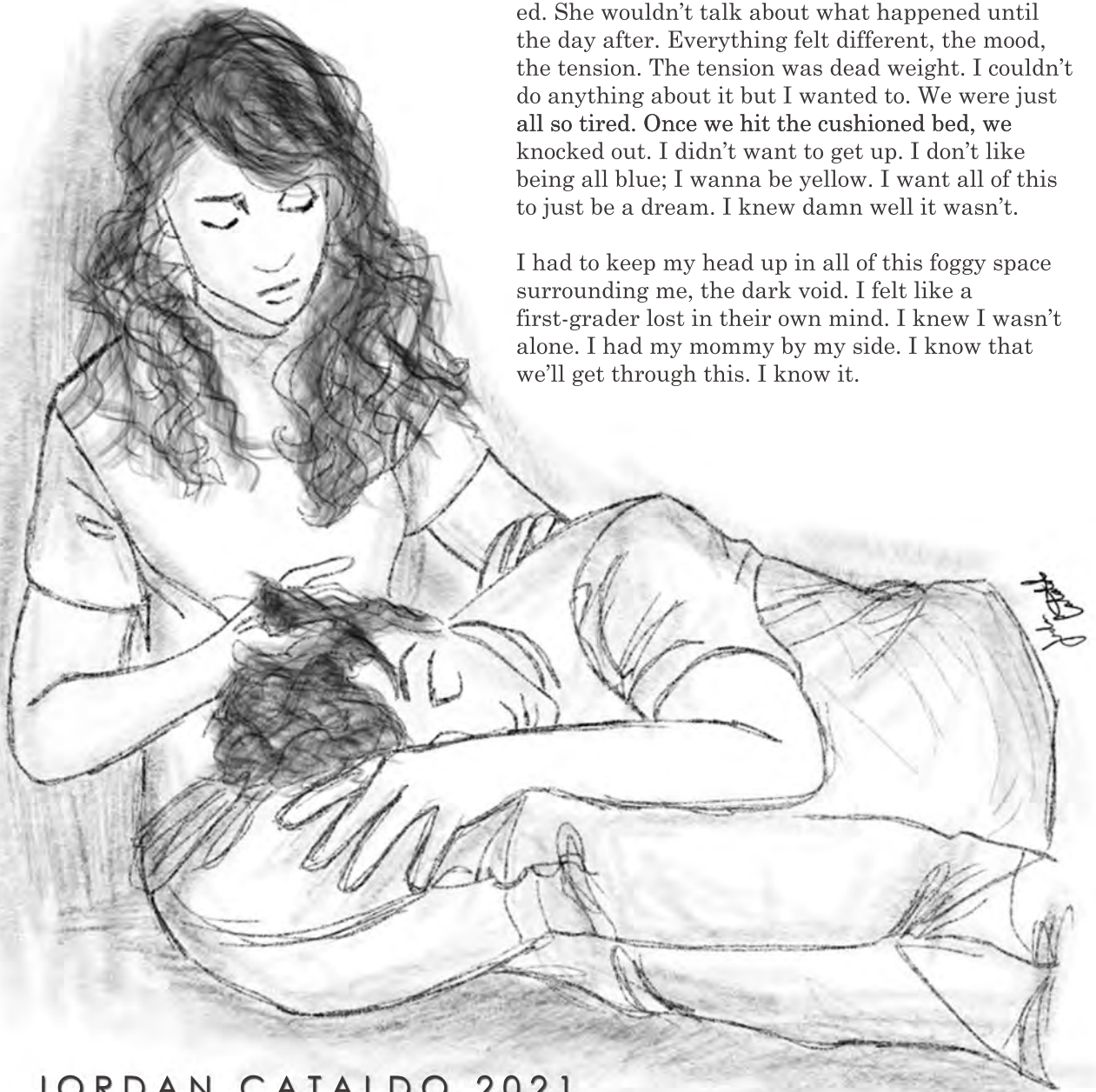


ZULLYMAR CASTRO 2022 VOID

The ride to the hotel was silent. A silence that bothered your ears as if it was actual noise. The only thing that interrupted it was my sniffles with a little wet to it. I felt the frigid cold air hit my face like a punch. I walk to our hotel room, my mind blank. I am rendered speechless. I just wanted peace. I wanted to feel my mom's body warmth. I wanted to feel safe again. But this time my mom was going through something way worse than I was.

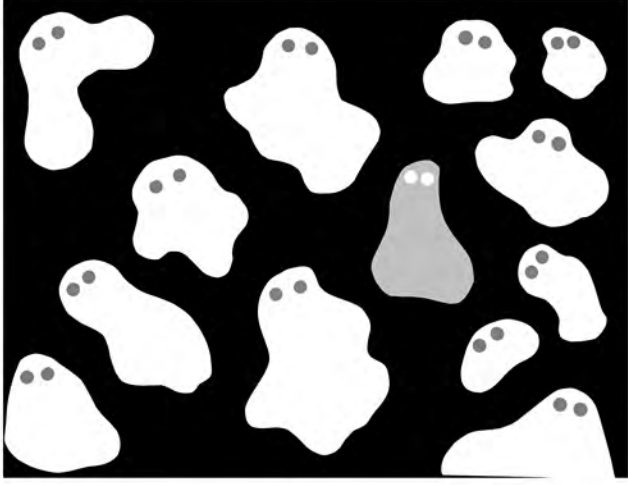
Mom, the one who's supposed to give you love when you needed most, was not there. This time our roles changed. My mom was both aggravated and wounded. She wouldn't talk about what happened until the day after. Everything felt different, the mood, the tension. The tension was dead weight. I couldn't do anything about it but I wanted to. We were just all so tired. Once we hit the cushioned bed, we knocked out. I didn't want to get up. I don't like being all blue; I wanna be yellow. I want all of this to just be a dream. I knew damn well it wasn't.

I had to keep my head up in all of this foggy space surrounding me, the dark void. I felt like a first-grader lost in their own mind. I knew I wasn't alone. I had my mommy by my side. I know that we'll get through this. I know it.

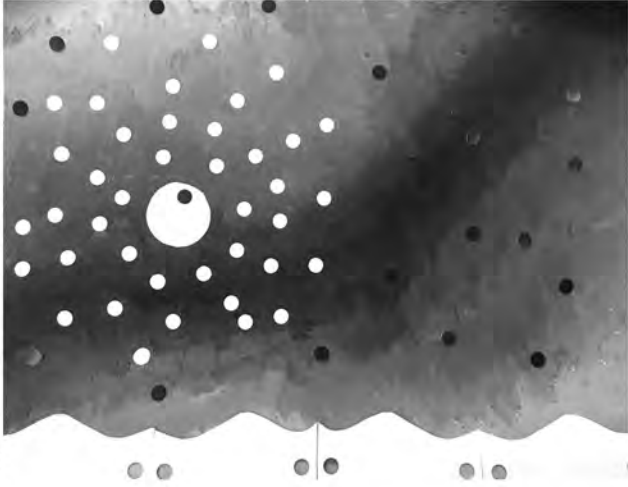


JORDAN CATALDO 2021

JORDAN CATALDO 2021



MEGAN GALLAGHER 2021



CORMAC CRIPPEN 2020



RYLEIGH CYR 2021



HALEY FERRARA 2020

JUJU JAWORSKI 2020 I AM MADE OF...

I am made of...

The warmth of my parents' arms as they sandwich me in a group hug
The laughter that fills my stomach at the lunch table with my best friends
The six digit combination and cold touch of my red locker lined up against the horseshoe
The unconditional love my dog gives me when she hugs my leg after a long school day

I am made of...

The rain droplets running down the car window beside my head
The endless Spotify playlists crafted to meet my every mood
The pit in my stomach I feel when I get a decision email from a college
The mascara running down my face as the steam of the shower meets my eyes

I am made of...

The lesson of being kind instilled by my family
The notes my mom left in my lunchbox in elementary school
The positive affirmations my dad makes me recite to my reflection in the mirror when I'm feeling nervous
The sound of the coffee pot brewing on a Sunday morning

I am made of...

The warmth of the spotlight on my face
The energy backstage as I hold others' hands in the senior circle
The stillness of the hallway as I head to an early morning Visions meeting in Mr. Joyal's room
The dials on the stage lights to signify the beginning of rehearsal

I am made of...

The colorful pins that adorn my Northface backpack
The endless overtures and hums of the orchestra heard in a Broadway theater
The feeling of sitting in the passenger seat next to one of my favorite people
The endless movie marathons that make time melt away

I am made of...

The love present in this room right now
The dreams that I aspire to grasp onto
The positive and negative thoughts that fill my head
The happiness I choose to chase every day



ASHLEY DURKIN 2020



SOPHIA BELAND 2020



HALEY FERRARA 2020

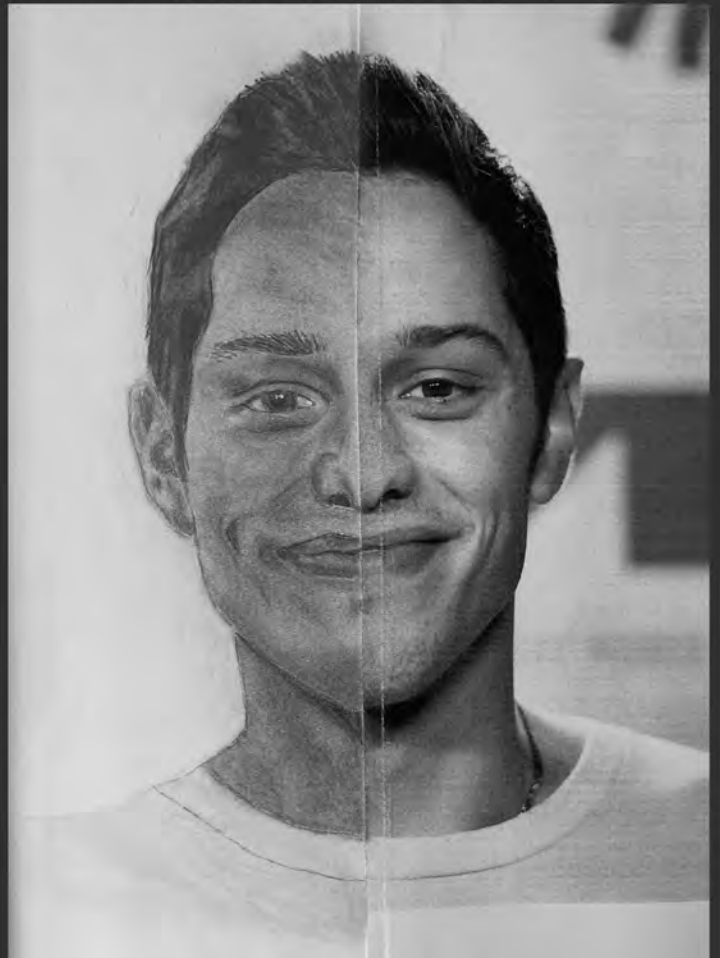
ANYA QUAGLIETTA 2021



LILLYANNA DUNN 2020



JAYDEN HART 2021

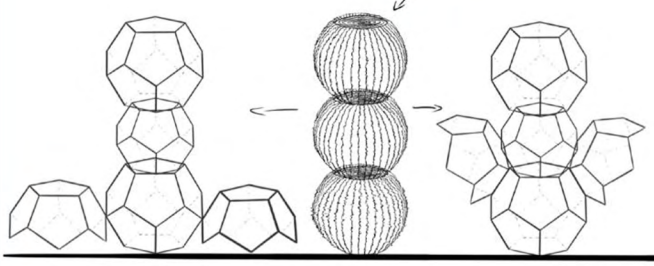




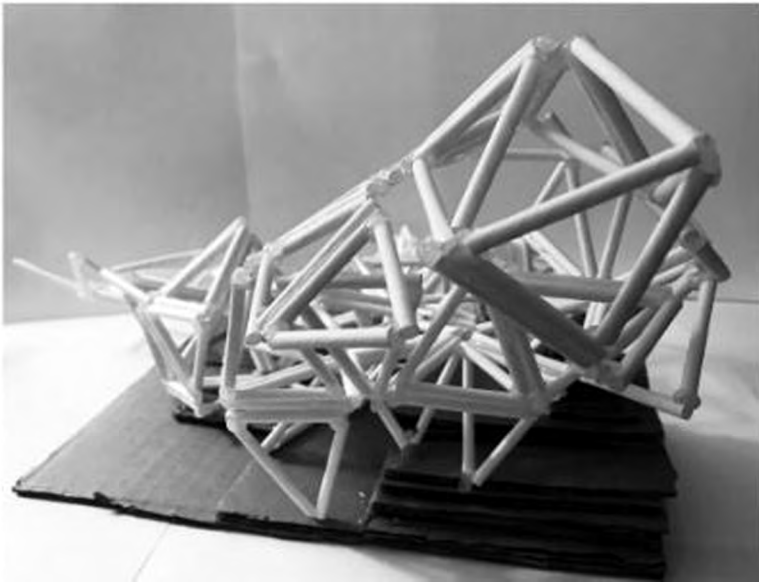
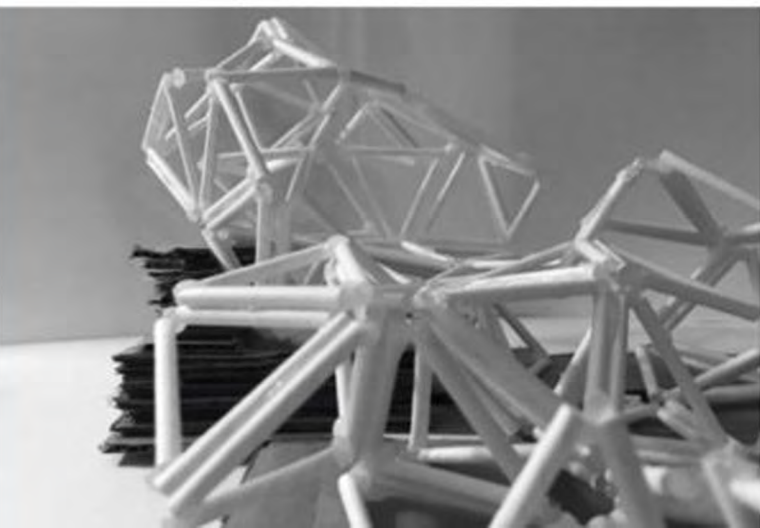
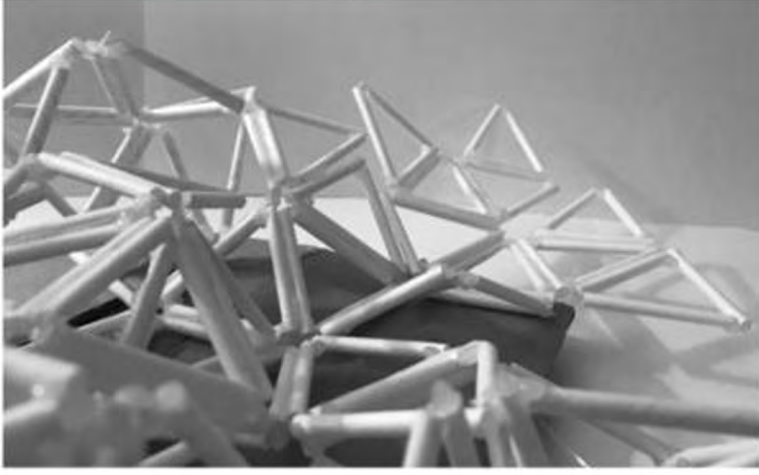
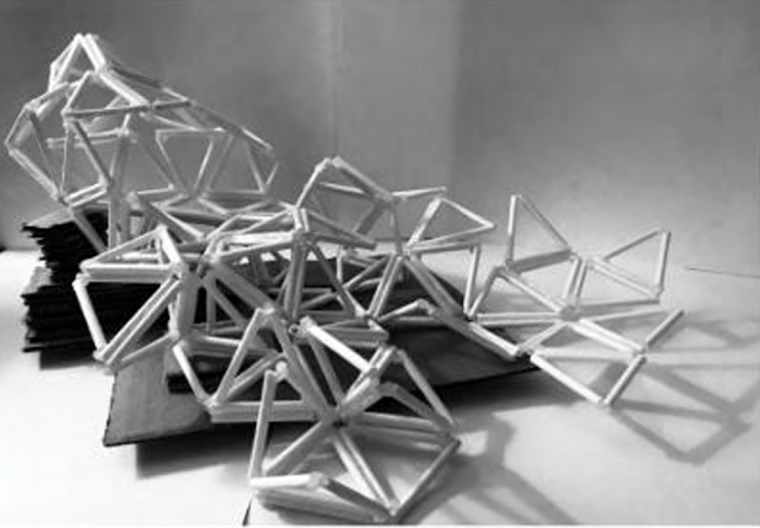
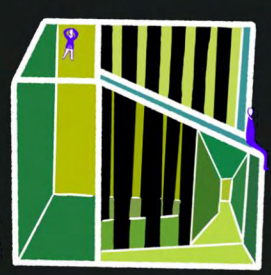
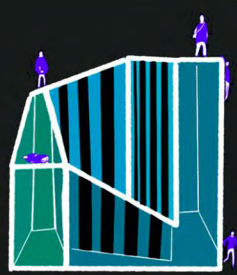
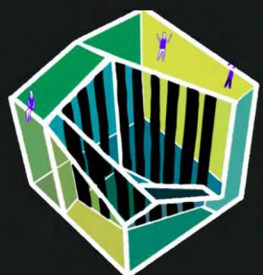
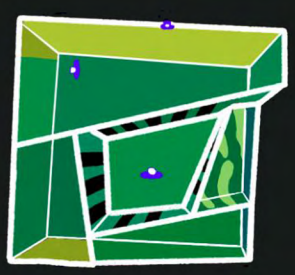
QIHANG (JIMMY) GUO 2020



Spherical Cactus

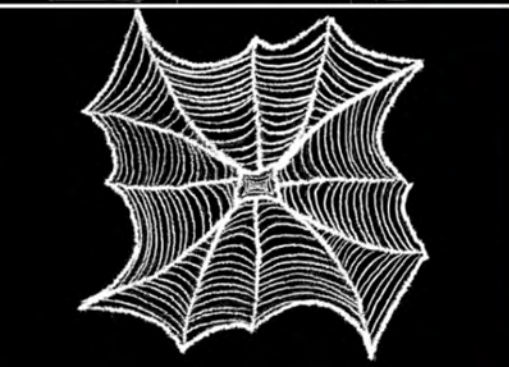
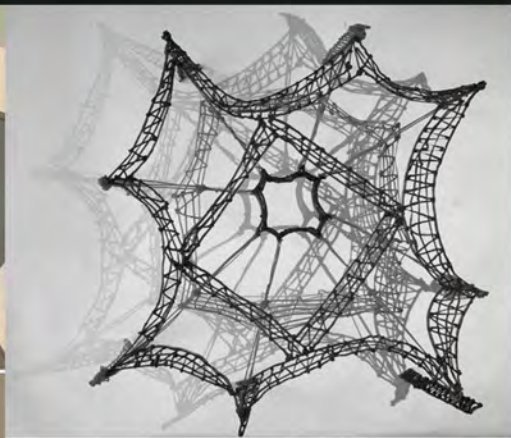


Home as Protection
Just like how cactus protects itself in desert





YICHENG²⁰²⁰ (ALAN) WANG²⁰²⁰



YUNXI (LUCY) LU 2021



SOPHIA BELAND 2020



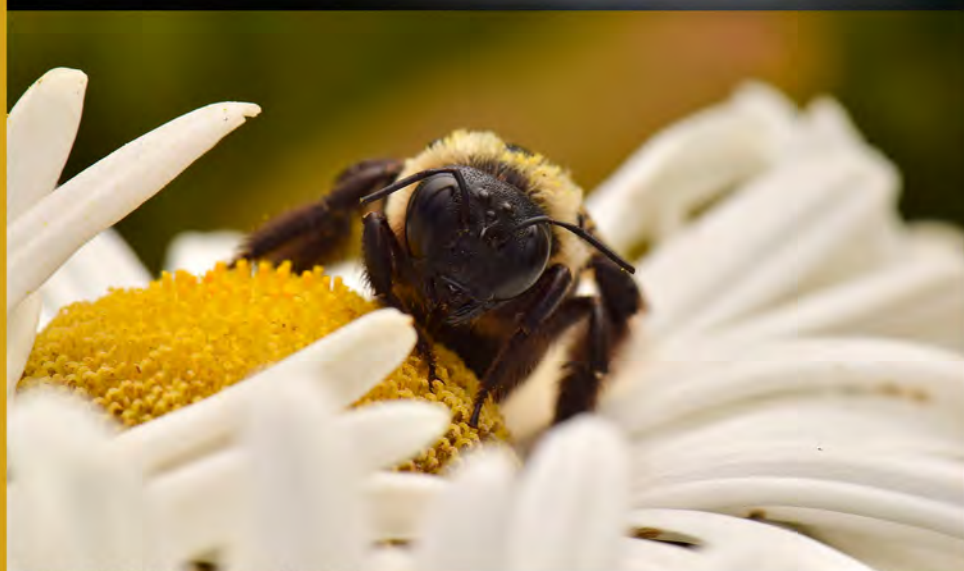
hail to thee, our alma mater
DEAR CCHS

CLAUDIA PORTO 2021



CAROLINE MCLAUGHLIN 2021

CAROLINE CLARK 2022

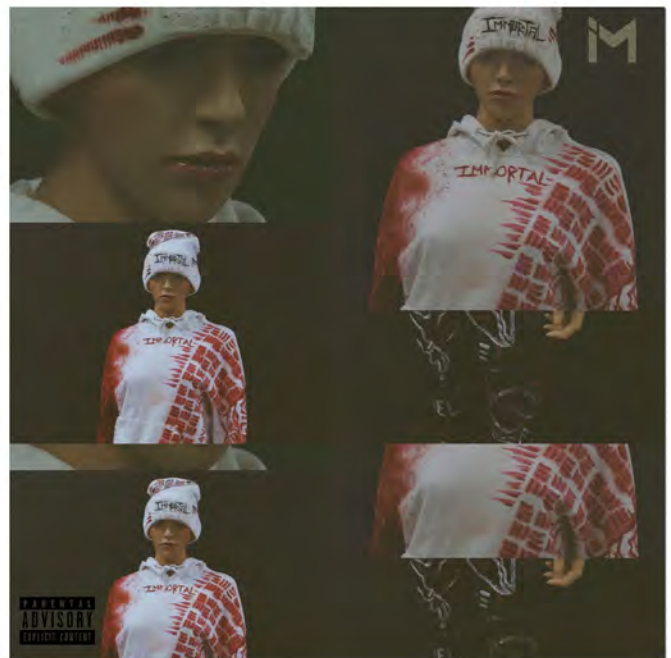


ALYSSA ARNOLD 2020

SIOBHÁN HALE 2020



CORMAC CRIPPEN 2020



ELINA KHOURY 2021 GUNSHOTS

“Don’t worry.”

“There’s nothing to be scared of.”

“Those silly people, always getting into little skirmishes. You watch, this will all be over soon.”

Despite all the consolation I received, my pounding heart found no reassurance.

The distant sounds of gunshots echoed through the church while the choir sang and the priest blessed the bread and wine.

It was so close, basically down the road, in the valley below, and yet no one was scared, no one was worried.

“This will all be over soon.”

I lay awake that night still hearing the shots ring out, unable to sleep.

I awoke to news that my uncle’s car had been hit by a stray bullet.

Everyone shook their heads in irritation.

Not fear.

Just annoyance that the bullet dented the car.

Outside, children kicked a soccer ball around, women walked to get groceries, and men greeted each other on their way to work.

No one was panicking.

No one looked over their shoulders in fear.

No one was packing up ready to leave at a minute’s notice.

Everything was calm.

Everything was, normal?

This skirmish went on for a week.

It was regarded as no more than a minor inconvenience, as it shut down a main road.

A minor inconvenience.

That is what this fighting was, compared to the horrors my parents, my entire family, had witnessed during their youth.

This was a minor inconvenience compared to the experiences of my mother, who evacuated her house, constantly changed schools, and fell asleep to the sound of gunshots every night.

This was a minor inconvenience compared to the experiences of my father, who watched the tanks roll into his village, who was shot at, and whose house was bombed.

They weren’t scared.

No one in our village was scared that people were shooting at one another a few miles away, basically down the road, in the valley below, because they had experienced so much worse.

My parents left Lebanon, their homeland, to give their children a chance.

A chance for a better future.

A chance for a happy childhood.

A chance for a life without constant fear.

And while there may have been nothing to fear, I am glad I was afraid of the gunshots.

It meant my parents succeeded.



THE MEMORY PROJECT

ADAPTED FROM MEMORYPROJECT.ORG

*Promoting intercultural awareness.
Creating unique childhood memories.
Showing children around the world that
they are valued.*

DINAMARY COMPRES 2020



QIHANG (JIMMY) GUO 2020



ABOUT THE MEMORY PROJECT

The Memory Project is a charitable nonprofit organization that invites art teachers, art students, and solo artists to help cultivate global kindness by creating portraits for children around the world who have faced substantial challenges, such as violence, war, extreme poverty, neglect, and loss of parents. Participants create these portraits to help children feel valued and important, to know that many people care about their well-being, and to provide a special childhood memory in the future. Since 2004 the Memory Project has created more than 130,000 portraits for children in 47 countries. Some live in refugee camps, others have lost their families, and others live in severe poverty. The one thing all children in this program have in common is that they are either facing or overcoming very difficult challenges, and they inspire us with their courage and resilience.

FEATURED ARTISTS

Above from left to right:

Yunxi (Lucy) Lu 2021 | Olga Gorman 2020 | Claudia Porto 2021

Below from left to right:

Sophia Beland 2020 | Kerrigan Hemp 2020 | Celia Celona 2020 | Caroline McLaughlin 2020





DINAMARY COMPRES 2020



EMILY CURRY 2020

RANJANA RAMESH 2023 WAKING UP

The dark outside is almost tangible
In the chilly silent hours before dawn
Yet my wide-awakeness is still infrangible
Though again and again I yawn.

I toss and I turn, but I can't fall asleep
Although my eyelids are heavy with fatigue
I've tried and I'm trying to count those sheep
But my brain doesn't fall in league.

I tell myself sternly, "close your eyes!"
As my irritation is turning to fright
If I don't sleep soon, before sun fills the skies
This'll be a real waste of a night.

I think I've barely had a wink of sleep
But, alas, the morning hath come!
So tired, but already light's begun to seep
Through the window, and through the door some.

The birds are being far too loud
Really, what on earth are they doing
This racket ought not to be allowed
Because sleep is what I'm pursuing.

Where oh where was this lethargy
In the dead of night before
Now, all day I shall lack energy
But now, I'm going to sleep more.

People come in to try to wake me
"School's gonna start, you know"
Here complications I can foresee
But right now, I think I shan't go.

5 minutes, please, ma, then I'll get up very fast
I vow with eyes shut tight
But all too soon the time has passed
Must hurry, or detention's in sight.

Now I've made it to school on time
And I'm feeling sort of awake
It has indeed been a long hard climb
So an early bedtime I think I'll take.

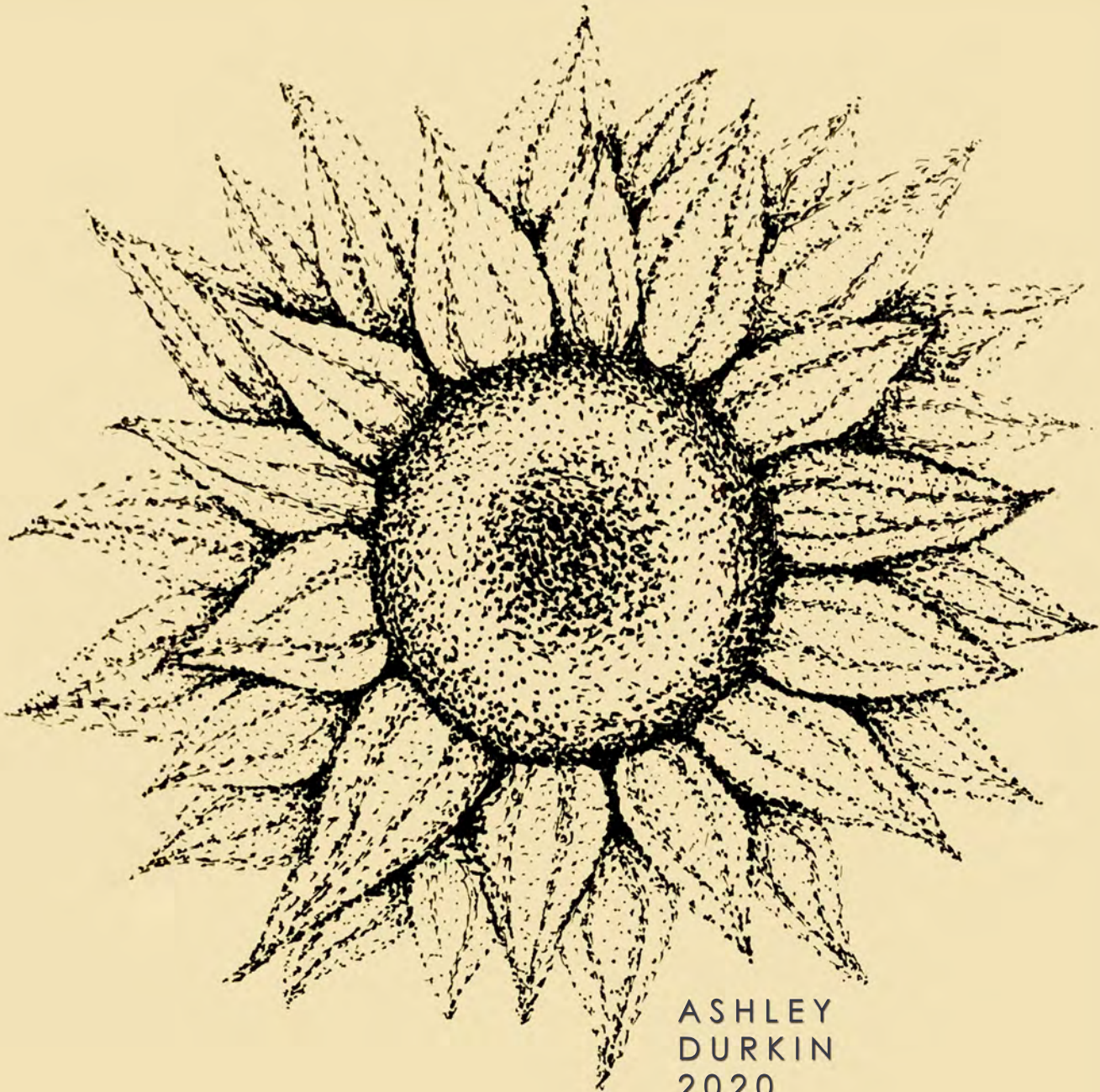
ZULLYMAR CASTRO 2022
WHERE I'M FROM

I am from the corner stores, to the bodega, to the fresh smell of fried chicken.
I am from the art on Essex Street to the art on Water Street.
I am from the town that has outstanding athletes to the outstanding sirens.
From the reckless driving to memorial candles.
I come from keeping my head down to not walking at night.
From where some don't belong to rising stars.
I come from where the city never sleeps to endless chants.
I am from where we lose someone to blocking out the haters.
From endless working mothers and fathers to the *arroz con habichuelas* on my plate.
To the creative poets and passionate musicians.
I am from the *chancletazos* to *y mi bendición* and *Dios té bendiga*.
I come from where we celebrate our differences to keep our pride.
I am from where they call 911 but we're known as 978.
I am from where shame is a normal thing to getting over the past.
I'm from where we do our best to put our city on the map to getting criticized for our crimes.
I am from where Lancer Pride is to I don't want to die. R.I.P. Lee.



CAROLINE CLARK 2022

CAROLINE CLARK 2022

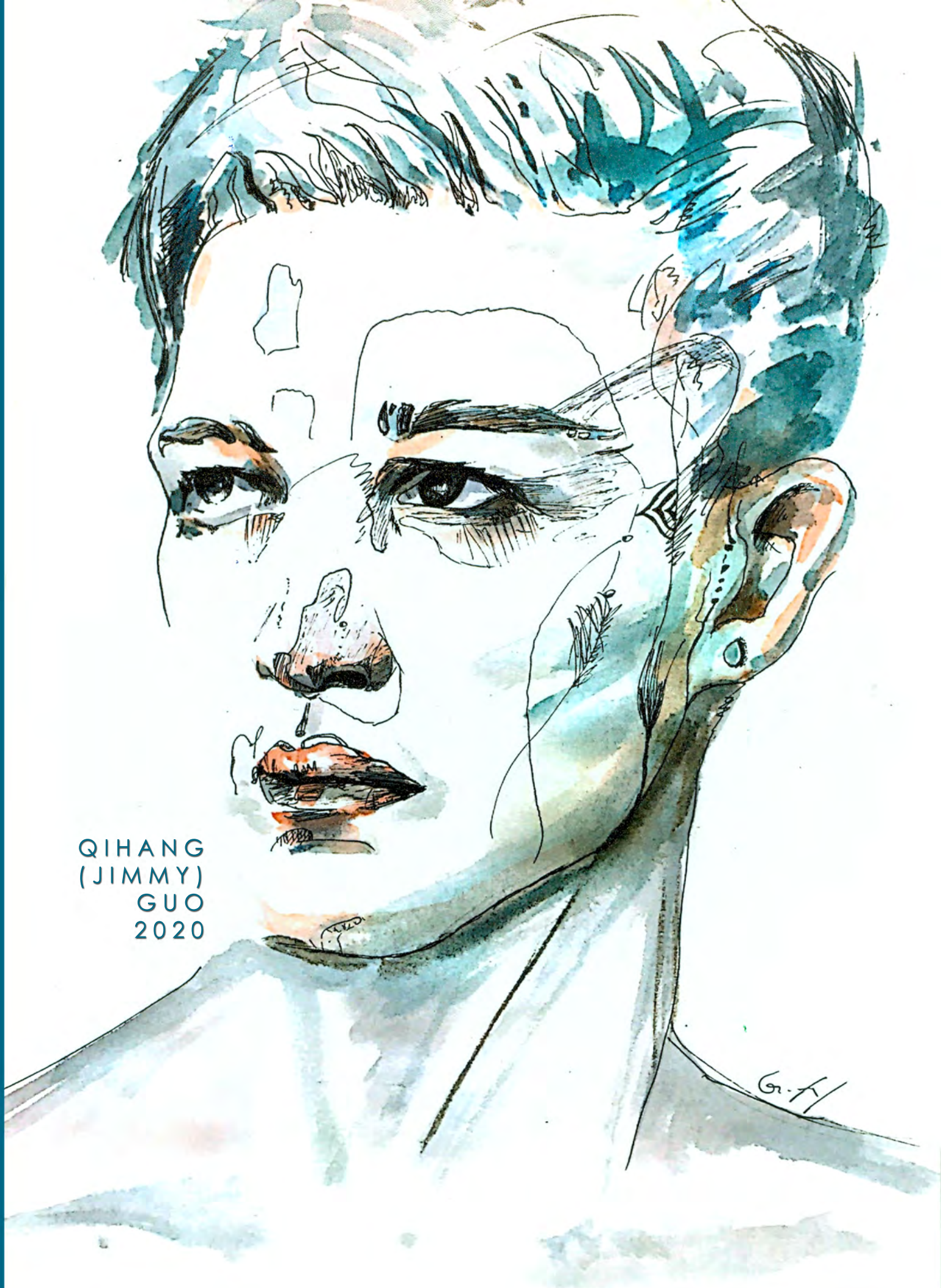


ASHLEY
DURKIN
2020

QIHANG (JIMMY) GUO 2020



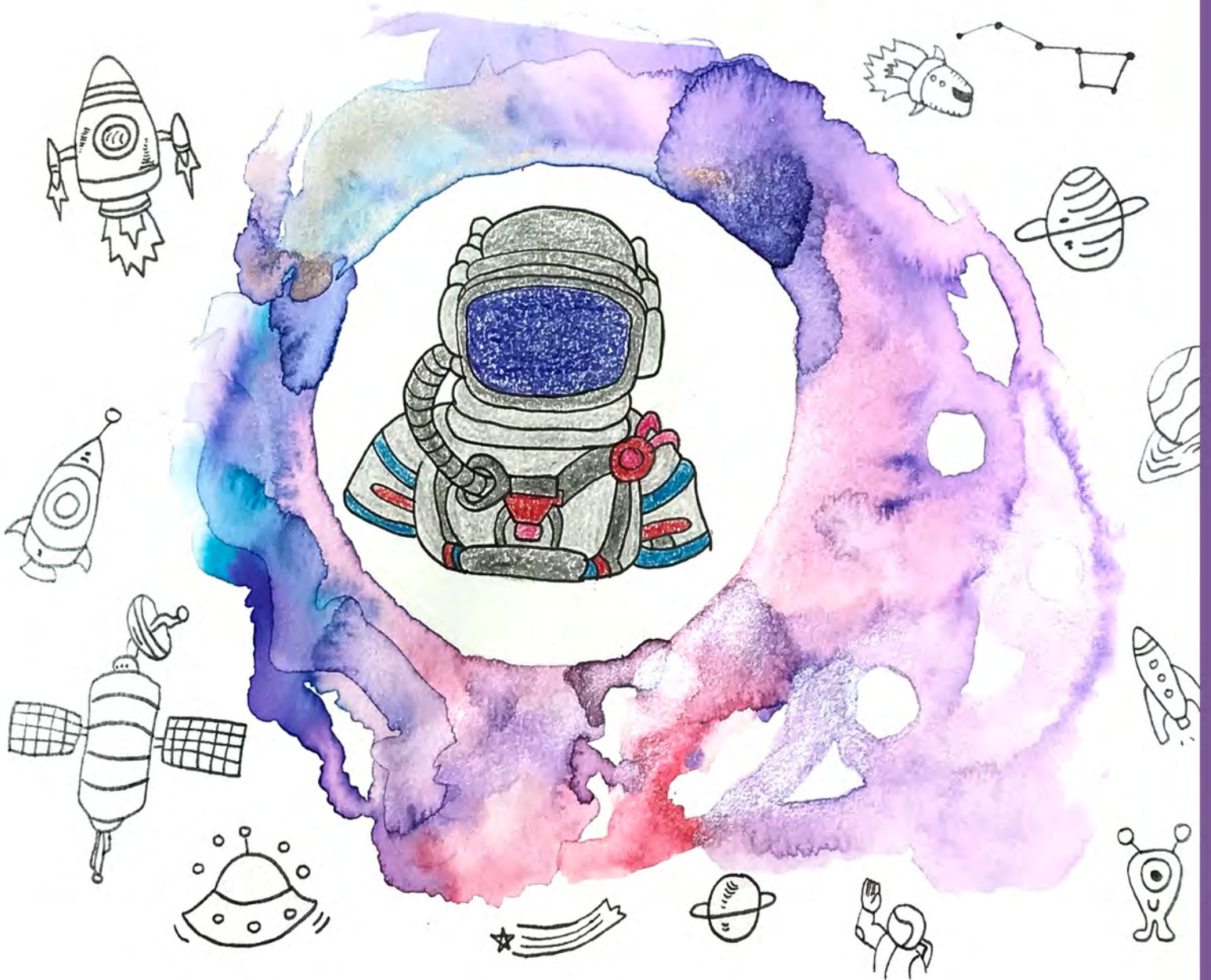




QIHANG
(JIMMY)
GUO
2020

G. A.

AVA IANNESSA 2022



ZULLYMAR CASTRO 2022 THE GIRL THAT SAID I DON'T BELONG

My mom picked the perfect day to go to the park. The sun shining through the trees. The leaves greener than an emerald. Nothing could go wrong. My siblings and I left our mom in the parking lot as we raced for the swings. The swings came in different sizes. Little swings, tall swings and big swings for big groups. I wasn't interested in the swings because they made me dizzy either way. But the monkey bars, they make me as happy as a little kid opening gifts on Christmas morning. My cheeks rosy red from running from across the park. I jump to reach for the blue bars that are two feet above me. The first bar then second - then the ground. I stay trying and trying to get to the end. I climb the three black steps to get to the bars.

"Excuse me?! What are you doing?" I turn around to see a white lady with her child. What did I do wrong? I thought to myself. "My daughter has been waiting to use the bars and you won't even let her go on!" We could've just taken turns and there wouldn't have been a problem, I thought.

"You know what, I'm happy that Trump is going to be president, so he can get rid of people like you."

I move away from the bars and I let her daughter pass. We just stare at each for a hot two seconds. What the heck? I honestly didn't know what to feel at that moment. It was a rollercoaster of emotions. Anger, confusion, disgust. I've never been through something like this before, I'm a good kid. I guess she just woke up on the wrong side of the bed. The words that she said made my throat feel like it was closing in. I can feel her staring at me. Her stare sharp as a needle making me sweat. I want to speak up but I don't know what to say.

I tell my mom and she says that some people are just ignorant. They don't care about people like us. I felt uncomfortable, I didn't want to go back to the blue monkey bars. No more running, jumping, and swinging for me. But I felt the urge to go back to show her that I do belong. I walk back with confidence building up in each step. I get on the monkey bars and swing and grab. She didn't do anything but gave me a scolding with her dark eyes.

She picked up her kid. "I hate immigrants." Then she left, not only the park but a scar on my heart with her knifed tongue.

LEO MCNAMEE 2021



ARIANNA VARNEY 2021

ISAAC BRICKMAN 2021



SAMANTHA COCCHIARO
2020

BEN HARRINGTON 2023





ART IN OUR CITY

STUDENTS PARTNER WITH LOFT FIVE50 FOR PLAYROOM MURAL

“These students volunteered their time and shared their talent to provide a fun place for children living in affordable housing to play by breathing new life into the Loft Five50 Kids Playroom. We appreciate that they donated their time, talent, and treasure to providing this wonderful experience to the young children in our community.”

Suzanne Amato
Regional Marketing Operations Manager, WinnResidential



ABOUT THE PROJECT

This project started with a need to paint the playroom at the Loft Five 50 affordable housing community located in the renovated Malden Mills buildings on Broadway in Lawrence. At the same time, Central Catholic High School students taking *American City: Rise, Fall, & Rebirth*, a senior elective, were discussing the renovation and repurposing of mill buildings in Lawrence. As time went on, conversations between Suzanne Amato of Winn-Residential and CCHS expanded to include Mrs. Lauren Roeser of the Fine & Performing Arts Department who embraced the project - culminating in a plan to create a room-wide wall mural for the residents of Loft Five50. The students volunteered their time during their February break to bring the project to life.

CONCEPT ARTIST:

Dinamary Compress 2020

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS:

Sophia Beland 2020
Khrystal Camilo 2021
Zullymar Castro 2022
Haley Ferrara 2020
Yunxi (Lucy) Lu 2021
Leo McNamee 2021
Audrey O'Connor 2020
Claudia Porto 2021
Gabriela Rosario 2020
Maggie Smith 2021
Arianna Varney 2021

LOFT
FIVE·50



tomorrow
is a
new day

you should
celebrate
the
small
victories

Saying
NO
is
Okay

It's
okay
to
feel
scared

you
can
do
this

not
Everyone
has
to
LIKE
YOU

IT'S
OKAY
TO FEEL
SAD

Beauty
Strength
come from
Within

YOU'RE
allowed
TO
change
YOUR
plans

you
are
doing
just
fine

SHOWING
emotions
IS
healthy
AND
okay

Kindness
is
free

NOTHING
ever stays
the same.

Instagram
posts are not all
Real Life,
Don't
compare!

YOU
CAN
DO
BUT
NOT
everything

make
time
to
rest

everyone's
journey
is
different

The past cannot
be
changed

things
always
get
better
with
time

you are
important
and
you
matter



ARIANNA VARNEY 2021

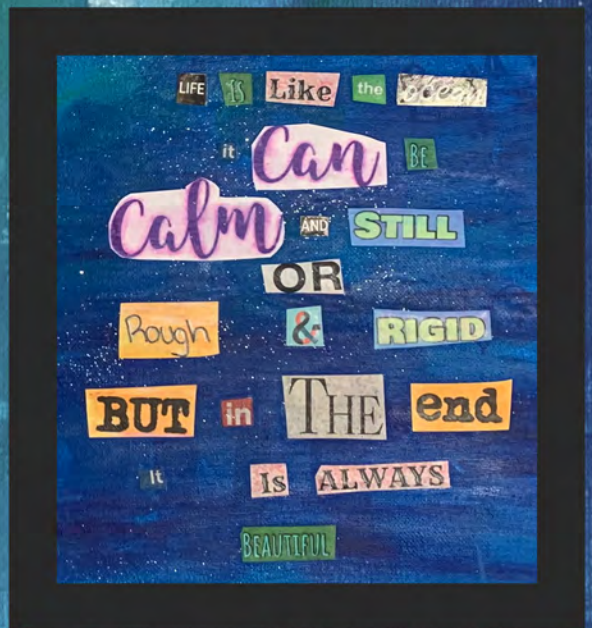
MEISI GAUDREAU 2021



Meisi



EMMA GORDON 2023



YICHENG (ALAN) WANG 2020





MANNY MARTIS 2020

DALTON DOW 2021

Quiet, swift shelter
Herald their treble voices
Of nature's justice

PEYTON CAVANAUGH 2021







CAROLINE²⁰
MCLAUGHLIN²⁰

JUJU JAWORSKI 2020
ILLUMINATE

So many days
You have spent dimming your light for another
In an effort to make them feel more themselves
than they had ever before

But,
In doing that,
You have taken pieces of yourself and thrown them out the back
And it will take a while for them to be found again

How lovely
Yet how treacherous it is
To dim your light
In effort to give someone the electricity they need

Don't get rid of this trait
This giving nature is a part of you
It makes up your ever growing anatomy

But,
Never dim your own light for another
Instead,
Live in each others' light

Find someone who cherishes your light
And wants to see you beaming
Embracing every part of yourself
And loving you despite your flaws

Illuminate amongst each other
Because isn't it so beautiful
To see a row of lights
Shining for the world to see?

ANDREW KRINER 2023





CAROLINE CLARK 2022

ZULLYMAR CASTRO 2022 SILVER LINING

I pick up the ball with my small hands. They explore the leather ball as I ponder deeply about how I feel. This...is different, but it a good different. It makes me feel happy and safe. I feel like I have been unshackled from the cold chains. The chains that used to be around my ankles suspending any kind of movement. This game is not just any kind of game. This game that I fell in love with helped me. It reached out for me as if it was trying to save me from the depths of my own sorrow.

I knew that this is what I wanted to do. I knew that the court is where I belonged. This was my type of freedom. I feel like I could finally breathe, my lungs are finally opened. I felt so grey drowning in my own sorrow. I was set free like a dog off a leash. This game makes me feel like I have the power to do anything. But it has rules just like everything else. The boys play differently from the girls. They say that the girls are boring to watch because they can't do any fancy moves like Kyrie. Why can't we girls not be shunned for doing what we like to do?

We can't ball, we can't play football, we can't, we can't, and we can't. That's just how it's always been. One day it won't be. One day we won't have to pay for our freedom. No blood, no sweat, and no tears. The day freedom rings through the streets is when we'll be recognized for our battle scars. The day I can finally breathe will be as clear as day. But the hearts of those who don't see what matters the most will continue to deteriorate. I have see it before.

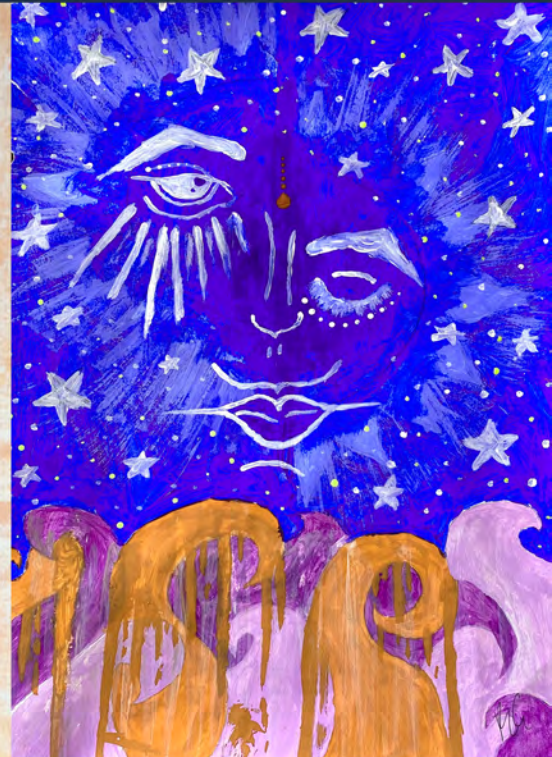


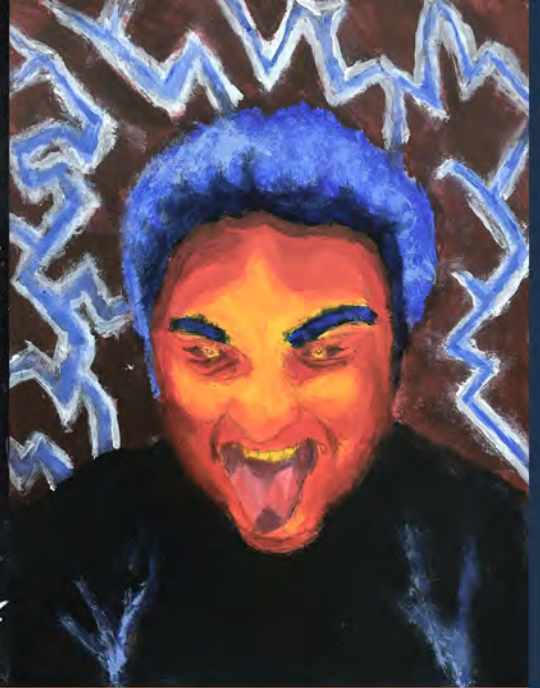
MANNY MARTIS 2020

MANNY MARTIS 2020



RYLEIGH CYR 2021





JOCELYN HOOPER 2022

MEGAN KENNEDY 2023

TOM CUDDY 2022

JULIANA PORTO 2020





HUIZE (YOLANDA) YANG 2021

CAROLINE SULLIVAN 2021 THE THINGS I TOOK FOR GRANTED

Hugs, school, crowded cities, summer, trips to the mall,
a full lunch table, band, Boston trips, seeing my Grandma,
reunions, busy days, having a job...

As I was writing this list
That's when I realized, that maybe
We'll come out of the other side of this stronger
Cause, we'll be more thankful for the things we used to
Assume were gonna be ours forever

When we finally can see our family, our friends,
and our partners again

When we can finally go to school, work, and college again

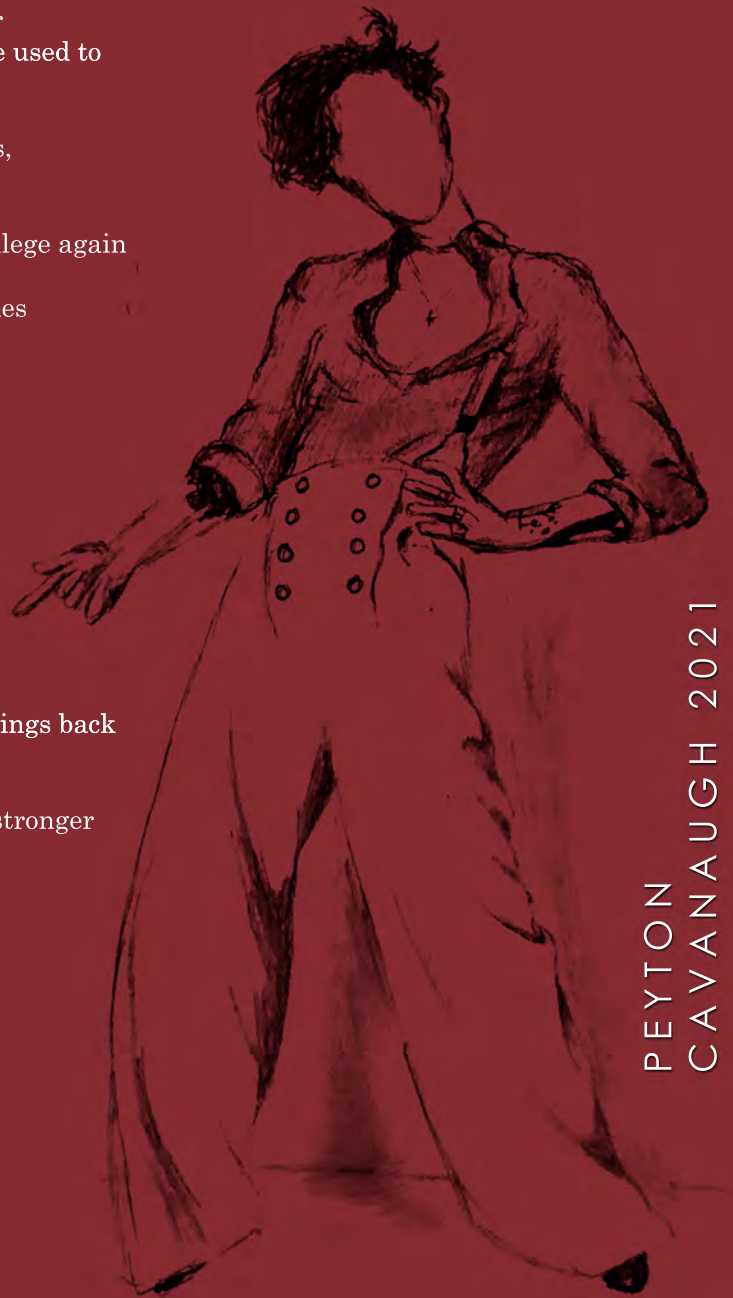
When we go back to doing the sports and hobbies
we've always loved

When we can go back to the mall, the movies,
and amusement parks again

When we can go to restaurants, coffee shops,
and bakeries again

When we turn on the news one day and see
that the top story isn't the latest
coronavirus statistics

We'll realize how lucky we are to have these things back
And we'll be more grateful for the small things
that haven't been taken away from us
It's not a maybe, I *know* we'll come out of this stronger



PEYTON
CAVANAUGH 2021

ZULLYMAR CASTRO 2022 FADED

It's a very hot summer day at the lake. The outside smells like salty yellow sand and green trees. The sun roasting my back like a hotdog on a grill. As I walk to the water, I test it with my baby like toes. I dove into the green-blue body of water and felt my body go into shock. I swam towards my so called friends that were invited.

I block the rays of the sun with my hands. From the corner of my eyes I see a black figure lunge for me. With its hand it pushes me down into the water. Before my head went under I took a sip of air not knowing that I might've needed more.

The hand firm on my chest making sure I wouldn't get up. I opened my eyes in a dart to see that I was just feet away from the surface. Under the water I could hear my own heartbeat quicken as I try to fight against the hand. I felt my twelve-year-old self starting to give in. I NEED air. I need air bad. I feel my heart in my throat making my head pound. I NEED air. I need air bad. My chest tight like an elephant stomping on it.

I close my eyes and let myself fade. I feel my soul pour out of my body slowly. The hand let go of my chest. I open my eyes in a millisecond. I use all of the life I have left to reach the surface. My hands desperately fighting to reach for the top. I come up fast. My dry mouth meets with the cool air. I pull, pull, pull all of the air I could until my lungs felt heavy like wet sand. Never again.

MR. MATT JOYAL



VICTORIA TORRES 2021
LOSING SOMEONE

It hurts losing someone you love
So to the one I love the most
I lost you, and I am battling the worst fears
I can't hold back any more tears
Because I can't even breathe
I'm suffocating from the pain
From the lines that control my lanes
To the future because the person I lost was myself
And I'm sorry you lost that heart and love
The light in my eyes don't shine anymore
But hopefully I'll shine bright
Just enough so everyone remembers the light
The light I shed for others
Because when a paper is burned
Everything is burned, but it's all based on what you learned



MR. RICK CAVANAUGH

SARA

2020

PETRAKIS





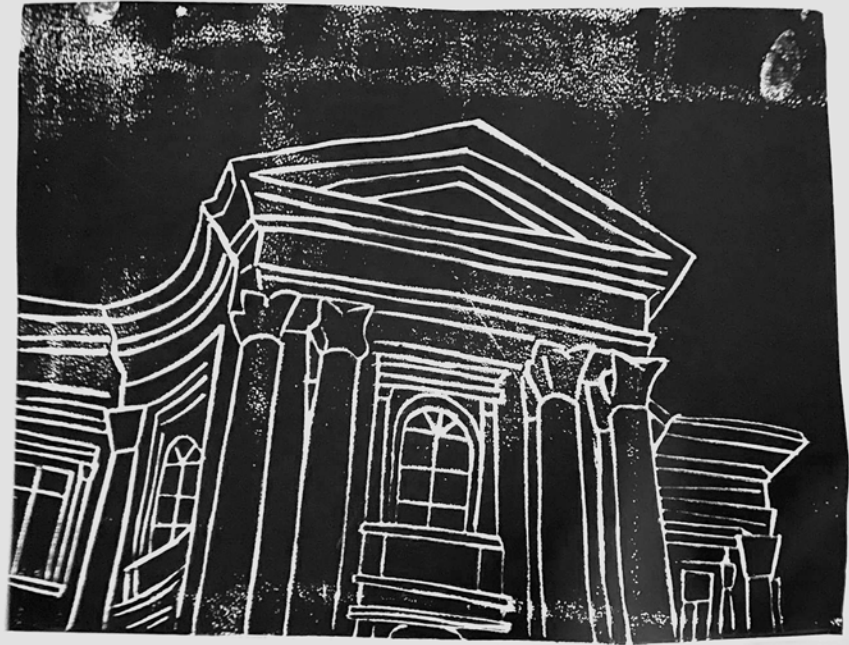
FROM THE SEA
BORDERING THE SEA
AT THE SEA

FOUR PARTS
LOCK ROOM

SEX,
WATER,
SALVATION,
OR WHAT IS
A BATHER?

EXIT

SARA
PETRAKIS
2020



SENIOR FEATURES

THE CLASS OF 2020

Each year, *Visions Literary & Arts Magazine* identifies a handful of graduating seniors who have created a body of written or visual work of substantial weight and quality. This body of work often functions as a social commentary, an homage, or a thematic collection. This year's senior features are spread throughout the magazine.



DINAMARY COMPRES

Hi, my name is Dinamary Compres! I will be attending Johns Hopkins University next year - where I hope to continue to make art. My works featured in this magazine are good representations of what I like to create for fun. I like realism; bright, saturated colors; colored pencils; and digital art so I lean towards that a lot. Pieces involving those things are usually what I end up being most proud of. In my junior year, I took *Drawing & Painting* with Mrs. Roeser. That class was at the perfect time in my life to help me explore different materials and focus on the type of art I really like to make. I entered that course not really knowing what my style or preferred medium would look like, but after doing a ton of exploration I am a lot more aware of my abilities and the type of art I gravitate towards.



QIHANG (JIMMY) GUO

Hi, my name is Qihang Guo, but you may know me as Jimmy! In the fall, I will be attending the Pratt Institute to study Fashion Design.



JUJU JAWORSKI

Hi, my name is Julianna Jaworski, but I go by JuJu! I will be attending Fordham University at Lincoln Center next year as a Theatre major specializing in the Directing Track. My written works featured in this magazine are mostly from the last year, and I hope my attempt at using an honest voice helps the reader see themselves in each piece of work. There are so many influential courses I have taken at Central Catholic that have helped me grow as a writer. My English teachers throughout the years, Mr. Clements, Mr. Welch, and Mrs. Thompson, have all pushed me to refine my work and always cheered me on - not only as a writer, but as a person. Through my years in Theatre Guild, Mrs. Merrill and Mr. Joyal have pushed me to grow as an artist and the countless pieces of advice and insight they have given me truly helped me grow in my writing and, honestly, as a human being.



CAROLINE McLAUGHLIN

Hi, my name is Caroline McLaughlin! I will be attending Worcester Polytechnic Institute next year as a Management Information Systems major. Even though my future will likely be in STEM or business, art will always be at the center of my heart and world. In every field, there is always a need for creative thinkers. I have definitely grown more comfortable as an artist past year through my *Drawing & Painting* class with Mrs. Roeser! Even though I draw often, I usually stick to working with graphite and colored pencils. This year, I've been able to experiment with mediums like charcoal, ink, and acrylic paint. I even found a new love for oil pastels! I've been an avid hiker my entire life, which has grown into a love for the outdoors and nature in general. I think that it is this appreciation that has inspired me to be a detailed-oriented artist as well as my love of vivid colors!



SARA PETRAKIS

Hi, my name is Sara Petrakis! I hope to attend Fordham University next year to study Art History. My ultimate goal in life would be to work at the Solomon R. Guggenheim in New York as either a conservator or a curator, though I have yet to decide if I want to suffer through Chemistry in college! The photographs I submitted to *Visions* are some of my personal favorites. I favor a style known as street photography. I dislike structured, forced photographs, and I find no enjoyment in taking those types of pictures. I find that street photography captures people in a more vulnerable state, and I enjoy finding the perfect candid shots. I owe almost all my growth as an artist to being in classes with Mrs. Chatigny for the past two years. Studying photography last year was easily one of the best decisions I've ever made, and without it I wouldn't be where I am today.



YICHENG (ALAN) WANG

Hi, my name is Yicheng Wang, but you may know me as Alan! I will be attending Syracuse University next year to study Architecture. Some of my works featured in this magazine are part of a portfolio that was inspired by this question: How could different spaces affect people's emotions? A few of my other works are about places I have been to and about things I imagined and created in my spare time. When I look back on my time at Central Catholic, it is clear to me that my *Advanced Placement Studio Art* teacher Mrs. Chatigny helped me to grow as an artist.



MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTORS:

Alyssa Arnold 2020
Sophia Beland 2020
Isaac Brickman 2021
Grace Caldwell 2021
Khrystal Camilo 2021
Zullymar Castro 2022
Jordan Cataldo 2021
Peyton Cavanaugh 2021
Mr. Rick Cavanaugh
Celia Celona 2020
Caroline Clark 2022
Samantha Cocchiaro 2020
Dinamary Compres 2020
Cormac Crippen 2020
Tom Cuddy 2022
Braedan Curran 2023
Emily Curry 2020
Ryleigh Cyr 2021
Isabel Danos 2020
Jaclyn Dehney 2023
Skyler Descoteaux 2023
Kat DeSimone 2020
Dalton Dow 2021
Lillyanna Dunn 2020
Ashley Durkin 2020
Haley Ferrara 2020
Megan Gallagher 2021
Meisi Gaudreau 2021
Ms. Nikki Giraffo
Emma Gordon 2023
Olga Gorman 2020
Qihang (Jimmy) Guo 2020
Siobhán Hale 2020
Jack Hanlon 2020
Benjamin Harrington 2023
Jayden Hart 2021
Kerrigan Hemp 2020
Jocelyn Hooper 2022
Ava Iannessa 2022
JuJu Jaworski 2020
Mr. Matt Joyal
Colleene Kabaria 2022
Megan Kennedy 2023
Elina Khoury 2021
Andrew Kriner 2023
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