

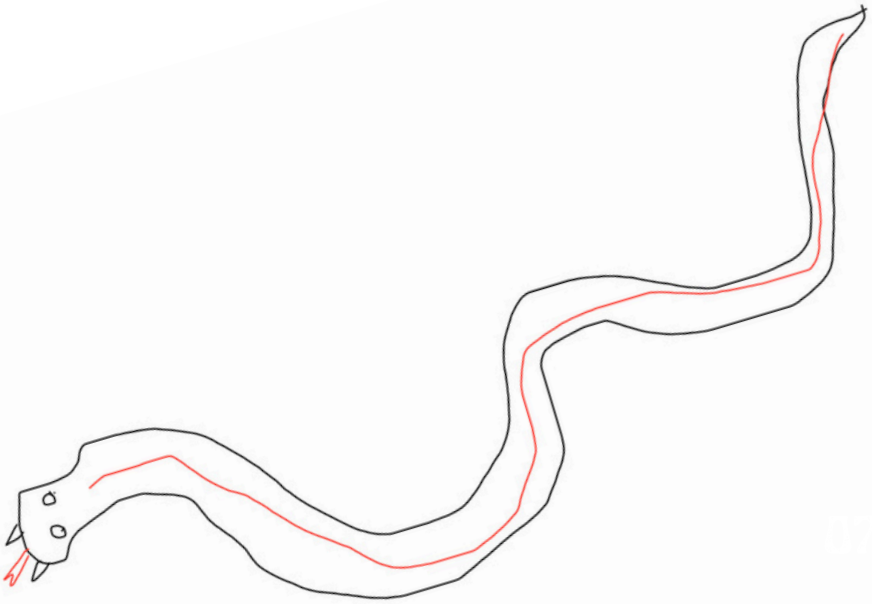


# THE MASSASAUGA

LA LUMIERE SCHOOL - VOL. 02  
REVIVAL - REGROWTH - REBIRTH

This book belongs to:

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Art by Brady Monaghan

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Dear Readers,

In 2023, there were 53,685 wildfires worldwide, burning a total of 2.6 million acres of land. Although these fires were thousands of miles away from La Lumiere's campus, smoke from northern California and southern Canada was visible in the sky; many teachers who live on campus reported seeing a red sun during the summertime. This and other natural disasters were on our minds as we started the 2023-24 school year.

When coming up with a theme for this year's edition of the literary magazine, the student editors discussed these issues and other environmental concerns. We wanted to draw attention to the plight of our planet and its future. The news paints a grim picture of Earth's fate at the hands of her inhabitants. However, rather than focus on destruction, we asked different questions— what happens after a disaster? How do we continue to rebuild and thrive?

In areas that faced significant wildfires over the summer, fields of purple flowers bloomed among the scorched trees. The fireweed (scientific name *chamaenerion angustifolium*) is a plant that can only blossom under very specific conditions: plenty of direct sunlight and high levels of nitrogen in the soil. This can only be achieved after a wildfire. Not only is fireweed beautiful, it also helps rejuvenate the soil, aiding the regrowth of the forest.

In an attempt to celebrate the resilience of the fireweed and of the people that are impacted by natural disasters, we decided that the theme of our second volume would be Revival-Regrowth-Rebirth. Our contributors rose to the challenge with writing and art about personal growth, overcoming adversity, and the beauty of the natural world. They drew inspiration from the planet's ability to heal itself and humanity.

We are proud of our second edition of *The Massasauga* and our ability to shed our skin and be reborn each year to feature new creations from

the La Lumiere community. We hope you enjoy the “fire” contributions in this year’s edition, including some collaborative work by our new Head of School, Andy Webster, and our new Director of Academics & Student Life, Duncan Webb. Also new this year are comics, portrait collages, and microscopic art. Don’t forget to check out the interviews at the end of the magazine to see what some of our contributors have to say about their work.

*The Massasauga* will be reborn again year after year and include even more amazing work that reflects our community. We hope you’ll consider submitting your creations next year.

Happy Reading,  
*The Massasauga* Crew



## **Season Change**

by Addison Penziol

Dry and dazed with cold windy nights,  
Snow in the air, just wishing to see light,  
As the flakes fly in my eyes, almost feel blind,  
I take a deep breath as it is time,  
Time for the snow to slowly melt away,  
Time to see a bright clear day,  
Hot and humid as it may be,  
Summer has arrived and we are free,  
Free from the cold, free from the wind,  
Free from the air that felt very thin.  
Grab your sunglasses and look up high,  
As you do so, you will see a glowing blue sky.

## **Summer Sunset**

by Riona Funderburg



## **Vision**

by Jolie Fontaine, Joyce Teta, Jalen Haralson, Scotty Upp, and Preston Dauparas

On a faded October day, the first snowfall blurs the vibrant colors of the trees. The gray gloomy sky is perfectly visible from our cozy classroom. The lake vividly reflects the brilliant, radiant, shimmering colors of the autumn leaves. For a brief moment, I feel the world stop, allowing me to enjoy this enchanting Halloween day.

## **Memory, Gratitude, and Telos: A Faculty Chapel**

by Kevin Effron

*This was originally given as a faculty chapel (a talk given to the whole school) in the Fall of 2023. It has been lightly modified for submission to The Massasauga.*

How can I choose to love someone in this community today? It's a simple yet essential question that I try to ask myself every day. It's a guiding light that has more depth than one might expect.

You see, for me, this question is intertwined with three things: memory, gratitude, and the human telos. For the 30ish of you who have not taken a class with me, you're probably wondering what that word "telos" means. For half of you who have had class with me, you're probably worried I'm about to call on you. The other half are probably rolling their eyes at me for bringing this up. Again.

So to really get us going, let's talk about two questions: First, what does that silly little word "telos" mean? It's an old Greek word that has everything to do with our purpose or reason for existence. It is what makes us quintessentially whatever we are. The more we live into that purpose, the more fully we live out our humanity.

So if that's what telos is, what exactly is human telos?

To love and to be loved.

Super simple, right? Perhaps a line that I overly repeat. And yet, it's the secret to understanding human existence. However, before we get to that, I want to talk through a few things.

Watching my two nephews grow up, and now with Levi, my one-year-old son, in the picture, I've been realizing just how much gratitude permeates human existence. I never realized just how much the simple phrase "thank you" influences how we raise kids. Probably the first thing we teach young children when it comes to manners is that simple phrase. I even catch myself telling Levi to say thank you anytime somebody calls him cute (yes, shameless flex, my baby is adorable).

But what about us? What exactly are we grateful for? I'll be honest, I'm not getting called cute nearly as often as Levi anymore. Instead a lot of my gratitude is caught up in my experiences with the people around me and I think this is where memory starts to come into play.

I want to share some memories from the last few years that I'm grateful for. My first year of teaching, I'm not convinced I knew what I was doing. And yet, I'm grateful for the fact that some of you still remember that silly word "telos." I'm grateful for a section that talked way too much, a section that never talked, and a section that always went crazy whenever we acted out Bible stories. I am also grateful for the ways my upperclassmen in World Religions asked questions that I didn't have answers to. It pushed me into a place where I could admit that I didn't know and find proper answers instead of faking it. I'm grateful for the students who didn't have faith in themselves but over the course of a semester or year came to believe in their own abilities.

I'm grateful for the opportunity to trial run a course that is now in its fourth semester at La Lu and even better than ever before.

Last year, I was grateful for a dorm filled with an eclectic mix of personalities that formed a strong community around one another. I'm grateful for the class that introduced me to new study games, the class that almost always supported one another, especially those who needed a little extra hand, and the class that forced me to erase test answers from the board and begin writing down the side conversation that was going on verbatim.

I was grateful for a cohort of seniors that were a great light for our school and are now becoming the same for the rest of the world. And most especially I am grateful for a community that has shown love and support for Levi who first came into this world in November and is already the number one fan of all of you.

So perhaps this is the exact point where I return to the human telos. You see, being grateful, holding onto fond memories that fill you with that emotion of gratitude, it's all well and good. I mean, I'm having a great time reminiscing on some fantastic moments. But it is missing an element.

In all of my classes, I teach about the nature of love by using the definition, "love is willing the good of the beloved." It's not that fondness that I feel for all of you. It's not the happiness I experience every time a new section begins their journey in my classroom.

It's not even that overwhelming warmth I feel when Levi or Mrs. Effron enter the room. No, love is an act of the will. It is a choice we make to pursue what is good or best for those we love. If there is no action, there is no love.

So when we say that the purpose for human existence is to love and to be loved, we are making a major claim that to fully live out our humanity, we need to actively pursue the good for one another.

And in turn, we have to be open to receive that love from each other as well.

Looking at myself, these memories that fill me with gratitude are a reminder that I cannot linger in the happy thoughts of fondness. It isn't love on my part to merely appreciate this community and all of the joy it has brought to me. Instead it takes intentional decisions each and every day, from preparation for each class period, to checking in with students and finding new ways to support them. It takes covering classes for my colleagues without bitterness and communicating my needs and responding to theirs. It takes being a sounding board for Mrs. Effron as she prepares for her comprehensive exams and putting the phone away when I play with Levi.

Am I perfect at it all? Of course not. I think everyone in this room has at some point witnessed me fall short of loving others well in some capacity. But when I remember my experiences with each of you as individuals and all of the different subgroups we fall into, I am inspired to try again. I remember the laughter and joy in the classroom, the

togetherness of House Cup competitions, the camaraderie of the faculty room and it reminds me of who I am: a human being whose main purpose in life is to love and to be loved.

I hope that each of you can take the time at some point today to reflect on those memories that bring gratitude into your life. Let them overcome any frustrations and difficulties you might be facing in that moment and have them lead you to that simple question. How can I choose to love someone in this community today?



**Heart Within**

by Hope Usanase



## **Feelings**

by Lyla Cary

I find myself wanting more  
There's something about you  
Your personality is enjoyable  
I love being in your presence

Would I ever tell you?  
Maybe not  
But I wish we could be something more  
I can feel so much joy when I'm around you

I want to tell you how I feel  
But how am I supposed to  
When I can't describe this emotion  
All I know is that it may ruin what we have

Friends keep telling me to tell you  
But all I can think about is heartbreak  
Would I ruin the friendship?  
How do I tell you that I'm falling for you?

## **Birthday Cake**

by Riona Funderburg

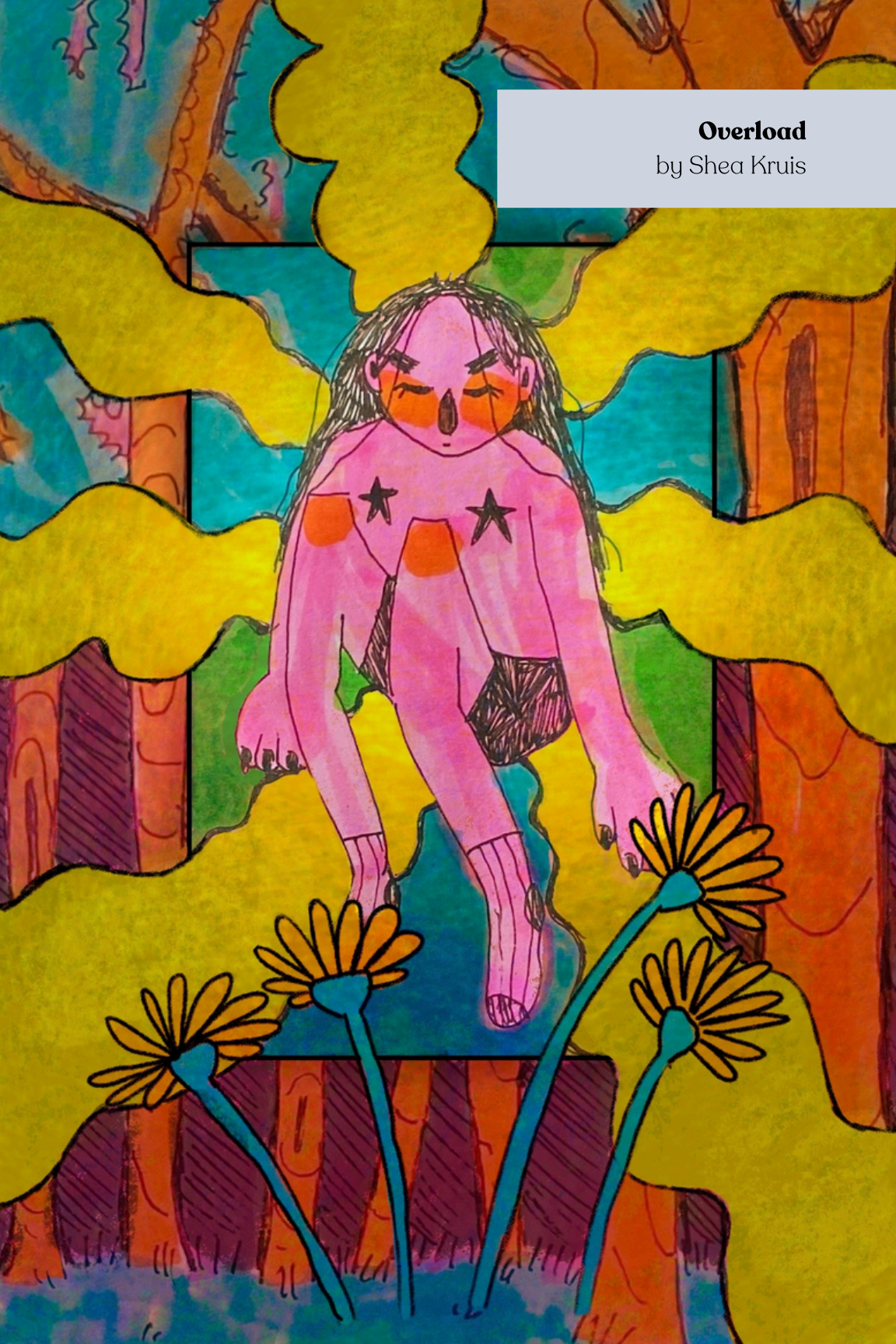
Love feels like heartbreak  
over your favorite birthday cake  
being discontinued  
because of a poor harvest

And isn't it tragic  
that when you see those words  
pop up on the screen  
and you hear the soft cracking  
of your tired heart shattering

But really, it's just a birthday cake  
It's just another year on this earth  
It's just your mother being so upset  
*for you*

You find yourself breaking at the idea  
you caused her to weep

**Overload**  
by Shea Kruis



## **To Never Grow Up**

by Avery Tegt

When I was five,  
all I ever wanted was to become ten  
so that way I would be double digits.  
When I was ten, all I ever wanted  
was to become thirteen,  
so that way I could feel “grown up,”  
when I was thirteen, all I ever wanted  
was to become sixteen so I would be “grown up.”

Now that I’m sixteen, I would love to be five again,  
and be naive, so much to learn.  
You stop calling it “play dates”  
because that’s not cool anymore,  
you instead “hang out.”

When you’re a little kid,  
homework makes you seem like a “big kid.”  
Oh the things I would do to not have homework,  
and to instead spend my nights  
making friendship bracelets.

Your worries grow from playing with toys  
to writing essays before 11:59,  
the ways you think change, looking up to my friends,  
instead of looking up to Disney characters.  
While still trying to keep the little kid in me  
seems nearly impossible.

Somewhere along the way,  
the things you don't want to do,  
the parts you want to get rid of,  
become the things of your fantasy,  
the things that older you dreams of.

So just remember,  
you're never on your own,  
always keep making the friendship bracelets,  
and please, try to never grow up.

## **Senior Chapel**

by Emmy Jaracz

*This was originally Emmy's Senior Chapel, a speech delivered to the school in the Fall of 2023.*

I have always been an extreme extrovert. I need to be around people and I hate being alone. When I was little, I wanted to make friends with pretty much everyone I met. My family tells me the story of how, when I was about three-years-old, we were at Blizzard Beach in Disney World in the wave pool. There were two teenage girls that I wanted to be friends with. I went up to them and just started talking. Looking back, these girls probably hated having a toddler coming up to them and trying to follow them around, but at the time, I was oblivious and so sure of myself that I didn't care. That night, I wanted to go and knock on every door in our hotel to find my new friends. Thankfully, my parents didn't let me. Even as I grew up, I talked to everyone. In middle school, I had tons of friends both on my gymnastics team and at school.

However, the summer going into my 8th grade year, everything changed. I started to become insecure and worry more about what everybody thought of me, comparing myself to others in almost every aspect. Although it wasn't an instant switch, it came on pretty fast. In order to be a better gymnast and to feel good about myself, I started exercising more and eating less. I started to feel guilt and shame about my love for food because society told me that food is fuel and not something to indulge in. In the fall, about when school started, I was diagnosed with anorexia nervosa, exercising type, and generalized anxiety disorder. Before developing an eating disorder, I thought they

were a choice, believing that those with them were vain, shallow, selfish people who only cared about how they looked.

Turns out, eating disorders are much deeper than that. They involve intense shame and self-worth problems that are completely debilitating. I started to see a therapist and a dietitian who put me on a meal plan that I was supposed to hit every day. Things seemed better for a little bit, but it didn't last long. I lost a lot of weight as I struggled to eat enough to sustain my movement. It got to the point where I was restricted from all activity. I had to leave gymnastics and even had to sit out during recess. Unfortunately, this is where the obsessive exercise part of my eating disorder took over. Not allowed to exercise normally, I took to doing it secretly in the bathroom and when no one was looking. For me, exercise wasn't just about getting stronger. It was my form of punishing myself for eating and for anything else I did that wasn't perfect. As my disease and thoughts consumed me, I became isolated and irritable, making it hard for even my best friends and family to hang out with me. I felt that no one understood me and I spiraled into a dark hole, and suddenly my outgoing, extroverted self felt completely alone.

In May, I was forced to leave school and my home to go to a residential eating disorder treatment center. While I was there, COVID hit. This made it impossible for my family to visit me while I was away, making me feel even more alone. However, my ability to make friends was not completely gone, as I got very close to many of the other girls in the treatment center. Close enough that my empathy and desire to help them got in the way of my own mental health. I got a little better, but I learned eating disorder habits from the other girls that I had



previously not known about, including an obsession with calories.

Due to insurance, I had to come home before I was ready. When I got back, because of COVID, I couldn't really reconnect with friends. My new habits and still-present disease caused me to deteriorate quickly. Although I was on a meal plan, I sneakily skipped lots of food and started secretly exercising again. My eating disorder soon became worse than when I left. I was in such an unhealthy state that I had to go to a different residential facility, but I didn't last long there. I just wasn't eating and my health, both mental and physical, was deteriorating. I was soon admitted into a hospital and it was there that I almost died. After a close call, I was put in a wheelchair and was given a feeding tube that went up my nose. At the hospital, I was in a terrible mental state and completely isolated. COVID prevented my family from seeing me and I felt awful and utterly alone.

On a particularly bad day in the hospital, when I felt the weight of the world on my shoulders with no one to help me, I rolled into another room and sitting right on the table was a coloring page that read "YOU ARE NEVER ALONE." I knew this was a sign from God. I grew up a Christian but I had never been personally close to God. This was about to change. I started to pray. Both praying and reading the Bible showed me God's promises and who He says that I am. It gave me more confidence, knowing how much He loves me, and it helped me to realize that my relationship with God matters more than any disease. One of the worst parts about an eating disorder is that the disease makes you think you don't want to be healthy, but this experience helped me beat it just a little bit. I knew God

was there for me and it was then that I really started to try to get better. I had to get better for God, my family, and myself. Eventually, I started eating enough that I got off my feeding tube, was able to walk again, and about a month later, I got out of the hospital. From there, I went back to the treatment center. Although I was doing much better, this was still a really hard time for me. My disease was far from gone and I still struggled with thoughts and habits that kept me occupied. I never let myself relax. My family still couldn't visit me and I didn't connect with the other residents. With no one to really talk to, I devoted myself to prayer for myself and everyone I could think of. God lifted me up and out and eventually, I was allowed to come home.

Still, the fight was far from over. By the time I got home, the school year had already started and I was forced to start late at a new high school. With COVID isolation and coming into the school year late, making friends was hard. I tried to reconnect with my old friends, but things weren't that easy. I left them in a weird place back in 8th grade and I hadn't really talked to them much since. We talked a bit, but our friendship was understandably never the same, and I don't blame them for that.

Around December of freshman year, I was able to ease my way back into gymnastics. I thought I could reconnect with my old friends there, but I couldn't have been more wrong. The girls definitely changed and I had a different coach, too. They, including the coach, had formed a close group that they did not want to let me into. I tried for a while but after some time of being rejected, God showed me that they weren't the kind of people I wanted to be around anyway. I just kept to myself at

practice for a while, but it was really hard for me because my extroverted self needed interaction. It only got harder when my team started to bully me as well. I thought that if I tried my hardest at everything—studied hard, got good grades, and worked out enough—that people would like me more.

It didn't work. It seemed like everything was great for me on the outside, but inside, I was crumbling. I skated through the rest of freshman year and all of sophomore year with not really any close friends. Although COVID receded and LaLu resumed its fun community activities, I was never able to attend because of gymnastics. I tried to make friends a little, but I always felt out of place in every friend group. For these years, I kept my head down and worked as hard as I could, but really, I was miserable. With practice and homework, I stopped making time for prayer and reading the Bible. Again, I felt alone and I started to relapse in my eating disorder, never sitting down and skipping out on some of my meal plan. This was a rough couple of years, but during the summer going into junior year things started to look up. When I felt like I had no friends, God sent me one that I met through church. This person is everything I have ever wanted in a friend. She is a very devoted Christian and brought me closer to God again. As I spent more time with her and God, I started to enjoy my life a little more. I also switched gymnastics gyms, which put me in a place where I could start over and no one knew me for my eating disorder.

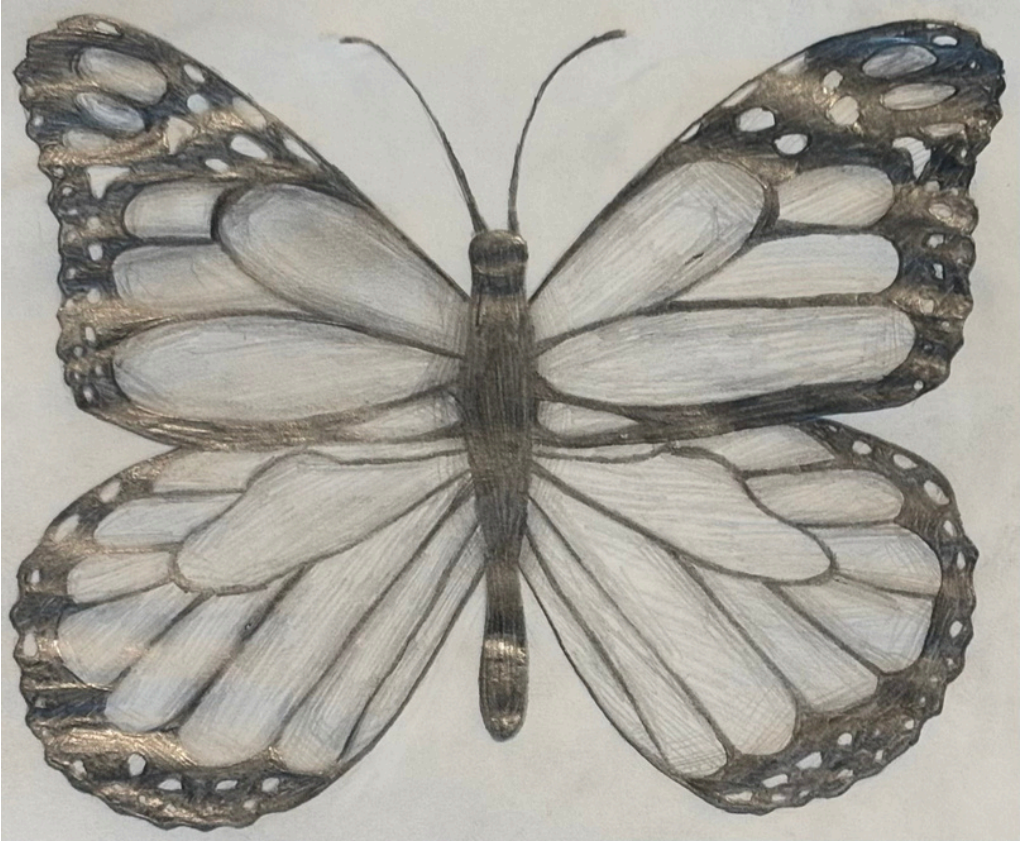
In the last year, things have definitely not been perfect, but God has blessed me so much! He helped me to make the decision to quit gymnastics. It was very difficult, but I know it was best for me. This year, I've started to make more new friends that are the answers to my prayers. Although I am not the most popular

person, I have God and the people He sent me, which means everything. I still fight with my eating disorder every day and I can feel alone sometimes, but I know God is with me and in terms of my eternal life, that is all I need.

Whatever someone might be struggling with in life, whether it is something big or just having more bad days than good, God is the answer. It may seem so dark right now, but He has a plan and everything will work out. There is a song lyric I really like. It says, "Your world's not falling apart, it's falling into place." It may sound cliché, but everything we go through right now has a purpose. I wouldn't be where I am right now if it wasn't for all of this. I know that without my eating disorder and lack of friends, I would never have gotten as close to God as I am now and that idea is more terrifying than what I went through. I also would never have met the amazing people He has recently put in my life. God has brought me pure joy and peace out of my struggles and others can have this, too. Trust in God and follow Him. I promise it will all be okay, because if you know Jesus, you win in the end.

# Monarch

by Sloane Guenin



## **Bugs**

by Riona Funderburg

My ant farm grazes  
Filling holes where sand has fallen  
Marching on in their 14x12x2 inch world  
And I, their overlording matriarch  
Watch their busy, little legs  
One by one  
Grab each grain of sand

I wonder what would happen  
If they ever noticed the crack in the glass like I did.

Over my desk  
They would spill out  
Flooding over notebooks and  
Shrouding my homework in  
black, beady bodies.

I worry if they understand  
how infinitely cruel I have been  
to trap them like this.

They would crawl in my walls  
Leak out of my tap and cover me  
They would climb, stroll, and dance  
Under and over my skin  
Learning everything  
I hid from them

And they would march away,  
Leaving my bloodied, bitten corpse  
In the sand

Staring at the crack in the glass  
Wondering why I ever decided  
To crawl through it  
To leave my small, beautiful world  
To play god with my friends

**Figure of Young Man**  
by Riona Funderburg





## **sympathy for sisyphus**

by Evie DeRubbo

I feel so ill.

I've become a placeholder in that book you simply  
refuse to pick up.

obsolete to the operation

is there any meaning to trying?

every time things seem to go uphill

the rock moves of its own accord

pushing me

all

the

way

back

down.

I don't have the energy to make myself better.

I think my systems are shutting down.

anatomy class says that's not good.

I prayed to you every night

yet there was

no. answer.

what more can you possibly want from me?

I've given all I could.

you've taken all I have.

a world full of monstrosities,

the most I can do

is make another monster.

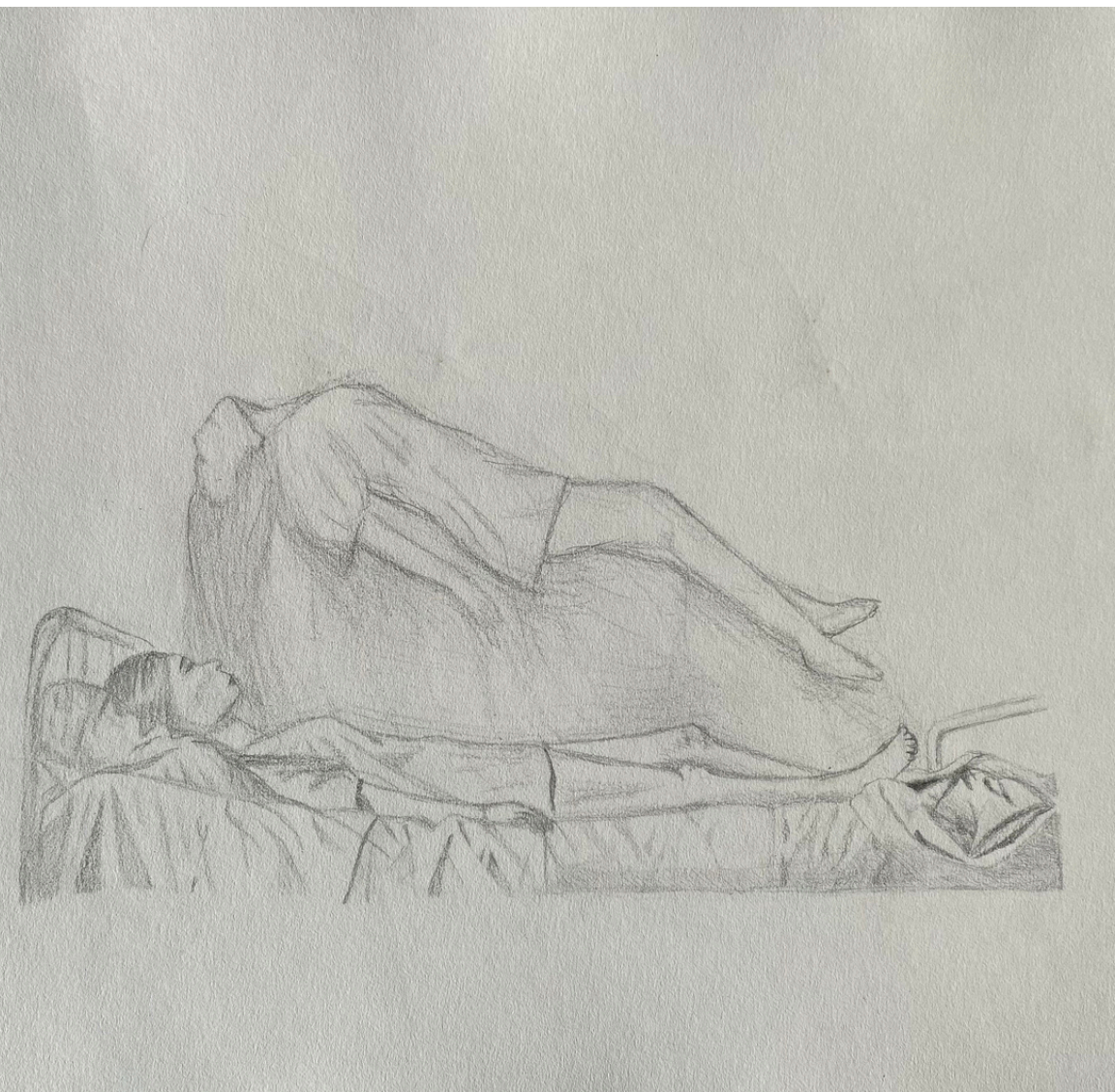
let others do the dirty work  
but I can't seem to find the soap  
to wipe my own hands clean.  
I ask you  
what purpose do I serve?  
but I'm speaking to a black hole.  
I have become nothing.  
don't you realize?  
I was never here.

## **The End Was Only the Beginning**

by Maddox McCready

I thought it was all perfect, until that doomed day. I walked in, and saw them both crying. It was not a good moment for me at that time. I tried my hardest to keep it together, but alas, I couldn't. From that day forward, I was not the same. I changed for the worse in the beginning. I lost myself. If you looked deep in my soul, a hand would be trying to reach out for help, but it was impossible to grasp. Then we moved. My world was turned upside down. It was every weekend that things got worse. I could not keep up with myself and how sick I was. I thought I messed up by talking, but it helped. At that moment it felt like a mistake to me, but it changed everything. I went away, and got help. A switch flipped in my brain, that brought me back to my senses. I spoke, I reached out, I got better. I accepted that I needed it, and I worked to get it. Now look where I am. Better than ever. I thought my hope had run out, but I just needed to be directed on the right path. I do have my bad days, but I know that it all gets better eventually. Those who seek help, will get it. Those who want to change, will. You can't help others until they want to help themselves. What I thought was my end was my new beginning.

**That Point**  
by Aneta Vozárová



## Rumor Has It

by Anonymous

Rumor has it that your school is haunted with a highschooler around your age. While you stay after school to catch up on a subject you hear a whisper in your ear. You freeze up expecting to hear whispers of pain and cries of anguish, instead you hear the answers to your homework.

Above:

“Rumor has it that your school is haunted with a highschooler around your age. While you stay after school to catch up on a subject, you hear a whisper in your ear. You freeze up, expecting to hear whispers of pain and cries of anguish, instead, you hear the answers to your homework.”

## **Tea Cup Ghosts**

by Ella Stankewicz

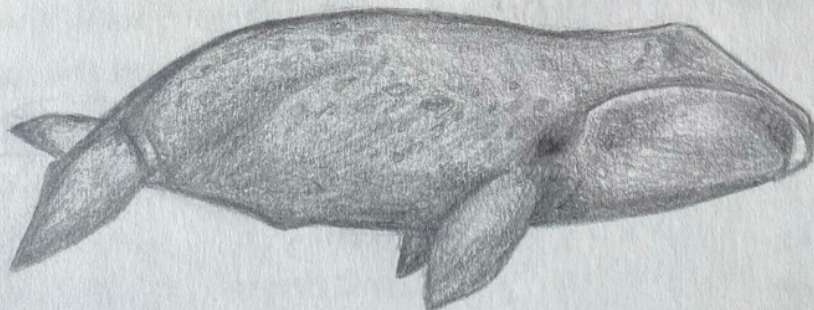
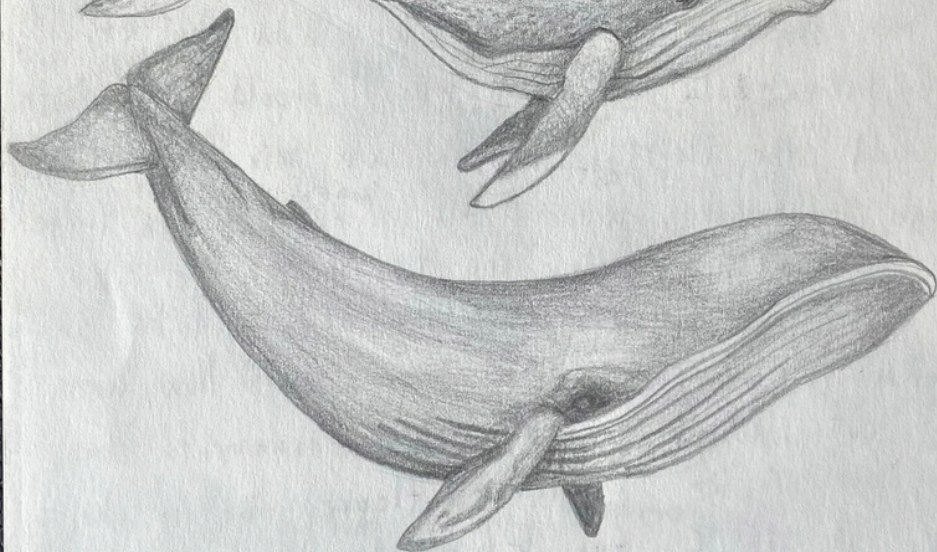
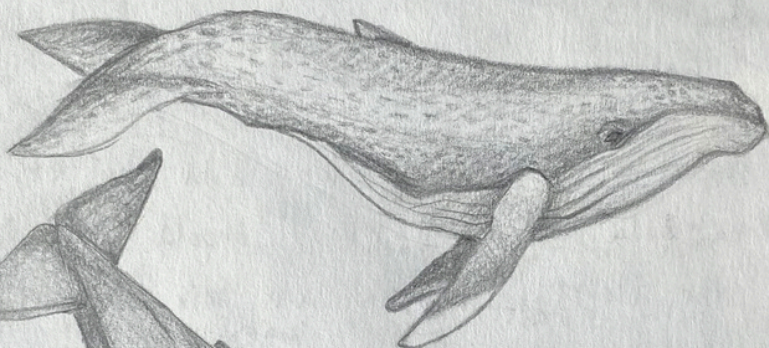
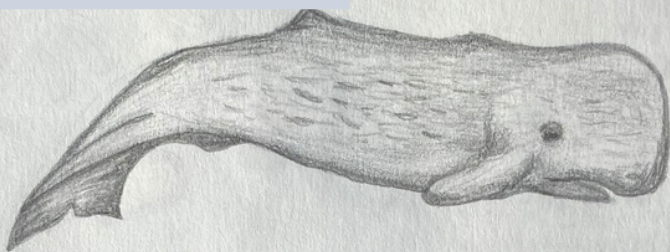
the desolate wooden table  
nestled into the library's coffee shop  
the smokey aura  
creeps against the walls  
swirling steam haunts  
the abandoned cups  
little ghosts

seeping across the wooden surface  
spilling over in a steamy waterfall  
the ghosts sway and trill  
their eerie tendrils sweep  
and dip a dance

the ghosts kiss the edges of the cups  
their phantoms embracing  
blissfully scattering in a plume of steam  
bodies fading with time  
little tea cup ghosts

# Whales

by Aneta Vozárová



## **Take it Slowly**

by Maddox McCready

It is a new second and a new minute

I become better in that time

We all can be better

If we accept the help our hearts and minds need

You have made many mistakes

Good and bad, but we have to all do one thing

We all need to learn and grow from them

Look deep within and you can find the better you

All is good if we believe that it is





**Call Me When You Can't,  
I Don't Miss You**  
by Riona Funderburg

## **Senior Chapel**

by Semeon Chachanko

*This was originally Semeon's Senior Chapel, a speech delivered to the school in the Fall of 2023.*

Family has always been special to me and it has always held a cherished place in my heart. As the only child of immigrant parents, the close bonds that we share were always very important to me. We made amazing memories together, shared experiences together, and we have a love that is a source of strength in our family. However, our lives would take a massive turn when my father was diagnosed with lymphoma cancer in the beginning of my third grade year. This was a big change for us, especially for me. My initial emotions were a mix of fear and confusion. Even though I was too young to grasp the complexities of the illness, I knew that it was something very serious. The days were filled with uncertainty and a lot of emotion as I watched my father go through chemo treatments and much more. Although the experience of my father's battles was extremely challenging, it had a lasting impact on me that allowed me to grow personally and all of us grew much closer as a family.

Before coming to La Lumiere, I was always told stories of the school: the extraordinary sense of community that it had, the school's unique character, and how the bonds formed at school were like no other.

I was filled with gratitude and excitement to be accepted to join such a special community. As I walked through the school's beautiful campus, the stories started to come to life. I really

saw what the school was like and felt the warmth of the community. I felt welcomed to the school and had a sense of belonging. La Lumiere soon became not just a school to me but it was like a second home where I became surrounded by a community that felt like family to me. The classmates that I had never met before quickly became friends and the bonds that were formed were truly like no other. The friendships that I cultivated at La Lumiere were truly meaningful and would support and shape me in so many ways later in my life.

Around two years ago, my family was confronted with a challenge that would change us once again. This time however, it was a much more challenging battle that we had to face. Ukraine, the country where my family is from, was at war. The outbreak brought a lot of uncertainty and worries into our family. In addition to his cancer diagnosis, my dad got severe COVID-19 and another aggressive form of lymphoma cancer. As my dad started his cancer treatment, it was not just his physical condition that had a dramatic change, but also the physical toll it took on him. He lost all of his hair and shed nearly 30 pounds. The transformation mirrored the brutal battle that he was fighting within.

In difficult moments like these, it is common to search for peace and for strength. For me, all my strength and my peace came from my faith in God. I heavily relied on praying and those prayers were answered and I was given so much. God gave me so many friends that would help me and my family along the way. I had friends to lean on when my dad was undergoing chemotherapy. The times that I needed it the most, my friends were there to help encourage me even more. I was

so blessed to have the opportunity to be surrounded by the La Lumiere community during this time and to be embraced by the loving arms of so many people. To my friends in this community, you were there for me in ways that I honestly can never fully express. You offered prayers, you supported me, and you motivated me to become the person I am today. To my teachers and mentors that have helped me during this time, I will forever be grateful for what you have done for me during that challenging time period; your guidance helped me. I really am grateful for the impact that each of you have had on my life. As I stand here today, I want to express my heartfelt thanks to all of you. Your prayers really made a difference in my family and I will carry the memory of your kindness. Thank you from the depths of my heart and may God bless each and everyone of you.

## **Amor Infinito**

by Susie Eguizabal

El tiempo pasa y estoy vagando por el mundo con una apariencia que no es mía, pero ya no más, nuestro amor, silencia todos los relojes por las noches como si quisiera detener el tiempo, desde el de la pared hasta el de la muñeca, un poco más tarde miró ligeramente el reloj de arena, si no lo hubiera girado no avanzaría, pero es inevitable es el caer de los granos. Se pone de pie y lo pone de lado, le pregunto porque hiciste eso, la arena no fluía ya?, me mira y dice, porque cualquier momento que pasemos juntos es precioso. Quiero el infinito contigo en esta casa y me dice que por eso lo puso de lado. Cuando me doy la vuelta veo el lugar, veo el reloj de arena que es de dos partes pero derrama arena entre ellas, me recuerda como somos entre nosotros: INFINITOS.

## **Infinite Love**

Translation by Susie Eguizabal

Time passes and I am wandering the world with an appearance that is not mine, but no more. Our love silences all the clocks at night as if it wanted to stop time, from the one on the wall to the one on the wrist. A little later I look slightly at the hourglass. If I hadn't turned it wouldn't advance, but the falling of the grains is inevitable. She stands up and turns it on the side. I asked her why she did that. The sand is no longer flowing. She looks at me and says, any moment we spend together is precious. I want to be with you infinitely in this house and she tells me that is why she turned it sideways. When I turn around I see the place, I see the hourglass that is two parts but spills sand between them. It reminds me how it is between us: INFINITE.

**The Infinite**  
by Susie Eguizabal



## **Making My Own Closure**

by Lucia Pillari

I took a brisk walk through the woods and I felt happy.

I was lonely, but happy.

My music made me happy and our shared smile made me happy and the light rain and changing leaves made me happy I wasn't the only one changing so much.

Soon the leaves will fall and the sun will shine, and the beauty of the red and orange will be replaced by that of the green, and the beauty of the rain will be replaced by that of the open sky and everything will be new.

One day all the things that were once beautiful will decay and something beautifully new will come along. That will be the day I will be happy without being lonely and maybe then we will share more than just a smile.



**Beam**

by Shea Kruis



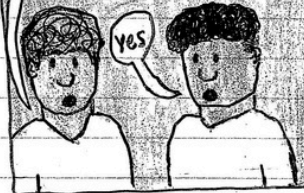
# Massasauga

9/19/2023

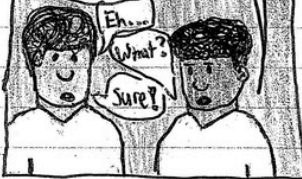
An  
Apocalypse  
has  
occurred...

Only a  
couple  
survivors  
left...

So, we agree, we are going  
to rebuild civilization exactly  
how it was...



And we can't take  
things out because  
we don't like  
them...



Few Days  
Later...

What are you  
doing with that  
sign!?!?



I didn't take anything out?  
You can't add anything  
either?



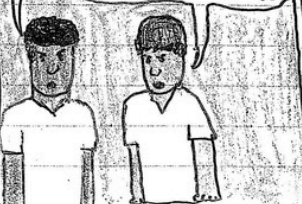
YOU can't add stores  
you miss. ToyRus has  
been out of business  
for 6 years. Now, go  
put up that Denny's  
sign!



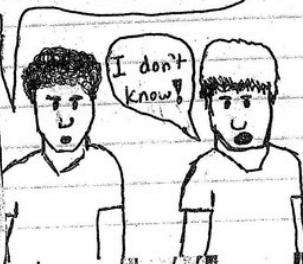
Really!?



Why?  
No one wants a guy  
with five felonies to  
undercook their eggs!



Where are you going?



I swear, it's like  
babysitting!

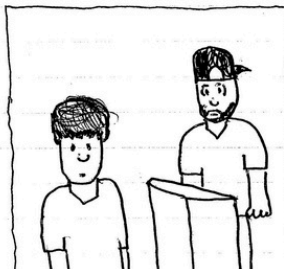
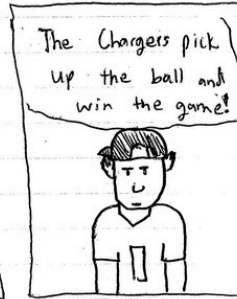
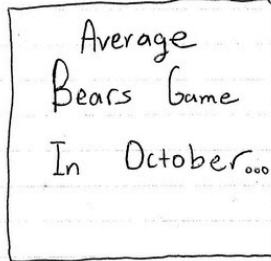


Massasauga Comics

by Scotty Upp

# Massassauga

Smith



## **the stars**

by Eve Hebrard

i saw a cat the other day  
it was sitting under the stars  
i asked the little creature,  
"do you ever wonder who you are?"  
"oh no! dearest sir"  
the tiny feline replied  
"i've always known myself  
just never at the right time"  
and so i pet the cat's head  
"oh poor fella, don't say that!"  
it looked back at me and said  
"i wonder when you'll realize  
who you really, truly are"  
and now days later  
i see myself going back  
to that cat's little spot  
right under the stars

## **the starboy and his army of sky**

by Evie DeRubbo

I've been told to reach for the stars  
as if I could pull them down from where they glow  
and take them with me below  
without realizing  
stars have become my lucky symbol  
I am walking with star-feet  
leaving a trail of sky wherever I go  
they glitter in my ears, hide in my eyes  
if you look close enough, you'll find them  
starry-eyed and glancing upwards  
for the light that glimmers above me  
you will not find me in my words  
or my achievements  
or even what I left behind  
instead  
once I am going, going, gone  
take care,  
look up,  
and know the stars,  
and the starboy who commanded them,  
are with you wherever you go.  
so take charge  
and take us with you.  
leave your own stardust for others to find  
and they will too do the same.

## **The Moon: A Symbol of Love**

by Joyce Teta

In a sky so vast, the moon takes its place,  
a symbol of love and long distance  
in the boundless space full of stars.

Just like where I lay down under a tree  
to watch the stars and moon in the sky  
it's how I see how distant we are from each other.  
It's unbelievable I'm doing long distance, same for you.

I miss you each day because everyday  
I see the moon and it reminds me of you.  
Even though it seems like the road to your arms  
is far, my love for you is like the moon,  
it glows and shines in the dark.

The way the moon stays in place is how  
my love for you stays constant through the years.  
The moon may disappear, but the love  
we have for each other will be firmly strong.  
No matter how far we are from each other  
our love will forever be close.

I love you.

**Sea Girl**  
by Shea Kruis



## **Midnight Beauty**

by Tiarah Alexander

I walk through the night  
the moonlight shining brightly  
on my figure.

There are no birds  
out tonight, the only sound  
is my footsteps.

Fireflies flutter about,  
illuminating the path  
I tread on.

Somehow, the stars are out,  
twinkling in the midnight sky,  
the clouds threatening  
to extinguish their glow.

Waves crash on the shoreline,  
creating a new sound  
that tickles my ears.

My sight does not reach  
the ocean, as all I can see  
are mountains of trees.  
Each looming over me,  
watching me.

Still, I trudge on,  
the prickly foliage  
grazing the skin of my legs  
ever so slightly.

I look up to the sky,  
an image painted by the stars  
against the dark purple hue.

The image splits  
into a plethora of different  
creations, all looking down at me,  
their expressions neutral.

My heart palpitates  
at the sight,  
my eyes reflecting  
their beauty in the midnight light.



## **Visual Imagery**

by Jack Egan, Erik Hernandez, Macey Hamilton,  
Lyla Cary, Jay Patel, and Bryan Esquivel

As the floating snow glistens through the air, this snug classroom feels like we are comforted by a roaring fireplace. The red chipping off of the rust-colored brick reminds us of the crimson-kissed leaves drifting with the snowflakes. The gleaming lake reflects the half-barren trees towering over it. The pristine blue skies remind us of the icicles dangling over the oak wood cabin. This scenery brings us back to cups of hot chocolate around the freshly cut Christmas tree.

**Eye Forest**

by Nina Fontaine



## **The Women From Past**

by Khalida Khairy

It was a sunny day; the sun was rising up there in my head crossing the leaves of the mulberry tree above my head. "You are so lucky, Khalida," said the man who was my father. Sitting in front of me, Dad pours another glass of homemade tea for himself. I could see his face light up from the very light of the sun that came from the green leaves shelter. A gentle breeze, then he changes the direction he is looking and says, "Do you want to know what happened to girls in the past?"

I wondered for a moment, "No, but I guess they must have had a bright life to live," I said, nodding my head confidently.

"They were buried alive in the grave," he said, looking straight forward to my face to see my reaction. I made no reaction, I neither moved an inch from the place I sat nor did I talk. Though, you were able to see something new in the pupils of my eyes known as fear. Minutes passed by and the sun was letting its guard down when I said the sentence I'd heard from Dad over and over to myself. The little girl existing in my mind and soul would whisper in my ear: "They were buried alive," repeating it till it almost reaches the volume of a scream in my mind. Overwhelmed, Dad left me with my own thoughts under my favorite tree.

Dear reader, in our society, as a girl, your words are not to be valued unless you have the command of a man behind it. Dear girl, in my society, thousands of people of my gender are under arrest by men but no one even talks of them. For now, they have more important things such as playing with our futures and dreams by using them as a tool in politics. Nothing but the destroyed souls of ours has remained here. In my country, girls neither study nor women work. As a reason, they say it is because we are women. Over centuries, women in all societies have tried to raise their voices. But it seems like these people are deaf since they cannot hear or even see the pain endured among my people. One day, this will all end, and on that day, I wish I can be alive to answer my dad, saying with a confident tone, “See Dad, it does not matter what the past is, not until you know that there is going to be a bright future for those of us who are right now carrying this pain with us.”

In hopes of education and the rights we deserve as women.

## **Desperate Women**

by Khalida Khairy

It's her, the girl which was to be known as a sign  
of disgrace to the family in the past

Yet, all of her sisters and mothers  
were murdered so cruelly fast

It's her, the sister who tried unleashing  
her power all for good

Yet she had stayed strong all the road

It's her, the girl who prolonged over nothing  
but a bright future

Yet there she stays looking at her own  
imaginary picture

It's her, the mother whom I talked with in the last life  
Yet she still gave birth to no one and sadly died

It's her, the girl who always dreamed to be a doctor  
Yet now she is longing for another daughter

Scream dark voices in my head, please scream  
until the pain is seen

Scream to break the broken mirrors again

So that the people who are alive can hear and regain  
The power of a women that never lasts

But least finishes on the other side  
of the world as the same

Gender is all nothing but what they have made

A demon called for the truth once said  
Help those who are afraid

Because the gender equality is too late

For those of us who are seeing nothing  
but the words delete

For I have seen nothing but my society's  
darkness commit

For the lives of those girls who never rewrote

The stories they passed and felt among  
separated hearts and groups

Not knowing they are all dreams among loops

This is for those of us who lost light's roots

Stand tall as a woman  
Because you are your own man



**A State of Mind**

by Hope Usanase

## **is this a true statement?**

by Evie DeRubbo

I accept the compliment with a smile and thank you.

It weighs on me after.

you say I am

smarter than you

intelligent

polite

a nice young lady

wonderful

kind

pretty

you say I will be

successful

famous

an author.

but how do I know this is true?

did you delve into the future with crystal ball

and tarot cards blazing?

I am scared to mess up

scared to try.

sometimes I feel like I am the only one in the world.

I'm sure you have felt this too.

sometimes I feel like I could make it alone.

other times the world is going to swallow me whole.

how do we know we are going to make it?

do we know from the moment we are born

into success and comfort?

how do we know we are going to fail?



do we know from the moment we get the first  
trip down to the principal's office, or the first  
time you steal penny candy when no one  
cares enough to look?  
do we reflect on our past or look  
forward to the future?  
sometimes I feel like I need step by step instructions  
on how to puzzle my life like a Lego set.  
it can be perfect, or one piece can go missing and  
you have to start all over again, or scatter the pieces  
in a fit of rage.  
someone needs to tell me what to do,  
what to expect.  
is that person me?  
I appreciate the compliments, really, I do.  
I'm just so worried  
I won't be enough for you.

## **Dull**

by Penny Burrows

In the wake of my youth  
I have taken to photos  
to remember a time of wonder

I miss the bright sky  
and the songs of birds  
I miss the crunch of snow  
and the wetness of my mittens

I hang pictures on my wall  
in an attempt to bring these things back to my life  
Collages on my phone  
of things right outside my window

But these things haven't left  
I have just forgotten how to find them  
not enough time  
and far too many things to worry about  
to stop and feel

I hate how the world feels dull

# Alien

by Shea Kruis



## **Root Beer Float**

by Lilly Carie

The old-timey sense  
of candy store chimes singing.  
The man dressed in stripes  
hands the lollies to the giggling  
children running here and there  
destined to find the ice cream parlor.

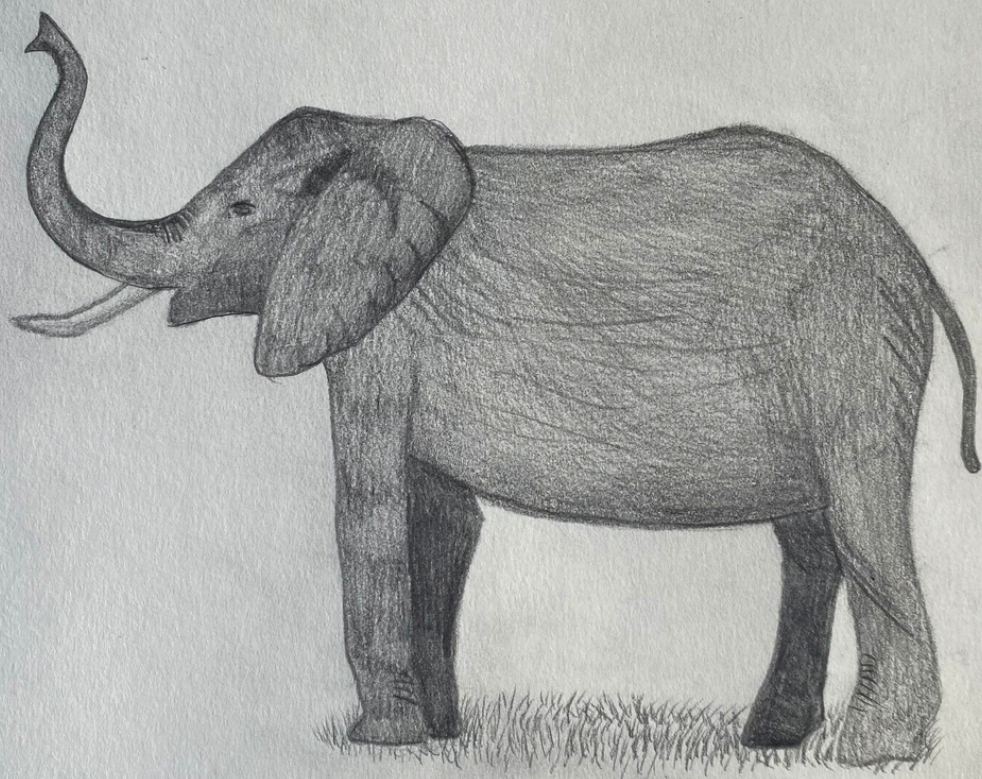
Run as they may  
they struggle to find  
the ice cream man humming  
simple tunes to a lullaby.  
“Come, stop by!” a sign proclaims  
the young children flee  
far, far away.

The large open doors  
wonderfully welcoming.  
The smooth countertops  
waiting for a smearing.  
Chocolate syrup runs across the soft domes  
the familiar feeling sending them home.

The children stop inside the parlor  
a creamy cola float stands before the buyer.  
The young children thank the parlor’s men.  
They run and skip down the bend.  
They travel from the parlor towards home.  
Where will they travel? That is unknown.

# Elephant

by Aneta Vozárová



## **The Outfit That Works Best**

by Addison Penziol

Hmm, what do I wear?  
From my eye I wipe away a tear.  
My closet, a deep tunnel of choices,  
Haunts me everyday.

Out of all of the stuff I bought, the decision  
is too tough to make.  
Although I sit here and think about  
the selection that's at stake.  
Do I go with the lilac shirt or the yellow  
bright long sleeve?  
All of these choices sound pleasing.

Hands shaking, feet stomping, I frantically  
look for the best fit.  
I look in the mirror, trying on every  
outfit that looks legit.  
I act as if I am Cher, staring–  
not taking my eyes off myself.  
The sweatshirt, old and blue, doesn't seem to work out.  
I try the green shirt that makes the colors sprout.  
This one's too bright so I move onto the next  
as this situation is getting more and more intense.  
I feel I am gaining a sense of doubt  
So I sit in the corner while I cry and pout.

I know that I can't wear a tank top two days in a row,

So I think about a different outfit  
that goes with the flow.  
Sobbing and weeping, I sit there  
as I slowly lose a sense of hope.  
Could I be Daedalus trying to create  
the best pair of wings?  
I keep looking and looking.

I write every outfit down in my journal  
knowing I despise them all  
Why does this have to be so difficult?  
Suddenly, I see out of the corner of my eye  
a pink T-shirt with colorful drawings  
kneeling by a solid black pair of leggings.

Could this be the one?

I blast off my feet, sprinting towards the clothes.  
A feeling of happiness strikes throughout my mind.  
I try it on, and it fits like a glove.

Running fast and breathing heavily,  
I leave my house as soon as possible.  
I get in my car headed off to school, as I smile away,  
I know I have found the best outfit for the day.



**Disco Lady**

by Hope Usanase



## **A Rant Sandwich**

by Maddox McCready

“I sit in my desolate room  
No lights, no music, just anger.”

Sugar is so comical to me.

It is funny because I can relate to it,

How can someone feel so much  
And so little at the same time?

That is better.

“How are you?”

Is the worst question. I hate it the most.

Why are people afraid of asking

A more conversation-provoking question?

Do we say these things to be polite?

Most people don't care to know.

Can't we ask,

“What do you like the most about yourself?”

Frankly, I don't know.

If you asked me

“What do you like about them?”

The list could go on. I like their

Style, smile, jokes, eyes, laugh...

I hate that laugh.

The one that shames me

And embarrasses me

After I make a simple, human mistake.

If I could, I would.

I would take away that terrible,

Traumatizing laugh.  
I would take it away forever.  
I wouldn't erase it from just my memory,  
But everyone's. You would be cleared from  
Everyone's mind that you hurt.  
You don't deserve to be thought about.

But nothing hurts more than  
My own thoughts.

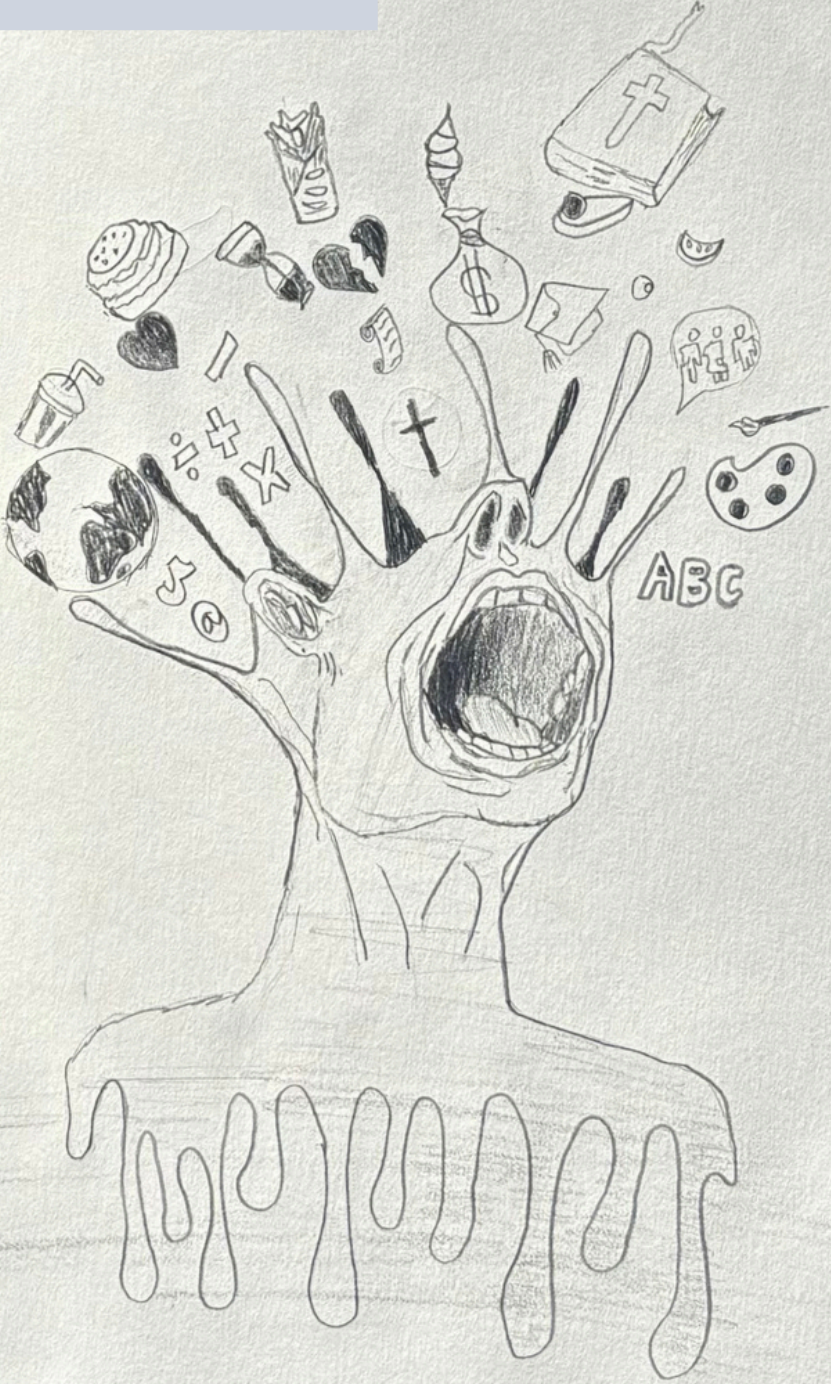
“Laughter is the best medicine.”

Not when I hear yours.

Music.  
Only music can get rid of  
The chokehold you have in my mind.

**The Scream**

by Hope Usanase



## **Pain**

by Lyla Cary

There's something about it  
That I just don't get  
All I can feel is nothing  
I just don't know how to feel about it

There's just something in my chest  
Something no one can explain  
Something only I can find  
But with it, comes more pain

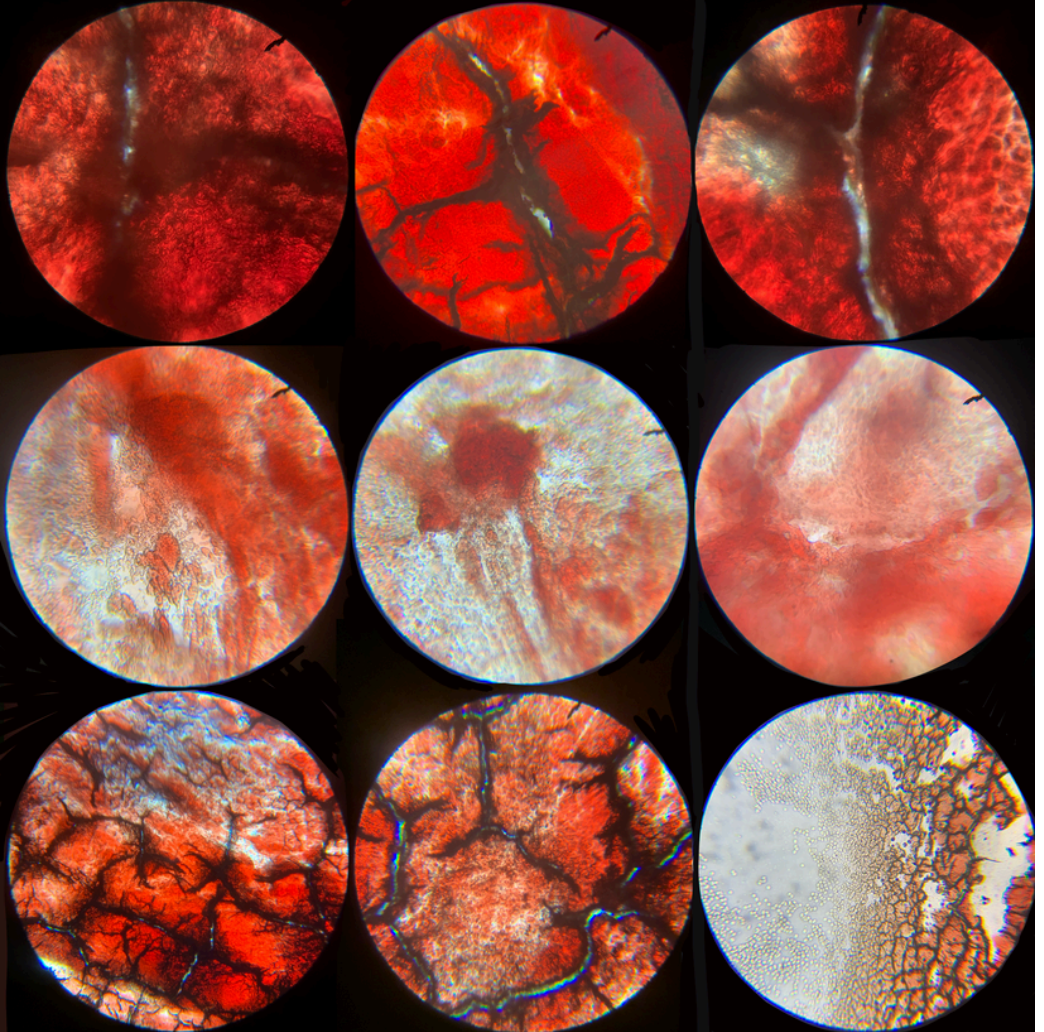
It's an endless void  
That I never can escape  
Now I just get tired  
Since everything's the same

The pain keeps spreading  
Inching towards the head  
I know it'll get there sooner or later  
Just to plague me forever

After all, I was the one who created it  
I caused it all myself  
I'm the one who did it, and I could make it undone  
It'll take a long time to heal  
So do I really want it to?

# Microscopic Machinations

by Riona Funderburg



## **Solastalgia**

by Andy Webster

Imagine this scorched island as emblematic of the landscape after apocalypse. Perhaps there are many such islands dotting the globe, with a scant few humans who somehow survived. Their inherent desire to live and reproduce overpowers the despair they feel. As plant life re-emerges, they begin to grow food, and in the meantime, they harvest insects and fish if they can catch some. They are beset with uncertainty about the weather, and about how much effort they should expend on finding other groups that survived. And they wonder. What is the story we will tell ourselves about our history and path forward? What will hold us together? Will it be force imposed by a dominant group, or something else? Are we a tribe, or is the idea that tribalism carries the seed of its own destruction the one lesson we needed to learn?

As the poet Wislawa Szymborska noted in “The End and the Beginning”,

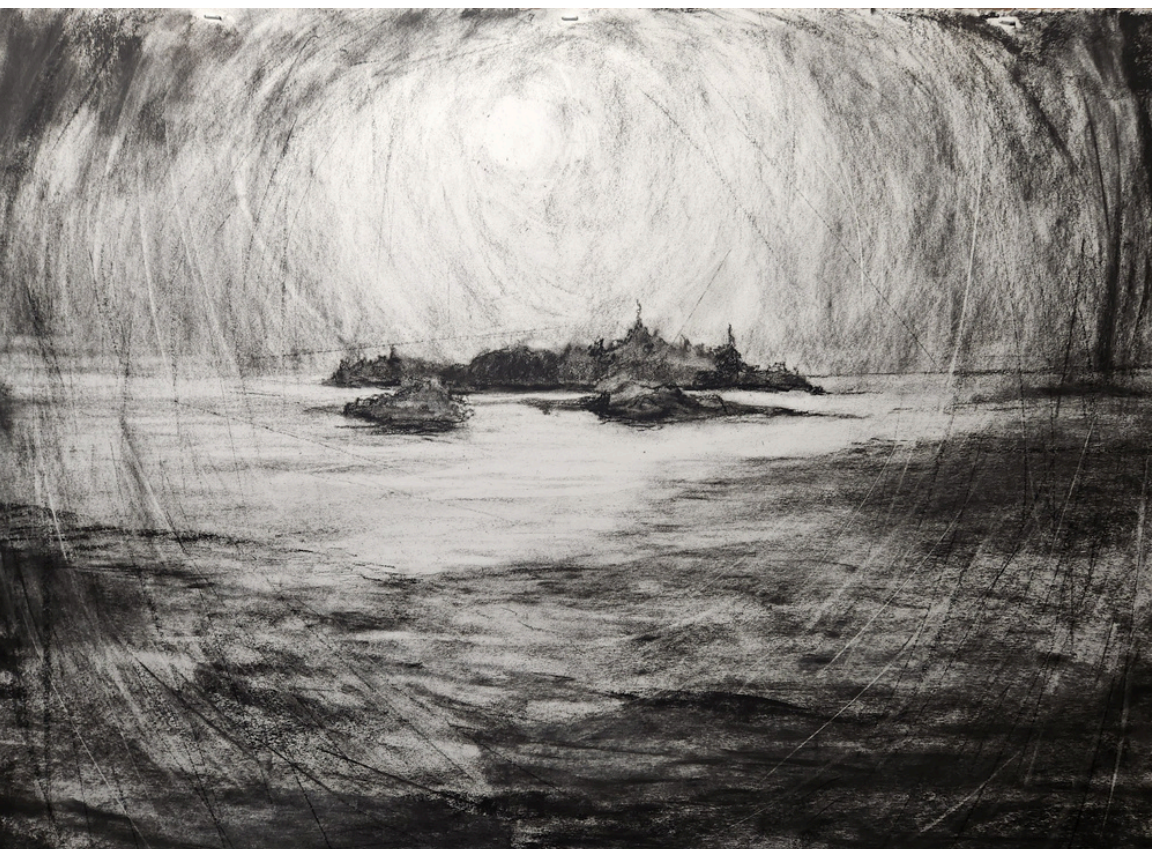
“.... Someone, broom in hand,  
still recalls the way it was.  
Someone else listens  
and nods with unsevered head.  
But already there are those nearby  
starting to mill about  
who will find it dull.

From out of the bushes  
sometimes someone still unearths  
rusted-out arguments  
and carries them to the garbage pile.

Those who knew  
what was going on here  
must make way for  
those who know little.  
And less than little.  
And finally as little as nothing.

In the grass that has overgrown  
causes and effects,  
someone must be stretched out  
blade of grass in his mouth  
gazing at the clouds.”

**Solastalgia**  
by Duncan Webb





Our Managing Editor, Ilaria von Eschenbach, conducted the following interviews with three of our contributors. The interviews focus on one of their works which we have published in this edition of *The Massasauga*.

**Mr. Webb - “Solastalgia”**

*Chicken-or-the-egg question: which came first, your art piece or Mr. Webster’s fiction piece?*

Both at the same time– it really started with the prompt we received. Mr. Webster and I were walking back [from Morning Meeting] and comparing prompts; his was geared more towards visual art, and mine was more literary. As we started talking, a door opened: why don’t we do something together? I may have provided mine first, but that’s a byproduct of the process, which began at that conversation.

*What inspired this piece?*

What artists like myself often do is juxtapose two very disparate things together and create a piece based on that juxtaposition. I have an interest in a British painter called Turner, who is very well-known for his watercolor paintings and is sometimes credited as being one of the first abstract artists. His late work tends towards almost a “color field” in which you can barely discern an image or an object. He’s somebody I’ve studied really all my professional career. I also just came from a trip over the summer to Isle Royale in Lake Superior. You have to take a five-hour ferry to get there, and then I spent five days backpacking on the island with a group of people.

There's no resources or materials there, no cars— people don't live there, they stay there only during the summer. It's a unique environment. So I basically took those two reference points and put them together for the image. Drawing is a big part of my creative practice, and it's often what I will do to investigate or try to understand an idea.

*What materials did you use in this piece?*

The paper is a printmaking paper by Stonehenge, and the charcoal is a mixture of vine and compressed charcoal.

*Are these your usual materials? Do you usually work in black and white?*

Yes and yes. I work with color as well, but I'll usually start an interest or set of images in black and white to kind of develop or investigate those ideas.

*How long did this piece take you to finish?*

Well, the standard line artists give to this question is “twenty years and twenty minutes.” The idea is that you develop a process over time as a creative person; that's where the “twenty years”— or, in my case, more like thirty years— comes in. But the actual execution, as you get more into your practice, is usually pretty quick. So, to answer your question correctly, probably a couple days. Block in the drawing, build it up, come back, make some pretty substantial changes in things like value and contrast. And then the third visit, which for me is kind of about slowing down and taking a step back, drawing a little, then stepping back again. And then what happens is that the stepping back and looking becomes longer and longer and the actual physical drawing takes

less and less time.

*Is there any message you want to leave viewers with?*

I've had an interest in landscape art and the history of landscape painting most of my career and our current questions about the nature of our climate are forefront. So to be able to investigate that through that image was a really great opportunity.

### **Penny Burrows - "Dull"**

*What inspired this piece?*

I was sitting in the language hallway and I really wanted to write a poem. I was just trying to think of something that I care about, and go from there. I started thinking about my childhood, and so that's what I wrote about.

*How long did this take you to finish?*

Probably 30 minutes. When I write, it's all in one go— in this case, that time sitting alone in the language hall.

*Do you have a favorite line from the poem?*

I think I really like the third stanza, starting with "I hang these pictures on my wall." It's more personal, I guess, than some of the other ones.

*Is there any message you want to leave readers of this poem with?*

I guess my message would be to just get outside and reintroduce

yourself to some things you might not be paying attention to.

*Any last words?*

Get off your phones and go outside!

### **Scotty Upp - “An Apocalypse has Occurred”**

*What inspired this piece? What inspires your art in general?*

What inspires my art is that I like to think I can make someone happy and give someone a smile when they see my piece. I hope someone finds joy in it. That’s what inspires me.

*How long did this piece take you to finish?*

It took me under an hour. I had to figure out the jokes, and I outlined what would go on each panel. It was a nice hour.

*Do you have a favorite line or panel from your comic?*

I think my favorite one is probably the third to last one. He asks, “Why?” and I say, “No one wants a guy with five felonies to undercook their eggs!” That was a funny line.

*Interesting how you said “I say”. Is the blond-haired character supposed to be you?*

Yeah, that’s a version of me, a character I made in middle school. The other person is supposed to be my best friend back then. I guess this comic is supposed to be what we would do in a post-apocalyptic society. Argue a lot.

*Is there any message you would want to leave viewers with?*

Work together. Stick with the plan.

*Any last words?*

My English teacher used to say that laughter is the best smile. So, just laugh, be happy, be happy with life, love everyone.

*Thanks, Scotty.*

Anytime.

## CONTRIBUTORS

**Tiarah Alexander** is a freshman at La Lumiere School. She loves to sleep, and believes that pineapples belong on pizza. Although she loves to sleep, you can almost always find her awake past one a.m.

**Penny Burrows** is a sophomore at La Lumiere, and she is from Fort Wayne, Indiana. She plays tennis and loves being outdoors.

**Lilly Carie** is a freshman at La Lumiere School. She has a love for English and late night poetry sessions. She spends her time sketching and reading.

**Lyla Cary** is a high school student who loves listening to music and loves to sing when she is alone or with close friends. She loves theater because she can come out of her shell and act like someone else for a short period of time. She loves writing poems for whatever comes to mind whether it's an "in the moment" kind of situation or if she has a specific thought in mind. In 2022, Lyla submitted a poem as anonymous as she didn't want to be in the public eye.

**Semeon Chachanko** is a senior at La Lumiere School and is from Chesterton, Indiana. He enjoys being at the beach and golfing with his friends. Semeon's writing is inspired by his family and the people around him who inspire him the most. He plans to attend college and major in finance.

**Preston Dauparas** is a junior at La Lumiere School and is from Long Beach. He plays hockey and enjoys playing games with his siblings and pets. His writing is inspired by his senses. He plans to attend college to study economics and play hockey.

**Evie DeRubbo** is a junior this year at La Lu. She enjoys rainy days, reading, writing random stories, and charcuterie boards. She is a published poet and her work has been included in a zine, which she thinks is pretty cool. She also thinks that you should read a good book.

**Kevin Effron** is a theology teacher, dorm parent, and soccer coach at La Lumiere. More importantly, he is the husband to Megan and father to Levi. Kevin can be found wandering the campus of La Lumiere sharing its natural beauty with Levi or playing disc golf on the course he has created throughout its forest.

**Jack Egan** is a junior at La Lumiere School and is from Michigan City. He enjoys playing golf, traveling around the world, and listening to rock. His art is inspired by his friends, especially Scotty Upp and Preston Dauparas. He plans to attend college to study biology.

**Susie Eguizabal** works at La Lumiere. She is originally from Guatemala, currently lives in La Porte, loves basketball, and enjoys spending time at the beach. She was inspired by love and caring.

**Bryan Esquivel** is a senior at La Lumiere School.

**Jolie Fontaine** is a senior at La Lumiere School.

**Nina Fontaine** is a sophomore at La Lumiere School and is from La Porte, Indiana. She enjoys playing basketball, listening to music, and drawing. Her art is inspired by what she sees online. She plans on going to college somewhere warm to study

computer engineering, forensic science, marine biology, or architecture.

**Riona Funderburg** is a senior at La Lumiere and one of the founders of the Literary Magazine. She has always had a passion for art in its many forms and has enjoyed sharing her many works with the community over the past few years. She aims to study creative writing, neuroscience, psychology, or visual art in college. Go check out the mural she painted in the Student Activities Center! She makes sure to live, laugh, love, and as always, have fun every day.

**Sloane Guenin** is a senior at La Lumiere School and one of the founding members of the Literary Magazine. She has a love for a variety of art mediums ranging from drawing to musical theater and even attempted to play the clarinet for two years. She's excited to major in architecture in college.

**Macey Hamilton** is a junior at La Lumiere and is from Long Beach, Indiana. She plays beach volleyball, rides horses and enjoys her time with her friends. She plans to attend IU Kelley School of Business.

**Jalen Haralson** is a junior at La Lumiere School.

**Eve Hebrard** is a junior at La Lumiere School.

**Erik Hernandez** is a junior at La Lumiere School.

**Emmy Jaracz** is a senior from La Porte who has been at La Lumiere for four years. She is the Serviam Prefect and is involved in School Buddies as well as other community service. She spent most of her life as a gymnast but has branched out this



past year to doing volleyball and robotics. She plans to go to college to become an engineer.

**Khalida Khairy** is a junior at La Lumiere School. She is a writer and poet. Her favorite hobby is reading and writing fictional stories which she spends most of her time on. She writes to motivate the Afghan girls who are not able to attend school anymore.

**Shea Kruis** is an 18-year-old artist who enjoys drawing anything cute and fun! She tends to lean more towards digital art but enjoys exploring other mediums. Originally from Frankfort, Illinois, Shea moved to Indiana when she was five years old and has lived in Long Beach ever since. Here, she has learned how to foster her creativity and grow into the artist she is today. After she graduates, she plans to study art administration and become more deeply involved in the art world.

**Maddox McCready** is a 15-year-old who was born in Chicago. She moved to Chesterton when she was seven. She moved between houses from the ages of 11-14, and has now been living at one home. In her words, from the Freshman Retreat, “Hi, my name is Maddox McCready. You would not know that I am a survivor of abuse from looking at me. It is important I tell you all this because my past does not define me but helped shape me into who I am.” A lot of things happened to her while growing up. She likes to write and make art that reflects how she is feeling or how she has felt.

**Brady Monaghan** is a junior at La Lumiere School. He was born and raised in Northfield, Minnesota along with his Mom, Dad, and two brothers. He likes to be outside, play with friends, and engage in physical activities of any kind. “Be like Brady!”

**Jay Patel** is a senior at La Lumiere School.

**Addison Penziol** writes about a change from Winter to Summer. She was inspired by sitting in her room feeling cold as she wishes she could feel warm with hot sun glaring down on her. She entered this poem into a radio contest and won second place. In her writing, she loves to make things rhyme so they have a better flow. She enjoys writing poetry. She loves to play basketball as well as hiking in the woods with her dad. She has a sister, brother, mom, and dad that she loves very much. She loves LaLu and is so happy she decided to go to school here.

**Lucia Pillari** is a junior at John Adams High School and is from South Bend, Indiana. They enjoy seeing live music, spending time with friends, writing, and nature walks. Their work is inspired by self-reflection and the world around them. They plan to go to college and study something interesting (they don't really know what yet).

**Ella Stankewicz** is a freshman at La Lumiere School. She enjoys reading a wide variety of books, collecting pens, and candles. She firmly believes that pineapples belong on pizza and sushi is the best.

**Avery Tegt** is a junior at La Lumiere School. She enjoys being outdoors, writing, her friends, and working out. She loves Taylor Swift and gets inspiration from her. In the future, she aspires to become a sports journalist.

**Joyce Teta** is a senior at La Lumiere and she is from Kigali-Rwanda. She plays soccer, she likes eating African food, she loves traveling, but especially she loves planes.


**Scotty Upp** is a junior at La Lumiere School and is from Hinsdale, Illinois. He enjoys grape juice tasting, listening to classical jazz, and watches Family Guy in his spare time. His writing and art are inspired by the people around him. He plans to attend college to play golf.

**Hope Usanase** is a senior at La Lumiere School. She is from Rwanda. She loves to draw in her free time or dance to African music. She plans to expand her art skills through studying architecture.

**Aneta Vozárová**, you can call her Anet, is a student from Slovakia. She's a junior, but this is her first year in the U.S. She's been doing art for her whole life and things that inspire her the most are nature, animals, people, and her own experiences. In college, she would like to study architecture or medicine (hasn't fully decided yet).

**Duncan Webb** is a British born painter who has exhibited in Toronto, London, Chicago, New York, and San Francisco. His work includes oil paintings, large-scale watercolor drawings, and monoprints, and is represented in several private collections.

**Andy Webster** is Head of School and a newcomer to the LaLu community. He is a student of words, which is perhaps an inheritance from his distant cousin of dictionary fame. He is a devotee of literature in all its forms, but especially poetry and music. There is nothing more human than the desire to tell and listen to stories, and nothing more fundamental to the development of purpose and self.



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