



ECHO CHAMBERS 2024

THE ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE OF DELAWARE COUNTY CHRISTIAN SCHOOL

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IN MY MOTHER'S WOMB

Emma Morton

The God of it all
Knew me by name
Before I could crawl
Or see all my shame

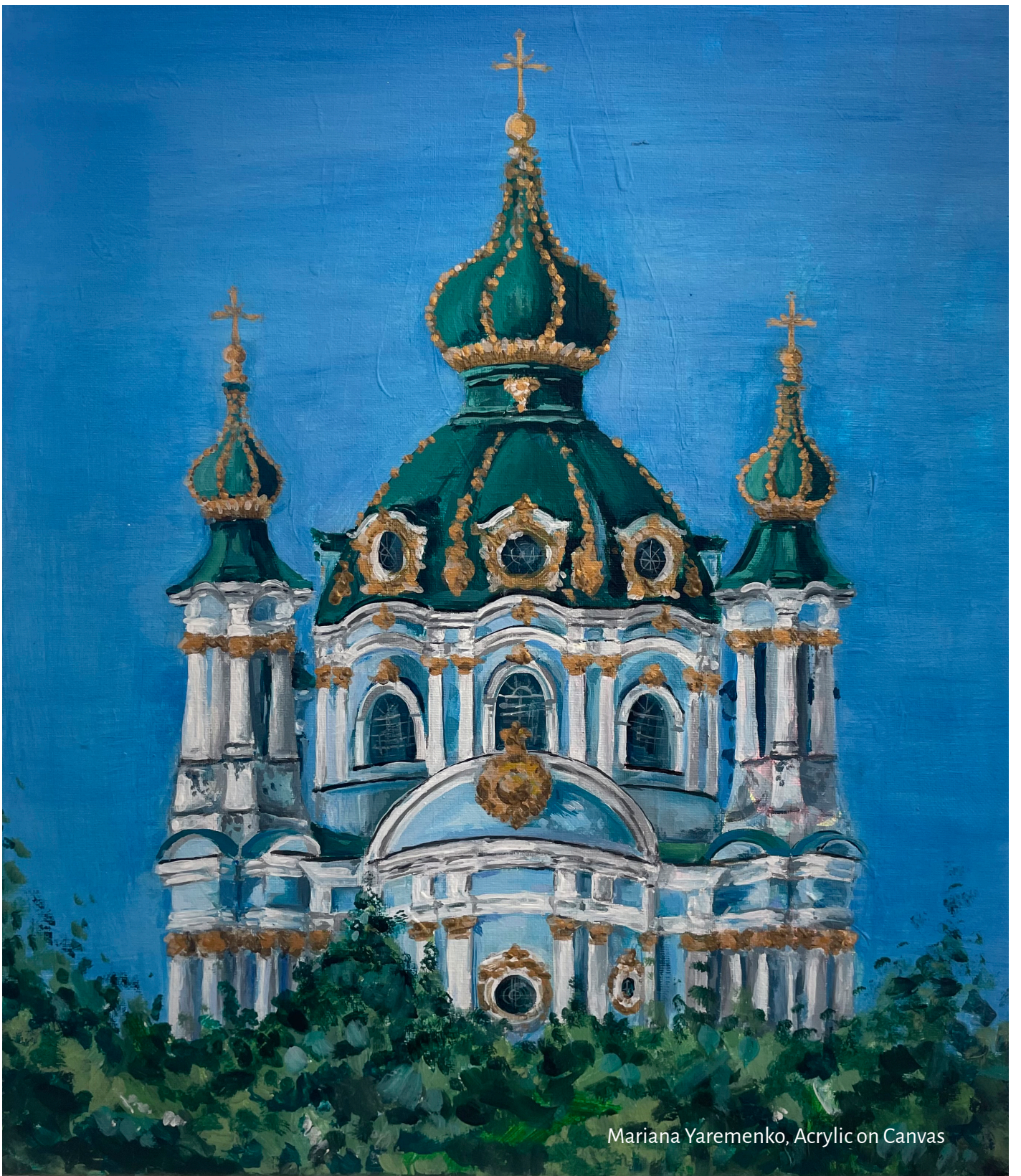
I was His treasure
In a dark room
When He knit me together
In my mother's womb

As I grow and learn
He walks by my side
I have no concern
For He will provide

I was His treasure
In a dark room
When He knit me together
In my mother's womb

When I am gray and old
And my life fades away
The story will be told
That I walked in the Way

I was His treasure
In a dark room
When He knit me together
In my mother's womb



Mariana Yaremenko, Acrylic on Canvas

GUARDS OF THE NIGHT

Ava Kingsbury

The North Star gleams brightly
The celestial stars shine
Their glow taken so lightly
Along with their dazzling design

Still, they stand within the night
Never leaving their posts
They're guards of the moonlight
And as charming as ghosts

Their radiancy should be respected
Their gleam so bright
Each one specially selected
For being guards of the moonlight



Karis Lo, Acrylic on Canvas



AMEN AND AMEN

Emma Morton

Hear my prayer
Lord of it all
In my despair
And when I feel small

Praise be to God
Again and again
Praise be to the Lord
Amen and Amen

Hear your people
Hear all the groans
Those in the steeple
And the unknowns

Praise be to God
Again and again
Praise be to the Lord
Amen and Amen

I wait for your reign
When all is made new
In your perfect domain
Where I will see you

Praise be to God
Again and again
Praise be to the Lord
Amen and Amen



Kate Myers, Ceramic Shoe



Sam Dixon, Graphite on Paper

FACES

Emma Morton

All of us have faces
And they're all quite unique
With all the different cases
And the different physique

Some have a freckle or more
And some have bruises and scars
These are ones that some ignore
But they shine just like stars

Some have eyes that do not see
And mouths that do not speak
But they are filled with glee
And are anything but weak

Some faces are stuck in place
And others badly burned
Some see them as a disgrace
Those that do are simply unlearned

All of us are original
And despite what some may claim
We may not be traditional
But we're beautiful all the same



Luke Bradley, Oil, Acrylic, & Mixed Media on Canvas





Olivia Krider, Watercolor

SONNET 1

Claire Liu

We fall short to perceive rumbles below
The layers of Earth, systems, humanity.
Hidden by crust, they kindled our outflow
For the endless seek of truth and beauty.

Within a world of spinning vertigo
We were created to find some meaning,
Some purpose to exist and not let go
Our reasons for exploring and dreaming.

I wish not to lose my soul in a place
Of deafening nihilism that tempts
My mind to wither, goodness to debase,
Love to vanish into fading dissents.
Of the chances my soul came together
I'll lift myself away from the nether.



Caroline Jackson, Reduction Printmaking

GRANDEUR

Sam Dixon

A task at hand

It looms in complacent ecstasy

Great is the bask of its convoluted crags

As jagged and twisted as the doubt of its challengers

Engulfed in beams of sweeping arrogance

Alas, the path to its heart!

The chink in the armor!

For those steadfast enough to start

For those resolute enough to remain

Through the mud and muck which pollute the threatening path.

Steep step; sweet, vernal air

Steep straining step; splash in droplets from heaven

Steep step by steep straining step; lush virile trees; far as the eyes may please

Clinging dangerously; firmly setting foot on what lies directly before

Sheer faith to will one forward; in mind's eye: the labor it demanded to reach

this point

Refusing to look behind

Heart begins to race, surmounting the convoluted crags

Breathtaking Grandeur, suddenly
Vast, archaic foundations,
Strongholds have stood the test of time
Rejoicing through their sheer existence

Daunting, terrifying, beautiful; the rush of emotion; to have arrived!

Without the treacherous trek
The perilous and painstakingly placed sole of one's foot
Firmly set with poise and assurance
The Grandeur remains unknown

Toil and struggle and bruises and tediousness mark the path of a climber who
yearns
Who sees beyond the menacing wilderness of what lies ahead to the Grandeur
that awaits
Amidst the toil, the struggle, the bruises, the tediousness, is not only one who
does, but one who learns

To apply to the next lofty mountain

Steep step by steep step
Grandeur for those who remain
Who disregard the pain
Who apply mind and expel body
To loom in complacent ecstasy

MORE THAN WORDS

Harper Jameson

What is it about shapes inscribed on the inside of a tree?
They teach, and taunt, and hurt and haunt, and leave you hollow.

It's simply ink on a page, but it encircles all we are.

These works of art are the letters of someone's heart,
carved on something so weak, so powerless.

Some are exciting, some are heart-wrenching, and some are
incredibly dull.

But one work of art truly stuck with my heart.

It was formed by someone we all know.

In the corner of who we are he sits, waiting for us to call.

His voice is gentle and kind; he is patient and sublime.

The one who formed the heavens and the earth
drew letters and words over script.

The one who calls you and me "friend" bled out ink.

His story is not just imprinted on a page but carries on for all of
eternity.

The creator of everything we love and hold dear left us a
book.

Get out of bed, arise, and go look!

It is a gift, a present, and from it we are to learn how to live.

One day, after you and I are long gone and the earth has moved on,
we shall see.

Sitting on his throne, a Man they call Jesus, Messiah, my God.

We will bow at his feet.



Karis Lo, Oil on Canvas

BLACK MIND

Idara Umoh

I watch

I wait

I learn

I grow

It hurts

It burns

The pain

I know

Of feeling less than

Of feeling low

Of feeling like I can't breathe, so

I hate

I'm angry

I'm justly mad

But at who

At my country

At my friends

I don't know

Depressed

Stressed

I feel like less

I feel like I can never impress

The people who hate me

Just for my skin

The people who make me

Hate me within.

When, America,

When will I be free?

From the pain

The hate, the tyranny

When, America,

When will I be free,

When, America,

When can I breathe?



Julia Metzger, Colored Pencil



Yulu Tao, Sgraffito Bowl



Hannah Biddle, Horsehair Ceramics

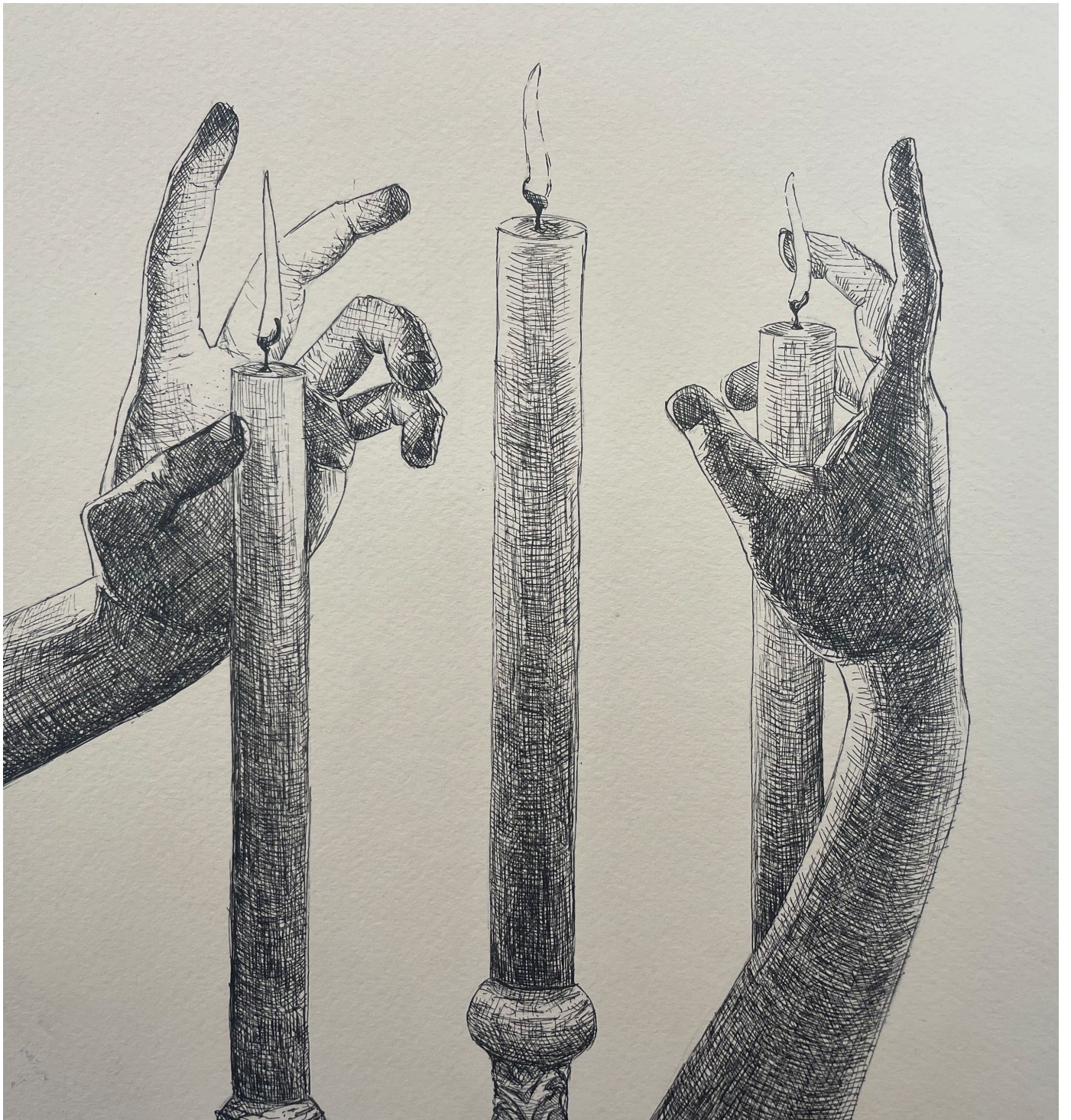


Sydney Stevens, Talavera Plate

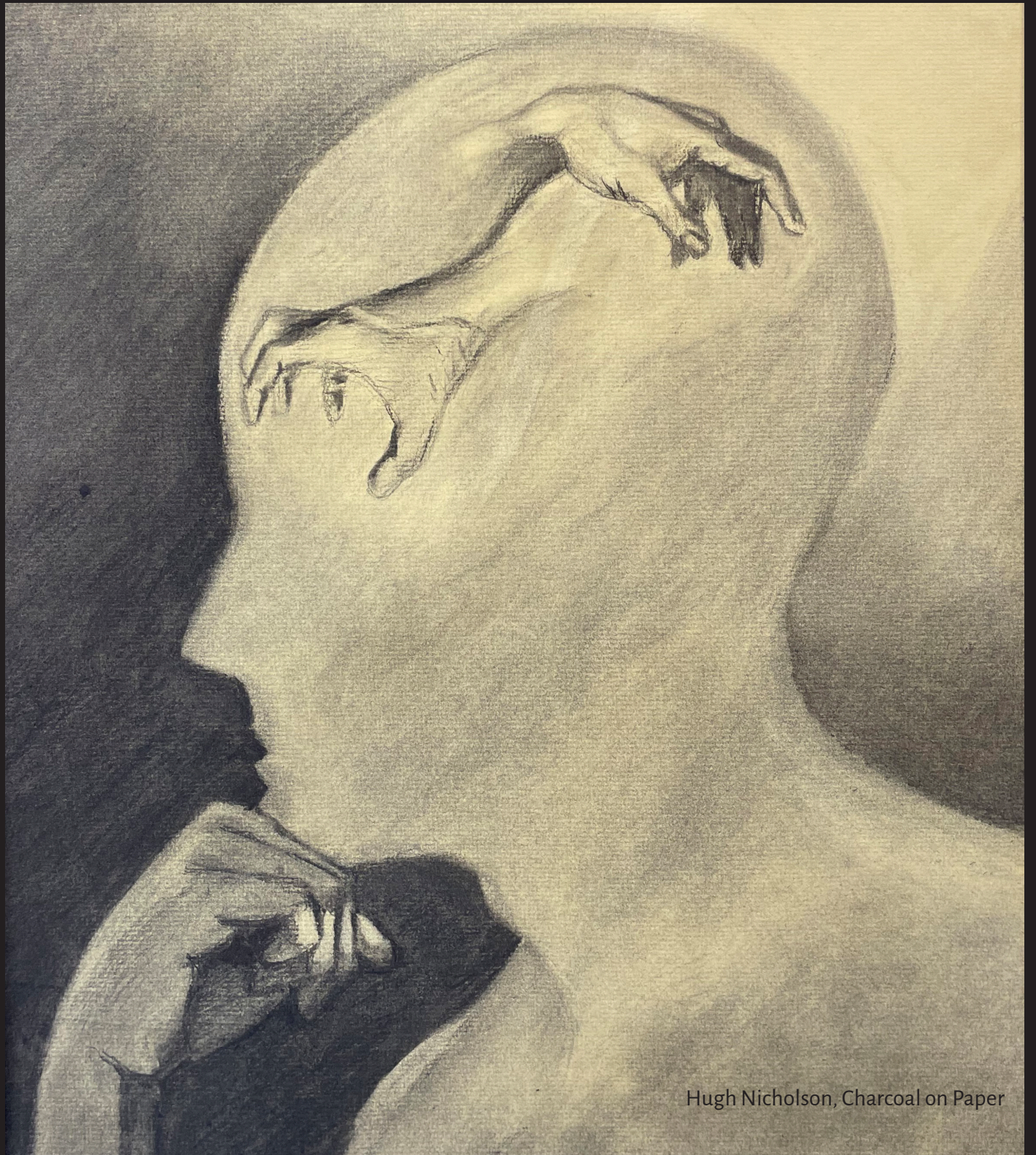


Yulu Tao, Sgraffito Bowl





Jessica Petruilis, Pen & Ink Hands



Hugh Nicholson, Charcoal on Paper

WHISPERS OF HOPE - PART 1

By Sam D'Antonio

YEAR: 2569 DAY:156 TIME: 00:24 STANDARD, 20:24 LOCAL

The low sun shone brilliantly on a desolate valley. The remains of a disheveled town cast eerie shadows along the once bustling streets. A single flagpole, seemingly the only thing that survived the destruction, held the colors high. A low wind started to howl through the jagged rock surrounding the bleak scene. The flag shifted, wavered, then, all at once, as if it heard a melody only it could understand, started to dance through the quickly cooling air, casting an ever changing shadow. Then, the wind died, and with it the only life the valley had seen. A few silent moments later, the sun turned its radiant face towards night and the world died. Darkness settled quickly in the great ranges. Once the sun went down, night overtook the mountains like a ravenous beast. The sun was the only thing keeping its ferocious appetite at bay, and when it left, nothing remained but cold darkness.

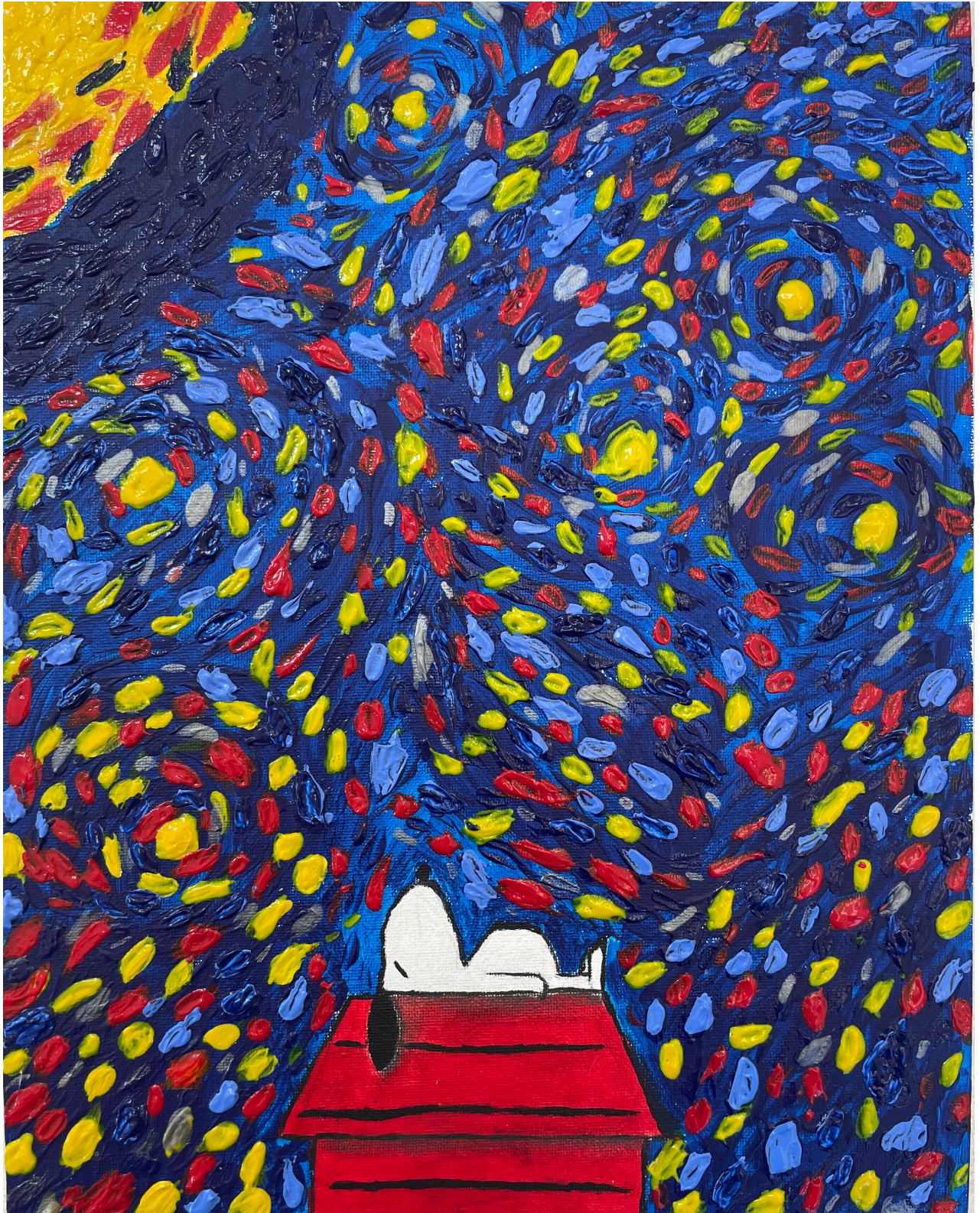
A flashlight clicked on, then another, and another, and another. Silently, the solemn men stood, hoisted their weapons, and waited. The signal was given and they silently slid down the face of cold rock into the valley below. The moon was hidden that night so the only thing visible was what each of the flashlights illuminated — the ground in front of them. They moved quickly, knowing they only had a few short minutes before the patrols came. Perfection was necessary; they couldn't afford a mistake, so, when they reached the floor of the quiet valley, they moved in perfect synchronization, none falling behind, none pulling ahead. They talked without speaking, communicated without a sound. They moved toward the deserted ruins, toward the ghosts of lives past lived. They crossed the apparent border of the town when they passed a silent ruin standing over them. The corner of the brick structure was the only part still fully standing, and even it didn't reach its original height. The brick then sloped away to the foundation. There was rubble in the foundation, probably the remains of the floors above and the other walls. There was a chair, tipped on its side, lying roughly in the middle of the rubble. It had a torn and stained and faded yellow cover over the cushion. A deep red blotch washed across its side. Below it was a tangled mess of cloth. The torn cloth was stained the same deep red. The men passed by this ruin into a square surrounded by similar bleak ruins. They silently crept towards one of the silent, desolate ruins, the only one that still had a door.

They walked up to it, listened, then carefully entered. Inside, if it could be called “inside,” rubble covered the ground. A space had been cleared and a table, scratched and chipped, stood upright in the center. On it was a black, plastic case. There was also a whole brick, seemingly the only thing to have survived the death and destruction. On the brick was inscribed, “Caution Starpoint, caution.” There was a third item on the table. The leader of the group, a young, strong, rough man, went to this third item first. He picked up a white skull. The jaw fell off when he lifted it off the table, and it clanked onto the ground. It was cold with death, rough with time, hardened by wind and rain. Burnt into the forehead was a symbol: a diamond, dashes flying off its sides. A single line went from the top to the bottom, splitting the diamond in half. A circle rested in the middle, divided by the line. A symbol. His symbol. Hope’s symbol. Turning to the brick, he dropped the skull and read the inscription. He turned, picked up the case and walked out the door. His men silently followed.

The patrols were coming; they could hear them. A low rumbling echoed through the valley. They started to run towards the cliff they had descended only minutes before. The rumbling grew louder. The men ran faster. The destruction faded to the distance.

They scrambled up the sides of the mountains into the woods. As the last man disappeared into the thick blanket of trees, a loud dark object entered into the valley. The ship floated over the town, casting bright light over the ruin. The rumbling grew to a roar as the dark blob passed. Just as it was about to disappear, a symbol was visible on its side: a single yellow star in a dark blanket of black. From the star a white blotch spread to the dark edges of the blanket, covering all it touched. The symbol of the Nolovan, Earth’s dark oppressors.

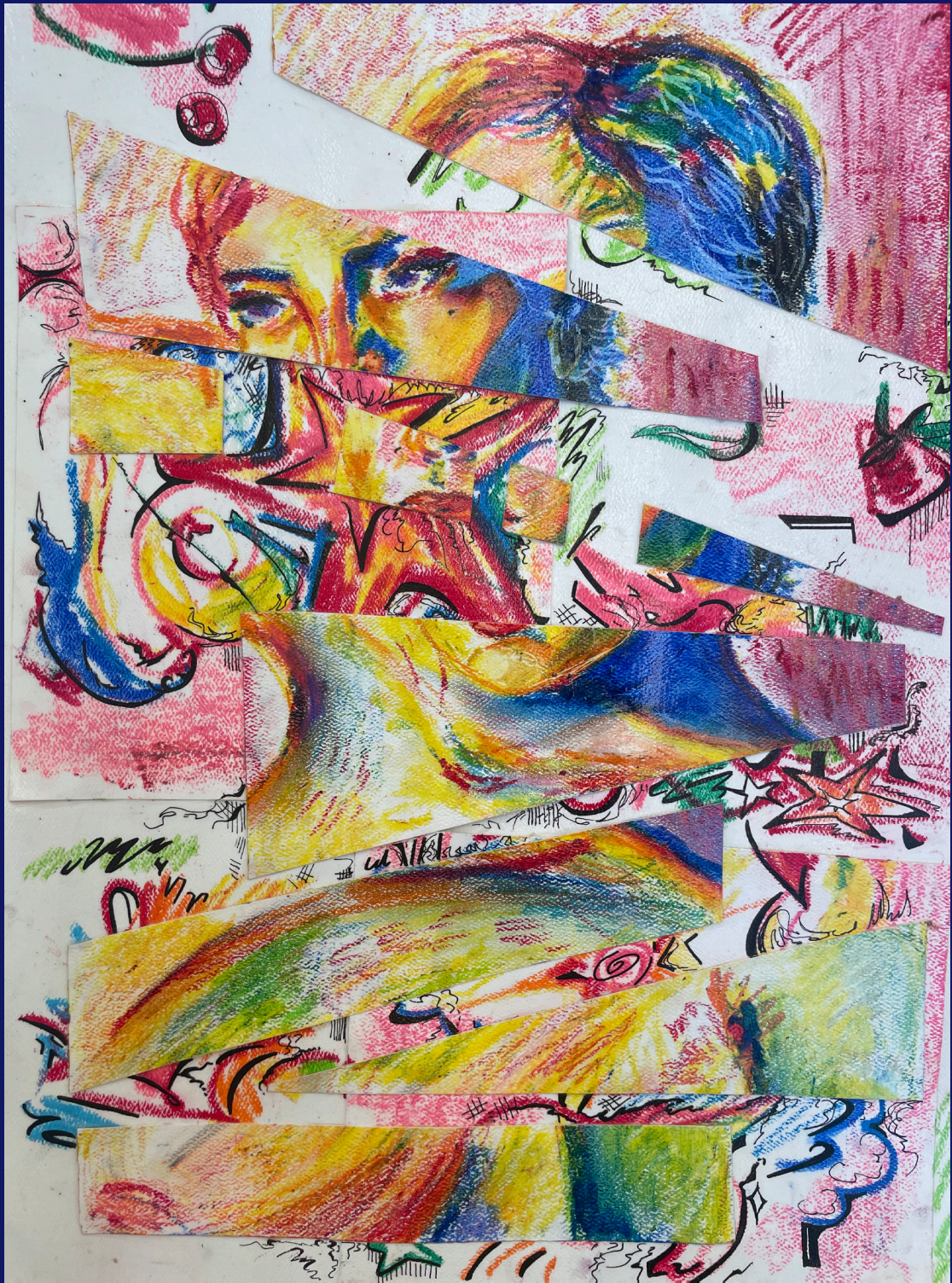




Faith DiBenedetto, Acrylic on Canvas



Elizabeth Matty, Oil on Canvas



Elizabeth Matty, Mixed Media Portrait





ABSALOM'S FOLLY

Michael Seifin

Virtue is called to humility, not to pride. Man was intended to dwell in the divine glory bestowed upon him by God, a genuine exaltation magnified by divine power and wisdom, accompanied by everlasting life and its blessings. However, when man relinquished his pursuit of heavenly glory, seeking something unattainable and forsaking his rightful possession, he suffered loss. Therefore, the ultimate salvation for mankind lies in humility, recognizing that the ornament of glory is not attained through oneself but sought from God. By embracing humility, a human can rectify his faults, heal his spiritual afflictions, and return to the sacred commandments he has abandoned.

Yet, the devil, having ensnared humanity by enticing false hopes of glory, ceaselessly tempts them through various deceptive means. For instance, wealth is showcased as a symbol of greatness, luring individuals to pursue it as a pathway to personal magnificence, despite it offering no true augmentation of one's glory. Instead, it places them in great peril, cultivating greed and offering no substantial contribution to their reputation. On the contrary, it blinds without purpose, fosters vain pride, and inflicts upon the soul an affliction akin to swelling. Just as a tumor is not healthy or beneficial, but rather noxious and perilous, it can lead to death.

Moreover, haughtiness is not solely induced by wealth, luxurious indulgences, extravagant possessions, or an entourage of flatterers. It also emerges from occupying positions of distinction, when the populace deems an individual worthy of privilege or bestows upon them exceptional honor. Such individuals tend to surpass the bounds of their human nature, perching themselves upon clouds and treating those

under their authority as mere footstools. They even exhibit arrogance towards those who originally granted them the bestowed honor, involving themselves in a foolish and delusional state of mind.

However, this ephemeral glory, which they perceive as more substantial than a dream, proves to be illusory, as it is reliant on the people's decision and can be dissolved by the same means. Just like the deranged son of Solomon, who, young in years and lacking wisdom, threatened the people with harsher rule and consequently lost his kingdom. Through this very act, he was stripped of the dignity he anticipated.

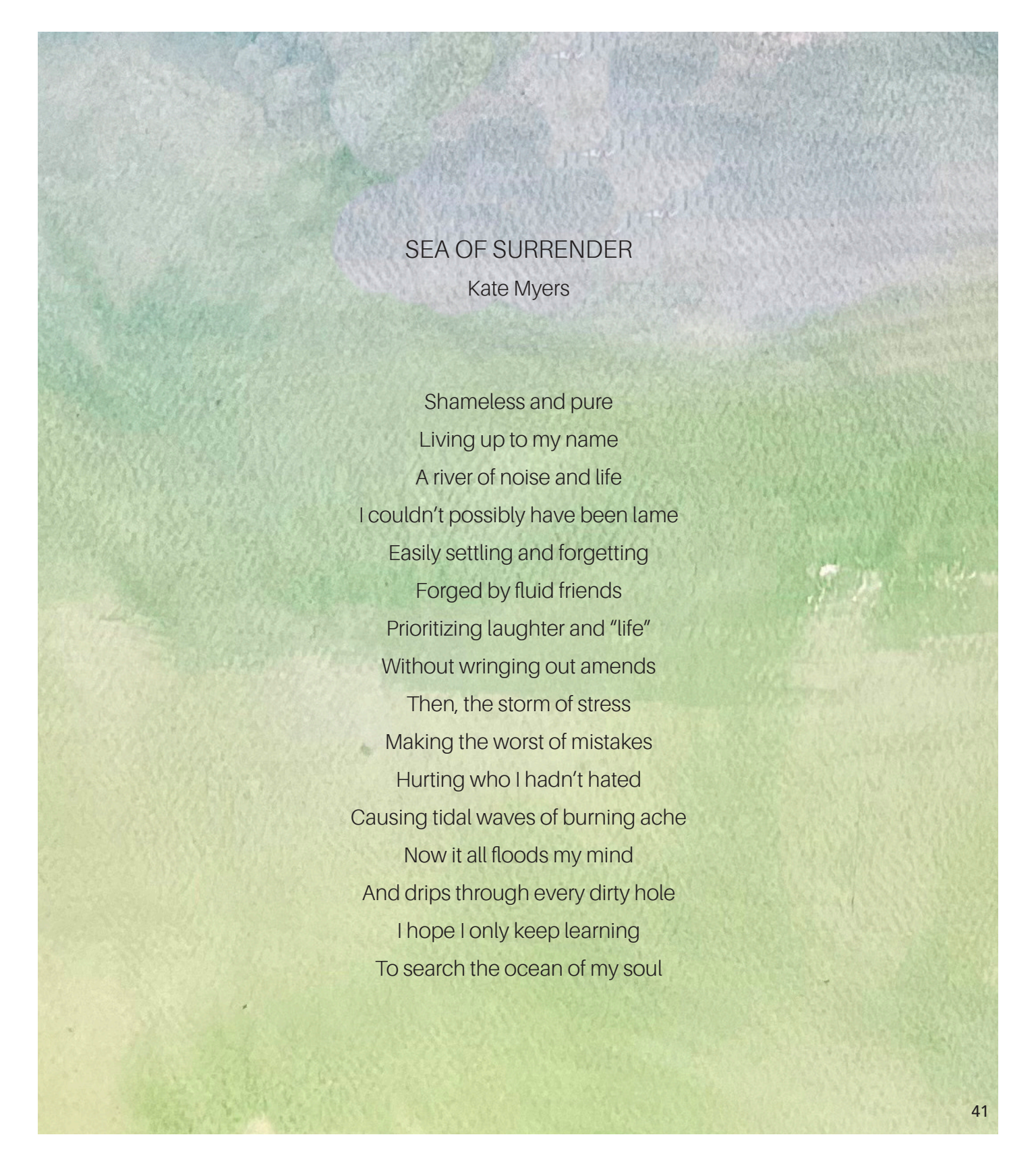
Additionally, arrogance can stem from physical prowess, agility, or beauty—attributes that are vulnerable to illness and ravaged by the passage of time. Such individuals fail to recognize the transience of their earthly glory, for all flesh is like grass, and the splendor of humankind resembles the flower of the field; the grass withers, and the flower fades away. Consider the arrogance of the giants who boasted in their power, the audacity of the foolish Goliath who dared to challenge God, and the self-importance of Adonijah, who esteemed himself highly due to his physical appearance. Such too was Absalom, who was conceited on account of his luxuriant hair.

“There is nothing noble in being superior to your fellow man; true nobility is being superior to your former self” (Ernest Hemingway).









SEA OF SURRENDER

Kate Myers

Shameless and pure
Living up to my name
A river of noise and life
I couldn't possibly have been lame
Easily settling and forgetting
Forged by fluid friends
Prioritizing laughter and "life"
Without wringing out amends
Then, the storm of stress
Making the worst of mistakes
Hurting who I hadn't hated
Causing tidal waves of burning ache
Now it all floods my mind
And drips through every dirty hole
I hope I only keep learning
To search the ocean of my soul



Ella Clipston, Reduction Print



Angelina Shmayger, Clay Scratchboard



Sidney Petrulis, Graphite and Colored Pencil



Karis Lo, Colored Pencil on Paper



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