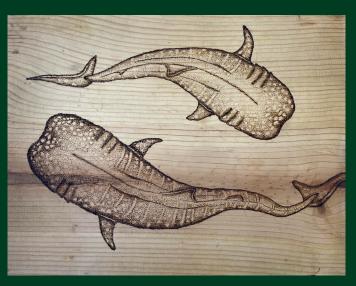


# CONTENTS

1. CJ Thompson, Wood Burning 2. Jessica Petrulis, Digital Media 3. Emma Morton, Scratchboard 4. Constantine Samios. "Faith" 5. Porter Roberts, Acrylic on Canvas\* 6. Reid Darnall, "Seasons Fight in Nature's Delight" 7. Ella Irias. Watercolor 8. Jessica Petrulis, Digital Media\* 9. Peter Certo, Sea of Love 10. CJ Thompson, Ceramics 11. June Lim, Scratchboard 12. Maryn D'Antonio, "Society as My Mother's China Plate" 13. Sarah Sax, Embroidery\* 14. Kelly Johnson, Colored Pencil & Watercolor\* 15. Samuel Dixon. Ceramics\* 16. Leah Darnall, "Our Spirit's Keeper" 17. Lilly Bard, Photography 18. Joy Wu, Acrylic on Canvas 19. Sylvia Hou, Mixed Media 20. Lily Rosenberg, "The Tide" 21. Sylvia Hou, Watercolor 22. Daniel Ho, "Post-it's" 23. Emma Liu, Colored Pencil & Oil Pastel

24. Joy Wu & Nandi Williams, Acrylics on Canvases 25. Ava Kingsbury, Colored Pencil 26. June Lim, Graphite 27. Ella Clipston, Acrylic on Canvas 28 -29. Top: Leah Lee, "Restoration" 28-29. Bottom: Porter Roberts, Acrylic on Canvas 30. Kelly Johnson, Linoleum Block Printing\* 31. Lily Rose Spicer, Mixed Media 32. Hugh Nicholson, Scratchboard 33. Josh Videon, Acrylic on Canvas 34. Lilly Bard, Colored Pencil 35.Ava Kingsbury, Acrylic on Canvas\* 36-37. Samuel Dixon, "Secrets in the Wind (lambic Pentameter)" 38. Alexandria Confino, "Autumn" 39. Audrey Lehman, Colored Pencil 40. Sylvia Hou, Watercolor\* 41. Emma Morton, "Who Am I" 42. Ella Clipston, Colored Pencil 43. Abby Jackson, Watercolor 44. Ian Pruessner, Colored Pencil 45. Josh Videon, Acrylic on Canvas\* \*Front Cover Back Cover: Maryn D'Antonio, Linoleum Block Printing



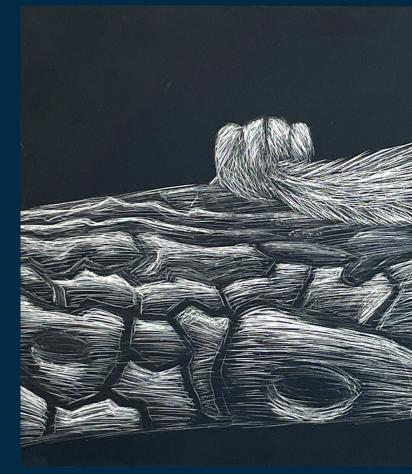
CJ Thompson, Wood Burning

# Why TAPESTRY?

As a staff, we believed that it was time to revisit the name of our publication. Given the negative connotation of the term "echo chamber," in addition to the fact that we now celebrate all of the arts, we felt the need for a new title that better captures our purpose.

As DC Knights, we decided to look to the medieval world for inspiration. In the Middle Ages, hand-woven tapestries served as the grandest expression of both narrative and visual art. They were products of imaginative skill that told stories and pointed, through their beauty, back to the Creator. As a literary magazine that celebrates both the visual arts and literary works of our students, we found Tapestry to be a fitting new name for our publication.





Jessica Petrulis, Digital Media



Think

#### Emma Morton, Scratchboard

FAITH Constantine Samios

Faith is believing in something you don't know exists And fear is the thought of being lost into the abyss When it comes down to it We are scared of the unknown Yet we still have to trust in what is not directly shown Everywhere you go and ask A new answer will always arise And then sometimes you'll come to find It's not always the right answer Or the right time The poem's not always about the rhymes Sometimes it's context and reading through the lines Beware of the serpents and wolves in sheep's clothing For the more you fall into deceit The more you fall into self-loathing Faith can be your flame that lights the path in the darkest nights And fear is the maze you're trapped in when you're going through your toughest fights So use the fire to light up the path away from fear Come back to this poem when things are feeling unclear



Porter Roberts, Acrylic on Canvas

### SEASONS FIGHT IN NATURE'S DELIGHT Reid Darnall

Seasons fight in nature's delight the fall of each leaf to bring new life

Seasons cycle through His ordained Each for a chance to stand above

Nothing good forever remains As the shadows linger ready

The season's light begins to wane The time has come to end

The light returns in a forceful graze A flicker born in winter's trace.

From barren earth, the blooms arise, With whispered winds and painted skies.

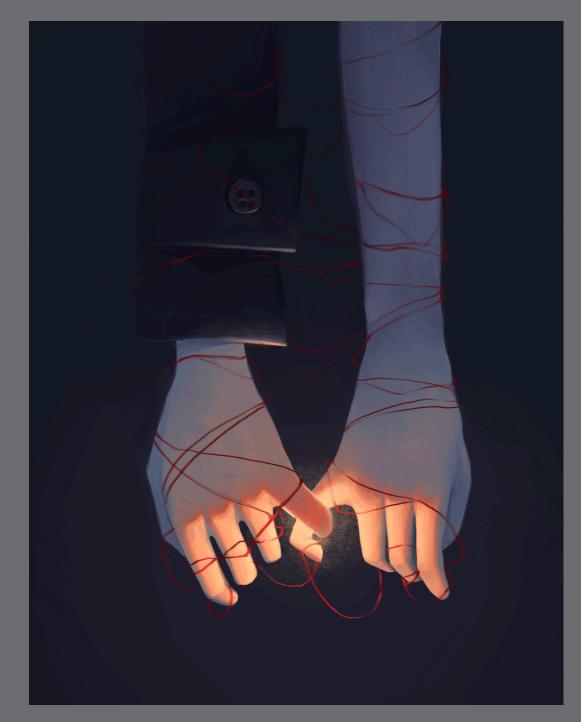
The sun may set, yet hope remains, Through darkest hours, the light sustains.

For in each change, a story told, A cycle vast, both young and old.

Seasons fight in nature's delight, Each one a chapter, pure and bright.



Ella Irias, Watercolor



# SEA OF LOVE Peter Certo

The record player scratched, it played our song The warmness of Mom dancing with me through the house Her warmth dragging me along, her movements giving rhythm I dance along the house alone, no one home I loved the beat still the same I remember I still feel her with me here, dancing as we always had

I still feel her with me here, dancing as we always had I loved the beat, still the same I remember I danced along the house alone, no one home Her warmth dragging me along, her movements giving rhythm The warmness of mom, dancing with me through the house The record player scratches, it played our song.

Jessica Petrulis, Digital Media





CJ Thompson, Ceramics

June Lim, Scratchboard

# SOCIETY AS MY MOTHER'S CHINA PLATE Maryn D'Antonio

A plate lays shattered on the floor, No one bothers to sweep it up.

Its edges are sharp, they cut and burn and lodge in my skin.

Its original design is for beauty, some can reconstruct it in their minds.

And its colors are still bright though they are now distorted and scattered.

It has never been like this.

It has always been like this.

Someday maybe someone will glue us back together, and we will go back onto the shelf, whole again.



Sarah Sax, Embroidery





Kelly Johnson, Colored Pencil & Watercolor

Samuel Dixon, Ceramics

# OUR SPIRIT'S KEEPER

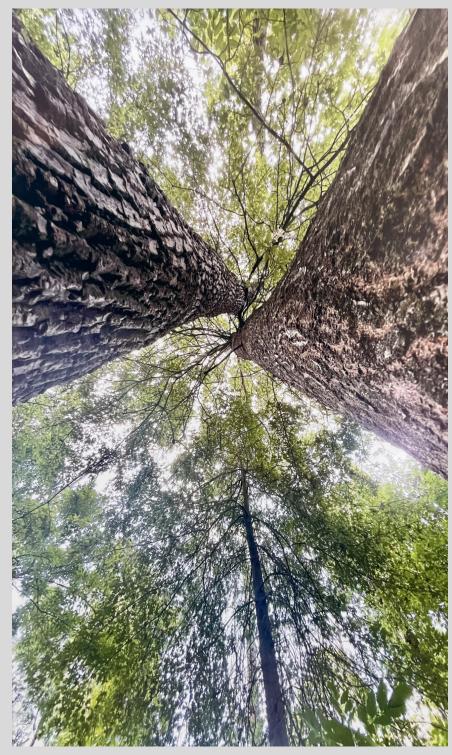
Leah Darnall

There's a moon out tonight, It watches over the dreams we weave. We walk toward a fading light, A glow that fades as we believe

We don't recall what lies unseenFor the mind Veils, precious sights,Yet still we ache for where we've been,Chasing echoes through endless nights

They mirror, fears, our dark desires,The truths are waking, hours deny.Like Flickering flames, the heart aspires,To speak the thoughts, we bury inside

And when we wake, the dream dissolves, It's meaning, slipping through our hands. Yet in its whispers, truth evolves A map to where our spirit stands



Lilly Bard, Photography





Joy Wu, Acrylic on Canvas

Sylvia Hou, Mixed Media

### THE TIDE Lily Rosenberg

This laughing maiden, like a nymph, so cold, and yet so warm, She plays there by my shivering feet, her eyes reflecting fairest forms. Here in the sun, I scarce can see, that just an hour before, My Lady saved the life of me, and carried me safe to shore.

"My dearest friend, my Lady Fair, the joy and pride of me: "T'were better you had killed me then, in bondage I shall be. A debt to you, I must needs pay, in return for my own life; But what could I, a mortal, give to one whose heart is strife?"

I think and think, and as I think, I know the light of day; The smile of my Lady casts all fears and doubts away. Her laughter toys along the beach, the wind tossing her hair, And will or nay, I cannot stay so sullen, worn with care.

She comes toward me, a friendly thing, her laughing arms outstretched, But as I reach out for her hand, she, quickly, turns, the wretch! As, like the tide, she fades away, she turns to laugh at me, Oh what a teasing, dreadful brat, could ne'er on earth be seen!

Then she returns to me again, and cheerfully reaches out; Perhaps, this once, I'll try again — that nymph could never harm — "Nay, Lady!" cry I impetuous, unto her outstretched arm; "You'll not take in your catch again, not now, for all your charm!"

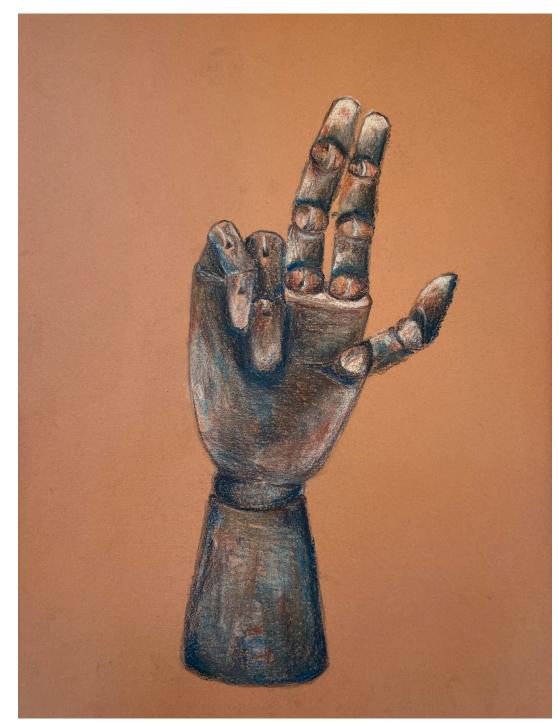
I walk away, I must resist! But still, I hear her sobs; Perhaps, this once, unlike before, I might return along. I turn my head, Io and behold, there's naught but ocean waves, And midst a gentle, quiet laugh, the tide swiftly recedes.



Sylvia Hou, Watercolor

#### POST-IT'S Daniel Ho

In my bathroom lies a mirror, adorned with post-its of different colors. Each post-it has a message, a snippet of the Gospel that had previously helped me through a tough time. The intention when I put those post-its up was to redirect my gaze onto what's important -- God and my purpose on Earth -- yet I find that the majority of the time, I don't pay attention to them; instead, I crane my head at awkward angles to peer at my reflection. Sometimes, I remember to read a post-it, and feel instantly revived and surprised by the obvious truth that had been there the entire time, sitting patiently on my mirror to give me a moment of grace. It makes me feel so stupid -- how can I feel so blindsided by a simple message that I've heard for years? -- and at the same time so grateful for the fact that the message still applies to me, even as I crane my head past it to gaze inwardly at myself. It fills me with this desire to cover my eyes and heart with these Post-its, blindly following God's message of grace with no regard for my appearance as I do so. And yet, inevitably, my gaze gradually changes focus back to my reflection in the mirror, the Post-its blurred in back focus as I chase after the world again.



Emma Liu, Colored Pencil & Oil Pastel

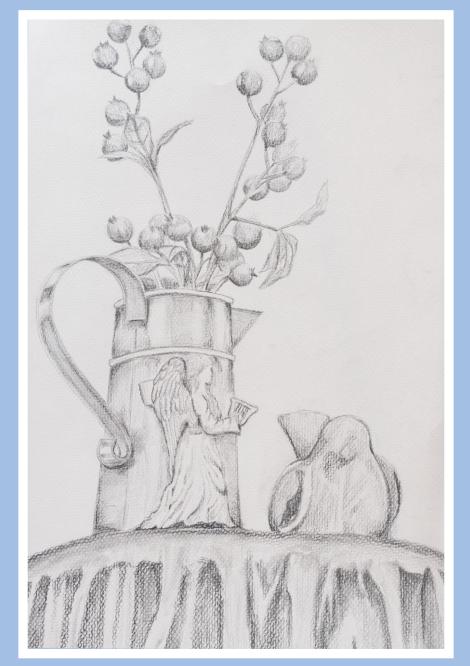


Joy Wu, Acrylic on Canvas

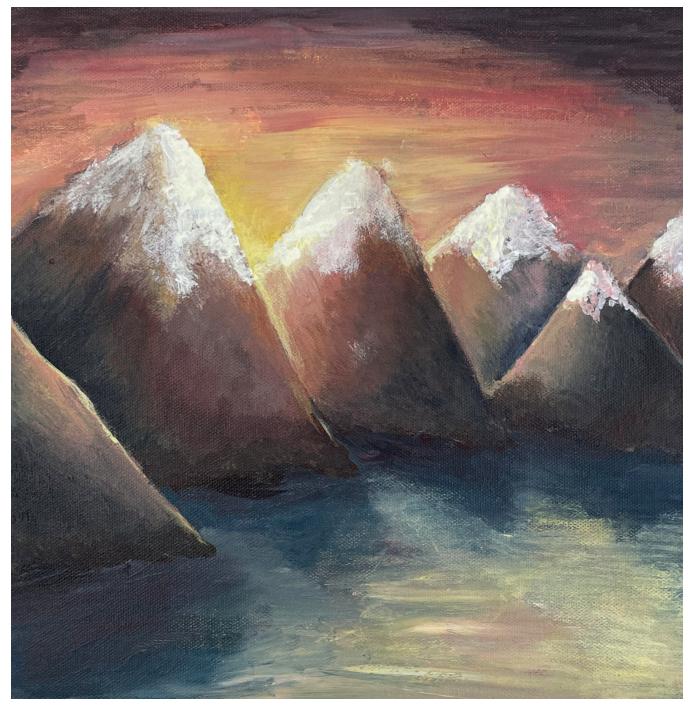
Nandi Williams, Acrylic on Canvas



Ava Kingsbury, Colored Pencil



June Lim, Graphite



Ella Clipston, Acrylic on Canvas

#### RESTORATION Leah Lee

Creation created— Beautiful, blossoming, blessed. Given to man To cultivate, then rest.

Man disobeys. Creation unravels. Sin in a fractured world, Unhindered, discord travels.

Long silent years, Darkness, a lifeless shroud. Where, Lord, are you? The world suffering from spiritual drought.

Jesus has come! He brings light To every black corner

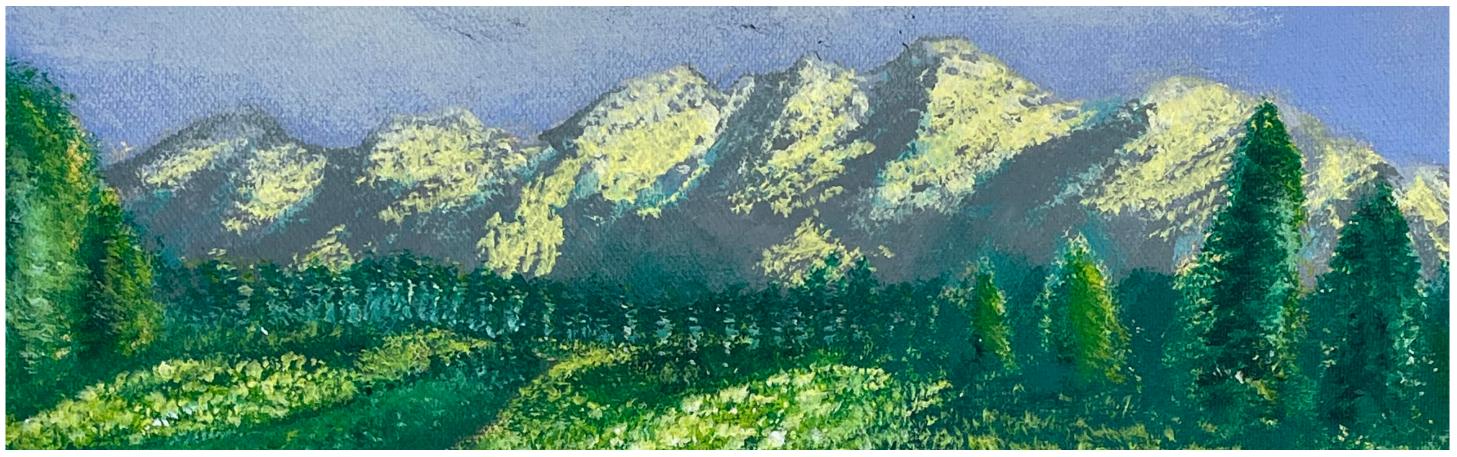
And pulls us from our plight; Unshackles our chains Binds our wounds, Relieves our pains... Dies too soon...

Jesus, triumphant, rises from the grave! Holy is He Who died to save.

He heals His people.

He brings new life In our sinful world Reeking of death and strife.

Jesus will come again. Creation will be wholly restored. Manifested gorgeous, brilliant, astounding. Come and *adore* this holy Lord!



Honor Him who to sin did not succumb, Praise the One Who Is, Who Was, and Is to come.

Porter Roberts, Acrylic on Canvas





Kelly Johnson, Linoleum Block Printing

Lily Rose Spicer, Mixed Media



Hugh Nicholson, Scratchboard



Josh Videon, Acrylic on Canvas



Lilly Bard, Colored Pencil



Ava Kingsbury, Acrylic on Canvas

### SECRETS IN THE WIND (IAMBIC PENTAMETER) Samuel Dixon

What gale is this to brush my bitter face? Accent the pain I *can* already feel From where, oh wind, do you come stealthily? I gaze and think on rolling hills' landscape

How freely do you roam, this ground I stand? What corner is untouched? What place, Which face, Cannot experience your cold embrace? Which meets me now; then carries on; Over The hills, into the light of the westward sun

You know, you feel; to weep with agony; With him, who's lost his child, whom death has come To grace across his bitter face and drink The tears which slip down troubled cheek and chin?

To count the voices of the miserable; The long forgotten cries of broken souls? Whose breath joins in your restless roam; Through age, Through time, through every life under the sun

Blow soft, blow calm on the faces of men Who sailed the seven seas with bravery Blow hard, blow cruel in tempests that consume Oh wind, you fiend and foe! You have seen all The scream of the abandoned wanderer That's carried on your winged and boundless flight The final icy breath of soldier; dead On barren field in a forgotten land

Whispering of revolution in the streets From ear to ear, you passed hot air and breath You fanned the flames, burned the palace walls Wicked and wild wind, you blew down the doors!

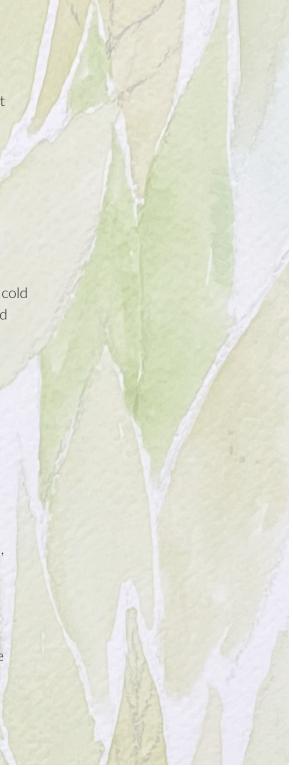
You licked and howled on skin, was chapped with cold The dry, cracked skin on hand, without one to hold Beggars in the streets, lost in lonely world They mumble songs, ones only you can hear

Twisting and twirling, ceaselessly unfurling Reckless, unsettled, never satisfied

#### Never still.

But now you whirl and whistle in my ear Feigning the presence of a friend who's near Shhh I hear! Shh so faint! So hushed!: Secrets of Old, In your presence have been wearily told

I mumble a soft song; one only I can hear Look lightly on the wings of the wild wind And watch my song, that's woven within; pass o're The hills, into the light of the westward sun



#### AUTUMN Alexandria Confino

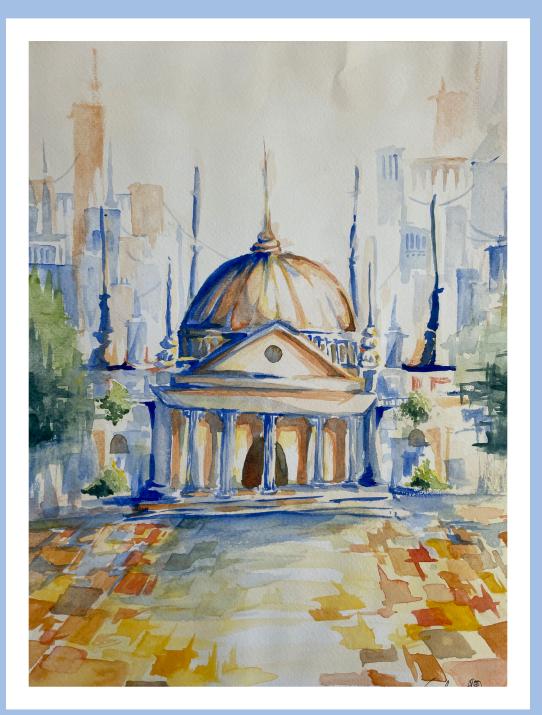
She swayed and spoke so gently I barely heard her echo, as if to say when and where did you come from and asked if she could stay

her children swept the ground with gold marrón orange vibrant red her wispy voice carried nature home asleep into their cozy dens

I jumped into this strange new world where browns swept the colors chasm a parade of sound and smell A sweet melody of crunches and wisps mixed with the pleasant sight of life What is man to be subjected to the beauties of God's hands



Audrey Lehman, Colored Pencil



#### Sylvia Hou, Watercolor

#### WHO AM I Emma Morton

Who am I that God formed me And made me special and unique Who am I that He chose me And gave me words to speak

Who am I that He thinks of me And has a plan for my every breath Who am I that He saved me And gave me life through His death

Who am I that He calls me His own And says that I am forgiven Who am I that I am known By Him who rules over all men

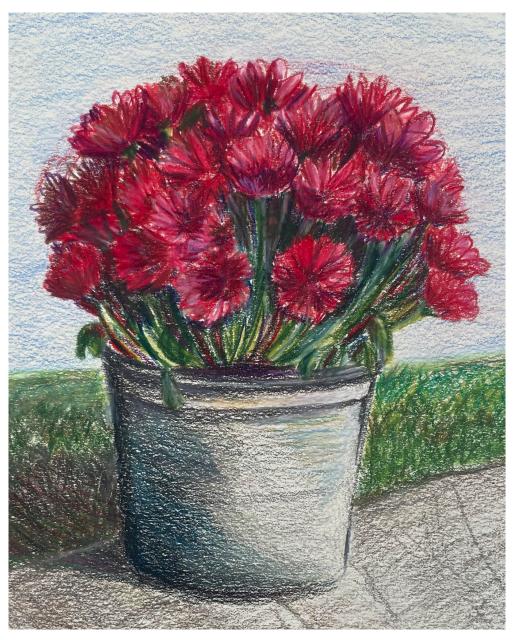
I was a nobody Without status or name But now I am somebody Because Christ came

l am a masterpiece Beautiful in every way I am a miracle Grateful for each new day

I am a servant Of the Lord Most High I am a messenger Until I see Him in the sky

I am a child Growing on the Vine I am His And He is mine

41



Ella Clipston, Colored Pencil



Abby Jackson, Watercolor



lan Pruessner, Colored Pencil



Josh Videon, Acrylic on Canvas



Maryn D'Antonio, Linoleum Block Printing



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