



# MOORINGS

JESUIT HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY AND ARTS JOURNAL

VOLUME 6 | SPRING 2022

## From the Editors

Consistent with our school-wide 2021-22 theme of “Making all things new in Christ,” we would like to introduce this Spring 2022 edition of Moorings with an excerpt from our inaugural edition in the Spring of 2017. Founding Editor-in-Chief William Burke '17 writes:

With the academic year drawing to a close and the ferocious, frothy squalls of homework giving way to the calm blue of exam books and summer skies, we think it's a perfect time to just take a step back for some good old-fashioned introspection. The name “Moorings” was chosen to evoke in our readers that spirit of quiet reflection and calmness in the face of a bustling world, not unlike the respite a sailor would receive from the biting wind and roiling waves at... well, his ship's moorings. That said, our title pays similar homage to the important role such ports would play in spreading culture, color, and ideas among the bustling crowds that would frequent them. It is our desire that you find this journal similarly engaging, and hopefully with less rats than our namesake.

Enjoy and peruse slowly some of the best works of Prose, Photography, Poetry, Art that Jesuit High School has to offer.

The Editors,

Sean Paredes '22  
Christian Sigua '22  
David Soto '24  
Thomas Fox '24  
Ali Zaida '25

Faculty Adviser: Mr. Jeremiah Loverich

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@jhsmoorings



**Cover: Orange Maple**  
Photo by Brandon Curry '25

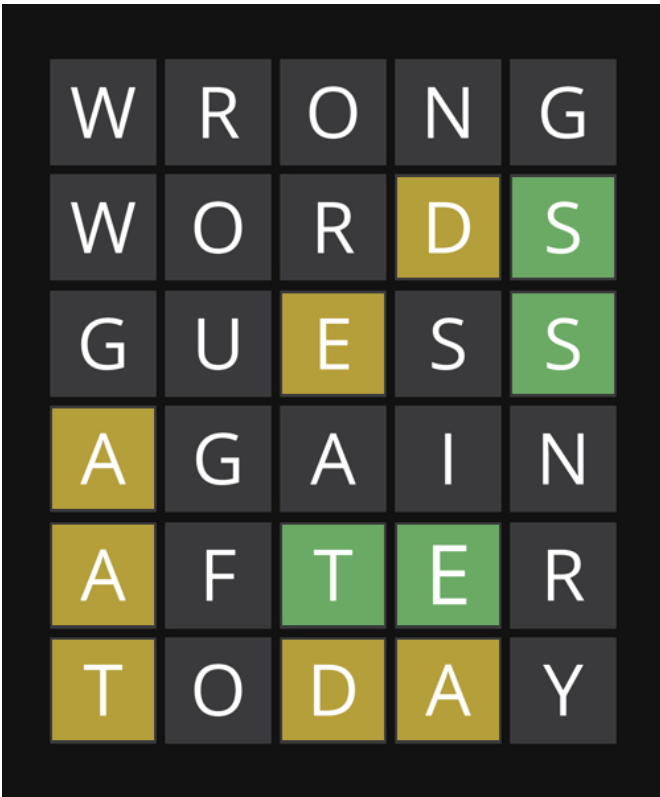


# MOORINGS

JESUIT HIGH SCHOOL SACRAMENTO LITERARY & ARTS JOURNAL  
VOLUME 6, SPRING 2022



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**Dates**  
JAMES RANDALL '24

RODRIGO ZAMORA-SOLIS '25  
Color pencil on paper  
*In The Midst Of Winter: Best  
Technical Execution*



Follow this link to see the prayer that inspired many of the "In the Midst of Winter" Jesuit Art Contest pieces



## Wait

NICHOLAS KASTEN '22

Through trust thine trust is writ by ink's decree,  
My care thus tethered, planted on the page.  
Betwixt the fibres grows my love for thee,  
Though waxed and shaken earths bellow below.  
Basted in nat'ral impatience emboldening me which  
Fresh from the oven, rushed to the table that's so dressed  
In overwhelming grey-green-black; I twitch —  
Horror devours this, now splattered 'cross your best.  
Then how should I begin to mend this hole?  
In dewey fog, my mind lurks murky streets.  
I volunteer myself to you in full;  
Take I your Grace, unfurl my stitchéd pleats?  
Since crumbling, fizzling comes of hastened base  
I'll culture, foster love b'yond label's face.

## Legs

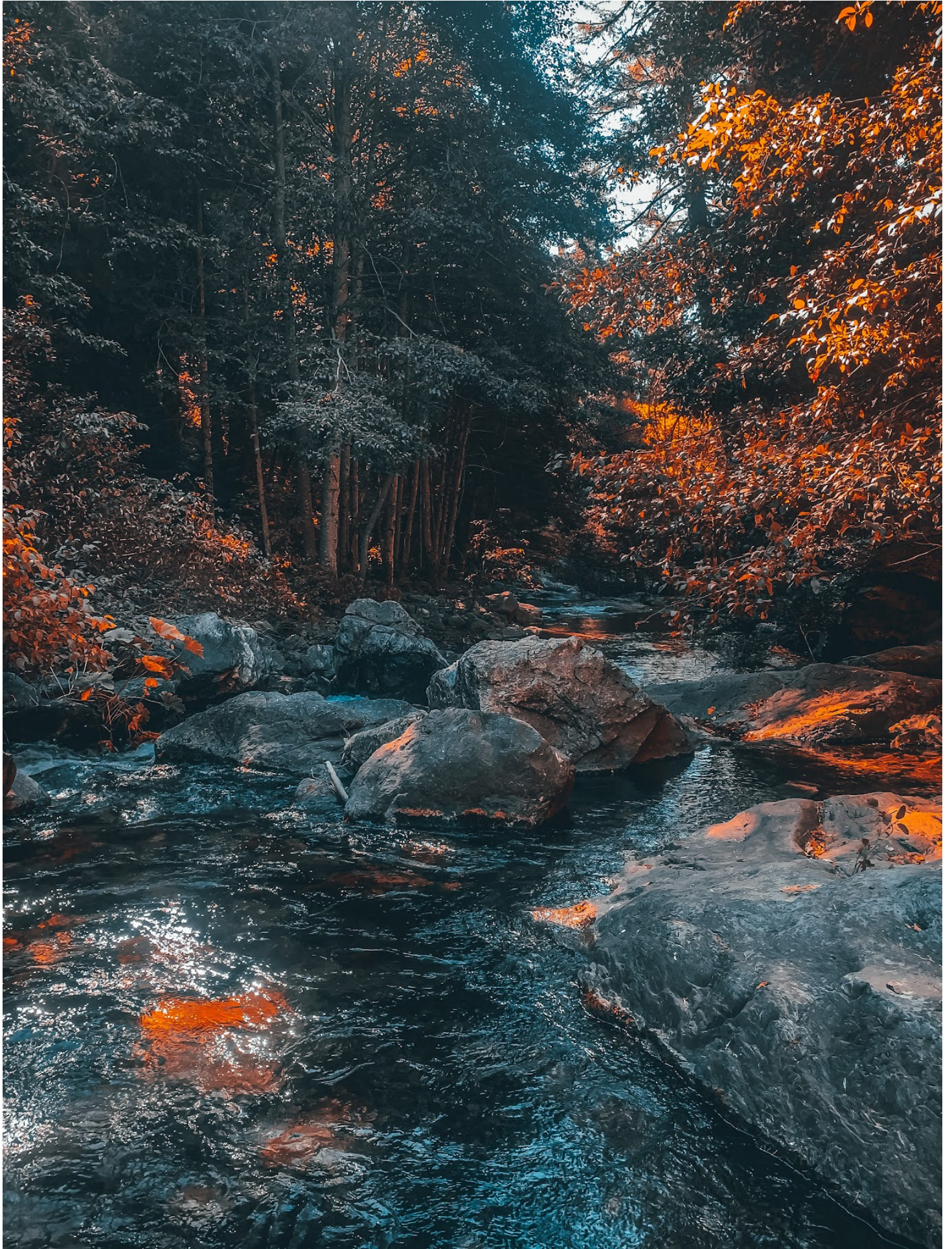
AIDEN HIGGINS '22  
Ink on Paper



# God Can Be Seen All Around Us

BEN CASTILLO '25

Photography



## Real Treasure

CHRISTOPHER ROTELLI '24

**T**he greatness of a man is not how much wealth he acquires, but in his integrity and his ability to affect those around him or her positively.”--Bob Marley. Wealth has never been in direct correlation with integrity. Bob Marley demonstrates this through his comparison of these dualities. This aphorism invokes the thought that one can live life to its fullest not by having the largest bank account, but by making the largest number of people smile.

**"The greatness of a man is not how much wealth he acquires, but in his integrity and his ability to affect those around him or her positively.”--Bob Marley**

Integrity, to me, means the ability to be honest and to help those around you even if it may not benefit yourself. This comparison that Marley makes is one I have never been forced to make in my own life. Growing up I have had role models such as one grandpa who is wealthy and possesses great integrity, always looking at things from a philanthropic angle; and another who never accrued much wealth, however showed his honesty, loyalty and integrity by fighting for our county. These role models have demonstrated for me what it means to have integrity, and how little money is required for happiness. At the end, the real treasure is the impact you have on others.

## A Boat Without a Sail

COLIN MCGHEE '24

Not  
really knowing where  
I am going is what keeps me on the trail.  
The reason I have not given up already is that I do not know if it is real.  
Without the idea I am drifting aimlessly,  
like a boat without a sail.  
What gives  
a voyage  
meaning is  
the eventual  
destination.

What gives that place its meaning was the hard-work and determination. But what if there is no payoff, no light at the end of the tunnel? Is it even worth the journey? Is it worth the hardship and struggle? What if there is no destination? When the journey is over there is nowhere to stay, and you have to leave your family and the friends you made along way. We will never know until we get there, so the journey is worth an attempt, and even if there is nothing there, the reward is in the time that was spent. Make the journey last because it does not last very long, and when it is finally over, we will find out where we truly belong. Keep on going even if the destination may fail because just the idea of it is what gives the boat its sail.

## **Spirited**

SEBASTIAN VELAZQUEZ '22  
Photography Photoshop



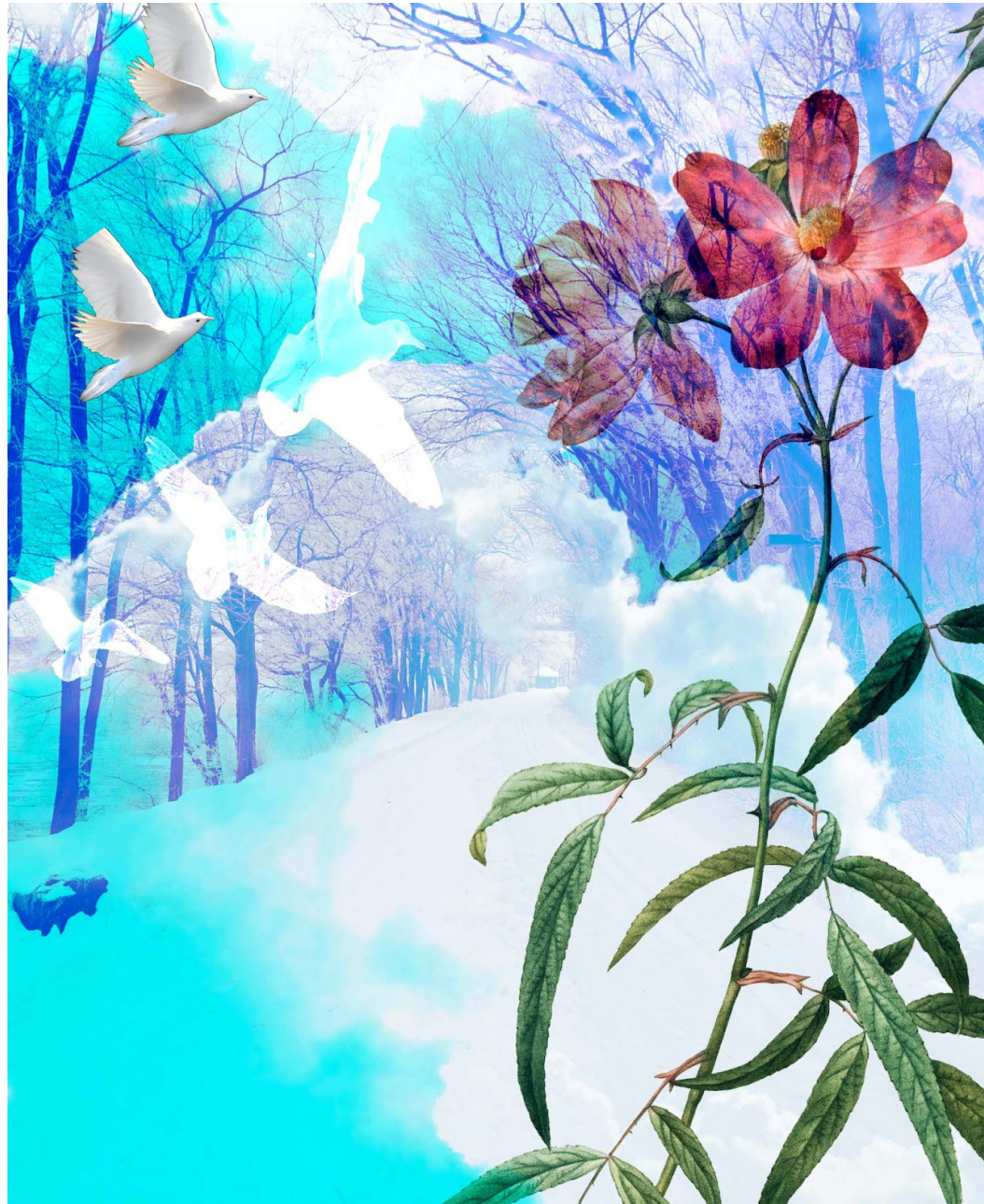


## Mom

CARSON CHASTAIN '22

Someone might call her a gracious giver,  
but takes love to her heart like no other  
holding it dearest, gives me a shiver  
challenging life's all, she is my mother.  
More fierce than any strong warrior's pride,  
her gaze alone scares the mightiest God.  
Thoughts constantly trying to override,  
her mind painted beautifully, by Claude,  
every complex thought has her kid in mind.  
Suffers thinking if she is good enough,  
even to her enemy, she is kind,  
mother shows no feelings, I call her bluff.  
Constantly fighting in her mind mental,  
yet on the outside, she is so gentle.

AUSTIN JOHNSON '25  
Photography Photoshop  
In The Midst of Winter: Best  
Adaptation of the Prayer



## The Warmth of Love

SEBASTIAN VELAZQUEZ '22

Photography

In The Midst Of Winter: Best Overall



## In Darkness There is Light

ZACHARY MCDONALD '25

Pastel on Paper

In The Midst Of Winter: Best  
Adaptation of the Prayer

NOLAN LACHANCE '25  
Photography  
In The Midst Of Winter: Best  
Technical Execution





**Mary**  
AIDEN HIGGINS '22  
Oil On Canvas



## The Dream Maker

ZACHARIAH MICHELENA '24

**O**ur dreams are so precious to us. It seems that our dreams, as in those that are ambitions, and the things we dream in during our sleep, lineup perfectly, too perfect. I bring the news that this is no mistake, but actually quite intentional. We are all victims of The Dream Maker. The Dream Maker is though, by far, the most benevolent of all the monsters in this book. He doesn't seek to destroy, but only seeks to perfect a necessary balance. This balance is perfect, yet he would not describe what the balance was. Let me ask you this question. Who is the villain in your dreams? The villain that you, the hero, conquer. Maybe you aren't the knight in shining armor in your dreams, but you are the employee who won the promotion, or the revolutionary that toppled your oppressive corporate overlord. Whatever the case, you have a villain, and that villain comes from somewhere.

**... you are the employee who won the promotion, or the revolutionary that toppled your oppressive corporate overlord. Whatever the case, you have a villain, and that villain comes from somewhere.**

The Dream Maker takes chosen people after death, about one in four go to dreams. In dreams, they live one final life. A last chance before whatever follows after, that which not ever The Dream Maker knows. Sometimes the villain wins, and goes in peace to whatever is after. More often than not, the hero kills the villain. The chosen people are, quite painfully I have heard, morphed into the villain in your dream. The chosen person feels everything. Every emotion they feel, and everything they touch has the exact same tenacity as it had in their life before. So how do I know all of this? Well, The Dream Maker invited me to speak with him. Why, I don't know. I have a suspicion it was in the writing of this book that I was chosen to meet him, but I can't know for sure. One day, when I was in the middle of writing, I collapsed. I immediately found myself on the floor of my study. Oddly, I was looking at myself on the ground. A voice behind me introduced himself as The Dream Maker.

We had a pleasant conversation, and I will summarize it here. The Dream Maker is a quite pleasant man. I can't remember his face, but there was something off about it. Everything was a bit blurry and surreal. It was real life, but something was off about it. Now as to our conversation, he told me about the process as I have described before. He also told me that the world is full of monsters, most are hundred-fold more vile than he, and maybe just a handful benevolent like himself. He appreciated my work, and informed me that he was interested in my progress. I described my intentions to inform those of the terrors of the world, and he said it was righteous, yet it would end fruitless. After all, who will believe that monsters exist? Who will believe that the world is at war with a terror, that most who know the existence of them are in your dreams?

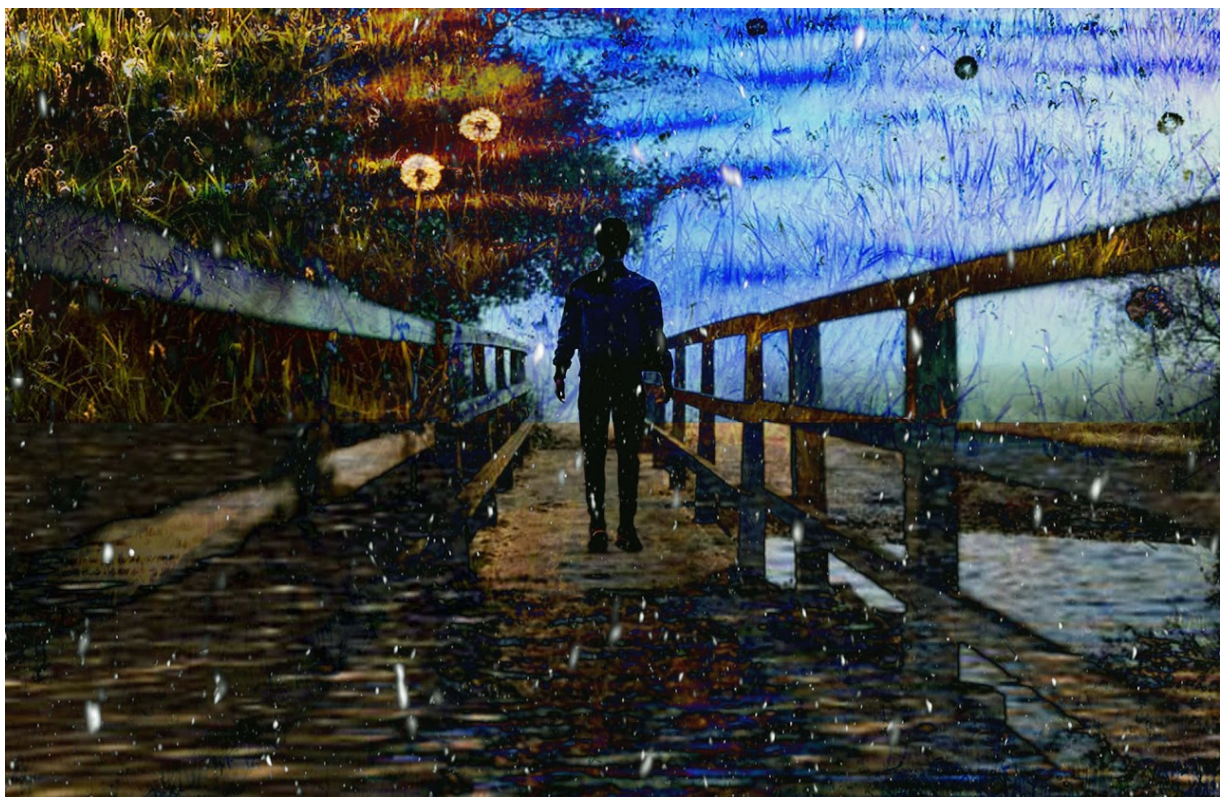
**... the world is full of monsters, most are hundred-fold more vile than he**

I will conclude with a final remark. Once I woke up, I felt my back hurt from laying down in a less than ideal position. I got up, and felt very dizzy. I started downstairs, but I absolutely would have fallen down if I continued any further. I went to my bedroom, and found my Fiendemy waiting on my dresser. He smiled his eternal smile as always, but this time he seemed to be in a good mood. He was like a teacher who had listened to a young student describe his trip to the beach. He knew everything. The tiredness took over though, and I laid down in bed to go to sleep. That night I dreamed happy dreams. So to you, the reader. I give you one thought. When you go to bed tonight, if you are given the honor of a dream from The Dream Maker, then have happy dreams. Have happy dreams.



RICHARD DICHARA '25  
Photography Photoshop  
*In The Midst of Winter: Best  
Adaptation of the Prayer*

**Ongoing Journey**  
MIZEL INIGUEZ-SANDOVAL '25  
Photography Photoshop  
*In The Midst of Winter: Best Overall*



## Bright Light of the Night

CONSTANTINE FLESORAS '24

Inspired by Mary Shelley's Frankenstein

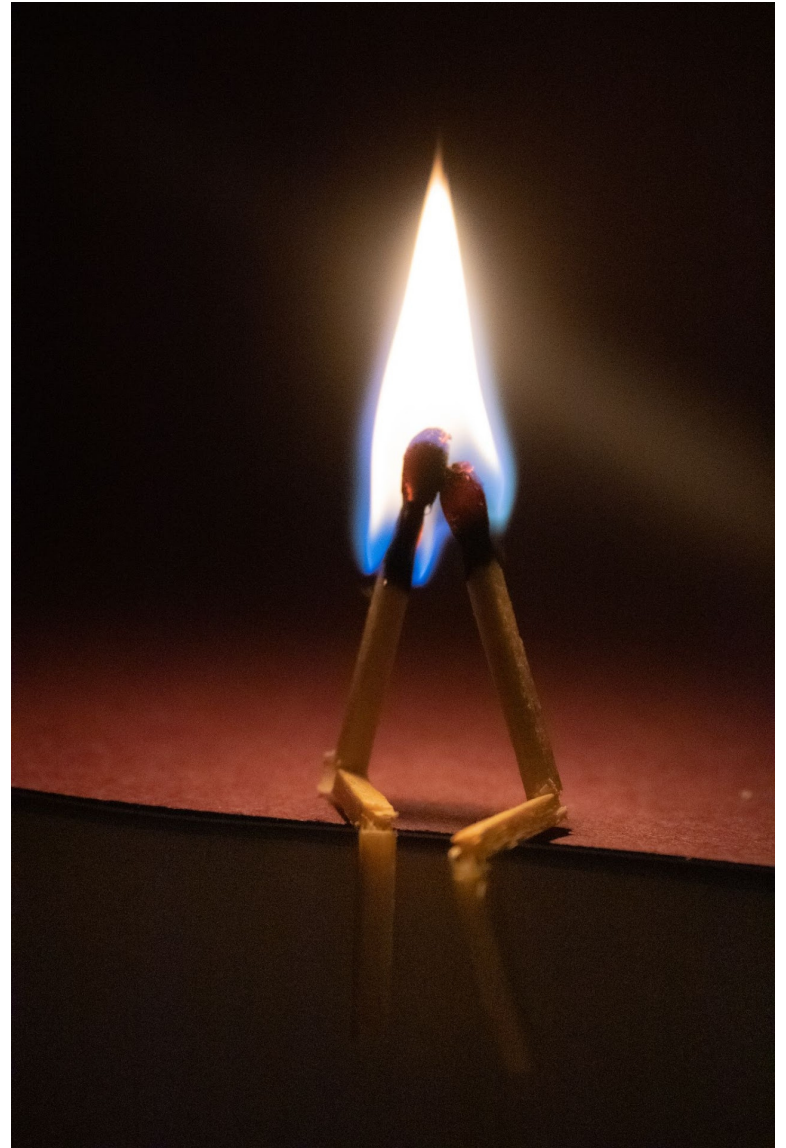
In  
the  
Night  
sky, like  
a diamond,  
you shine, so  
bright you light  
up the world.  
Scared of me,  
you are not, but  
guide me you do. Oh  
forever companion,  
I would be lost and  
lonely without you.  
To you must I thank,  
for all that you have done,  
I owe my life to you.  
My own father hates  
me, but you do love  
me so, beautiful companion  
in the sky. You  
truly are my light  
amongst the  
darkness of  
this world.  
I love  
you.

## Hope In Darkness

COLE ARNOLD '25

Photography

In The Midst Of Winter: Best  
Adaptation of the Prayer



## Sunset Diner

GEORGE TZITZIKAS '25

Photography



**Denny's**  
*Diner*

## **A Monster's Decline**

MAX WEISNER '24

Inevitable need for connection.  
A longing for a family's presence.  
Only imaginative reflection.  
A terrifying monster in essence.

The most hideous of appearances.  
Almost robot-looking despite its heart.  
The clashing, longing interferences.  
The best of intentions, yet rends apart.

Found a heart bulging with optimism.  
A morale filled with color, of delight.  
External edges, sharp as a prism.  
But towering faces, filled with a fright.

The alienation of a childhood.  
Leaving one's soul splintered upon the  
wood.



## **Endless Storage**

MIZAE INIGUEZ-SANDOVAL '25

Photography



## A Creature's Guilt

DAVID SOTO '24

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, my name is David Soto and I will be prosecuting Victor Frankenstein. This case is about a man who caused a creature, whom he created, to suffer emotional and mental abuse due to isolation, abandonment, lack of affection, and lack of understanding.

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the prosecution will call up five witnesses to the stand. We will call William Frankenstein who will explain how the creature was provoked into strangling him to death because of his taunts which include calling the creature a "monster," "ugly wretch," "hideous," and claiming that the creature's motives were to eat me and tear me to pieces" all because of how the creature looked. If it had been a human trying to talk with William, he would not have taunted him. All the creature wanted to do was talk to William and make him his friend. It is true that the creature did kill the boy, but he would not have even been able to kill the boy if the defendant had not given him the ability to do so by making him 8 feet in stature. After creating the poor, innocent creature, the defendant had the absolute audacity to abandon him. Picture this if you will, ladies and gentlemen: Two adults have a baby together and the day the baby comes out of the doctor's arms, and they see him breathing and moving, they choose to abandon him because they perceive his looks to be ugly. They leave him to fend for himself without any guardian whatsoever. The defendant took the role of the parents when he created the creature and the creature took the role of the child once he was given life, and I know for a fact that this analogy is perfect to describe how damaging Victor's actions were to the mental health of the creature from the very beginning of his existence. We will also call Robert Walton to the stand so that he may testify that Victor made the creature 8 feet tall with "implied malice." Victor gave the creature the ability to kill people by making him 8 feet tall, there is no other reason for it. If Victor had made the creature of shorter stature, had taken care of him from the moment the creature was born and became his responsibility, and if Victor had not, consciously, abandoned the monster then all of this murder could have been avoided. Robert Walton will also tell us about how after Henry Clerval's death, the defendant called

**...the day the baby comes out of the doctor's arms, and they see him breathing and moving, they choose to abandon him because they perceive his looks to be ugly.**

himself the murderer of William, Justine, and Clerval. We will also call Elizabeth Lavenza to the stand in order to tell you how guilty the defendant appeared when visiting Justine, and how he had even crawled up in a corner and cried which implies that the defendant blamed himself for Justine's death. We will then call Henry Clerval to the stand in order to testify how the defendant

seemed troubled and influenced by ambition and even isolating himself while working on the creature. This gave the defendant a lot of time to think about his actions so we can see that the defendant was conscious

and aware of the decisions he made. The final witness that we will call to the stand is the creature. The creature will testify that he had to live alone without a companion, suffered emotional and mental abuse from the defendant who would not listen to him speak and even threatened to kill the creature on multiple occasions, and the creature will testify how the defendant killed his potential companion without remorse. The defense will ridiculously attempt to argue that the creature was in some way cunning and understood the wrongdoing of his actions and is thus responsible for them, but we know for a fact that the creature did not know that he was doing anything wrong because he was raised by nature. It is natural in nature for an animal to kill another animal over a dispute or out of perceived necessity, what separates us humans from nature's animals is that we know that it is not right.

I have a question for all of you: Who taught you right from wrong? Many of you will say your parents, some of you will say a mentor, and some of you will say a friend but none of you will say yourself. The reason for this is that humans need companionship and someone to look up to or in other words a role model. The creature did not have these things in his life. The defendant could have given the creature a companion but the defendant chose to cruelly kill her despite knowing that she was the creature's one chance at achieving happiness in this world.

By the end of the trial, we would ask that you, the jury, invoke justice and find the defendant guilty. Thank you.



## Stained

LOGAN BRADLEY '23

Oil on Canvas

Selection, 21st Annual Hacker Lab  
High School Self Portrait Show

NATHAN SHEREN '25  
Colored pencil on paper  
In The Midst Of Winter: Best Overall



## **Floating Ice**

ETAN ROGERS '25

Photography Photoshop

In The Midst Of Winter: Best  
Technical Execution



## **Two Sides of the Same Coin**

COLIN DAVEY '24

Love

affection, heartfelt

caring, attracting, warming

tender, precious, envy, spite

loathing, despising, antagonizing

animosity, cold

Hatred

# PARTING SHOT



## Wavelengths

LONDON DARLING '25  
Photography Photoshop