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All the City's a Canvas

# ROAMINGS Literary Magazine



Roman Catholic High School Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 2019-2020

### Editors' Note

By early 2020, we had settled on our theme, "All the City's a Canvas," as well as our design format for this year's edition. We had already received several submissions; other works that suited our theme were in progress. Then, our theme became seemingly prescient. Our magazine, our city, and our lives were vandalized – like a work of art doused with paint – by the global pandemic. Some submissions are obviously pre–COVID–19 – pieces that peek out from behind the pandemic's splatter. Others came after – new poems and new illustrations etched on top of the vandal's paint, turning the vandalism itself into a new canvas.

Like any worthwhile piece of art, we hope that this magazine will reflect our times and contextualize our experiences in late 2019 and early-to-mid 2020 for future readers. For instance, Timothy Skalski's photojournalism of the protests in Philadelphia against racial injustice and Andrew Castro's accompanying poem will stand as a testament to the time in which we created this edition. Another shap shot of pandemic life is our increased reliance on technology. To reflect this and to give our readers a choice, we decided to include a multi-media component this year. By scanning the QR code beside Anthony Kafel's excellent interview with artist Mary Burkett, readers can hear their full conversation, some of which isn't included in the print version – including Anthony's and Mrs. Burkett's frank discussion about COVID-19's early spread into Pennsylvania and South Carolina.

We hope that *Roamings* gives you an opportunity to think, to appreciate the work of talented artists, and to be entertained.

We dedicate this edition to everyone who has been impacted by COVID-19 and racial injustice.

Andrew Castro 2020 Senior Editor

Nhut Do 2020 Senior Editor

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### **Contributors**

#### **Senior Editors**

Andrew Castro '20 Nhut Do '20

#### Co-Editors

Anthony Kafel '20 John Nori '20

#### **Backgrounds**

Nhut Do '20 Andrew Castro '20 Joseph Nacchio '20 Sam Orange '20

#### Moderator

Mr. Fitz-Gerald Gallagher

#### **Artwork & Photography**

Nhut Do '20 Quinton Robinson '20 Andrew Castro '20 Alexander Wajda '20 Joseph Nacchio '20 Daniel Thompson '20 Joseph Uholik '20 Timothy Skalski '21 Sam Orange '20 Ziye Huang '21 Justice Cohen '20 Theek The '21 Jared Williams '20 James Wang '22 Michael Caimi '20 Joey Baldini '22 William Price '20 Francisco Ortiz '23

#### **Special Thanks**

Eric Herron '20

Special thanks to Mrs. Gallagher for developing the artistic talent in this magazine, to Mr. Pensabene for striving to educate his students in the art of photography, and to Mr. Corrigan for encouraging his students to learn more and write about Roman's history.

#### Literature

Andrew Castro '20
Nhut Do '20
Joseph Uholik '20
John Nori '20
Anthony Kafel '20
Aidan Cotton '20
Rawad Albarouki '20
Ethan Pomales '20
Jack Debes '20
James Vassallo '20
David Sun '20
Elijah Karn '23



#### Italian Immigrants in the Philadelphia Area

#### Anthony Kafel

Italian culture is prominent in Philadelphia, and it has been for centuries now. Italians began to come to the Philadelphia area in the seventeenth century. They docked their ships at New Castle in what would later be known as Delaware in 1665. These were some of the first Italian immigrants, and they came to the New World in search of religious freedom. Most of the first Italian immigrants were from Piedmont, and they were Christians who were being persecuted. Eventually the Italian immigrants became attracted to Pennsylvania because of the area's foundations of self government and freedom of religion. During this era, more Italians became Catholic. Some of the early Italians who lived in the Philadelphia area are the reason more Italian immigrants flocked to Philadelphia. Some of these immigrants included political essayist Filippo Mazzei, botanist Luigi Castiglioni, and priest Francesco Soave. These men wrote back home to Italy and talked about how generous the Quakers were with religious freedom. These men were



influential and were part of the reason that so many Italians flocked to America during this time period. Many of the immigrants would come to America and ship things back to their families in the ports of Genoa and Leghorn during the time of British North America.

The first Italian on record to actually spend time in Philadelphia was Giovanni di Palma. He was a composer who directed shows in Philadelphia in 1757. By the 1790s, there were dozens of Italians living in Philadelphia, most of which were high class citizens and accomplished musicians and composers. During this time, the Republic of Genoa decided that the first consul to assume responsibility for trade relations from Italy would be located in Philadelphia. This would lead to the steady but slow increase of Italian immigrants in Philadelphia during the early nineteenth century. During this era, most of the Italian immigrants came from Liguria and Tuscany, and most of them were leaving Italy for political freedom. In the early nineteenth century, there was a movement in Italy called the "Risorgimento", when people were calling for political unification. People from Italy who

wanted political freedom because of this movement came to Philadelphia because the city was the symbol of freedom because it is where the Declaration of Independence was signed.

Most of the Italians that moved to Philadelphia in the early nineteenth century were Catholic, and most if not all of them moved to South Philadelphia. Small Catholic Italian communities began to pop up in South Philadelphia. By the 1850s, there were more than one hundred Italians living in South Philadelphia. They convinced Saint John Neumann, who was the Bishop at the time, to establish the first Italian Catholic parish called St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, which was located on Montrose Street in South Philadelphia. In the 1860s, an Italian fraternal ethnic association was also set up. Both of these institutions became the foundation of the Italian community in South Philadelphia, and because of these institutions Philadelphia had over five hundred Italian residents by 1870.

From 1880 to 1920, the Italian immigrant population skyrocketed due to the Industrial Revolution. Most of the Italian immigrants who came to Philadelphia during this time period were low class unskilled workers who wanted to improve their economic status. Most of these Italians were from the Abruzzi region, and most of these immigrants became railroad and maintenance workers. Some worked in the clothing industry, and others worked on boats and ships. In 1890, the Italian born population and their children were around ten thousand. By 1920, that number rose to over one hundred and

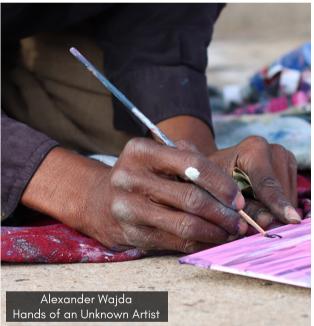


twenty three thousand. Most of these immigrants lived in South Philadelphia, but smaller Italian communities sprouted in North, Northeast and West Philadelphia, and the suburbs in the surrounding area such as Chestnut Hill and Overbrook. Other neighborhoods include Frankford, Mount Airy, Nicetown, Mayfair, and Germantown. Since so many of these Italians were Catholic, parishes began to pop up all over the Philadelphia Archdiocese. By 1932, there were twenty three Italian Catholic parishes in Philadelphia and the surrounding suburbs.

Regardless of the amount of Italian immigrants and Italian families in Philadelphia, these groups of Italians were not unified together until after World War I. With Quota Acts limiting the amount of immigrants coming to Philadelphia and the Fascist regime of Italy limiting the amount of Italians leaving, there was a slight drop off in the amount of Italian immigrants coming to Philadelphia. The small groups of Italians scattered all over Philadelphia banded together to take pride in their heritage in order to survive in the United States because of the discrimination they faced during this time. Italians were considered violent and unfair competitors in the early 1900s. Many people assumed that all Italians had mob ties, and people hated them because they accepted lower wages. Therefore, in order to survive, they banded together as Italians rather than being loyal to their different regions of Italy. The number of Italian born immigrants living in Philadelphia declined throughout the rest of the twentieth century. However, Philadelphia has the second largest Italian American population of any area in the United States.

Italian culture is sprinkled all over Philadelphia, most of which is still in the South Philadelphia neighborhoods. You can trace the Italian influence in Philadelphia mostly through food destinations. The Italians in Philadelphia were the founders of places such as the famous Ninth Street Italian Market, Pat's King of Steaks, Di Bruno Brothers, and Esposito's. Philadelphia is known nationally for its Italian presence, which is showcased through the fictional character Rocky Balboa is the Rocky movie franchise. Some famous Italians from Philadelphia include Riccardo Muti, Philadelphia Orchestra's music director from 1979 to 1992; Charles Baldi, famous innovator, politician, businessman; and Angelo Bruno, boss of Bruno Crime Family.

WELLS FARGO



#### A Sad State of Affairs

#### Andrew Castro

Let the color of one's skin make no difference in how we're treated, When the world takes pieces of our soul every time we breathe.

Let not the violence one is capable of be a show of utter hatred, To a group of people who like us, are just trying to find their way.

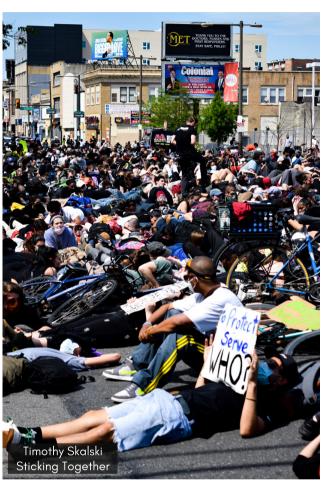
Tear gas and rubber bullets,
Marked on black faces like a bullseye,
The marker of death for many,
"Please... I cant breathe."

Unarmed and fearful, Your crime is your heritage.

But as long as we have lungs, And those lungs filled with air, We will scream out the injustice As we angrily declare it, people a world apart will shout it:

"No justice, no peace!"













#### Syrian Pride

#### Rawad Albarouki

Having Syrian heritage and living in America, I have encountered bias and prejudice due to my ethnicity. Although born and raised in America, I lived the lifestyle of a typical Syrian child. Growing up, I would hear wonderful stories about Syria and how my parents came here to build a better environment for their children's education. Every day, my parents would recall a different memory from their life in Syria. Hearing these stories, I felt as though they lived among kind and loving people where peace and prosperity prevailed. As the Syrian Civil War began, I watched this wonderful country get destroyed by the minute.



When my grandmother got sick, my parents and I traveled across the globe to stand by my family's side in As Suwayda, Syria. What I did not realize is how going for this sad reason would transform my entire life. The moment I set foot on Syrian soil, my eyes were opened to a calling that would pave my future path. I saw the poverty that was slowly crippling this wonderful place and draining the dreams away from children unable to obtain an education. Seeing all these children, I wanted to help them. I did not set my future goal to be a millionaire or a powerful official, but on making a difference and serving my people.

While there for only two months, I was able to find an organization that helped me fulfill this goal. Because of the circumstances of the war, children did not receive the proper learning experience that many in the United States take for granted. With the help I offered, the process of turning the dreams of these poor children into individual realities began. Because I was able to speak two languages – Arabic and English – I applied my skills and educational background to instruct these children. I taught nutrition, hygiene, survival mechanisms (such as how to filter water), and reading and writing. I provided them with the necessary tools for life in Syria. Looking in the eyes of everyone I taught, I felt as though our time together was embedded in their memory, like it was engraved in mine. While I hoped to transform the lives of those children, they helped me realize that there is more to life than money, popularity, and entertainment.

The following summer, I was fortunate to volunteer in a public hospital. I witnessed firsthand how terrorist attacks affected not just soldiers but also innocent families. Seeing the gushing blood and dismembered limbs left me in shock. However, by applying pressure to a bleeding soldier or assisting doctors in small operations, I took my first step into the career of my dreams. Every time I would hold the hand of a hurt child, I felt as though their heart beat slowed time just enough for me to realize how my goal of helping others was being accomplished. At the end of the day, the gruesome images that might have paralyzed another American student gave me the motivation to pursue my dream.



After doing this for two summers, I was able to tell others how I hoped I had left a mark on those I encountered in Syria. Even though people deny judging a book by its cover, it is exactly what happens. Syrians are often painted either as terrorists or helpless refugees who serve no purpose in modern society. I helped others see Syria in a new light. I showed those who looked down on Syria what my country truly stood for. I believe I helped the children transform into strong and independent Syrians who are not ashamed of their heritage but rather embrace it as I do. One day, if I hear my name from someone I don't recognize, I hope they say that the little I was able to give made a difference.



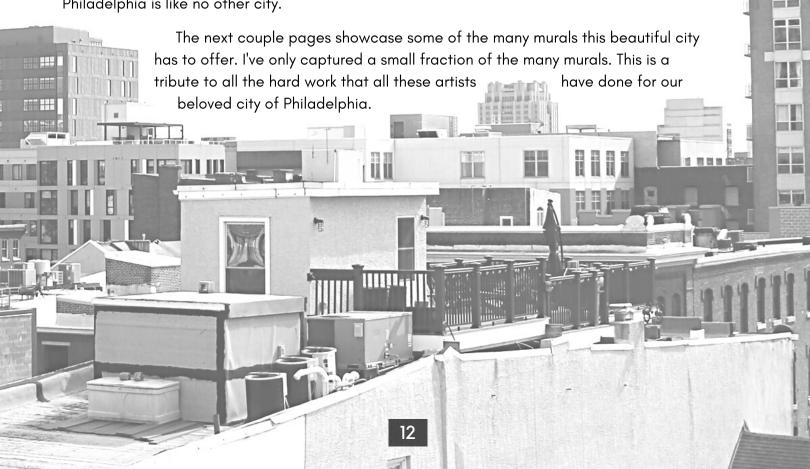
#### The Mural Capital of the World

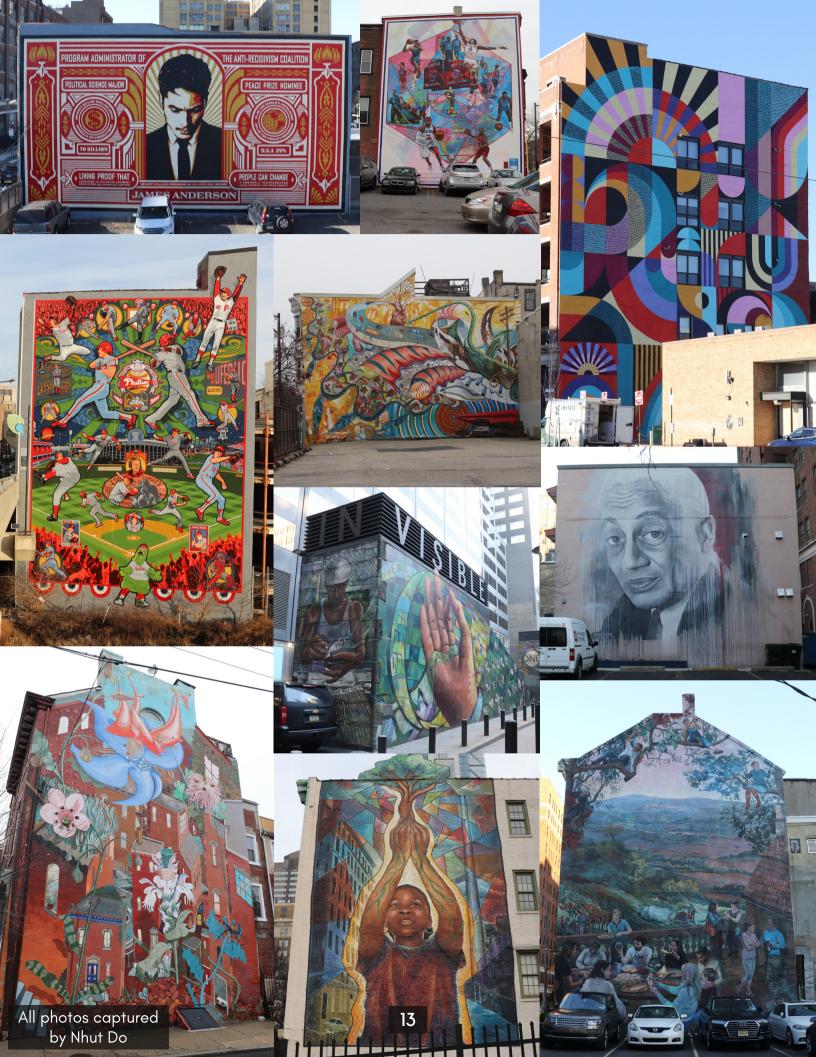
Nhut Do

One of the greatest things the city of Philadelphia has to offer is its vast array of culture. From having some of the oldest historical landmarks in the country to having some of the best cheesesteaks in the world, Philadelphia is home to many amazing things. With that being said, this city has a hidden gem that many people don't know about. Unofficially, the city of Philadelphia is the *Mural Capital of the World*.

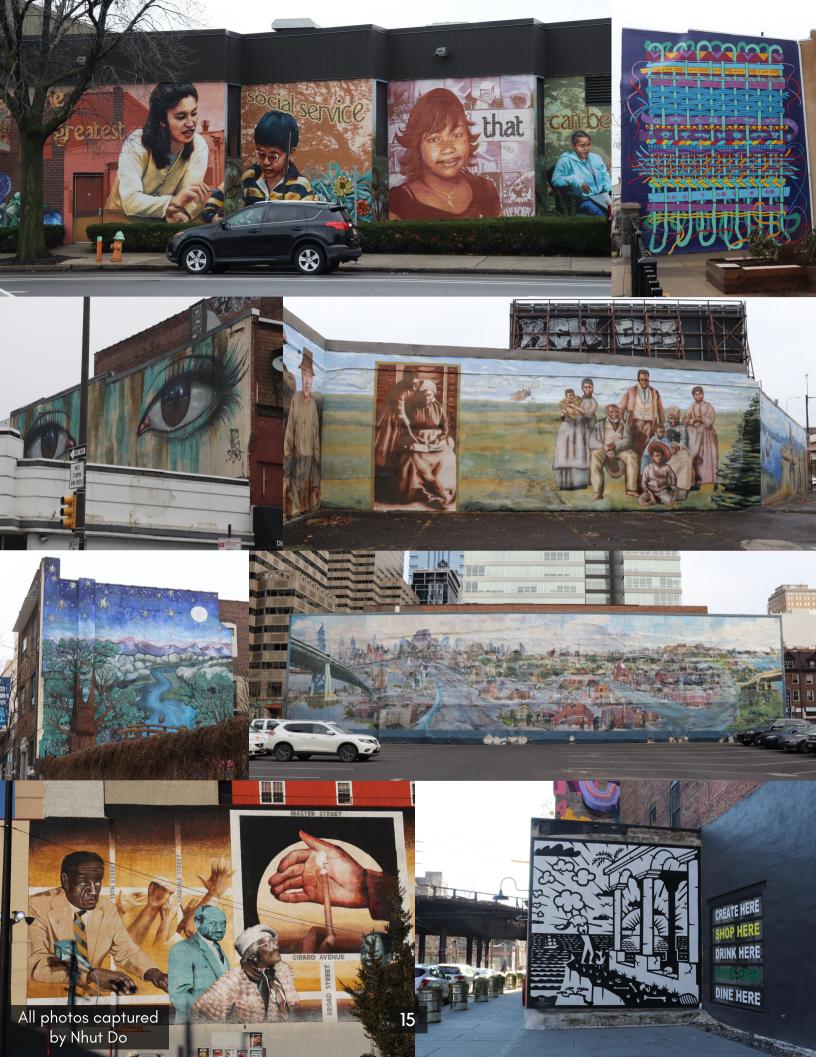


Philadelphia is home to around 4,000 murals. The murals began as an anti-graffiti movement in 1984 and was named *The Mural Arts Project*. Since the founding of this program, the city of Philadelphia has been painted all over with the community's hard work and dedication. Blank walls become large canvases for artists all around the country to come to Philadelphia to give life to the city. Through all the artists' efforts, the murals in the city reflect positive messages and create an atmosphere like no other. It is through the drive and creative effort of the people that the city of Philadelphia is like no other city.











Nhut Do Smile



#### Tuyo (Translation of *Narcos* Opening Song)

#### Ethan Pomales

Soy el fuego que arde tu piel I am the fire that burns your skin

Soy el agua que mata tu sed I am the water that quenches your thirst

El castillo, la torre, yo soy The castle, I am the tower

La espada que guarda el caudal The sword that guards the treasure

Tú el aire que respiro yo You, the air that I breathe

Y la luz de la luna en el mar And the moonlight on the sea

La garganta que ansio mojar The throat hoping to get wet

Que temo ahogar de amor I fear drowning in love

¿Y cuáles deseos me vas a dar? And what desire will I receive?

Dices tú, 'mi tesoro basta con mirarlo' You say, "My treasure, just look"

Y tuyo será

And yours it will be



#### Beneath the Eyes of History

#### Aidan Cotton

I lift up my weary head, and the subway doors creak open. Nearing the end of my long and early commute, I march up the steps onto Broad Street and the first thing I see is the statue of William Penn looking down at me from atop Philadelphia's City Hall. Feelings of pride rush over me as I recognize the history of this great city and I realize that now, it is within my ability to contribute something to enrich this already thriving City's history.

Now I am in school. I walk down Renaissance Hall, in these historic halls of Roman Catholic High School, I belong to the generations of Catholic academic excellence. One cannot help but feel inspired to contribute to the memory of this school by desiring to be more. The desire to learn more, achieve more, dream more is a deep passion within me. Up until now, my education, to me, seemed just as mere hurdles to jump over in order to pass a certain class. It wasn't until midway through my freshman year that I understood my education to be more than that. In Roman's hall hangs the painting, *The School of* 



Athens. I saw the great philosophers and thinkers of the ancient world gathered together in one common pursuit: to understand the world, and each other, more clearly. At first, it appeared to me as simply a nice painting; however, the more I pondered it, the more I realized that I am a product of all the centuries since then, the curiosity that embodied all of the greatest thinkers to ever inhabit this earth. This event led me to always seek to learn more. Just as Einstein had worked in an office

After having this grand realization, I quickly set out to make the most of my education. I truly am blessed to attend school in the heart of the great city of Philadelphia, once known as the Athens of America after the Revolution. It earned this name because of the many museums, libraries, and academic societies whose purpose was to propagate the trajectory of civilization through education. Utilizing these advantages, I found that I could learn just as much outside of school as inside. I would occasionally spend time at the Free Library combing through the seemingly endless stacks of books to write research papers for Biology. Some days I would hop on the EI to see the museum of the American Revolution in order to study for my APUSH tests. From there it was only a



short walk to the American Philosophical Society, where I would spend time in the Signers' garden writing arguments and perfecting my oratory skills for upcoming mock trial tournaments. Even on the days I needed to rush home for work, I still got my fill of knowledge by watching Ted Talks on the train ride home. Now within me is a true excitement in learning new things, and a reserved wonder towards all the things I do not yet know. In the Athens of America, there stands a school at the corner of Broad and Vine that is a modern day School of Athens.

This feeling of joy in learning I look to expand in college. The end of my senior year has caused me to reflect on the past. Just as William Penn's legacy looms over the city, I wish one day that my achievements through education will leave a legacy that inspires future students to achieve more. I am excited to finally make my education mine. I am now confident that my future accomplishments will allow later generations to stand on my shoulders, gaze up at the cosmos, and understand more about the universe in which they live.



#### **Philadelphia**

#### John Nori

That fortress of history, that bastion of light, Whose eyes witnessed struggle and a nation so new. That city unrelenting, that city of fight.

From whence man's spirit did yearn for future bright; Sentiments of revolution, clamorings of freedom did brew. That fortress of history, that bastion of light.

Would the charter granted unto a young Quaker unite, The wondrous wooded province with a crown jewel so true --That city unrelenting, that city of fight?

Accepting of all, compassionate to others' plight. In came Iroqouis and Delaware, Catholic and Jew. That fortress of history, that bastion of light.

Inscribed in this place were the words of man's right To life, liberty, happiness -- A Declaration overdue That city unrelenting, that city of fight.

And when our world falls under tyranny's smite All peoples, all nations, they turn and look to That fortress of history, that bastion of light — That city unrelenting, that city of fight.



#### Mary Burkett Interview

Anthony Kafel & Joseph Uholik



This OR code will provide you with an audio version of this interview. It also provides context of the Covid-19 situation in South Carolina and Pennsylvania in early spring.

In February of 2020, an artist named Mary Burkett traveled from her home in South Carolina to our school, Roman Catholic, to present her exhibit of twenty-seven hand drawn portraits. These drawings portray individual children who, due to the atrocities of the Holocaust, perished far too young. Each individual child carries with them their own story, family, and potential, which through Mary Burkett's artistic ability and by the grace of God, can help to provide us with a much closer and intimate view of the tragedy that is the Holocaust. Many of us learn about the Holocaust in our history classes. We hear the massive number of fatalities, the inhumane and evil treatment of the Jewish people in concentration camps, and of the political machinations that allowed for these things to happen. What we typically don't see, however, are the faces, the stories, and the real, human lives who were affected by this. What this collection, entitled "Beloved: Children of the Holocaust," succeeds in doing is to allow us to see those large numbers on a much, much smaller scale.

With the beginning of the Covid-19 pandemic and the arrival of worldwide quarantine efforts, we contacted Mary Burkett with the intent to ask her some questions about her exhibit and her visit to Roman. We have transcribed this QnA below:

**QUESTION**: What inspired you to draw the children of the Holocaust?

MARY: At the time that I started, there was no particular inspiration at all. I had decided that I wanted to learn how to draw and I bought myself a pencil and a pad; while I was looking on Pinterest for something to draw, I found this picture of this little boy and I just knew I was supposed to draw him. It was one of those heart knowledge things where you just know you're supposed to do something and I didn't know of course, when I first saw him, that he had died in the Holocaust. Looking at it now, what I would tell you is that it was a call from the Lord that I had no idea was taking place. After that, I started looking for children who had died in the Holocaust and I don't think I showed them to anybody besides my husband until I had close to a dozen of them. I never imagined exhibiting them or anybody being interested in them. It was just something I knew I was supposed to do.

<u>QUESTION</u>: Once you found that first child, was there a process for finding the next child you would draw?

<u>MARY</u>: I actually would just put in "vintage photography" or after I had drawn a couple of them I would put in "children of the Holocaust" and see what would come up in images. Many of them would have their name, their date of birth, and maybe their date of death. Of those many that come up, people would ask how they choose them, and truthfully, I don't think that I choose them; I think that they choose me. I would just see them and know that I was supposed to draw that one. I don't know how I know. I just do. After I had drawn a couple of them, people would ask if I knew anything about this little boy or this little girl, so I started researching to try to find information to compose little biographies about them.

**QUESTION**: Are you still drawing children?

<u>MARY</u>: Yes, I am. I have another series of the holocaust I'm doing which is kind of like a continuation and my intention if this works out; I want to draw 5x7 portraits — if you think about just a picture that your mom or dad would have of you around the house — if I draw 150 of them, they would be called Beloved 10,000 and each one of those 150 would represent 10,000 children who died.

**QUESTION**: How long would this take you?

<u>MARY</u>: It takes about a week for a drawing, so I'm thinking in a period of about three years I could probably do 150 of them. Now, with this whole staying in for the virus thing, it has occurred to me that I could probably draw a lot more. I currently have close to 40 done.



**QUESTION**: How many did you have featured at Roman?

MARY: Twenty-seven

**QUESTION**: Did you draw those thirteen afterwards or were they just not ready for exhibition?

<u>MARY</u>: I haven't exhibited them at all. I had them with me and I had shown them to Father Bongard but I want to do them slightly differently. I'm going to frame them all in little golden frames that would be appropriate to the 1930s and I want them to look like a collection of pictures that mothers had. They wouldn't be exhibited straight like the previous collection but instead just staggered on the wall. I want it to be much less formal and much more personal looking.

<u>QUESTION</u>: Which, of the 40 or so have you done, child's story impacted you the most as you were drawing that child?

<u>MARY</u>: That's a hard question and that's because I fall in love with each and every one of them. There's something incredibly personal about drawing someone, which is something I would have never even realized. For instance, if you're drawing someone's ear, you draw every little fold so carefully and you draw every little curl of their hair. It's a very personal thing. If I had to choose, I would probably say Edith, who was the little girl on the front of my brochure. I don't know why, particularly, I chose her when we started doing promotional materials like that. I just had to choose somebody, and really I just chose someone at random, and really not so random because my heart just told me she was the one to choose. Well it ended up that her family members got in touch with me. If I had never used her on the advertising for the portraits the likelihood that they would ever see that goes way down. I don't think that was accidental.

**QUESTION**: Did you end up meeting with them?

<u>MARY</u>: I haven't met them in person, but we have communicated over the phone and we are friends on facebook. We sort of keep up. When I post every week they almost always send me a little personal message. I hope I get to meet them some day.



**QUESTION**: What part of drawing these children has changed your life the most?

<u>MARY</u>: It has opened up a lot of opportunities to meet a lot of people. I don't actually advertise anywhere I go. It's entirely word of mouth. It's like Father Bongard telling somebody else and they call me. It sort of, in a sense, a wonderful revelation that keeps unfolding which is a great joy to me. Meeting all of the people I've met is certainly tremendously enriching to me. When I go places, my prayer always is, like before I came and spoke at your school that night, "Lord let them see everything of you and nothing of me." That is a real privilege to me: to be doing work that I feel the Lord wants done.

<u>QUESTION</u>: Other than the 150 children that you mentioned, do you intend on doing any other drawings or have you done any other drawings?

<u>MARY</u>: I have another collection called "Beloved: Legacy of Slavery" and I am currently working on a series called "Beloved: Restoration" which is also African-Americans from the 19th Century. I've also done a very small series called "Beloved: Unfinished Lives" that is pictures from the Warsaw Ghetto in 1942. My larger website is maryburkettart.com. Under collections on that website you can see all of those if you'd like to. I've also done just a couple portraits of people who have died under special circumstances. I don't do any kind of commission work for people or any current portraits. I think it's very important to recognize the lives of ordinary people and tell history through their eyes.

<u>QUESTION</u>: Has anyone around you ever recommended photos to you as inspiration or do you typically find them yourselves?

<u>MARY</u>: I generally try to find them myself and the reason is when people have asked me to draw, say, a grandparent or someone who had died in the holocaust, most of the time these pictures are very small and are very pixelated when they are enlarged. It has never really worked out for me but I would be open to it if someone had a photo that was good enough that I could do that.



Special thanks to Mary
Burkett for allowing us to
use some of her Holocaust
Portraits in our magazine as
well as allowing us to
interview her. Here is a QR
code to her website.

**QUESTION**: What role did faith play in all of this?

MARY: It played a tremendous role; I didn't know it, of course, in the beginning. I just sat down and started drawing. I didn't know God was doing anything. I have a little book on Amazon called "An Unexpected Year" that I wrote in December of 2017 that details the whole process of me because I didn't want to forget what that had been like for me. It really felt like God was more and more revealing his purpose to me and he had work that he wanted me to do. I really struggled with why God chose me because I was raised to believe that you don't take any glory unto yourself that belongs to God. When I would go places and people would compliment me I felt like I was receiving praise that was deserving of God. When I got to the end of that year I began to realize that I was just the conduit, or the salesman, if you will. The highest compliment anyone can pay is if someone looks at those portraits as children and not as artwork. It shouldn't have anything to do with me as an artist or how I drew it.

**QUESTION**: Do you have any more questions for us or anything else to say?

<u>MARY</u>: I just wanted to say that it was such a joy to be up there and I just rejoice in seeing those pictures on Facebook. Roman is an awesome school and I am so proud. It's so nice that I got to meet so many of you.



#### The Great Depression and its Lasting Impact on the Economy Anthony Kafel

The Great Depression was the worst financial disaster in American History. It devastated the economy, destroyed people's lives, and changed the political and economic status of the United States as a whole. It lasted for ten years, from 1929 to 1939. It started in October of 1929 when the stock market crashed, investors pulled out, and Wall Street fell into a panic. It changed the United States economy in every aspect, and these negative changes lasted for years following the market crash in 1929.

The stock market crash that caused the Great Depression was caused by rapid expansion in the United States. The period from 1920 to 1929 was known as the "Roaring Twenties". During those ten years, the United States economy expanded at an alarming rate. Total wealth in the United States doubled, and everyone was making their profits from stocks. There were millionaires, middle class, and even low class citizens investing in the stock market to make money. However, the stock market

was filled with speculation due to the amount of investments it was receiving. People were taking risks and gambling on certain companies being successful. As a result, the stock market expanded rapidly and it peaked in August of 1929. During that year, it seemed as though everyone was banking on making a huge profit on the stock market. What they didn't realize was what was happening behind the scenes throughout the country as a whole. During this time period, production was steadily decreasing and the unemployment rate was steadily rising. Stocks were being priced at more than what they were worth. Consumer debt was high, wages were low, and the bank had to pay back an excess of loans. The country went into a mild recession that summer as production slowed, inventories piled up, and consumer spending slowed down. Even though all of this was happening, the stock prices continued to rise, and they reached a point that was beyond fixing that October. On October 24, 1929, investors' nerves had broken them, and almost thirteen million shares were traded that day. Five days later, another sixteen million shares were traded. These two days were known as "Black Thursday" and "Black Tuesday". Millions of stocks ended up being worthless, and a large percentage of these stocks were bought with borrowed money, so people were left with nothing after the crash.

Joseph Uholik

Woe

The stock market crash of 1929 sent the country into an economic crisis. From 1929 to 1930, the United States Real GDP(Gross Domestic Product) dropped by 8.5%. From 1930 to 1931, GDP dropped another 6.4%. From 1931 to 1932, GDP dropped another 12.9%. Finally from 1932 to 1933, GDP dropped another 1.2%. In terms of unemployment rate, the unemployment rate was at 3.2% in 1929. After the crash, the unemployment rate rapidly increased, and it reached 24.9% in 1933, almost a quarter of the labor force. From 1929 to 1933, the country was in economic turmoil. The government tried to fix the crisis for those four years, but most of those promises were empty. By 1931, six million Americans were looking for work but were unemployed. Production was cut in half and agricultural workers suffered on two fronts: they could not sell crops, and droughts and high winds brought about the "Dust Bowl" (Farmers were forced to migrate because their livestock and crops were destroyed by drought and winds). In 1930, banking panics began and swept the country for the next three years. People lost faith in banks and demanded cash back. Banks then had to liquidate their loans to make up for the shortage of cash on hand. By 1933, thousands of banks were shut down or closed.

By 1932, fifteen million people were unemployed in the United States. At the time, that was more than 20% of the United States population. The country was at an all time low until President Franklin D. Roosevelt (FDR) was elected. Roosevelt made monumental changes to the country in order to bounce back from the recession. He closed all banks for four days so that the government could pass legislation in order to provide stability for the banks and the country. He delivered a wave of optimism to the country through his "Fireside Chats" and other miscellaneous speeches he gave, including the famous "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself" speech. Roosevelt also created the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation (FDIC) to protect depositors and the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) to regulate the stock market. Roosevelt created the New Deal, which was a regiment of legislation and government programs to keep the country afloat. The New Deal created the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA), the Works Progress Administration (WPA), and Social Security (Gave unemployed Americans disability and pensions for old age).

Roosevelt's new policies turned the country's economic status around, and improvements began in 1933. In the next three years, Real GDP increased by 10.8%, 8.9%, and 12.9% respectively. In the next ten years, almost ten million Americans would be reemployed and unemployment rate dropped to 4.7% by 1942. The country went through a smaller recession in 1937 and 1938, so the effects of the Great Depression were stretched until 1939 to close out the decade. However, by the early 1940s, the United States became involved in World War II and the economic status of the country skyrocketed due to availability of jobs.



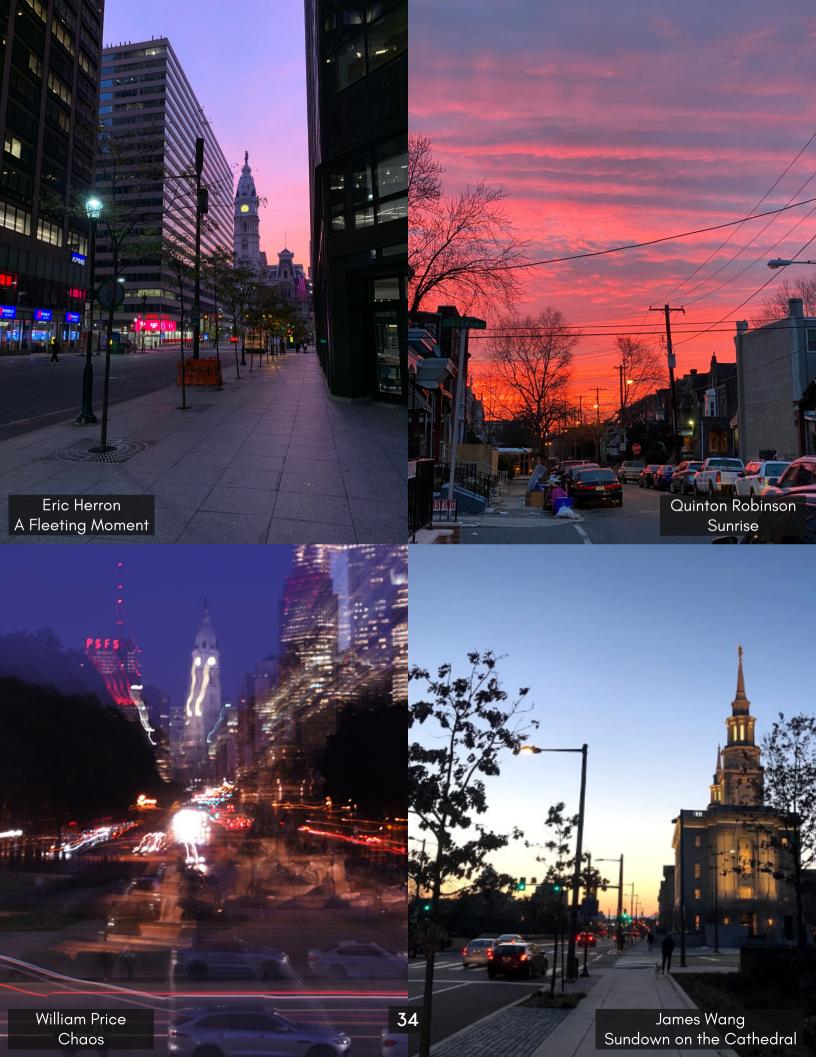
## Landscapes



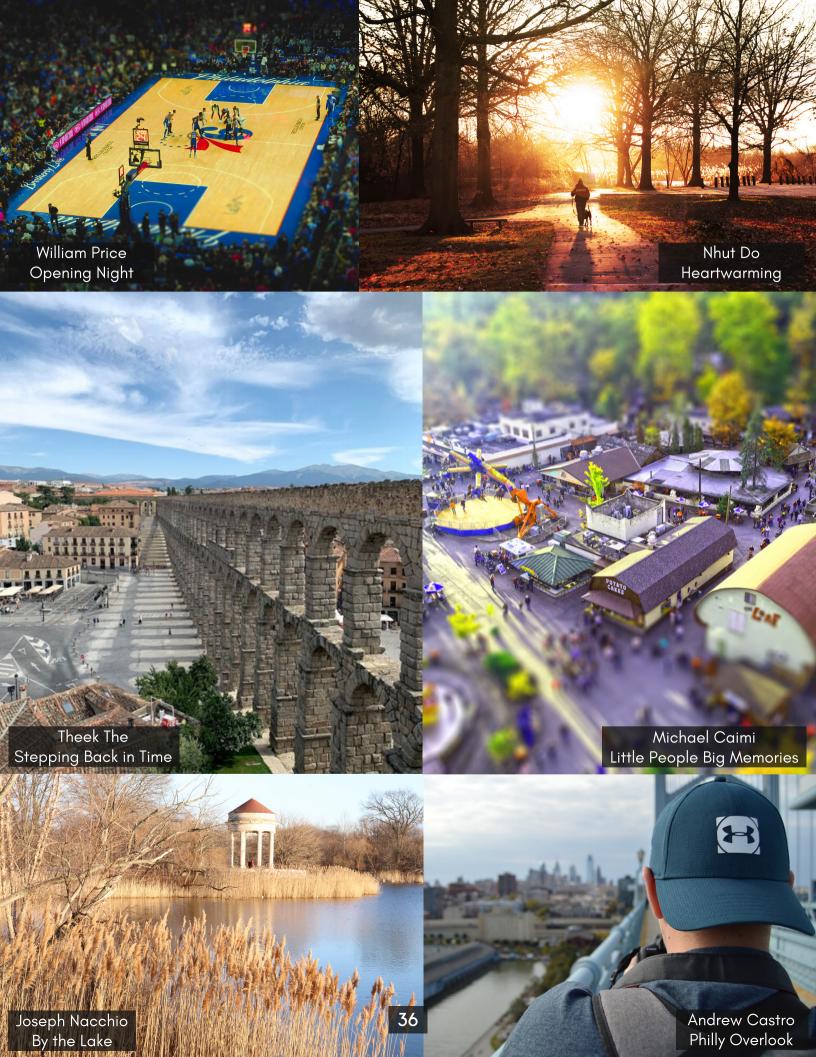






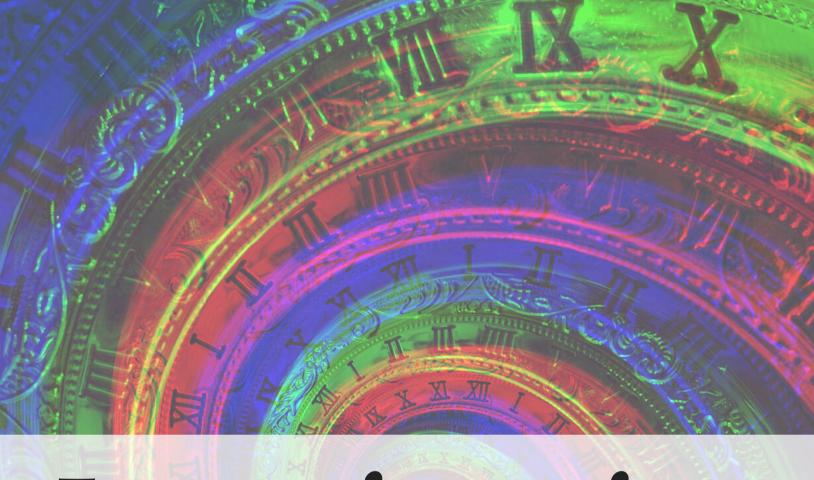


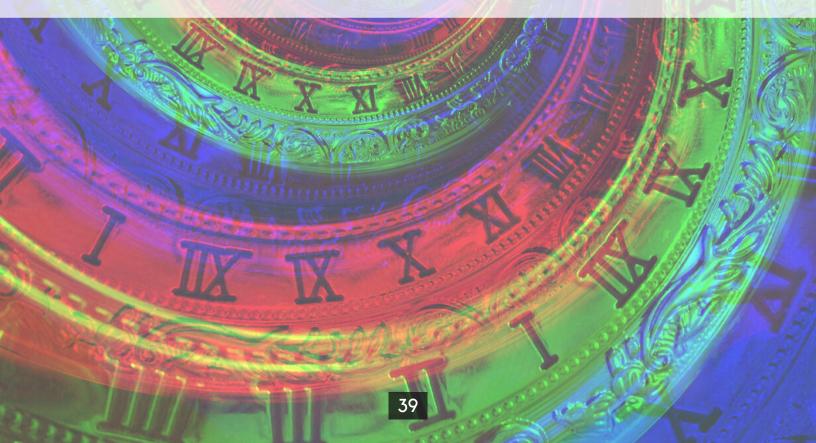














#### Through the Door

Joseph Uholik

I saw it for the first time a short while after I turned 34. I was sitting in the family room with the game on when I heard this high pitched hum — almost like a dog whistle. At first I grabbed the remote and lowered the volume, before completely turning off the TV, thinking that was the source of it; but the sound just kept going. I tried putting it out of my mind for a little while but it persisted until eventually I had to get up and go see what it was. I searched the whole house top to bottom. It was pretty hard to pinpoint exactly where it was coming from at first. After checking the whole first floor, I walked upstairs, almost tripping over Jakey on the way. He was a good dog. He liked to lounge on the fourth step up, right under the vent. He didn't appear bothered by the noise. Strange, I thought, what with it sounding like a dog whistle and all.

I made it up the stairs and at the end of the hall, in my dad's old study, this bright light was coming out from under the shut door. He passed in '07, with my mom not far behind, and I always figured I'd keep the study just how he left it. Man, the fear that crept into me at that moment. I thought there'd be some ghost or something behind that door. I stood there, on the landing at the top of the stairs, for what must have been 30 seconds, just looking at that light. It was a deep, unnatural blue, like the deepest parts of the ocean, but shining bright as anything I ever saw. I backed up into the doorway to what used to be mine and Maya's bedroom and grabbed my old high school bat from the shelf by the doorway, not taking my eyes off that light. Advancing slowly, bat gripped tightly, sweat accumulating on my forehead, I walked cautiously to the study door and swung it wide open. There, before my eyes, was the



source of the light. The ringing stopped the second I laid eyes on it. Sitting embedded in the study wall, as if it had always been there, was a door. It was one of those ones you'd see in some cul-desac, the front door for a suburban family with two children and a white picket fence. Chestnut brown wood decorated with strange symbols I'd never seen before in a dark blue paint, it seemed to ripple whenever I took my eyes off it, pushing it to the periphery of my vision.

A great roar sounded from beyond the door, and a flash of light soon followed. Scared the living daylights out of me. I started praying every prayer I could think of. I didn't open it that day — just sat and stared at it for the majority of the night. Every minute or so that roar would sound again, followed by another flash of light. It had a lock on my side, so the closest I got that night was to stand up and lock the door. I didn't like the idea of whatever was on the other side opening it. I fell asleep eventually from pure exhaustion and when I woke up it was gone. I thought maybe, that morning after, that it was just a real vivid dream. I thought about it briefly, put it out of my mind, then went to work.

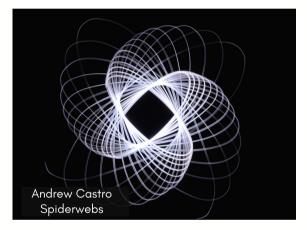
For the next two weeks, it would pop up in my head infrequently. That doesn't typically happen, for me, with dreams; I don't usually hold onto them that long, but this door stuck with me. After a long and restless two weeks, the door reappeared. It was a similar scenario — I had the game on — bottom of the eighth, if I recall, when that ringing began again. I cautiously proceeded up the staircase, noting that the same blue glow had returned from beyond the study door. If I'm being completely honest, ma'am, I was scared out of my mind. I had no idea what was behind that door but I also knew deep down the thing would keep coming back. The loud roar sounded again, still followed by a flash of light. Scared as I was, I figured I had no other choice but to go in. I stood paralyzed with my hands tight on the bat staring at it for a long while before eventually mustering up the courage to open it. I walked slowly, step by



agonizing step, to the door, reached out to the handle, unlocked it, and pushed the door open just a crack. Sticking my head through, I saw something I'd never forget.

Down a hill, a large plain stretched out before me, alien in nature yet still familiarly earth-like. 30 feet away from me, at the bottom of the hill, tall stalks of grass grew sideways under a deep blue and cloudy sky. Above the grass, rain fell upwards towards those clouds in droves where they seemed to heat and fall to the ground as vapor. Thunder cracks shook the plains, sending a ripple through the field as the ground seemed to be pulled upwards in sheets with each boom. The ground would rise, float for a second, and then with a great release, slam down with a flash that looked like lightning which would emanate throughout the plain. To my right the storm vanished, replaced instead with great structures of rock not unlike the American Midwest holds. Some invisible barrier cut directly through the sheets of unnatural rain. When I looked across the plain, beyond the storm, I saw what appeared to be large behemoth figures walking side by side with smaller, humanoid creatures. The hair stood straight up on my back and neck and I immediately slammed the door shut. I took my hand off the handle, closed my eyes tight, counted to ten, and reopened them.

It was still there, that deep blue glow emanating from the frame. I stood for a long while like that, listening to the now identified roar sound from behind the door every so often, before finally reopening it. My eyes immediately darted across the field. Those behemoths stood far off in the distance, craning their necks towards the sky. One lumbered over towards the contained storm, raised its head ever higher, and appeared to suck a cloud from its perch above the grass. As the cloud disappeared, blue-ish rays of light penetrated through the clouds. Satisfied, the behemoth turned and rejoined its kin, marching onward toward the horizon to my right. Growing slightly bolder, I peeked beyond the edge of the door to my left. A steep drop off about, if I had to guess, a half a mile beyond another steep edge of the storm created a horizon containing a straight line of many blue suns, distanced inches apart in my vision, ascending upwards into the clouds from the horizon. Lacking perfect circularity, the suns would distort and reform as they ascended through the sky.



I didn't believe my eyes. This was unlike anything within the realm of possibility I had operated under for my entire life. The scene before me captivated my attention for a long while. I stood there, peeking my head beyond the door, watching the behemoths continue on in a never ending line. They appeared to form on that leftmost horizon from thin air, foot first, then the rest of their long and massive bodies, appearing from nothing at that steep drop off. The small humanoid figures, hitched to the behemoths' trunk-like ankles, ambled forward with a

dejected gait. They would walk, perfectly aligned, into the rocky desert across the plain. It was breathtaking. When wonder and amazement finally exited my body, that deep fear returned. Taking one last trepidation-filled look, I shut the door, turned the lock, and backed away. I left the door, shut and locked.

It didn't leave my mind after that. My days would be occupied replaying that picture in my head; my nights would be spent trying to get it out. I lost sleep over those next few weeks, dark bags forming under my eyes, and my performance at work deteriorating. When the ringing in my ears sounded again for the third time, weeks later, I knew I had no choice but to enter. That world had wormed itself into my brain, and I couldn't get it out. I reached down next to me to grab the gun I had bought in the weeks since — a simple little thing the owner of the store thought I could handle — and proceeded up the stairs, across the landing, and down the hallway to my father's study with purpose. The roar and flash had begun again, drowning out all my other senses.

My hair stood up on end; sweat caked my forehead. It was time.