

Editors: Mr. Jim Kamphuis and Mr. Jeff DeVries

The Fine Arts Committee of 2020

Visual Art:

Matthew Huizenga, Olivia Oostema, Jessi Roznowski, Kevin Truong

Instrumental:

James DeVries, Kenny Pickard

Piano:

Alyssa Kramer, Madeline Zandstra

Literary:

Gabby Albanese, Taylor Benes

Photography:

Hailey Ross, Wendy Teune

Speech & Drama:

Hannah Sliekers, Megan Ruffolo, Ally Tillema, Isabella VanderWoude

Vocal Music:

Rachel Bultema, Emily Feikema, Makayla Hoeksema

Faculty Advisors:

Mr. Jeff DeVries, Mr. Jim Kamphuis

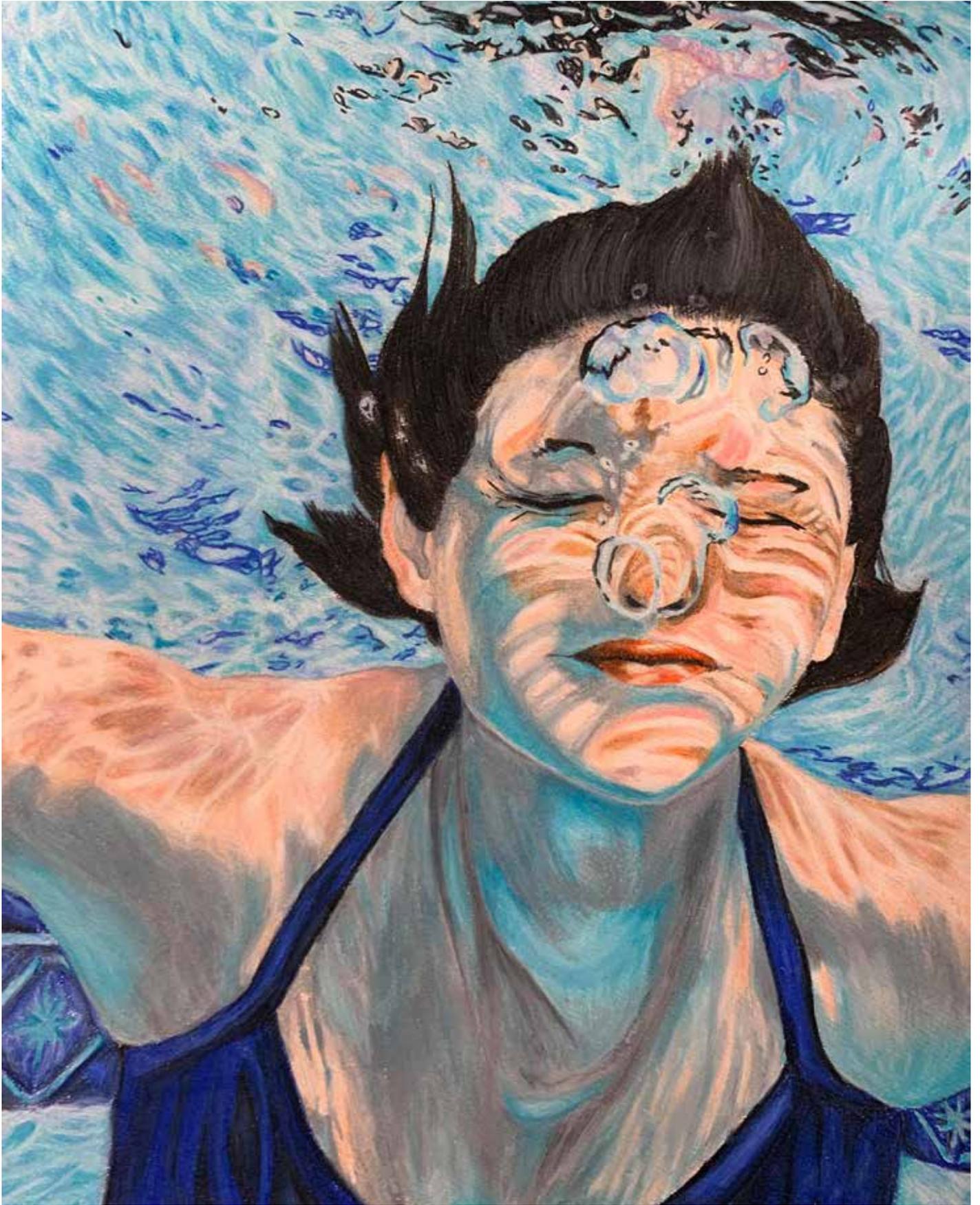
History: (Information supplied by Vern Boerman) In the 1960s, the Illiana Language Department offered Latin classes, taught by Marge Kallemeyn. She and Bruce Leep, then an ICHS English teacher, were discussing a good name for Illiana's literary anthology when they came up with the Latin word *Varia*. *Varia* literally means "hodge-podge" or "collection of odds and ends." It can obviously be seen as the root word in many of our English words such as various, variety and variegated. The *Varia* came into existence under its present name.

Cover art:

Gabby Albanese

YOUR GUIDE TO THE VIRTUAL VARIA

- A**
Albanese, Gabby 1, 2, 5, 12, 21, 25, 37, 54, 75, 132, 139, 150, 152, 156, 166, 170, 175, 179, 188
- B**
Benes, Taylor 2, 18, 43, 92, 114, 155, 162, 171, 178, 186, 188
Bosman, Rachel 40, 101
Buczowski, Alyssa 8, 19
Bultema, Rachel 2, 188
- D**
DeBoer, Andrew 45, 49
DeBoer, Jessica 20, 56, 76, 81, 107, 142, 184
DeGraff, Arden 16, 44
DeVries, James 2, 188
DeVries, Sydney 17, 154
DeYoung, Christine 98, 141
DeYoung, Lorelee 38, 57, 106, 126, 143, 167, 176
Dumont, Damaris 102, 180
- F**
Feikema, Emily 2, 27, 188
- H**
Herman, Dale 70
Hoeksema, Jillian 115, 129
Hoeksema, Makayla 13, 14, 22, 39, 121, 130, 133, 135, 149, 151, 160, 165, 167, 177, 187, 188
Holleman, Anna 51, 53, 68, 79
Huizenga, Matthew 2, 27, 39, 76, 127, 131, 145, 148, 153, 157, 158, 174, 188
- K**
Kamphuis, Ellie 67, 116, 120
Kooyenga, Amanda 28, 34
Kramer, Alyssa 2, 45, 146, 155, 188
Kramer, Benjamin 11, 32, 69, 89, 93
- L**
Leystra, Gregory 91
- M**
Martin, Kylie 95
Mejan, Katie 42, 49, 60, 83
Meyer, Allison 169
Moore, Michael 27
- N**
Neumeyer, Kristine 123, 159
Noble, Brooke 33, 37, 61, 66, 104, 125, 172
- O**
O'Brien, Jenna 17, 72
Oostema, Olivia 2, 188
- P**
Peterson, Grace 77, 80
Pickard, Kenny 2, 27, 188
Polmen, Lucas 96
- R**
Raniey, Tyler 108
Ross, Hailey 2, 188
Roznowski, Jessica 2, 84, 94, 188
Ruffolo, Megan 2, 188
- S**
Scott, Natalie 26, 58
Sen, Priya 31, 163, 168, 173
- S**
Sliekers, Hannah 2, 108, 183, 188
Sliekers, Mrs. Kathy 17, 154
Smith, Ryan 27
Stasny, Blake 64
- T**
Taylor, Aaron 7, 24, 29, 48, 53, 63, 187
Teune, Wendy 2, 102, 109, 117, 122, 128, 137, 140, 153, 158, 164, 174, 181, 185, 188
Tillema, Ally 2, 23, 27, 188
Truong, Kevin 2, 4, 6, 15, 27, 36, 55, 74, 105, 121, 124, 134, 170, 181, 188
- V**
vanBelle, Thijs 30, 103, 138, 182
VanderWoude, Isabella 2, 46, 188
VanDrunen, Katherine 100, 111, 146
VanEssen, Luke 115
VanEssen, Matthew 110
VanKalker, Kacie 90, 113
VanProoyen, Mia 118
Verastegui, Angelina 62, 71, 78
Verastegui, Isabella 78, 88, 97, 112, 147
- W**
Wegner, Max 10, 27, 41, 82, 87
Wiersema, Meg 86, 99
Wilson, Juanita 59
- Z**
Zandstra, Madeline 2, 136, 183, 188



Sunk Kevin Truong



Ciphers Gabby Albanese



Vision **Kevin Truong**



Carved Heart Award **Aaron Taylor**



Branches of the Sky **Alyssa Buczkowski**

How I'm Fighting Back Against Perfectionism

I was bullied for a majority of my life. Maybe it was because I hung out with the boys and played sports rather than playing house with the other girls, or maybe it was something else; nevertheless, I spent a lot of time being ridiculed for being different. I have been told that my parents should have aborted me, that I don't deserve the breath in my lungs, and many, many other horrible things. I remember a few distinct bullies who tormented me for many years, quitting once they reached high school, but there is one bully who hasn't stopped: me.

I am my own biggest bully.

I beat myself up over things I have no control over, set extreme expectations for myself, and strive for perfectionism, even though there is no benefit in setting myself up for failure. Through professional help, I've discovered that perfectionism is a key part of my anxiety and depression problem. I seek approval of my teachers and friends, chastise myself for living in my sister's shadow, overwork myself to the point of, as my therapist says, "burnout before you should be burning out," and worry so much that I make myself physically ill. I would never speak to others in the way I speak to myself, and the things that I say about myself in my head would never leave my lips.

My therapist and I gave the voice in my head an identity. Her name is Kristen, and she is the spokeswoman for my anxiety and depression. She has straight A's, looks just like me, but prettier, and is perfect in every way. Kristen is the girl I strive to be, but that's completely impossible. I seek to be someone who never gets marked down on a paper, is loved by everyone, and projects confidence in everything she does, yet I fall so, so far from that standard.

Being cruel to myself won't change things, though. If anything, that makes it worse. I draw out an hour-long English study session to much longer than it needs to be by crying on the floor, listening to Kristen say, "Why do you think you can teach this? You are foolish if you think you will succeed as a teacher." Never would I say that to another person, so why do I say it to myself? Kristen does not deserve a stage, yet I become the production manager of my own nightmare.

Bullying myself isn't the answer to my anxiety or perfection-seeking tendencies. I shouldn't punish and berate myself over mistakes; I am human, and humans make mistakes. I am in school to learn, so a grade that isn't perfect is understandable. I am my own person, no matter how many times I'm referred to as "Rylee's sister." I can't grasp perfection, and that is okay.

Bullying myself over unrealistic standards won't solve my problems. The voice telling me that I will never be good enough, that my teachers don't believe in me, and that I am the pity friend, not anyone's real friend, does not deserve the space I give her to speak. Kristen is a bully that I face every day, so I constantly have to tell myself that depression lies. I am not who she says I am; I am loved, intelligent, and able. I seek to silence Kristen every time she tries to speak, even if it is hard.

I know others who struggle with a voice telling them that they are not enough, that they must seek approval to find happiness. Be kind to yourself, and don't let your Kristen lie to you.

-Taylor Benes



National Cathedral **Max Wegner**



Corroded Cross **Benjamin Kramer**



Say It **Gabby Albanese**



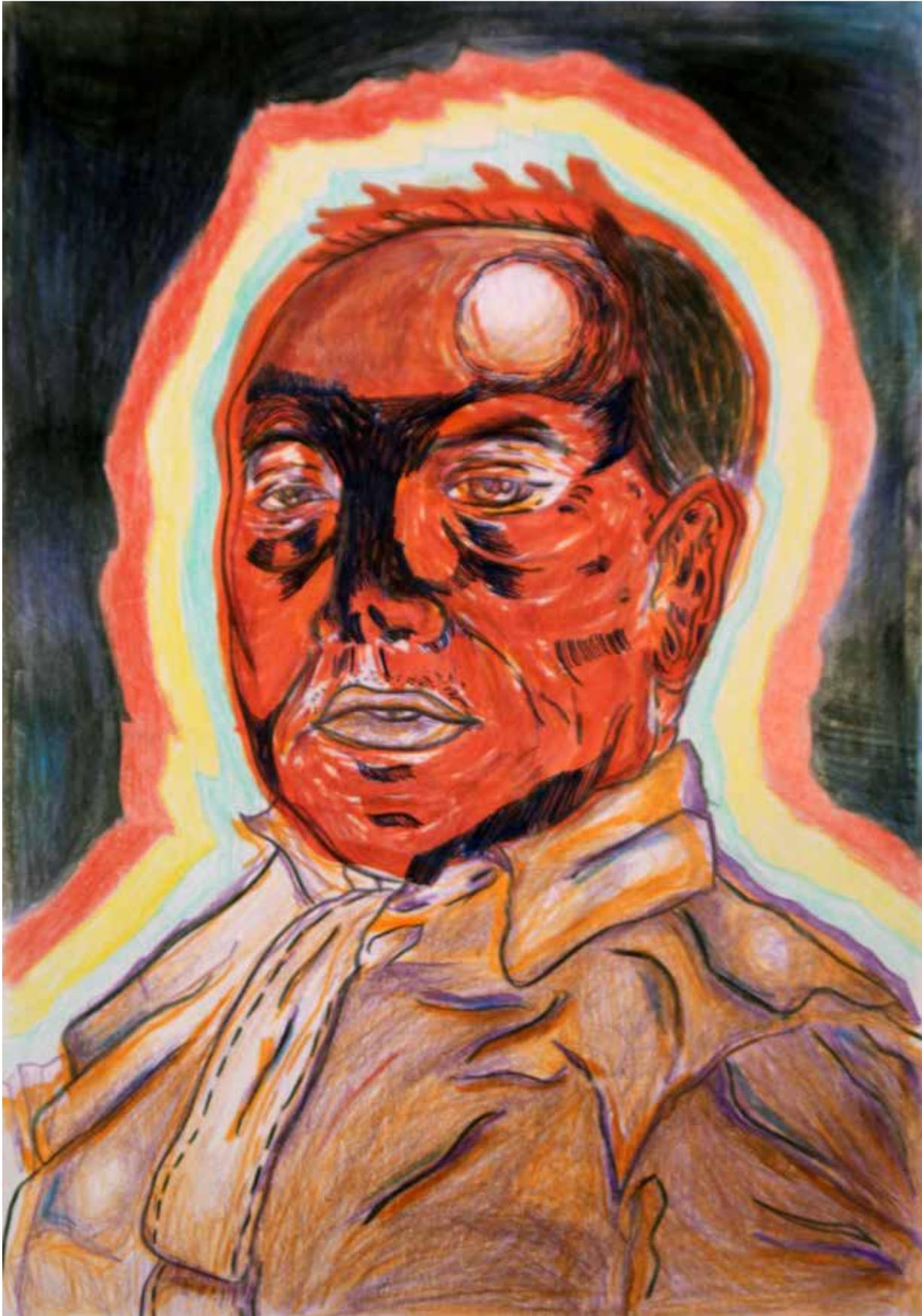
Legends Wall **Makayla Hoeksema**



Woman 2 **Makayla Hoeksema**



Woman 1 **Makayla Hoeksema**



79 BPM Kevin Truong



Wrigley Allen Arden DeGraff



For Good Sydney DeVries & Jenna O'Brien
Accompanist: Mrs. Kathy Sliemers



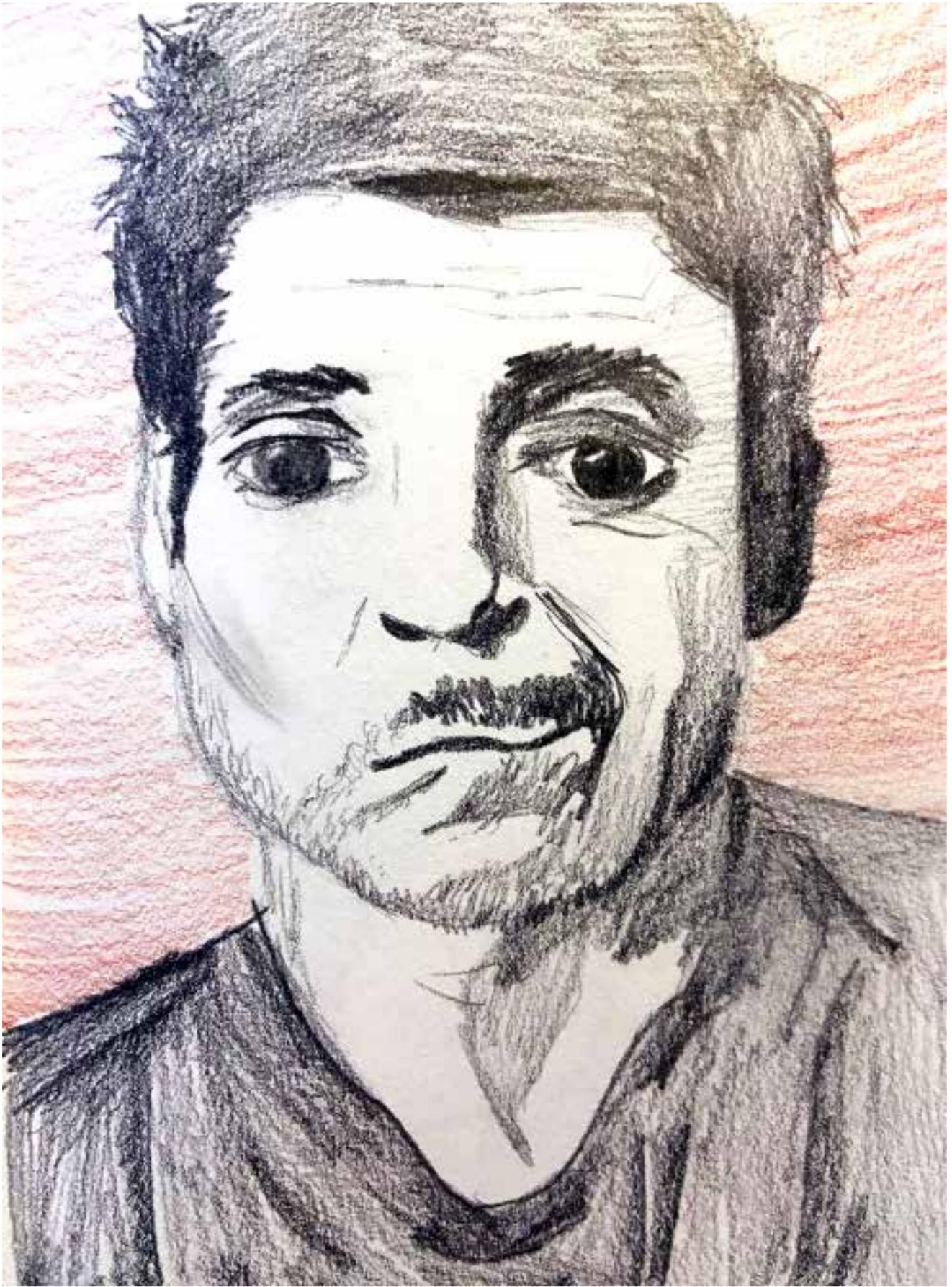


Look Up Alyssa Buczkowski





Forest Fairy **Gabby Albanese**



Rob Makayla Hoeksema



Off My Own Rocker Ally Tillema



Peachy Keen **Gabby Albanese**



Lavender Blossom **Natalie Scott**



Shrek on Zoom Ally Tillema, Matthew Huizenga, Kevin Truong, Michael Moore, Kenny Pickard, Ryan Smith, & Emily Feikema



Grand Sedona Max Wegner



The Links that Divide **Amanda Kooyenga**



pRoTeCtIoN Aaron Taylor



RoRo_ Thijs vanBelle



Clouded Sun **Priya Sen**

Beautiful Child

Beautiful child, beautiful child surrounded in a field of wheat,
Tall stalks, tall stalks but never finding one to eat.
Beautiful child, beautiful child why do tears cling to you so,
Fat tears, fat tears they grow the best food you know.
Beautiful child, beautiful child why does your stomach growl like a beast,
Harmonious monotone, harmonious monotone like bread without any yeast.
Beautiful child, beautiful child lowered into the grave with a mother's touch,
Lavish words, lavish words but, to her they never meant that much.
Beautiful mother, beautiful mother expected to smile happily,
Fat tears, fat tears perhaps it runs in your family.
Beautiful child, beautiful child buried into the soil that grows a new field of wheat,
Dead child, dead child you now surround the next beautiful child who won't eat.

-Jenna Schutt



Dashboard of an Old Semi **Benjamin Kramer**



Girl **Brooke Noble**



Photography through the Leaves **Amanda Kooyenga**

How the First Amendment Affects My Life

I stood as the rain fell on January 18, 2019, noticing that the streets were more lively than the day prior. I was met by smiles and laughter like that of an old friend, from faces I'd never met before, on the streets of Washington, D.C. I headed towards the National Mall to join the mass of pro-lifers lining the sidewalks and streets. Hundreds of thousands of people gathered in our nation's capital to speak out for those who never had the chance to; however, our assembly would not have been possible without the First Amendment.

I walked the streets of Washington, D.C. with thousands of like-minded individuals in peaceful assembly without fear of victimization. I was not afraid because I have rights that protect my freedom of speech and peaceful assembly. I stood strongly for my belief that all life should be given a chance, and I had no need to fear that I could be stopped by government officials who disagreed with me and who wished my voice silenced. I peacefully assembled with hundreds of thousands of people all over Washington, D.C., and we were not afraid. Never once were we approached to stop, and government officials patrolling the area never had to leave their stations, because our assembly never created violence.

The National Women's March took place on the same weekend as the Right To Life March. I constantly passed women and men holding signs that read "I stand with Planned Parenthood" and "My body, my choice." Though our opinions differed, there was no violence. Because of the First Amendment, both groups could freely march to express their beliefs without brutality. Even though men and women walked past me raising signs of the complete opposite belief, I am grateful that both groups were given the ability to assemble and march.

Many people in other countries don't have the chance to speak freely and assemble peacefully because they lack the rights. I am thankful that I am fortunate enough to be an American, to be a person who has rights that, in the words of Jefferson, "are endowed by God," rights that are constitutionally protected, rights that cannot be stripped away. I live in a country where I don't have to fear when expressing my beliefs for what I support, and for that, I couldn't be more joyful. Our rights guarantee that our opinions can be freely shared, and so often, we as Americans take that freedom for granted. We must step back and reflect on what freedoms we have, because so many people don't have the ability to use their voices for change.

Every year in January, men and women from around the country march for pro-life causes and march for women's rights, and I am certain that I cannot be the only person who doesn't think those two causes have to be mutually exclusive. And that's another great thing about the First Amendment: in protecting free speech, it makes conversation possible. People with different views can learn from each other and try to find common ground. Without a First Amendment, dialogue would give way to monologue, with the voice backed by brute force being the only voice heard.

The ability to peacefully assemble and march for my beliefs gives my miniscule voice a platform on which to speak. I am grateful that I have this platform, because without it, my voice could never be heard. Because of the First Amendment, I stand tall knowing that I can peacefully assemble with hundreds of thousands of like-minded people every year in Washington, D.C.

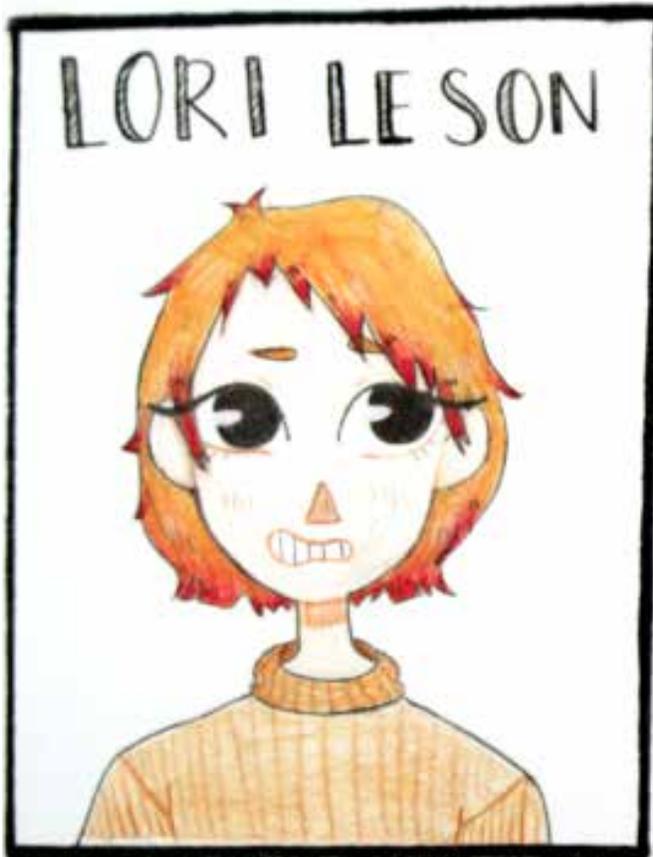
-Taylor Benes



Teenage Dream **Kevin Truong**



Ghost Chapel **Gabby Albanese**



LORI LE SON

ILLUSTRATED BY: BROOKE NOBLE



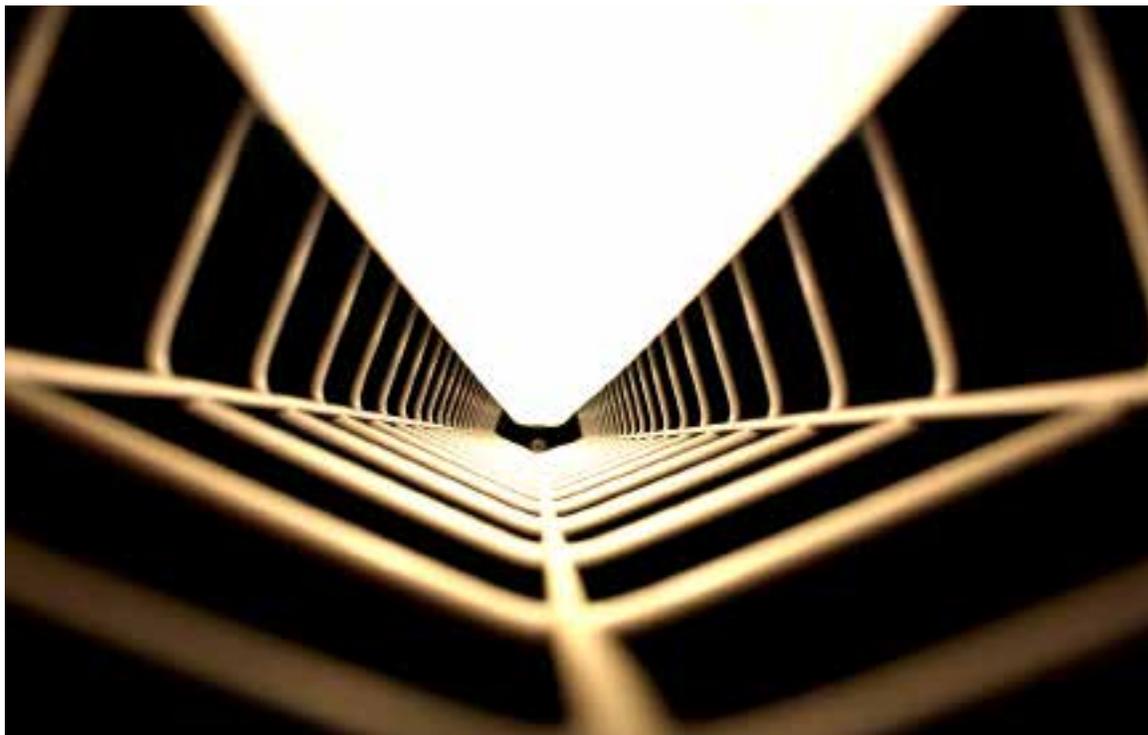
Lori Le Son **Brooke Noble**



Little Girl Eating an Apple **Loralee DeYoung**



Many Faces of One **Makayla Hoeksema**



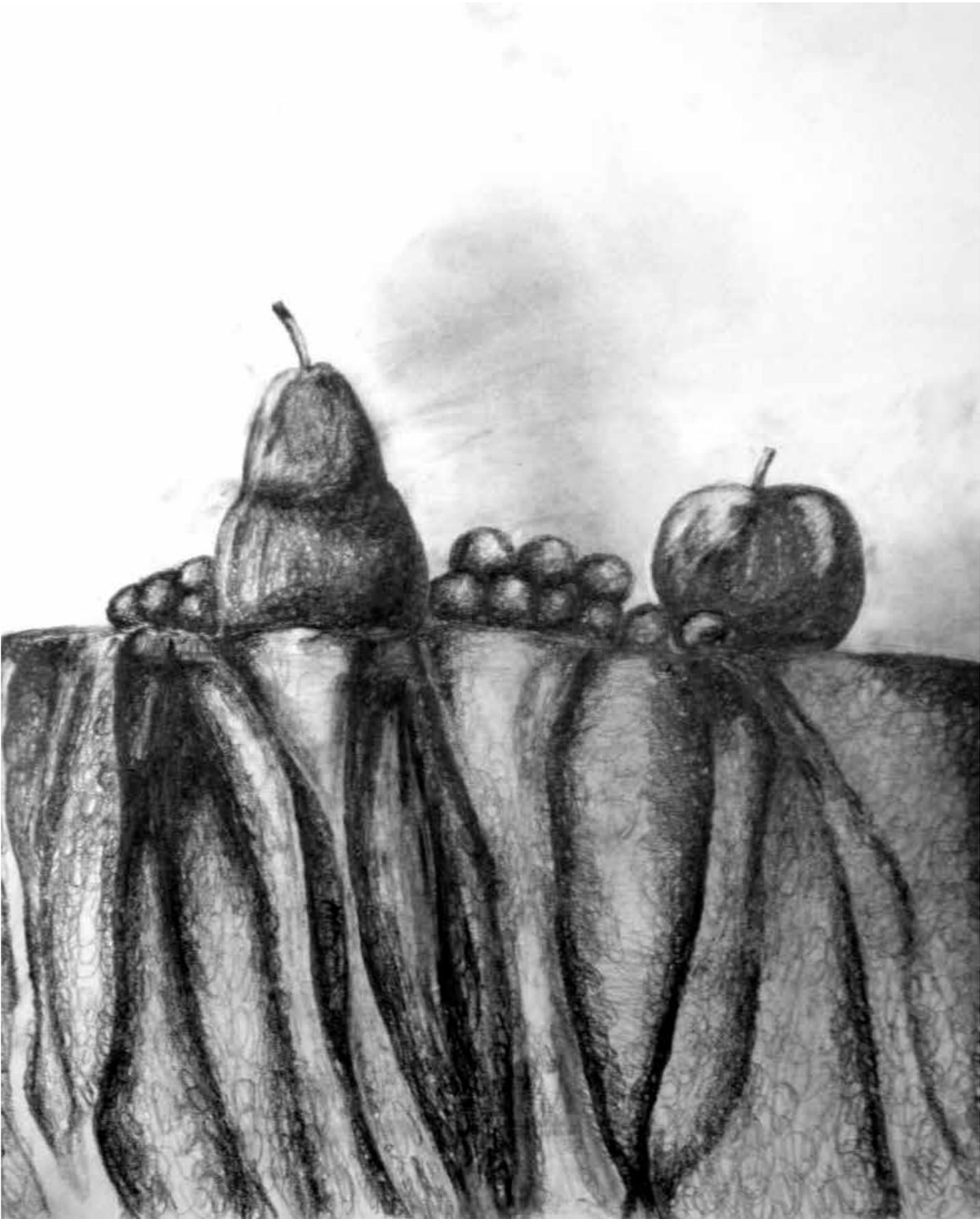
Away **Matthew Huizenga**



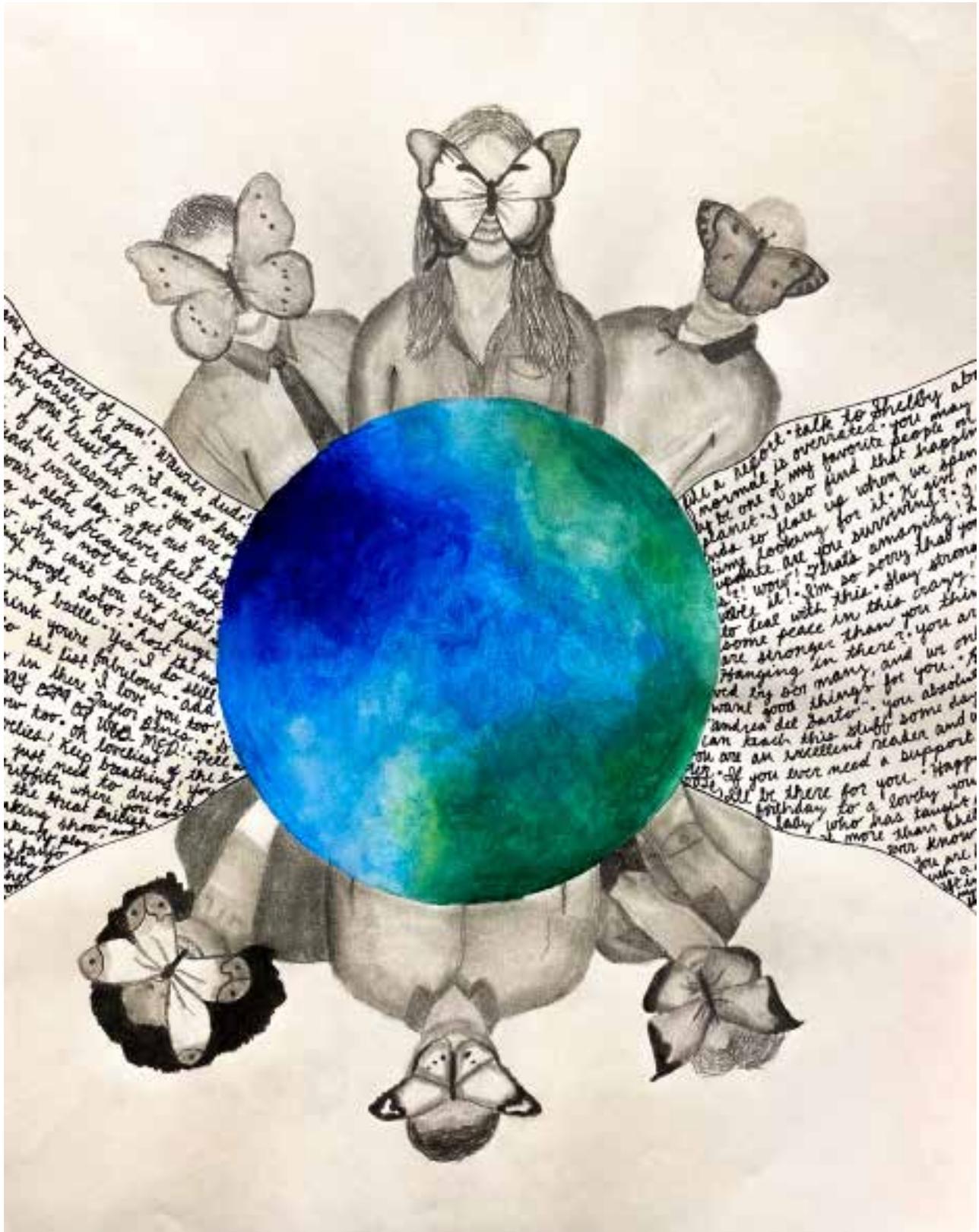
Mystery Meat **Rachel Bosman**



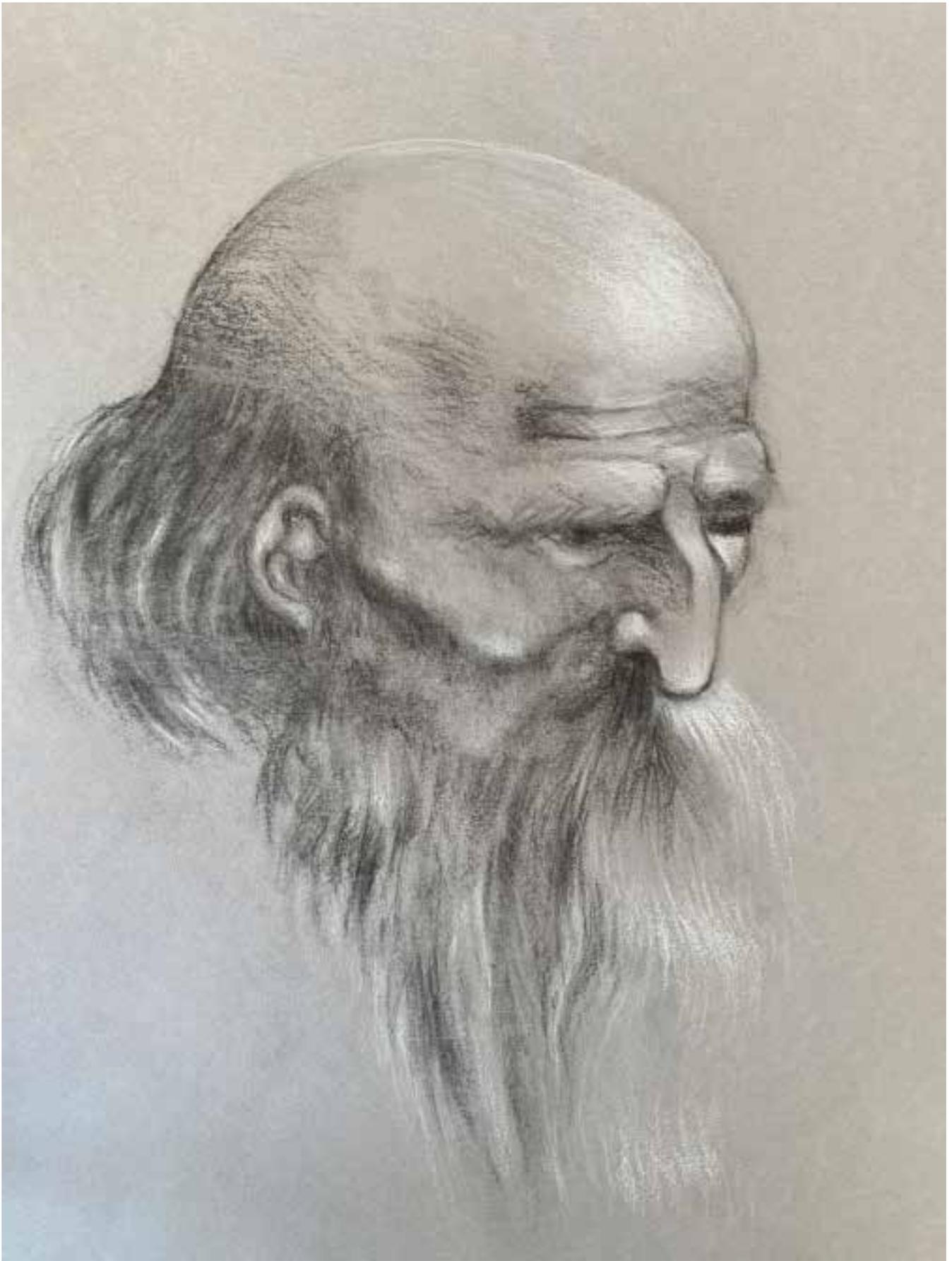
Speed, I am Speed **Max Wegner**



Fruit **Katie Mejan**



Support Taylor Benes



Renaissance Arden DeGraff



He's a Pirate **Alyssa Kramer**
Composers: Klaus Badelt, Geoff Zanelli, Hans Zimmer



If Only You Knew **Andrew DeBoer**



Star-Naming (Psalm 147:4) **Isabella VanderWoude**

Sun Bright

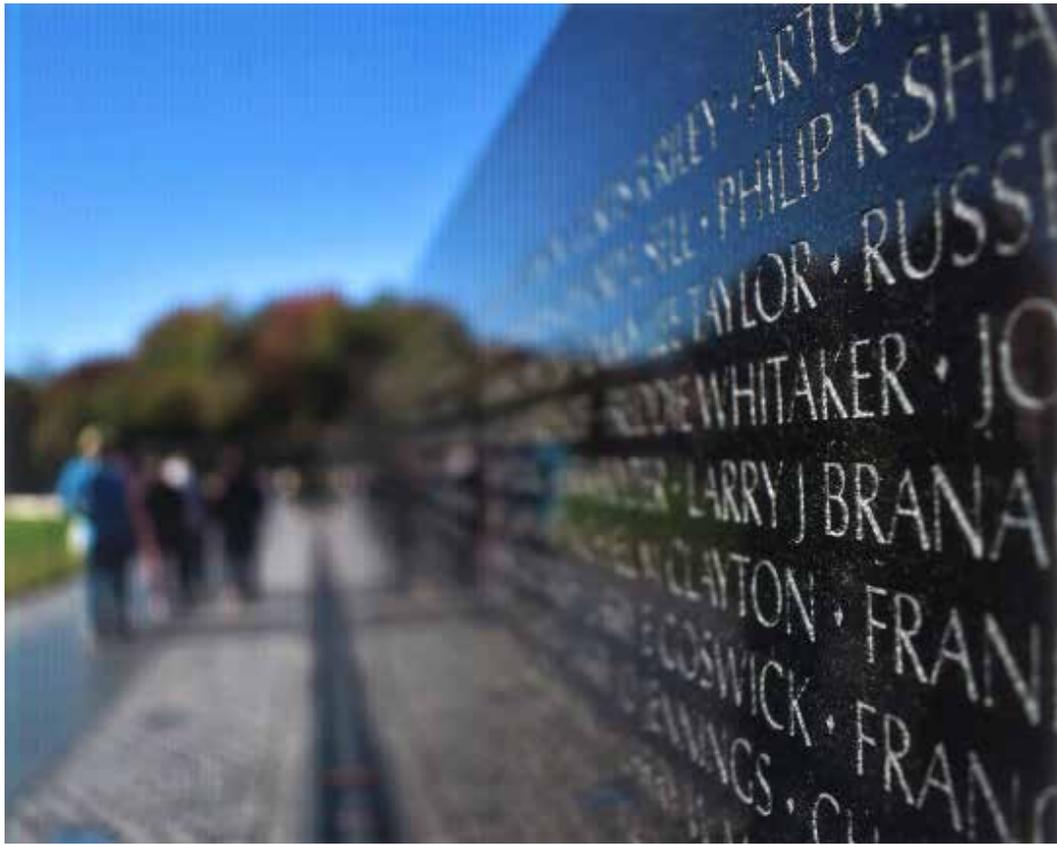
Here is a tale with lessons to be learned.
It has a prince, a queen, and a girl as spry as a fern.
The queen was vain and lived in a palace.
She had all the money in the world and drank from a chalice.
The Queen lived with a mirror on the wall,
to which she asked and asked, "Who's the fairest of all?"
Every day she asked, receiving only this reply:
"You are the fairest beneath the sky."
But then one day, another answer came to light;
"The fairest under the sky has to be Sun Bright."
The Queen, outraged, set out that May,
to find Sun Bright and end her days.
Sun Bright, back home cleaning for the spring,
had fallen in love with a prince filled with gleam.
The prince, son of the queen,
heard of his mother's evil deed.
He too had fallen in love,
but away from home, what could he have done?
To warn Sun Bright, he had no chance,
but as fast as he could he ran with a prance.
The Queen had made it to Sun Bright's door,
disguised as a woman, old and poor.
The Queen donated some toilet paper
that was crafted with the most luscious of layers.
People were hoarding their favorite brands of bottom scrapers.
Sun Bright, desperate and young of mind,
accepted the gift and didn't bat an eye.
But betray her would the layers of the poisoned toilet paper.
She used some Charmin and into sleep she fell.
Then out from afar there came a yell.
But too late was the prince as he found Sun Bright
lying on the floor, her face without delight.
The prince cried,
for she had died.
But realized something, the prince, he scoffed,
for in reserve he had Angel Soft.
He pulled it from a pocket and used it on Sun Bright.
Up she arose comforted and without fright.
Saved from the grave, live on did Sun Bright,
saved by Angel Soft. No more worries were in sight.

THE END

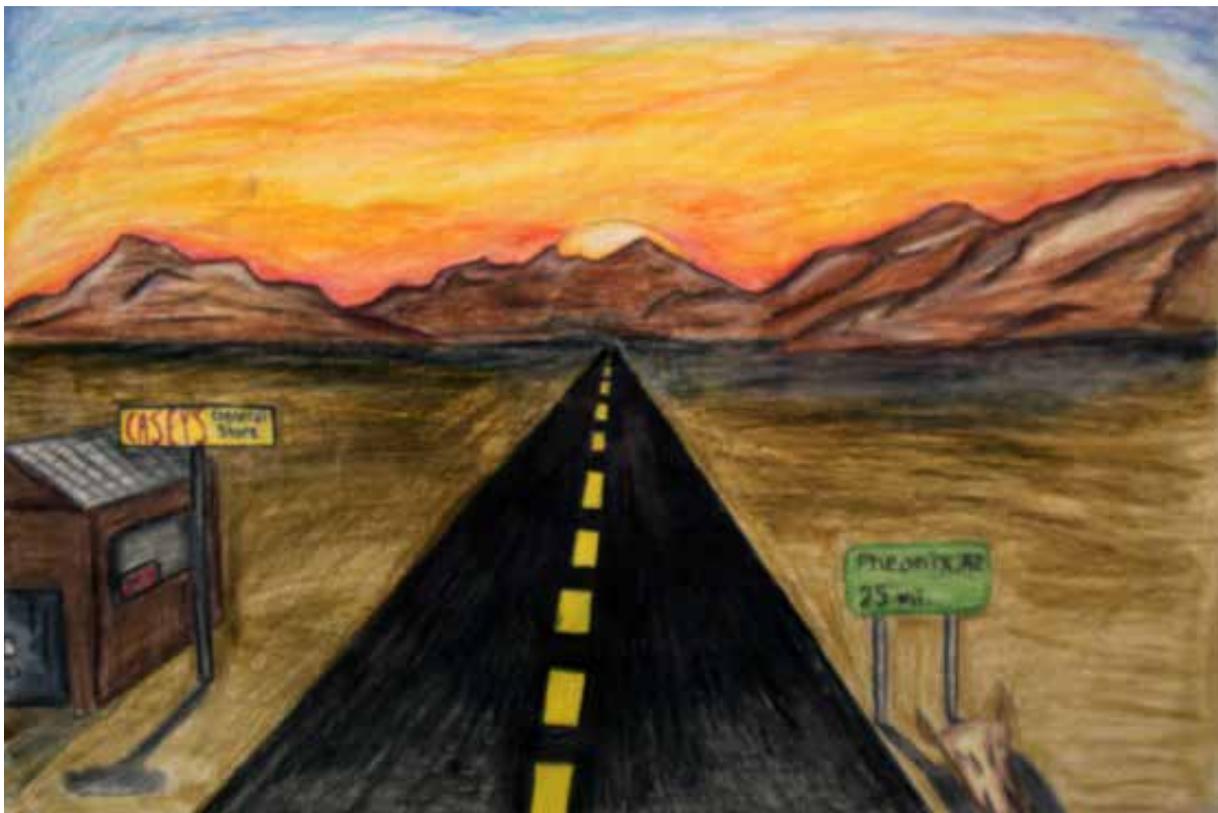
-Trent Wiers



Broken Mold? Aaron Taylor



We Will Remember **Andrew DeBoer**



Landscape **Katie Mejan**

Finding joy in who God Created us to Be

I'm eating mac and cheese for lunch today. I love mac and cheese. Ever since I was a little kid it has been one of my favorite foods. But three years ago, I wouldn't even think about eating it.

In fact, I wouldn't have eaten anything.

Coming into high school, I suddenly fell victim to enormous pressure. Pressure from the world, from advertising, but, mostly from myself. I thought the only way I was ever going to make friends, be happy, get a boyfriend, the only way to live that perfect "High School Musical" experience, was to be thin.

Or rather, thinner.

I came into high school after three years of playing three sports; basketball, track, and cross country. I wasn't an unhealthy person, I was an average teenager. But that wasn't enough for me. When I looked in the mirror, I couldn't stand what I saw, and I thought everyone else saw what I saw; a disgusting, worthless person.

Coupled with a sudden whirlwind of change going from one school to another, changing friends, and new classes creating a sense of no control, I crumbled.

I almost completely stopped eating, except for a small list of "acceptable" foods. Everything I ate I tracked. I exercised all the time, to try and burn off the calories I had consumed during the day. And if for some reason I did eat something other than what I told myself was ok, I didn't eat at all the next day.

I was obsessed. And no matter how little I ate and how much I worked out, I still felt hopelessly inadequate.

But who told me to feel this way? Certainly the world we live in projects an image of what we should be, we see it all the time in advertising, movies, and TV shows. But I have always been told by my family that I am loved, that I am good enough. And being raised in Christian schools and communities I certainly know that God loves me, he made me how I am, and he doesn't make mistakes.

So why did I feel this way?

I think I am truly my own worst enemy. I convinced myself that the only way to make myself happy was to restrict what I ate.

That was so wrong.

I was so unhappy. I felt miserable. I was so unhealthy. Every day I was hopelessly fatigued, downtrodden, and filled with self loathing.

God didn't make us to feel this way about ourselves. God loves us. So shouldn't we love ourselves?

I'm not restricting what I eat anymore. I'm not obsessively working out either. Yes, I try to eat healthy and not in excess, and yes, I still exercise regularly. But I do it because I enjoy it and I value my health. But I also enjoy foods that I love, like mochi and dark chocolate. Sure, sometimes I still have days where I get thoughts telling me not to eat, or that I eat too much and no one's going to like me. But I know it isn't true.

I have friends, I have a boyfriend, and I'm happy, and I don't obsess over what I eat and how much I workout.

We are all made in God's image. God knit us together. God formed us. He shaped us. God doesn't make inadequate people. God doesn't make mistakes.

How we look doesn't define who we are as people. Just because I don't look like Margot Robbie or Beyoncé doesn't mean that I'm not enough.

And those thoughts that say I'm not enough? I know they aren't true.

-Lauren Woo



Sunkist Anna Holleman

You Need to Turn Down
Parody of “You Need to Calm Down” by Taylor Swift

Sitting in my room on my Chromebook
Staring at my screen, how do I look?
And I’m just like, wow, I look so bad now
Sister’s in her room on her own call
But I can hear her voice right through the wall
And I’m just like hush, “Can’t you just shush?”
And I ain’t tryna mess with your self-expression
But I’m trying to learn a lesson, so stop yelling ‘bout who’s gonna let the
dogs out
And school online’s never gonna be fine
So oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh
You need to turn down, you’re being too loud
And I’m just like oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh (oh)
You need to just stop
Like can you just not make all that sound?
You need to turn down
You are somebody that is too loud
But you’re comin’ in my room like a big crowd
Why all the noise?
When you should have poise? (You should have poise)
Sunshine in the street, on the blacktop
But I’m stuck inside on my laptop
Watchin’ that vid, flippin’ that grid
You just need to take several naps and then try to download some apps
And control your urges to slap everyone in your family
‘Cause e-learning makes life a sad thing
So oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh
You need to turn down, you’re being too loud
And I’m just like oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh (oh)
You need to just stop
Like can you just not make all that sound?
You need to turn down
And I see you over there on the internet
Complaining ‘bout your work, but not doing it
But I figured you out
You like to shout, we all got frowns
You need to turn down
Oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh
You need to turn down (you need to turn down)
You’re being too loud (you’re being too loud)
And I’m just like oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh (oh)
You need to just stop (can you stop?)
Like can you just not make all that sound?
You need to turn down

-Ellie Kamphuis



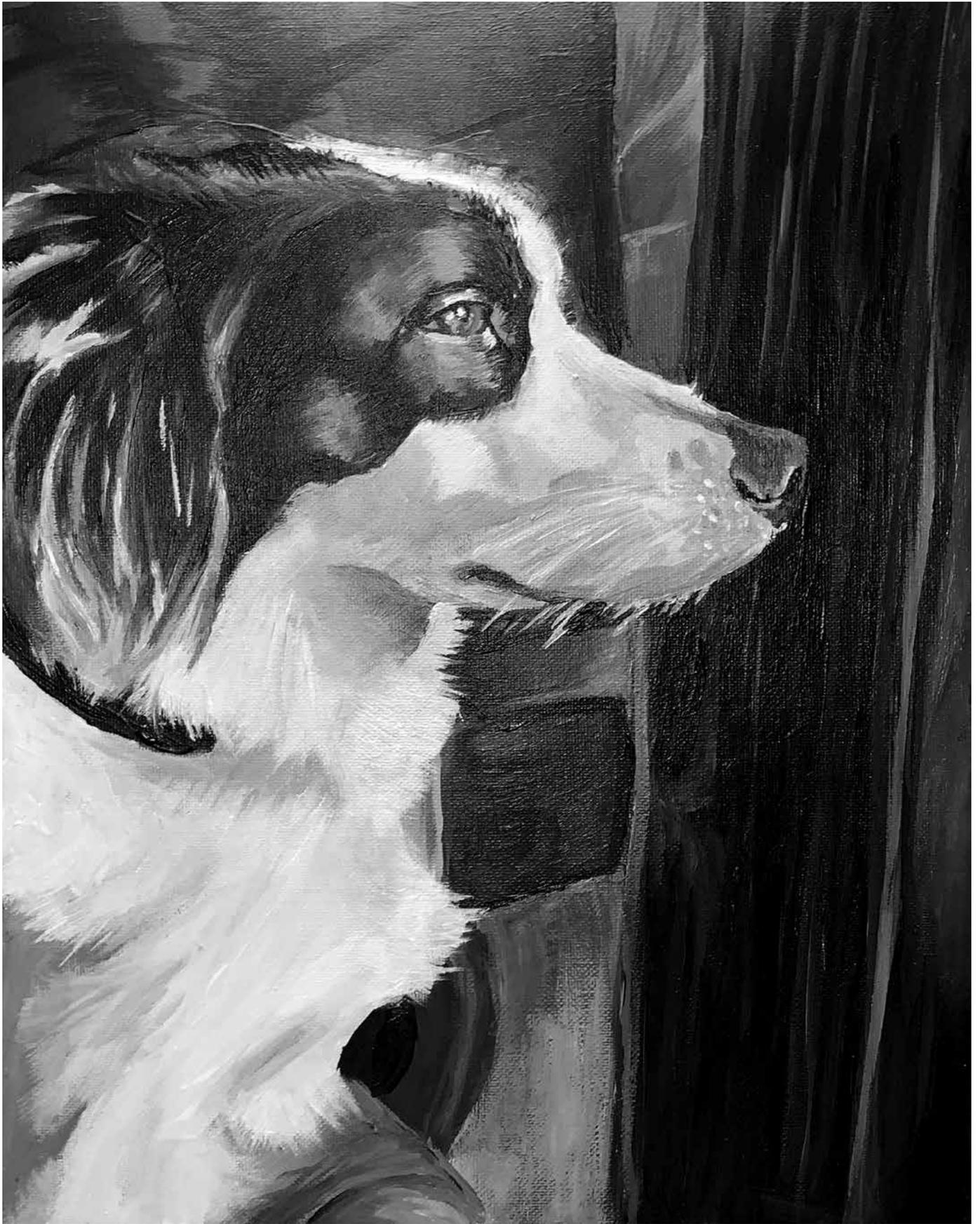
Jokes? **Aaron Taylor**



The Rose **Anna Holleman**



Gilded **Gabby Albanese**



Seasons of Love **Kevin Truong**



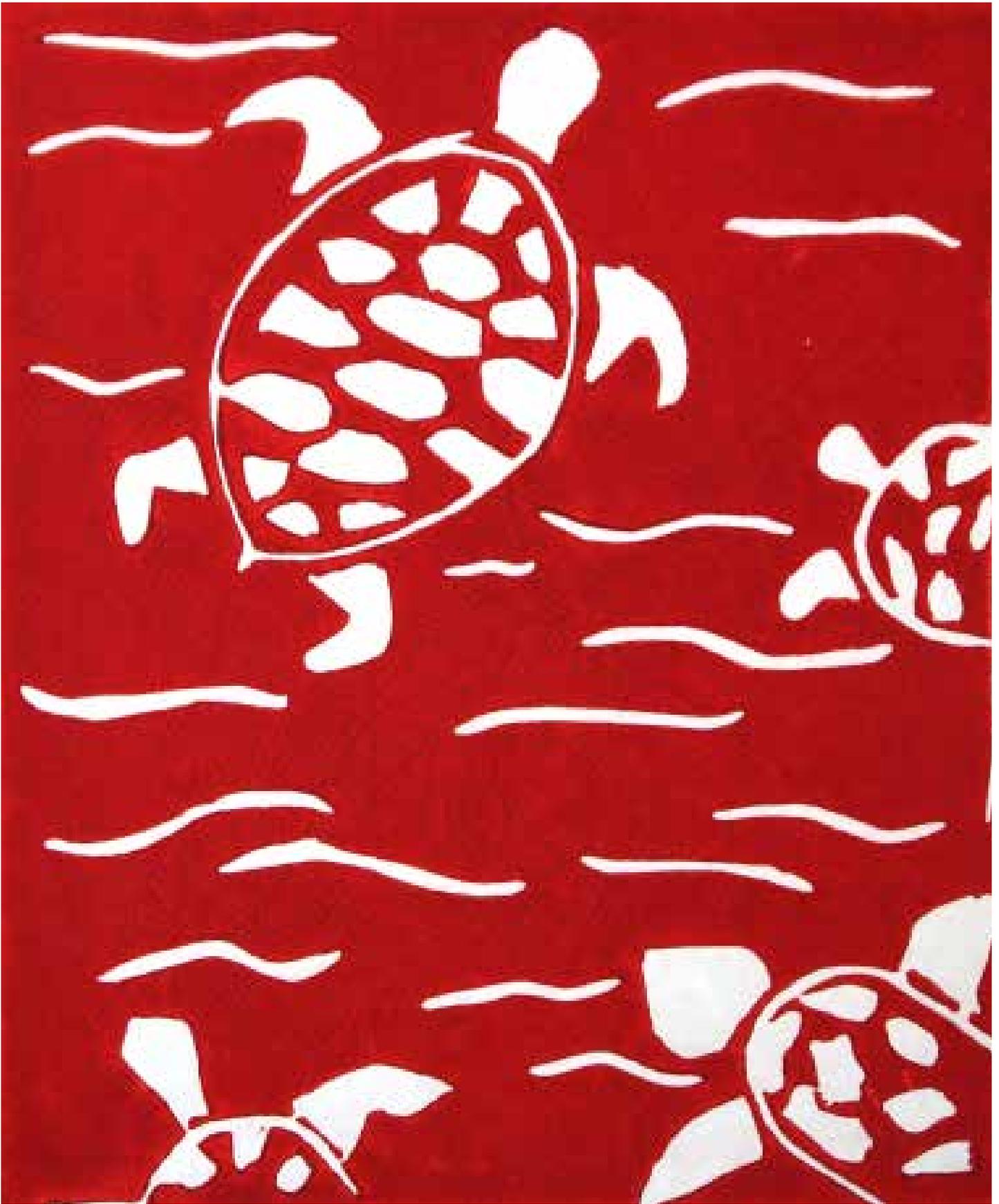
Roar **Jessica DeBoer**



Victorian Purple **Loralee DeYoung**



Autumn at the Lake **Natalie Scott**



Save the Turtles **Juanita Wilson**





Self Portrait **Brooke Noble**



A Resting Butterfly **Angelina Verastegui**





Coil Pot **Blake Stasny**

Cracked

Before you came here
Winter blew in--
Cracked me apart until I bled
Blood dripping from lips
Oozing from knuckles warm and red
Drops leaking out
Seeping out into cold and grey

Eyes stinging
Bones chilling
Skin paling
Hands drying
Winter nipping and clawing
Trying to devour as it had skeleton trees

Then you came
Saw me shivering and thin
Saw me weeping and weak
And quietly cocooned me in comfort
Until I forgot winter's wrath

In those darkest days of the year
You held me close, stroked my hair
And whispered the three words
I most needed to hear

Again I cracked
Not hands but heart
A gross red mess gushing, spilling
Exposing a fearful heart and broken soul
While winter was banished

My life of grey forever transformed
Into a world stained red

-Olivia DeYoung



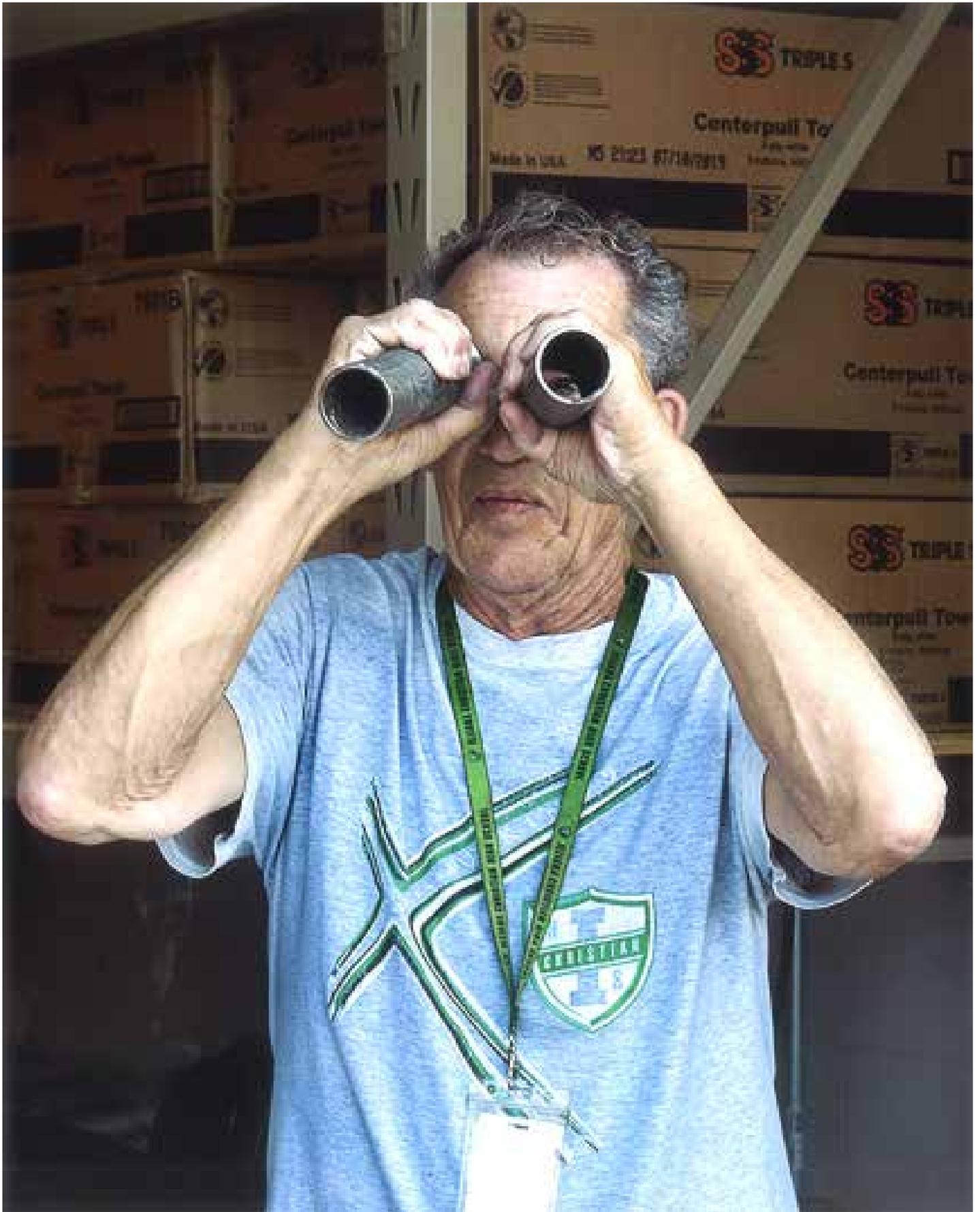
Chairs **Brooke Noble**



Minnie Autumn **Ellie Kamphuis**



Starry Night **Anna Holleman**



Lightheart Art Benjamin Kramer



Pinch Pot **Dale Herman**



The Red Tractor **Angelina Verastegui**

Student Battles Post-Traumatic Stress, Advocates for Victims

“It was a pretty normal day,” junior Jenna O’Brien said. “We woke up, got everything packed, and got to the hotel.”

O’Brien and her family had stayed at the Hampton Inn in Holland, Michigan many times before. They loved staying there. But never again after this night.

O’Brien was invited to a softball camp at Hope College the following morning, February 16, 2019, so she and her parents travelled to Holland the night before. They ate dinner at the restaurant in the main floor of the hotel and played video games before getting ready to go to bed.

At midnight, O’Brien and her parents were nearly asleep, but O’Brien’s father heard yelling coming from the rooms across the hallway.

“It kept getting louder down the hall,” O’Brien said. “It was awful.”

Her father opened the door of the room, room 233, and as soon as he opened the door to peek out to see what the commotion was, five gunshots rang out. O’Brien originally thought the ice maker made the noise.

A fourteen-year-old boy was shot and killed in the doorway.

O’Brien immediately froze. She didn’t know what to do, for she had never heard gunshots that closely before. Her father slammed the door shut and locked it, standing up against it to barricade it. He frantically shouted for O’Brien or her mother to call the front desk and the paramedics, but both O’Brien and her mother were frozen in fear.

“The brother of the kid who was shot came pounding on our door, screaming, ‘He shot my brother! He shot my brother!’”

O’Brien and her family were the first to call the police because they were the closest to the scene. The officers arrived within five minutes.

The people in the rooms surrounding the scene were told to take only what they needed because everything else could be used as evidence.

“At about 12:10, a SWAT member pounded on our door. Five or six SWAT team members with everything, like the guns, just like the movies, came and escorted us out, which was the scariest thing of my life,” O’Brien stated.

O’Brien looked to her left and could still see the blood splatter on the wall.

She added, “We then went down into the lobby. The floors three and four really didn’t hear it, so there were people coming down who were very confused.”

O’Brien met a pair of siblings her age in the lobby and all they did was embrace each other.

“Both of the suspects ran away as soon as everything happened,” O’Brien said.

Everyone was escorted to the neighboring hotel, but O’Brien said that no one could sleep.

“I remember when it was all happening, and the only words I could say were, ‘Please don’t let him be dead.’”

The victim’s sister brought him to the hotel by his sister to visit friends who had rented the hotel room for a party. A short time later, someone told his sister that her brother was in a fight. The sister saw her brother throw a punch, then saw a barrel of an AR-15 coming out of the room’s doorway.

The shooting was gang-related. The shooter posted a picture on the internet before the murder with gang masks on, throwing up gang signs, guns surrounding him in the room.

After staying in a room at the neighboring hotel for two or three hours, the O’Brien family

was told to leave. On the way home, O'Brien's father fell asleep. He woke up crying uncontrollably because he replayed the incident in his mind.

O'Brien's father later appeared as a witness in the trial. The suspect was sentenced to life without parole for first-degree murder.

"There are only a handful of people who know this [about me] because I don't tell anybody," O'Brien said.

Though the event has long passed, O'Brien carries the burden with her every day.

"When it was fresh, I was a wreck. And no one knew. That was the hardest part," O'Brien said.

If O'Brien watches a movie with gunshots, she clamps up and freezes because she doesn't know what to do.

"I know it's fake, but it still replays in my mind."

Beyond movies, there is never a day she doesn't think about it.

At school, she is constantly in a state of fight or flight, always being aware of her surroundings so she knows what is going on.

"During lunch, they [students] pop bags all the time," O'Brien stated. "That is the worst thing ever."

O'Brien said that she nearly didn't audition for the fall play, *Clue*, because of the gunplay.

"The funny thing about it is that I didn't tell any of the directors."

Very few people know this about O'Brien because she prefers not to show it, to show that she is worried about the next class she goes to.

"I try to talk to people I trust who know about it because they bring me back. A lot of times, these episodes happen when I'm by myself, when I don't have anything to distract me," O'Brien said.

She calls friends, asking them to talk about anything to keep her mind off of the event.

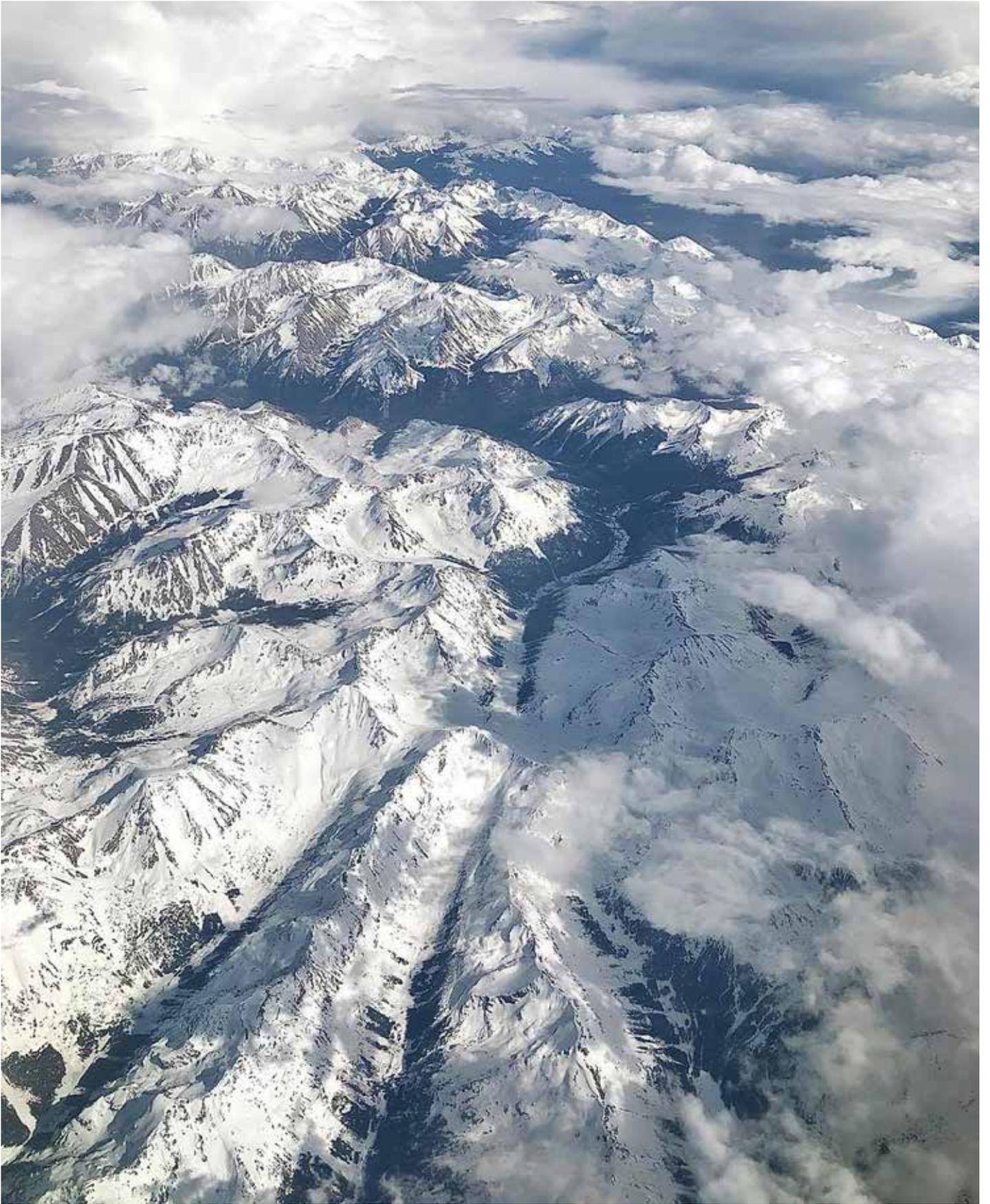
O'Brien's battle with post-traumatic stress disorder is ongoing, a constant wall she must climb.

"It is a working battle. Every day you have to work and you have to put in the effort to try to not think about it."

"If someone actually has a story, and they actually have [post-traumatic stress disorder], they're not faking it," O'Brien added. "I've had people come up to me and say, 'She's being dramatic and looking for attention.' It's very, very heartbreaking."

"Know that it's real, and that when we say we're not in the room, we're not in the room."

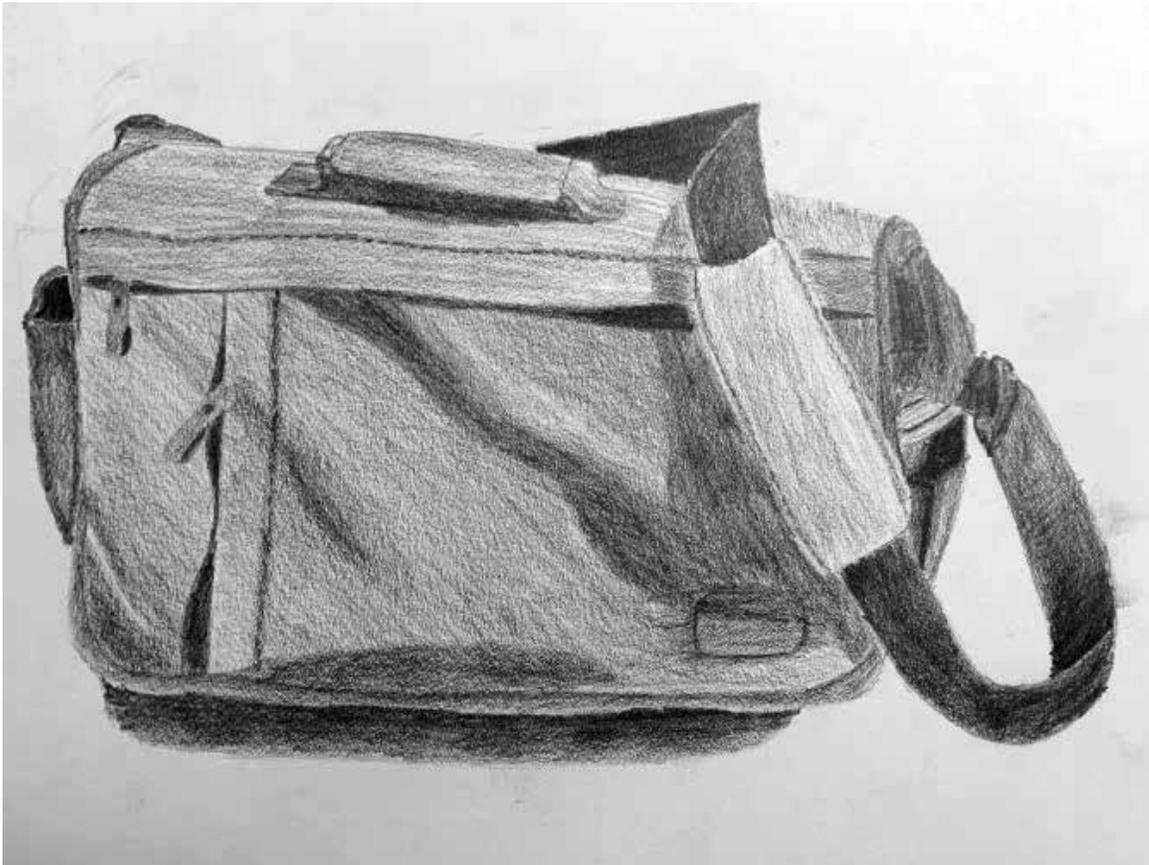
-Taylor Benes



The Unknown **Kevin Truong**



The Visitation of the Ghost **Gabby Albanese**



For the Last Time, It's Not a Purse **Matthew Huizenga**





The Birdie Grace Peterson



Converse Angelina Verastegui



Bambino Isabella Verastegui



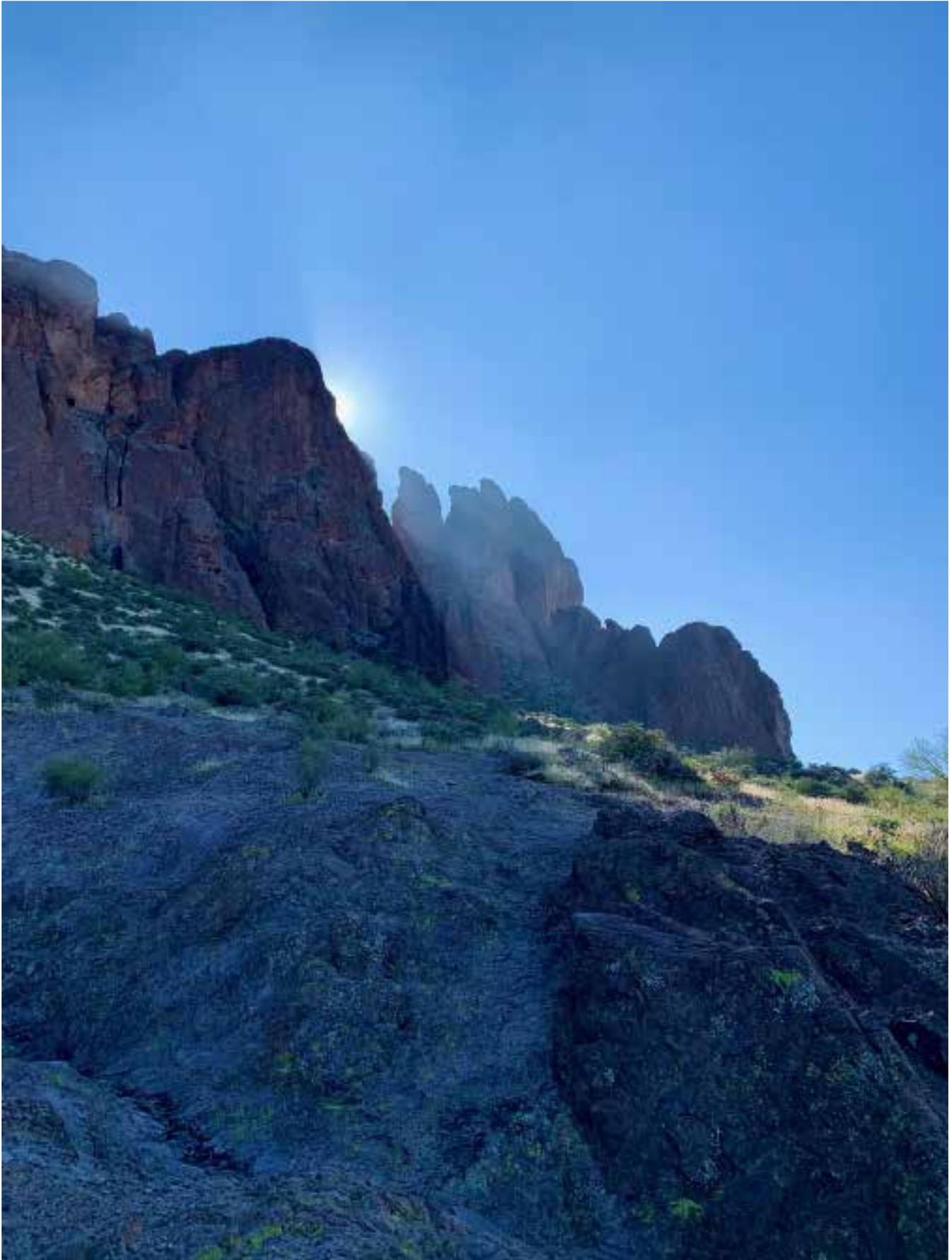
Bouquet Anna Holleman



In the Wild **Grace Peterson**



Puppy Eyes **Jessica DeBoer**



God's Glory Max Wegner



Textures **Katie Mejan**

Not all stories begin with Once Upon A Time

He opened his eyes to the sight of a woman, a woman all in black. She wore a black veil that covered her entire face. The only thing that could be seen was her skin and her lips. Her skin was as pale as death and she wore lipstick darker than the night. Her outfit consisted of a long black dress with black gems around the collar. She wore high heels of the same color. What caught his eye was the golden cross around her neck. It shimmered, but there was no light in the room. It was complete darkness, but her cross brightened up the room.

God's judgement.

A door opened; a large group of people in all white and wings on their backs entered.

The angels.

To his sight the woman now had gigantic raven wings. The door opened once more and a man that wore a black tuxedo entered. The man approached the black grand piano that was in the center of the room. The man sat upon the leather seat and after a few minutes of silence he started to play. As if on cue, the angels started to sing. He stared at the lady in confusion. She just smiled. That is the first time he had ever seen her smile. It was not a happy smile nor was it a wicked smile. It was a smile of contentment.

She then started taking off her veil. He couldn't pay attention to anything but her eyes. They were misty. It was almost like she didn't have any eyes. Even if that was true, it felt like she was staring into his soul. He could see a darkness in her eyes. She was looking into his soul. He was looking into her darkness. He stopped. He stood there in silence for a couple of seconds. His brain was just empty. He opened my mouth to speak, but no words came out.

"Are you ready?"

He looked up at her. Her voice was faint, but it was as if she was yelling.

He was confused, but in a second he knew what she was talking about.

Death.

Of course, the thing he desired most of his life was now happening.

He was being taken away. Calmness, something he hadn't felt in a long time, filled his body.

She looked at him with no emotion. He looked back up at her having a slight smile on his face.

"Do you even know where you're going?" she said.

He looked at her. Her eyes, those dark eyes.

Debria.

"Yes," he said with a smile on his face.

"Debria"

She looked at him with shock. He smiled at her expression.

He looked down at the floor.

"Even after all this time I'm glad you're the one that's going to end my life," he said smiling.

"I see you're still as arrogant as usual" she said.

His body began to weaken. His whole body began to shake. Soon he was on his knees due to his new weak state. Numbness controlled his body from the waist down. She looked down at him with no

expression, a single tear fell. He looked up at her.

“I really have gotten weak, haven’t I?” he said with a giggle.
She looked down at him. She was suddenly on her knees crying.

“Y-You idiot!” She stuttered.

He tried to stand but he fell to his knees.

She looked down at him still crying but not as hard as before.

Putting his hand on her face he wiped away her tears.

“Debria,” he said almost in a whisper.

“Yes,” she replied.

“It is time,” he said softly.

More tears began to fall from her pale face.

“I am ready to go,” he said smiling.

She didn’t say anything and just looked away.

“Please, do this for me,” he said.

She was still silent. He looked at her, another tear rolling down her face. She smiled. An emotion pierced his heart. Happiness.

Emotions. He thought back to his times of experiencing emotions. The only emotions he truly felt were anger and sadness.

He smiled back at her. She came closer to him. Soon their faces were close. Closer than they’d ever been. Their lips connected. That’s when he felt an odd sensation in his chest. He looked down to see a sword had pierced his chest. He looked up at her. Another tear slid down her face but she still had a smile.

He smiled back.

“Thank you... Debria”

His sight diminished on her sobbing heavily.

“I’m free.”

All the weight of life was taken off of him and now he could finally rest.

Now instead of fading into darkness, he faded into light.

Who knew a single tear could hold so many emotions.
A single tear that fell from the eyes of the Angel of Death?

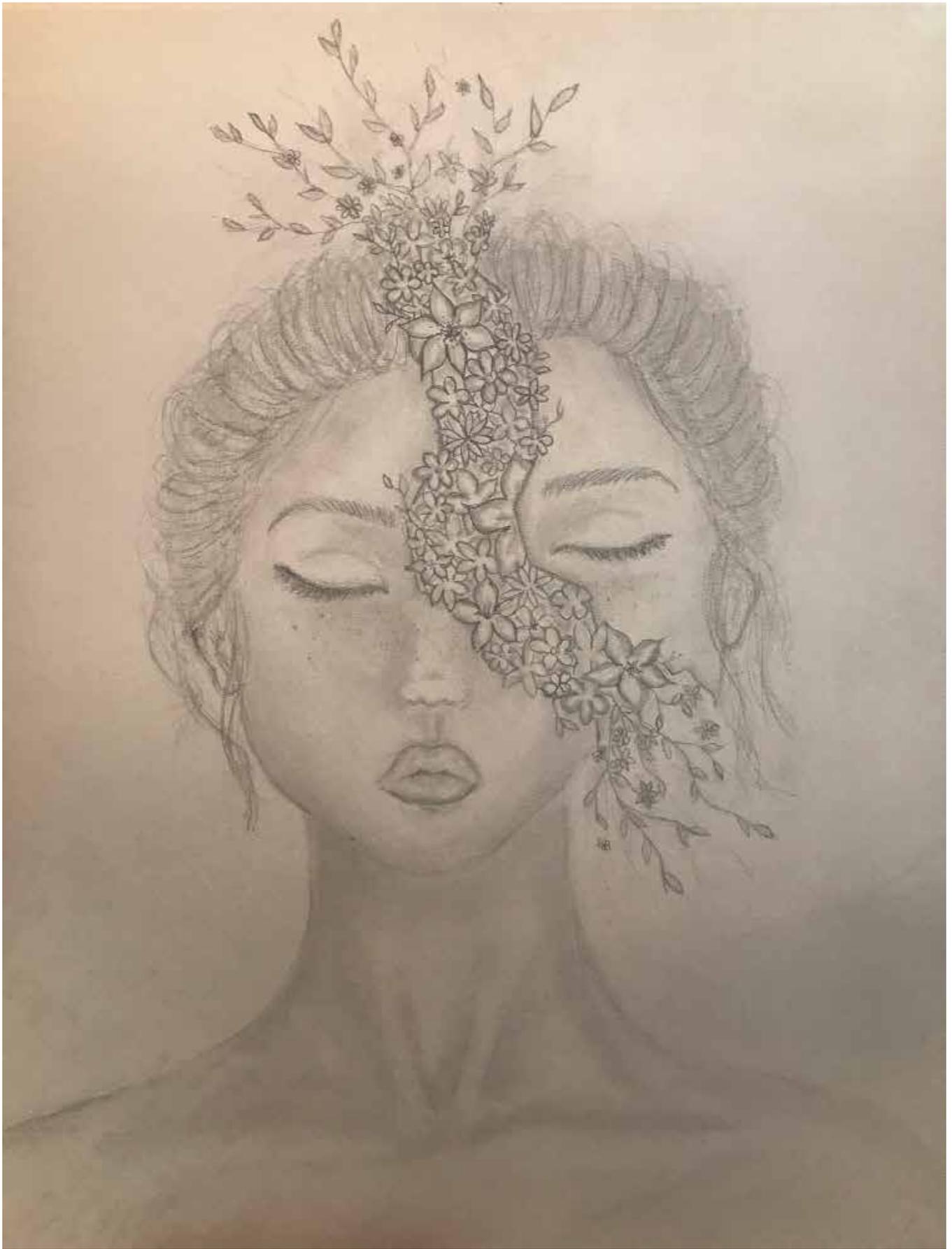
-Jessica Roznowski



Mountain View Meg Wiersema



Superstition **Max Wegner**



The Beauty Within **Isabella Verastegui**

Smartly Stupid and Stupidly Smart

The world profits from you being smart or stupid,
while proceeding to tell you that you are neither
They say don't let people look down on you because you are a kid
Then in school they say that one kid knows better than the other
But what is smart and what is stupid?
If you were put in a room with three year olds, would you not be smart?
If you were put in a room full of scholars, would you not be stupid?
What's the point of being smart if all you have to do is top a chart?
If your intelligence switches based on what room you're in.
If the law is judgement, but judgement is sin.
Shouldn't school and all my grades also be a sin?
How do I explain this logic, what should I tell my kin?
Did any of it truly matter? Did I deserve the A's I got?
Have I sold my soul to this idea that I am different?
There are students who are good at school and those who are not.
But school doesn't teach the wisdom of a grandparent
Some people are just "stupid" and some people are just "smart,"
But still others are smartly stupid and others are stupidly smart.

-Jenna Schutt



Undying Bloom **Benjamin Kramer**



Self Reflections **Kacie VanKalker**



'Merica **Gregory Leystra**

To Jenny Lawson, Whose Book Saved My Life

Dear Jenny Lawson,

Since second grade, I have wrestled with Generalized Anxiety Disorder. Then, in seventh grade, I was sexually assaulted. Because of that event, in tenth grade, I was diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder. By twelfth grade, I was prescribed antidepressants and going to therapy every week. My world morphed from a beautiful, breathtaking place to one I no longer wanted to live in; however, in the midst of my pain, your book, *Furiously Happy*, was recommended to me. I finished it in one day. Your stories of hope and humor through your battle with mental illness challenge me every day to find joy through my struggles and my pain.

One of my English teachers and I both struggle with mental illness. She and I stand beside each other, comforting each other in times of pain. She knew I was battling anxiety more than ever before during my sophomore year. I was unable to sit still in class, so I left the classroom often. I woke up before five in the morning most days, doubled over in pain, powerless. I missed school for weeks at a time. My teacher knew all these things, so she searched for a book that I could read while at home. She came across *Furiously Happy* in a list of books for people struggling with mental illness. After reading it herself, she handed it to me.

You caught my attention on page one.

I relate deeply to many of your vignettes; they show me that I am not alone. I am a part of an amazing bunch of people who carry burdens with them every day that no one can see. But you show me that there is value in my suffering. By hurting, I can empathize with others who are too. I can band together with people who are in pain and give them a glimpse of hope. Your writing teaches me to embrace the things that make me who I am—both the lovely and the flawed—and to use those things to seek joy in remarkable and peculiar ways. As your mother says, “Maybe ‘crazy’ isn’t so bad after all.” You teach me that, sometimes, crazy is just right.

You gave me valuable advice when I was sinking in an ocean of pain. Your surviving mental illness is a testament to your saying: “Because quitting might be easier, but it wouldn’t be better.” You teach me not to quit, even when it seems like the best way out.

You conclude with the most meaningful quote to me in the entire book: “We live in the negatives so often that we begin to understand that life when the sun shines should be lived full throttle, soaring. The invisible tether that binds normal people on their steady course doesn’t hold us in the same way. Sometimes we walk in sunlight with everyone else. Sometimes we live underwater and fight and grow. And sometimes...sometimes we fly.” *Furiously Happy* gave me my wings to soar.

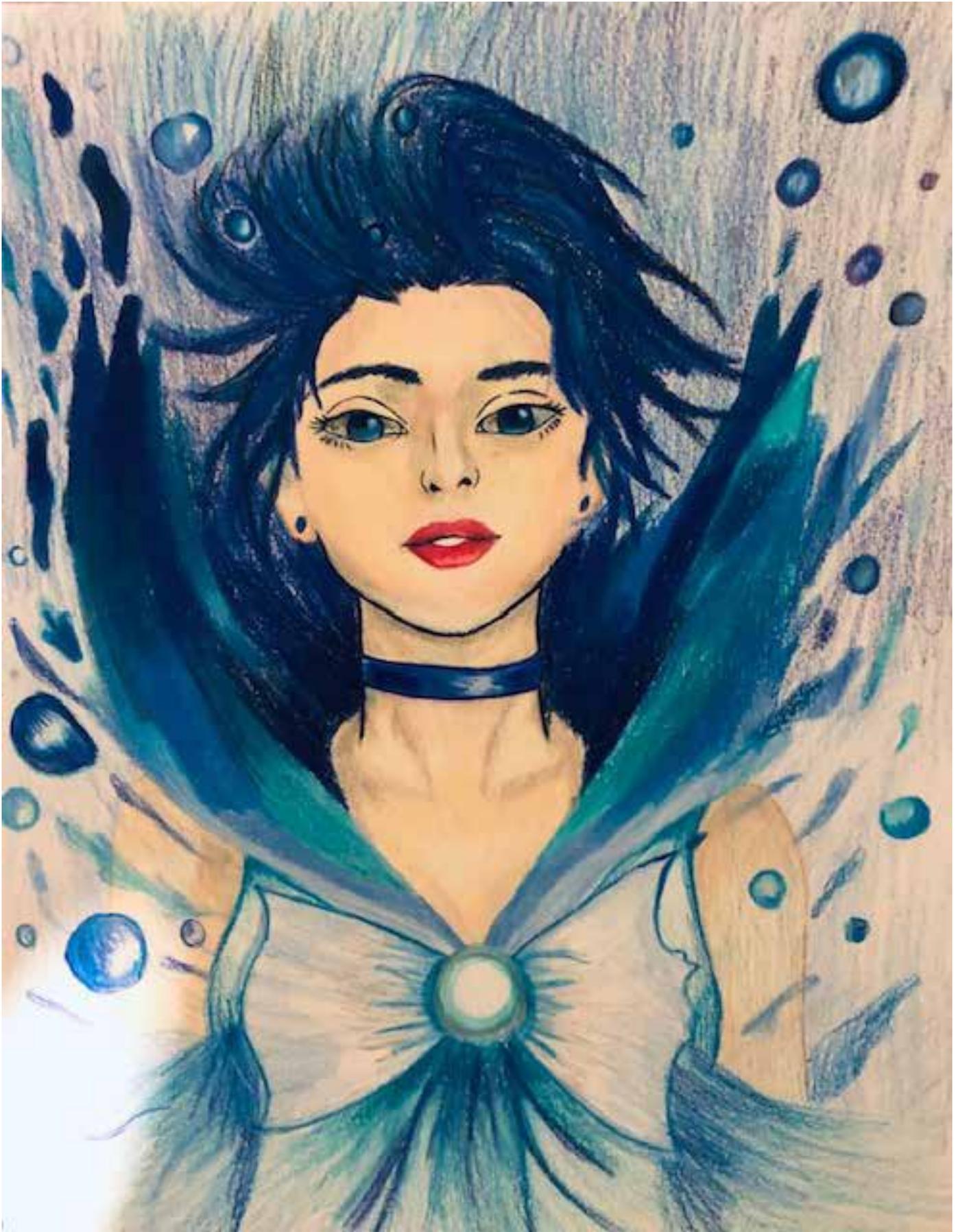
Your vulnerability in sharing every detail about your struggles with mental illness inspires me to share mine. You give me pride in my successes, both big and small. You prove to me that I am as much a survivor of my secret battles as one is who beat cancer. You help me to laugh at the crazy moments in my life rather than to be numb to them. Your words spoke directly to me when I needed to hear them most.

Because of *Furiously Happy*, I am challenged to seek out joy in my life, even through the horrendous moments. Thank you for teaching me that I am not alone in my struggles and that crazy makes me who I am. Normal is boring, anyways.

Sincerely,
Taylor Benes



Dew on Grass **Benjamin Kramer**



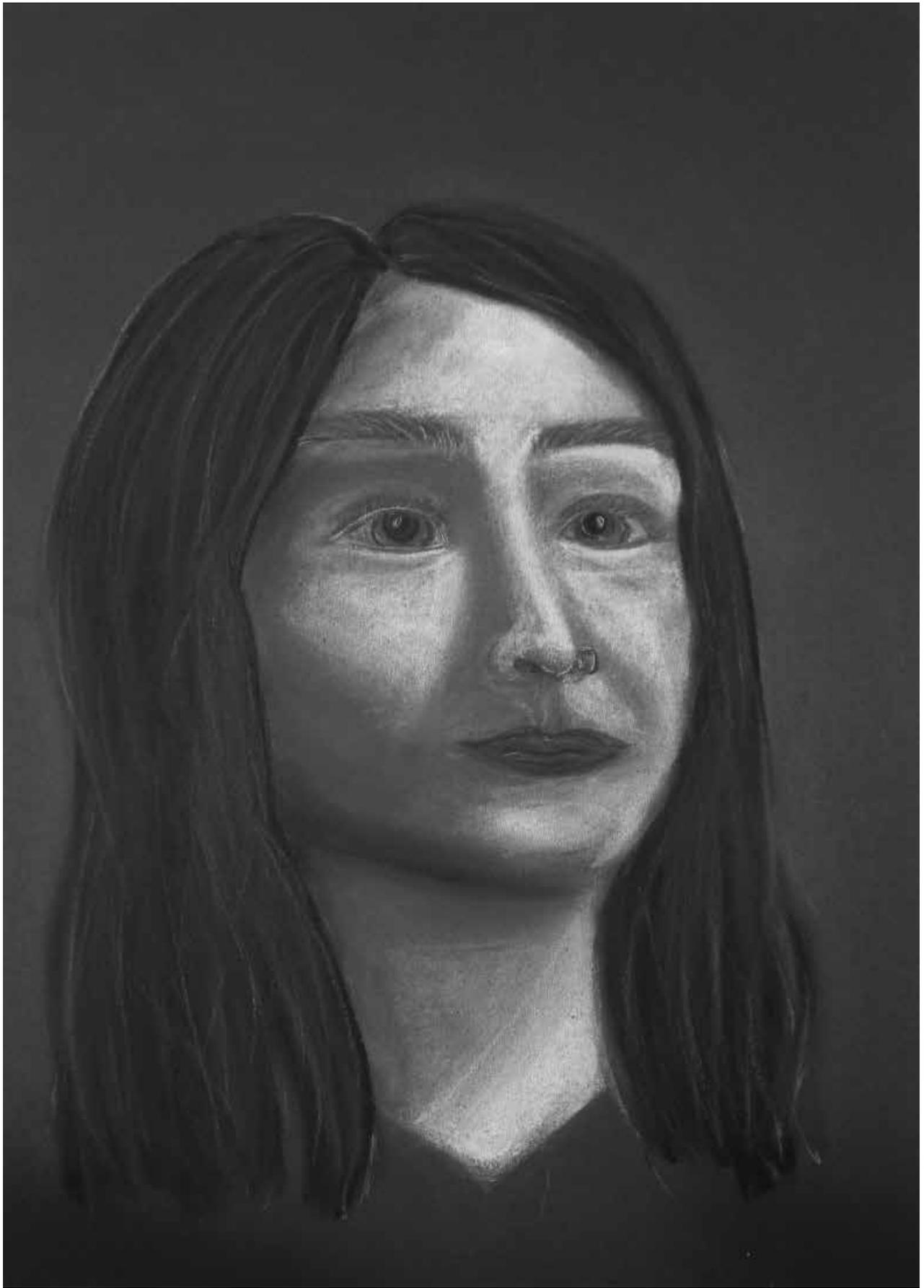
Head Above Water **Jessica Roznowski**



Slab Pot **Kylie Martin**



Wet Pink Flower **Lucas Polmen**



Tierza **Isabella Verastegui**

To Boy at Point B

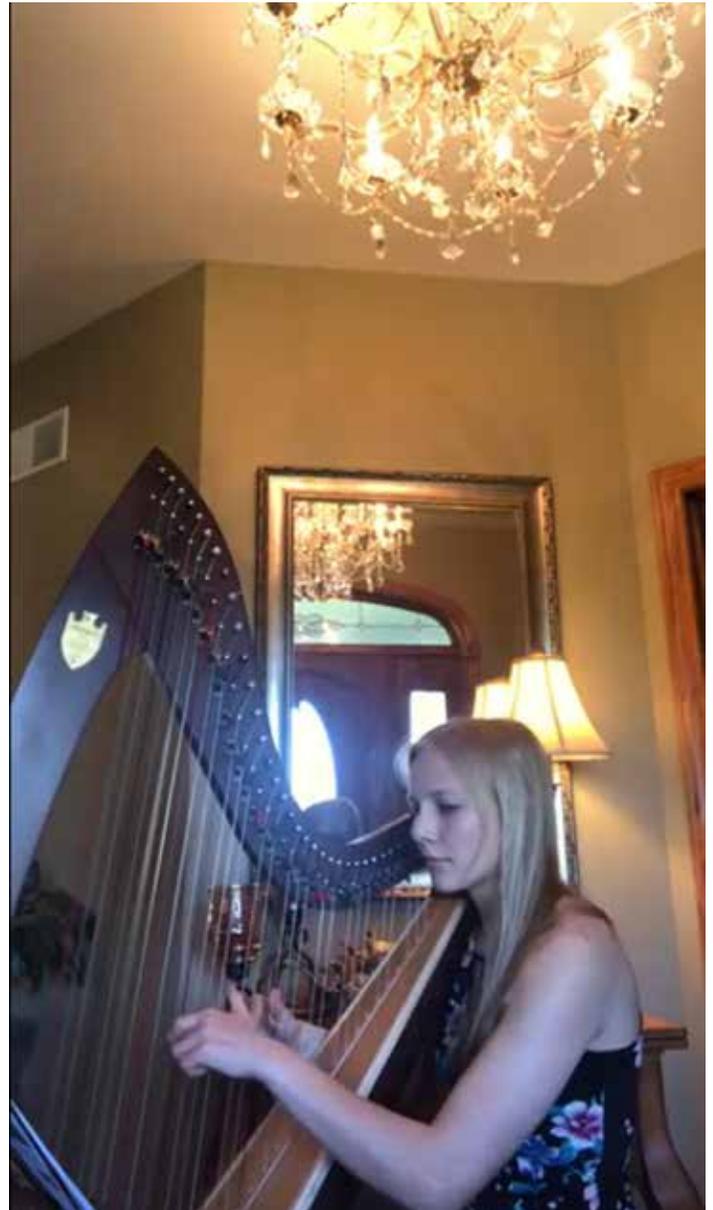
A laugh tangled in the breeze
Tears evaporated to join the rain
Sighs sinking with the dense fog--
Her love letters lost in the atmosphere

By day she gives her smile to the sun
To shine down on him
By night the moon carries her happiness
To deliver its soft glow
Every star twinkles her heart's secret messages
Blinks and blips, dots and dashes,
No human can translate
Only heart can comprehend

Letters from Girl at Point A
To Boy at Point B

Inspired from the ache
Of the distance between

-Olivia DeYoung



My Cup Runneth Over **Christine DeYoung**
Composers: Tom Jones & Harvey Schmidt



Spring Garden **Meg Wiersema**



Corner of Life **Katherine VanDrunen**



Vision **Rachel Bosman**



Breathe **Wendy Teune**



Sunset Lover **Damaris Dumont**



Sparkster **Thijs vanBelle**



Bags & Fabric **Brooke Noble**



Dot Adele **Kevin Truong**



Gypsy Lorelee DeYoung



In the Forest **Jessica DeBoer**



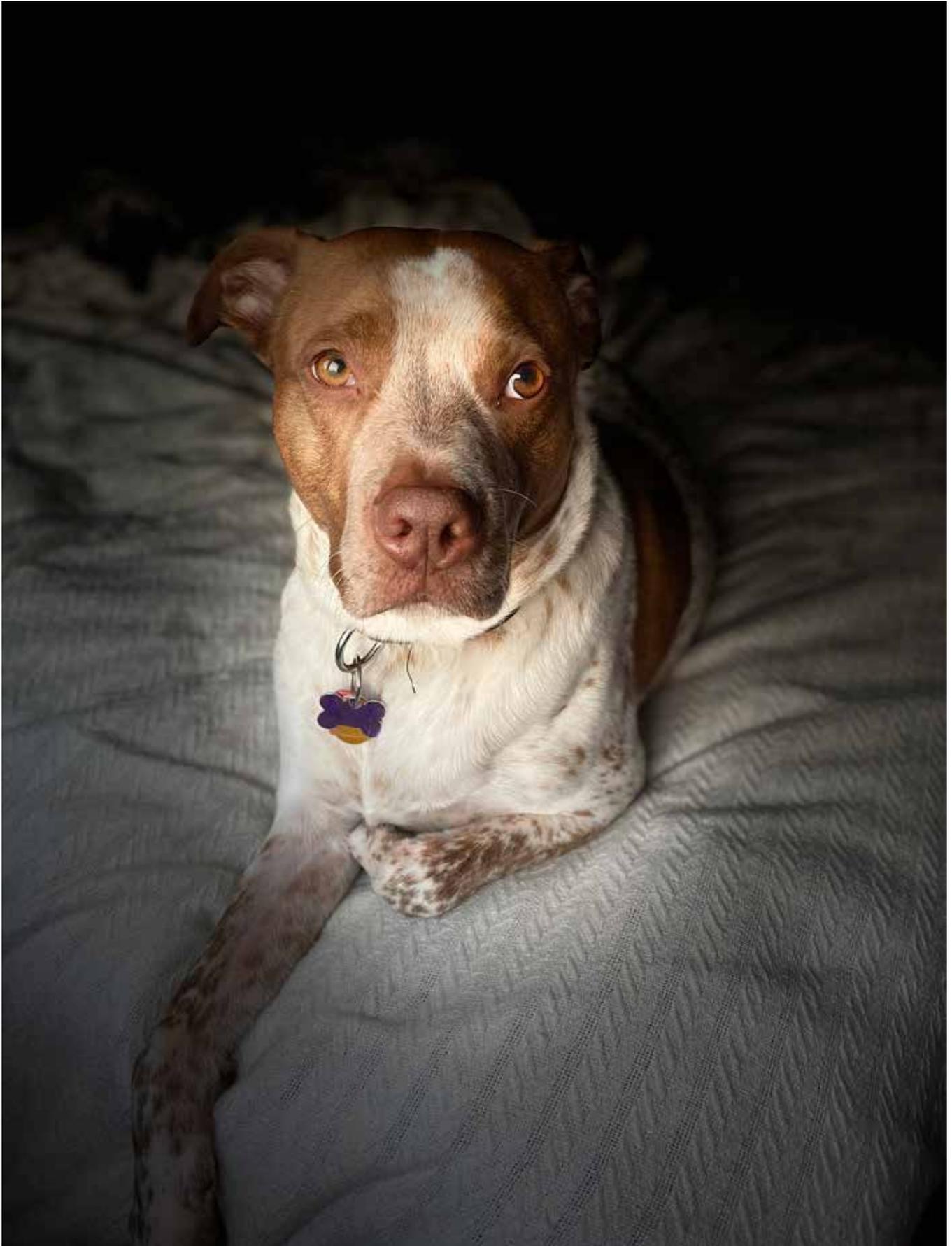
Glare **Jessica DeBoer**



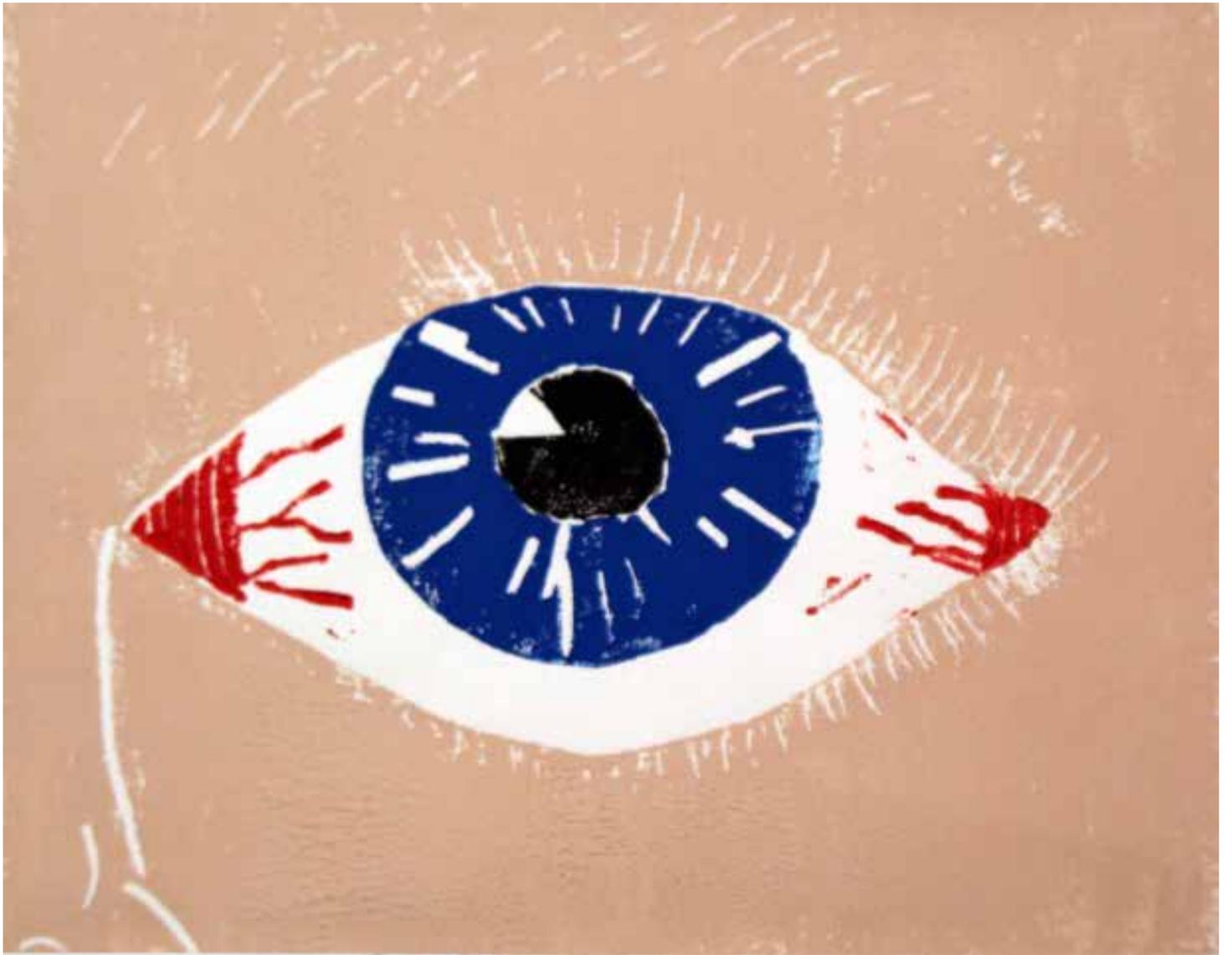
Pinch Pot **Tyler Raniey**



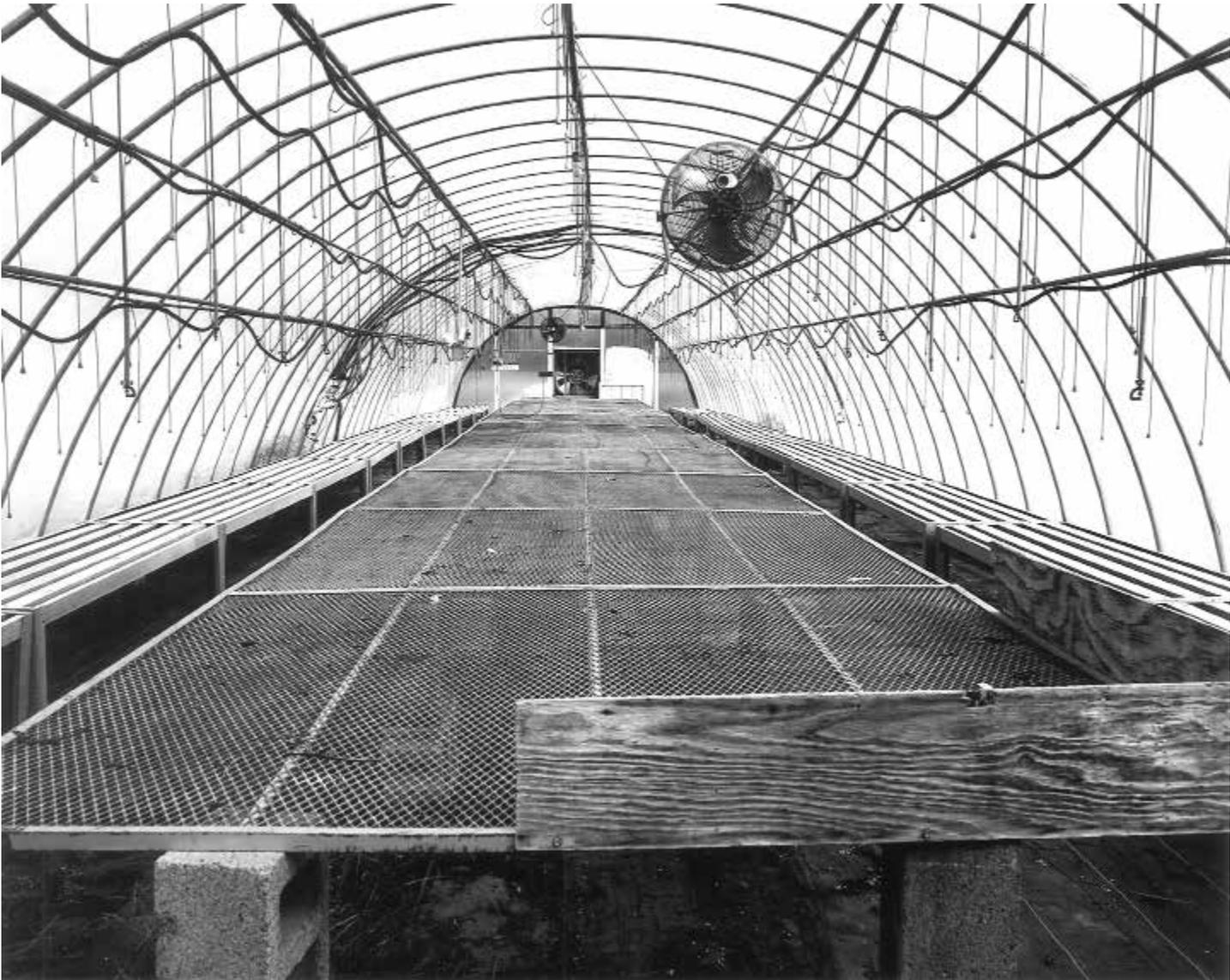
Sunburst **Hannah Sliemers**



Wakefulness **Wendy Teune**



Eye See You **Matthew VanEssen**



End of the Tunnel **Katherine VanDrunen**



Fruit Isabella Verastegui



Windmill Kacie VanKalker



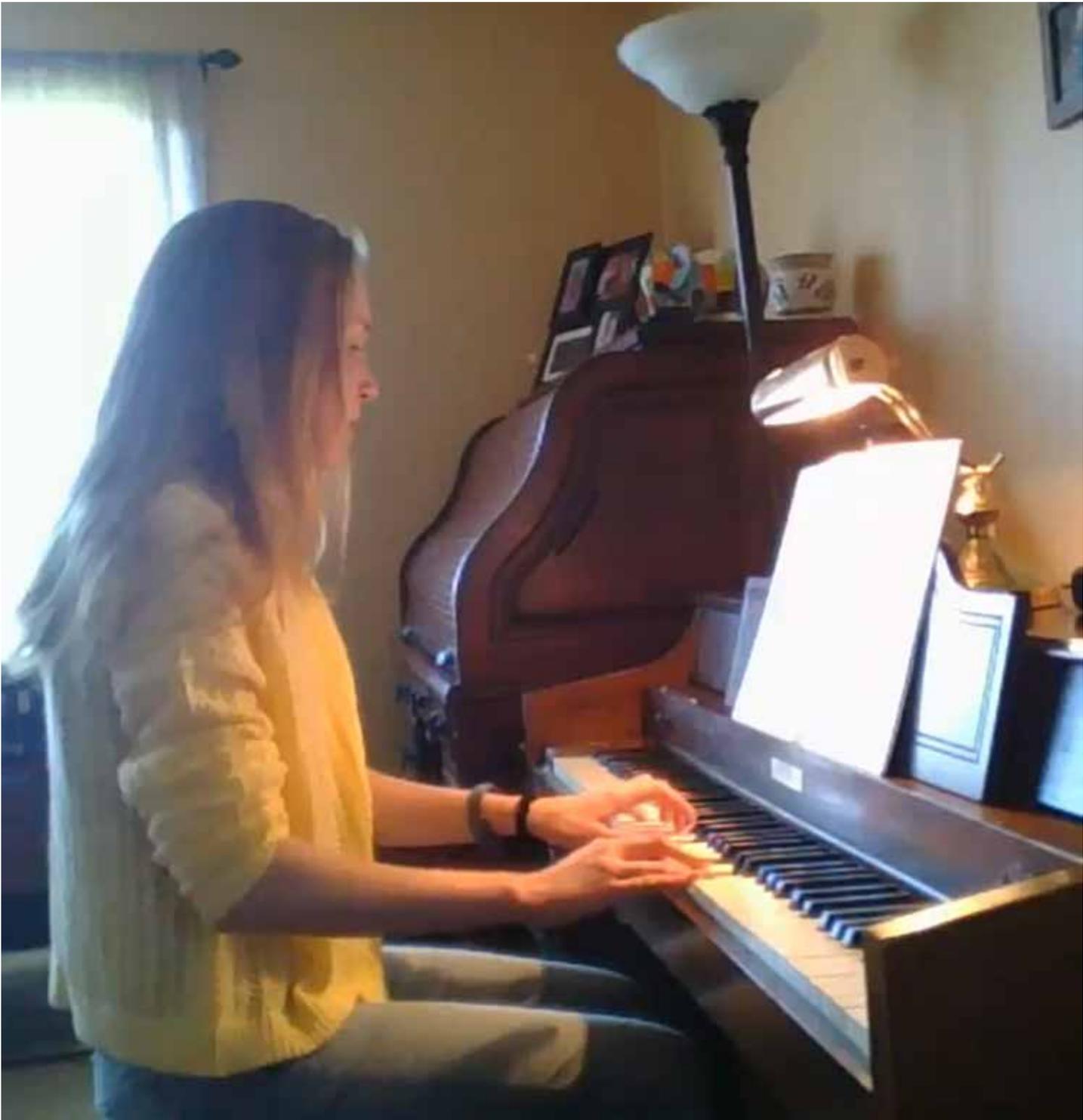
Banned Taylor Benes



Pinch Pot **Luke VanEssen**



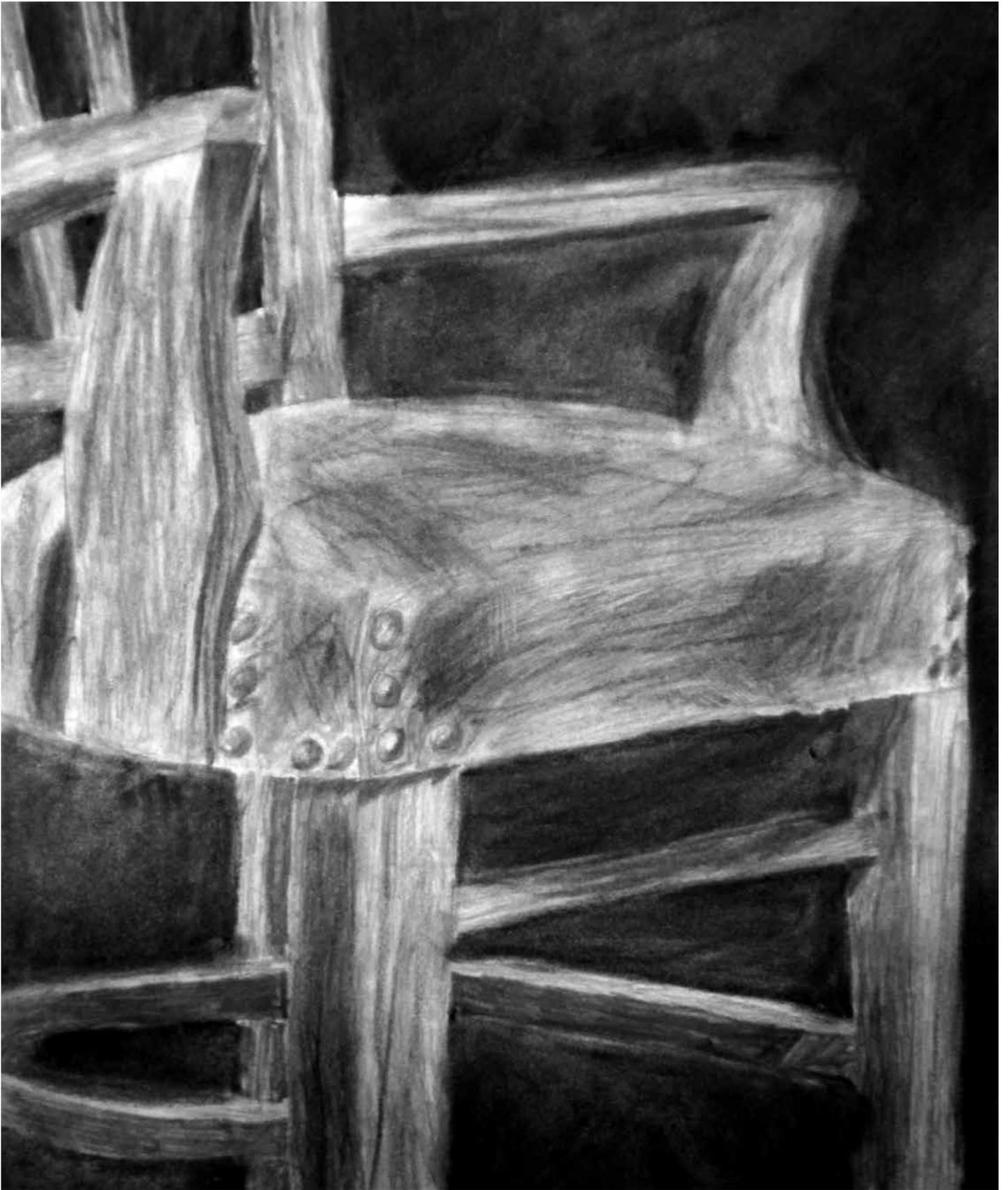
Forest Road **Jillian Hoeksema**



Fandango **Ellie Kamhuis**
Composer: Enrique Granados



Daydreaming **Wendy Teune**

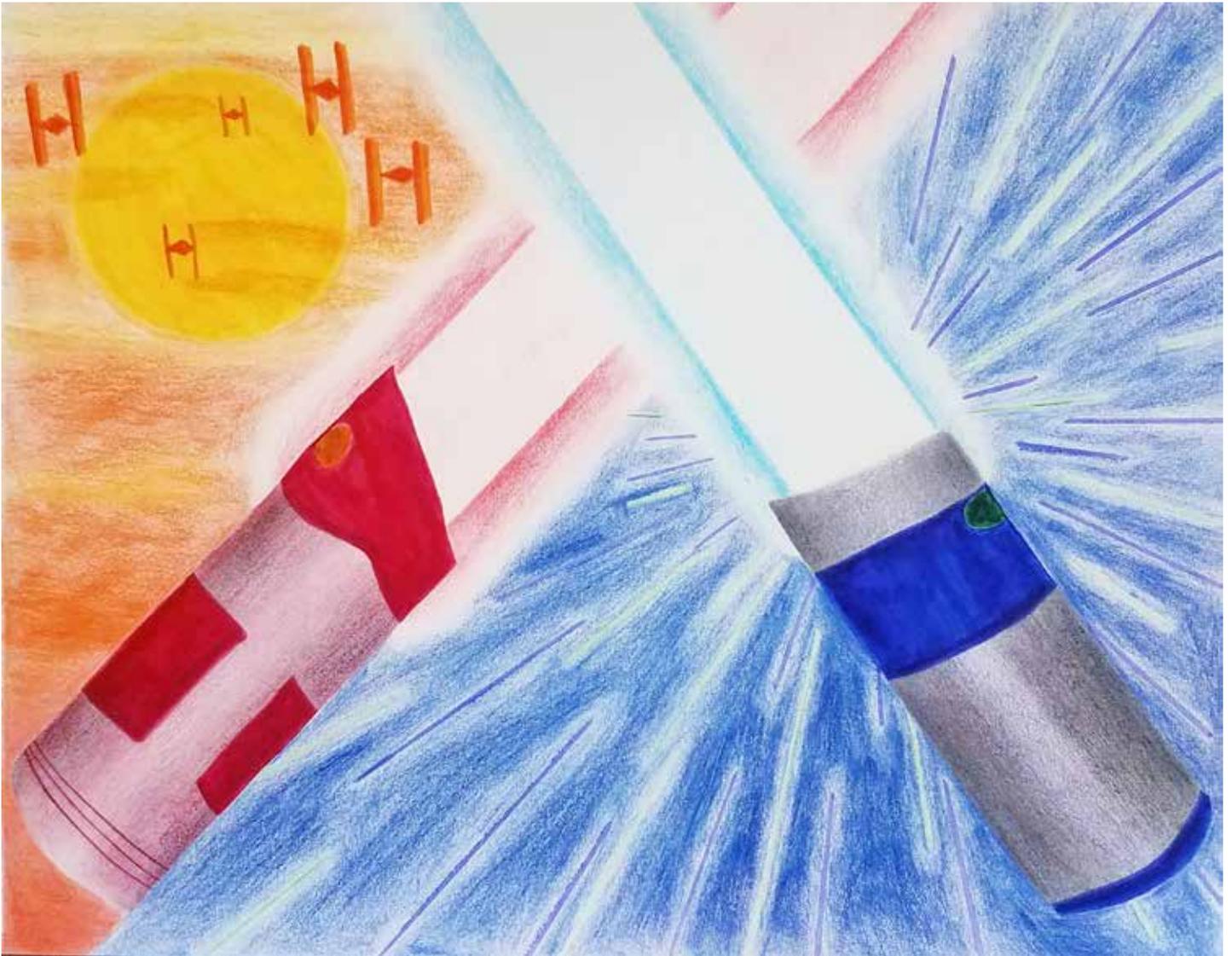


Chair Mia VanProoyen

Russell

It's been so long,
But I'd like to see you again.
I try to stay strong,
But I feel like I can't move
Hearing your name gives me chills down my spine
But not hearing it at all reminds of all the time
That I haven't seen you
Or held your hand,
Cried in every picture,
even when I was glad.
It's hard and I know,
I'll move on.
I can hear myself say
"I don't want to, I don't want to"
To think I wasn't all over you,
Now I want to
And Russ, it is the truth.
I didn't want to
Cry every time I saw you
Now I want to
I want to love you
Taken too early,
I can feel the pain,
Not sure how,
But I'll be the same,
With some pain I finally rise
To see the sun that I thought died.

-Makayla Hoeksema



The Light and the Dark **Ellie Kamphuis**



Don't Rain on My Parade **Kevin Truong**



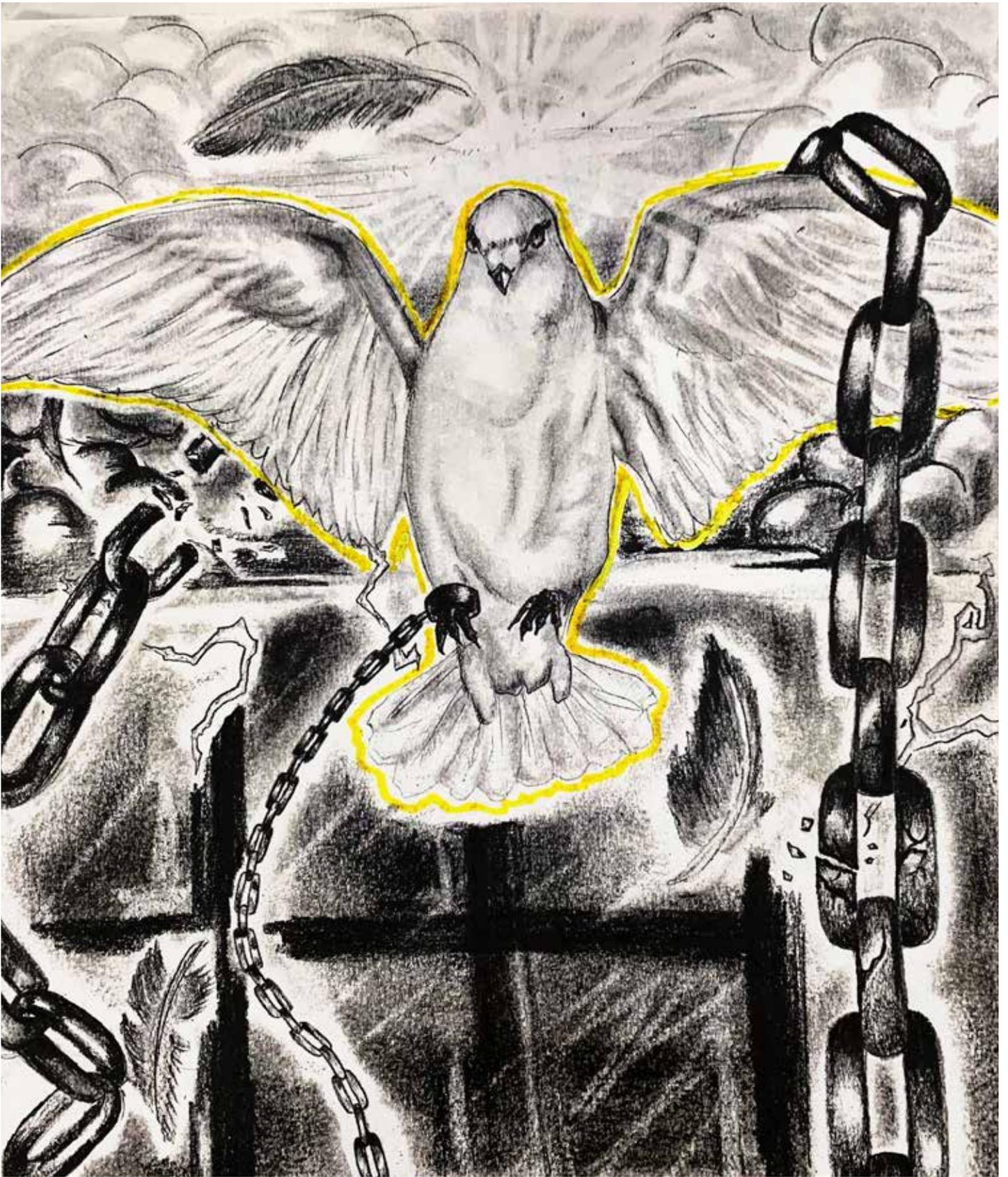
Lost Stream **Makayla Hoeksema**



Slipping Away Wendy Teune



Untitled I Kristine Neumeyer



Defying Gravity Kevin Truong



Josh **Brooke Noble**

SPECKLED
MOUSEBIRD



SINGING
LARK



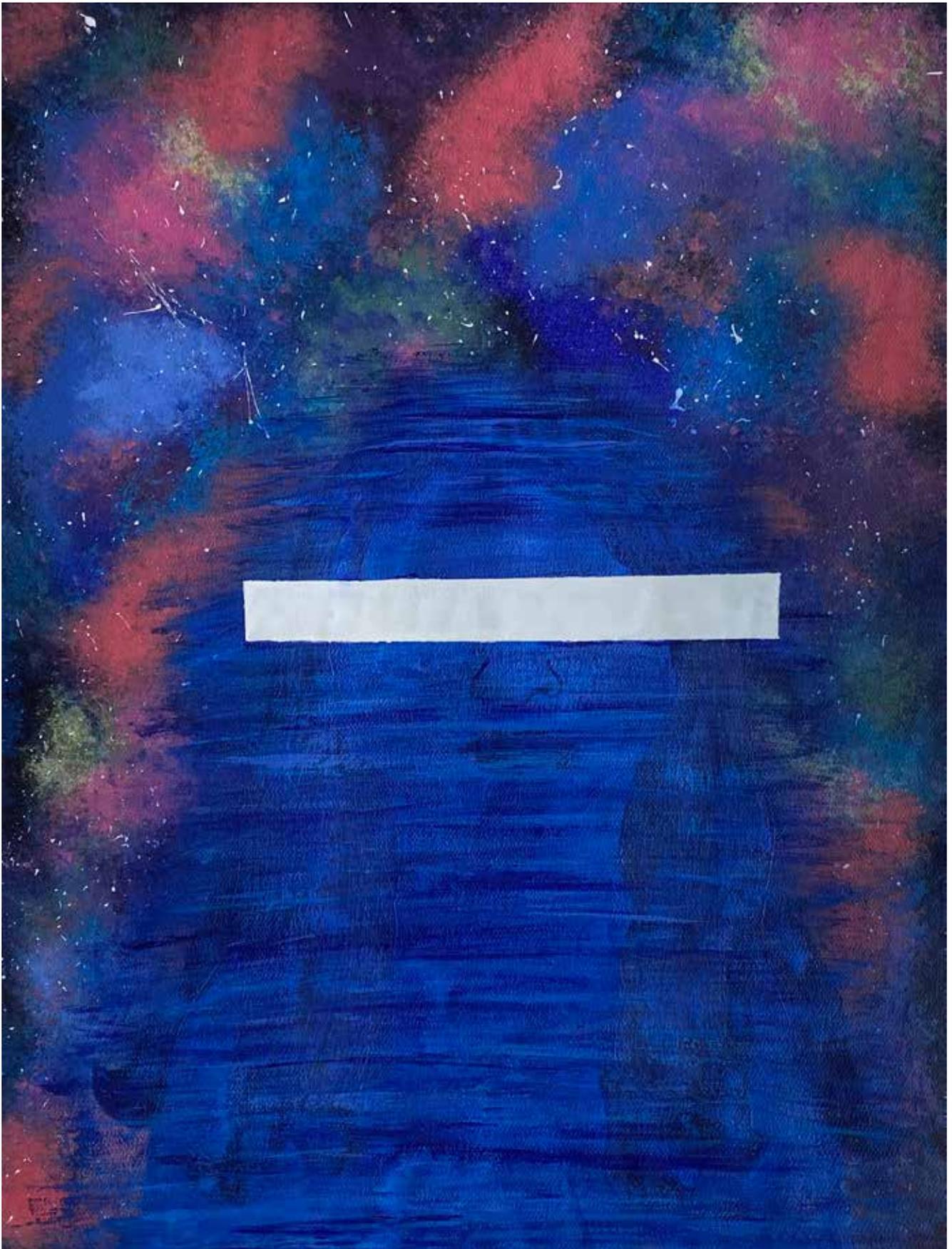
GREAT
HORNED
OWL



Birds of a Feather **Loralee DeYoung**



Stripes **Matthew Huizenga**



Invisible **Wendy Teune**



Spring **Jillian Hoeksema**



Quarantine Makayla Hoeksema



Barn **Matthew Huizenga**



I found something Shiny **Matthew Huizenga**



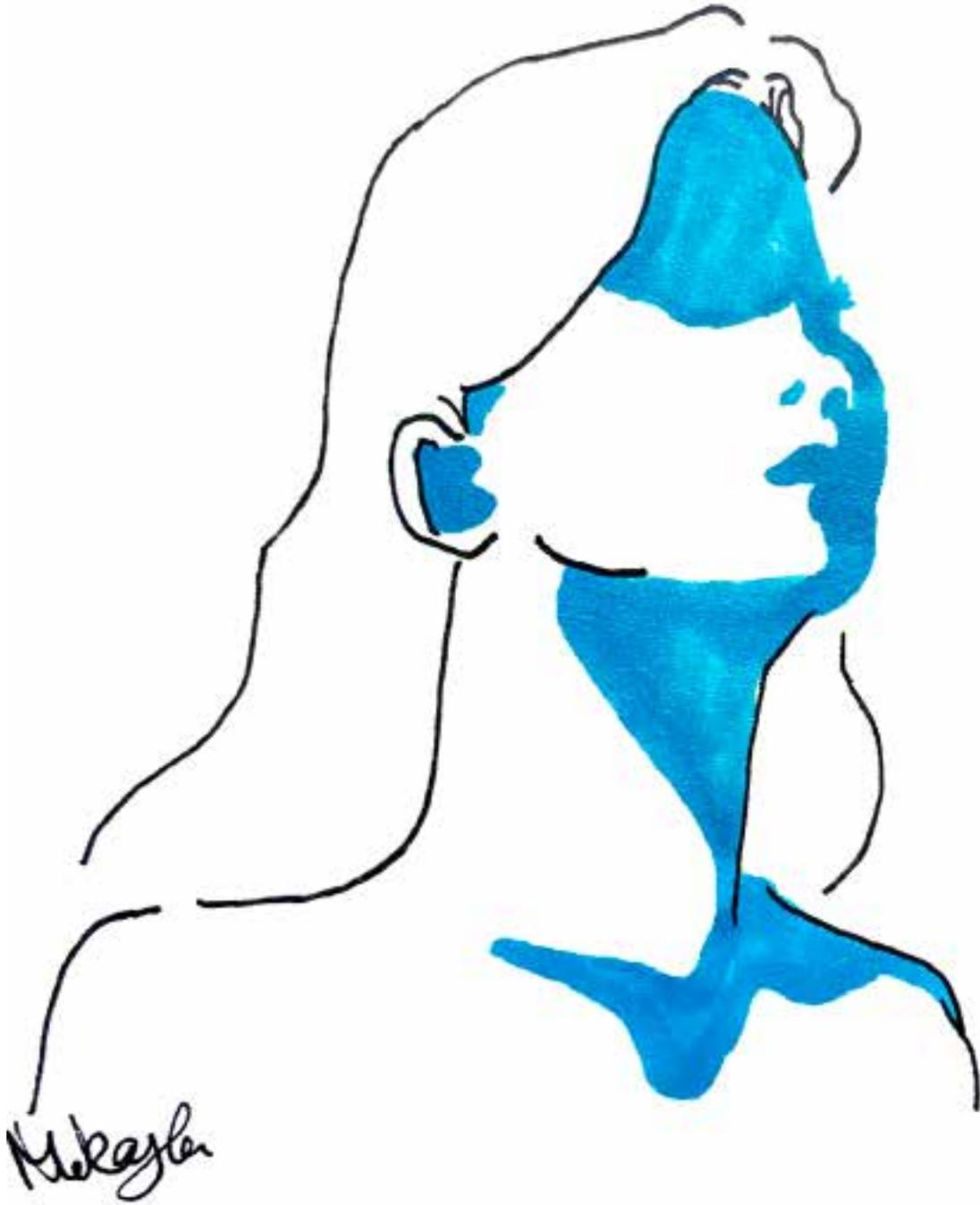
The Crested Goddess and her Traducing Followers **Gabby Albanese**



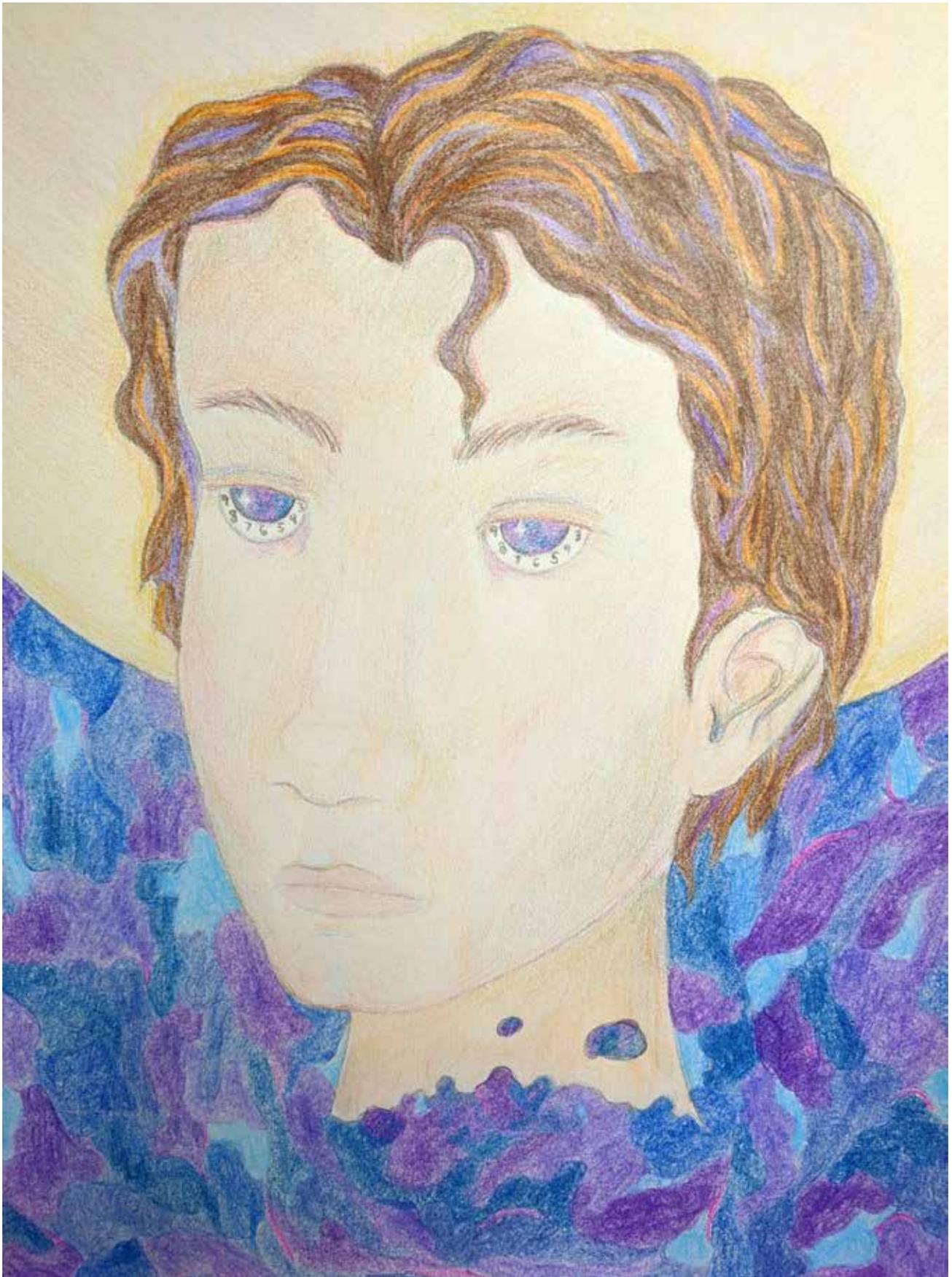
Chicago Theater **Makayla Hoeksema**



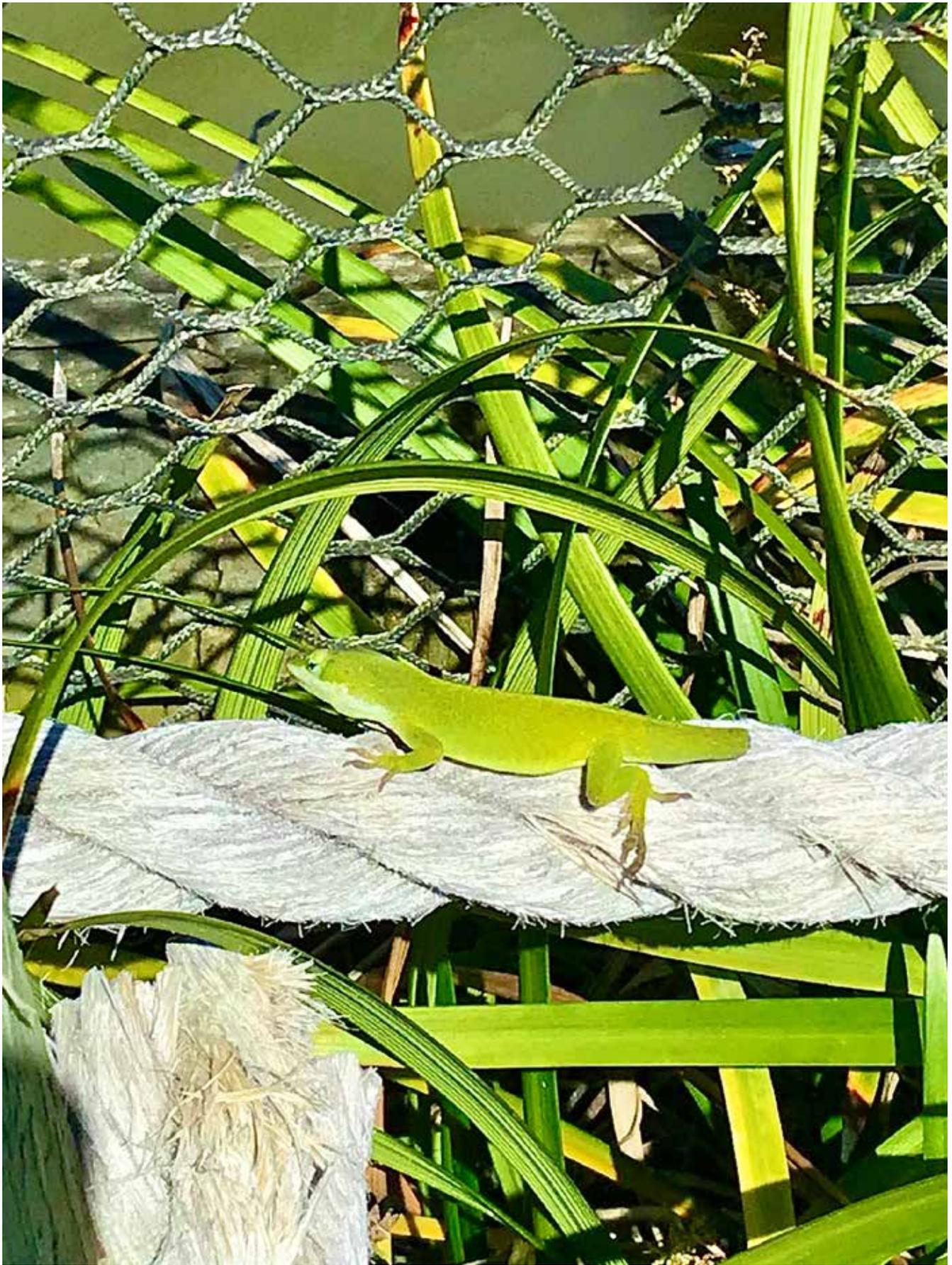
Vigor Kevin Truong



Sunlight Woman **Makayla Hoeksema**



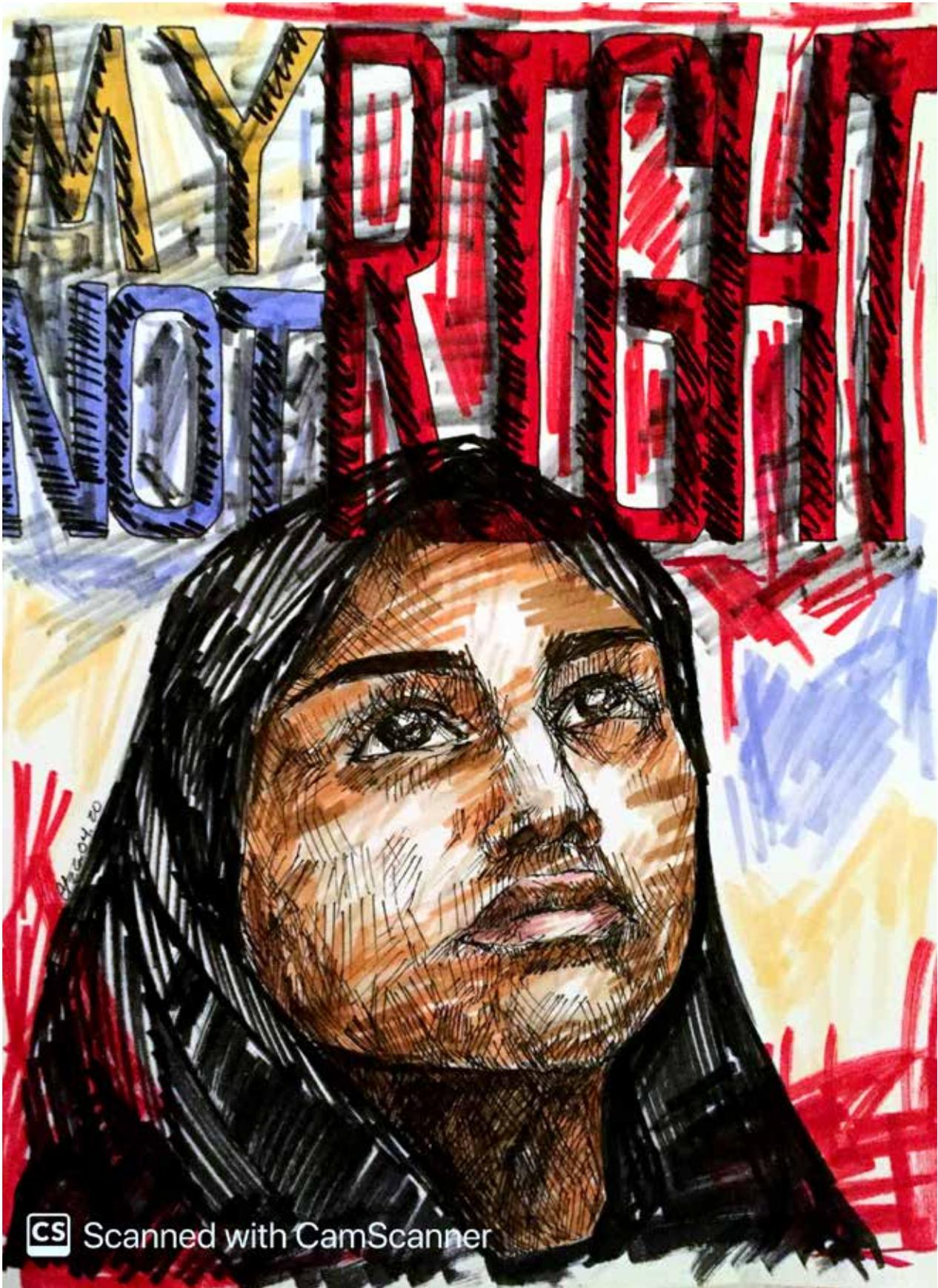
Creature of Time **Madeline Zandstra**



Survivor Wendy Teune



Holy Cow **Thijs vanBelle**



CS Scanned with CamScanner

What's Right Gabby Albanese



Learning to Fly Wendy Teune



Concerto No. 2 in G Major, Op. 13, 3rd Mvt. **Christine DeYoung**
Composer: Friedrich Seitz



Innocent Love **Jessica DeBoer**



Bunny **Loralee DeYoung**

The New R-Word We Should Use When Talking About Disability

My father is a school counselor at Alan B. Shepard High School in Palos Heights, Illinois and primarily works with the students in Shepard's expansive special education program. He could share countless stories of words and actions that have damaged these students' confidence, but what hurts them the most? The overwhelming answer is the use of the word "retarded."

"Retard" has transitioned from a genuine term in medical contexts 40 years ago to one with only negative connotations today. Indeed, the only way it gets used today is as an insult. For this reason, it is now widely considered degrading even if used in its original context. But beyond just a word, ignorant assumptions also hurt these individuals.

A junior at Shepard with cerebral palsy said, "Just because I am in a wheelchair and can't walk like everyone else, people make fun of me and call me names. I'm in 2 honors classes; let's talk about that instead."

"I really hate people who judge and don't even know me," said a sophomore with ADHD and anxiety. "My brain works a little differently and I learn differently. What I have is not that unique. I shouldn't be thought of as different, let alone called something different and rude."

A special education teacher for the last 12 years, when asked about the use of the R-word, added, "Oh, that word makes me cringe. Some people really show their level of education and maturity when they use words like that."

"That really aggravates me," one of Shepard's school psychologists, said. "Goes to show that there are still so many people out there that are uneducated about what special education is and can be."

Special Olympics, a global inclusion movement using sports, health, education, and leadership programs to end discrimination against and empower people with intellectual disabilities, and Best Buddies, an organization dedicated to creating opportunities for one-to-one friendships, integrated employment, and leadership development for people with intellectual and developmental disabilities, continue to "Spread the Word to End the Word" in the 11th year of their campaign against the R-word.

The push to cleanse the R-word from conversation began to pick up speed in 2009, when two Special Olympics interns decided to focus on the word. They engaged student leaders on college campuses to launch a day of action around pledge drives to stop using the word. The national awareness day to "Spread the Word to End the Word" takes place on March 4.

Around the world, exclusion and discrimination continue to divide people with and without intellectual and developmental disabilities. Instead of using the R-word as an insult, why don't we celebrate our differences and replace it with a different R-word: respect.

We must be advocates for the use of language that respects the dignity of people with mental and physical disabilities because they deserve as much respect as anyone else. Individuals with intellectual and developmental dis-

abilities deserve to enjoy life without demeaning language that suggests these people are "less than human." Many people who use the R-word to describe a person with special needs are simply unaware of how hurtful it can be.

As stated on Spread the Word's website, "In 2019, Spread the Word to End the Word became Spread the Word, with a focus not just on the elimination of a word but on the creation of a new reality: inclusion for all people with intellectual and developmental disabilities." We need to take action and challenge each other to be inclusive for all, and that can start with eliminating the R-word from our vocabulary.

Ellen Seidman, whose son Max has cerebral palsy, said, "It starts with thinking about a word, but I want it to translate into the way people treat others with disabilities. It's about helping to see people with cognitive impairments as great people, as competent people, as people who can contribute in so many ways to our society." We must think about the weight of the R-word, as well as how we treat individuals with intellectual and physical disabilities.

Organizations like Special Olympics and Best Buddies need our help to change the conversation and to promote the new R-word: respect.

These conversations can't begin on their own.

They start with us.

-Taylor Benes



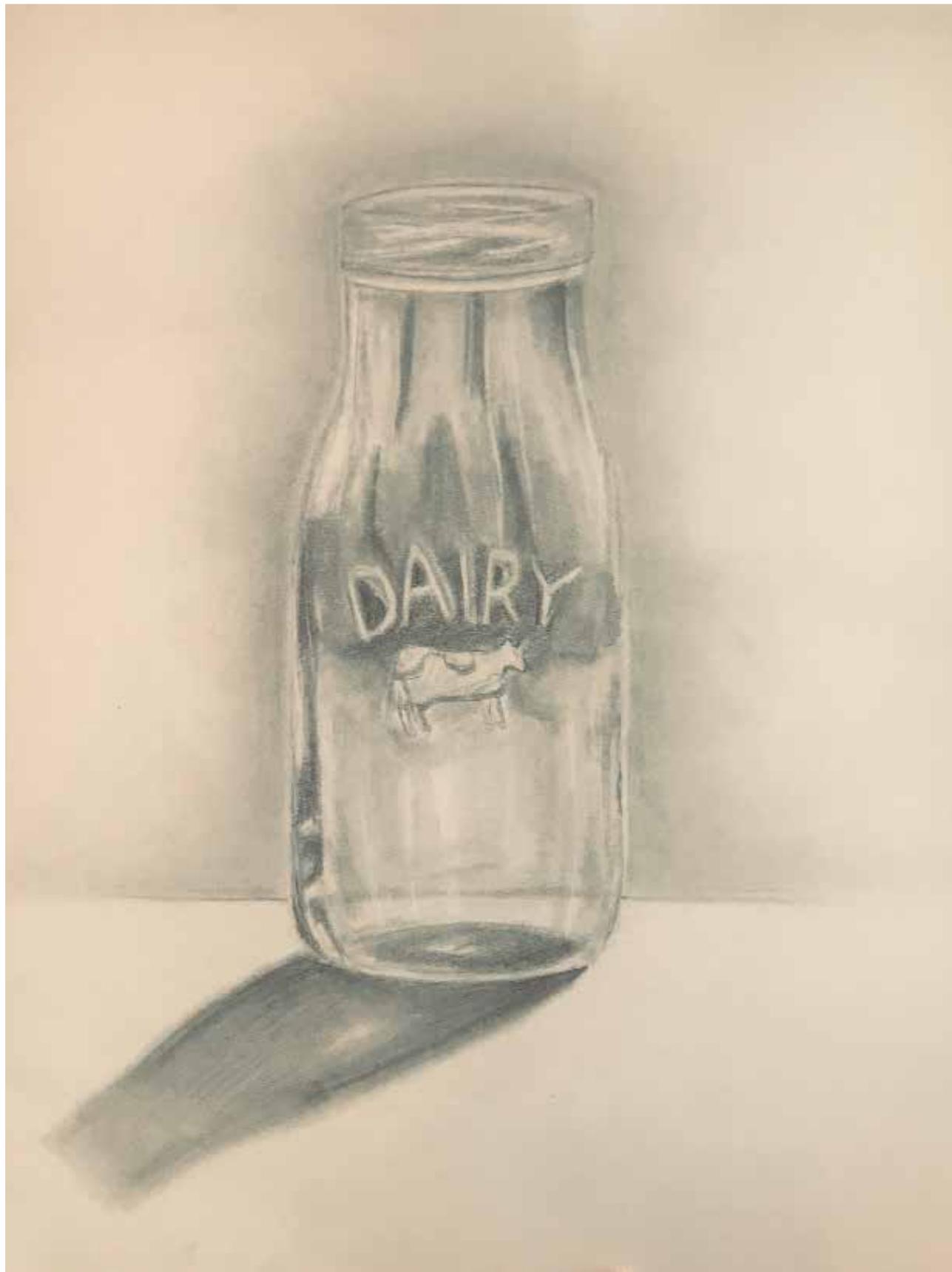
Goodbye **Matthew Huizenga**



River Flows in You **Alyssa Kramer**
Composer: Yiruma



Fall on the Boardwalk **Katherine VanDrunen**



Got Milk? **Isabella Verastegui**



The Ditch **Matthew Huizenga**



Self Portrait, Age 16 **Makayla Hoeksema**



Mango Maizie **Gabby Albanese**



Lakefront Makayla Hoeksema



Scanne

Frequents for the Forest **Gabby Albanese**



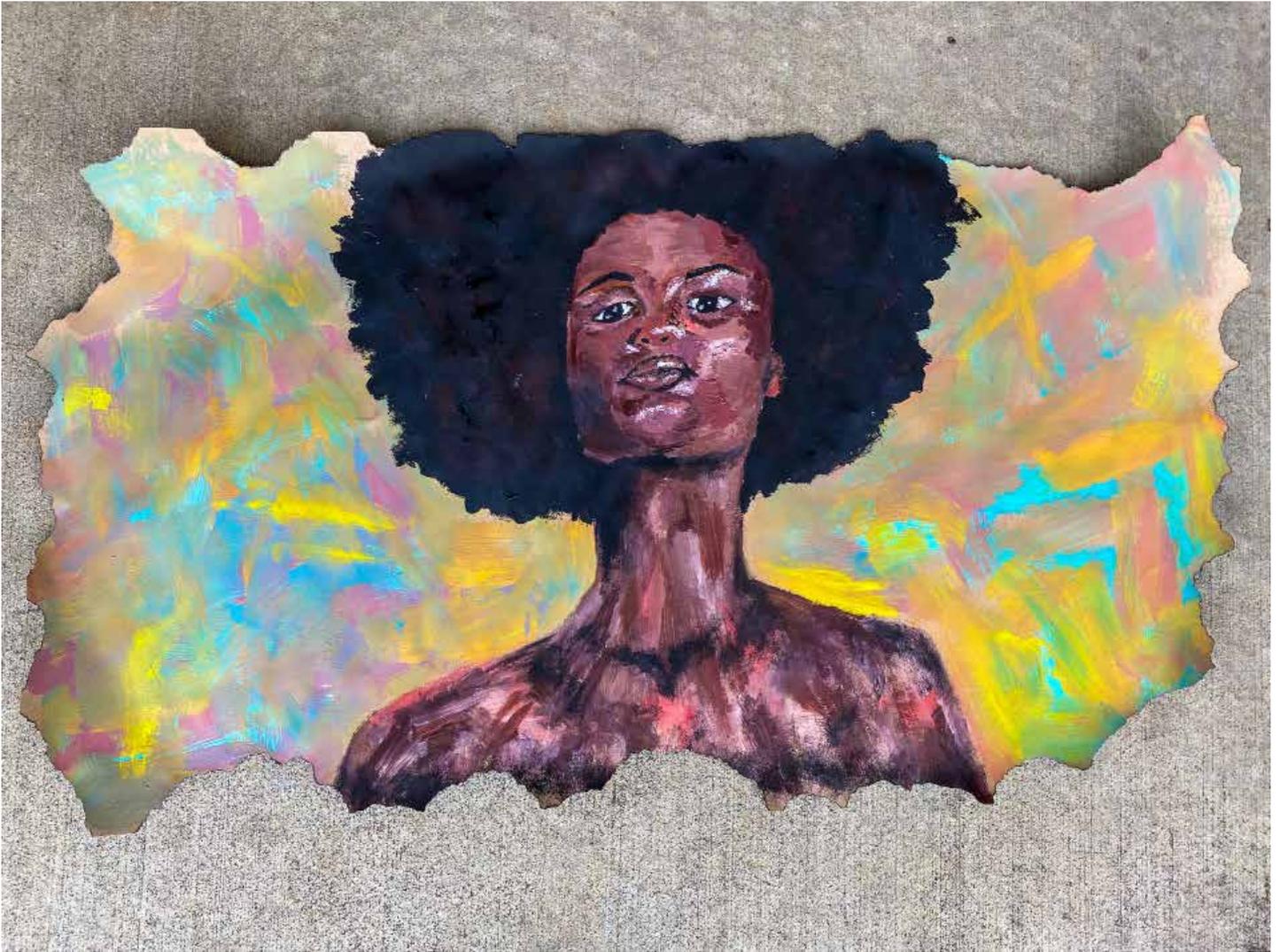
Rainbow **Wendy Teune**



Dr. Suess Flowers **Matthew Huizenga**



Home Sydney DeVries
Accompanist: Mrs. Kathy Sliemers



Born Taylor Benes



Spanish Rhapsody Alyssa Kramer
Composer: Franz Liszt



Ode to Quarantine **Gabby Albanese**



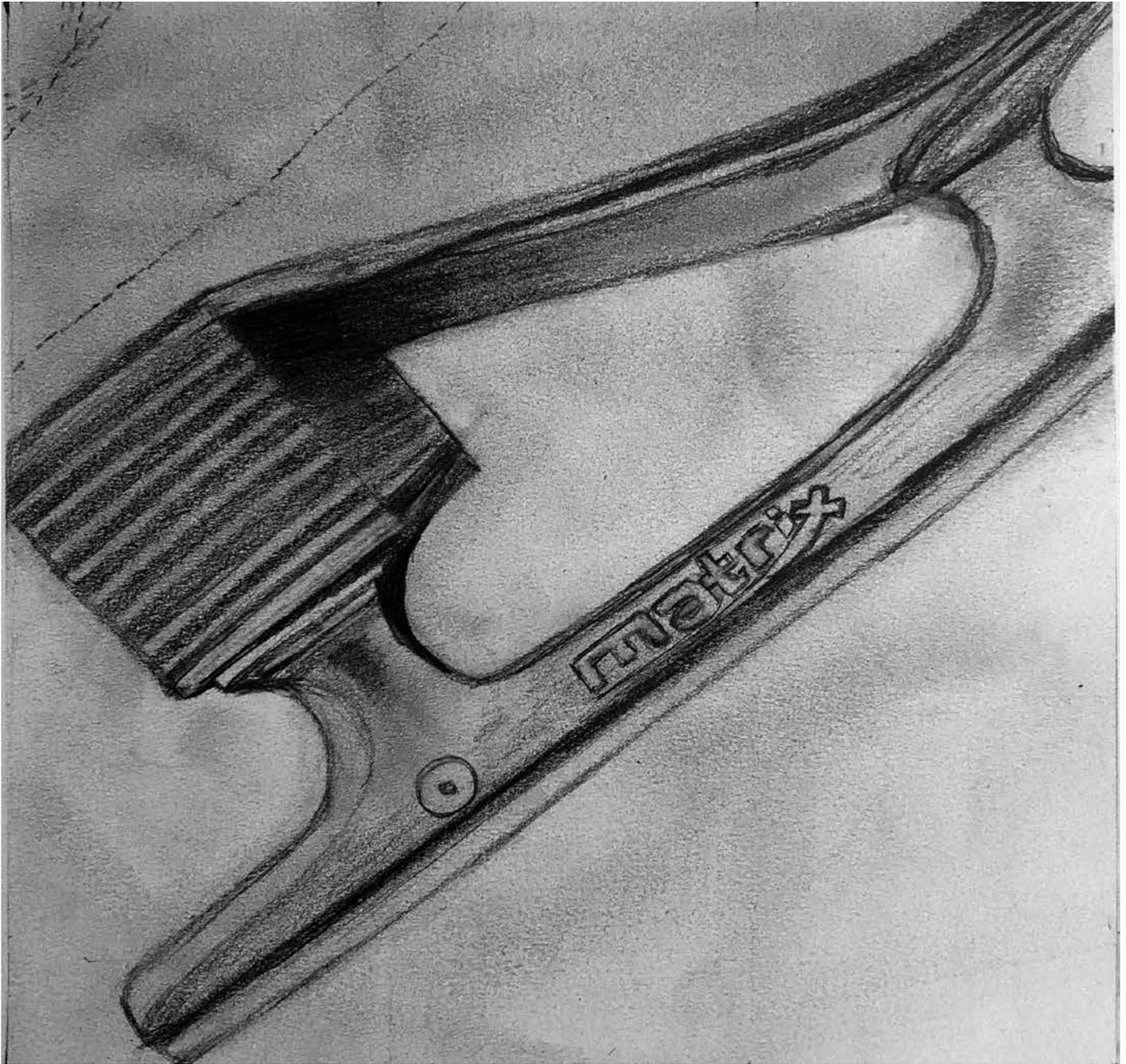
I Could Dot This All Day **Matthew Huizenga**



Budding Maple **Matthew Huizenga**



Safe Haven **Wendy Teune**



Untitled II **Kristine Neumeyer**



Night Terror **Makayla Hoeksema**



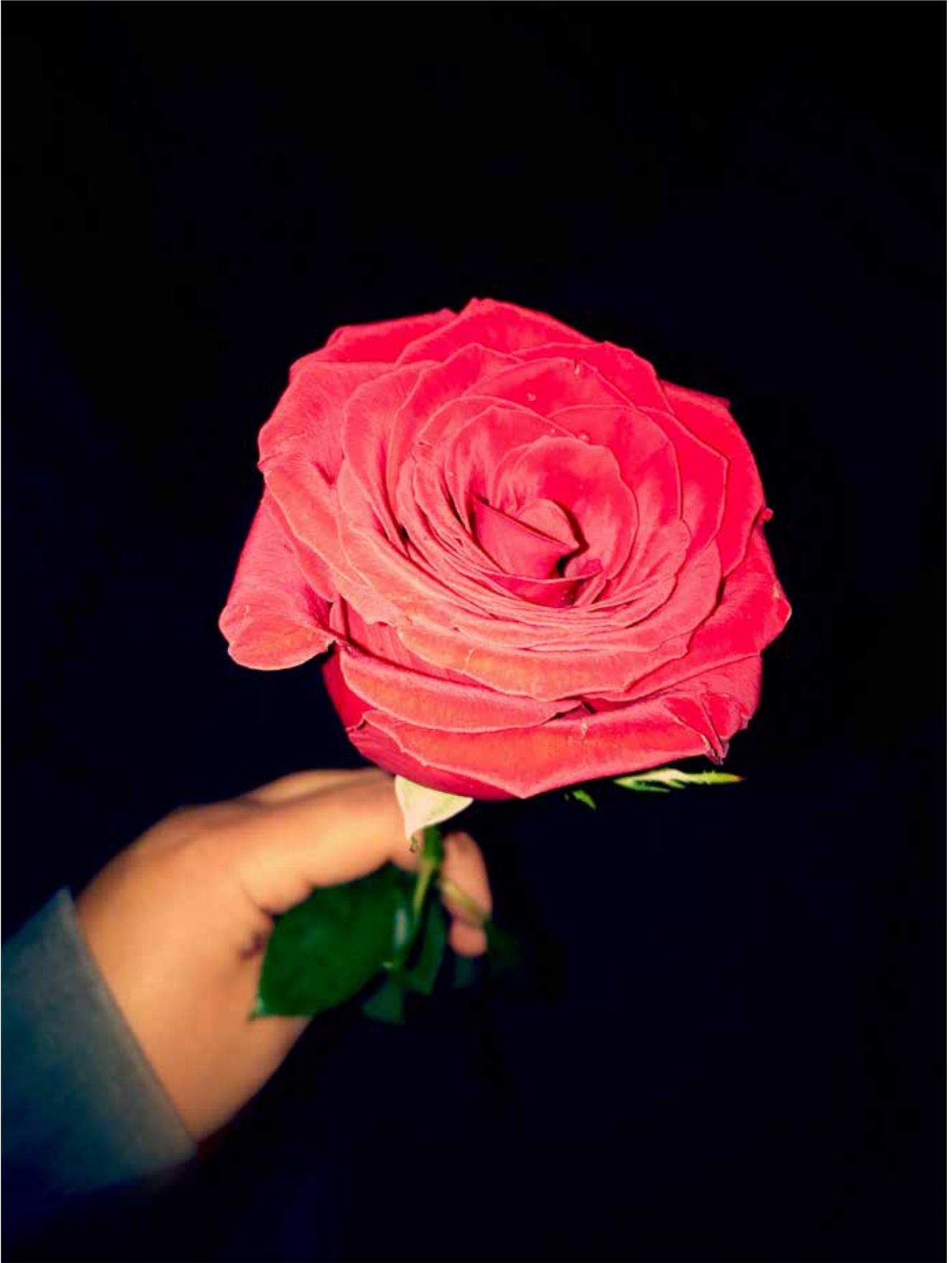
Half n half **Thijs vanBelle**



Drown Taylor Benes



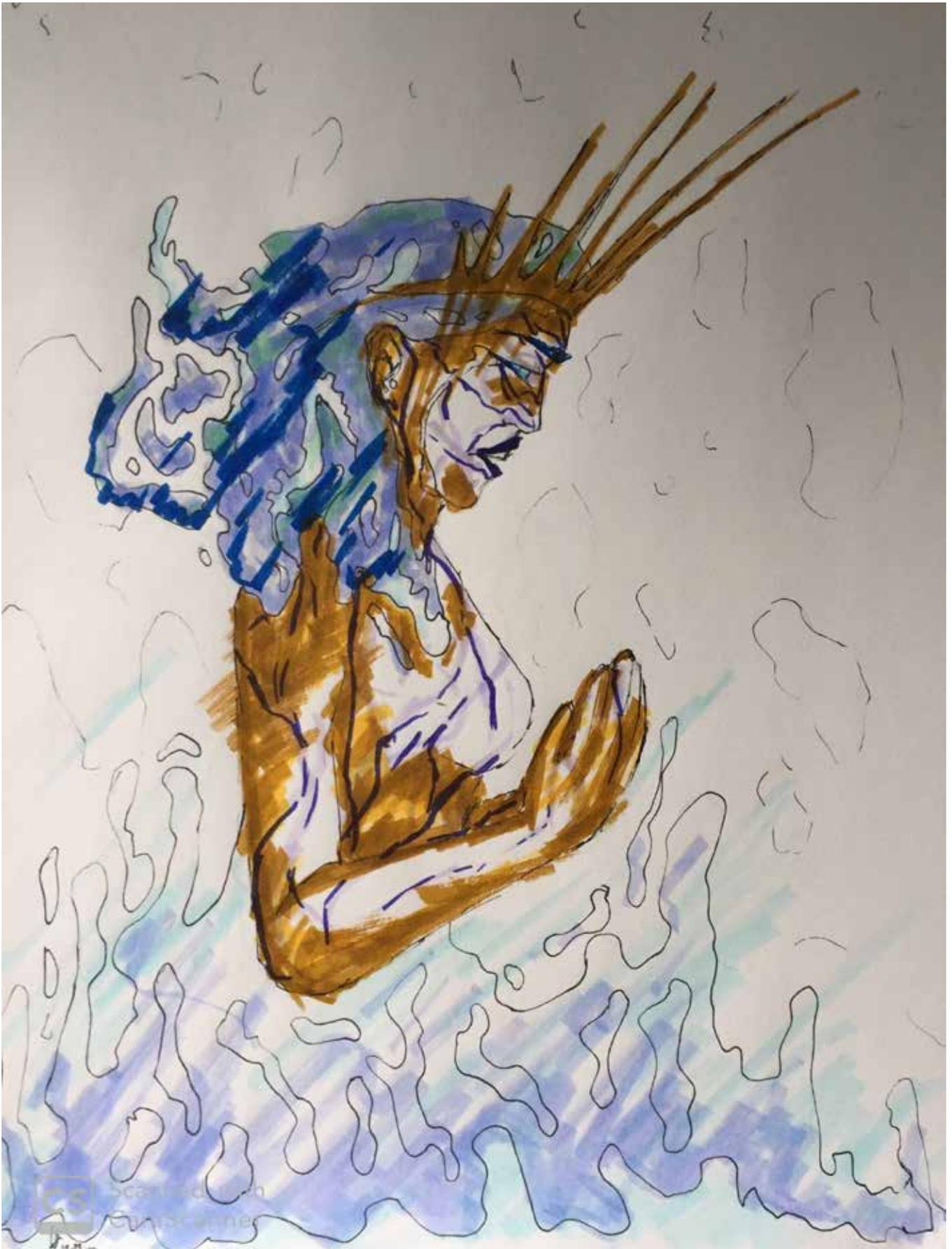
Leo Priya Sen



Temporary Love **Wendy Teune**



Ducklings! **Makayla Hoeksema**
Writer: John Mulaney



Marbled **Gabby Albanese**



Thrift Store Vinyl **Makayla Hoeksema**



Okapi **Loralee DeYoung**



Split Priya Sen



Alleluia **Allison Meyer**
Composer: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart



Connected **Kevin Truong**

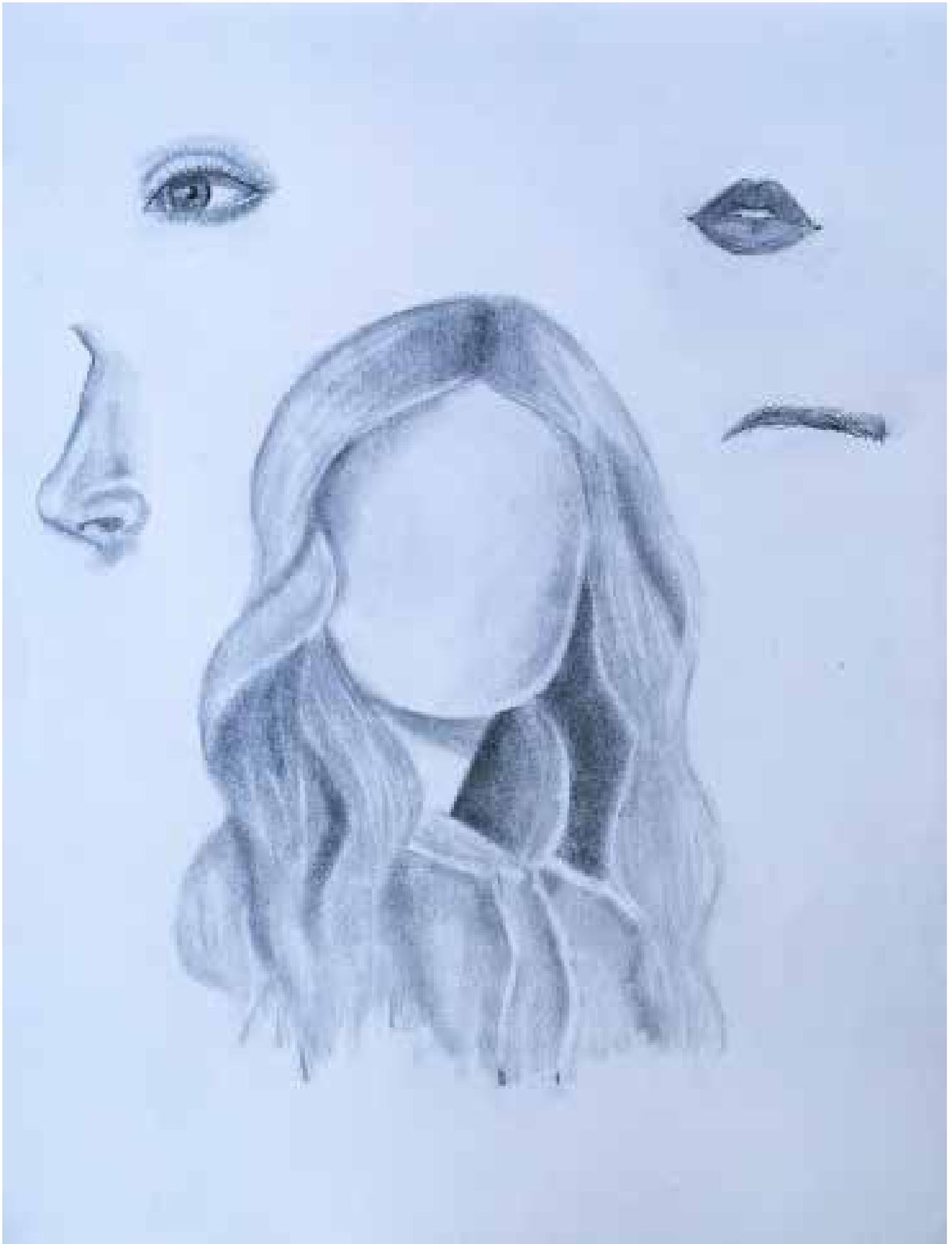


Sum of Its Parts **Gabby Albanese**

If you could
see your soul
tonight,
how much
would you
grieve
for the
damage
it has
suffered
at the
hands of
those who
treated it
so
cruelly?



Him Taylor Benes



Defaced **Brooke Noble**



Eyes Priya Sen



I Dreamed a Dream **Matthew Huizenga**



Isolated **Wendy Teune**





vanGogh **Loralee DeYoung**



Healing Makayla Hoeksema





Farewell **Gabby Albanese**



Jelly Damaris Dumont



Vis ta vie **Wendy Teune**



Yes to Heaven **Kevin Truong**



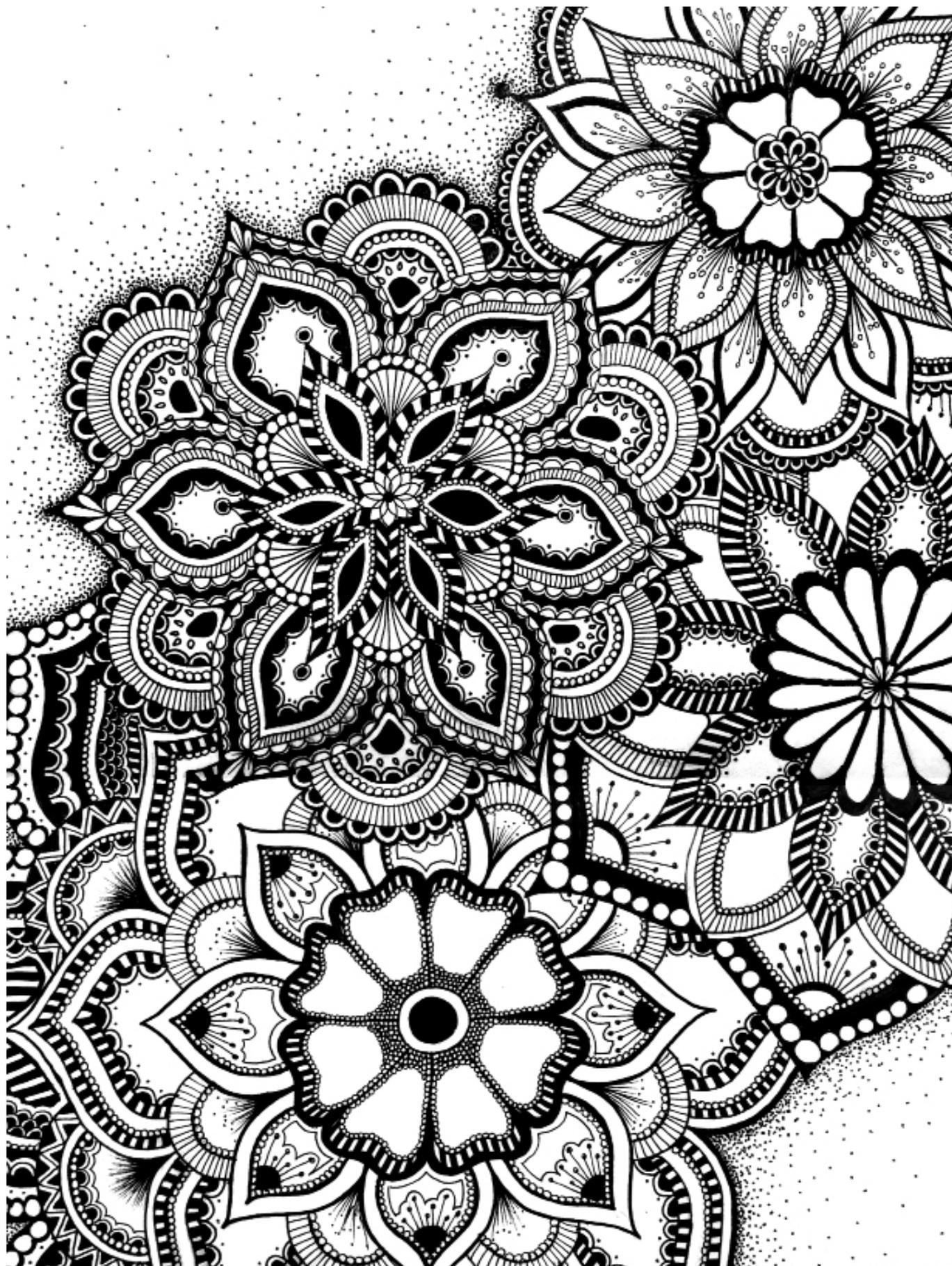
Athena, goddess of War **Thijs vanBelle**



FINE ARTS LIVES! **Madeline Zandstra**



[This is My Father's World](#) **Hannah Sliemers**
Composer: Maltbie Babcock Arrangement: The Sliemers Family



QUARANTINE



CASE FILE NO. :

191092020



Wendy Teune

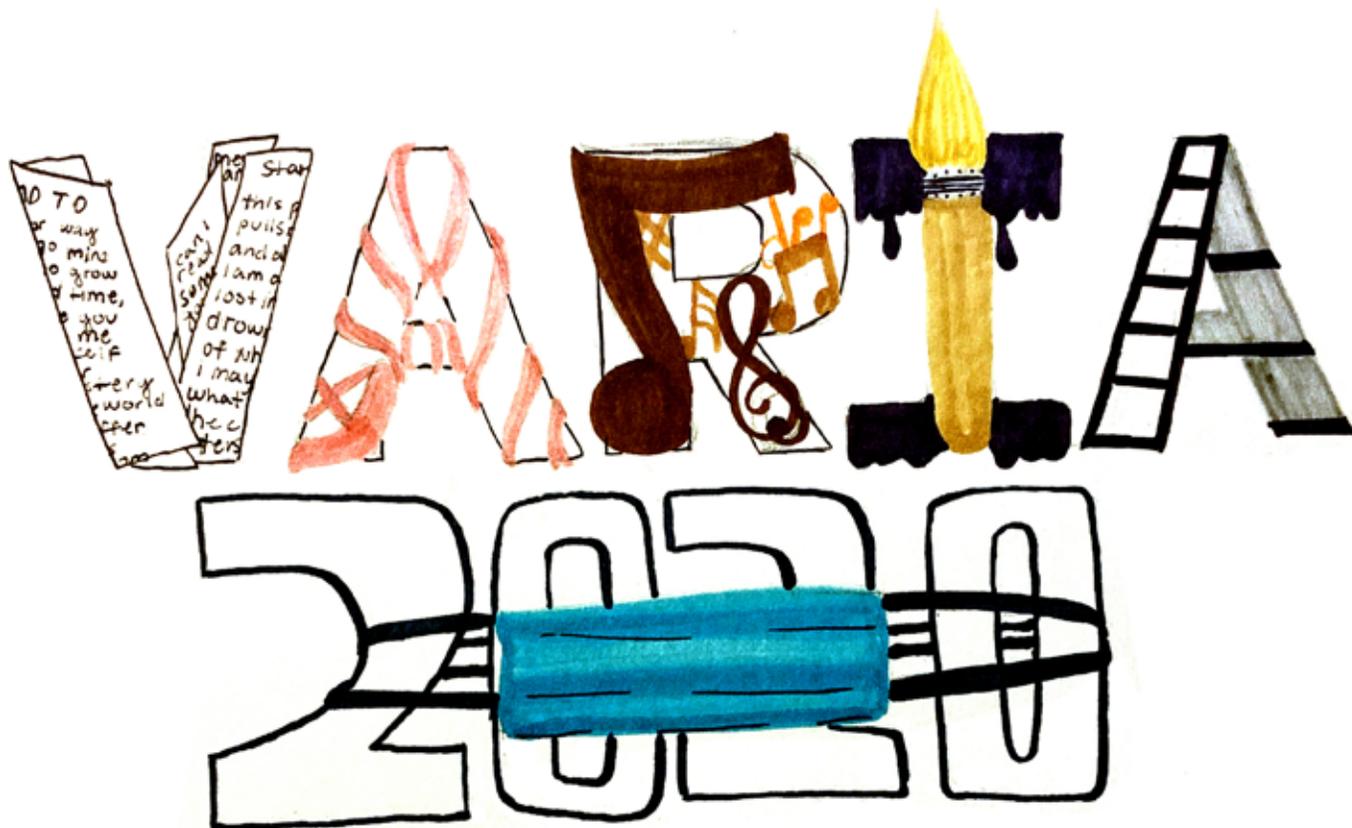
VARIA

ILLIANA CHRISTIAN HIGH SCHOOL



2020

Taylor Benes



Makayla Hoeksema



Aaron Taylor

Fine Arts Committee

2020



Front Row: Hailey Ross, Olivia Oostema, Megan Ruffolo, Jessica Roznowski, Alyssa Kramer.

2nd Row: Ally Tillema, Madeline Zandstra, Gabby Albanese, Rachel Bultema, Wendy Teune, Taylor Benes.

3rd Row: Makayla Hoeksema, Emily Feikema, Isabella VanderWoude, Kevin Truong

Back Row: Mr. DeVries, Mr. Kamphuis, Kenny Pickard, Matthew Huizenga

Not Pictured: James DeVries, Hannah Sliemers.