



THE RECORD

2025

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Front cover: Fernanda Avendano-Gomez '26, detail, “Gamer Girl”



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Dane't Harris '25

Dear Jewel, I Hate Biology But You Loved It

I hate biology but you loved it
And while I study psychology
That still doesn't tell me
What went wrong on February 13th.

The textbooks don't explain
Why your brain betrayed you so young
Or why memories feel heavier than silence
Leaving your song forever unsung.

You believed in science, in answers, in facts
But all I have now are questions
In a world that keeps moving without you
All written down in my reflections.

They call it the unexpected—just a word, just a term
But no definition could capture the storm it left behind
No diagram in the books we read
No answers written in any of the biology books ever designed!

You once told me how the body repairs itself,
How cells regenerate and how wounds can heal
But what about the wounds time can't touch
The pain you can't feel?

What about the echo of your laughter
Still trapped in places you'll never return to
What about the spaces your presences once filled
Now just known as the “team room.”

I study the mind, but I still don't understand grief
I know the five stages, waves and processing too
But none of that tells me how to live in a world
That let you go too soon!

In Loving Memory of Jewel Mary Joyner
(April 18, 2003 - February 13th, 2025)

Fernanda Avendano-Gomez '26

Gamer Girl



Dane't Harris '25

I Am a Woman

I am a Woman

But that doesn't make me less of a person,

Nor does it make me your "prey."

For if I feel unsafe, I will simply grab my things

And walk the other way!

I am a Woman

Why does this mean I have to receive less?

Why can you freely express your opinions, while mine

I always have to suppress?

I am a Woman

And regardless of my gender or my race,

Each and every one of us,

Have the right to feel safe!

I am a Woman

Soft as the morning hush, yet fierce as a storm at sea.

I carry the weight of generations

Woven with love, can't you see!

I am a Woman

I am the lullaby and the battle cry,
The gentle touch with a fierce will to fly.

I am a Woman
I build, I mend, I rise and bend
But I do not break.

I am a Woman
I am the keeper of stories untold, the voice that won't be silenced
My steps carve paths where none exist,
My hands shape futures that were once damaged and dismissed.

I am a Woman
Not just a body, not just a name,
But a force, a vision and a legacy.

And you will respect me!

Katia Vinogradov '27

From Collection No. 14, “Les Petits Pois”

Sometimes I get a pear from the cafeteria with my lunch

It looks so delicious, perfect, a little soft to the touch

Green

Not too bruised

It seems like a healthy addition to a not-so-great feast

By the time I'm finished chatting and munching and laughing

Coffee-full and decently content

It no longer appeals to me

I was raised to never waste food, though, and it still looks pretty good

Maybe slightly more yellow

It won't pair very well with my coffee, either

So I carry it around

I place it on cups, on napkins, on books

Sometimes, stupidly, in my bag

Waiting for me to be hungry again

It looks at me

Hoping I reach out

Halfway through, it turns a sickly color.

Brown spots

Marks from an undistinguishable source

Sticker still on

Yet I carry it still, hoping I'll get hungry again

Bring it to my room, place it on the cabinet.
It looks at me
As I go about
For hours, sometimes days
But I was told to never waste food
Unless I'm impulsive Unless It goes fully bad—
it's not my fault it gets thrown away then, it's attracting visitors
And
Unless I'm starving
Unless I remember
There it sits
This bruised, battered, half-dead pear, weighing on my mind
Hoping its time comes so it can make a difference

I hope I'm not that pear

Fernanda Avendano-Gomez '26

Tech Work Party



Abigail Ofous '26

Landscape



Ashlee Elisha Burks '25

God is Her Reflection

She is strength

She is the undercurrent of thunder before the storm

She is Science

She is unadulterated, unapologetic resilience—a quality that can only
be found at the crux of pressurized coal and the mutation of a
diamond's standalone heart.

Man cannot transmute her.

She is Mathematics...

She is the non-terminating decimal, a divine derivative of God.

Man cannot calculate her.

Janelle Monáe acutely defined her as: “the random minor note you
hear in major songs”

And She likes that...

She is a light – a bulb that dims but never burns out.

She is tattered, humbled, pieces of herself sorted through society's
critics yet – saved.

A sewn fabric of herself held together by the thread of grace through
God's divine hands.

She is Effortlessly Stitched solely by God's Glory alone, a testament
to her divine connection.

She understands, as Psalm 46:5 affirms—"If God is within her, she
will not fail."

In other words...

Who's gonna check her, Boo?

With faith as her foundation...

She stands unshaken, unbothered, and true.

Now, gazing into the mirror is no longer a fight,

For deep within, she knows the truth—

“God is her Reflection.”

A truth that empowers,

A strength that radiates,

A woman made whole—nothing missing, nothing broken.

No longer seeking beyond,

She looks within and sees herself through God's eyes.

Bailey Squire '26

Hands

Even my own Hands feel foreign -
when intertwined -

Together.

Too chunky -

too stiff -

too clunky -

too dry.

But with Your hands -
mine have a home.

Together -

our Hands found home.

Fernanda Avendano Gomez '26

Hug Thy Neighbor



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We'll be back in 2026.