

GADFLY

2025



Gadfly 2025

Creative Arts Magazine

OF

Father Ryan High School

Creative compositions found in the Gadfly were contributed by students of Father Ryan High School.

STUDENT GADFLY STAFF:

Louis Aden '27, Zachary Graffagnino '26, Harper Hill '28,
Kylie Jordan '28, Luka Lemaota '26, Katrina Mashburn '28,
Stephanie Obermeier '26, Andrea Ramos '27

FACULTY AND STAFF ADVISORS:

Suzie Barry, Paul Davis, John Durand, & Jennifer George

Front Cover Art:

2025 Purchase Award

Nickolas McTasney '25 "Psalm 22:16"

Oil Painting

Back Cover Art:

Rachel Rodriguez '26 "Hopscotch"

Colored Pencil, Marker and Chalk Pastel



Bella Aldendifer, '25

“McKinney”

Watercolor Painting

Gadfly

gad-fly: noun

(1) any of various flies (such as a horsefly, botfly, or warble fly) that bite or annoy livestock.

(2) a person who stimulates or annoys other people especially by persistent criticism.

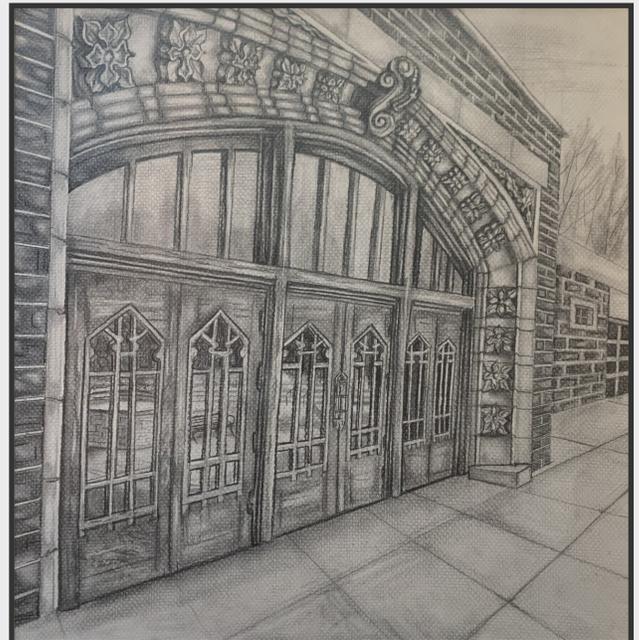
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John Parker Link '26,
"Thrill of It All"
Digital Photograph



Maddie Christian, '25
"Shrooms"
Colored Pencil

Gracyn Becker, '25
"Library Doors"
Graphite Pencil Drawing



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Ava Gotterer, '25
"Untitled"
Stoneware Clay, Lidded Vessel



Jillian Manno, '26
"French Peasant"
Watercolor Painting

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Maddie Christian, '25
"Self Portrait"
Graphite Pencil Drawing



Jillian Manno, '26
"Marie Antoinette"
Graphite Pencil Drawing



Gracyn Becker, '25
"Fish Tank"
Acrylic Painting

Rachel Beacom, '26
"Saint Elizabeth of Hungary"
Tempera Painting

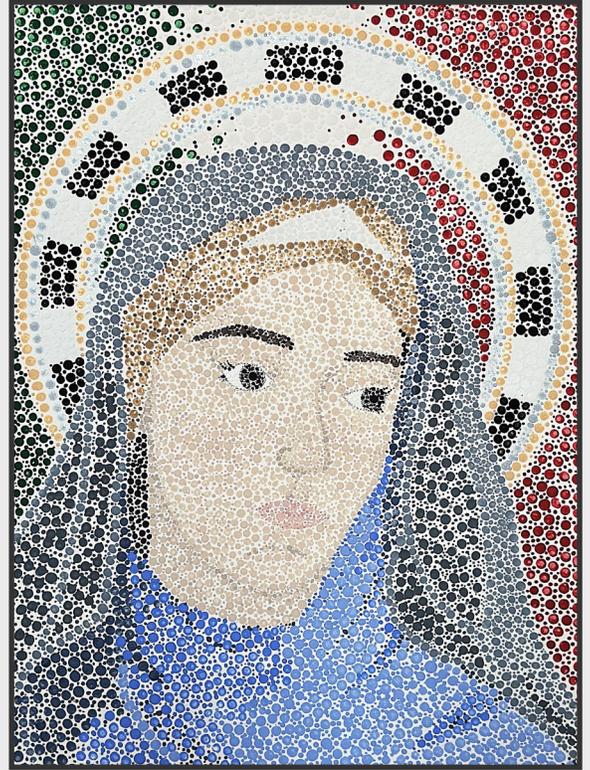


Elle Ravin, '25
"Shoes"
Marker



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Addy Guss, '26
"Untitled"
Tempera Painting



Addi Gunderson-Imhof, '25
"Cat's or Devil's Eyes"
Digital Photograph

Kate Cunningham '25,
"Slumped Vessel"
Stoneware Clay, Coil Form



As the Sun Rises

The morning dew clings to my bare feet,
and with it tiny clumps of earth pulled from the ground.
Hues of red, orange, and magenta ebb into the pastel greens and blues of the night,
While the moon and stars exchange glances with the sun, before retiring into the horizon.
So begins the coronation of a new day.
The songbirds sing, the rooster crows, and the workers groan as their alarms go off,
Blending together into a beautiful harmony.
While life may be bleak and unforgiving,
Today, on this blessed day, I am content.

Tristitia

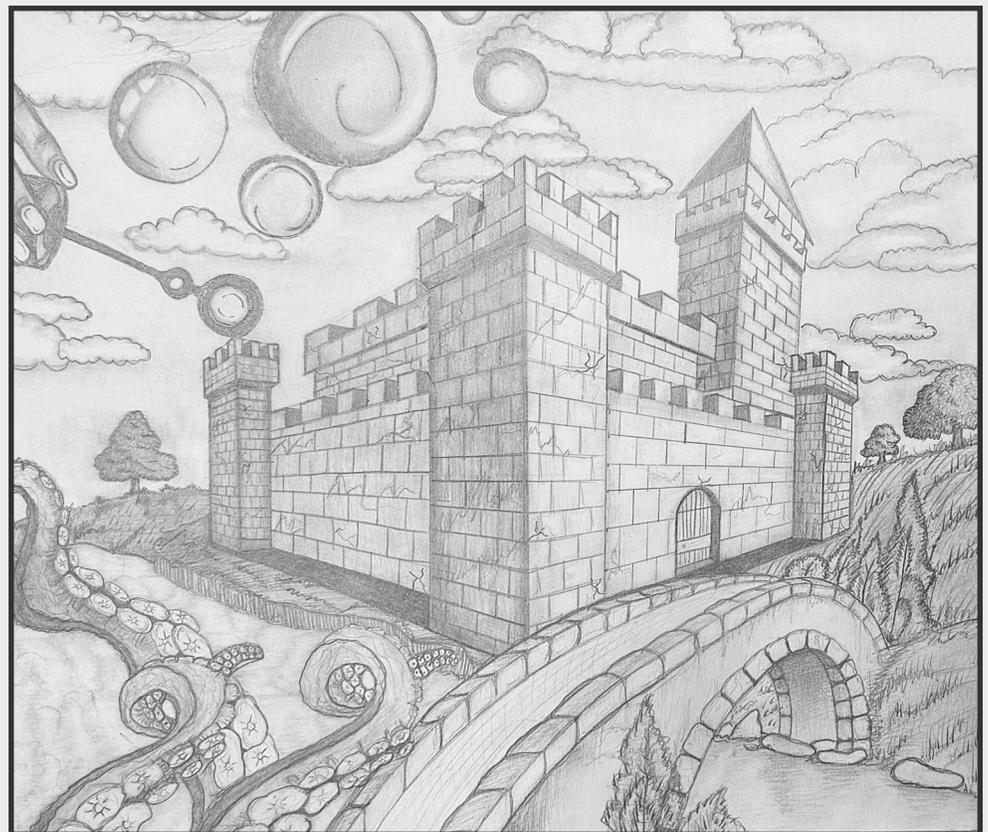
Lead feet, hollow heart, and chapped lips,
I feel the blistering cold bite at my fingertips,
I walk along a path with no clear direction,
The Sweet, numbing pain my only affection,
Sinking downwards in a make-believe ocean,
Wearing Stones around my neck to drown my emotions
I begged you for help but my screams made no sound
So now I trust the pain to bring me back around
I wish I had wings and could leap into the sky
But the weight of my sins have left my dream denied
I cannot be forgiven, I've lived my life a disgrace
So bury me in this world and let the pain take my place

Poems by Luka Lemaota, '26

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Gracyn Becker, '25
"The Bridge"
Watercolor Painting



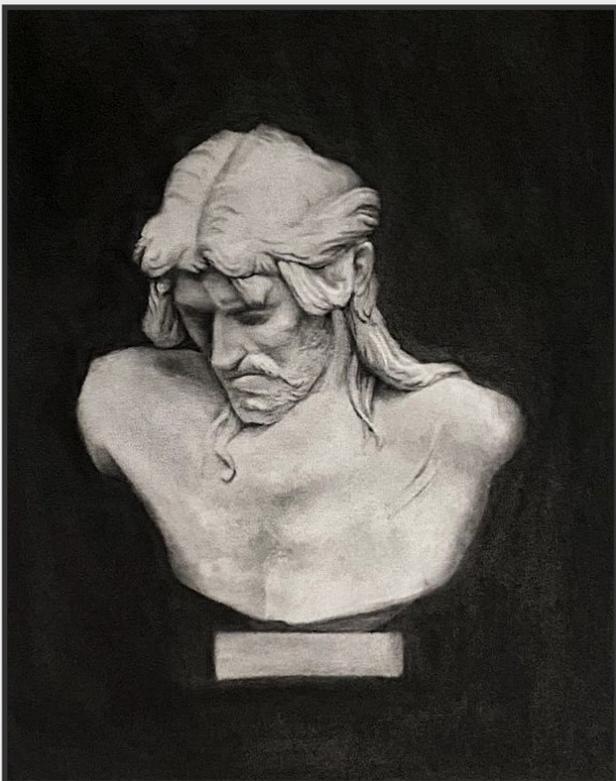
Emery Foster, '27
"Untitled"
Graphite Pencil

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Elle Ravin, '25
"Piglizabeth"
Watercolor Painting

Bobby Morency, '26
"The Smile"
Digital Photograph



Nick McTasney, '25
"Bust of Jesus"
Graphite Pencil



Alan Bryan, '25
"Saint Patrick"
Tempera Paint

Bella Aldendifer, '25
"The Guitar Player"
Watercolor Painting



The Good Thief: Dismas's Story

by Kayleigh Baugus

I walk quickly across the crowded alleyway, searching for a vendor that's speaking to a customer. Distracted enough not to notice me. I walk slowly when I try to reach my targets. It won't bring more attention to my game. These are the moments I begin to feel guilty about these things but, I've got to do it. My satchel attached across my chest begins to tilt slowly towards the oranges and bread through my purposeful movements. I observe Asa, the food vendor who is too busy arguing with someone, as he always is, to even see someone taking his food. I grab the food quickly before he even turns his head in my direction. I run quickly onto another street where Gestas is waiting for me as always. He's standing with his arms crossed and eyebrows furrowed waiting for me to make the mistake he predicts I'll make.

"Got it?" Gestas inquires.

"Yes, a bit...I only got food, however," I stammer as I know he will be upset with my statement.

"Only food? You know what I asked for." He shakes his head.

"Well, you just go get it then!" I burst out with anger.

"You know, I knew you were going to do this, you always do,"

My heart drops to my feet as I look down at the rocky ground below us. I predicted that he would tell me that he predicted this. Of course.

"Tomorrow, I can wait here while you get it, okay? I like keeping watch, I'm not good at-" I start before Gestas puts his hand up to tell me to stop talking.

"I tell *you* what to do. You do not tell me." He orders and I nod.

He controls my life, I have to assent though I don't want to. He finishes his sentence.

"I will pay you today,"

I release a sigh of relief.

"But only half," He says.

I burst out in a whine of sorts, "Why?!"

"I cannot let you take this work for granted, people would kill for this," He walks away and I follow him.

I take for granted thievery? It doesn't make sense even if he does say it like it does.

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Minutes pass by of us walking in awkward silence. It finally ends when we make it to my home and I see Esther with our children, Delilah and Eli playing outside. The children run up to me in excitement and squeeze my legs because that's all either of them can reach with their stature. I look behind me to see Gestas looking at the scene before him, sighing and walking away. He never tells me about his family. I assumed he wasn't married, I know he has no kids. He shows no empathy for them. We all walk inside after a few minutes. I sit down on the couch where Ester's brother, David has been sleeping for the past few days. He's on the road always and needs places to sleep sometimes. David is well-awake now though. He sits up and looks at me.

"How was your thievery today?" He asks me.

"It was...fine. How was your day?" I try to speak normally.

"Well, today, I heard about this man, Jesus, he's a great young man, I tell you,"

"What is so great about him?" I ask curiously.

"He has performed miracles."

"Miracles?"

"Yes, he turned water into wine,"

"How is that...possible?"

"He's the son of God,"

"The son of the Holy Spirit?" I raise my eyebrow in skepticism.

"He's proved it, I've seen it, and I'm not crazy, other people can tell it too,"

"Really?"

"He will truly-"

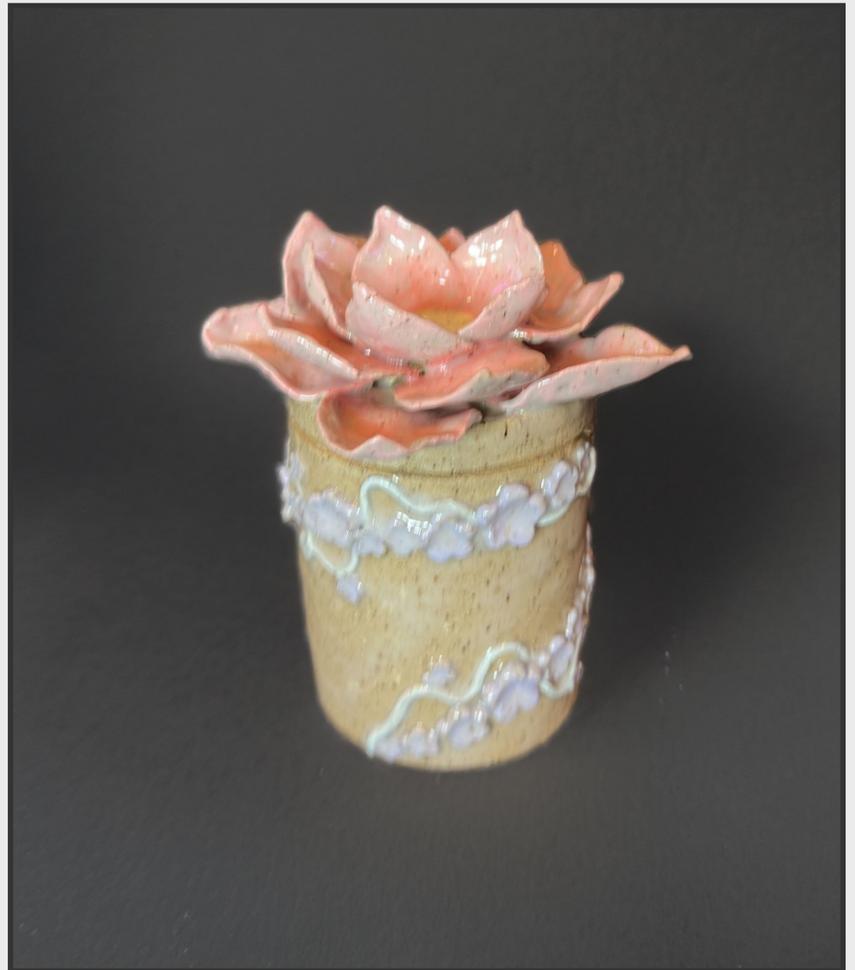
Before David can finish his sentence, a group of men barge into the doors of my home and grab me aggressively.

"What's happening?!" I yell as they take me away quickly.

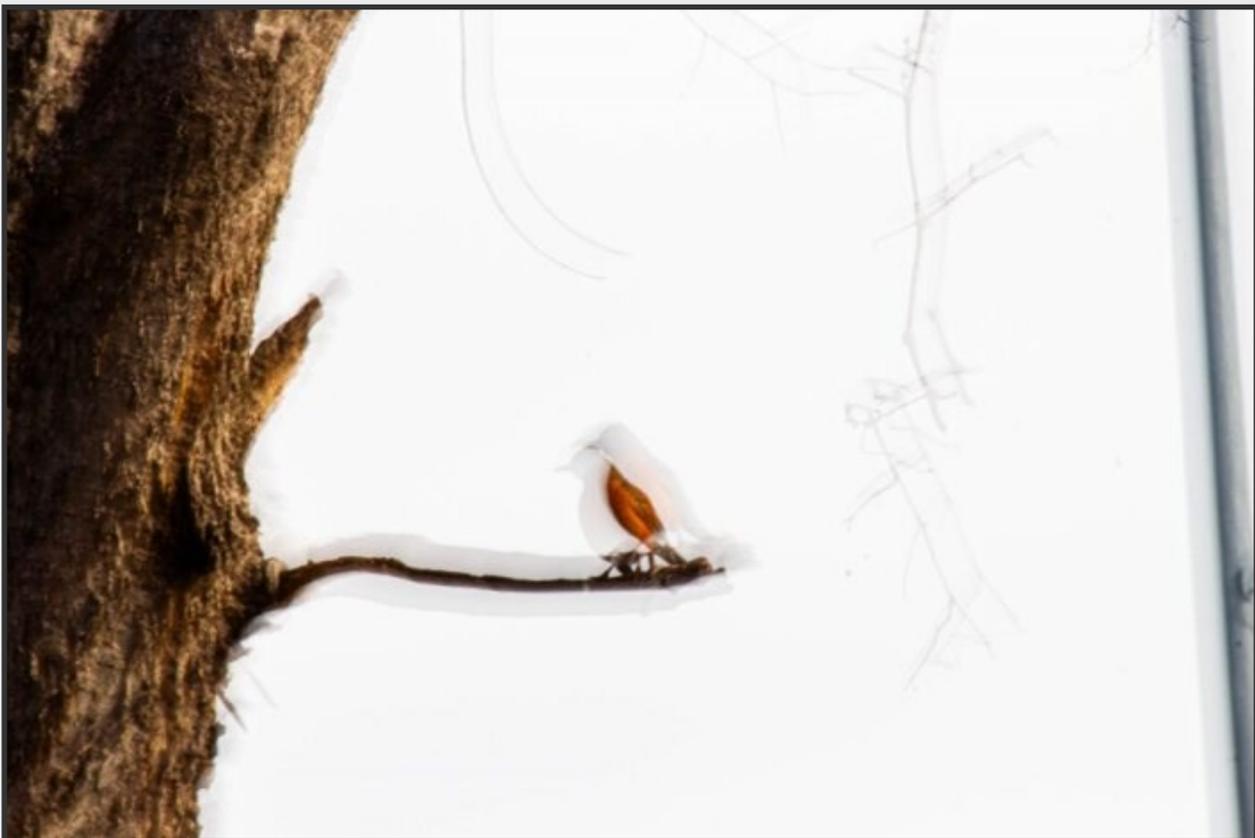
One of the men answers my question with the last words I would've ever expected.

"You're being executed for thievery," He tells me.

Katelyn Neswold, '25
"Untitled"
Stoneware Clay, Lidded Vessel



Isabella Mathew, '26
"Bird"
Digital Photograph



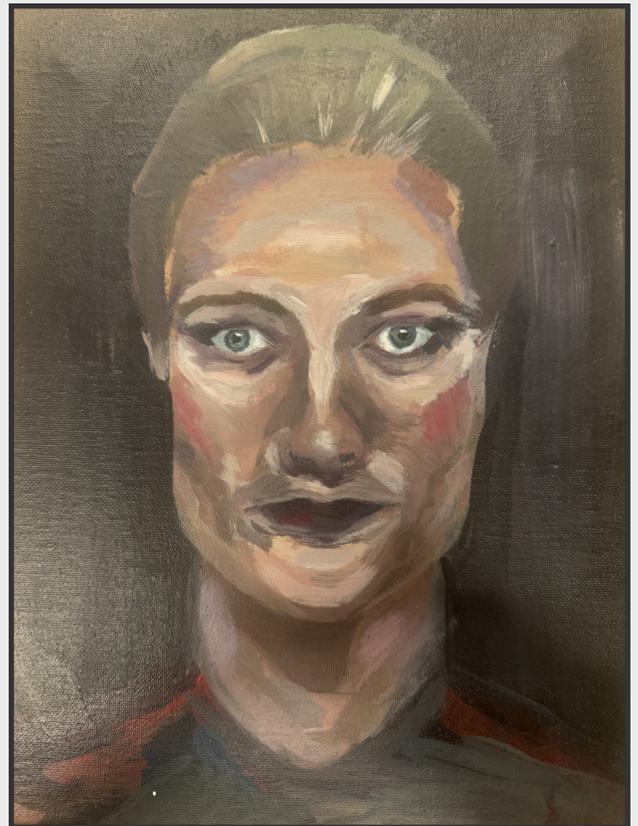
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Mary Katherine Flynn, '26
"Coil Vessel"
Stoneware Clay



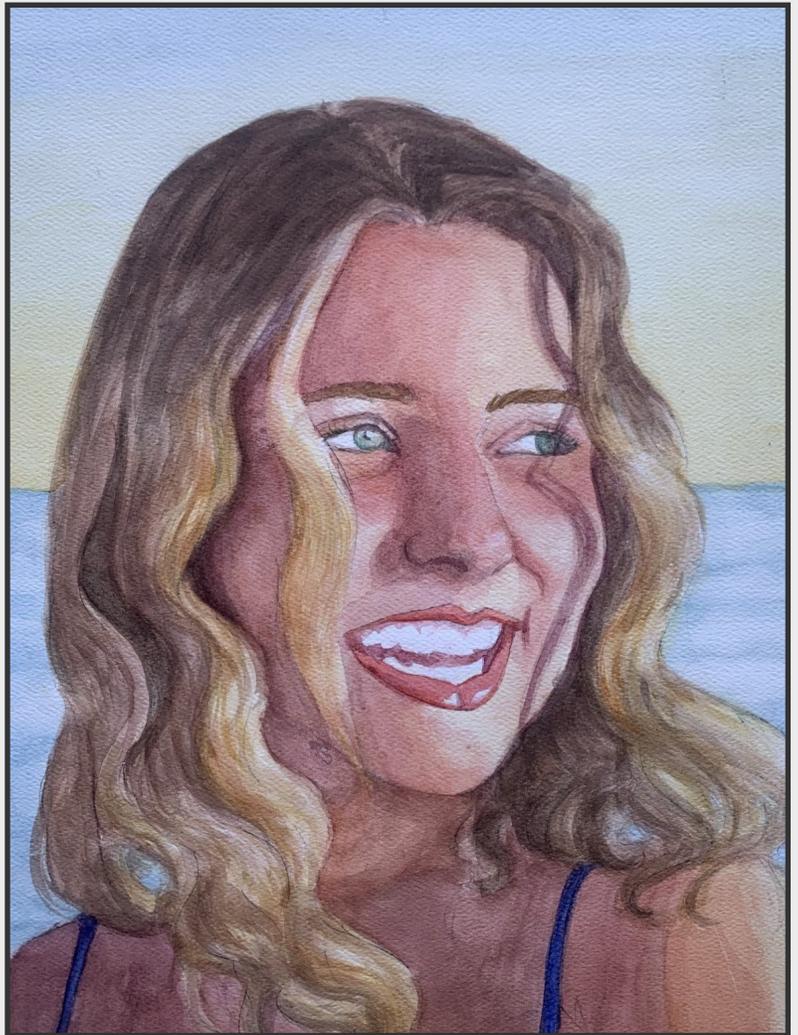
Maggie Baker, '26
"Cabin in the Woods"
Graphite Pencil

Elle Ravin, '25
"No Troll Left Behind"
Acrylic Painting





Mary Katherine Flynn, '26
"Nativity"
Stoneware Clay



Bella Aldendifer, '25'
"McKinney"
Watercolor Painting

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Brooks Foster, '25
"Surreal View"
Graphite Pencil

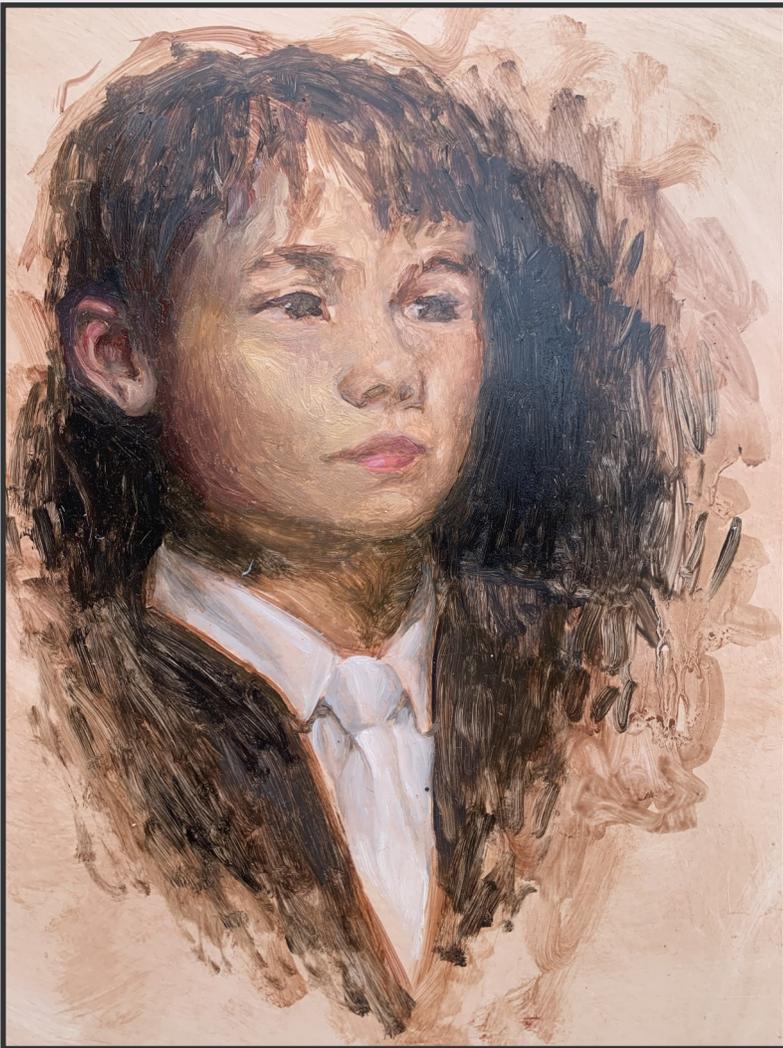


Katelyn Neswold, '25
"Antique Vase"
Stoneware Clay, Coil Form



Rachel Rodriguez, '26
"Graffiti"
Colored Pencil

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Nick McTasney, '25
"Brother"
Oil Painting

Bobby Morency, '26
"Untitled"
Digital Photograph



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Gracyn Becker, '25
"Arches"
Watercolor Painting

Henry Lo, '27
"Soldier"
Stoneware Clay



Samantha Smith, '25
"Power"
Digital Photograph

I Love My Mama

My mother is sick
I can't lie on her chest Her heartbeat in my ears
Her arms around me

Tears stain my face
She sings to me
Que sera sera
I don't know what our future will be

She looks so lonely
I never have time
Our hearts pump blood
To the moon and back

I'm her strangest child
She loves me like I am a part of her
Im her lamb
She will protect me

My mama is immortal
I'm sure of it
She helps me function
I live via her love

Even if we were elephants
She would be my mother
She will lick my wounds
Caring for her cub

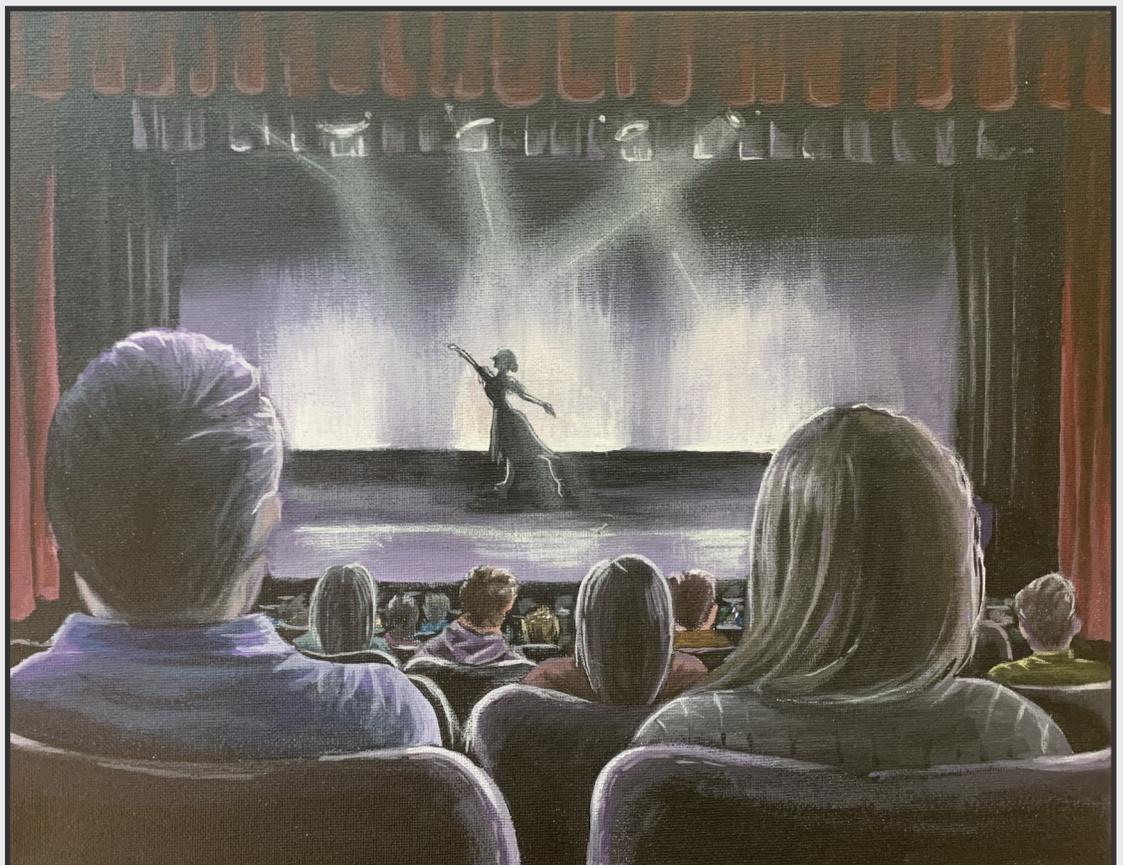
Poem by Addison Gunderson-Imhof, '25

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Addison Belletete, '26
"Saint Cecilia"
Tempera Painting

Gracyn Becker, '25
"The Final Curtain"
Acrylic Painting



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Nickolas McTasney, '25

“Rachel”

Oil Painting



Rachel Rodriguez, '26

“Birthday Wish”

Marker and Colored Pencil



Maddie Christian, '25

“Won Dollar”

Acrylic Painting

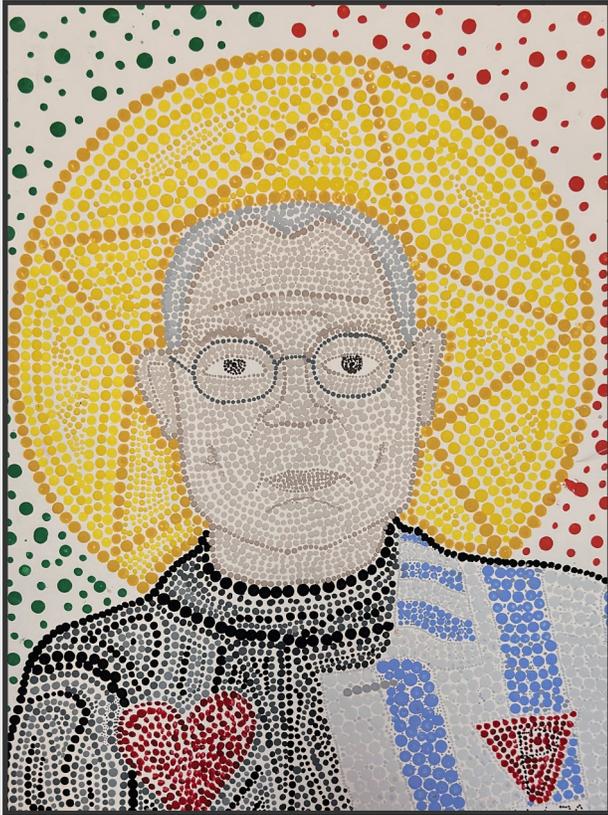
Ava Gotterer, '25
"Untitled"
Stoneware Clay



Samantha Smith, '25
"Hi"
Digital Photograph

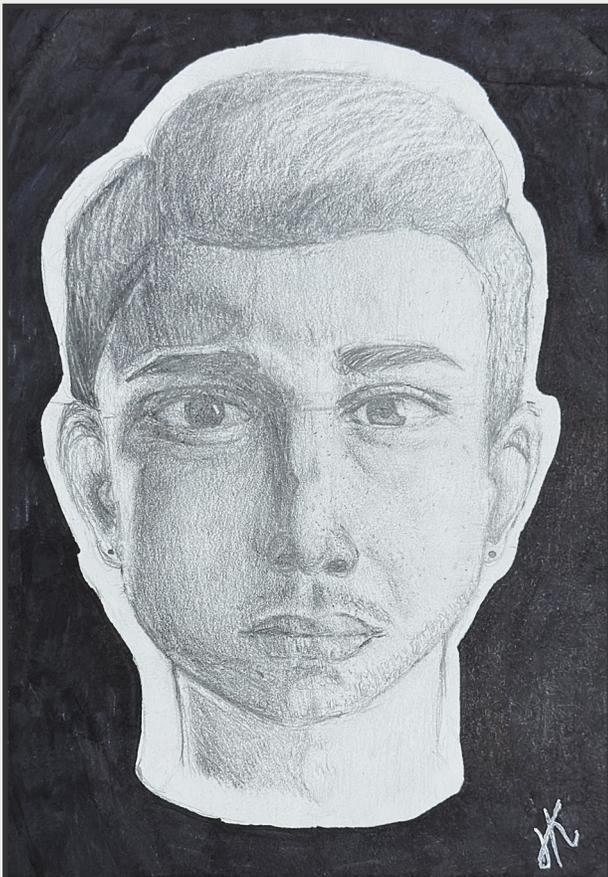


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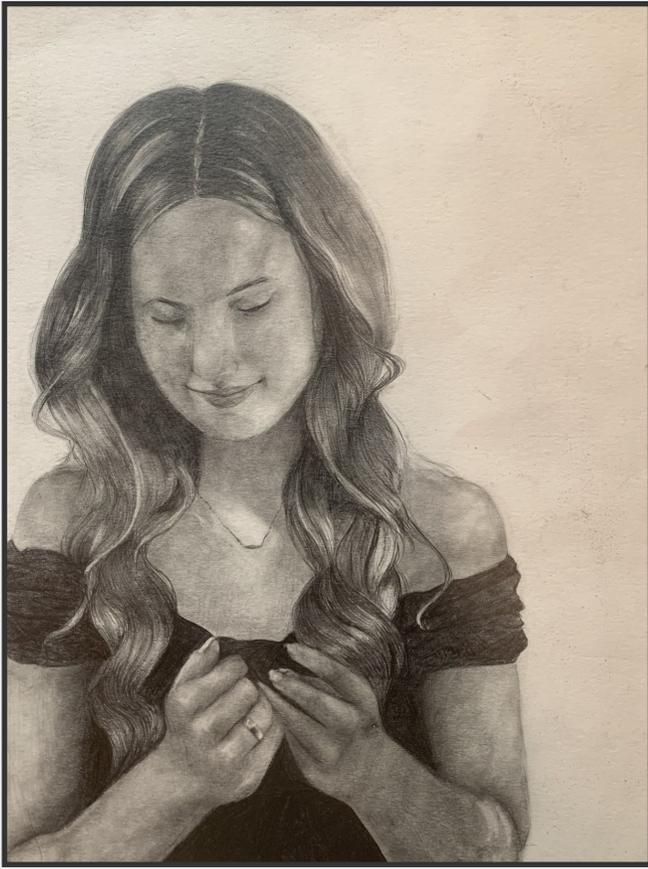
Hayden Campbell, '25
"Saint Maximillian Kolbe"
Tempera Painting

Rachel Rodriguez, '26
"Sweet, Sweet Scattered Chaos"
Colored Pencil



Hannah Kate Stack, '27
"Untitled"
Graphite Pencil

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Bella Aldenifer, '25

“Gracie”

Graphite Pencil



Jillian Manno, '26

“Evelyn”

Watercolor Painting

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Christian Prokasy, '25
"Into the Future"
Digital Photograph



Ellora Atkinson, '27
"Dragon fruit"
Stoneware Clay



Dempsey Barbera, '25
"Totems"
Pen and Ink



Christian Prokasy '25,
"Typhoon"
Digital Photograph

David Monceaux, '25
"Untitled"
Digital Art



The Garden

In the Garden of Eden,
grows a flower called Lie. I reach down to grasp it,
but its deceitful thorns bite into my flesh.
My hand jerks back,
and a fresh wound begins to form.
Yet through the pain,
I see a truth reflected in the scarlet drops.
A tale as old as time itself.

What None can Rival

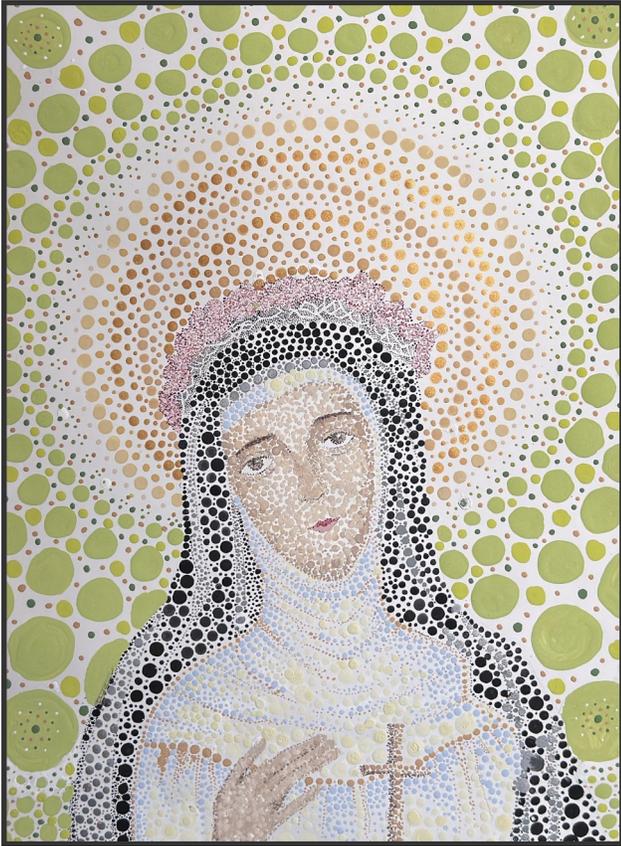
In this loom of life we are entwined,
weaving us into a golden thread.
In sweet time our love will be refined,
there is no obstacle that could bring us dread.

My soul's own compass leads me to you,
Just as the sailors follow the stars.
As soon as the land comes into view,
I jump from my ship and into your arms.

For you I would pursue day and night,
To steal the sun and moon from their place.
Heavenly spheres only mock your light,
Nothing rivals the smile on your face.

The skies above nor the oceans deep,
could ever hope to compare to thee.
And while the snow-capped mountains of love are steep,
it doesn't matter when you're here with me.

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Sophie Flores Mantari, '26
"Saint Rose of Lima"
Tempera Painting



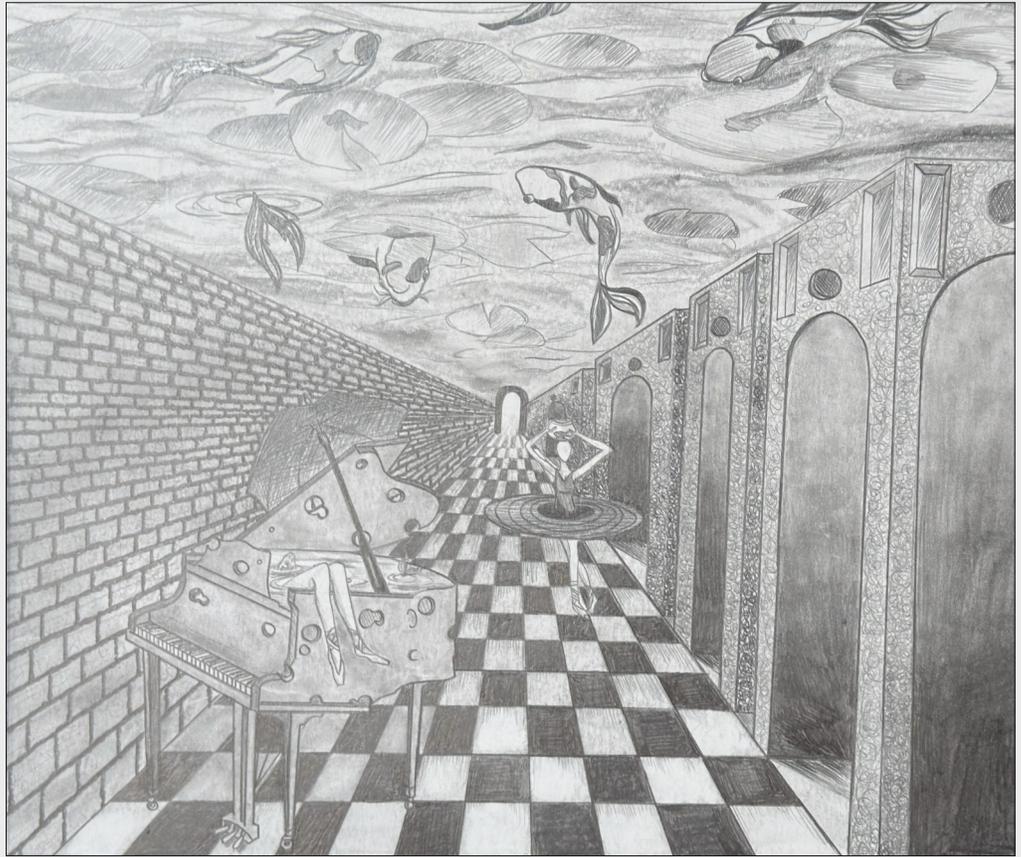
Gracyn Becker '25
"Bell Tower"
Acrylic Painting



Maddie Christian '25
"Mommagranate"
Acrylic Painting

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Kylie Jordan, '28
"Untitled"
Graphite Pencil



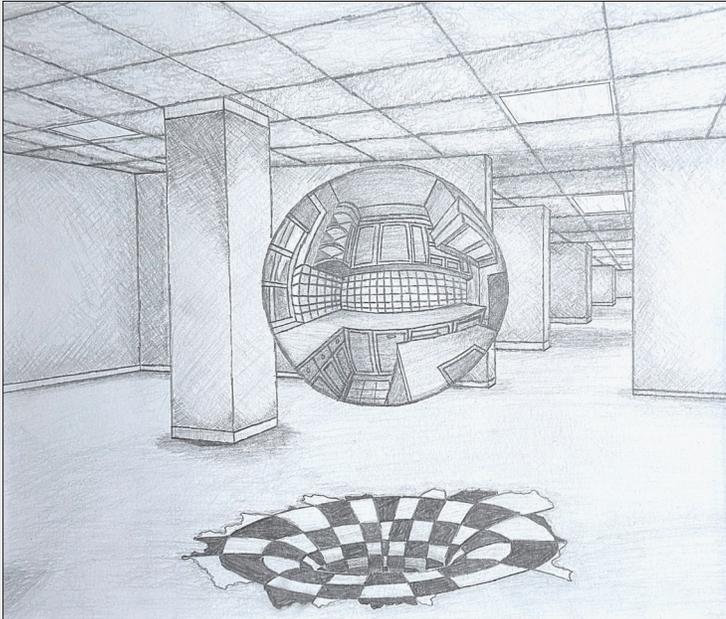
John Parker Link, '26
"Ghost Behind My Eyes"
Digital Photograph

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Audrey Fichtel, '25
"Flowered Brick"
Stoneware Clay, Slab Form



Jack Karpynec, '28
"Untitled"
Graphite Pencil



Jillian Manno '26
"1930's New York"
Watercolor



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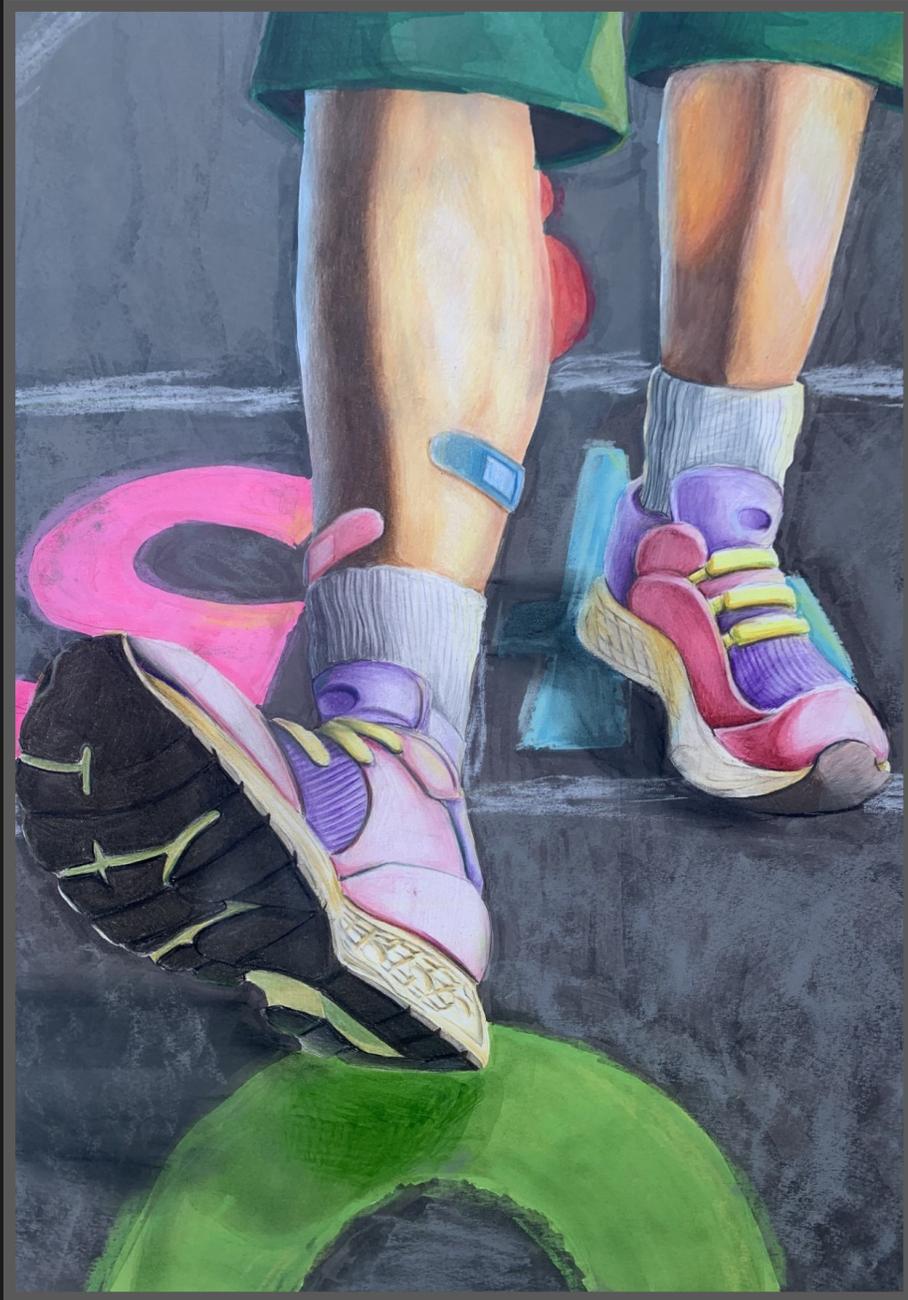


Bella Aldendifer, '25
"The Living Presence"
Graphite Pencil

Gracyn Becker, '25
"Goose on Pond"
Gouache Paint



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Father Ryan

Creative Arts Magazine