



Fearless Catholic
Writing Camp

Fearless Catholic Writing Camp

June 2023

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2023

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Group 1

Iris Ackley

Antonella Avalos

Rosalie Cresap

Mateo Diaz

Addison Fojtik

Anne Louise Hill

Evelyn Mastrangelo

Isabel Njau

Jeremias Penaloza

Matilda Salazar

Phoenix Serda Shruballs

Estelle Streeter

Eva Tunison

Aleida Walker

James Wilmot

Grace Woelfel

The Day I Got My Dog

The day that I got my dog, I was very excited. Macey, my dog, was very little, but she has grown. I was happy to have a new pet because my other dog named Gunner had passed away. When we went to the dog park, Macey was very shy. She wouldn't go through the tunnel that dogs go through, so we took her home. When we got in the car, we were deciding what to name her. We chose Macey as a name for my dog.

The next day my mom and dad told me and my brother to take care of my dog, and they said if we didn't, they would give her away. So me, and my brother said okay, we would, and from that day on we did. She is very playful and will help you with a lot of things.

The moral of the story is to always play with your dog, or you won't get to keep it.

Flowers

Flowers can bloom during breaks

Because they get sunlight

They grow from underground

The pretty petals bloom like a shiny penny

Their stem grows like a squash

The leaves grow like love into blossoms

Iris Ackley
Fourth Grade

The Magical Mural

The magical mural made a moose.

The moose was magical, so he made a mango.

The mural was colorful and creative,

So it made macaroni.

Then the mural made drunk deer.

The deer were magic, so they made donuts.

The sunny sun shined on the magic mural.

The magnificent mural made a cow.

The Dove

One day on the ark, Noah told me to take a message to the Lord. I flew to the Lord and told Him the message. It took me three days to get there. It took so long that I told Him the wrong message. When I got back to the ark, I told Noah what I said to the Lord. Noah said, "That was the wrong message!"

I had to go back and tell the Lord again. The first message was: I will make it rain eggs. The real message was: the rain needs to stop. So the Lord stopped the rain.

Dog in the Park When it is Dark

While I play in the park,
I see a dog in the dark.
It wags its tail and barks,
So I run through the park.

And there he is, standing there in the dark park.
He runs to me, barking furiously.
Then, he stands in front of me.
He runs towards a hill and turns around, waiting for me.

As I follow,
He points his nose to a hollow.
When I look inside the hollow, a small pup peeks out.
Then I pout.

I cannot help this lonely dog in the dark park.
I already have three dogs who like this park.
Then I remember I have friends
Who are willing to get a lonely dog in the dark park.

The Weird Small Human

I was running around my house, my paws skidding everywhere. I was thinking, “Next turn. Avoid tennis balls.” Wham! I hit something. Some...odd object. I looked at the object. It was some black box with a disgusting smell. I totally forgot about the game I was playing with my pet human and sniffed all around the box.

I found a small hole in the black thing. I did what any other curious dog would do. I ripped it. My kid came around the corner. Before I could see what was under the blanket, my pet human, Sarah, snatched me up and took me up the stairs. That wasn't even the weirdest part.

I know I heard a WHAA from inside the house. I tried to hear more of the crying, but Sarah kept saying, “Bad Chocolate,” over and over. Then she said, “You are not supposed to disturb baby Rose.” That was it. I jumped out of my kid's arms and back to the big thing.

It turned out it was a small bed, with a creepy small human inside it. I could not believe it! They were replacing me! Then I thought about it. The only thing to do was to make the humans like me more than the foul creature. I did the best I could. My first through sixth attempts failed. My seventh plan, make friends with the baby, worked. By that time, my people had grown fond of the baby. I thought that if I made peace, they would keep me too. I went to the baby's new room, looked at her crib, and decided it had room for a dog. So, I jumped up. The baby looked pleased to see me, and I decided it wasn't that bad after all.

Rosalie Cresap
Fourth Grade

If I Was at the Barn

If I was in the barn, I would see cows, sheep, and pigs, and I would touch pigs, sheep, ducks, cats, and dogs. The fur would be soft. And I would hear mooing, barking, meowing, quacking, baaing, and I would taste hay and animal food. And also, the barn was ancient and enormous.

My Pets

I have a pet named Bella, and she is super-hyper. One time she jumped on me and licked my ear. I also had another pet named Fofo, and he was a bunny. He was very fast, and he used to always run away from me. But later on, we had to give him to my aunt because my mom had allergies. My dog is always with my dad. The moral of the story is, don't bring pets near my mom, or else she will get sick with allergies.

Monkeys in the Jungle

The jungle is full of monkeys.

They like swinging on vines.

The marvelous monkey goes fast in the jungle.

The jaguars are jealous of the jungle monkeys.

They get faster, faster, faster on the vines.

They like eating a lot of bananas.

They scream ooh-eee ooh-ahh most of the time.

They like going on big trees a lot.

The Car Wash

One day my family and I were driving, and suddenly my Dad said, “Let’s go get a car wash,” and we all agreed on getting a car wash, so we went. When we got there, it took a very, very long time. My dad, my sister, and I saw a pet store. We asked my mom and dad if we could go, and they said yes.

Then my sister, my dad, and I went to the pet store named Petco. We walked in and it was such a marvelous place. We went to the dog section, and all fell in love with one dog. We wanted the name to be Choco, but sadly my dad said, NOOO! Then my dad went to the fish isle and there was one named Mermaid and my dad said maybe. He called my mom to ask and my mom said of course not, and I was not surprised. A few minutes later, a kind lady came over to the fish isle. “Which fish do you like?” she asked. I said a fish that was red, but then she quickly grabbed the one that we were going to get.

The moral of the story is to not lie when it comes to your opinion.

Yellowstone

Yellowstone has all the amazing animals,
Like the beautiful buffalo that bounce,
And all the creaking crickets.
Without a doubt, it has delightful deer.

But each and every excellent animal
Are the most fantastic phenomenon.
And there are gorgeous geysers,
And all the hot springs that make me happy.

There are no incredible iguanas,
But I have seen a joyful jackalope.
Yellowstone is the kind of place that kites like
And all the leathery lizards.

Addison Fojtik
Fourth Grade

Cat

Someone stole the mouse. She knew it! She followed the scent of her toy mouse. Then she stopped at a door. Her two-legs would not let her out. She jumped and opened the door.

“Why is my mouse out here?” She felt her chest thump over and over again. “There will be three kin of your kind. I hold the power of the stars in my paws!”

Suddenly, a red-pelt fox sped by, stealing the mouse. “STUPID MANGY PELT!! He stole my mouse!” She followed the red-pelt’s scent. There was something strange about the scent. Everything felt wrong, but she went on.

When the scent stopped, she was relieved that she found her mouse, but then she realized it was a fox den. Suddenly the foxes came out.

“I WANT MY MOUSE, RED-PELT.”

Splash!

Splash! I did a cannonball.

Bounce! Bounce! I’m a ball!

I bounce toward the grill.

What a wonderful shrill!

These seashells are so pretty!

I cannot keep them – that’s a pity.

Spat! There’s sand in my mouth.

This has been an adventure, but now I go south!

Anne Louise Hill
Fourth Grade

A Scary Noise

My name is Evelyn, and I am a cat. I was in my house, when I heard a noise. It sounded like “whoo whoo!” I don’t know why.

My sister said, “You are making this up!”

My mom heard it, so I didn’t make it up.

One night, I heard it, and I followed it. I saw the dog awake. He had heard it too. Soon I found the sound. It was my dad snoring. I woke him up, and I told him that we all got spooked! He said he was sorry. We told everyone the story.

The Dog’s Life

The dog saw his friends go to an ark. But when he got there, Noah said, “You don’t have a mate. Go and get your mate!”

So, he went and got his girlfriend, and they were let on the ark. He said, “Why are we in this house?”

Then a clash of thunder filled the air, and it began to rain. The dog understood everything in an instant.

Noah said, “It will flood for forty days and nights.”

“Great!” said the girl dog. “Now we have this room with cows, cats, mice, and pigs!”

“Sit down, dear, and rest,” The dog said. The rain kept on raining on and on and on, until the fortieth night was over.

Both dogs said, “At last! We are here!” and they played, dug, and barked with joy. And they lived happily ever after.

Evelyn Mastrangelo
Third Grade

Fire the Cat

Hi. My name is Fire, and I am a cat. A fun fact about me is that I love to play with my owners. So, you must be wondering where did I get adopted? Well, it happened at the pet shelter downtown.

Ten Hours Later

I yawned. “My little Fireball! It’s almost time for bed!” said my owner.

“Can someone sleep with me?” I asked.

“I guess, but this is the last time, okay?” my owner answered.

“Okay!” I agreed.

“Your big sister will sleep with you,” my owner said.

“But Mom!” I complained.

“I don’t want to hear it,” she called back.

“Fine!” I huffed and went to bed.

Waiting for a Pet

One time I went to my neighbor’s house, and I saw this black cat. It was so funny, and I asked my parents if I could get one, and they said yes. I was so excited, and I couldn’t wait to get my very own black cat. I wanted to get one because the black cat at my neighbor’s house was so cute, soft, and funny.

I would name my cat Sparkle Ball. My mom helped me choose the name. I thought about getting a cat because when my dad and mom were little, they had so many pets.

Isabel Njau
Fourth Grade

The Jungle

There is a place called the jungle.
It is full of monkeys,
That jump on trees, and grass.
There's flowers everywhere.

The monkeys are crazy,
And they are creative,
And they scream every 10 hours,
And they scramble every day.

The Hungry Monkey

I am a hungry monkey. I eat bananas every three hours. I think that bananas are very good. They are even better than hot Cheetos! But surprise, I am a monkey that likes to read.

The Park

When I am at the park,
I taste popcorn.
It smells like flowers.

I touch a dog and a cat.
My friend and I hear
Birds singing music.

I see the sunset,
And the pretty sky.

A Cat's Perspective

I was taking a nap, when I heard a noise in the kitchen. I saw a mouse in the kitchen, and I got in position. Then I pounced, and I got the mouse! I took it to my human, but she just looked at me like, "Why did you do that?" Then she kicked me out.

I was mad, so when she let me in, I slept with her. I kept on bothering her and meowing all night. She was mad, so mad that she got a dog to replace me. A dog! A fat dog! To replace me!

I tried to be friends with the dog, but my human was spending more time with the dog than me. So, I made a plan. The plan was to blame the dog for everything that I did.

The Barn

I was a lonely goat. When I was eating, a farmer found me, and they took me to their barn. The hay tasted weird and bad. The floor was hard, and I saw hay on the floor. All the animals were big and small, but the barn was hot, and outside, there were pigs and chicks. There I spent my time at the barn with my new friends.

Matilda Salazar
Fourth Grade

Waves

The sea, the shore, the splashing waves,
The seashells shimmering under the waves.
I can play in the waves.
I get wet in the waves.

I see the sunshine shimmer.
The sand is shimmering too.
A day at the beach—
It's the best at the beach.

Now I am waving at the waves,
With their gentle song, and the sand.
Now I am asleep.
Tomorrow I will go to the beach again.

Animals

I stepped in the vintage barn, and I saw cows, chickens, pigs, and horses. I stepped in smelly manure when I touched a big cow. When I saw the chickens, they squawked loudly at me. I managed to get twelve good eggs. I was milking a cow and I tasted the milk, and it was bitter. Then the biggest cow mooed loudly right at me. The hay was moving a little, so I looked over and saw a dog chasing a cat. The sheep ran, and I got away from the barn as fast as I could.

Phoenix Serda Shruball
Fourth Grade

Reading Under the Tree

The tree throws shade with its branches.
It's so fun in the shade of the branches.
My favorite part of the shade
Is to read under the branches.

Shakespeare— Mary Pope Osborne—
Both so good at writing—
Shakespeare with his plays
And Mary Pope Osborne with her *Magic Treehouse Series*

Today I am reading *Romeo and Juliet*
With my back on the trunk of the tree
With tea to drink. The tree is an apple tree.
Oh, how I love apricots and apples!

All of a sudden, it starts to rain.
I pick up my stuff and run inside,
Finish my tea, and then run to my room
And took a nap for the rain exhausted me.

I am dreaming of Romeo and me,
For in the morning, I will read my story
With my back on the trunk
Under the branches of the tree.

The Journey

One day, I was grazing in the grass, and I heard a stomp. I got so scared that I almost galloped away. But a man said, "Be not afraid, little horse. My name is Noah. I have come to take you to my ark to save you from the flood. Please come with me."

I pranced away with Noah. A couple of minutes later, we arrived. Noah took me inside the ark. There were so many animals! I saw cows, chickens, lions, tigers, and wolves. All of a sudden, it started raining. The tigers and the lions roared, the wolves howled, the cows mooed, and the chickens squawked.

Noah said, "Don't be afraid. You are safe here with me." All the animals stopped their sounds.

The journey began. I calmed down myself. I decided to explore. The first thing I saw was the stable I was staying in. It was first-class. There was hay and grass to eat, a little bed, and a window. Then I walked down the hallway. There were other animals' beds and rooms. Noah and his family's rooms were there too. I turned and saw the cages for the lions and the tigers. Then I went up some stairs, and there was an area to get together.

Days passed, and I finally cantered out of the ark into the new world.

Estelle Streeker
Fourth Grade

Hand in the Sand

My hand dug in the sand,
And I found a rubber band.
The rubber band looked like a rainbow,
Then it started to rain though.
It rained like a hurricane,
Water hitting like an on-coming train.

Where's my Food?

One day my sister, mom, and I went to Olive Garden. We sat at our table, waiting for our food. I needed to use the bathroom, so I went with my mom and my sister, Chloe. When I left five minutes earlier, my food was there, but when I got back, it was gone.

I asked a waiter, and he said he didn't take it. That was weird. And then I thought it was weird that Chloe had both plates. I was so mad at her, but it was too late; she had eaten all my food.

The good news is that when I got home, my mom took me to Target to get some toys and candy. They were delicious, but when I got home, Chloe started to cry. I gave her one of my toys and three of my candies, and she stopped crying and gave me a hug.

The End

Eva Tunison
Third Grade

The Little Doll

I lived in a snug little playhouse and was very valuable to my owner. She dressed me every day, but one day, I was left alone. And then days passed until I saw a little girl, a doll just like me. She told me about her adventures, and we became friends.

After a few years, she left, and I was sad. I remembered my best friend until she came back, but then I left. We still were the very best of friends, and after a few years, we came back together, and our friendship was so strong that one day, we turned into humans.

The End.

Penny and Nickel

I was in the car. My mom was asleep, and me and my dad went to the pet shop. It was a cold and rainy Friday. We were in the pet shop and bought supplies so we could build the cage for Penny and Nickel.

We got so many things. It was raining and cold, so we wrapped my scarf around their boxes and drove to the house. We set up the cage for them. and I opened the box, and two adorable little guinea pigs poked their heads out.

We put them in their cage, and they scurried everywhere and ate all their hay. Then we put a leash on them and took them on a walk in our backyard. They're fun. I love them and Penny and Nickel love their new home.

The moral of this story is that if you behave, it will happen one day.

Aleida Walker
Fourth Grade

At the Beach

I'm at a place with sand and water.

People come here for vacation.

Seagulls live here,

And sometimes they take away people's food.

And you'll have fun everyday if you do

Go there for your vacation.

And it's a great place

To make sand castles.

The First Day of School

Once there was a dog named Joey. Joey's favorite food was ice cream. He ate ice cream every day with his friends. His best friend was Philip. Philip and Joey played together every day during the summer.

Now, it was the time for them to begin first grade. Joey and Philip were nervous, when the first day of school came along. But they had a lot more fun than Joey had expected. At the end of the day, Joey and Philip went home from school together.

James Wilmot
Fourth Grade

Where's My Cat?

One day, I was at the garden with my cat. The garden looks like a very pretty garden. It has flowers everywhere, and a lot of grass. When I went to the car, I told my cat to stay at the garden.

I came back, and my cat was gone! I checked everywhere, and I couldn't find her anywhere. I asked everyone, even my friends. They all said, "No, I haven't seen her."

Then I checked under the bushes, and I found her! I pulled her out from under the bushes, but then she scratched me.

I See Hay

I see hay. There are horses neighing in the barn. I taste hay falling on my tongue. I touch sheep. The sheep feel like a pom-pom. I see some cows walking by the barn. The barn is red. It is humongous.

The End

Grace Woelfel
Third Grade

Group 2A

Leah Abitua

Ethan Adeyemi

Alexa Beyer

Cecilia Carillo

Bridget Clinton

Emelda Garcia

Henry Hooks

Lara Lee

Gabriella Lopez

Isabella Nelson

Guiliana Obando

Agnes O'Connor

Sumunavi Ros

Ian Salazar

Antoni Torello

Elioneai Torello

Catherine Valdes

Noah Wechter

Arianna Yanez

Space

Space is a dark place, but there are many planets and stars. There are *many* planets. For example, there are Saturn, Jupiter, and Earth. If you're looking from a spaceship, you could probably see much more. For example, here are some names of some stars: the Sun, Sirius, and Polaris.

On a spaceship, there are probably a ton of buttons or handles. I would be scared to drive a spaceship. Even on a spaceship, there is no gravity. Most astronauts eat food from a bag or pouch.

The Troubled Chef

On the day the chef decided to make tacos, large crowds gathered around his restaurant. They smelled his cooking. He continued to cook while they stood outside his restaurant. Then he told them many things in parables saying, "Consider the chef who went out to cook. As he started, some ingredients he was carrying fell from his basket along the trail, and the birds flew over and devoured them. Other ingredients fell on rocky ground where it didn't have much soil and it stayed there since the soil wasn't deep. When the sun came over those ingredients, they were scorched. Since they had no roots and it was very sunny, they withered away. Other ingredients fell among thorns, and the thorns came up and suffocated them." The chef still made it to his restaurant and cooked the meal.

Leah Abitua
Sixth Grade

On the Line

Living on an asteroid? Oh, my! Well, my name is Bob, and they call me “The Builder.” I retired because I wanted to be in space. But, somehow It all went wrong. I went to Area 51. Then I crashed on this asteroid in the asteroid belt closer to Jupiter. Then the asteroid took me all the way back to the sun where I almost got heat stroke. Then I was freezing because the asteroid took me to Uranus and Neptune, so it turned down the heat.

Then the sun fire formed 7070 million people like figures except they were aliens! Some looked like monsters, but as days turned into weeks, and weeks turned into months I made friends with them. They said that if I died of heat stroke, I would become one of them in 1,000 years. If I die in a cold place, freeze to death, or get frostbite, I will become one of their enemies.

The Little Pickle

There is a duck near the pickle pond. Do you like pickles or ducks? Ducks devour pickles and dissolve them. Shall I buy a pickle pond or a duck-pickle salad? Shall I?

There are green, blue, and red ducks in Wyoming. Shall I catch one?

In a famous pickle restaurant near a pickle pond they sell pickles—little and big and medium—and ducks the size of an elephant.

Ethan Adeyemi
Fifth Grade

The Bagel Shop

One day, Jesus went out of the house to the kitchen where he got his ingredients: a bagel and cream cheese.

Meanwhile, a huge line for the bagel shop was emerging. When the shop finally opened, He told them if you just get a bagel with cream cheese, you will be satisfied, but if more things are put on the bagel, you will be unsatisfied.

When the first person came in, he asked for a bagel with bacon, cheese, ham, and a lot more things but was not able to enjoy it because it was too big.

The next person asked for a bagel with nothing on it. She couldn't enjoy it either because there was nothing to enjoy.

The last person just got a bagel with cream cheese and was happy because it was the most perfect kind: not too much, not too little. He was able to enjoy everything.

Oink

Oink is the sound a pig makes when it's lonely, and when it's got company.

The pig makes the sound all day long except when it's sleeping.

Then the sound is gone, but when he's awake, it goes on.

Being a pig is so much fun, saying oink is never done, but this poem has just begun.

Pigs like to play around; they are really funny clowns.

"Oink, oink" is all they say, this is how they start the day, and you will never need to pay for any of the oinks they say.

You and your pig will be together, and their oinks will last forever.

If you say oink today, tomorrow you'll be on a sleigh for a pig to save the day.

Flowers

If I were to hide away from someone and could not be outside, I would miss so much nature, but what I would miss the most would be flowers because of how pretty they are.

Flowers come in so many different colors and smell really nice. They have lots of patterns and I would be sad if I couldn't see them. Flowers also come in many sizes so it's nice to see all of them. I would miss flowers so much. I love flowers!

Cecilia Carillo
Fifth Grade

The Sun's Gaze

The morning is growing.

The sun changes me.

He wakes me.

I peer out the window and see what he is showing.

What a wonder he has to show!

He is spreading his golden gaze

Across the waking meadow's grace

Illuminating the dewy lace

On the roses, peonies, and carnations.

Through the floral maze he shines his heavenly haze

For his glow spreads through all nations.

Planet Earth

The stars are bright, so big and bright. My spaceship is blue and white. My uniform is green. My skin is green. I live everywhere in space. Space is blue. I go to Mars where everything is Mars, but my favorite place to go is planet Earth.

I turned it into a dog, and I have it to worship God. I could be a cowboy, and I could also be an alien in school. They make fun of me because they think I am too cool. They saw my pool. After that, I left Earth. I went back home to say, "Hi," and then, "Bye."

Mark the Cat

Mark the Cat woke up proudly.

To hear something loudly.

Mark the Cat went to check so he could go back to napping.

Mark the Cat went outside because he wanted to stop meowing.

Mark the Cat went outside because he was too grumpy.

Mark the Cat said to stop because you are being too noisy.

Mark the Cat went back to napping because they're not being noisy.

My Cat's Singing

My cat is like a record player that is out of tune.
For when I listen to music, his chest blows up like a balloon.
He lets loose a torrent of meows and screeches.
And they make me wish that I was at the beaches.
Because then I wouldn't I have to go eye-to-eye
And tell him that his singing could make a grown man cry.
Then he'd be offended and wouldn't sing for me.
And although he means this as punishment, I'd be grateful secretly.
Then he'd nuzzle up to me and I'd start petting him.
And very deep down in my heart, I'd know all was forgiven.
But then he'd bite me on my hand as a form of his revenge.
He'd say I deserved even though I'm pretty sure that I didn't.

The Chef and the Customers

There once was a chef who prepared delicious meals at his restaurant. People would travel for distances to devour one of his delicious meals. One night, two large groups of people entered the restaurant. One of the groups was happy, each person excited that they would get to eat marvelous good quality food. The second group of people wore scowls on each of their faces. They doubted that the chef's food was any good at all. The chef made a large batch of quesadillas that night. When he served them to the first group, after energetically munching on them, they complimented him greatly, then went out of the restaurant and told their friends about the chef's amazing food. However, when the chef graciously served the quesadillas to the second group of people, they only nibbled and pecked at them. They then began complaining, saying that the quesadillas were burnt, or that they were too greasy. They finally left the chef's restaurant, saying that they would go to another restaurant. They did not enjoy the meal as much as the first group of people because they were not prepared to enjoy it, whereas the first group of people were prepared to enjoy the meal and share the goodness of it with others.

Henry Hooks
Fifth Grade

What Miss Bessie Saw

I saw Jess tiptoe out of the house. I stared at him climbing across the scrap heap and into the cow field. I saw little puffs coming from his breath. I trotted happily and fast to a patch of green grass. After I finished my food, Jess got ready to run. I trotted fast and happily to the center of the field and gleefully watched Jess run.

July's Birthday

Today is July's birthday.

I go and say, "Good day."

I got her a gift.

She did open the gift.

She said it was nice.

She and I went to play

With Mia

Our friends joined.

The day was very fun and gay.

Blowing

I hear the wind blowing and I think
It is a beautiful sound. The wind is shaking.
The leaves on the tree and the flower in the
Ground. The wind is blowing the cicadas are
chirping the planes are passing the cars are too.
On a hot summer day the wind will stop
blowing and while the birds will play I will
keep my positivity showing.

Johnny Appleseed

Apples are very sweet. Some are big, some are small
I don't know, I love them all.
Some are red, some are redder
Every time I eat, they get better.
One of my favorite people is Johnny Appleseed.
He planted many trees for the apples that we need.
He spent his whole lifetime helping people out.
He would never cry, he would never pout.
He did all that out of the kindness of his heart,
So follow after him 'cause he did his part.
He also liked making applesauce for you and all,
So always be brave and do the right thing 'cause Appleseed stood tall.

Winds and Summer

Wind is rough. Summer

is hot. But summer is fun.

Wind is fun too. How? When it's

hot, wind cools you down. Summer

is fun. How? You can have

ice cream. Yum!

See! Summer is so fun! But

when it winds you can have

hot cocoa! Yum! You can

do a lot of fun stuff

A lot of fun stuff. So don't get both.

Smell

The smell of flowers in the spring smells like wet grass dripping water off its blades. Smell can't always smell great. Sometimes you could be smelling dog fertilizer, if you know what I mean. It also could be the smell of ripe fruit that has been cut open. Ripe fruit is nice fruit. Nice fruit smells delicious. Maybe the fruit is mango, when it's cut open, it drips its juice. Sweet mango, eat mango. Eat mangos or else. Not a threat.

Lost In Space

In my space suit, I landed on the moon and walked out of my ship. Walking on the moon, I wanted to jump to really see if there was actually zero gravity. Turns out there is zero gravity. It took me at least four or five seconds to come down, not even to the ground. But when I did, I realized I came here for a reason, but what was my reason? I began to question my life choices and just thought it would come back to me when I went back into the spaceship. When I got inside, I waited for 10 seconds but it still didn't come back to me. I decided to go back to Earth but then it hit me, I was meant to save Jupiter from a meteor. Oops, too late, oh well, time to go back home and question why I even applied for this job.

The Acorn's Inch

You may not know this

But there is a creature the size of a nut.

I know it sounds silly

But there truly are creatures the size of a nut.

They are called fairies.

You are not likely to see one, but they are there

And truly the size of a nut.

They are quite shy, but by and by,

You may see one flying high.

And you'll see, they really are the size of a nut.

Their wings flutter, as soft as butter,

As small as an acorn,

Quite the size of a nut.

Measured by an acorn's inch.

Useless

I am a bottle. I'm full until I'm not. I'm not a metal water bottle, I'm only plastic. Even metal comes to an end. If I'm full of water, you drink, then you're done, but I always come back. Maybe not in the same form. But if you think of it, you might see me in the ocean, that's probably where I will end up. Useless, I was always useless.

Endless Water

Dark blue water, deep and cool. It feels like you're falling. You never stop, always going until the end. Then you stop to turn again. You're swimming, swimming to the end, thinking you won't get back again. Swimming, finally near the top, then suddenly you want to stop. Falling, falling, won't let up, then suddenly you're floating up. That's the end, all hope is lost. But then I wake up in a daze, my mind survived that delusion: it felt I was under a spell.

The Space

My name is Bill, and I got a job at NASA, so I have to stay in space for a few years. The inside of my ship is smooth and it had just been improved to feel brand new. The inside was black and white. Some of the food tasted bad, and some better. I hope I don't crash this ship, or else I'm the one who must pay for it since it's just me on the moon.

In my free time I just jump for fun because there is no gravity in space. I do work sometimes by trying to find an alien, NASA told me that was my job. After all that time in space, I quit because I got bored.

Ian Salazar
Sixth Grade

Lonely Computer

There was a computer in a dark and dusty room.
It had been in the room for the whole afternoon.
The old and dusty computer was getting very sad.
A bag of chips was all that it had.
It sat there very sad until someone opened the door,
and it isn't lonely anymore.

Mr. Lion

I was taking my afternoon nap, or at least trying to. but the other lions were growling and roaring.

“Be quiet,” I said, when suddenly a voice cried out “In you go!” and a human fell into our den.

“Food!” we all roared even though he couldn't understand us. But right as I was about to bite and devour him, my mouth wouldn't open. But when I roared it did open, and I saw a white figure with wings stopping in front of me from opening my mouth.

“Eat the other lions instead, Mr. Lion. I will not let you harm this man!” he said.

So I sprung upon another lion and tore him to shreds and ate him. It tasted better than humans. “Yum!” I happily roared. “This is good.” And then I went back to my nap.

Aliens

We are hidden from all humans. We hide inside black holes and travel through worm holes. We are the Zalturs. Inside a black hole, it is very dark but with an orange tint. Our ship is giant, the size of Mercury. Whenever there are humans nearby, we turn invisible. Our ship is also pitch black, so it is hard to be noticed, giving us time to hide. We know all about humans thanks to our spy robot named Big Foot.

I Am a Toad, What Are You?

Are you a lion, as strong as you are brave? For if that's true, I'm quite jealous.

Are you a fly, buzzing around? If that's so, then you may be quite jealous of me.

Are you a fox, as cunning as you are fast?

What are you? What are you? What am I?

I am a Toad, and you are?

The Breeze of the Night

Flowers bloom day and night the wind
Blows them in time
The beauty all shows at night. Hear the breeze
Then time.
The wind blows right they see
in sight. Trees glow, bright of life
Sleep, it's time of the breeze of night.

Clocks Are Ticking

Summer, at last! Oh I've been waiting
to prepare for the heat.
No, it's not a treat.
The summer heat is just like trash--
we want it gone because it can get intense.
I want it better, not like this,
but the clocks are ticking—I hope it's quick.

Summer Rules

The Sun, Part 1

I wake up to see the sun,
Knowing that today will be fun.
Because it's summer,

And it's a bummer that summer has an end.

The sun gleaming in the sky is why I'm having fun.
Oh yes, the sun is perfect relaxation,
I can say it without hesitation,
Summer Rules!

Relaxing waves of heat above my head,
Get me out of my bed.
What a beautiful day outside,
It's challenging to put such perfect weather aside.

The hot sun streaming on my back,
Ends my flashback to the last storm attack.

How happy can I be?
Oh, the sun has set me free.

Cooking

One day, Jesus was cooking at his restaurant when a woman walked in and placed an order for fettuccini Alfredo pasta. When she got her food, she only pecked at it because she didn't like it. She then decided to order a pizza. When it arrived, she didn't like that either and spat it out. Then the woman said, "I want something that is great, something with meat and juice that is nice and chewy. I want a steak, medium rare."

When she was given the steak, she didn't like it, she LOVED it! She savored the first few bites and guzzled the rest. Afterwards, she was ready to tell everyone about Jesus' restaurant.

Bad Hot Days

I'm the sun.

The sun is too hot.

The sun has light.

It's too bright.

I like the night

Because there is no light.

Group 2B

Ethan Achuo

Pamela Andrade

Jeremy Avalos

Eli Bean

Maeve Boyleston

Bridget Burton

Mary Busher

Nathalie Carrillo

David Castro

Madeleine Cresap

Abigail Eastepp

Lucas Esparza

Brooklyn Fojtik

Sophia Garcia

Kimberly Giron

Catherine Hayes

Christopher Martinez

Naomi Oyediran

Elizabeth Peirce

Judit Penaloza

Daniel Ramirez

Nature, People, and More

The birds flew
over the grass which had dew.
The young bird looked blue and small.
Its cry echoed like a microphone
on echo mode.

The grass was green
which had ants that were mean.
So if you learn to see, be careful,
'cause their bites are like millions
of mites biting you.

Inside can be filled with nature too, like
rodents swarming around the house
while your cat is in boredom,
and rodents know not to be a threat or they just might get wrecked.

People, in the summer, like to play in the sun
until they rest cause they're tired.
Probably because "Run in the Sun" is a tiring game.

In the end, no one wants summer to end, for,
at least, the last day will be long.

Beautiful Creation

It was dark.

Like the darkness of my closet.

There hadn't been people made yet

until God made Adam and Eve.

A world with colors and people to live.

Creation. Creation is beautiful.

Now we can see the wonderful

colors in the sky and birds playing all around.

No colors at first, but then the colors came alive

making everybody so happy for the colors.

Creation. Creation is beautiful.

God made all of the people and all

of the beautiful plants and weather.

Everybody should be happy and not ungrateful.

Be good and kind to others for..

Creation. Creation is beautiful.

Vacation from School

My summer is like a relaxing break.

Seeing trees with full blossoms and
grasses filled with wildflowers.

I can smell wet grass in the morning.

I can hear the sound of a lawnmower about to cut it.

I can see flowers as bright and cheerful as the sun.

I can taste freshly washed cut-up strawberries.

Going to take a relaxing swim in the pool.

People taking time for vacations.

Playing with friends in backyards using water guns and
playing video games with your siblings.

Being at summer writing camp is fun and exciting.

My summer is like a relaxing break.

It is great so far.

Jeremy Avalos

Sixth Grade

90 Seconds of Blindness

The wall had a rhythm like a rap song.

When I closed my eyes I was overwhelmed with darkness.

I had no clue about what was going on around me.

When I got over the overwhelming darkness, I stretched out my hands.

I touched a wall.

The wall had a rhythm like a rap song.

I could smell and taste the fresh cut grass.

I heard a dragonfly zoom by my ear.

When I closed my eyes, I was overwhelmed with darkness.

Parable

There was a kid named Joe Bob and he was a Christian. He went to a gathering for Jesus Christ to tell a story. Joe Bob was so short that he had to climb a tree to see. Jesus said, “Get down here, because I have to stay at your house.”

By the way, Joe Bob was a millionaire, and he told God, “Your speech was so moving I’m going to give half of my earnings to the homeless.”

“Good job, Joe Bob, I am proud that you listened when I said that you should help those less fortunate than you.”

“No problem!” said Joe Bob.

What Makes Nature

In the grass, ants, small and fast

move together like a dance.

These small insects climb up trees, but

why do they climb?

These brown and green structures, sitting tall and still,

but still growing. Their flowers, the pink beauties on the

branches, dancing in the wind.

And found on the huge trunk, green fluff climbing up the tree,

that feels soft, long, and is silent— found in the cracks of the bark as

beautiful as ever.

The ants, the trees, the flowers, and the moss, together weave a beautiful and harmonious sight.

That sight is named nature.

Create the World

I close my eyes and deep inside
God creates the world.

He took my hand and
said to me, "Child, you are a pearl."

My God, my Lord
He creates the world.

My God, my Lord
He creates the world.

I say out loud, right to Him,
"You create the world."

He takes my hand
and says the words,
"I create the world."

I close my eyes and deep inside
He makes me feel
ALIVE!

BLIND

When I closed my eyes
I heard a lawnmower as loud as thunder.
I felt Catherine touch my shoes
and said, silly as a clown,
“Oh, the rubber goes into leather.
These are Converse.”

CREATION

I am so happy God
created the world.
It is beautiful.
The blue rivers.
The still lakes.
The world is beautiful.
Full of amazing critters, big and small.

Personalities of Summer

Summers are full of hopes and dreams.

Dragonflies fly away not knowing where they will stay.

As I close my eyes, I smell sweet roses and lilies.

Bumblebees may talk and tattle about
how good their pollen is. It sounds like a treat for them.

Watermelons are big with rind.

What a waste for not knowing how it tastes.

Dreams are the same, but like flower seeds, they take a long time to grow.

As I like to say, not all flowers are the same.

In the end, they turn into something big, beautiful and spreads.

Summer is full of goals.

Where will it reach the end?

Did You Know?

I am a dragonfly.

I have big eyes and can see a lot of things.

I have little squares and when I see another dragonfly,
just one, I see lots.

It's called multi-faceted eyes.

I fly fast and I help humans.

I know that mosquitoes bite a lot and I help by eating them.

I am a dragonfly and have the worst life because I cannot live long.

The Nature of Summer

Summer is like
a cool breeze on a burning day
with the hot sun shining on your pale back

Summer is like
smelling the fresh cut grass
early in the morning
when dew pricks the plant's sharp points

Summer is like
taking in the beauty
of a newly sprouted white rose

Summer is like
tasting the sweetness of
a newly picked
shimmering red
apple from its tree

Summer is like
a bird flapping its wings
heading off to a new journey

The Voice

In the darkness
lonely and sad
I heard a voice
soft and sweet,
and it sounded like
a bird's tweet
saying, "Let there be light."
and then there was light.

God has brought
light to the world
God has brought
light to the world

I was hopeless in the
dark when a voice
said, "Let there be light."

In the light I am happy
It is not dark

Abigail Eastepp
Sixth Grade

Our Lord

He made all the nature that is in the world

He is our Lord, King, God of the world.

Our Lord is the King of our lives. He made all the
lives; he made the water and food in our lives.

He made all the nature that is in the world.

He is our Lord, King, God of the world.

Summer Fun

Summer is like a sweet popsicle
melting in the hot sun.

You hear
airplanes taking off with people
going on summer vacations ready
to have some fun.

Hot days
get longer
and the cool days
get
shorter.

Summer is big splashes in the
cold water
with kids laughing
anywhere they go
not caring
which way the lazy river flows.

Blossoms of Pain

I stand alone watching the flowers bloom
with a breeze on my face,
but something catches my gaze,
a blossom tree.

As I stare, it seems like it speaks to me
She is perfect in every way,
but still a misfit I think to myself.

She tries to be perfect in every way,
but her imperfect traits seem to give it all away,
but behind all that pressure
and effort for perfection
her imperfect traits are
unique and special like no
other. She is a true beauty.

A blossom of pain.

Summer Memories

Summer is like sunny days out in nature, spending time with family and friends, and going out to have fun and spend the time of your life.

Summer is also beautiful, fun, and even a season most people go and travel, including my family and I. When you travel, you get beautiful memories from the places you went.

And memories are beautiful too, because you can go back to them and think about all the beautiful moments you had.

And when you think of your memories, you are not just thinking of them, you also picture them and keep thinking of them.

Summer

Summer is like leaves shaking in the wind.

I see the vast green fields.

I see the brown squirrel running up the trees.

It looks like summer.

I smell summer things.

I smell dirty dirt and tall trees.

I smell the cold popsicles and ice cream.

It smells like summer.

I taste the popsicles.

I taste the cold ice cream to cool me off.

I taste the pool water as I splash around.

It tastes like it should in summer.

I feel the warm sun on my back.

I feel the bird's soft feathers as it flies away.

It feels like summer.

I hear planes flying high in the sky.

I hear the rushing water in the lake.

I hear the kids playing in the vast fields.

It sounds like summer. Summer is like
all of these things. It comes and goes and comes again.

Just like summer.

Catherine Hayes

Fifth Grade

Summer

Summer is like a blazing hot desert.

Summer is the time for ice cream and lemonade.

Summer is like a dolphin doing tricks.

Summer is melted ice cream dripping onto my hands.

Summer is the time the fan and A/C are overworked.

Summer is when freshly cut grass is growing, but goes extremely dry.

Summer is the time pools are full.

Summer is morning dew.

Summer is like a trip to the zoo only to realize the power went out.

Summer has many things about to be explored, but it will all end soon, then come again next year.

Christopher Martinez

Sixth Grade

The Story of a Magpie

I am a magpie; I have brown feathers and I like collecting shiny things. One day, I was sitting on the branch of my oak tree, then I see something glittery and shiny from below in the big unknown, which humans call “grass.” Then, after thinking of my plan, I head for my target; I swoop and snatch it in my beak.

When I’m back up in the safety of my branch, I hop back to my nest and inspect the unidentified object. It is big and long like a rope, but it is thin. I see down below where the humans are going to pray to Jesus, God’s son, in the big, golden dome. Then I see a girl frantically looking for something. She describes it to her companion; then I realize I have it!

She calls the things she is looking for, a “necklace.” So, I swoop down again and drop the “necklace” right in front of her and fly back to my nest, my refuge, my home.

Naomi Oyediran

Sixth Grade

The Life of a Water Droplet

I am a small water droplet. I run around the water cycle and meet new and old friends. But right now, I'm in a river, on my way to the ocean. I try to stay with my best friend; she is another droplet. Currently, we are together. The long journey is rough, and I am constantly hitting the rocky way, even flying into the crisp, warm air sometimes. The spring sun is starting to set and all the critters are hopping, running, swimming, jumping, racing, or climbing up to bed in their cozy house or burrow.

The cold little droplets in the river push and shove to get to the middle; that's the best place. I'm just floating on top, shifting like a log along the rough edge of shore. Suddenly, the moon rises and so does the tide. Now, I'm flowing on the shore, still getting pushed by other droplets. Everybody is grumpy on the side; they squirmed and some even released from the rest. I feel sorry for the ones that depart and then live alone on the grass; eventually, they evaporate and be with others again. But I hope they aren't too lonely.

After about nine hours, we flowed into the ocean. The sun came out again and started to take water up. I held on to my friend and hoped we wouldn't separate. But water holding on to water can only stay for so long before they must part; so my friend and I were lifted up like a balloon, except we turned to vapor. It only took an hour before I turned into a cloud, drifting in and out of thunderstorms.

One day, after a drought, I was resting in the clouds when I heard my friends chattering about how poor some man's crop was. I turned to them and listened. The man's story was as sad as a funeral of your favorite cat. I took pity on the man. So I told my friends that I would water his crop.

"You can't do it alone," they said. "We'll help you."

So we jumped out the cloud, right above his crop.

"Here we go!" exclaimed another droplet. "The signal has been released!" All the little droplets heard and poured down on the man and his crop.

A week later, the man came out his house and smiled as big as a super happy clown, at his living, growing, crop.

Elizabeth Peirce

Sixth Grade

How Beautiful is Summer

Summer is like people
riding their bikes while
looking at flowers with
beautiful colors. Looking at the
trees, it reminds me of all the
beauties that I see. Birds
chirp and sing till dawn and
spring; they try to make it
sound great.

Summer is like a mango
in my mouth, cool and refreshing.
They have to blossom
to give fruit or else there
will be no juice. The blossom
scent smells too good to
be true.

Grass: An Adventure

In years prior to 2023, I grew and showed strength and power. I enjoyed life, I watched people come and go. I saw their different hairstyles and clothes. I felt the tiny fire ants tickle me as they marched with leaves on their backs. I could smell the dirt around me enter my nose. I could taste the air blowing over my friends and hitting me. I was an abnormally tall type of grass. I was known for being able to dodge the death machine...The lawnmower.

This lasted for two years, until recently, when my match was met. It all started when I heard a rough sound coming from a few meters away. The ground began to shake. Then, I saw puffs of smoke coming out of the ground. Then, suddenly, I saw it! THE big red machine came closer; I could see the blades, as it cut my family down to bits. I saw the center of the killing machine come closer. I tried to catch a gust of wind, but I was unsuccessful, for it was a still day. At that moment, I knew what I've been avoiding for years, the inevitable, was finally going to come. The lawnmower quickened speed. I started to say farewell to my last days of being tall.

I saw the sharp edges and the big blade. Then, it came; it felt like everything was in slow motion. I shrieked and cried for help. Then, darkness fell over me. I felt like nothing; I could only hear the machine plow on and do the same to everything else. Then, slowly, light came back, and every inch of my body filled with hope. The light became bigger, and then, as quickly as it started, I was in the same grass field, with all my friends and family, but I was a lot shorter. I felt happiness and refreshment. I felt a new life. In that moment, I realized that in life, you can't run away from your fears, but you have to face them. And, who knows, maybe something good will happen.

Daniel Ramirez
Sixth Grade

Group 3A

Sophia Amaya

Fitzgerald Browne

Carly Cavazos

Sarah Court

Nikita Dementyev

Bernardo Eastepp

Angelo Paulo Directo

Chinamanda Emokah

Caroline Frederick

Xabian Esparza

Isiel Garcia

Thomas Hayes

Rachel Jesko

Santiago Luna

Elizabeth O'Dwyer

Felicity Peirce

David Prodoehl

Olivia Salazar

Clocked Out

A flat white surface

With two little black hands

And a little red line

That flicks to the right every second

I represent the looping existence you find yourself in

The infinite nature of time

Every hour, Every minute, Every second,

One of my little hands in motion

If days sped up, so would

If nights slowed down, so would I

I have no purpose but that of telling

For time still exists without me.

Petition to God for the Ukrainians

My heavenly Father, I ask of you as a humble servant, to help the Ukrainians. I beg of you to give them a bright blue sky that they can look at in perfect safety. And gift them glorious green grass in their otherwise barren and listless places. Electricity would be a most helpful gift. It would power their Internet, their phones so they could call family, and their lights so they can illumine all the dark places.in the night, where all is scary because the Russians can come up on them at any moment. Lord, for this I pray!

The Trees

The big trees

Hear conversations

Around the buildings

Where people come and go

Like the seasons.

Fitzgerald Browne
Eighth Grade

Just a Candle

I am a candle
I stay here, still,
Watching as they light me.

People come and go,
Sitting on the pews,
Praising God,
While I am ignored.

They don't see me,
Nor do they recognize me,
Nor do they understand me.
I am just a candle to them.

My Guardian Angel

“Excuse me, are you my guardian angel?” I questioned the strange-looking women.

“Yes, I am your guardian angel. How may I assist you?” The angel asked gently.

“Wow, it's amazing to meet my guardian angel. I never thought I would get the chance.

Can you tell me more about yourself?”

“Of course! I am a messenger from God, sent to guide and protect those who seek his grace. It is my duty to help those who are lost, and bring comfort to those who are in need.”

That's incredible! I have always wondered if there are really angels watching over us.”

Carly Cavazos
Eighth Grade

My Guardian Angel

My guardian angel has large, feathery wings with golden and silver pinions. Her wings are mostly a bright pearl white. A glowing, golden aura surrounds her. She looks like a young woman with wavy gold tresses and long locks of golden hair. She has a bright smile, a smile bright and kind enough to fill thousands of people with happiness and courage. She has gold, glittering eyes full of mischief and wonder. She comes down from heaven in an abundance of rays of light. She beams with comfort and humility.

My angel wears robes of gold and silver flowing from a body full of obedience willing to do the will of God. She will always be there for me when no one else is and put a calming hand on my shoulder, giving me peace in my mind, heart, and soul.

Sarah Court
Seventh Grade

The Brick

I stand beside my siblings row on row,
My weathered skin and cracked joints do show,
That here, beneath the floors, below the rest
Year on year have I stood the test

Though foolish men my rank deface
I am the most important, for I hold
The infamous building in its place
For ages, upon ages, all untold

I've seen and heard a thousand things
The barking dog, the bird that sings
The flying planes, the speeding cars,
The building's slowly rising pillars

And thus I stand, until some day,
The ground beneath me breaks away
And I, the brick will tumble down the hill
In accordance with God's will

Two Ways of Seeing a Plant

When I had first looked at a plant, I said to myself, “this is boring,” but I continued to stare at the plant and I realized something. This plant helps the environment. It’s a food source for the bugs and gives them shade. I didn’t realize a plant would do this stuff. After this I never took a plant for granted.

A Prayer

Dear Heavenly Father,

I ask of you to help all of the blind unfortunate people that can’t see this beautiful day. I wanted to ask you to let the blind see this beautiful day. I wanted to ask you to let the blind see all these pretty pink flowers and the dear blue sky. If you truly love us you would let them see. If i pray the rosary every day you have to promise to help cure all the blindness in the world.

Angelo Paulo Directo
Eighth grade

I am a Candle

I am a candle. Although my life does not last long,

I am still overflowing with the assuring love of Christ

In the diminutive amount of time I have lived,

I have witnessed many masses

I live on the altar where the representation of the ultimate sacrifice is done.

I am proud to be so close to our savior at this extreme moment

During mass I have witnessed things that pour

an abounding amount of happiness into me.

People have converted, they have come back to the Church after avoiding it.

After mass is completed I stand silently by myself, guarding the tabernacle

I also pray and ask God to make me worthy to be so close to his son during the supreme sacrifice

And either later or the next day I am re-lit and put in purpose, ready to witness many great things again until I run out of wax, then the next candle starts its short, sweet journey.

Bernardo Eastepp
Eighth grade

Crème Brulé

When I heard the learn'd baker,
When the ingredients were arrayed before me,
When I was shown the recipe for the perfect Crème Brulé,
When I follow the baker's lead while he takes the fun out of what I love most,
I sit down
My hands beat up from beating the batter all day
When the baker leaves for home,
I run to the kitchen and slap ingredients together,
When I hear the timer ding,
I throw open the oven door and smell the delicious vanilla scent
This is the perfect Crème Brulé

The Pink Flowered Tree

I found a tree,
A pretty tree covered in pink flowers
The flowers were as pink as cotton candy
The sunlight danced on the swamp green leaves
I grabbed a book and sat under the pink flowered tree
As I read, the wind blew on my face and the trees branches tickled my back
It was such a lovely day to find a pink flowered tree
Make sure to appreciate days like this

Heaven

Heaven is like a Holy hospital

Heaven is a Holy light that gives

The right happiness to everyone

Heaven sings Alleluia to miracles

Heaven is the solution for your problems

When it's your death

Heaven heals your death problems

Heaven loves everyone

Without heaven, there's no happiness

Heaven is your happy ending

Heaven is the greatest miracle

In Heaven, you will finally see God

Two Ways of Seeing a Mean Action

Back then, at the time of the incident, I had many feelings rushing through me: betrayal, hurt, surprise, sadness.

I thought that the attack on my feelings by the person was a true saying – a confession of actions. The lie did not seem a lie when it was told. It seemed, at the time, a betrayal.

Now I realize the true purpose.

The rude, hurtful words were words of desperation, words of assault, words of present tense.

They were not true; they were a desperate action; something to make me feel tricked at forgotten; something to make me shed tears. They were meaningless, a flimsy action that struck me down for some time.

Now I have gotten back up.

What seemed then like truth, now comes back as a desperate lie, which I have found heart to forgive.

When I Heard the Learn'd Baker

When I heard the learn'd baker

When I saw the strawberry and the coco beans.

A strawberry chocolate, medium-sized,

the outside color brown, the inside color red.

The taste of the strawberry chocolate is so yummy and delicious.

When you bite it, the juice of the strawberry spills on your hands.

You will like it.

The chocolate remains so soft, but a little hard, as it was placed in the freezer

It is the best dessert you could ever have

My Dream House

When I imagine my dream house, I see a long white one-story house made out of stucco. The door is made out of smooth brown wood that is beautiful. There is green grass that is super clean and does not have trash on it, a basketball court that has 24 for Kobe Bryant, a baseball field and a tennis court that my family and I could play on. A gigantic pool for my family. In the inside is a humongous movie theater, a game room so I could play Fortnite. A big TV that is 100 inches in the living room, and a fridge that has anything you want. It also has seven master bedrooms for my wife and I. In my safe, I have 100 million dollars, a 100K chain, and a 500K Rolex. In my garage, I have a Lambo, Bugatti, Porsche, G Wagon, Rolls Royce, and a helicopter.

Isiel Garcia
Seventh Grade

A Prayer to the Holy Spirit

Dear Holy Spirit,

Thank you for being with me. You are everywhere around me, and it is helpful for me to know that you were always there, watching over me with my guardian angel. I believe and know that you are there; that you see everything, know everything, and are with everything, as the Spirit of God. Please continue to be there, so that I may continue to be with you and put my trust in you through my prayers. Please fill my heart with the divine wisdom, knowledge, and love of you, that I may better develop my knowledge of you. I hope that you may touch more people's hearts, so as to convert them through your love and power.

I Love Texas

In Texas, the culture is very good. There are sports such as baseball, basketball, and football. It is a very diverse state which borders Mexico, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Louisiana. People enjoy a massive variety of foods, such as hamburgers, pizza, Mexican, Chinese, and Vietnamese dishes. Many holidays are celebrated throughout the year. Almost everyone speaks English, but some people speak Spanish. Overall, Texas is an amazing state!

Thomas Hayes
Eighth Grade

I am a Golden Bell

I am a golden bell that rings at mass
And all the while I bring strangers to God
In joy I sing praises to God on high
I ring and gong and ding with happiness

I go through rain and snow of winter nights
I go through heat and shine of summer days
I sing and laugh and play through every year
And with the breeze I sing in choruses

I've seen the growth of children in the church
And watched with joy on every special day
As time goes by I am no golden bell
Now I'm an old and rusty useless mess

But I'm still joyful, oh, my dearest friends
And now I'm sure that I have reached the end.

Dream House

When I look at my dream house, I would want a two-story house made of bricks on the outside on about five acres of land with a walk way to the front door with rocks and lights on each side. When you reach the perch you can see a bench on each side with a flower bed in front. You get to the door and it's made of wood with a glass circle, and my last name is on it. When you walk in, it's a fifteen-foot hallway with a door to the garage on the left and an office room on the right. When you reach the end of the hallway, the kitchen is on the right with counter tops and an island all made of white marble. There's a fridge, a microwave, a store for fish that smells like Galveston, and an oven for cookies that smells like chocolate, with a dining room connected to the kitchen. On the left is a living room with a fake chimney and a TV on top and a nice grey couch set.

Now to the upstairs part. When you reach the top, the laundry room is on the left. When you walk in, the walls are white with a washer, dryer, and a laundry basket. On the right is a game room and another grey couch set. Something new is that there's a bean bag chair—soft, comfortable, and blue. After that is my master bedroom in the back that has a space scene all around with a master restroom and a walk-in closet. There are also four guest bedrooms and a guest bathroom, but they're empty so we can skip them. If we go back to the front yard, you will see the driveway and a tan colored garage with a Tesla Model S.

Last but not least, we have the backyard. When you walk outside, you are introduced to the patio made of tile flooring and a huge pool, even though for the most part I'll be the only one in it.

Santiago Luna
Eighth Grade

Alfajor

The indulgence of a Spanish cookie, which crumbles easily and contains a caramel mixture bordered with coconut. Mundane and neutral are the colors which accompany this South American treat.

With an alfajor, you can taste its liveliness and the pride with which it was made. This cookie reminds me of my heritage. You can see it at a fiesta or cumpleaños, complete with the lively music which any Hispanic can recognize. It offers delight in some occasions and comfort in others.

Alfajor reminds me of my family and how they always greet me with a hug and kiss. It reminds me of my longing to see the greatness of my mother's home country. I hope to remember all this with every bite!

Kristen McCain
Eighth Grade

My Blessed Mother

I love you more than you could ever know. I find it hard to voice this love, not only to you, but to my parents and siblings as well.

Thank you for helping me through the pros and cons of life, the triumphs and losses. I know you will always be with me to guide me, but sometimes I find it hard to feel your loving, gentle hand guiding me through life.

Thank you for my school, classmates, and teachers. I am taught so much, including valuable skills, that I am not sure if I will be able to use it all when I am grown.

Please continue to guide my family and me down the path of righteousness and sainthood. If we ever stray, please pull us back with your motherly love and affection.

Please be with all expectant mothers, especially Mrs. Rene Gibula, who is due in late June. Please help the birth go well.

Find me when I am lost. Comfort me when I am sad. Love me when I feel unloved and forsaken. You are always with me. Help me in the future as you have helped me in the past.

Elizabeth O'Dwyer
Seventh Grade

The Tree

I am a simple tree;
Grayish-brown in color,
Knotty in complexion,
Erect as any other,
And as old as time itself.

Like the wispy wind sneaking up on me,
And the people's gossip, vibrating, so I may feel,
Too, the chilliness of winter,
Or the heat waves of the sun,
I feel all these with passion – the passion of the world.

The Ways of Seeing Life

In my early years, life was something I had not thought about, as I was simply enjoying it. Having friends to be silly with, having toys to play with, having lasagna to eat, and having a family to love were all I ever needed.

Having people knit close to you like the wool in a scarf was the feeling of the warmth of love. And safely guiding me was He in the sky. Happiness was the feeling I grew up with.

But as I grew, some of that would leave. There is a point where the wool separates, and there is not much warmth left.

At the end of my first decade, a plague had separated people. Not only would that be sad, but learning childhood is only temporary and that there is so much more to this world was a feeling of shock. Oh, sadness was what I was familiar with now.

But I had not realized that a new scarf of people would be made. The warmth came back. Life is a gift; live it while you can.

My Guardian Angel

In my head, when I picture my guardian angel, I see her with beautiful large, feathery wings white as pearls. Her hazel eyes sparkle. She wears a bright, golden halo over her long, wavy brown hair. She always wears a long, silky gown white as snow.

When picturing her, in the background I see fluffy white clouds. I also imagine her with a handheld harp.

Every time I pray, I feel my guardian angel praying with me as I say: "Our Father, Who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name." And I feel her responding to my prayers.

Sometimes, I feel like I want to kiss her goodnight and then wait for her to respond to me in my mind with a softly spoken: "Goodnight."

Sometimes I feel silly talking to my guardian angel because I cannot see her. But I know she hears me in her heart.

Favorite Dessert

A delicious, mouth-watering dessert with four scoops of creamy ice cream, three crunchy strawberries, runny chocolate syrup, colorful bright sprinkles, and the cherry on top to complete it! The flavors all mix so well together; the fresh fruit, the creamy ice cream, delicious chocolate syrup and the juicy cherry on top.

Olivia Salazar
Seventh Grade

Group 3B

Brandon Andrade

Angel Campos

Fatima Flores Moreno

Mariella Gaitan

Daniel Garcia

Kevin Garcia

Abia George

Isaac Gonzalez

Thaily Guzzman-Patino

Christopher Hernandez

Jaqueline Lopez

Miriam Martinez

Mary Therese McClane

Callie McManus

Alondra Melendez

Isaac Munoz

Maria Munoz

Suebonneary Ros

Arabella Stavitsch

Rene Torello

Danny Vu

Remy Zanovello

Lion

A lion has to be aggressive and brave to protect its den.

In their family, there is only one male, five or more females,
and their little cubs.

It loudly roars to intimidate its trespassers.

They must protect their den from other lions, cheetahs, and more.

They are agile and very stealthy.

They hide and wait for their prey to let their guard down.

They can catch up with a fast gazelle very quickly.

They like to prey on these mostly.

Lions have thick fur, some of it surrounding their head.

The color of their fur matches the tall, dry, grassy plains.

They camouflage in it very well when faced with danger.

My Psalm

The Lord is my fountain,
From him I shall drink.
I shall drink of the graces
Which were poured out by Him.
The blood of our savior
Will redeem me.
It will prepare me for
The coming of the Lord again.
From the fountain I must sip,
The fountain of truth and wisdom,
Through which the Lord will
Make me a channel of His wisdom.
Through strange lands, the Lord guides me.
His great fountain satisfies my thirst,
The thirst only my soul recognizes,
And this thirst will be quenched
When I will join him.

Oak Tree

I, the majestic oak tree in the center of Brighton Park, am content with my life. I have lived over five hundred years. I do not wish for my life to end soon. If it does now, will I ever be able to bring joy to people again? One winter's day, I see two men walk toward me with a chain saw and an axe. I am assuming they have come to trim my branches. Unfortunately, that was not what they came for. The man with the chain saw began to chop my whole branches. I visualized what they are doing. I didn't want my joyful memories to end. The girl that used to read under my branches was crying for me and I cried tears of sap alongside her. As they swung their axes towards my trunk, it hit me that I would not be able to bring any more pleasure to anyone. My body shook with sadness. Once they managed to chop me down, all I could see that was left of me was a stump. They loaded me onto a truck and we drove off. During the car ride, I began to ponder. What will I do with my life now? How am I supposed to bring joy to those around me if I can no longer provide shade, nor provide a habitat for the squirrels and birds, nor one comfy nook for reading?

Fatima Flores Moreno
Eighth Grade

The Ice Cream Maker

The ice cream maker cooled the metal container while it spun. A miniature plastic bump at the bottom made all the ingredients twirl like a hurricane. The ice cream grew thicker and thicker, like the way clouds darken when it's about to rain. As we tossed the strong scented strawberries into the creamy combination; they twirled round and round, silently sinking to the bottom like never-ending spinning ballerinas. The clock's ticks were loud and our voices silent, waiting for the rowdy melody to begin. Before another click of the clock could sound, the melody began playing from the ice cream maker. We pulled out the container, poured it into another, then placed it in the freezer. These steps were as simple as a needle was lost in a stack of hay. Waiting for the ice cream to freeze was like watching the sun set. It is difficult to understand if the sun is lying behind the hills or hidden beyond our sight. The birds singing took us to the kitchen the next morning. Each scoop of ice cream was as smooth as a river flowing on a crystal staircase. Its taste was like sleeping on a fluffy, white cloud. On a sunny morning, the clock ticked once again; the day had begun.

Mariella Gaitan
Eighth Grade

The Beauty of Bikes

A bike could be very valuable since it is a source of mechanical energy. That way you could go anywhere without wasting energy besides your own energy. That way it won't cause any pollution. The part about the bike that's the best is the feeling of the wind on your face and if you can ride without hands or if you can stand up on the bike then the feeling keeps getting better and better till you feel like you are gliding. And sometimes you can drift or do stunts that make you feel spectacular in the on the inside while smelling the burning rubber of the wheel and seeing all the black marks that the bike leaves on the cement. Although, there are many different bikes used for different things like mountain bikes or stunt bikes, my personal favorite is a mountain bike because it's a lot longer and higher so the wind would be stronger when you ride it. And another great thing about it is that you can switch gears to make pedaling easier.

Daniel Garcia
Eighth Grade

Dogs

A dog is like a friend
because they stay with you until the end.
They are always loyal and they look around
to see what in their home is abound.
They play a lot and they jump a bunch
and when I open the door,
they always want to come along.
When I sing, they always sing along
barking until we all stop.

The Faith of Gates

The boy bought a pair of Converse and took them home. But, the thing is, he didn't pay for them. He was nervous and scared that his mom would find out, so he shoved them in his closet. He slept on his bed thinking, "Was that right?" He woke up and realized he was in heaven. He asked, "God, why am I here?" God told him in a worried and sad mood, "It's time, son." "For what?" the boy said in a nervous tone. God told him, "To see the gates of Hell." The boy watched as God opened the gates with metal locks and chains hanging all over the gates. The gates opened loud. The boy shook and was scared. The boy asked God in a curious mood, "Why are you opening the gates of Hell?" God said in a sad tone, "My son you didn't follow the rules." "I know, please forgive me, God" he said in a crying voice. God told him in a forgiving tone, "I will if you don't do it again." The boy said in a gloomy tone, "OK." He tells God, "At the gates of Heaven it is peaceful, kind, bright, and there are lots of angels and doves. But at the gates hell, there are lots of devils, crows and it was dark and gloomy with no light. The people there have horns and chains on their necks. But in Heaven, people have halos on their heads and wings."

Abia George
Seventh Grade

Dog Qualities

Dogs have many qualities. They can be gentle, but also protective, which makes them able to be indoors. A dog protects its owner or somebody that is being harmed. A dog is aggressive whenever you do something upsetting. Sometimes dogs whine whenever they feel hungry. They also have teeth like humans, but dogs' teeth are sharper and have a strong grip. Whenever something is wrong or they feel something scary coming toward them, dogs' fur stands on end. Dogs can also jump high on their hind legs. I chose to talk about them because of these qualities.

My Favorite Gift

My favorite gift that I've received was a Mexican World Cup shirt. It was my first Mexican soccer shirt. It's my favorite shirt because I can wear it whenever I go to Mexican soccer games, go out to eat, or go to the store with my mom. The color of the Mexican soccer shirt is green, red, and white. It has a little Aztec dragon on the back. It smells like a brand-new sports shirt. It feels like a sweatshirt with little holes that you can only see if you put it up to the light. The reason why this gift was so exciting was because I had always wanted this shirt even before it came out and was posted online.

Isaac Gonzalez
Seventh Grade

Blessed Be

Blessed be those who are humble

Those who obey their fathers and mothers

For they shall have knowledge

And those who disobey their fathers and mothers

We shall pray for them and have faith.

Those who are disrespectful, mean and don't listen

To the world of God shall not see the kingdom of Heaven.

Those who disrespect God and don't

Listen to his teachings shall see the pits of Hell

And Satan will follow them everywhere they go.

They shall not take anything with them: no clothes, phone, food, or jewelry.

In the gates of Heaven we are all brother and sisters.

Blessed Are the Obedient

Blessed be the men that are obedient,
for they are honest to God's commandments.

They shall be rewarded in Heaven
and have eternal life with God.

Heaven is the Kingdome of God,
and it is our goal to make it there.

To do that, we must honor and respect
His commandments.

Pray for those who are wicked,
that they may convert to goodness
and not fall into the hands of the devil.

Blessed

Blessed be those who are faithful to God.

They will see God.

Those who are kind to the meek will have knowledge.

Those who chose to be unfaithful and disobey

will not see the Kingdom of God

but instead will see the gates of Hell.

Whoever chooses to be humble

and not self-centered will know God's righteousness.

Inspiration is a Snake

Inspiration is a snake sneaking up on you. You can never see it coming; it's so fast, it scares you. Inspiration puts creative venom in your brain with its sharp teeth. Inspiration chokes you with so many ideas. Inspiration curls around inside your head, filling it up with ideas and thoughts. No one sees it but you. It creeps up delicately and quietly before it hits you with surprise and fills your brain with creativity.

Jacqueline Lopez
Seventh Grade

Blessed

Blessed be the wise who know

The right from the wrong.

Pray for the ignorant who do the wrong

Instead of right.

The disobedient cannot compete with

The obedient because the obedient always win.

The unselfish are the ones who have

A heart like Christ.

While the troublemakers are going into

Jail. The righteous are entering the

Kingdom of Heaven.

Lord, provide knowledge to the ones who

Break your commandments for they do

Not know they are on the path of darkness.

Lord, provide happiness to the ones who

Follow your true teachings for they are

In the path of light.

Miriam Martinez
Eighth Grade

Mystery Parrot

Deep in the jungle there
Is a mystery bird.
He flies overhead
With the lightest of tread.
He scales the wind steps.
He squawks and he calls
To his parrot bird mate.
She is having chicks
And he's afraid he's very late.
But now he hears a call
Like his own he hears
He would never mistake it
Not ever in a thousand years.
It's his parrot bird mate,
The one he's looking for.
Now he's reunited
With his little family.
Now he's contented and
Now he's filled with glee.

Did You Know that Trees

Did you know that trees aren't always big and mighty? In fact, all trees begin as little saplings just like Oaky. Oaky was the newest sapling in the park making him much smaller than the others. He wished he could grow quickly like the pine trees and become the biggest tree in the park. Oaky was not a very patient tree at all and he would often complain saying, "Why do I grow so slowly? I suppose that I shall always be the smallest tree in the park." One day Oaker, the wise old oak tree, heard Oakey's complaint and told him, "No need to rush Oaky, for I too was once small like you. But look at me now, the largest tree in the park! Oaky, you will become big like me but you must learn to grow in your own time." Oaky decided that Oaker must be right, and that from now on he would grow at his own speed. One hundred years passed and Oaky was giant, second only to Oaker. Oaky was so close to achieving his dream when the tree choppers came to cut him down in order to make room for the new saplings. Oaky was devastated. He spent so long being patient only to become the second largest tree. But then Oaky realized that in being chopped down, he was giving the other saplings the chance to do what he always wanted, be the tallest. Oaky now felt a sense of pride and honor in being cut down for the sake of others. He fell down the happiest tree in the park because he had given the saplings a chance.

Callie McManus
Eighth Grade

Dan the Flash

Ran, Dan, Flash

Did the dog, Dan, the flash

Dan was the flash cause he ran

So fast

Dan ran and ran until he

Researched a flashing plan

In which he would rush in

A flash to a dashing land

Dan ran so fast that soon

He would be the fastest dog

My Dogs

My gift was a dog. It was my favorite because it was a living thing, and it would run about and play with me. It was a grey and white dog which I named Coffee since it had spots of brown. I should have named it Stormy since it looked like a thunderstorm. My favorite thing about the dog was that it was a friend to me. My two dogs had died about a year before him, and he helped me deal with the leftover grief I had. He lived in my little backyard which is where my two dogs had lived before. The first two dogs had been with me since birth and since I was three. One died when I was ten, and the other was sad over the first one going away.

Alondra Melendez
Eighth Grade

A Simple Life from Another Point of View: A Painting

He looks at me up and down. He looks past me, then back at me. After a while, he exclaims and with a face so happy I could never forget. He picks me up to show me to a girl and she looks surprised. He shows me to a group of people and as they inspect me some of them start to raise their hands and I get moved to another place where lots of people pass by. Soon a man comes in with sunglasses on. He starts to stare at me and I stare back but I see my own reflection and I look hideous plastered with different shapes and colors. I looked hideous but the people around me didn't think so. I was surprised by my experience but they did not care. I was beautiful in their eyes and that's all I need as a painting.

Psalm

Blessed by the men who are humble,
They shall bring comfort to sinners

Pray for those who are mean
And bring about the destruction of the earth.
They will be put in hell.

Humbleness is like a vine
That spreads to others
To bring about the good news.
The mean are nothing but a weed to cause harm
To their little brothers by dragging them underwater.

Therefore, the mean are lost, but not the sinners,
Who can be comforted by the humble,
So they may enter the kingdom of heaven
And have eternal life. But the mean shall enter
The gates of hell and be tortured.

Isaac Munoz
Eighth Grade

The Red Rose

The rose I love the most is the red rose. I love the red rose because the smell is sweet but also bitter. It also reminds me of the smell of a meadow.

The rose also looks very beautiful because the rose is kind of dark red with petals overlapping each other, and in the center of it, it has a swirl.

Green leaves and the light green stem are glowing as if it were light. The thorns on it are sharp like spikes on the stem.

The red rose also means romance, thank you, or celebrating. The red rose is used in many different ways for holidays, such as Valentine's Day, anniversaries, birthdays, or May Crowning. This is why I love the red rose.

Determination

Running from the sun

Feeling so done

But not giving up

Fast as can be

Feeling the breeze

Bolting away

As I feel the heat

Determined to run.

Maria Munoz
Eighth Grade

The Park

So quiet, so peaceful.

seems kind of dull,

but I enjoy the silence within

and through all plants. They are peaceful and the wind
makes them sway.

Grass green and lovely in every which way.

The crunch of the gravel, not disturbing at all.

The breeze in my face and the sun in my eye.

Sweet memories in dreams I hope to never die.

Wind is still blowing the air not dry at all.

The water still splashing, I feel I might cry.

Silence is beauty, the trees I could climb.

The life of my youth that I must say goodbye.

The day comes to a close and the park leaves me crying.

And the tears while they fall are not salty at all.

For the tears are for love

and will soar like a dove

away because tomorrow is a new day.

The Banana Tree

A curious thing is swinging by, in a jungle, all tangled up.

It's looking for a home up high, safe in the trees.

The thing makes a startling sound

while it looks for a home.

He spies a tree that looks

as if it wants to be found;

so he swings in to look.

The monkey plucks yellow things off the tree;

ideas and inspirations are floating free.

It decides to make a home of the leafy canopy.

Full of monkeys, filled with company;

they live in the banana tree.

Jumping, leaping, swinging through,

the monkeys swoop in toward me.

The Bar of Gold

A poor beggar once sat, wondering what he had done to deserve his fate, rummaging through trash cans in search of items worth selling. One day at a train station, he noticed a gleaming bar of solid gold. He leapt for joy and quickly scurried off to sell his finding and live a better life.

At the pawn shop, he saw very few people. He placed his bar on the shop counter. A grinning cop stepped forward; placing an arm upon his shoulder, he dragged the man away. The poor beggar lamented his loss. He pleaded, saying that he did not steal the bar of gold, and tried to show him its location. Sadly, the cop didn't seem to care, and dragged him into jail; and so, the beggar lamented his pitiful state, wishing he hadn't been so greedy. If he had not showed it to the police, he wouldn't be where he is now.

Joy

A rolled-off rock
Reveals the tomb
Inside a pile of cloth

An empty space where once lay
The Son of God

There is no body
There is no sound
The son of God has risen

No longer dead
Now in glory
He walks the Earth again.

Rene Torello
Eighth Grade

The Rosary

We all pray it: fifty Hail Mary's and many more prayers. Just five minutes of praying the rosary can do much. Just like how one Mass is more powerful than all the evil in the world. Every time you finish a prayer you move up one bead, just like a line at the airport. A rosary can help you spiritually and with your spiritual life. A rosary can come in many different sizes and colors. A rosary is an important item in the Christian faith because millions of people pray the rosary every day and each prayer supports Christianity.

Inspiration

Inspiration is like a dog. It helps you in hard times.

It's man's best friend.

Inspiration and dogs will be with you forever, until they die.

You can play with it and mess around with it.

I love inspiration, and I don't know what I would do without it.

Blessed

Blessed be the man who is with God,
Who walks not with the impolite,
Nor the devil,
Nor the dishonest,
Nor the lazy,

But with God, and all who are good and righteous.

He is like a baptized person; righteous, honest, good, obedient, and responsible.

Danny Vu
Eighth Grade

Blessed is the Man

Who is straight in the eyes of the Lord,
And strays not from the narrow gate
Nor possesses two faces
For the man who is holy is the Lord's man
But the man who is crooked is
Destroyed for Hell.
He is like an ant
Who is faithful to one job alone
And never abandons a task yet undone
Nor leaves his queen for another
For the Church is his queen
But those who abandoned her burn
In eternal fire
In this way the righteous are revealed
And the crooked sent away
For only the Lord's man shall enter the narrow gate
But many enter the broad gate.