

The Forum 2025



The Forum Staff

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The Forum is the annual publication of Lake Catholic High School, displaying the literary and artistic talents of the students.

Prologue

Like hungry guests, a sitting audience looks
Plays are like suppers; poets are the cooks
The founder's you; the table is this place
The carvers we; the prologue is the grace
Each act a course, each scene, a different dish.

George Farquhar

Lake Catholic High School Crest





Dedication

This edition of the *Forum* is dedicated to retiring Science Teacher, Mrs. Chris Ronzi.

Mrs. Ronzi is retiring after 26 years at Lake Catholic. Words used to describe her are passionate, intelligent, kind, motherly and friendly.

Mrs. Ronzi has taught various courses for the science department during her tenure. She has been head of the department, in charge of running the blood drives and initiated the pet supplies drive.

Things won't be the same without her.

Good luck, Mrs. Ronzi!

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Rhiannon Kasunic '25
The Girl Who Met the Boy

On Friday April 1st. Kennedy didn't have school. She woke up and saw a text from her school saying "Attention school family, there will be no school April 1st because of a problem with air conditioning." Kennedy was able to go back to sleep and woke back up around 10 am. She jumped out of bed and calls her best friend, Sophie. Sophie and Kennedy have been best friends since they were little. They always went to the same schools and hung out. They would regularly spent the night at each other's houses.

Kennedy and Sophie hung out that morning and went to the mall, just to look around and see if they found something they wanted to buy. They arrived at the mall around 11am and planned to leave around 3. They were on their way to Forever 21 and Kennedy saw this tall 6 '4 boy crying. Kennedy, being Kennedy, went up to the boy and asked him if he was okay. He said no he just found out his grandma has passed. Kennedy asked what his name was. He said he was Amir and he asked what her name is. Kennedy said, "Kennedy, I saw you crying and just wanted to make sure you were okay." Amir said, "yes I'm okay, it just hit me real bad out of nowhere." Kennedy asked if he was by himself and he said yes. Kennedy got up from the chair and said, "if you want, you can hangout with me and my bestie Sophie." He smiled and said okay.

So Kennedy introduces Amir to Sophie. Sophie recognizes him as asks, "Did you used to go to Rainbow Academy?" Amir said, " Yes, I did." Sophie said, " I knew you looked familiar." So the three continued talking. Before Amir left, Kennedy got his number. They remained great friends. A few years later, Amir and Sophie got married and Kennedy was the maid of honor.

Laila Gridiron '27
Me



Andrew Swenson '27
Joy Ride



Mady Little '27
Tennis

I swing the racquet
The ball flies past the rival
It bounces in bounds



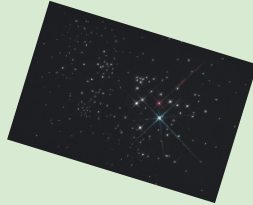
Mya Davis '25
Music

I enjoy music
Music makes my day better
Music cures my soul



Nick Prostack '25
Still of Night

In the still of night,
Stars twinkle in the darkness,
Dreams dance in moonlight.

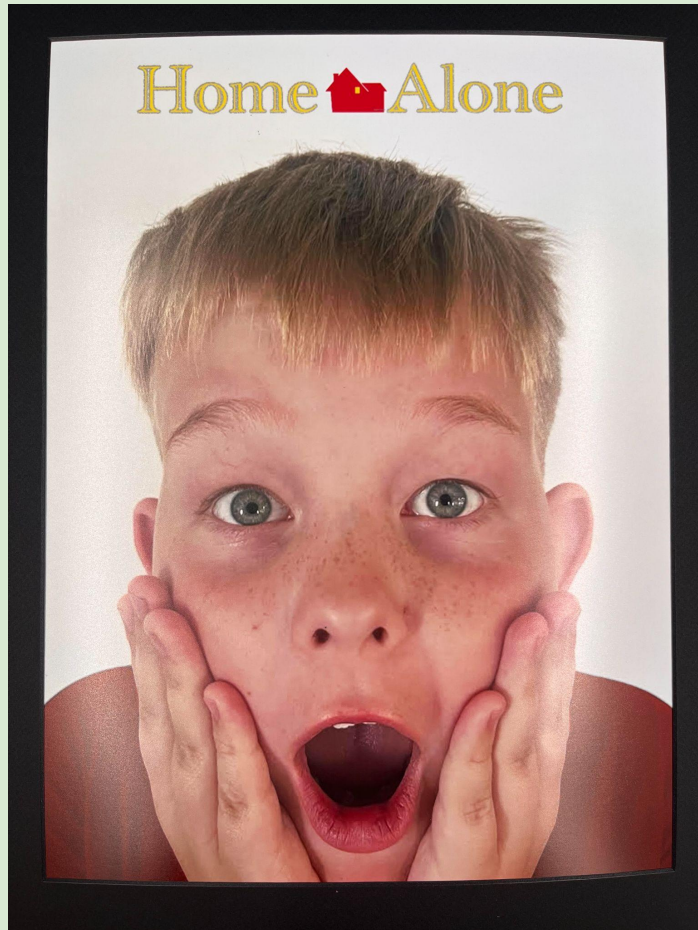


Parand Miller '25
FALL

Favorite time of the year
Apple spice season
Lots and lots of leaves
Leaves will fall



Colton Neiderst '26
Home Alone



Jasmenja Urh '27
Pink Flamingo



Izzy Salvatore '28
Color Bomb



Julia Tomljenovic '27
Pretty Pink

Mady Little '27

Manny the Mirror

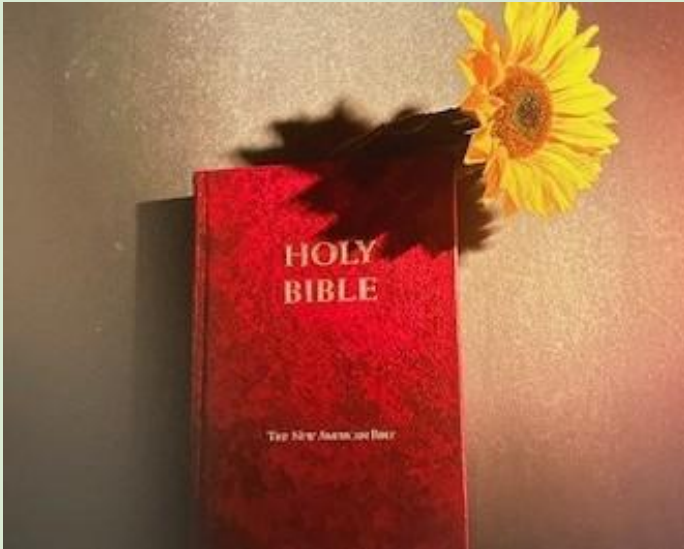
There was a mirror named Manny who lived on the wall of a family home. Here lived a mom, dad, and two young children. Manny watched as the mom tirelessly worked to keep the children in line and how the dad came home stressed each day after work. He wondered why they did not stop to have a drink or take a bath and have some time to themselves.

As the floor length mirror he was, he often had the children come up to him throughout the day. They would look at themselves in the mirror for a couple of minutes. The youngest, who was three years old, would even put his hands on the mirror and get real up close. Manny did not mind but there would usually be fingerprints left on him once the child walked away.

Since the parents were so busy, they focused on cleaning the big stuff. When cleaning day would come they started with vacuuming the carpets, wiping the tables, and tidying up blankets and pillows. This meant that Manny regularly collected dust and the fingerprints would stay with him for a while.

Just like he had seen that the parents needed some self-care, he realized that he did too. He was worthy of the same care that the parents deserved. That is how Manny the mirror learned how to self-reflect, not just reflect the faces of others.

Cayden Boyes '25
The Book of Life



Darren Bittner '26
Coffee Cup



Alana Foradis '27
The Beauty in Love



Colton Neiderst '26
Saint Sebastian



Shaun Foley '26
Flower Boy

Kenzie Smith '28
Blue Cheetah



Madelyn Little '27

*Thomas = Tortoise, Hudson = Hare

Tortoise and the Hare Retelling



Thomas and Hudson are two students at Lake Catholic High School. They are both in the tenth grade and have known each other since they were kids. The two boys have always had different studying techniques and willingness to try at school. Thomas is an academic with straight A's and a love for school while Hudson would rather play video games and hang out with his friends. Even through their differences, the boys have managed to maintain a friendship over the years. However, this upcoming biology test puts their lack of similarities on full display with each of their study plans being put to the test.

It was a Monday morning and the boys had biology second period together. "How did the test go for you last week? I thought it went pretty well," said Thomas as the boys walked to class.

"Eh, it was alright. Nothing to hang up on the fridge," Hudson replied with a shrug. Once they arrived at the classroom, they took their seats toward the middle of the room.

The teacher started to teach a new lesson which she let them know would be much more difficult than the previous one. As she began to write notes on the board, Thomas speedily pulled out his notebook and began to copy them down. Hudson on the other hand, started to whisper to his friend Max who sits across from them.

"Are you coming over after school today?" Hudson asked Max.

"Yeah for sure. Three o'clock, right?"

"Sounds go-," Hudson is interrupted by their teacher.

"You can either share what you're discussing with the class or you can stop talking and pay attention," the teacher scolded.

Hudson and Max leaned back into their chairs and crossed their arms across their chests. They half-listened to the lesson but still did not make an effort to write anything down.

Thomas continued to take his notes and listen to the lecture. Towards the end of the period, their teacher handed out a worksheet for the students to complete for homework.

"These will be due tomorrow at the beginning of class," she announced to the class. Once the bell rang, Thomas and Hudson parted ways and went to their third period class.

After school, Hudson went home and started to play on his Xbox in his room. Not much later, Max showed up and they played together for a couple of hours. They eventually got hungry and went downstairs to search for some food. They had some sandwiches and went back upstairs to continue playing their game.



Meanwhile, Thomas went home after school and started to work on his homework at his desk. He not only had biology homework that night but also had assignments for English and History class. Additionally, he had an upcoming test in Algebra II so he began to prepare. He worked for a few hours and then grabbed some dinner. After his meal, he showered and went to bed early so he would be rested for the upcoming school day.

The next morning everyone went to turn in their homework. Thomas went up to the box and put his paper in. Hudson and Max realized they never actually completed their worksheets and had nothing to turn into their teacher.

Two weeks went by and the boys were coming up on a biology test. Luckily, they had the class time to play a review game.

"I've been preparing for this test all week," Thomas told Hudson, "I'm feeling pretty good about this review."

"I haven't really given it much thought. I think I'll be able to figure it out. Wait, when is this test again?" Hudson asked Thomas.

"The test is tomorrow Hudson. Glad you're feeling confident though."

The boys walked into class and sat down in their typical seats. Their table was team 2 and answered the questions when it was their turn. Hudson and Max did not know many of the answers but Thomas and their fourth tablemate, Alexis, were able to answer almost all of them. They placed second in the review game with eight points and the bell rang just after it ended.

"I guess I'll see you tomorrow before the test," Thomas said to Hudson as they exited the classroom.

"Yeah, see you then."

Thomas studied for the exam during any free time he could find throughout the day. He then went home and studied for two additional hours. Even though he felt prepared, he wanted to get a good grade on this test so he could go to a concert the following weekend.

In the meantime, Hudson decided to go over to Max's house and play basketball in his front yard. Hudson didn't take even a second to look over anything for the test during the school day and he didn't plan on doing it after school either. He felt like he would be able to do alright without any preparation.

The next morning, the boys met up outside of the classroom. When they walked in, the teacher had everybody sitting separated.

"I know I have not done this in the past, but you will all be spaced out throughout the room for the duration of the test. You can move back to your original seat once you finish."

Hudson and Thomas go to the seat she assigns them and eventually she passes out the test. Thomas takes his time going through the test and feels very confident when handing it in. Hudson on the other hand realizes he does not know the material and circles random answers. He makes a couple of educated guesses but leaves most of the answers up to chance.

The boys walk out of class and begin to discuss the exam.

"That went really well! How did it go for you?" Thomas asked Hudson, "I know you said you were feeling confident."

"It did not go well at all. I guessed on most of them."

"Oh, sorry man. Hope that it ends up alright," Thomas said, trying to sympathize with Hudson.

That night, the boys are on the phone with each other and the grades for the biology tests are released.

"Bio grades are out," Thomas informs Hudson.

"You check yours. I'm not going to look."

Thomas checks his grade in biology and finds that he got 100%. He is really happy that his hard work paid off but doesn't want to make Hudson upset. Hudson, although he told Thomas differently, checked his biology grade as well. He got a 25% which makes sense since he guessed on the entire thing. He hid his disappointment so that Thomas wouldn't know that he failed.

This story shows how taking your time and putting in the effort gets you a better result in the end.



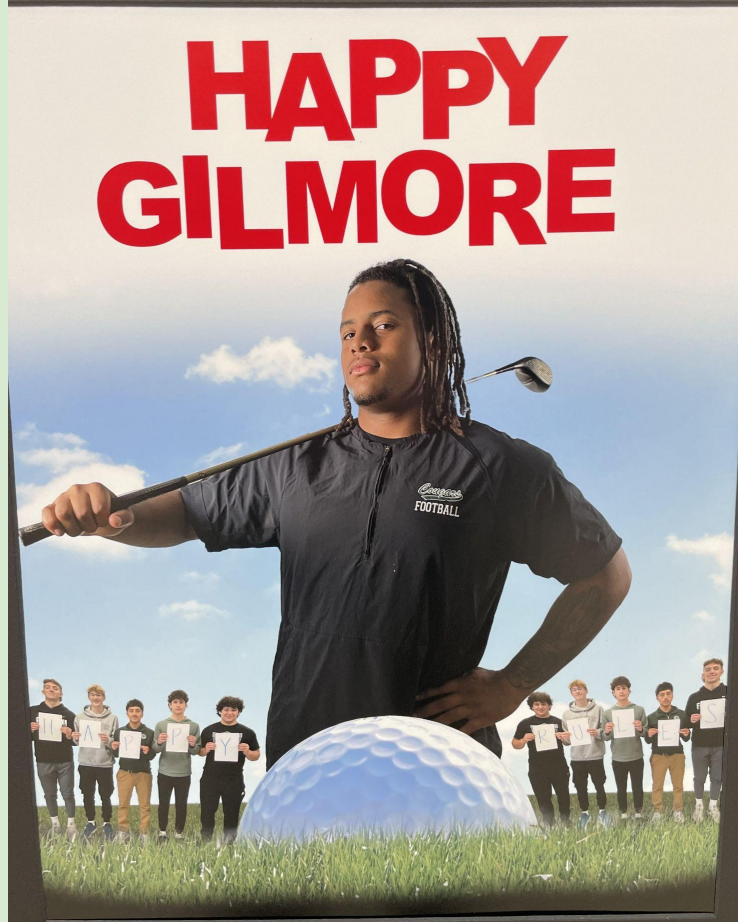
Colton Neidert '26
Mountains



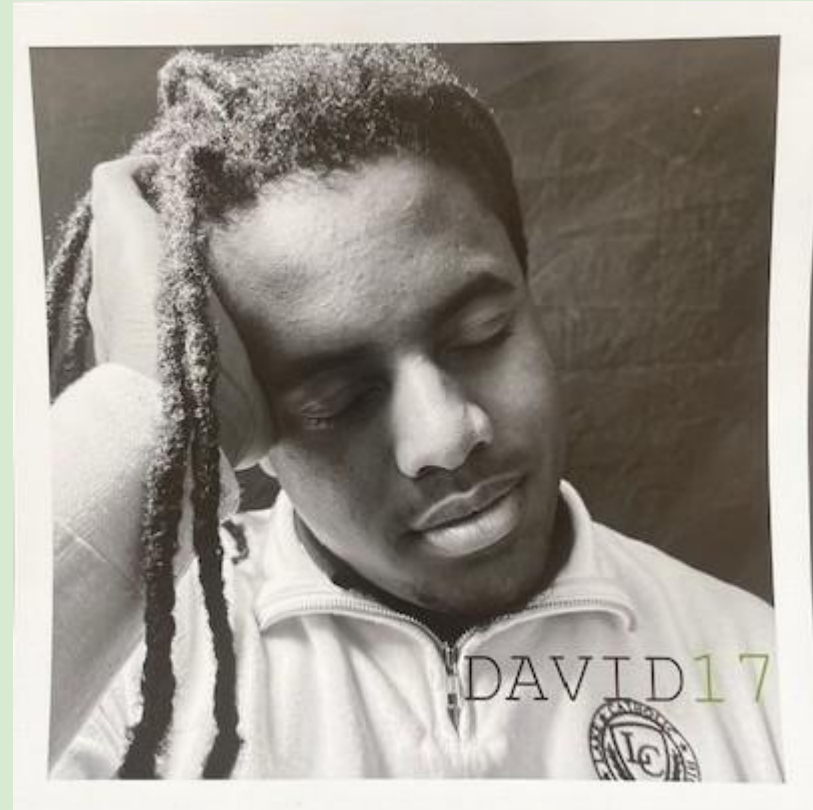
Ariana Coyne '26
Easter Brunch Assortment



Keira Schulz '26
Happy Gilmore



Ace Peterlin '25
ADELE>DAVID



Ashlyn Travers '28 Book's Perspective



The phrase, "sit pretty", has always been my favorite part about myself. Everyday, for the rest of my life, I'll sit on my shelf sitting pretty, next to everyone else. All of the other books on my shelf are pretty too, some more or less than others, but all pretty nonetheless. One day, someone picks me up, opening my pages and folding the cover. They ruined my pretty exterior, tarnishing me forever. While this person held me, I heard sniffles, then crying. Something inside me changed as I realized that what's on the inside matters far more than how pretty my exterior is. I can't wait for the next time someone picks me up, and gets to read me.

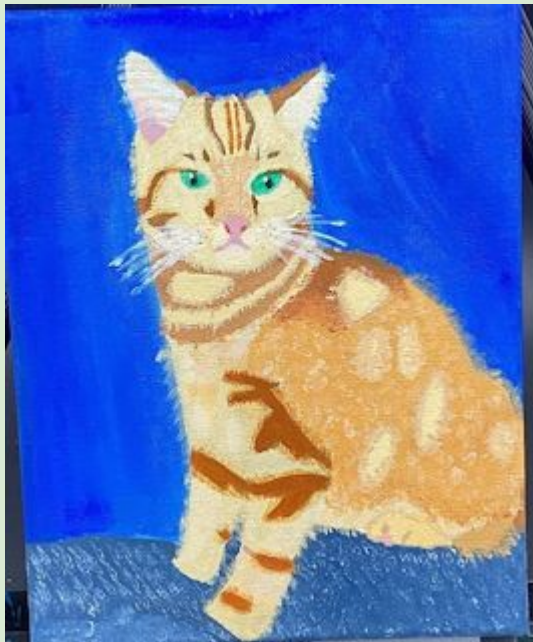
Daniel Grosman '27
It's Still Life



Jocelyn Fortner '25
Pocketful of Sunshine



Gabriella Manzo '26
Mac



Maddie Federico '28
Kiwi Jewelry Box



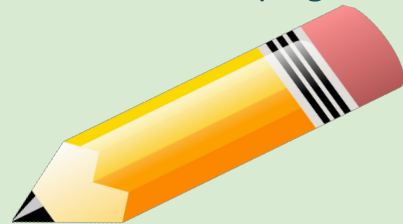
Isabella Fredrick '27

Johnny's Pencil

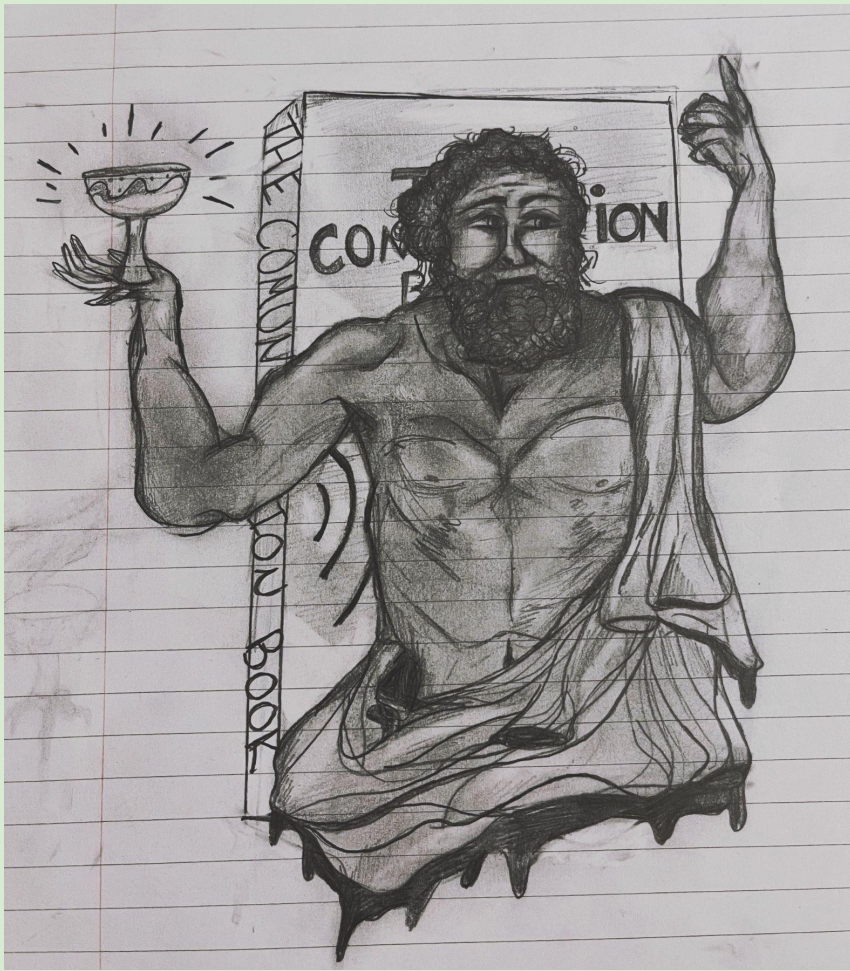
I was Johnny's favorite #2 pencil. There were other nicer mechanical pencils that he could've chosen over me, but yet I was his favorite to use. The other kids would make fun of him for using a wooden pencil like me. They thought they were better than him, and their mechanical pencils thought they were better than me. I would be used constantly for his homework and tests, and eventually would have to be sharpened.

One day, I was with Johnny and he realized I was too short to be used anymore. To my surprise, he threw me on the hallway floor and forgot about me. I sat there for hours, short and stubby as can be.

Suddenly after a while, a little girl picked me up and smiled. "Look at this cute little pencil!" She said. Her friends surrounded her and looked at me in awe. I think I'm someone's new favorite pencil, again! I even saw other wooden pencils in the other girls' hands. They all had the same features as me. I finally fit in and was loved for who I was, but forever. "I'm keeping this one like this!" She yelled and brought me to class.



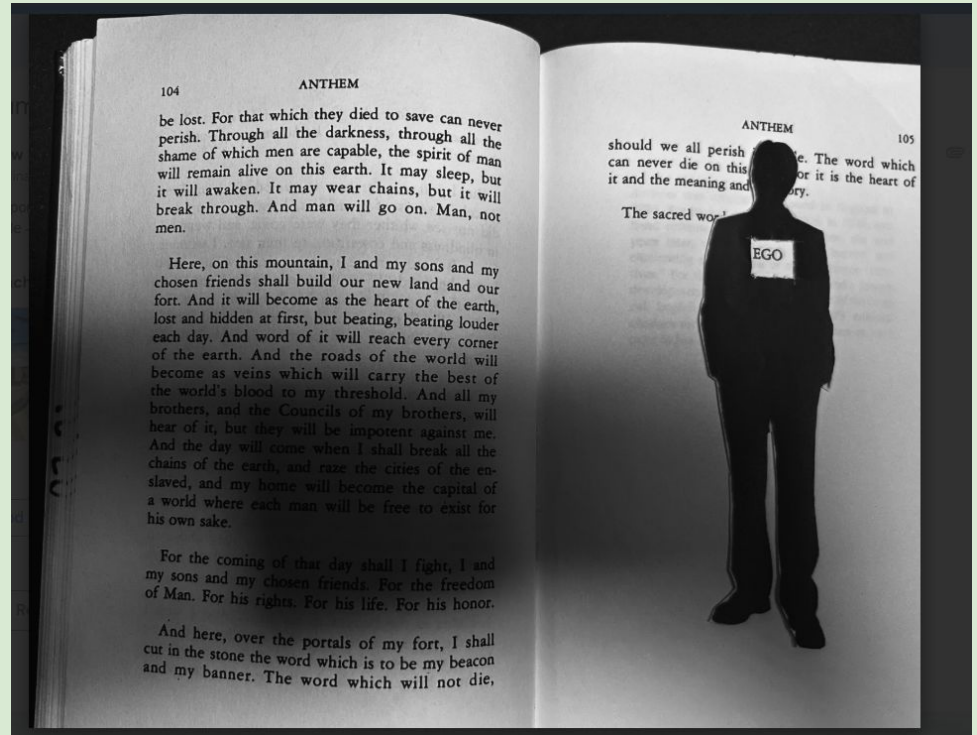
Koreen Levkulich '26
Socrates



Nico Cvijanovic '26
Summer in Greece



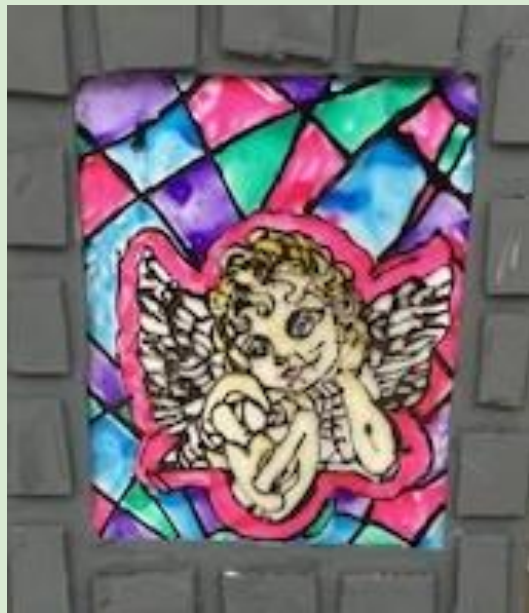
Andrew Swenson '27
The Importance of Individuality



Vienna Cucu '26
Pinkies



Marissa Allen '28
Watchful Angel



Harley Forkins '25

The Big Bang

The hot green and red glow flashed between the crowded Walmart rows, a sight far from what one would relate to the show of a Travis Scott concert. Amidst the crowd stood one who was spookily known to Jordan Love, quarterback for the Green Bay Packers, staunchly comparing two football brands. All was otherworldly, a strange benchmark to fame's very uncertain nature. It was a reminder of the everyday existence even the most legendary have, far removed from the packed stadiums and blinding bulbs they often are exposed to, and a painful reminder that no amount of wealth in the world can keep boring tasks at bay.

Suddenly, the voice of the Baltimore Ravens' kicker Justin Tucker thundered in the electronics department, unmistakable in its owner. He was engaged in an unexpected spirited argument about the acoustics of the store with someone who bore a striking physical resemblance to Shedeur Sanders, the quarterback of the Colorado Buffaloes. The odd couple of sorts seemed to be debating the optimal sound-projection angle, perhaps one of the football legend's off-season hobbies. This strange marriage in a suburban mall generated a fantasy environment for this world, far removed from precision and tension they know on the field.

Harley Forkins '25

The Big Bang

Far away from here, thousands of miles in Brazil, a decadent party was raging at what could have been Messi's home. The air thumped with music and laughter, a green and red tinsel and balloon array of rainbow hue adorning the opulent setting. While the celebration went on, rumors of the presence of Drake added to the atmosphere of speculation and intrigue over potential business meetings or a convergence of movers and shakers. The sheer opulence of the celebration itself was an overwhelming reflection of the phenomenal levels of money and international exposure these people enjoy.

The juxtaposition of these scenes, the low-key reflection in Walmart, the fiery argument, and the luxurious bash, highlighted the diverse realities of these celebrities. From the mundane activity of grocery shopping to the lavish spectacles of extravagance, their lives encompass a wide range of experiences. The green of the football stadium and the red of a triumphal banner are visual reminders, connecting their professional achievements to their own lives, although their lives may be otherwise.

Lastly, these glances at Jordan Love, Justin Tucker, Shedeur Sanders, Travis Scott, and Drake's lives wherever that may be, whether in the recognizable topography of Walmart, the imagined terrain of Messi's home, or the bright landscape of Brazil, reveal the intricate composition of celebrity. The contrast of their lives to both the mundane and the exceptional underlines the power of allusion in making sense of their public personas, and the ubiquitously determining force of money decides the options and experiences which define their separate trajectories, played out against the backdrop of green fields and the occasional burst of bright red.

Alexa Udovicic '25
Flowering Thoughts



Vincent Regano '27
Portrait of Vince



Vincent Regano '27
Louie



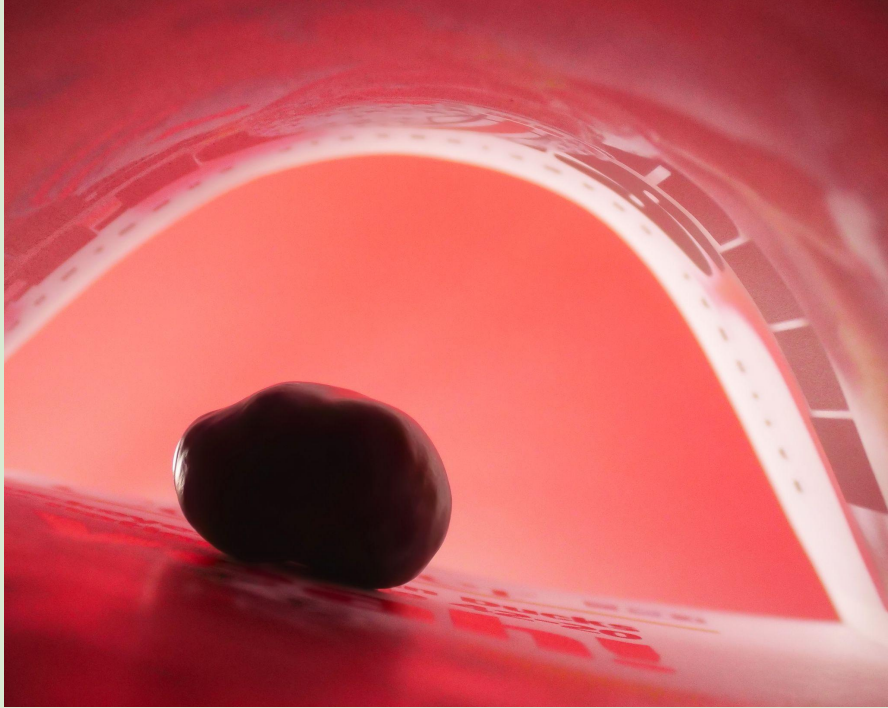
Mason Krause '26
Sunset Avenue



Jayden Davidson '28
Shapes



Patrick Zigman '26
THE



Cayden Boyes '25
The Need for Speed



Chase Klekar '28 John's Ride



John's life was like a 67 Mustang speeding down a winding coastal highway full of power, freedom, and a hint of danger. He had always been a man of routine, but today felt different, as if the universe had handed him a crossroad wrapped in red roses. The beach nearby was buzzing with the summer volleyball tournament, the sound of laughter and cheers mixing with the crashing waves. John adjusted his glasses, the sunlight glinting off his wedding ring, a symbol of promises made and sometimes tested.

Earlier that morning, John had found himself at the old movie theater downtown, a place where memories played like old reels flickering to life. The scent of popcorn mingled with the musty air, reminding him of simpler times. He watched a romantic scene unfold on the screen, butterflies fluttering in his stomach, a feeling he hadn't experienced in years. It was a sharp contrast to the baseball bat he kept in his car, a relic from his high school days when he thought strength came from brute force rather than heart.

As the volleyball game heated up on the beach, John's mind wandered to the suit tie he had worn to his last business meeting, stiff and uncomfortable like a noose tightening around his neck. Life had become a series of obligations and expectations, and he longed for something more genuine, something wild and free like the untamed waves before him. The red roses he had bought earlier weren't just for his wife; they were a reminder to himself that love, like the ocean, required both patience and courage.

With the sun beginning to set, painting the sky in hues of orange and pink, John felt a shift inside him. He crossed the sand toward the volleyball court, his heart pounding like a drum. The game was more than a sport; it was a metaphor for life's unpredictable volleys, the need to leap, catch, and sometimes let go. John smiled, realizing that just like the Mustang, he could choose his own road, steering away from past regrets toward new beginnings.

In that moment, surrounded by the salty air and the sound of crashing waves, John understood that life was a delicate balance, a dance between holding on and moving forward. His wedding ring caught the last light of day, a circle without end, much like the endless horizon before him. With renewed hope, he picked up the baseball bat from the sand, not as a weapon, but as a symbol of strength ready to face whatever came next.

Laila Gridiron '27
Blue Panda



Jasmenja Urh '27
The Pattern Of The Colors



Bryce Genovese '28
Camping at Night



Patrick Zigman '26
American Pie



Kristiana Bogner '28
Summer

Summer is coming
Humming a most wondrous tune
Becoming anew

Mason O'Donnell '28
The Game

The cougar waits still
Eyes locked on the open field,
Then the game begins.
Pads hit, feet fly fast,
Roars and cheers fill up the night
The game is alive.

Piper Kibler '28
The Weekend

I love the weekend
Spending time with my loved ones
I sleep in all day.

Kayla Cummings '28
Winter

I love winter time
I like to play in the snow
I like to eat snacks

Jayden Davidson '28
Audi R8



Gabriella Manzo '26
Sun Tulips



Maddie Federico '28
Mountain Tops



Francesca Webber '25
Morning Coffee



Every morning I walk to the café for my cup of joe and a glimpse of her. This girl is the most beautiful girl I had ever laid my eyes on. She had the bluest eyes, the blondest hair, the biggest smile and she always had the best outfits. Every morning she sits in her same corner chair with the same drink and everyday I walk past her as if I thought nothing of her.

Truth is I am too scared to talk to her. She is so beautiful and seems kind but girls had never been it for me. I've always struggled talking to girls, and all the tinder dates I get never text back after a few dates. I never understood what it was. At this point, I have felt rejection so many times I've become numb to it.

Despite all this, something about this girl seems different. The way her smile lights up the room every morning. She's like a shot of espresso. I want espresso in my life. A girl like that is hard to come by. One day, I got up from my bed and decided that enough was enough. I was going to talk to her. If she said she wasn't interested then she wasn't. I just couldn't deal with walking past her as if she wasn't the most beautiful girl I had ever seen.

I pick out my best outfit, put on my nicest shoes, spray my best cologne and head to the café. I go to the front counter and see the same cashier as always; Tom. I know him by name and vice versa. I wait patiently for my cup of coffee and as I turn around to walk out and peak at her corner seat. I come to see that she isn't there.

Disappointed and upset, I leave the café. "Today just wasn't it. Maybe tomorrow." Again and again I went back to that same café and still nothing. It has been a week now. I got tired of saying maybe tomorrow. So I tried going to some new local cafés around town to see if she had just been going to a new one with a better corner seat. A week of going to different places and trying their terrible coffee, I went back to the same old café to get my same cup of coffee that no other café in town could get right like Tami's did.

After paying my \$4.65, I headed towards the door, but something in my heart told me to go back to Tom and ask if he knew anything. So I did. "Tom, do you know whatever happened to that girl who used to sit in the corner seat?" I asked. It seemed like I had told him his mother had died from the way his face shifted from a smile to a frown. "Yes, I do. She had been battling cancer for the last year and she passed 2 weeks ago."

My heart sank down to my stomach. I felt sick and was ready to vomit. It all made sense now. How I couldn't find her at her favorite café, how she had started wearing bandanas and hats to cover her head. It all clicked as soon as he said that. I am disappointed at myself for how I couldn't see what she was going through. She did make it hard. Always smiling despite slowly perishing. I will always regret not talking to her sooner. Now, I will never get the opportunity.

Thank You

The 2025 *Forum* Staff would like to thank

The Lake Catholic Administration

Mr. John Morabeto

Mr. Tom McKrill

Ms. Maghen Frindt

The Art Department

The English Department

Epilogue

"In accordance with the principles of Doublethink,
it does not matter if the war is not real, or when it is,
that victory is not possible.

The war is not meant to be won. It is meant to be continuous."

George Orwell 1984