



Horizon

VOLUME XIX



Cover Art by Catherine Gigliotti

We are grateful to the English Department, the Administration, and Mrs. Laurie Stroempl, without whom this publication would not be possible.

The material in this issue was submitted by interested students. Some submissions were by teacher recommendation. Selections are based upon quality and suitability. All Padua faculty and students are eligible to submit material.

HORIZON

Padua Franciscan High School's Literary & Arts Magazine

Volume XIX
Spring/Summer 2006

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Rachel Wiatroski, *Self Portrait*, Painting

Ella No Entiende

Erica R. Cruz

She looks at me, her destiny fulfilled
In her eyes, I'm another one of her
If I were to deny, her heart I kill
Abuela, grandma, it has to occur

Two different worlds we come from, here and now
The way I think is strange, bad in your mind
My pride I have, to yours it will not bow
Escuchame, please listen, don't be blind

Mi Mama wanted for me, Boricua
They wanted their influence to direct me
And this, my culture, I hold pa'vida
Please let me go, let me be, to be free

If not, you lose what you might not have had
Familia, and heartache will you add

For The World's Forgotten Children

Melissa Dippel

Every morn that I wake up, I get to see each day
The sparkle of a child's eyes and how they think their way.
I see children of all races, with all colors, and all creeds,
And every time I cross their paths I try to meet their needs.
But as I read the papers, or watch the evening news,
I notice there is suffering, and we don't have a clue.
"I like my new pink sweater!" you spit at me when I say
That the child who hand sewn it wont get to eat today.
Or what about the child who has lost a limb in war?
Her tabloid bloody image left you when you ditched the store.
You show your son a book each night, a daily parent deed,
But somewhere in the world today one more won't learn to read.
He'll work long past his bed time to pay off family debt,
And then fall to a restless sleep, so scared of each new threat.
We hold our children close each night, oblivious to the fact
That every child deserves true love and not to be held back.



Alycia Giuliani, Rose, Photography

One Single Rose

Eric Maurer

I was feeling so depressed,
My heart was incomplete.

But when I gazed upon her face,
My heart jumped and skipped a beat.

This emotion that I'm feeling,
I have never felt before.

I feel tingly all over,
A feeling I couldn't ignore.

I couldn't stop thinking of her,
But I knew what to do.

I went up to her and I said,
"This one is for you."

She took it from me with gentle hands,
And smelled it with her nose,

Then she tenderly gave me one soft kiss,
And said, "Thank you for the rose."

A Sketch

Jacqueline Vitale

She grabs her sketch book and pencil,
Swings open the back door and hops outside –
Down the steps: One, Two, Three –
Searches for that small patch of grass that's matted down
From so many times before.
Finds it. Lowers herself into Indian style,
And looks around.

A True Blue "Friend Ship"

Rosie Popiel

A friendship runs as deep as oceans blue,
The soothing waters calming in your ears.
This comfort here has never been more true.
It seems to take away the dark and the fears.

Each droplet forms to make a special bond
As people form everlasting friends.
The love between the two is oh-so-fond,
Each wrong and heartache it completely mends.

Surrounding trust and loyalty increase.
Inside the body starts to feel so warm.
The waters hold a sense of love and peace.
It's perfect as the calm before a storm.

But horrid crashing of obnoxious waves
Is just the same as making friends your slaves.



Lauren McNab, *Julie's Drawing*, Drawing

A Growing Desire

Mike Miller

Desire is fifty feet high:
It starts off real small
And before you know it,
It grows, and you are wanting
It even more than
Before.

Finals

Kevin Weidrick

I stare at the monster in front of me
Its white skin so harsh in my hands
Its black markings stare at me,
Like predatory eyes, daring me to touch them
I put my weapon on its skin, slashing away,
Making my own marks on its skin
A desperate battle ensues
Both sides equally matched,
Both sides hopelessly outnumbered
But the victor will not be known
Until long after the battle is done
And then, only then, shall my life or death be decided
With the opening of a simple envelope deep in the summer months.



Michael Gabor, *I'd Rather Burn Than Fall*, Digital Design

The Death of a Tree

Kevin Weidrick

CRACK! Creak! Snap! Pop! Boom!
Mighty titan falls from his lofty perch
King of trees, he reigns no more
He leaves a hole in the sky
His home now lies vacant
And he can only wonder why
Why his home has been taken away
Why life is slipping away
He can only wonder
Only wonder

Storms

Theresa Kalka

Screaming trees sway back and forth.
Water coming down from the dark, cloudy sky,
Silently drizzling on the lowly earth.
Bright yellow zigzag of light bolts through the dark, dreary sky.
The swaying tree dances peacefully until a loud crack sounds throughout the earth.
Shocked, the speechless tree filled with many years and lost limbs,
Missing the most important part of the tree, the trunk, as it shattered.
The ancient tree mourns, hollers, and whistles with the wind,
Until a sapling with green leaves of hope rises out of the soil.
Thick, choking clouds are blown from the sky,
As carefree, singing clouds enter the sky.



Rocco Russo, *Tree*, Photography

Blame It On The Dog!

Jared Gill

It's family time again!
That joyous time of year!
Little kids awake,
Christmas brings them cheer!
My family crowds the room.
We smell a rancid fume.
A horrible stench from the depths of Hell,
Who on Earth could make that smell?!
Everyone pointed their fingers at me.
"But the dog did it!" I said,
Shouting with glee.
And there the dog stood, wagging its tail.
While everyone else had decided to bail.
My dog is so naturally fat and quite stinky
That he frightened our cat,
The cat we call Jinky.
As I stood in the kitchen
Warming the Brie,
I thanked God no one knew,
That the odor was me!

Wonderful Explosive

Kevin Weidrich

Slowly unwrap this lethal piece of joy
Examine its brown shape,
Sniff its sweet odor
Take a bite, swirl its potency around
Feel the explosion of chocolaty bliss explode in my mouth
The sweet, the bitter, the cacophony of different flavors
All in a single, brown, segmented piece of chocolate



Alisa Marvin, Dog, Photography



Krysten Voros, *Release Me*, Photography

Can You See It Now?

Deborah Reed

Hidden deep inside of me,
Is my real personality.
Yearning to be free,
Oh, why can't you see?

It's honest and fun,
Understanding and young.
My fear of rejection keeps it hidden,
To show it is strictly forbidden.

How I'd love to be free
And let the whole world see.
I think if this goes on
My spirit will be gone.

It's time to take a risk,
My friends I will surely miss.
My true self is beginning to show
A good idea? Soon I'll know.

Now I'm standing here
Overcome with fear.
All I want to know
So tell me before you go,
Can you see it now?

Life in His Hands

Michelle Moscarino

All our lives we search and wait
Always dreaming of our future, our fate.
We try to understand and to realize our soul,
We seek things and people to make us feel whole.
Forever striving to reach perfection,
We pray about our lives and its direction.
We cannot glorify or degrade one's own life,
Nor can we prevent the experience of strife.

It is impossible to predict God's future plans,
So we must give up our lives and place it in his hands.



Cullen Gillespie, *The Gift*, Digital Photography

Recollection

Krysten Voros

I found a buried treasure today.
A treasure chest of memories-
of years that have passed and yet are still part of me.

My "Me Book" from freshman year-
They say you find a thing like this
When you're not really looking-
That you come across it your senior year,
And, like magic, it actually happens that way.

This was the first to trigger my memories
Memories of how I was – parts of me
That were lost and forgotten.
I found them and felt renewed.

As I kept digging through this treasure,
I discovered old pictures, letters,
Magazines, and drawings.
They stirred many feelings, some of which
I am still not sure about.

I wish I could plan a thing like this,
But these happenings are not planned
By you and I.

It would never work that way.
It is all put together for us in a
Special way for a special time.



Theodore Szlag, *Guitar*, Photography

Ode to Six Strings

Ashley Snider

In these strings,
I see all feelings.
In these strings,
I see my goals.

In the sounds these strings create,
I see a mirror of my soul.

Now plug it in,
Plug in my emotion.
Screeching out feelings of my choice,
With one simple motion.

These strings,
A metaphor of me.
These strings,
They change anything,
And everything,

You see,
Six is the perfect number for me.

John Lennon

Alexandra Giuliani

Leading a passion of music behind
In this sick and sad world
He never did anything wrong
But only the good
Have to die in a short time
He was shot and killed
Left the Beatles soundless for a while
Left the nation heart broken for a while
His death changed the world but longer
Than just for a while

Moon Rise

Theresa Kalka

Does not the moon have a significant part in the cosmos?
It is the silver goddess of the evening sky bringing forth hope.
Sends brightened message to travelers on their way,
Gives the dark, enchanting sky an illuminating and magical glow
As the tiny, glittering stars enhance its beauty.
Shines as brightly and proudly as the bright, golden sun.
But the sun seems to always receive the praise and glory.
Yet the shining moon still has a special meaning
for those with dark and dreary skies.

Water

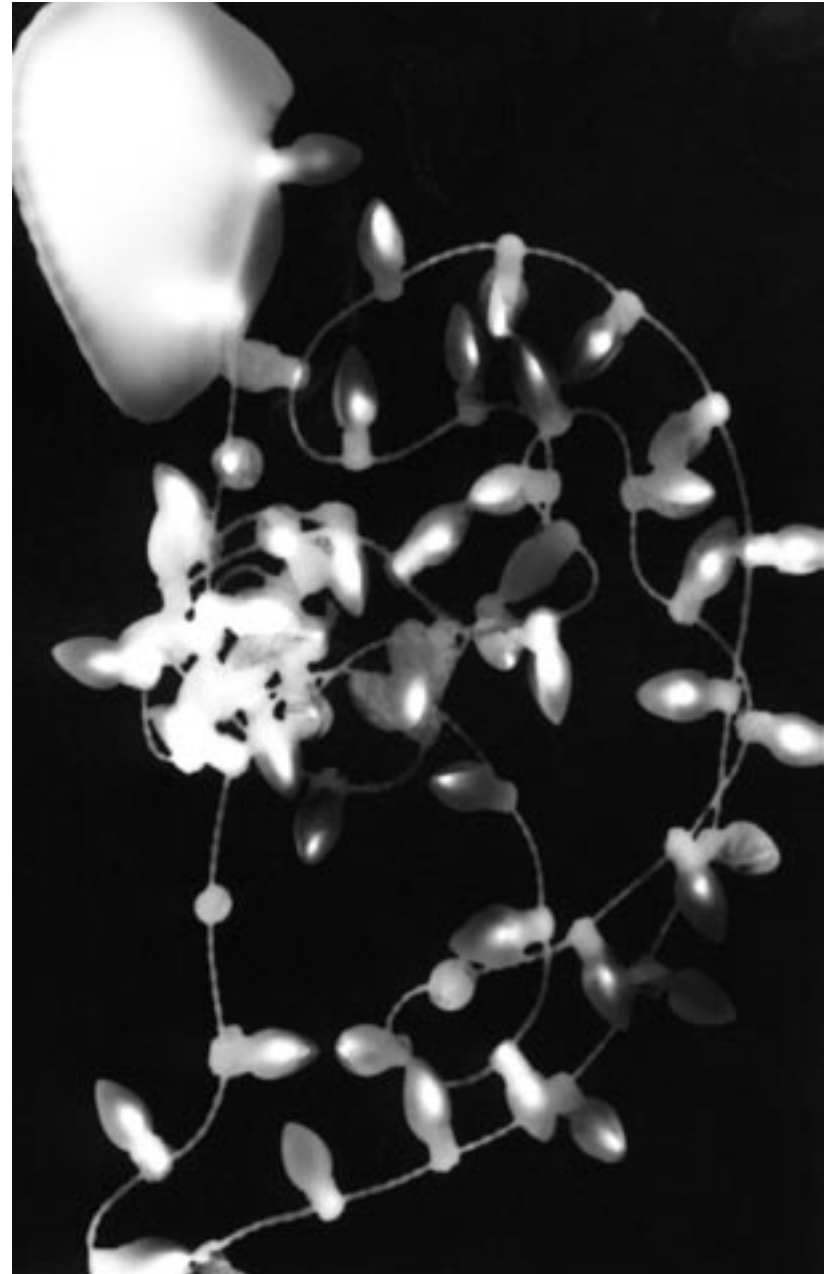
Kevin Weidrick

Fill your lungs
Quench your thirst
Save your life and drown your soul
Which of these shall I do to you?
My magic I'll work deep in you
So come for a swim and see what's in store
Eternal life or life no more

Money

Mike English

Money is the devil
It tempts you to
Go to a lower level
So you follow through
And it keeps you its prisoner



Anonymous, *Luminaries*, Photogram

Life

Ashley Snider

When the heart is ill
And the soul is weary
Only the strongest carry on.

When your legs are tired
And your eyes are bleary
Only the bravest look beyond.

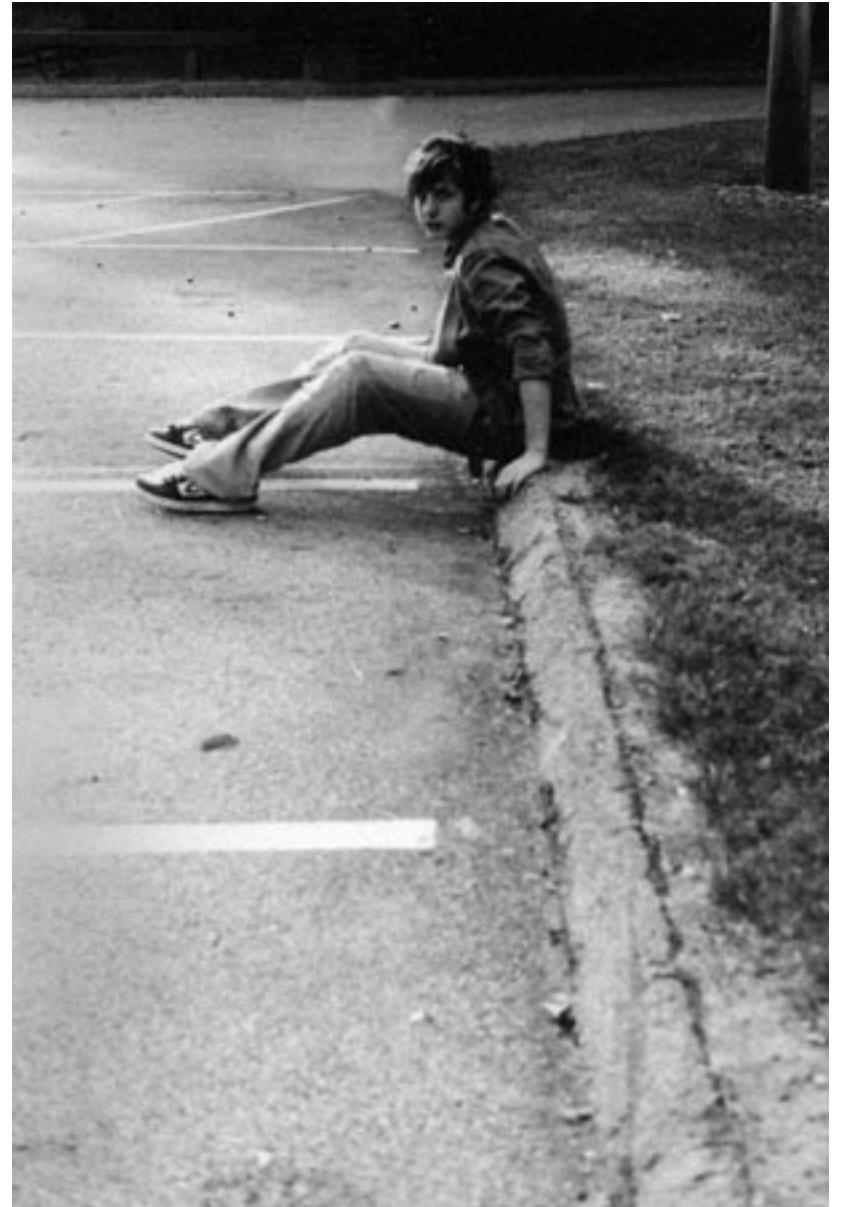
And when the fog clears
And you look around
And everything seems different.

Only the truly gifted
Can see the beauty in it.

A Terrible Storm

Ryan Marek

My heart aches like a pulled muscle,
And my stomach the same.
My eyes feel as heavy as bags of sand,
Tears fall like raindrops in a storm.
I feel like a person who has nothing more,
Lost like a sheep that loses its herd.



Amber Kemmerer, *Waiting*, Photography



Ryan Marek, The Never Ending Conflict
Daniel Goetz, *Spiral*, Photography

Courage

Jamie Green

It takes courage
To renounce gossip
When others devour it
And to stick up for
That one lonely person.

It takes courage
To admit you were wrong
And ask for forgiveness
While others sit there
And never say a thing.

It takes courage
To refuse to do something
That is wrong
Even though you might
Get ridiculed by others.

It takes courage
To be who you truly are
And not feel threatened
By the thoughts and comments
Of countless other people.

It takes courage
To do something out of the ordinary
When no one else
Wants to do it or
Even expects you to.

American Immortality

Michael Pappas

Death of a Soldier.
Death of an Insurgent.
Death we have learned to feel.

Death we are afraid of.
Death we thought was made up.
Undoubtedly, this death is real.
Our prayers and our thoughts
Go to those who have fought
On America's side of the posts.

While the innocent are dead,
All the innocent blood spread
From the Muslims born as ghosts.

For the death of an American,
The killing of an American,
Certainly the worst of its kind.

For if it's not a white man,
A patriot from God's Land,
It's certainly not a death in our mind.

This American mentality
Of American immortality,
A Nation that will never fall,

Teaches war leads to peace,
That we mete out defeat,
And their lives, a luck of the draw.

For we are born to believe
Islam breeds a death machine
To ensure American decease.

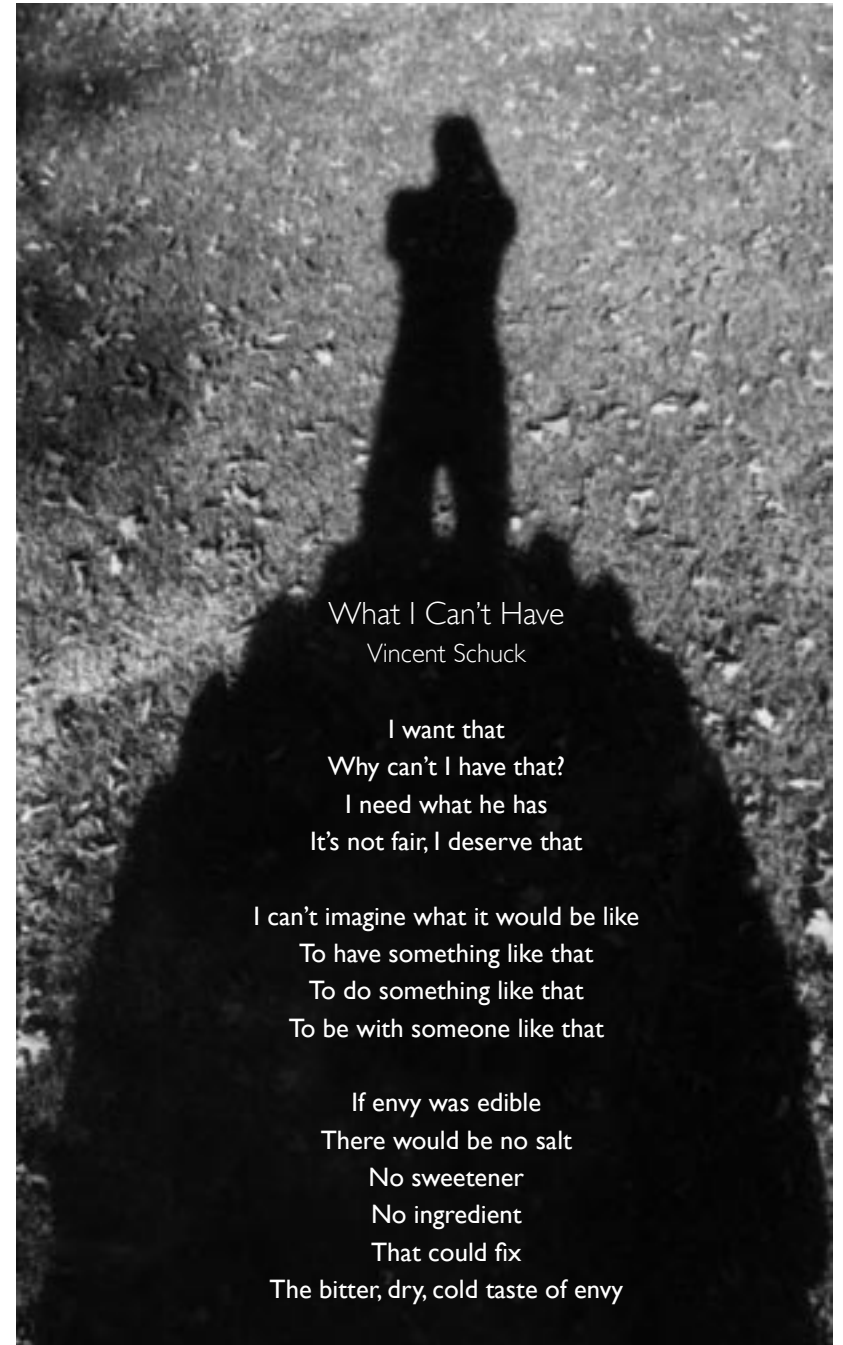
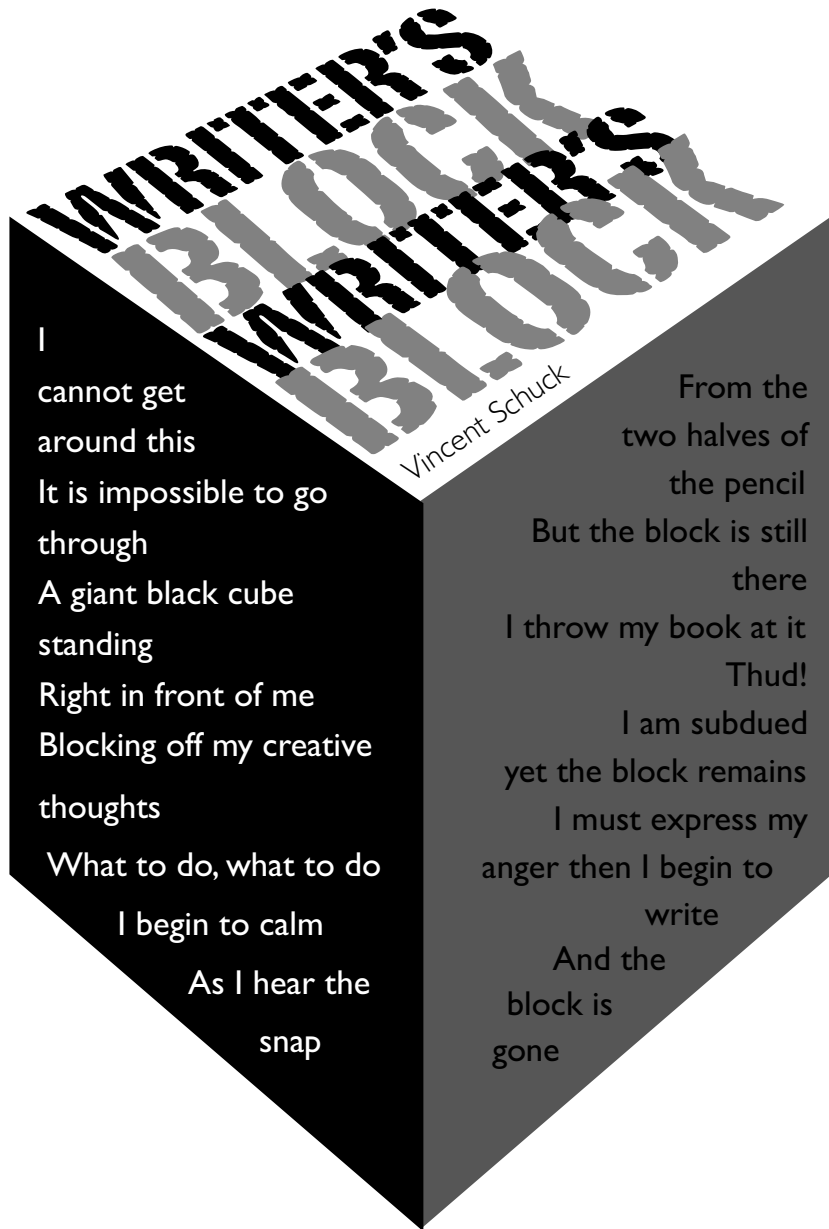
Yet God and Allah are the same.
Empathize instead of blame.
Understanding is what leads to peace.

Whether it's Mecca that you pray to,
Or Jesus that will save you,
Still equal, we are born as men.

But, countries will define us,
And religions will divide us.
Forever, Us and Them.



Matthew Dacek, *Up Late With Macbeth*, Digital Design



What I Can't Have
Vincent Schuck

I want that
Why can't I have that?
I need what he has
It's not fair, I deserve that

I can't imagine what it would be like
To have something like that
To do something like that
To be with someone like that

If envy was edible
There would be no salt
No sweetener
No ingredient
That could fix
The bitter, dry, cold taste of envy

Patrick McLemore, *Shadow*, Photography



Alycia Giuliani, *Ballet Slippers*, Photography

Pain of Love

Henry Lippert

Pain is a rose thorn in my heart
Pain is a sharp spear in my soul
Pain is a bullet in my dreams
Pain is a memory torn in half
Pain is two shattered lives
Pain is a lost love

A Shakespearian Sonnet

Faye Rojas

A phone can ring like love within your heart.
You wait to hear or feel that ring again.
It brings two people who are torn apart
Together over seas of grief and pain.

For when it calls to you, you will arise
And feel the blood within you run anew.
You answer it with joy and pure surprise
And sorrow fills you when you say, "adieu."

But never did true love tell lie to thee
As telephones can sometimes mask intent
Of lover's arms to which love bid thee flee,
But that received in love was never meant.

If trust be put into the telephone
Instead of love, thou wilt but be alone.

Sonnet V

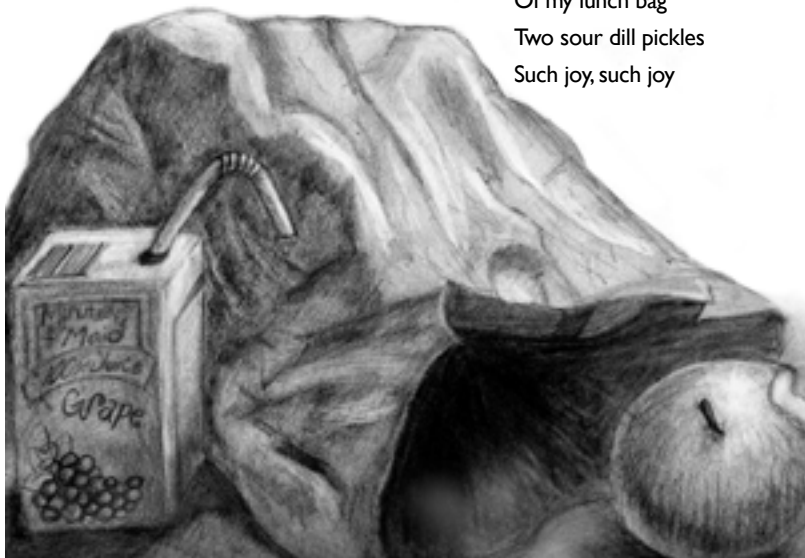
Patick Haynish

When I was walking down the old long street,
I came upon a young and pretty lass.
But finally, our eyes had come to meet,
She just began to sob and weep real fast.

I asked her what could make her so dismayed?
She turned her head and looked at me with need.
But though her last love died in such a way,
Not wanting death to take its toll on me.

But lightning can be fast and quick like death,
You cannot stop it, halt it, kill it so.
Straight forward does it look not right or left,
It cares not if you're black or white as snow.

I turned to her and said with ease don't cry,
We shall go out and buy a great big pie.



Natalie Benos, *Lunch*, Drawing

School Lunch Bag

Henry Lippert

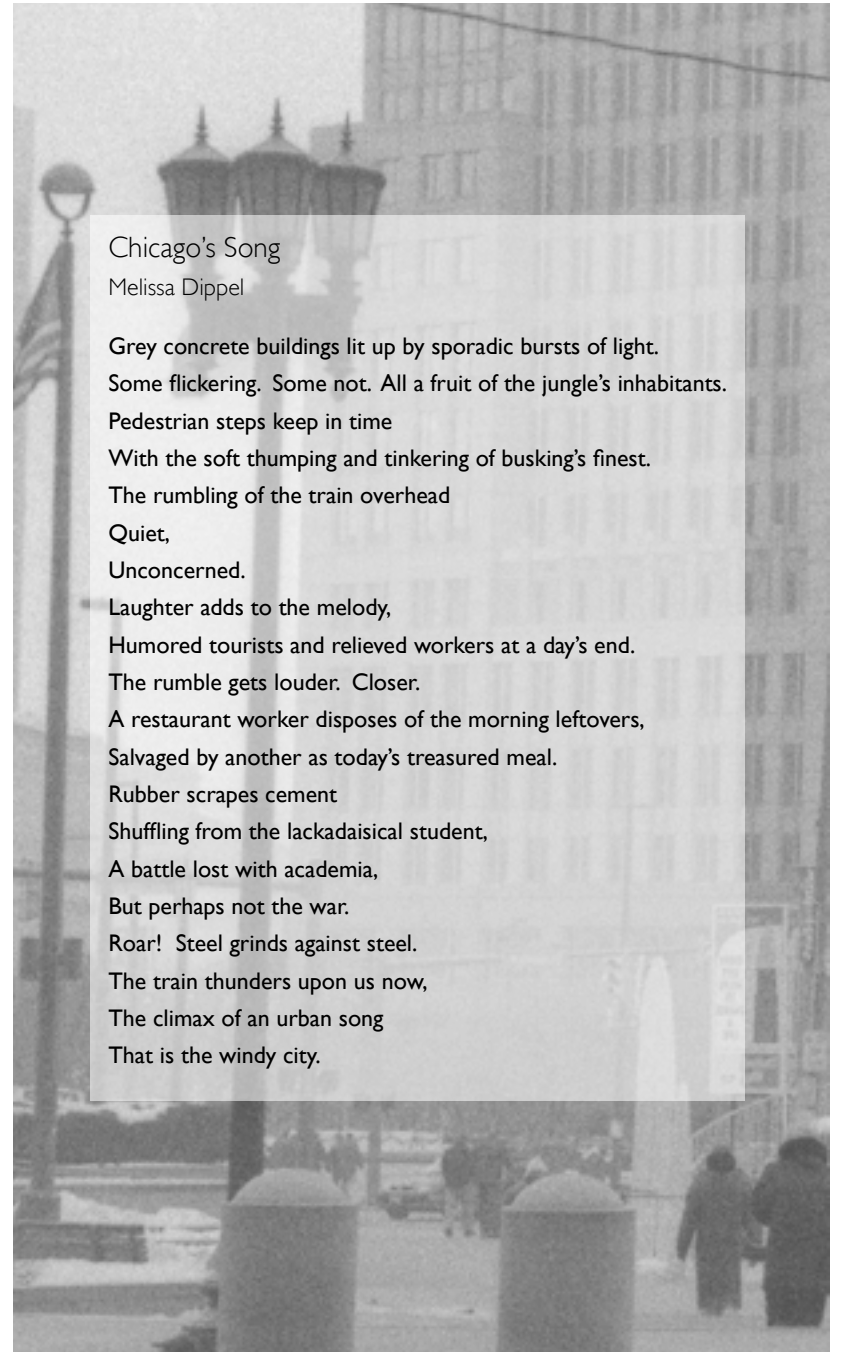
My lunch bag is full of goodies
A creamy peanut butter sandwich
Sweet chocolate chip cookies
A bag of salty chips
Fresh cold milk

And to top it all off
At the bottom
Of my lunch bag
Two sour dill pickles
Such joy, such joy

Chicago's Song

Melissa Dippel

Grey concrete buildings lit up by sporadic bursts of light.
Some flickering. Some not. All a fruit of the jungle's inhabitants.
Pedestrian steps keep in time
With the soft thumping and tinkering of busking's finest.
The rumbling of the train overhead
Quiet,
Unconcerned.
Laughter adds to the melody,
Humored tourists and relieved workers at a day's end.
The rumble gets louder. Closer.
A restaurant worker disposes of the morning leftovers,
Salvaged by another as today's treasured meal.
Rubber scrapes cement
Shuffling from the lackadaisical student,
A battle lost with academia,
But perhaps not the war.
Roar! Steel grinds against steel.
The train thunders upon us now,
The climax of an urban song
That is the windy city.



Jennifer DiPerna, *Cityscape*, Photography

Senior Biographies

Melissa Dippel

Melissa is this year's editor-in-chief/Nazi. When she is not writing or reading, she spends most of her time working and consuming gallons of chai tea. She is employed by the fine restaurants of Chuck E. Cheese's and Denny's. Next year she plans to go to Columbia College Chicago where she will major in music industry and become a slave to public transportation. This method will carry her to concerts, diners, and dusty old bookstores where she most prefers to waste her time and money.

Krysten Voros

Krysten is Horizon's signature artistic mess....and we mean that in the most loving of ways! Besides being a writer and photographer for the magazine, Krysten spends her time as a makeup artist for the drama club and fourth year A.P. art student. She also dabbles in fashion, graphic design, and music. She is a certified pilates instructor and will attend cosmetology school in the fall. Whatever the future holds she hopes to explore and develop all of her artistic passions.

Tricia Ocampo

Tricia is a Horizon senior staff member and typist extraordinaire! A list of her Padua accomplishments would stretch all the way to her family in the Philippines, so we'll give you just the highlights. Tricia has been treasurer of Key Club for two years, instrumentalist in the music program, yearbook staff member, and two-year inductee of the National Honor Society. She plans to go to Kent State and study smart things (Hey, one of us has to!) like medicine and clinical laboratory science. We all plan to call Tricia in ten years when we are broke and starving.

Theresa Bonvissuto

Theresa is a first-year staff member of Horizon. She spends most of her time dancing in the Royal Youth Ballet Company. In her free time...she dances. Somehow she still manages to participate in orchestra, National Honor Society, and the French/Italian language clubs. She can also tell you what happened during each and every episode of "Charmed." After bringing some grace to the Horizon staff, Theresa has decided to move on to Mercyhurst College where she will major in...just take a guess! We've already claimed the front row tickets to her first Broadway opening, but you're welcome contact her for more. Maybe she'll give you an autograph!

Maria Gazzo

Maria is a first-year member of Horizon. She is Culinary Coordinator of German Club and active member of Key Club for two years. She is also a certified T.I. leader. Outside of Padua, Maria volunteers on the Cuyahoga Valley Scenic Railroad and at Lake Ridge Academy's spring break teaching program as a teacher's aide. Whenever we are hungry we go to Maria, for her locker is always stuffed with some kind of homemade bakery or pastry. She is also a hard core cat lover. She will talk forever about her two cats Midnight and Pumpkin. Next year she will go to John Carroll where she will study Education, German, and Spanish in hopes of becoming a high school language teacher.

PADUA
FRANCISCAN

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