

VISIONS



MAGAZINE

VOLUME 24 SPRING 2024

ARTS & LITERATURE

SENIOR FEATURES

JULIANA BOURAPHAEL

RACHEL JANES

HIEU-SHAWN PHAN

NADALY SOTO

KELLIANNE WALSH



ABOUT VISIONS

Literary & Arts Magazine | Coffeehouse

Visions is a literary and arts magazine dedicated to showcasing the artistic and written talents of the Central Catholic community. These pages include works of art, prose, and poetry by students and faculty created throughout the 2023-2024 school year.

Since our founding in 2001, Visions has sponsored Coffeehouse events to give the poets and musicians of our community a safe and supportive place to display their creative talents.

2023-2024 Coffeehouse Events:

- December 9, 2023
- March 15, 2024
- May 11, 2024

Thank you to all of our loyal supporters and congratulations to all of our talented creators! The Central Catholic community is richer and more beautiful because of you!









EMMA DIAMANTIS '24





KELLIANNE WALSH '24

I've always been envious of the teens on the screen
And no it's not because everything is evergreen
It was the Visions of solidarity
Friendships built on and thriving off sincerity

Strangers meeting accidentally
Turned into changing my life monumentally
Sitting down at a random table
Finding friendships I've only seen in a TV fable

People brought together by one thing or another
And when push comes to shove they're there for each other
A group where you can be as weird as you are
One where there's room for everyone to be a star

Clicking with each one
Hoping that they'll be in your life for the long run
To the people I met by chance
I'd like to tell you in advance:

I am forever grateful

GRACE CAREY '27

Forever Grateful

STRAY CAMINERO '25

Body Temp

I feel so much I'm
afraid my heart is
indented with
fingerprints, I've
had to hold it with
two hands my
whole life I juggle
the rest on my
shoulders, I've
grown resilient to
the weight of the
world, but if I let
myself truly be a
part of all that
occurs within its
orbit I don't think
my grip could be as
strong, This earth
has a funny way of
turning soft hands
bitter and warm
souls cold.



SAMANTHA DELUCCA '25

We used to talk every day,
Now we just pass in the hallway.
When I see you I regret letting you go,
But you'll never know.

“In high school you'll make friends that last” that's what they all said,
I want to tell them they are wrong and that teen friendships are dead.
Again I think about you, again and again,
But I lied and I wish I would have told you then.

I had only known you for a short while,
but now when I see you I feel denial.
Sometimes I fear your wrath,
so I try not to cross your path.

We used to talk every day,
Now we just pass in the hallway.
When I see you I regret letting you go,
But you'll never know.

LAURA BENNETT '26

Hallway



ETHAN HILDONEN '27



HIEU-SHAWN PHAN '24

JULIA SMIDA '26

This Was Never Forever

It's in your look, that cold goodbye
You say it's in mine, that's not a lie

I bruise the truth, play my part
I'm the victim of your broken heart

Say it out loud, what's changed, it's true
Words in the air, don't need to be proved

What we once had, has now been cut loose
If I'd admit what I did, would you do that too?

I sit alone in my white cold room
Knowing that this truth is my abuse

You can't expect me to just cling to you
And I won't fake feelings that just aren't true

It's just a spark that faded
Nothing you did or didn't do

I think.

You felt the break before it shattered
Left me numb, no solace after

You're a ghost
A fading deal

God how I wish, you were never real.

We weren't real.

This was not real.

If loving is you, it's no longer true
I've grown a colder heart
Saving myself from a life that's too dark

Although I feel weak
I look stronger than I've ever been
My will is made of rock, you cannot come in

You never sensed the shift in me
I didn't pause to see you cry
Since I just drifted away from you
I pen the ending without a sigh

Forever and ever
Hearts change just like weather

But forever might just be a word.

A word that we never were.



BRANDON SILVA '24

Alone

ROSE MULLER '26

My Mind & Me

My mind is an endless carousel
Always spinning and racing between thoughts
Never fully stopping to let my negativity and worries out

Why? Well the matter is
I don't quite understand it

My heart races as if a marathoner was sprinting for the finish line

Pounding, rushing, racing
Rarely slowing down to let in a breath

Why?

Again, I can't quite understand it

My hands tremble such as earthquake shakes before the aftershock

Seeming out of my control
Almost unstoppable
And yet still, I can't understand why

Why does my mind play these tricks?
Why do these things seem to consume me,
Even though I don't want them to?

Anxiety is like a personal monster lurking in the shadows
Always there, always waiting to strike
And when my mind starts spinning
My heart starts racing
And my hands start trembling
It can be hard to remember who is in control

But I know I am in control
This is my body and my mind
And anxiety doesn't own me
My life is often immersed in fixing the broken

Finding a solution to something troubling
However, when something seems unfixable,
Anxiety seems to take hold of my control
And no matter how much I want for it end
The monster will return again

And yet I say
I am in control
This is my body and my mind
And anxiety doesn't own me
And no matter how tired I get of fighting
That monster can never beat me
Because I am unstoppable
I remain persistent
And hopeful

When I remind myself of this things
I don't feel as alone

So let me reassure you:

Anxiety may be a shadow in the background
Nevertheless, it doesn't define you
And it doesn't control who you are

It may affect us but if you know and truly feel you are in control

That monster can never beat you
Despite anxiety inching forward from behind
When all hope feels lost and everything is troublesome
And anxiety positions itself to strike
Know that you are the most strongest
And capable of forcing it away

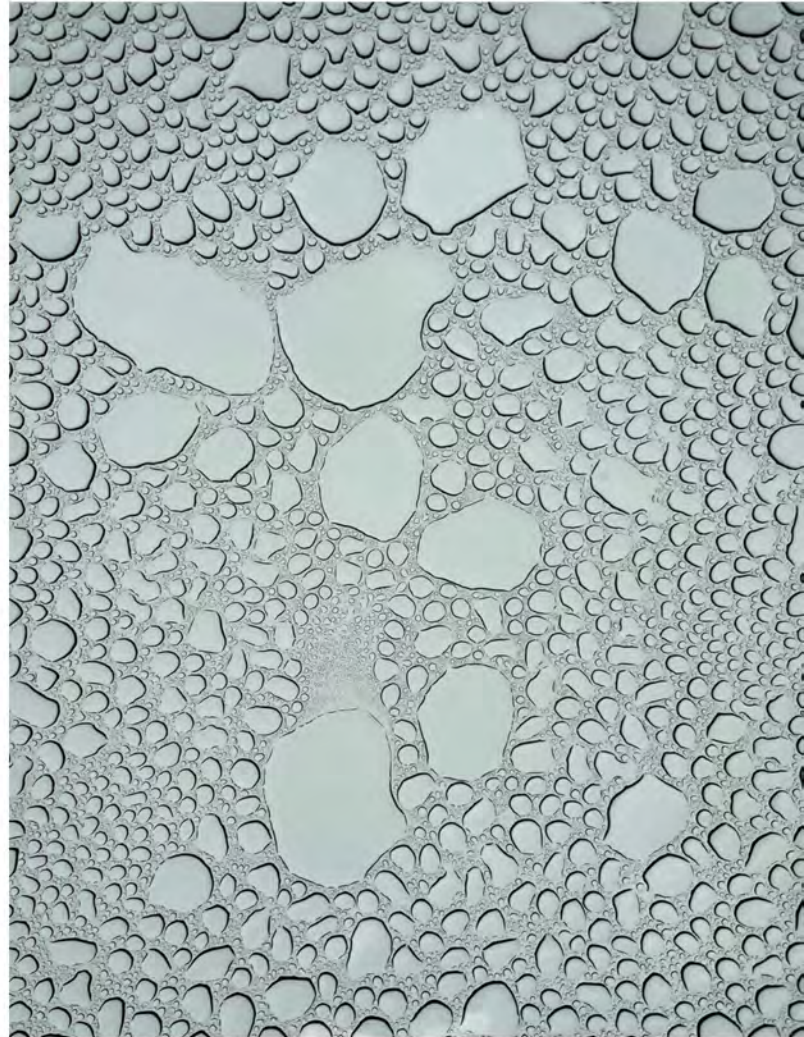


ELENI KLARAKIS '25



BRANDON SILVA '24

Forever Wandering



JENNIFER SAOUMA '24

AALIYAH VELOZ '26





NICOLE GUZMAN-DEFUSCO '27



JANINA TELLEZ '24

ARTURO ROSADO TAVERAS '25

The fable now folds, the stories were told
Red Riding Hood's home, Humpty Dumpty is whole
The glass is half full, the weather is cool,
Your days are still dark, you need not your tools
Guiding the mules, to swim in the pools
The rest is to you, arrest all the fools
Break all the rules, rewrite them for schools
And that which is right will righteously lose
Still the heir to the throne, strip sword from the stone
Exercise through new means, deadlift the machines
Swim up the stream, dance to the beat
Stitch up the seams
And define what you mean
The baddest of boys, the darkest of coals
The largest of goals, polish the soul
And question what you know
But hey yall, remember to just stay tall
We all hit the cross roads then decide to jaywalk
Every time your in the playoffs someone else is getting laid off
So if you get a day off, you might as well stay off
Because the rush to the finish line is just a sprint to the seance

MRS. JENN CHATIGNY

Excerpts from
Personal Landscape - Summer 23





Sunset View from Airport Mesa, Sedona



Dawn View of Cockscomb Butte from Hot Air Balloon, Sedona

MR. MATT JOYAL

ANONYMOUS

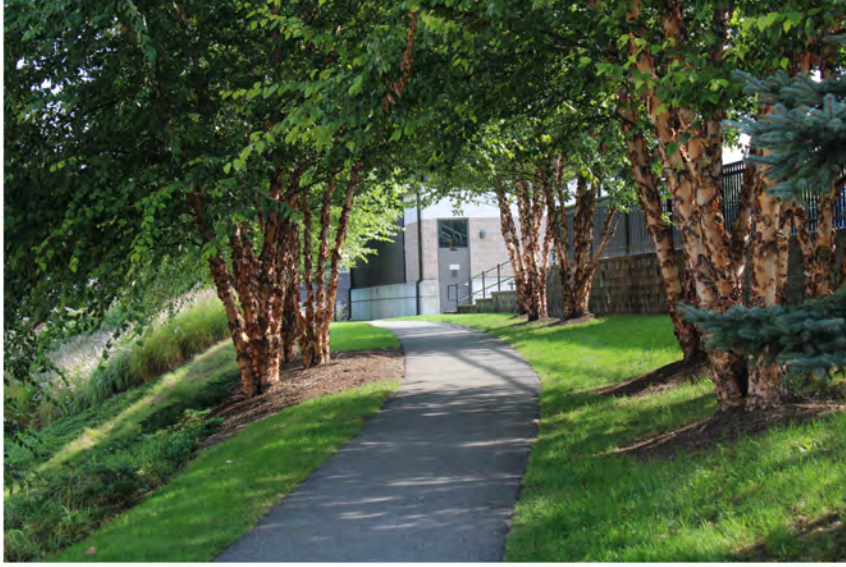
Canvas

Canvas is strong
It's virtually unbreakable
It's impossible to pull apart
But with one little cut in it,
It'll be torn to pieces so easily
I am like canvas,
Always strong,

Always the one you can lean on
Always being tried to be torn apart
It's normally easy to withstand
But after a while,
Just like canvas
I become worn and fragile
So with one little cut,
I can be torn apart so easily



BEE CARON '24



BEN HARRINGTON '24

Tree Pathway



MICHAEL HAMLIN '24

Rainy Reflection



MACKENZIE CUNNEEN '24



SAMANTHA DELUCCA '25

STRAY CAMINERO '25

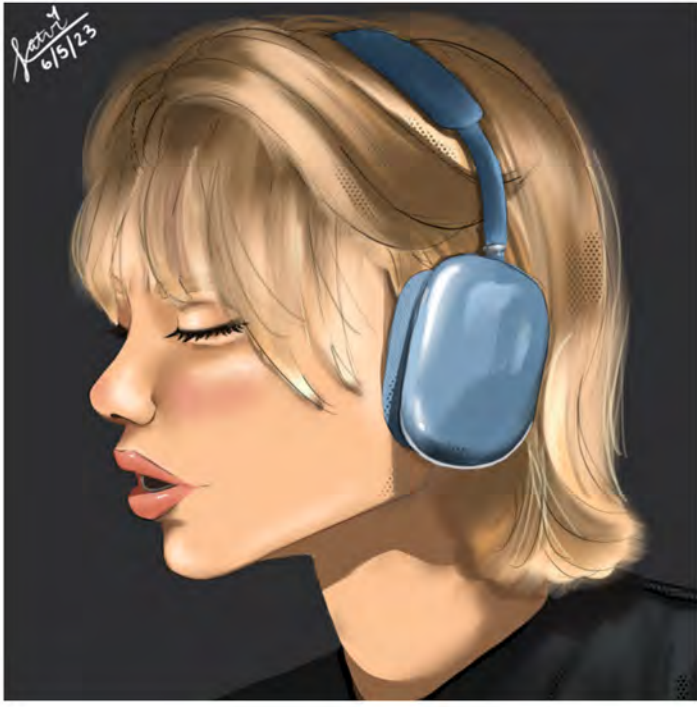
Bruises I've Outgrown

The older I get the more I realize how dry my eyes have become just sitting and staring at all the hurt I have on me, and how heavy my heart has become drowning in the pain I have in me, and the older I get the more bored I become in the wallowing of the worries in my life, the strife I've had to endure and the struggles I've taken in stride. I believe if I just walk a few more steps I can put that all behind me but the quicksand begins to sink me back down till I'm at the root of what makes me rotten and the sound of grief infects my ears and dirt fills my lungs but as I sit here getting older and wiser by the minute the main thought that comes is that I could just breathe, I don't have to hold onto the mud that covers my heart I can wash it away by the water that drowns me in sorrow and then I can simply just swim, build my way back to the top after being pushed down because the hardest step of it all is getting back up, but what comes surprisingly easy when you let yourself go how simple it is to just get back up. I think I was made for greatness I just lost the lyrics to the symphony that was my battle song but I've been mesmerized by staring at all the bruises that belong to me for too long and we can't just sit and stare at our wounds forever at some point they will have to get sewn and as you get older you will learn to move along.

“The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice,
I say the darker the flesh, then the deeper the roots.”
Tupac Shakur
A person refined in his space.
A rapper, a storyteller,
a Poet.
My people are achievers.
We are Black excellence.
Lebron James, Barack Obama, Oprah Winfrey.
They are the pioneers, who young black boys
and girls could look up to.
My People,
built this country brick-by-brick
layer by layer.
Look at the White House,
a result of our blood, sweat, and tears.
The cry of my people during times of slavery
is the same cry that my people endure now.
Our harmless people are being discriminated against,
being killed in broad daylight.
Those cops don't have a chance to think that a mother
will be missing her son.
A father
missing his daughter.
My People walk by,
they clench their purses.
My People walk into a store,
they assume we're stealing.
We breathe, and we are considered a threat.
We can't breathe and were considered
too violent.
When will it ever stop?
I made this poem not to strike fear in people's hearts,
but to raise awareness about the problem of
my people, in America.
The next generation should not be dealing with the same
problem that our ancestors faced 100, 200 years ago.
I end with this. Although they may say
“The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice.”
We,
my people
need to remember,
“the darker the flesh, then the deeper the roots.”

JEREMIAH CHARLES '26

My People



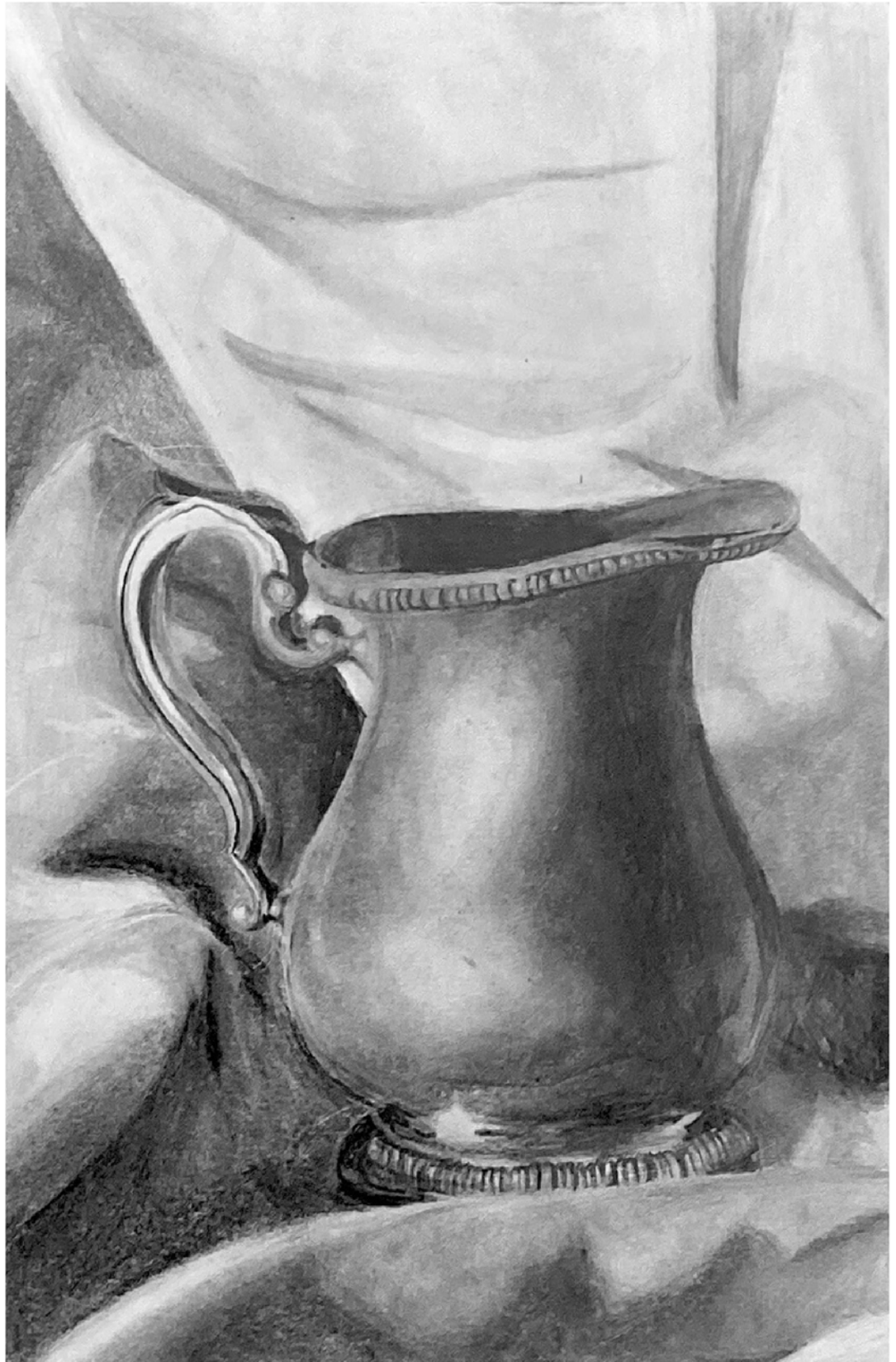
SATVI MAHESH '26



ALLIANA ICART '25



SYDNEY BERARD '25



MARYJO JABBOUR '26

SIERRA HUDSON '26





RACHEL JANES '24



SIERRA HUDSON '26



BRITTNEY MARTINEZ '24



RAFAEL SANCHEZ GOMEZ '27

COLTON ANDERSON '24



NAVIN RAMESH '24



JULIA SMIDA '26

What are you thinking about?

I often find myself drifting away,
I sit in class with my face looking blank.

“Hey, are you there?”

No.

I miss the glow of a summer's day,
And I reminisce about the feeling of warm heavy rain.
When I was allowed to turn the music up louder,
And would burn my shoulders then take a long cool shower.

“Hellooooo? Are you listening to me?”

“Oh yeah, sorry.”

I try to clear my mind,
But it's hard to put those happy days behind.
If I take a deep breath,
Maybe It'll help me reset.

It doesn't.

I can feel the salty ocean breeze running through my hair,
I can picture the dock where we sat with our legs off the pier.
Legs softened by sand,
Skin dry from the sea.
Smiles so true and wide,
It felt like a place of dreams.

I straighten my back in the metal chair.
My teacher calls my name,
Everyone stares.

Take me back,
Take me back.

Take.

Me.

Back.

August 14th,
The perfect night when we laid out on the beach.
With our heads to the sky and no thought but one in mind.
Catching every shooting star,
Just wishing that we didn't have to say goodbye.

“What were you thinking about?”

I sit in class,
My friend repeats my name.
But I'm lost in a trance,
Stuck in those warm summer days.

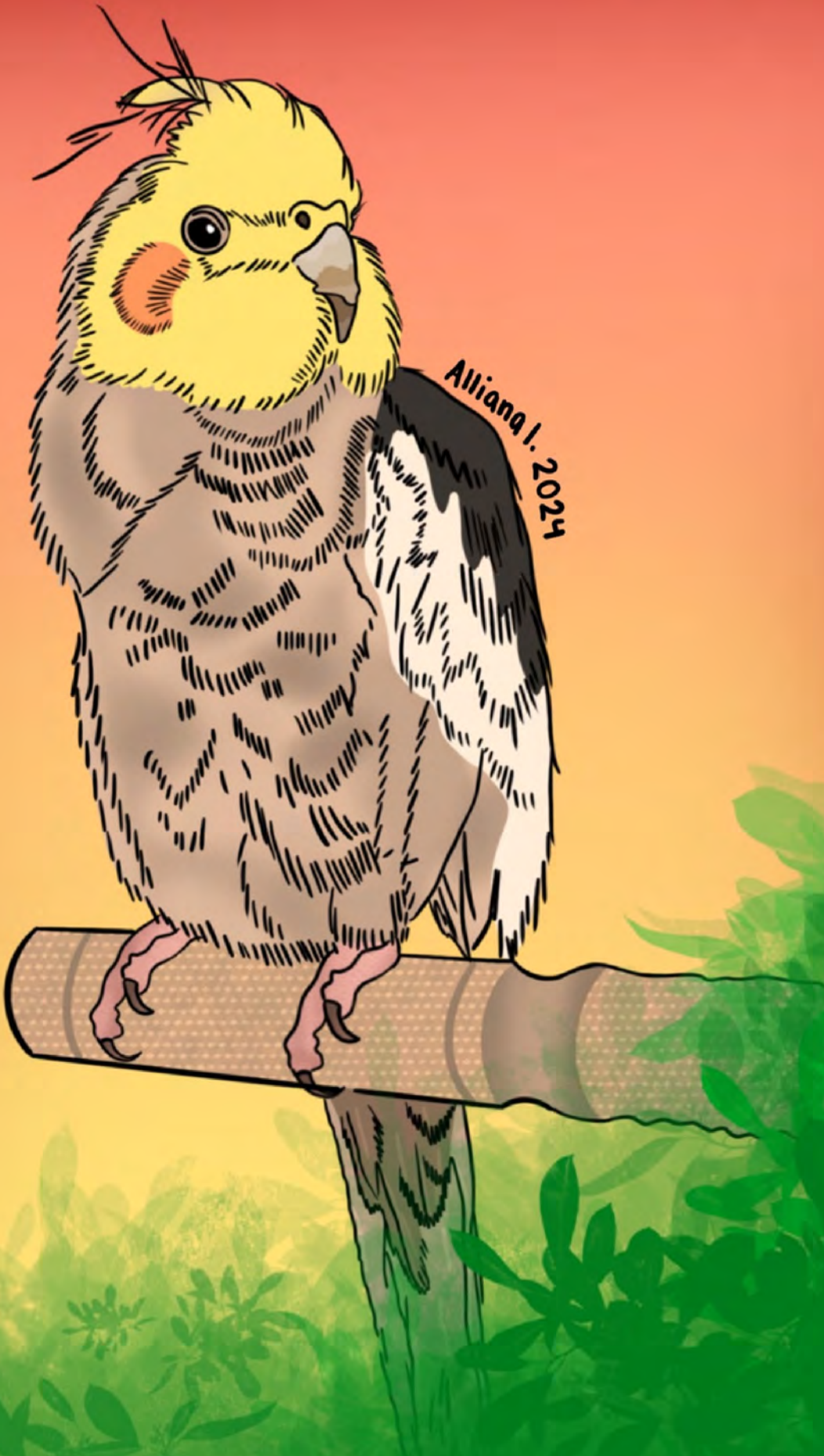


Vase No. 2

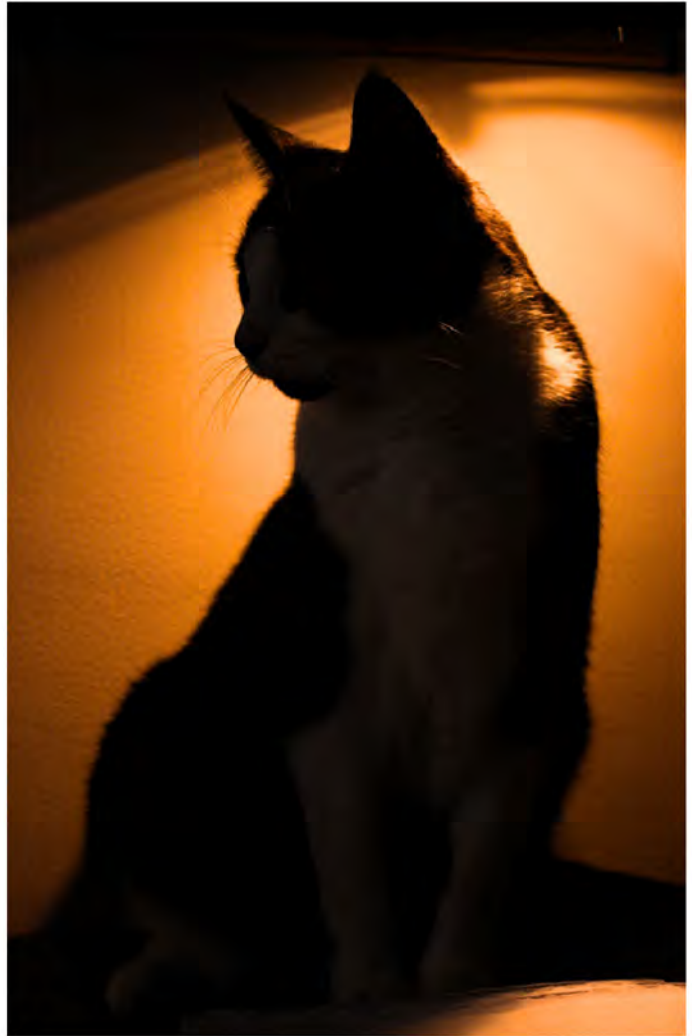


MRS. LAUREN ROESER

Vase No. 1



SARINA MOTAMEDI '27



EMMA BORRERO '25



Ada, Abigail, Audrey, Diana, Eleanor, Jane, Marilyn, Marie, Rosa, Ruth, Susan, Victoria. She is

Kind, smart, brave , strong

Righting the wrong
Writing her own story
Deserves the glory
But never getting it
She's a misfit with grit

She may be a bouquet of roses
Though with her words she bulldozes
With the words she writes
Gives the world its frights

With the words she says and writes
A spark inside me ignites
With that a fire lights
Ideas take flight

Ashley, Jessie, Kirstin, Maura, Mom

She is

Kind, smart, brave, strong

GRACE CAREY '27

She Is

SATVI MAHESH '26





NADALY SOTO '24



ANNA WHITE '24



ANNA WHITE '25

STRAY CAMINERO '25

Mr. Easy on the Eyes

You make me understand what people mean when they say easy on the eyes,
I mean I hope you realize you're not a sight for these sore ones, that have gone too long looking
at screens and cranky teachers and prepubescent teens,
so getting to class where you sit across from me
is like looking at the David of Michelangelo dead on,
You are handcrafted beautiful and strong as if every vein, crevice, muscle, or line of you was
hand drawn and then perfectly sculpted with nothing but passion in God's eyes,
nothing pre-planned just let the beauty of you come naturally,
it's easy to see and hard to come by that's why
I feel as if your mother deserves a reward because art like you is meant to be shared with the
world and I feel as if I should pay her commission each time I get a glimpse of you
I mean I think beauty is subjective but your smile is infective I feel like I need a vaccine every
time you lean a little too close, but you're captivating to the brink of I would never tell you to
move any farther away,

one day as I sat in religion class we spoke of god and I thought of you,

And I am not a Christian person by any means but you make me believe in a higher being, how
you talk with tranquility but speak with sonority I am just drawn to listen the moment you open
your mouth, I take in anything you put out, that's why I fully believed it to be true when the
scripture said

“You are made in the image of god”

because it made me think of you,

Made me think of your kind voice and words that are sweeter like smooth honey in tea on cold
days that burn the top of your mouth but the citrus cancels it out,
you look like an angel, your only sin being the toothache you give me
when your words touch the tip of my teeth and sting the cavities
that have come from taking you in,
you feel warm and that heat exudes from you like sparks from fireworks on the Fourth of July
though the night has brought a chill the sun from the waking hours
doesn't subside the balmy day,
even when you go the effect you have on people doesn't go away but towers their minds,

Though I'm not a religious person I find myself praying for you rather than asking for serenity,

I pray you have a good day
I pray you look in my direction
I pray you find your way,
I pray your heart never lingers the way mine does when it longs for you,
I hope you make it far,
I pray I catch up to you,

You found it odd that I remembered your birthday, but I remember most things you say because you are slowly embedding yourself in my mind, you've stapled your name hyperbolically hashed it into my hippocampus having it front and center each time anything reminds me of you which has recently become most things, you have outlandishly retained burned in my retinas I see you when I close my eyes, your shadow follows me throughout the day, I've memorized every way to class that just so happens to cross your path and remind myself to take that route

All my friends say I act a little too delusional over a guy like you but you're not just cute, you're graceful and live life with a sense of gratitude for simply being true most people only gain later in life, your giving and you're good, I mean you're caring and cool and kind, you're mean to be funny but you know always where to draw the line your respectful and look me in the eyes when I speak which is rare for guys your age but it feels like you give me time and make it stop when our days align

and you are so so smart,

smarter than you're given any credit for, though you say you're not I know you are and if anyone thinks otherwise it's because we've come so kin to this belief that beauty belittles the mind but when you share your thoughts with mine you make me feel as if my words have finally found some common ground after feeling alone in my opinions for all this time what I mean to say is we are so similar

you and me

the way we think and the way we talk I feel as if our personalities coincide, you make me feel seen and that's a beautiful thing to realize, but like I said your allurements doesn't end there it's inside and it's out it emanates from you

you're lousy with likability

Mr easy on the eyes.



RACHEL JANES '24

Love should exist, I know I should believe in love
and with that the existence of love because it oozes
out my pores it fills my mind and weighs down my
heart I'm covered in it from head to toe I'm dripping
and rolling in it yet if a flower grows in a forest, if a
seed sprouts but no one is there to witness it bloom
did it ever truly exist, if it wilts and goes back to the
earth before anyone can pick it give it water or feel
its petals soft and new, was it ever really true, was
there ever really a flower in that field if nobody
knew. If no one had seen or felt the flower if no one
ever stepped a foot near the field, yes I am full of
love, I can feel it constantly in my veins it's soft and
it's kind and it takes place of hardness where pain
should be it keeps me young it keeps my mind free
but how can I believe in love though it overflows
through out me if no one will ever take time to look
at all I give them to see.

STRAY CAMINERO '25

Flower



SYDNEY BERARD '25



KELLIANNE WALSH '24

NICOLE GONZALEZ-TELLEZ '26

A Song Revived

A bird sits in his nest
High up in the trees
He adds some sticks, gathers food
And stays alert
Panicked by the beasts who roam the land down below

Too busy working
Too busy stressing
The bird forgets the time when he'd splash in ponds just to splash
Fly just to fly
Get sticks just to play
And not having to care about a single thing

One day, he hears chirps
Not chirps looking for help or advice
Not chirps discussing the latest issues
No, these chirps are festive
A foreign sound that echoes through the silent business of the forest
Lighting up the trees, though no one seems to notice

The bird follows the sound
Until he finds the source
2 little birds, barely a year old
Who splash around in ponds
Not looking for hydration or a place to live
Splashing just to splash
Flying just to fly
Chirping just to sing
The joyous melody of life

Soon it all comes back to him
The spark that helped him live up to now
As the moon casts darkness over the forest
And absolute silence fills the air
The bird flies down to the edge of the pond and sees
The reflection of a younger bird he once knew
Who lived for life and nothing else
Who knew the spark and knew it well
One step in the water and it all comes back
He splashes to splash
Flies to fly
And chirps to sing
The song of life.

Nothing in my life has ever been embedded with love unless created by me,
nothing in my life has been beautiful I made it all up,

I write poetry about the beauty of red roses yet they were never actually red,
they were white and stained with my own blood
but I used that as a simile to show just how each thorn had become a part of me

And when the dispute dissipated through the ink on the page
when my words were misunderstood for something good,
I learned how under all the buried bad there was just worse,
until I found a seed and planted it into unsoilable earth,
a tree that will never grow but with hope
I will still write of how the apple will taste after picked from green leaves
I'll continue to write of love that I've never been given
I'll continue to dream of hope.

STRAY CAMINERO '25

Hope

AALIYAH VELOZ '26

(bottom & middle)

HANNAH HARRINGTON '26

(top)





NAVIN RAMESH '24



AMONY ESPINAL '27

JEREMIAH CHAPPEL '27

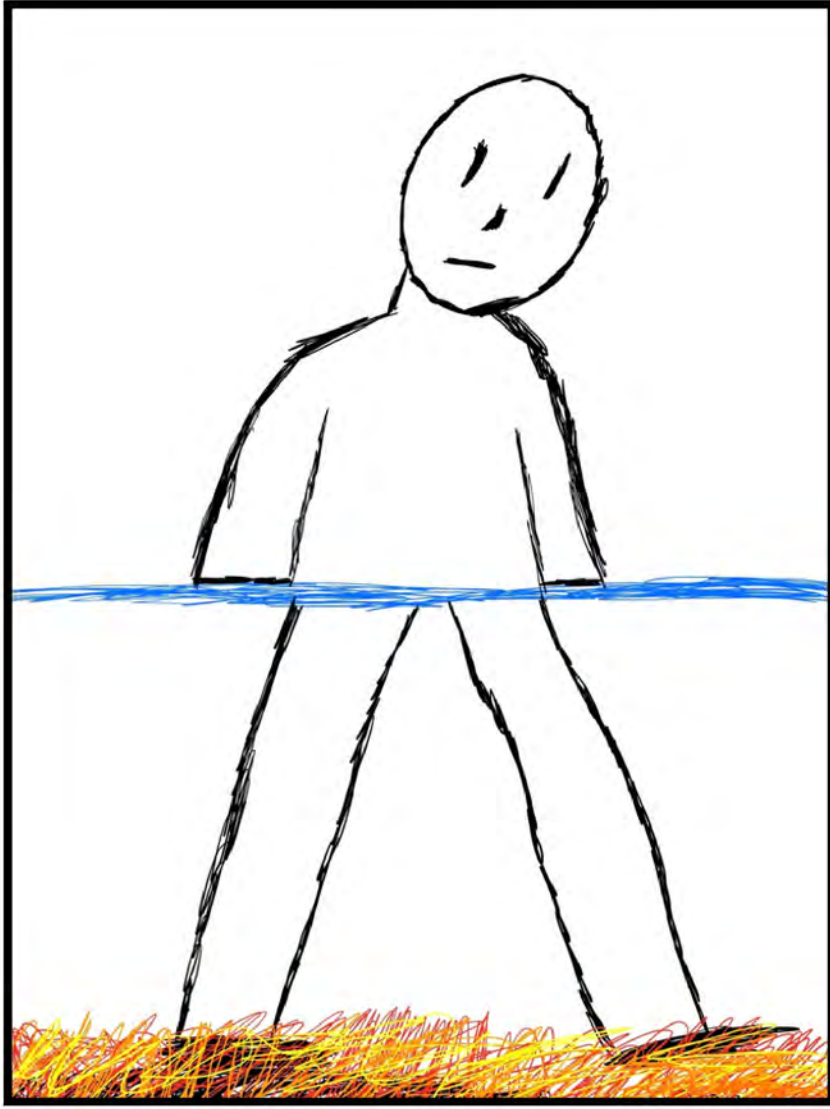
The Champions Stage

Beneath the floodlit stage, the grass whispers tales of trial,
Echoes of cleats, where dreams and fears interlace,
A sphere rolls - pivoting on the edge of destinies,
A ballet on blades of green, beneath a crowd's fervent gaze.

Players move like comets, trailing hopes in their wake,
Each pass a promise, each strike a desperate plea,
The net, a keeper of wishes, harbors silent prayers,
Its embrace is victory, its denial, despair.

Here, in this arena, minutes stretch into eternities,
Sweat beads like dew upon the brows of gods,
Muscles tighten, release - a symphony of human will,
Soccer, a globe spun by feet, uniting souls with every thrill.

The whistle sings of endings and of beginnings anew,
Scores etched not just on boards, but deep in the marrow,
For in this game - each play a verse in the poem of life,
Revealing that within the chase, the struggle, lies the beauty rife.



ANONYMOUS
Under the Surface



THOMAS SKARBEK '27

LOGEN O'RORKE '26

The American Blood Drive

On the night of April 4th, 1984, 10 young people between the ages of 14 and 20 were sent a letter to their window. Not knowing who sent them and why, each person opened their window and took the letter from in between the screen and glass. Each person opened the notes left for them to find this written, "Hello, one of the selected 10. The American Red Cross has chosen you to donate blood for people in need. Now although this may seem extremely odd, do not worry. Each of you were recommended for this task by your doctors and physicians to make sure you all were healthy enough. You may humbly decline this offer, but know that each person will receive ten thousand dollars in compensation for their contribution to helping those in need. The drive will take place on April 11th, 1984 at 6:35 pm EST. Hope to see you there. Sincerely, John Atwell of the American Red Cross."

As the doors closed behind them, they then heard, "Welcome, boys."

The faint voice from the shadows made all of them jump and even made Mark, the most religious of the friend group, curse loudly. They all then pointed their flashlights shakily into the shadows where they heard the voice and there they saw it. In the darkness of what was supposed to be an old morgue of the hospital, they saw ten hooded figures in white masks. The masks, small, but big enough to hide whoever was wearing them, and emotionless enough to conceal any sign of a human soul, caused all five boys to scream like young children in a haunted house. However, the terror in their faces only became something indescribable when they saw them toss the body of Mila to them. Except it didn't look like Mila.

As Francis was being dragged away, he could make out his friends being dragged away with him. The last thing Francis saw before the sedative kicked in was a set of beds, restraints, and bags for blood. The last thing they all heard was from the hooded figure, "Thank-you for your contribution to our great cause. Welcome to the American Blood Drive."

The End?

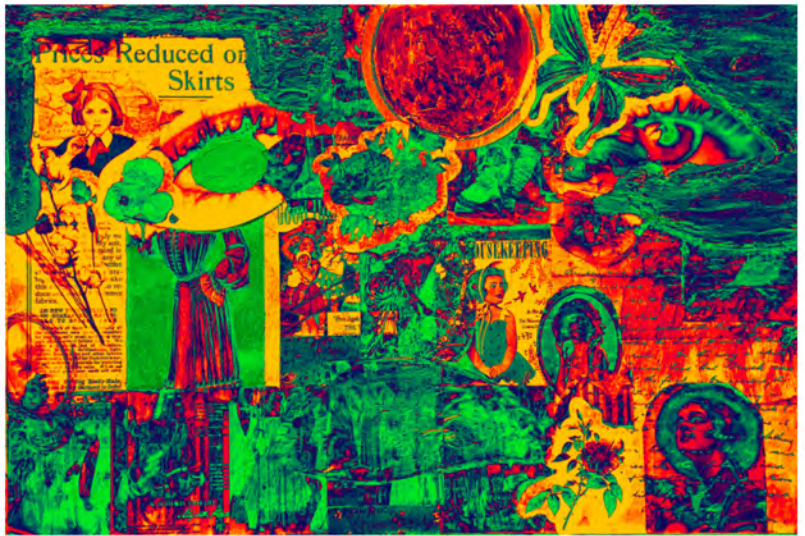


SYDNEY BERARD '25

SENIOR
FRESH
URES



JULIANA BOURAPHAEI



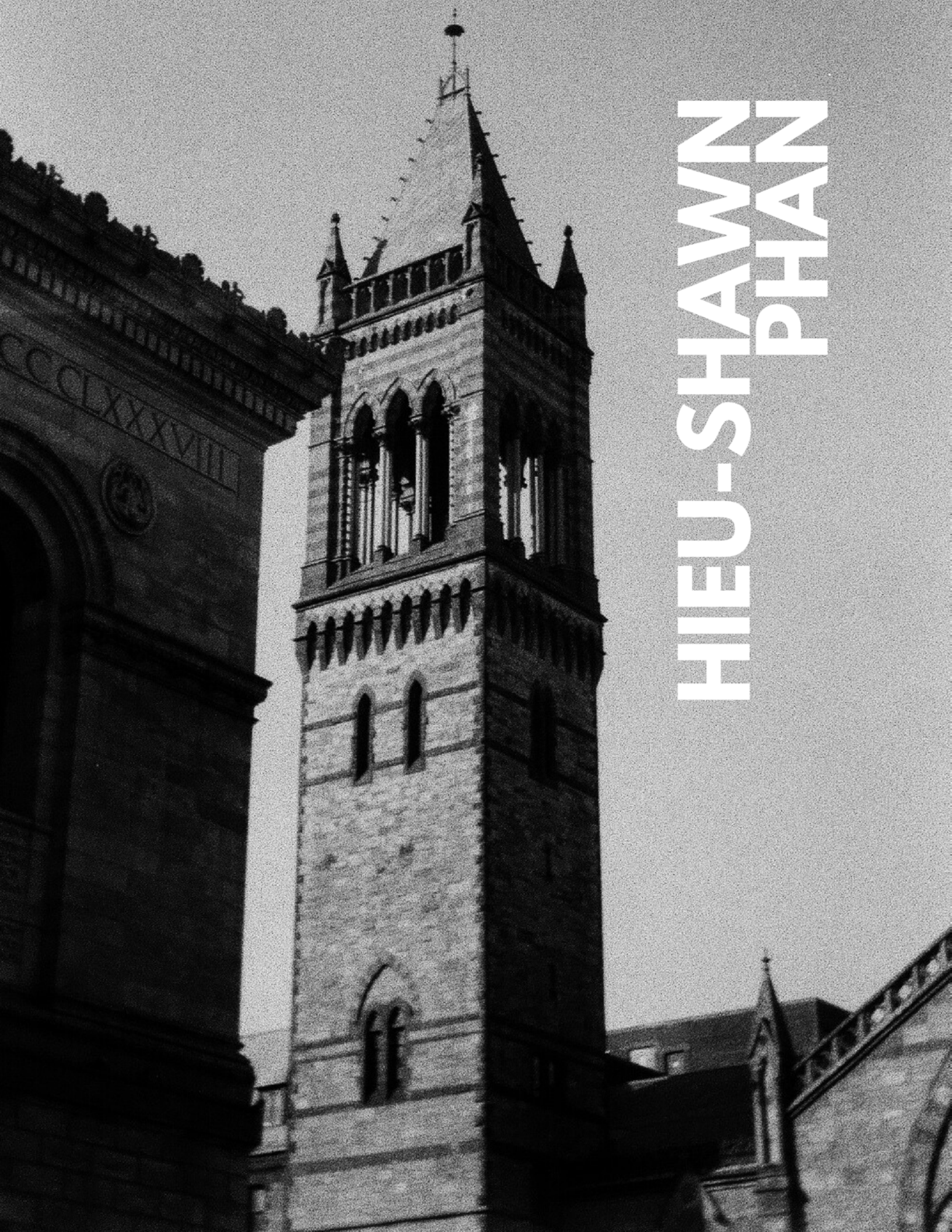
RACHEL JANES



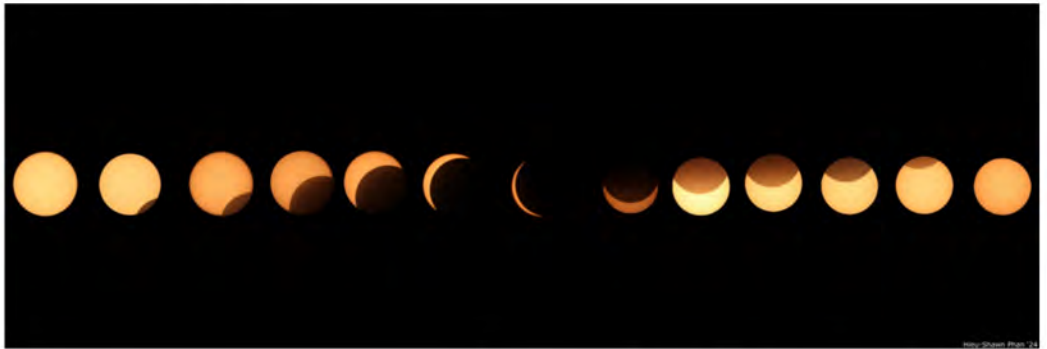


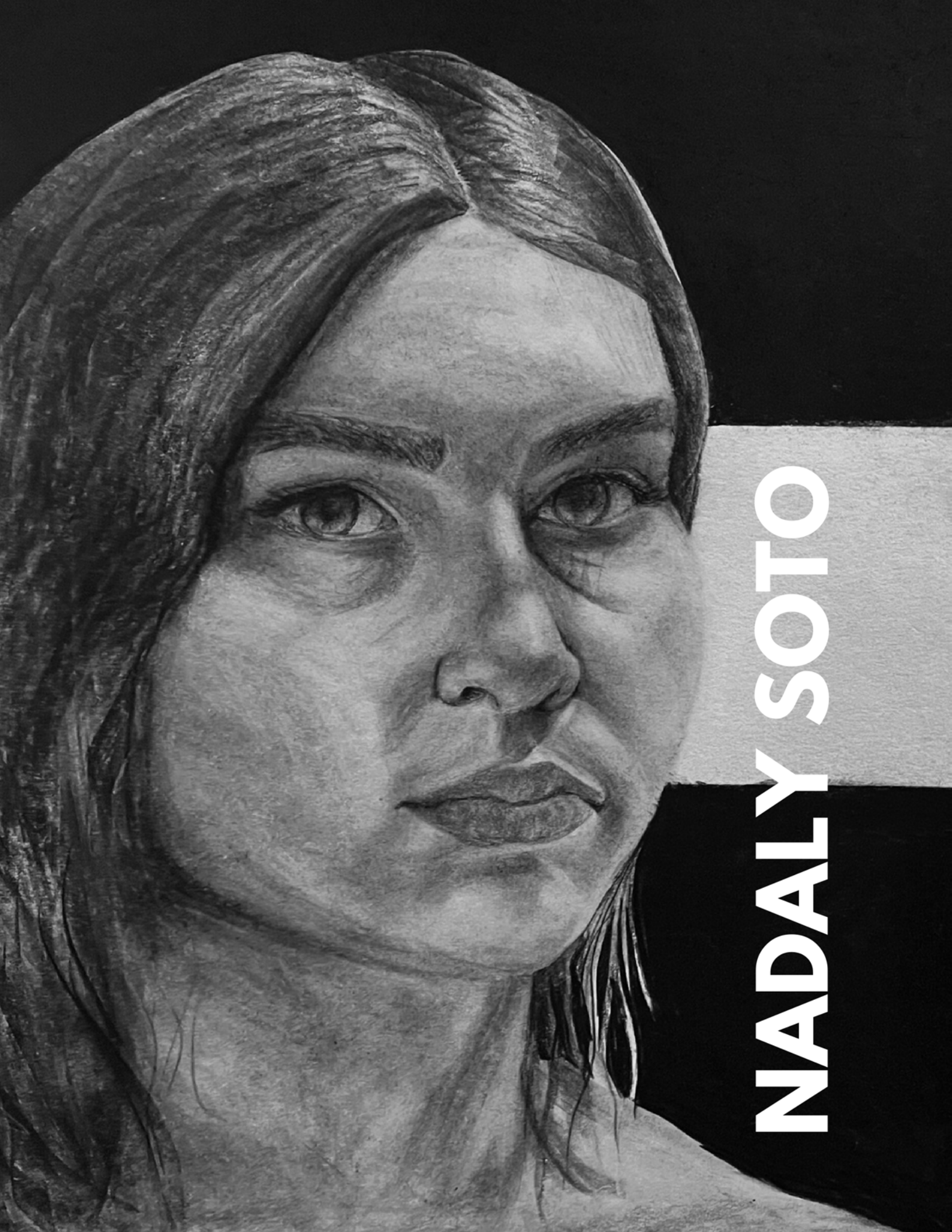






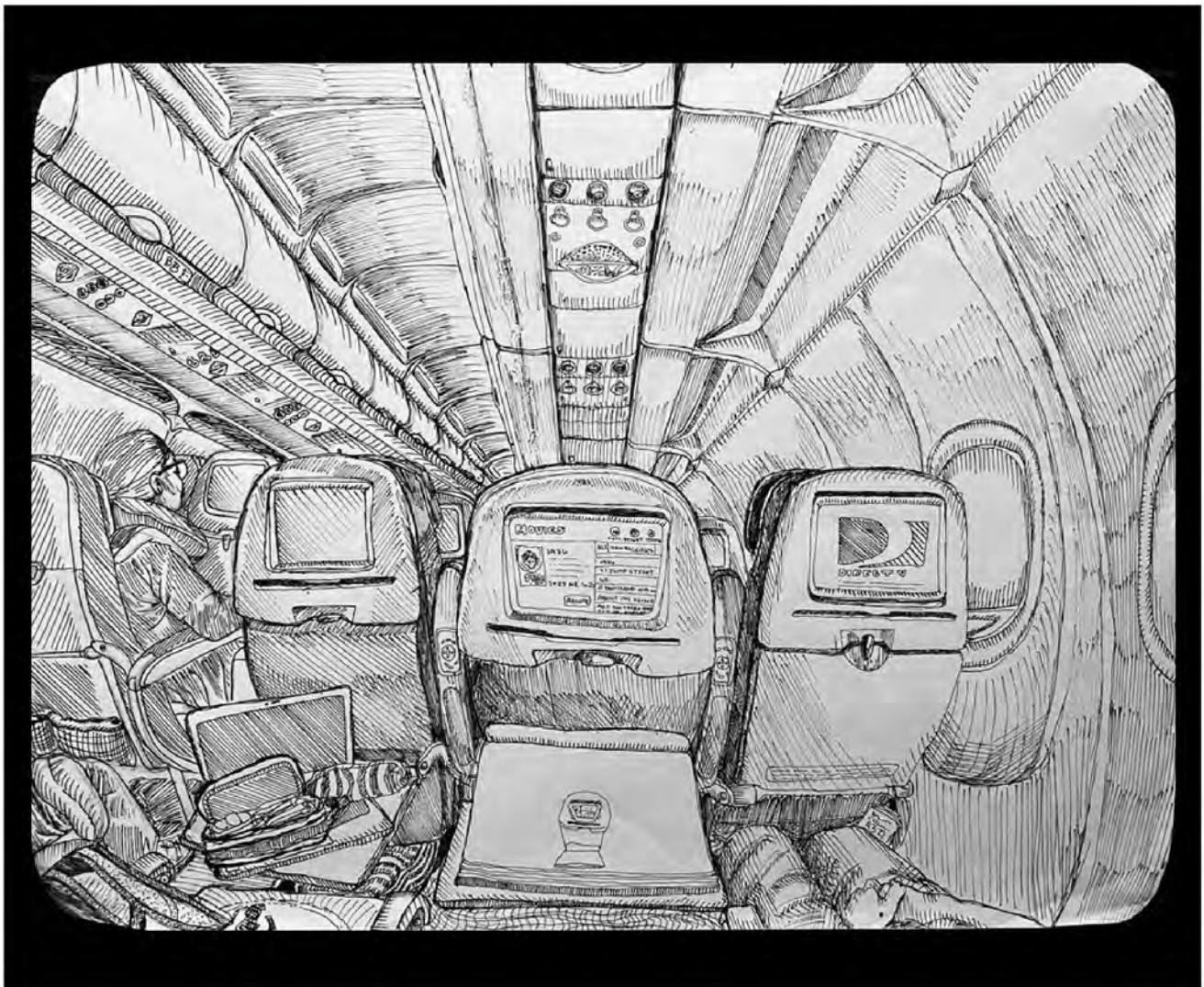
HIEU-SHAWN PHAN





NADALY SOTO









**KELLIANNE
WALSH**







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Kayleigh Abad '27
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Colton Anderson '24
Fiona Angelone '25
Macy Antonopoulos '25
Dinaya Balborda '27
Lucais Balurdi '27
Kayla Barchard '25
Laura Bennett '26
Sydney Berard '25
Abigail Boland '24
Emma Borrero '25
Christian Boucher '25
Juliana Bouraphael '24
Addy Brown '27
Stray Caminero '25
Grace Carey '27
Bee Caron '24
Alejandro Carter '25
Caleb Cascio '24
Jacoby Cascio '26
Jeremiah Charles '26
Jeremiah Chappel '27
Mrs. Jenn Chatigny
Aivah Cruz '25
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Mackenzie Cunneen '24
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Mr. Mark Svendsen

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Ms. Taylor Sacco
Mr. Matt Sansoucie
Mrs. Christine Thompson

*Please note that the performers from the Visions Coffeehouse held on May 11, 2024 may not be included in the list on the previous page due to our print schedule.

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back cover:
kellianne walsh '24

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