
Quintessence 2026:
What We Make Of It
Villa Joseph Marie High School
Quintessence Staff 2026

INTRODUCTION

Gianna Giordano '26
Editor-in-Chief

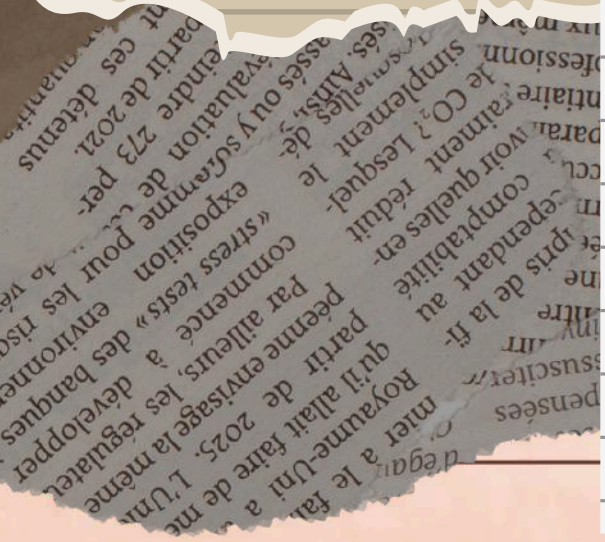
Your life is a scrapbook, a collection of memories that tell your story.

The book opens, and moments from your childhood come back to you. You look back on each picture: the day you were born, your first steps, your first day of kindergarten, and learning to ride a bike. A smile forms.

You start to flip through the pages. You see yourself trying out new sports and hobbies, making new friends, taking class field trips, playing at recess, and going to your first school dances.

As you continue, you're flipping through different stages of your life: turning 13, joining clubs, experimenting with new styles, going through awkward phases, and experiencing friendship breakups and changes.

Now the pages begin to look more familiar. You see your first day of high school, getting your license, dancing at school formals and proms, and visiting colleges.



You get to 12th grade, and tears start to form. You see your last first day of high school, senior night, senior retreats, the final days of school, last class trips and bonding experiences, and graduation.

You turn the page once more.
It's blank and ready for you to fill it.

You are now 18, and your days at Villa are over, the days that passed as quickly as the turn of a page.

This year's edition of Quintessence is a celebration of all of the moments that make up our lives.

In the end, what matters isn't how much time we have, but "What We Make of It."

Noteworthy



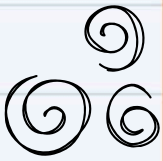
Noteworthy is the first section of our "scrapbook," centered on the things we choose to write down. It is meant to replicate the pages we all have that are filled with things we want to remember forever, and maybe even things we try to forget: dreams for the future, thoughts written at 1 a.m., those "I feel like I should jot this down" moments, names of crushes, hard days at school, lists for homework and shopping, plans, and songs stuck in your head.





This section gathers poems, stories, and letters about friendship, family, sports, and growing up. Some pieces were influenced by Poem in Your Pocket Day, others by observations or memories that are held close to the heart. These pages contain all the parts of our lives that we decided to make note of, from the people to the experiences and even the places that make us who we are.







Nora Tataren '27
Managing Editor

"First Time"

One step into the room
And I know, I am very small.
The tables are **tall**,
The crayons are bright,
And everything smells new.
My backpack feels heavy on my tiny shoulders,
Like I am carrying something important.
My teacher smiles just at the right time,
When I am not sure if I can be brave.
You were only a little classroom,
But you made me feel small.

Allison Warunek '27



"My Nana and Me"

Every time we passed the "Welcome to Ocean City, New Jersey" sign, I felt like I couldn't sit still in the car. I would instantly look out the window and smile so big because I knew we were finally there. We'd roll all the windows down just to smell the salt water.



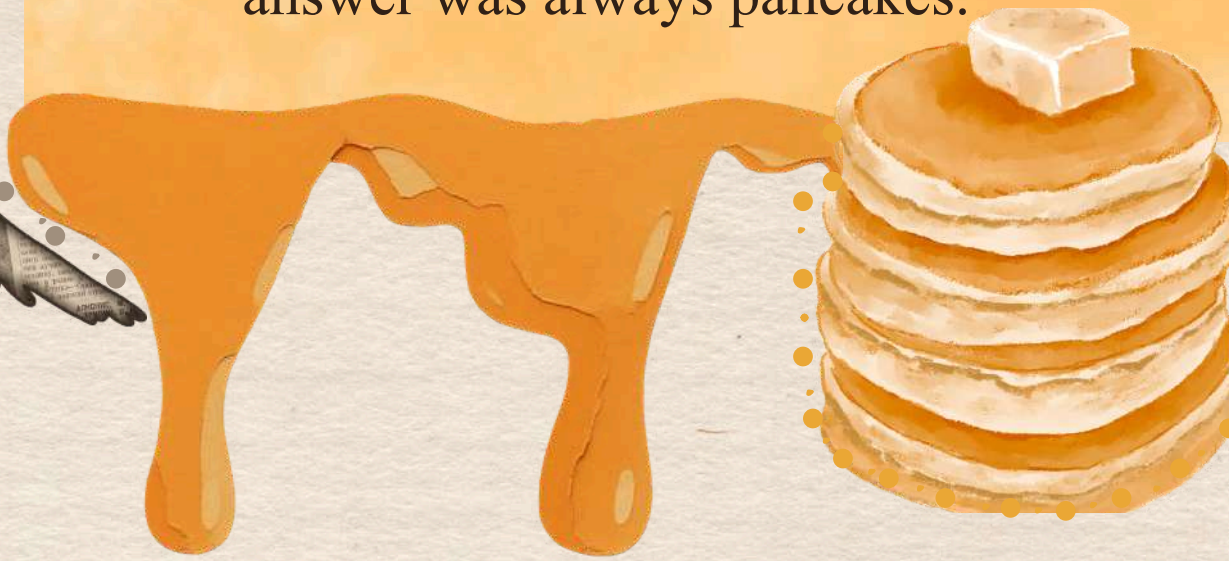
My Nana's house was my favorite place in the world. Every year, all 30 cousins and their parents would drive down for three weeks and stay at my Nana's house. The house would be packed, but we always made room for everyone. My Nana and I were both middle children, so I felt like that always made us understand each other. In a huge family like ours, it's easy to get lost in the middle of things, so it felt nice having someone I could rely on.

Nana had this drawer in the kitchen that my cousin and I would always sneak candy from. We were definitely not supposed to, but we did anyway. Nana always caught us, and she would even help us not get caught. She would always say, "This is our little secret." Every morning we were the first ones up. It was the only time the house was actually quiet.



We'd go out on her deck and throw bread down to the birds, then come back in and make breakfast for everyone. She would ask me, "What should we make?" and my answer was always pancakes.













When I think about those summers, I don't just think about the beach. I think about the sign we passed every year, the smell of salt in the air, the candy drawer, the birds in the morning, but most of all, my Nana.













Annaliese Orlando '28

Singing to your favorite song
A feeling that you do belong
What started with a quiet voice
Now everyone starts to shout along
A video of you as a child
Screaming loud and running wild
reminds us of who we are
A footprint of those who have
once smiled

Ava Kenyon '27



A letter to my best friend

Not a day goes by that I am not grateful for your presence in my life. As far as being an amazing friend goes, you check all the boxes. I have never felt more understood by another person and I feel safe coming to you with everything. Talking to you feels like talking to another version of myself, not only because we have been through so many of the same experiences, but because we look at life through the same-colored lens. Your positivity and lightheartedness are things I try to embody every day, but with you, it feels a little easier to do so. I value your opinion so deeply, and I know I can rely on your honest thoughts at all times. Not only are you the first person I move to confide in, but also the first person I share my victories with. How blessed am I to have such a brilliant person in my life who will stand by me through rain or shine? No matter what, I have full confidence that you will always be in my corner, and I know that I will always be in yours.

Ava Schmalbach '29

"Fill My Pail"

Early I arrive to the beach with my pail
As I walk I see it there, lying in the sand

A beautiful shell of pink and orange
The treasure of the wise

I collect them, hungry to fill my pail,
Each one something new

They compile a story and tell me
Something of the truth.

Just then, from behind,
A wave smashes to my pail.

When I do wash ashore,
Empty, cold, and curious no more.

I stand back up and grab my pail
Because knowledge is worth the fail.

Reina Caruso '28



"Live, Love, Lacrosse"

Lacrosse the sport you grew up playing, the way you grow out of each pair of shoes

Lacrosse the way you get to meet amazing people, who have the same passion

All the jersey numbers, goggles, mouth-guards, and sticks that we have deepen memory!

Lacrosse where you found your best friends, the girls that when you leave you will never forget about.

The way **Lacrosse** builds strength on and off the field. The feeling of wanting to quit, but never wanting to give up.

The dream of becoming a future USA womens **Lacrosse** star.

All the happy and sad moments you have encountered to make you who you are today **Lacrosse** the choice of lifestyle. The love and respect you have for your coaches. The feeling of fulfillment after winning the championship with the girls you've played with since kindergarten.

Bella Dippolito '21

"Junior Retreat"

One step through the chapel doors
And I know I am changing inside.
The shared moments
carry me to a deeper place.
The perfect moment
To take your guard down,
To listen without judgement
And see with a new light.
We whisper prayers.
We bravely offer forgiveness.
And somehow
In just one day,
Through one honest embrace of grace,
Our outlook has transformed
Through compassion.

Olivia Dungan '27

"I'm in Love with Summer"

I love the way we spend all day at the beach
and the way we go to the boardwalk at night.
There's so much about the beach that makes me feel right.
My feet in the sand from sunrise to sunset.



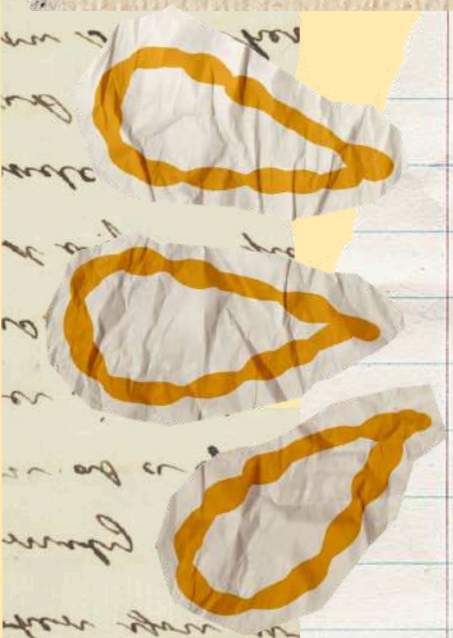
My friends and I playing all of our favorite songs.
It's how going into the ocean feels, going under and over every wave.
My love for the beach is so strong and true,
There's no doubt that I'm not in love with you.

Riley Wimsey '28

Inspired by "Chance Meeting" By Susan Browne



You say you know me.
My stride walking through a crowded room,
My hair flying in the wind,
My hands buried in my pockets
like they're searching for something.
You say my eyes are gold,
as if I was ever sunlight in your life.
You say we are strangers now,
that what we once had is lost,
as though you ever asked
what lived beneath
that smile you claim to have memorized.



You watched me in the mornings,
quiet and distant
and called it loneliness.
But you never understood
the pain I carried.
You say you don't know me
like it is a tragedy.
Maybe I was never meant
to be known that way.
Maybe I am more
than the habits you memorized.
So perhaps we were always strangers.
Perhaps you loved the version of me
that reflected you back.
And perhaps that is why you never truly saw me
even though you said
you knew me.

Ella Foley '27

"Down the Shore"

Poem-In-Your-Pocket Inspired Poetry!!

Of all the summers I've had,
Of all the sandy car rides home,
Of all the nights we stayed on the boardwalk way too long,
I still love you.

Of all the sunburns and salty hair,
Of all the hoodie walks on the beach at night,
Even though it goes by faster every year,
I still love you, down the shore.

Gianna Na '28

"Love is More Louder than Goodbye"

Inspired by "Love is more thicker than forget" by E. E. Cummings



love is more louder than goodbye
more stubborn than time
more present than the empty hallway
after everyone has gone home
it is less neat than memory
less organized than photographs
it spills
it echoes
it refuses to sit still
love is more running than standing
more sunlight than shadow
more heartbeat than silence
it is the sound of sneakers
against a gym floor
the countdown before the cutain opens
the way we screamed
like the night would never end
it is always now
even when it was years ago
it is closer than distance
and farther than yesterday
love is not careful
it does not ask permission
it stays
in locker combinations
in blurry team pictures
in the way my chest feels tight
when i pass that same doorway
love is more louder than goodbye
because goodbye fades
and love
does not



Julia Gutarra '27



"Sisterhood"

Jane File '27

I knew a sisterhood that moved like song,
Hallways humming as we walked along,
Loafers scuffing, laughter wide,
Carrying courage side by side.

Morning bells rang clear and bright,
Calling us forward into light.
Late again, but never alone;
Every worry somehow known
Before it's spoken, soft or small,
A hand already there to call.

We learned each other step by step,
Through whispered prayers and secrets kept,
Learning leadership not for praise,
But service lived in quiet ways.

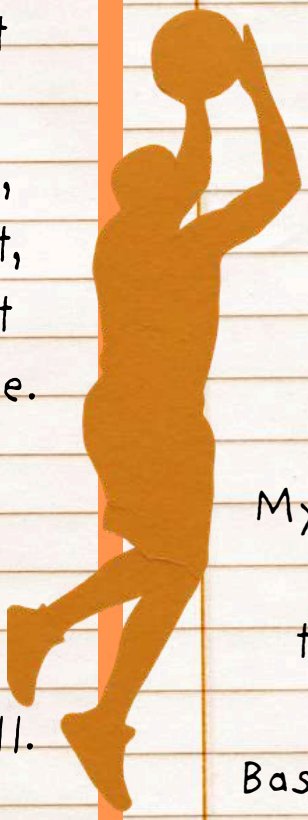
A class ring, worn with pride,
Not just a symbol worn outside,
But promise shaped in faith and care,
A bond reminding us we share.
The call to lead, to lift, to stand,
To leave the world with gentler hands.
Not sudden, not loud or grand,
Just someone reaching for your hand.
And now I know what stays the most
Is not a grade or passing boast,
But voices rising, brave and clear,
Saying, you belong right here.
A thousand moments woven true,
A sisterhood that carries you.

Even someday, far from these doors,
Past crowded streets and different shores,
I'll hear those echoes, warm and near:
Laughter living year to year,
Villa lingering, strong and good,
Forever shaped by sisterhood.

BASKETBALL

Aubree Kuvik '28

Basketball is repetition,
like learning to tie your shoes,
trying to make every shot
so we don't lose.
My teammates think alike,
our chemistry on the court,
knowing when to back cut
with just the look of an eye.
Silence brings energy,
energy brings intensity.
As I step on the court,
my heart beats in
the same rhythm as the ball.
Something about winning
brings people so much closer.
Winning feels great
when it's done with your best
friends.



High school basketball
didn't just give me friends,
but family.
Something about
having teammates
to lift you up
speaks more about
friendship
than I'll ever know.
My team hasn't just taught
me
to be a good teammate,
but a great one.
Basketball gave me so much
more than I ever knew.
Ever since I was little,
my best friends
have mostly come from
sports.

Thank you so much,
high school basketball.

love is more tangible than a laugh, more
simple than a smile,
more rooted in the days we had, more stretched
than a mile,
more louder than our games, more gentle
than out hush,
more real than every nickname we shared,
more bright than any rush.
love is more braided than our bands more lasting
than their ties more colorful than careful hands
more true than any tries
love i more splashing than our leaps more open
than the shore more echoing than water keeps
more ours for evermore
it is most light and living and more it knows
our ache than all the lake which only
falls deeper than the lake.

Luciana Rupprecht, '21

Inspired by "love is more thicker than forget" by E.E. Cummings.

"To My Sister"

We grew up side by side
in a house full of noise and laughter.
You were my first friend,
my first teammate,
my first secret keeper.
We argued over small things,
but we never stopped choosing each other.
When I think of childhood,
I do not see toys or rooms,
I see you.

Margaret Alexander '27

"The Day I Fell for the Fall"







Finally, the day I've been waiting for
"Just tall enough," he says.

My heart races,
just like my feet rushing to join my sister.
Here comes the roller coaster of emotions.

First, the anticipation as I look up.
Can't turn back now, I think.
The seat swallows me,
but I feel secure
in the weight of the bar.

Fear kicks in as we crank up the lift hill,
Click... click... click...

Reaching the top,
I feel like I'm on top of the world.
My fear explodes into light.

Then comes that feeling
the euphoric drop
that makes it all worth it.
My stomach leaps into my throat,
like it forgot its place to float.

"Well, what did you think?"
"Let's do it again!" I scream.
The obsession has begun.



Natalia Mercado '27

Poem-In-Your-Pocket Inspired Poetry

We thought it was
just a break from class.
Just swings and racing
to the fence.
Just laughing too loud for no reason.
The sun felt warmer back then,
and the blacktop felt huge,
like the world was way bigger than
our problems.
We didn't know we were making
memories.
We didn't know that one day
we'd actually miss how simple
everything was.

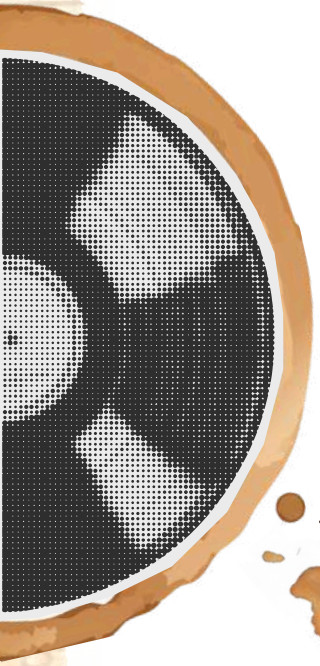
Éva Moharita '28

"People Watching"

There is a trio of elderly friends gathered around a rectangular table by the wall; two women and one man. They lean into each other, their voices rising and falling as they share recent events in their lives.







They are reminiscing about music from their youth, about how vinyl records and concerts were so cheap compared to today's prices. "Five dollars, can you believe that?" followed by an eruption of laughter. The man laughs louder than the others, but he is struck with the sense that those days are farther away each year.

One of the women, with her silver curls tucked behind her ears, remembers the first time she heard the song playing around them. She thinks of how it reminds her of someone she once loved, but she keeps this to herself, choosing to stir her coffee slowly instead and listen to the conversation drone on, watching the steam waft off of her drink like the time slowly winding to an end for her.





Caitlin McCarthy '27

"Love Poem"

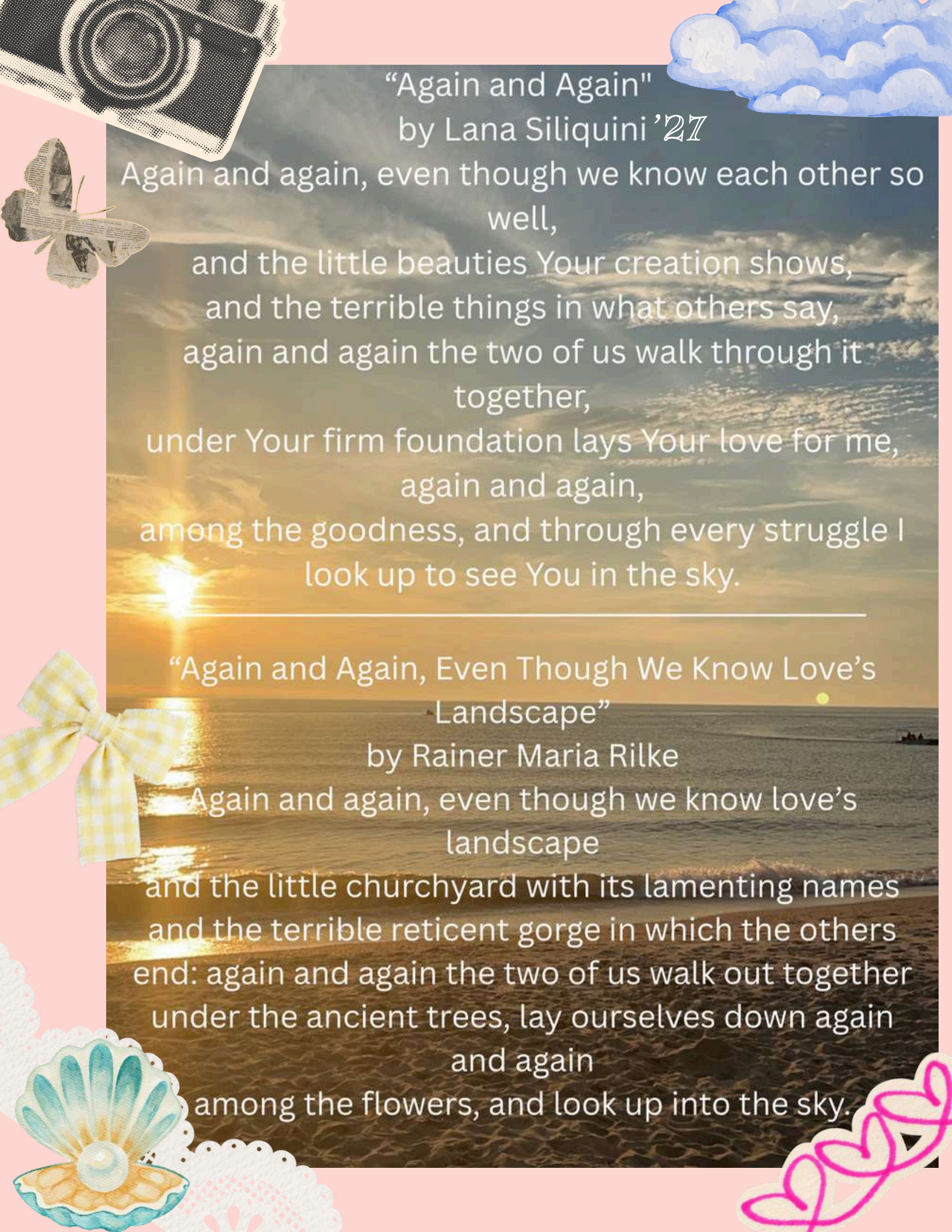
Inspired by "Wild Nights!" By: Emily Dickinson

Sunlit – bright days!
Were I on the sand
Fun nights should be
Our luxury!

Boats – the bay –
To the jetskis on the dock –
Done with the wind –
Done with the pool!

Paddling the board –
Ah – the Sea!
Might I remember the fun – everyday –
In thee!

Ella Rahn '28



"Again and Again"
by Lana Siliquini '27

Again and again, even though we know each other so well,
and the little beauties Your creation shows,
and the terrible things in what others say,
again and again the two of us walk through it together,
under Your firm foundation lays Your love for me,
again and again,
among the goodness, and through every struggle I look up to see You in the sky.

"Again and Again, Even Though We Know Love's Landscape"
by Rainer Maria Rilke

Again and again, even though we know love's landscape
and the little churchyard with its lamenting names
and the terrible reticent gorge in which the others end: again and again the two of us walk out together
under the ancient trees, lay ourselves down again and again
among the flowers, and look up into the sky.

Brooke Sullivan '28

"Never Missed a Moment"

Grandpa never missed a game.
Front row, voice rising above the crowd,
Yelling at the refs,
Cheering louder than anyone in the stands,
proud of every single point on the board.

He stood by the soccer field too,
clapping with every goal,
calling out Ryan's name with pure excitement,
celebrating every win
and softening the sting of every loss.

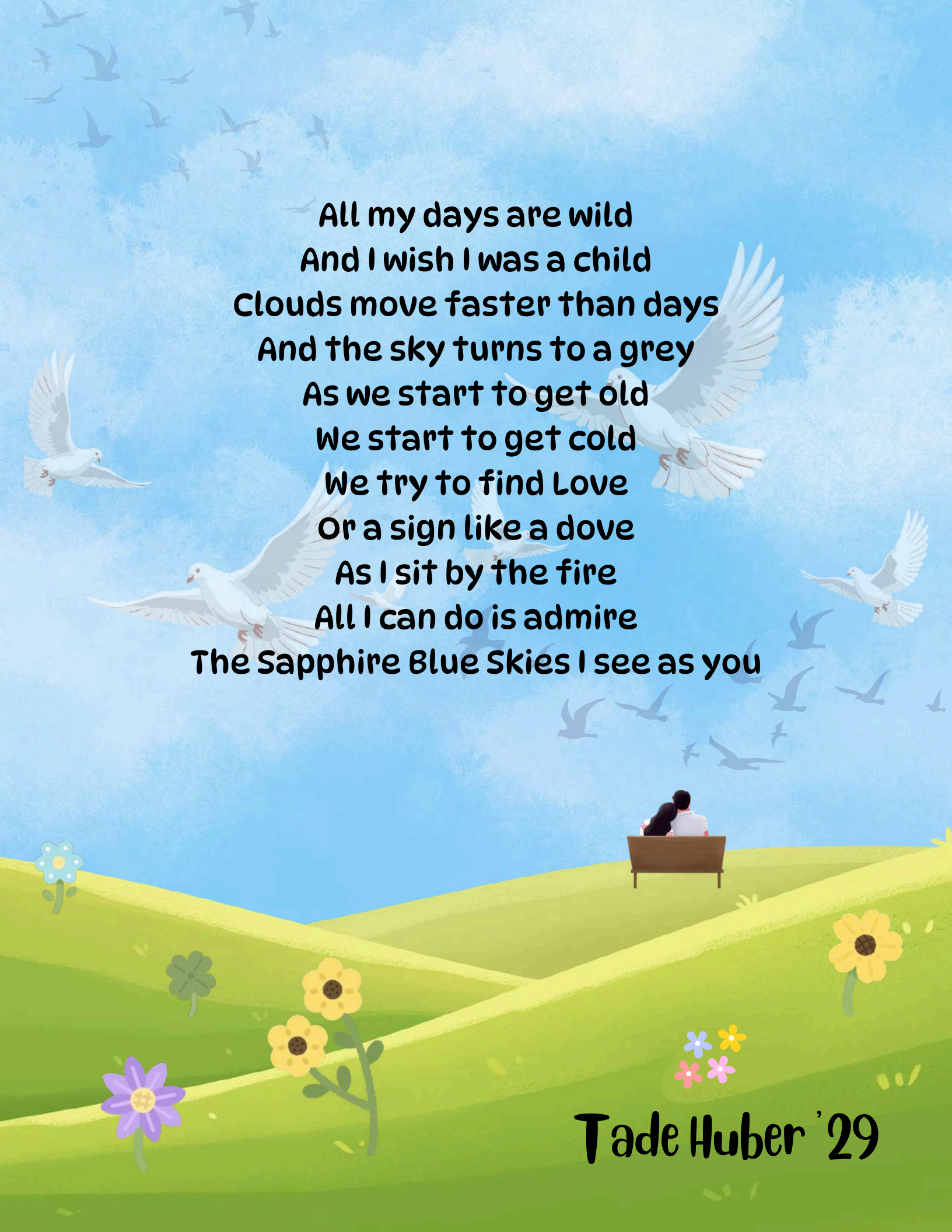
At every dance recital, he was there
eyes scanning the stage to find Liv,
Smiling before the music even began.
He clapped the loudest,
and later sat in the living room
to watch her perform all over again,
cheering her through every spin and step.

Logan's senior year lives in the gym
lifting, running, pushing harder each day
and Grandpa is right there beside him,
talking stats, fantasy football lineups,
replaying every big game like it just happened
cheering him on the whole way.

And Grandma,
She is there in a quieter way,
brightening every room with her smile,
listening to our stories
as if they are treasures,
celebrating our victories
and loving us through every defeat

We are four grandkids,
each chasing our own dreams
dance, basketball, soccer and the gym
walking different paths
but never walking alone.

Because no matter where we go,
we carry them with us:
Grandpa's voice in the crowd,
Grandma's steady love,
Guiding us,
cheering us,
through every step of our lives.


All my days are wild
And I wish I was a child
Clouds move faster than days
And the sky turns to a grey
As we start to get old
We start to get cold
We try to find Love
Or a sign like a dove
As I sit by the fire
All I can do is admire
The Sapphire Blue Skies I see as you
Tade Huber '29

Violin

violin is song graceful
as a lynx
strong as a lion
gentle as a feather
finding light in a dark room
we violinists tend to play
our strings of fire and water
emotions loud
song gentle and harsh
a war without end
sometimes late or dawn
sun up to sun down
we stand with our bow
and illuminate the room
with colorful wars
the fight with no end
is a battle no less
through passion and stress
we fight not for understanding
but for ourselves
through the dark

Victoria Tyshko '28



The sea sounds,
hear it,
some

where in
air and
warmth, feel
it but.

Step slow not
to splash,
what drifts by.

Much so
little. Seagulls
say everything

I
stand
again,
Then what
is quiet
shore
for. To

fill, fill.
I heard waves
and waves full

of whispers,
moving. Ocean
calls me home

Olivia Wetherhold '21

"Tiny Dancer"



Don't forget the days you had,
Don't forget the days that were bad.
Don't forget your first tu-tu
and how it made you go coo-coo.

Don't forget the friends you've made
and how they will be your bridesmaids.
Don't forget the teachers who motivated you
and made you comfortable starting something new.

Don't forget the passion you've sparked,
Don't forget the magic dance embarked.

Oh, big dancer,
Don't forget your tiny dancer.
Look at how far you've come.
Don't forget the eyes you were once looking from.



Addison Nizio '28

Keepsake

Keepsake is a section of the scrapbook that holds precious memories, special people, and beautiful artworks. Each and every addition to this section captures the elegant, treasured experiences that are held very dear to us, such as the beauty of God's gifts. Through art, these memories and experiences are preserved in a way words alone cannot express. Years from now, each addition will be a reminder of the emotions, stories, and moments connected to that time, allowing us to relive the feelings and the experiences that made them meaningful. In this way, every submission becomes a keepsake because these memories and the people connected to them are truly precious.





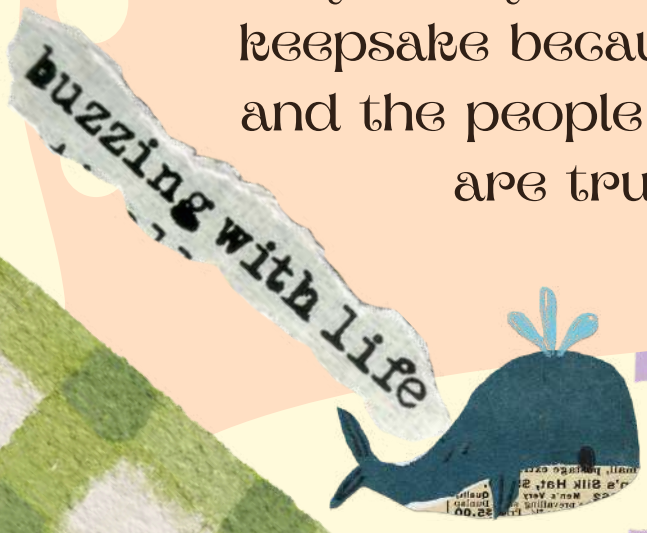












Victoria Tyshko '28
Apprentice Editor

Catherine Wojcik,
Class of 2029
January 7, 2026

Dear Mom,

I am so very thankful for everything that you do for our family. I appreciate the commitments you make for me. Even if I do not always show it, you are always valued. The respect I have for you never vanishes, and no matter what, you will always be my number one role model. You have taught me to see the good in everything and everyone. I know that everything you have ever done has been for my own good but sometimes it is hard to understand every angle. I will get better at listening to you and showing outward gratitude.

Your loving daughter,
Catie

VILLA IN PICTURES



















Ciara Taylor '28

2026





Danielle Carradorini '26



Emersen Akright '29

ÉVA MÓHARITA

'29

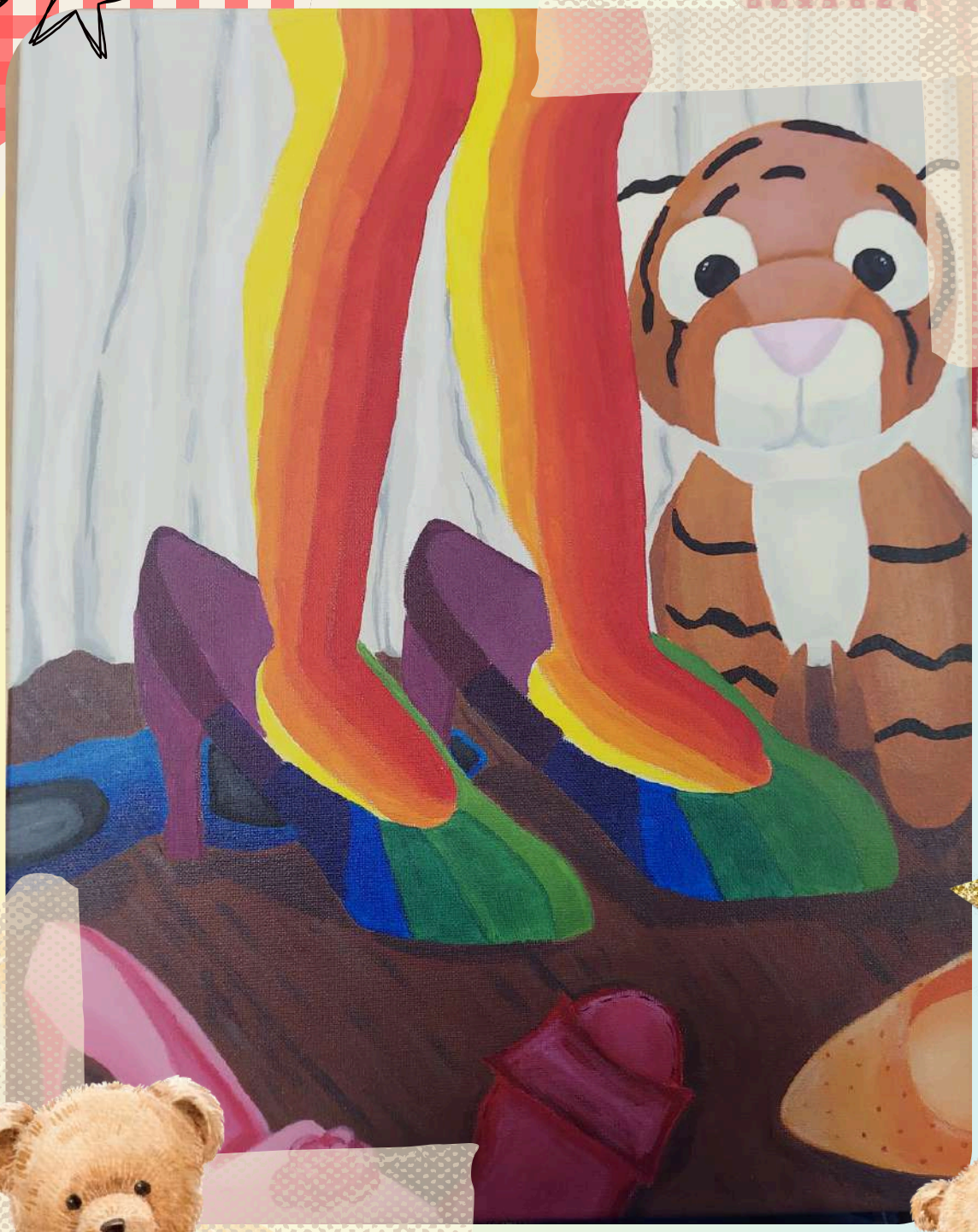




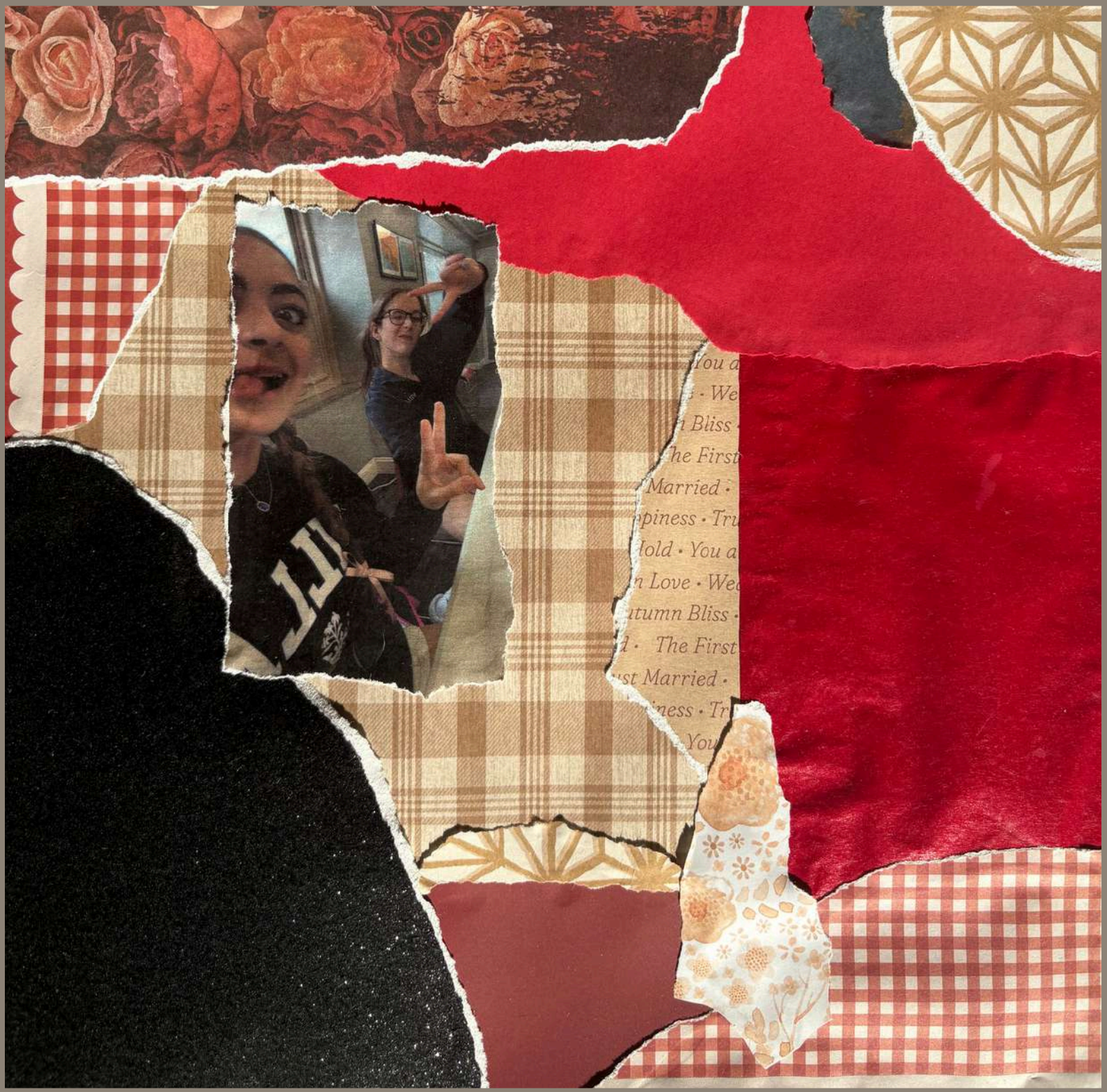
Gianna Giordano '26



Gianna Na '28



Danielle
Carradorinni '26



Jasmine Gilchrist '28



Olivia dedesus '28





VILLA MEMORIES



Kaitlyn Beck '28



Lexi Wimsey
'28

"Memories Last Forever"

Every summer we go
To a place that is aglow
Where salt is in the air
And waves are hitting my chair

We get ice cream every night
Ice cream cones that make my summer so bright
We run to the rides as the sun goes down
Laughing and walking all without a frown

Grammys laughter in the kitchen
Is the start of our summer tradition
Grandpop makes jokes on the porch
He makes us laugh until we snort

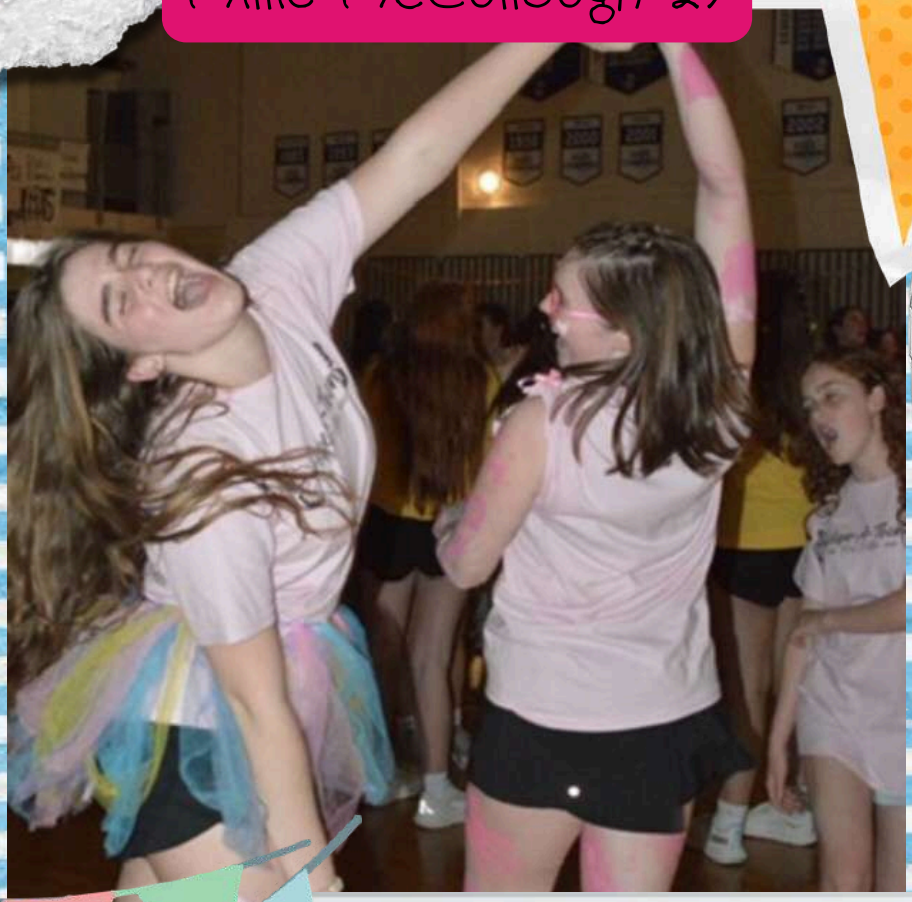
These are the memories that I will always keep
These are the memories that make me smile deep
I will never forget because we were together
I will never forget because these memories last forever.

Lexi Wimsey '28



Millie McCullough '27

Millie McCullough '27







Annaliese Orlando '28

Christmas @ Villa!



My favorite memory at Villa is Christmas at Villa!

especifically freshman year when Santa came to visit us during English class

Katie Laufer '26

"1180 Holland Road"

As I think of a time throughout today
I feel drawn to present day
I think of what I have become
I think of my daily day by day
Where to find me?
Villa Joseph Marie..
Memories flutter in my brain
trying to choose just one, 1
All to find out, it can't possibly be done.

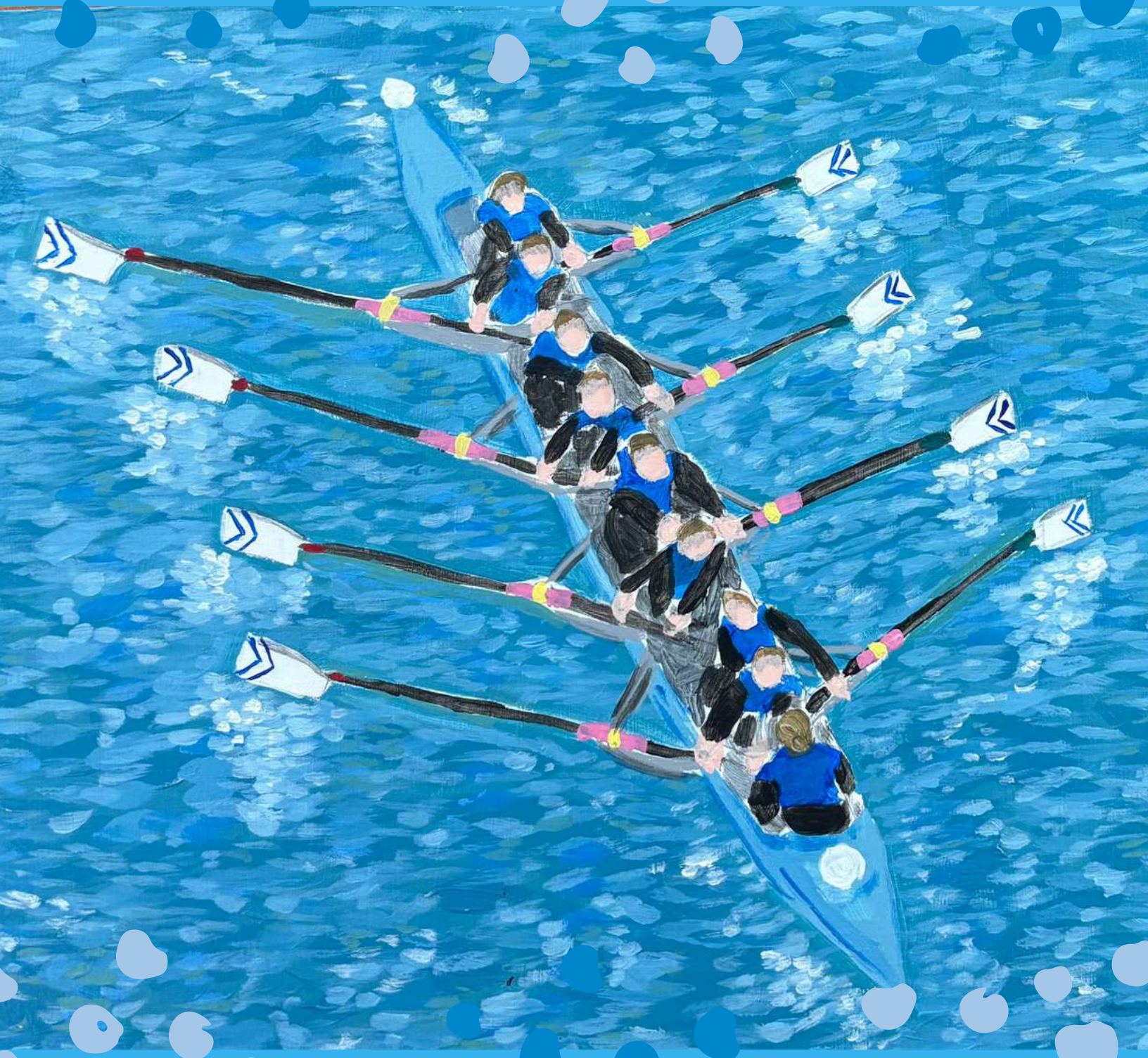
From Christmas at Villa to Halloween skits.
From gobbling contests to see who can win.
From Hope-A-Thons to Spirit Days-
Villa Joseph Marie brings me so much joy every which way

Rooted in sisterhood on and off the field,
Through athletics we thrive day by day.
Great coaches with plans to guide the way.
Girls supporting girls as we advocate so strongly,
Trying to make our mark but not feel at all lonely.

Teachers who support every student's needs,
Even if it means doing challenging deeds.
So when you ask where to find me I will say-
Back straightened- Strong ans confident- no one in the way
And me at Villa Joseph Marie where I will stay!

Aubree Kuvik '28


Laura Muller '28



Lorelei Carlson '26


Lorelei Carlson '26

freshman year











Michelle

Mueller '29

One fun memory I made with my friends is when we went to Valley of Fear and the actors kept scaring us. Then, we kept seeing the same scare actor in different places around the entire event, so he started to make fun of my friends and me. Soon, when we got to the haunted house attraction, he started making fun of my band shirt asking me to name 3 songs–something I never thought actually happened–and I did, but he said those song were not good enough. He told me to name songs from a specific album, but I couldn't so he started poking more fun at me. Eventually when we walked into the haunted house, my friend was put into a box and we had to perform a ritual on her. Then, the actor accidentally stomped on my foot, so I said "ow" and he yelled at me to shut up. It was fun!

Taylor Pitts '27



Saylor Olive '28


Taylor Pitts '27

Patchwork

Patchwork is a section where we piece together those moments of our life that we look back at with a smile. It's a collection of our best memories that we hope to never forget--those once-in-a-lifetime moments that we wish we could experience for the first time again.

Through a collection of collages, drawings, and notes, we invite you to look back on these priceless memories that we share, as well as your own fond memories, and remember that which you cherish.

Taylor Pitts '27
Managing Editor









Villa



Sisters

Addison Nizio '28





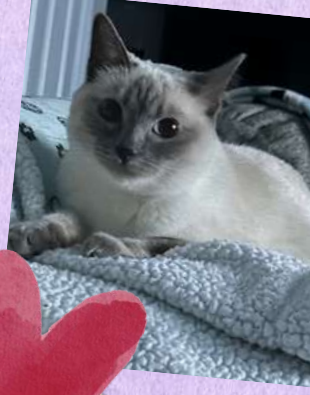
















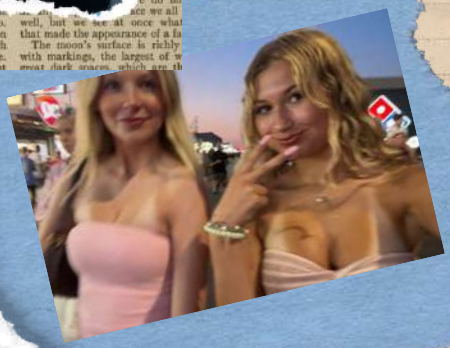








Annabelle Brown '28

















MARY HAMME '27













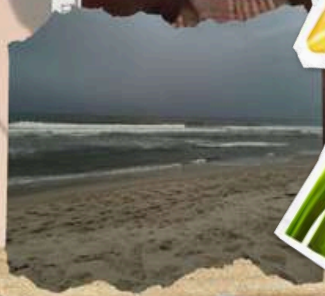
2026

"WHAT WE MAKE OF IT."




















Sunset is a love letter from God
Create in Me A Clean Heart O God
LIVING PROOF OF A LOVING GOD
"So don't be anxious about tomorrow. God will take care of your tomorrow too. Live one day at a time."
"To give ourselves to the Immaculate Heart of Mary is to take the surest and shortest way to Christ."
"I will direct your prayer to Him"
and then she discovered that God was never after her perfection but rather her surrender
The LORD is my shepherd; I LACK NOTHING
Be a light for all to see
Peace isn't found in a perfect life, but in a perfect God.
THE GRASS WITHERS THE FLOWER FADES BUT THE WORD OF GOD WILL STAND FOREVER
GOD HAS a plan FOR YOU
If he dresses the lilies so splendidly how much more will He Clothe You
God spoke today in flowers, and I, who was washing my words, almost missed the conversation
With God all things are possible
GO SPREAD IT
THE GOSPEL
ALL FOR HIS GLORY
2 Corinthians 6:18 DAUGHTER OF THE KING
DAUGHTER OF THE MOST HIGH
THERE'S JOY EVEN IN THE SUFFERING
I have to read the Bible I GET TO READ THE BIBLE
BE JOYFUL IN hope. PATIENT IN affliction. FAITHFUL IN prayer.
cast all your anxieties on Him because He cares for you
If every tiny flower wanted to be a rose, spring would lose its loveliness.
- Saint Therese of Lisieux
MAKE HEAVEN CROWDED
How sweet to be loved by Jesus every day
Don't wait until tomorrow to begin becoming a saint.
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can't heal.
Isaiah 35:10
don't stress! God knows what's best!
RESTING IN THE SWEETNESS OF THE LORD
ALWAYS PRAY. NEVER LOSE HOPE.
you don't need to have it all figured out before you start
BY HIS WOUNDS WE ARE HEALED

Ms. Zones


Lexi Czerniak '28


VICTORIA TYSHKO '28
"Good things are coming."

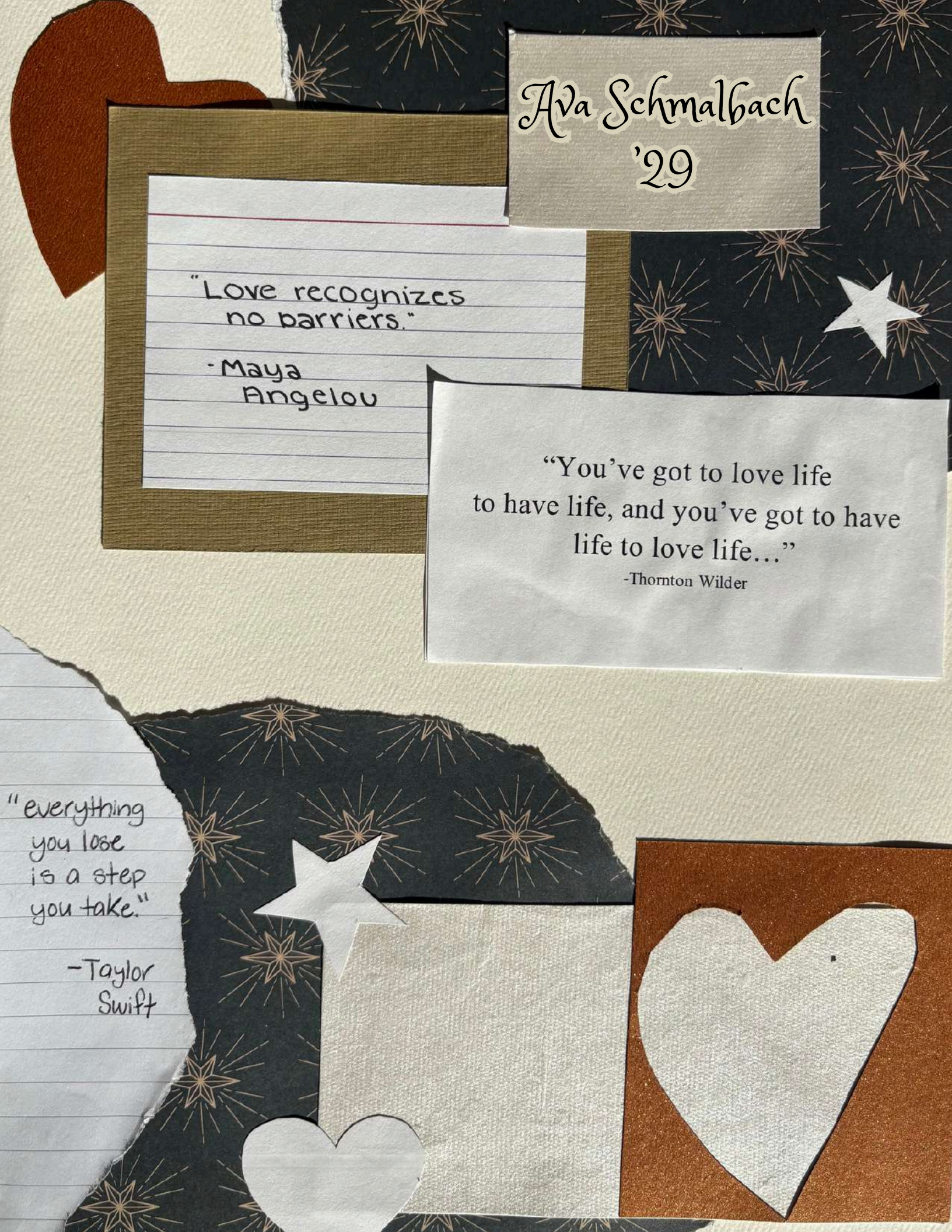


Kendall Chan '28

Talia Arace '28

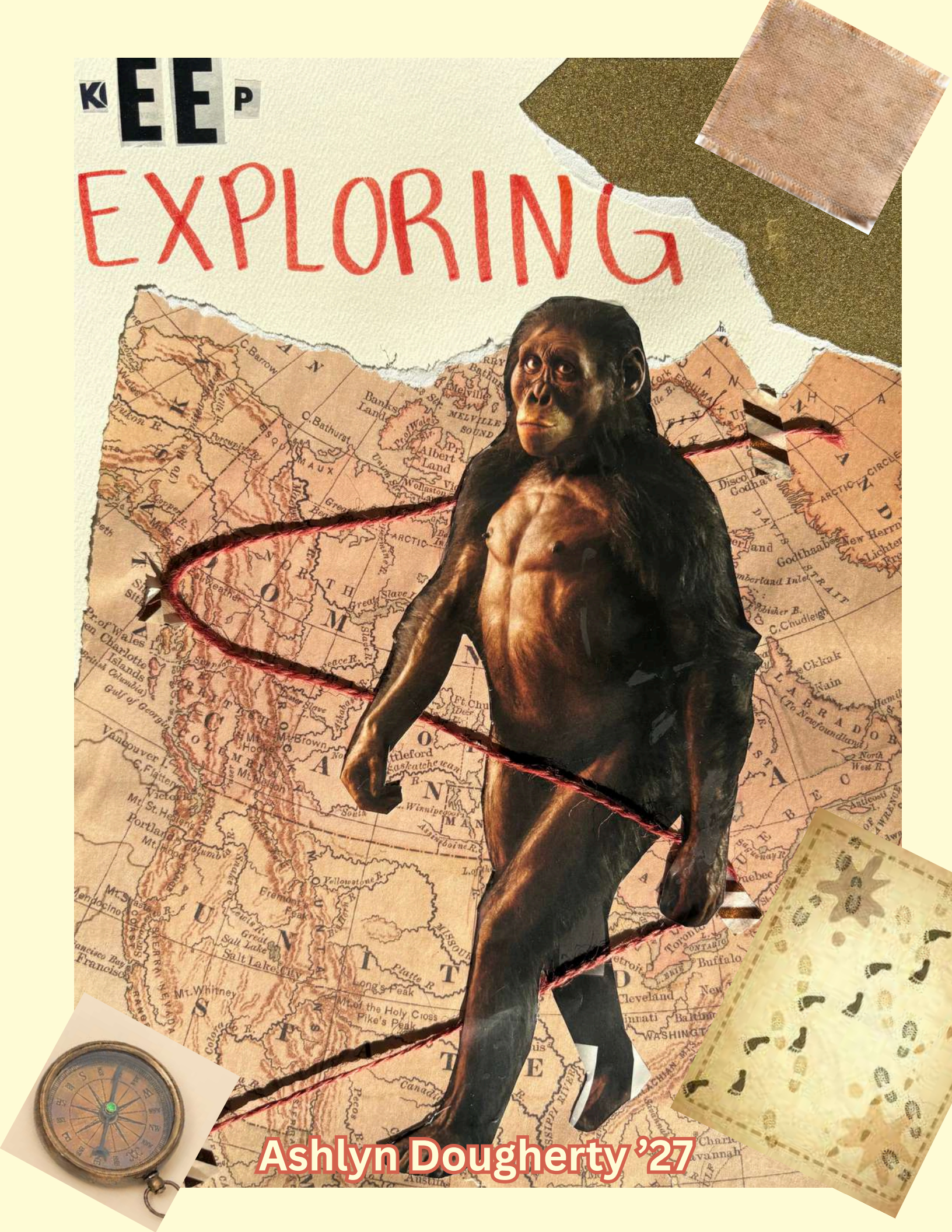





Ava Schmalbach
'29
"Love recognizes
no barriers."
-Maya
Angelou
"You've got to love life
to have life, and you've got to have
life to love life..."
-Thornton Wilder
"everything
you lose
is a step
you take."
-Taylor
Swift



Audrey Walton '27


KEEP
EXPLORING
Ashlyn Dougherty '27



YM Think Hope!

Catie Hopkins '28



Izzy Bisler '27



Katherine Myers '27







2025-2026

Villa Joseph Marie

Lucie Walker '29







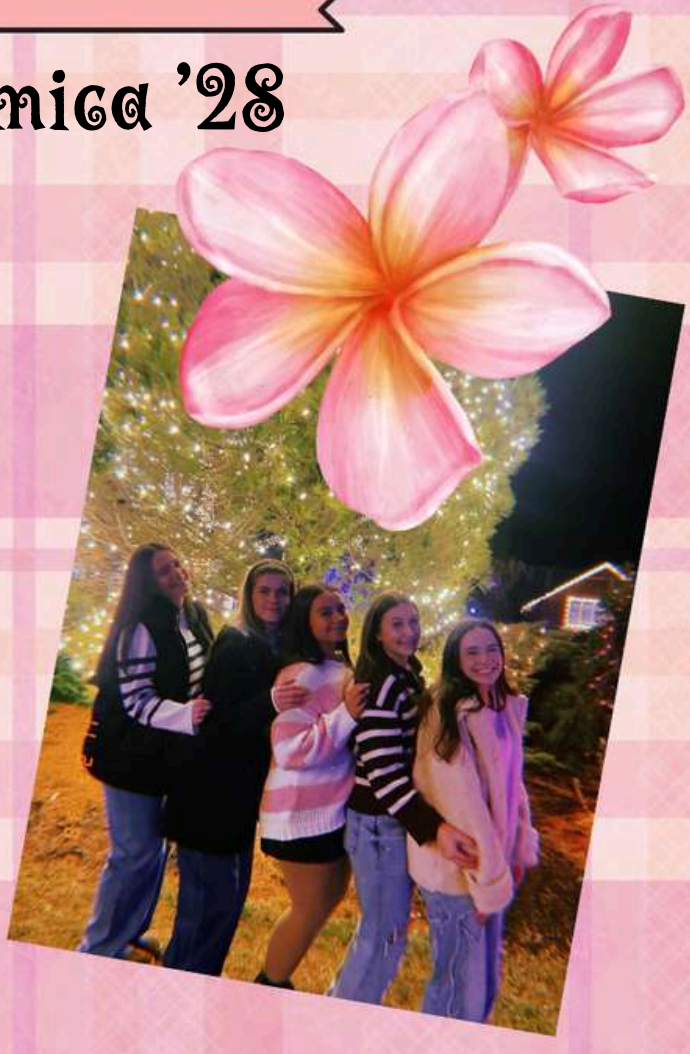




MEMORIES

Maeve Formica '28






Olivia
Spera '27

Villa Memories













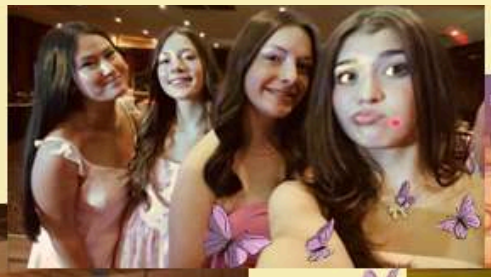
hope-A- THON

Emma Harkin '28



Reina Caruso '28

Grace Smith '28





















ROSIE CAHILL '28









Dear Ms. Chirico,

What started as a little yellow Post-it note on my locker has led me here. I wanted to thank you for all the effort, time, and love you have put into this club over the years.

The time we've spent working on each magazine is something I will never forget. Whether it was you being picky about apostrophes and names, my computer somehow being dead every single day, or proofreading until we saw no mistakes, we did it together.

I will miss staying late in your room every Tuesday, even until long after the sun had set.

As my time as Editor-in-Chief comes to a close, I want to thank you for giving me the opportunity and for always believing that I could do it.

Thank you for everything.

Love, Gianna Giordano '26 ♡





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