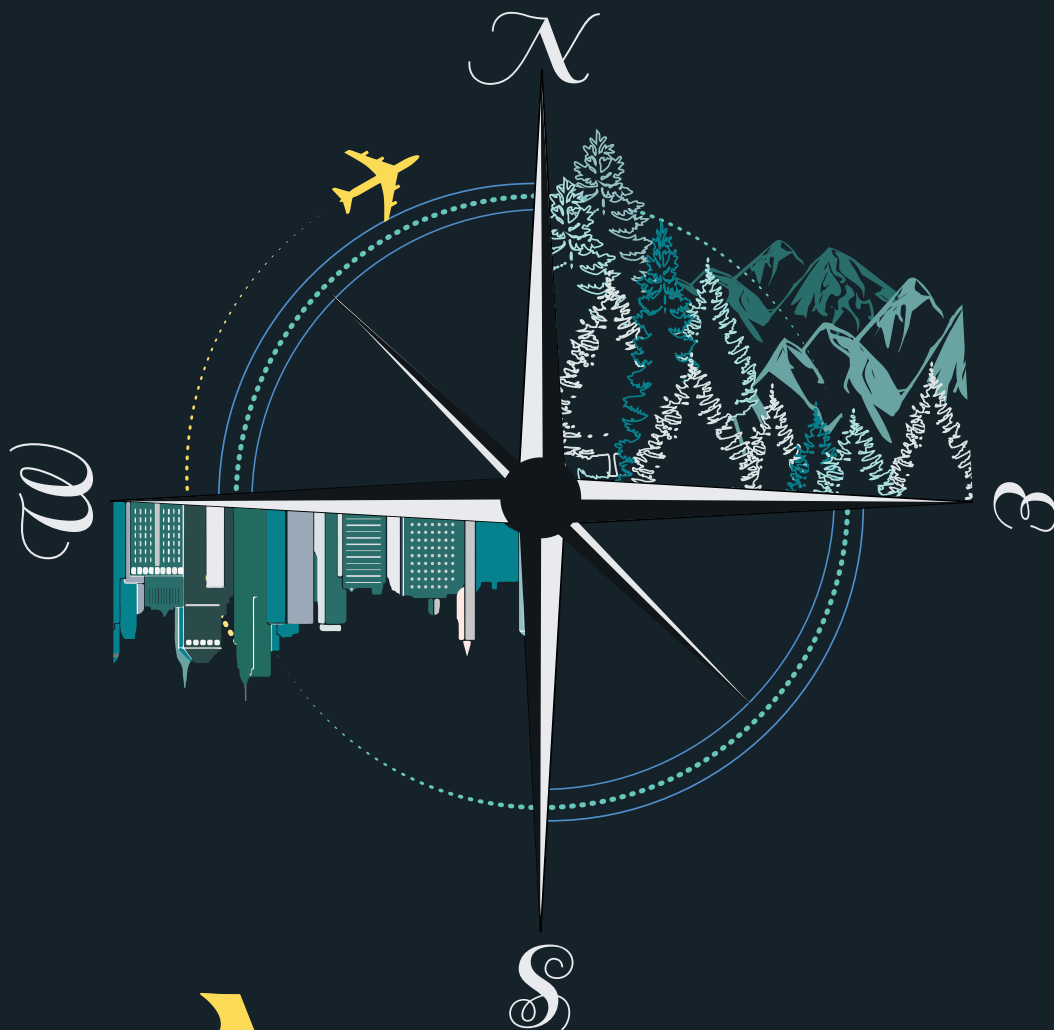


# Idiom & Image

2020



# A DVENTURE

WELCOME

# Idiom & Image

The selected works of art, photography, poetry, and prose reflect the journey of each student as they explore

the theme of Life's Adventure through the known or unknown, including risk-taking, courage, and beyond.

What started out as adventure in the physical world, evolved into an exploration of one's inner world.

Once again, students were invited to submit artist statements to share their inspiration or process in creating their work. This recent magazine feature has been well received by readers. New for 2020, is the inclusion of selected poetry, in addition to visual art, from the annual Sussex County Teen Arts Festival.

Welcome to the issue.

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# Why Do The Trees Fall

Adam Sterling

My surrounding forest  
You, the path that leads me away  
Such fear and longing in these grounds  
I am distracted  
Do I fear this longing I have for you?  
Do my whispers sound more like screams?  
Does the earth feel pain?  
Does our cry equal rain?  
Drape over me I'm surrounded by the forest?  
Tell the truth, do you fear my longing for you?  
Did you bury your heart in the ground  
You feel nothing  
I'm distracted  
Why do I hear the the echo of silence?  
Why do I mail love?  
But it never returns to sender  
Tell me the truth  
Why do the trees fall?



Eric Wunder



Wonder  
Alexa Waal

Purple Summer  
Paige Collins

*Purple Summer* is in my hometown and was painted with acrylic paint. I was inspired by the infinite colors that surround us within nature and emphasized through oversaturation. I took both an adventure to get to the location to paint this, as well as an adventure on my palette to find just the right colors for the scene. Sometimes it is worth it to sit and wonder about colors for a while.





What ultimately inspired me to write this (*Black-13 Ways*) was because of the world we live in. There are many things that are beautiful and worthwhile but they all have their dark sides. That's why I choose the color black as a topic. It is a basic and dark color with has so many meanings. I wrote this poem because I can relate to it, and thanks to my teacher, Miss Sofen, I'm writing a lot more now.

Brooklyn Utter

I am inspired to take photographs because of my personal love of adventure. The photo of the hands is representative of overcoming obstacles.



Swiss Mountains  
Thomas Trella



# Black – 13 Ways

By Abigail Augustin

**1.** The color of darkness, fear  
People run from the sight  
People harm because of it  
Black consumes all

**2.** There was one a time  
When the world was black  
Then light was provided for all life

**3.** Black can also be a symbol of beauty  
Look into an animal's eyes;  
dark but full of  
Power

**4.** My hair; dark brown almost black  
Defines my character  
Culture  
Curly or straight  
It defines me

**5.** The clothes I wear  
Mostly black  
Gives comfort  
And security

**6.** The color of elegance  
In every concert  
Formal  
Black is always appropriate

**7.** When I'm alone in my room  
Black swallows the walls  
The furniture  
Even me  
The darkness drifts me  
To sleep

**8.** Black people  
Culturally rich  
Full of experiences  
Laughter  
Sorrow  
Tears  
Fear  
But most of all beauty

**9.** Black has meanings  
Good and bad  
You can change the connotation  
It'll mean the same thing

**10.** The eyes tell a story  
Either it's happy or sad  
We look into each other's eyes  
What do we see?  
Black pupils  
All the same

**11.** We use black to see  
Amongst the boldest  
Of colors

**12.** As black as a raven  
A crow  
Better watch out  
They remember your face  
When you do them wrong

**13.** Black  
The simplest of colors  
So bold  
So many meanings  
To all things in life

# Ode to Sleep

Evan Fischer

You come for us in the night  
An unseen force  
And for a short while  
Release us from this world  
What else but you is so omnipresent?  
So universal  
Such an awe-inspiring, unstoppable force  
Yet so simple, innocent and benevolent  
Your powers are unparalleled  
One touch leaves us helpless  
But you don't do this to us malevolently  
For your gift is to heal and refresh  
How can one describe the feeling you leave us with  
Rested, sure  
But is it not glorious?  
Serene?  
Voluminous with energy?  
Is it not a feeling so intoxicating  
That most would do anything  
To steal just a little more of you?  
And when you come  
With your shifting hand outstretched  
Who would be foolish enough to deny it  
And go beyond that great horizon  
Into that dark unknown  
Where you wrap us in your tender arms  
And lock us away  
While we cast away the vices that plague us  
And you return us to a primal form



Marley Cameron







Kama Murdock

After creating this piece as a commission for a customer, I learned they had Deuteranot type colorblindness. Therefore, I used Photoshop to adjust the colors to make it more appealing, giving her both the original and the new version.



Deja Guitierrez

Mike Hartman





She Is Searching  
Paige Collins

“She is Searching” is a part of a larger portfolio exploring the idea of human identity. ... it displays our constant, life long battle of trying to answer the questions “who am I? what will I do? who will I become?” These are questions all too familiar, especially in our college setting as we wonder what our futures will hold.



Daniella Mendez



Fetch - Emily Shofner

In life you have to deal with many obstacles. This painting (*Fetch*) exemplifies that no matter how big or small you are, you can overcome anything, even something as simple as my dog holding a stick bigger than him.

Kelly Pham - Rescue Dog



I love dogs. Many dogs contribute important services like police dogs and service dogs. My inspiration (for *Rescue Dog*) was a dog doing a rescue mission, jumping off a helicopter and flying down to save someone.

# Serenity

Rhiannon Bender

To love the kiss of a wet spring breeze  
The smell of rain and earth encompassing  
Lulling all creatures to rest as drops fall faithfully  
Soothing your mind as it warms nature's soul

Breath

Someone nearby still wishes for winter  
But it has since long passed with good riddance  
No more snowman standing solemnly

Smile

Soon summer will be slipping in  
Sunshine and swimming at parties  
Fourth of July fireworks fermenting their audiences

Long car rides leading to nowhere  
Exuberant meetings with those you love

Love

Because next comes Autumn

And it falls into our hearts

Joyfully joking around campfires

Alluring leaves tease you into contentment

The marshmallow squishing against the chocolate hugged by two gram  
crackers

Look around and live

Ebulliently, unimpeded, without remorse

This poem (*Serenity*) came to me upon waking up one morning to an open window and a beautiful day. After a long, dark, difficult winter it was so refreshing to be caught in a moment of perfection. One must experience each year season by season, taking advantage of the adventure each one brings and stopping to appreciate the little things.





Fred  
Cole DeFilippis



Eternity  
Nicole Prior

This artwork (*Eternity*) is an insight to the view of the world around me. I was inspired by everyday objects, thoughts, and aspects of life. I took popular patterns, figures, foods, and forms of nature and applied them to my canvas. The thoughts, ideas, images created in my mind are my own adventure.



# A Beast Waiting For His Beauty

Lauren Truly

He was a Dark Phoenix  
with a heart nobody knew existed.  
They saw him as Dark and Ugly...  
But - he was just a man  
under a Beast.  
Waiting  
to feel that feeling they call  
love.

*(A Beast Waiting For His Beauty)* tells the adventure of a beast. I am sure, there are people out there who aren't really a beast, but who have experienced this type of "adventure" in love. Love itself is a beautiful adventure.



Justin Good



# Woven

Nicole Vassallo

It can be comforting to get lost in nothings,  
follow the stray threads  
to when the past was the present  
and the stars stood still

When the moon cast its soft shine on the  
same trees, same hills, same earth  
that I now watch  
through the same window

If I could sit in the everlasting hum  
of frozen time I would—  
But the hands spin in circles until  
my mind is dizzy and disillusioned

A merry-go-round of woven moments  
turns string to knots  
as it picks up speed  
intertwining the nows and the thens  
with the wishes and what if's;  
a net of memories now tangled  
together and draped over my brain.

I can't escape.

Stuck in an endless cycle,  
I find a thread and pull.

Nostalgia was my main inspiration. I find myself looking back on my favorite memories and remembering how I felt when I experienced them. This poem is about how easy and comforting it can be to fall back into the past. It's important to remember the happy memories and appreciate them, but "Woven" delves into what happens when reliving the past takes priority over living in the present.



## Water Under The Bridge Ciera Smith

The photo of which this piece is derived was taken on an actual adventure, but really, it is meant to represent how life might change, as I switch from pointalism to a more traditional ink style, but the bigger picture never will. The title (*Water Under the Bridge*) is a reminder to myself that forgiveness is better than the alternative.



## Black and White Zebra Alyssa Trendafilov

The black and white bold stripes of the zebra inspired me because it represents freedom and the ability to overcome life's challenges.

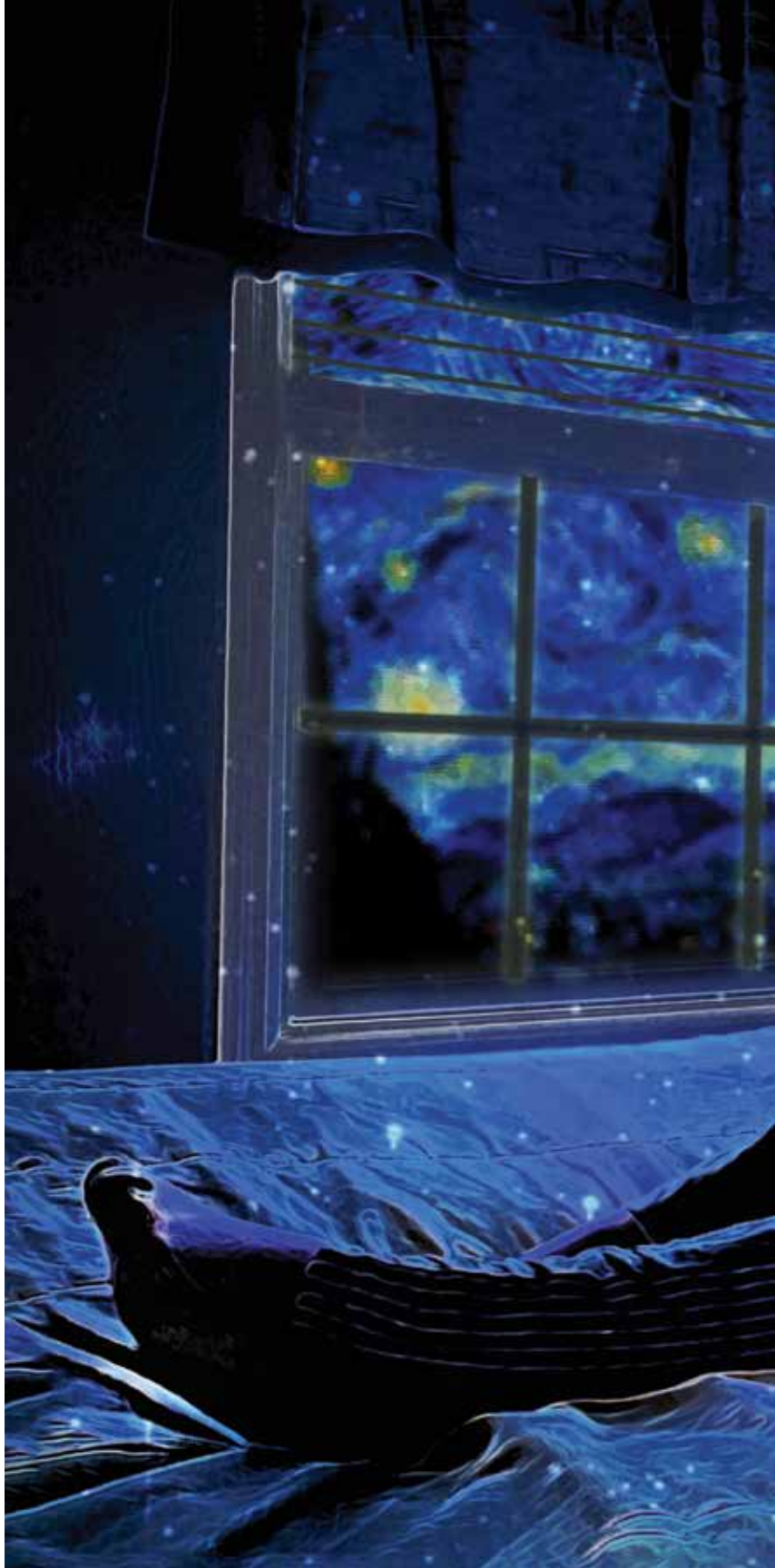


Stars are the stairs  
to the heaven  
with the silence  
hearing our thoughts.

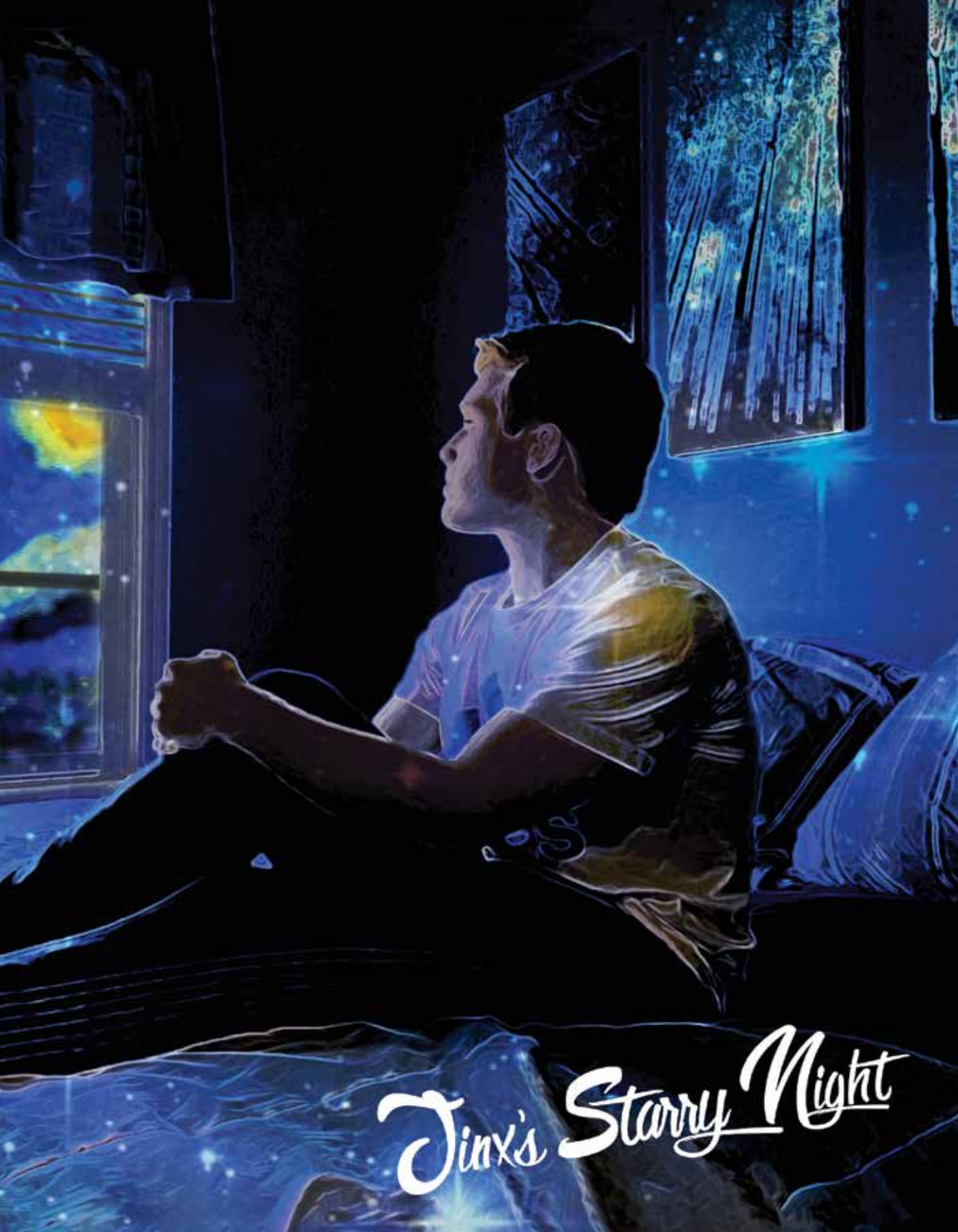
-Nick C.Cerrato

I created (*Starry Night*) by first thinking, what would Van Gogh's *Starry Night* look like if someone was actually inside the landscape that he created. I noticed in the painting that there are houses in the background and I thought why not try to make my own starry night with me inside of one of those houses? I would then look outside the window of the house and see the sky that Van Gogh painted.

Justin Good







*Jinx's Starry Night*

It  
breaks  
through the  
bondage which  
it is kept hidden,  
Carving its own shape  
as it plummets past the  
chasm of ones similar,  
yet no one notices  
the pain or can  
stop the  
rest  
as they  
descend from  
this seemingly  
never ending void  
flowing faster then  
ever before, etching  
their own route onto  
the untouched face  
tearing deeper  
and yet  
they  
can't be  
stopped, as  
they corrode in  
-to the face like a  
river chiseling  
a canyon  
Until her  
beauty is  
unnoticeable,  
as the path of  
her tears are  
the only entity  
society sees

All this water never filling  
The deep well of her heart.

## A Fissure of Imperfection

Megan Halpin

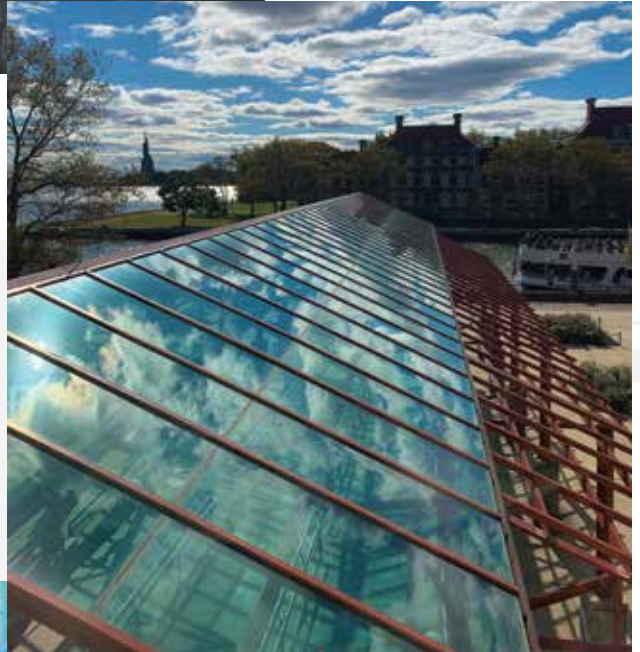
In this poem (*A Fissure of Imperfection*), I wanted to incorporate the style of George Herbert with a mix of my own message. My goal was to relate sadness to tears falling from a person's face into a well; yet, I wanted to encapsulate the destructive power of tears as the embodiment of the poem. The stanzas of the piece are formatted to show tears dripping down into a well – symbolizing that sadness cannot completely take over or 'fill' a person, but dramatically affects them in some way.

Justin Good



*(Reflection On Ellis Island)* was inspired by not only how beautiful the sky reflected on the glass, but also the immigrants who came to Ellis Island who saw this view of the Statue of Liberty.

Reflection On Ellis Island  
Alyse DelGaudio



The image of the spiral in the sky is titled "Untitled" because I want the viewer to engage in the photo and come up with their own ideas.

Untitled  
Alyse DelGaudio

# Ever-Changing Path

Stasia Willis

The first time you walk a path  
You get lost around the bends  
Some people say when you walk it again  
You get to reach the end  
The third time around  
You find something new  
The path has kept changing  
The bends are now few

I wrote (*Ever-Changing Path*) during a time of reflection. Its very inspiration was the adventure of life and how we think it's this solid path but when you think on your choices or contemplate troubles you've faced, especially when facing them again, you realize this path of life is constantly changing and things get easier and the end becomes clearer.



Marley Cameron

(*Revelation*) was the fruition of me entering college and realizing that as overwhelming as becoming an adult is everything would be okay. Life is scary but stay true to your core self and enjoy the adventure.

(*Driving to Euphoria*) was inspired by my cousin's exhilarating determination to jump out of a plane.





# Revelation

Rhiannon Bender

Beautiful chaos.  
Madness within.  
Every direction.  
Something begins.

Storms take over.  
Life will prevail.  
Pick an ocean.  
Set your sail.

You've waited a lifetime.  
Nothing more to fear.  
The darkness has faded.  
The sun shines here.

Take a look around you.  
And know what is truth.  
Each star burns its brightest.  
A reminder of eternal youth

Driving To Euphoria  
Alyse DelGaudio

# Class of 2020

Olivia Fisher

Into the unknown, take that walk, take the first step.

We began an adventure.

Where does life take us at this point in our lives?

We may ask this question but still we can walk that path together.

You'd never think COVID-19 would affect us.

As the college closed we are left with no goodbyes.

We are maybe confused and hurt, but we stay strong together.

We are one. We are strong,

We keep the faith and we are Sussex!

Look how far we have come, remembering friendships made, professors we had, and the fun campus events attended together.

I wish we could rewind but I know we can get through this.

Reflect on your life, try something new, work towards that goal, make time for the things that you didn't have time for.

As we step into the unknown, we will be strong for each other.

This is our year. Let's hear it for the Class of 2020.



Lost Boy  
Stephanie Rocco

# Sussex

Rhiannon Bender

The classroom with the sandwiches  
The jar of candy on the executive office's desk  
The stairway with the yellow chain leading  
up up up  
As I go down down down  
Autumn wreaths on Bursar doors  
A young man content with human kindness  
Red leaves playing peek-a-boo on green trees  
Pie  
Heels clack down the hall  
Road to academia  
One building dirty windows  
Another inspired and stained with glass  
Wooden sculptures stacked up high  
An elevator that makes me fly  
A college that takes my money  
But a campus that fills my soul

In Creative Writing class, I was encouraged to take a walk around campus. I highlighted the character of a community college (*in Sussex*). Higher education is a huge chapter in life. Starting at a four year was my original choice, but as I became more familiar with SCCC, I realized how important transitional colleges are. A small but beautiful campus, full of staff who genuinely care, made all the difference to a girl who had no idea what she wanted to become or how to get there. When searching for a path, Sussex's slogan holds true, "Start here, go anywhere."

During the COVID-19 quarantine I missed everyone on campus and felt inspired to write. (*Class of 2020*) ties perfectly with life's adventure because of what is happening right now. A walk into the unknown leads to adventure without knowing the future.

I was watching Peter Pan, how he was trying to get his shadow, and I thought that would be a cool idea for a photo (*Lost Boy*) – to do a shadow of one's self in their shoes.



Radical  
Kaitlyn Ross

We were playing around in class with some Photoshop presets and I really liked using this radial one. Making this photo (*Radical*) just happened so naturally, I think that's a part of life's adventure.



Alyse DelGaudio



Freckles  
Danielle Kelly

My portrait "Freckles" was inspired by my older sister Shannon. Whenever she goes out into the sun, her freckles always show her brightness and enthusiasm towards life. I am so happy to have her as a sister, and every adventure with her is as unique as her freckles!



Ruff Day  
Hannah Panzarella







The White Mountains, NH - Julia Elken

My inspiration is a backpacking trip in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. This is the view from the trail on my way up to the summit of Mt. Washington.



Serene - Jacob Kochevar

Sunflowers on Fairway  
Taylor Burgos



*(Waterlilly on Canvas)* was inspired by artist Claude Monet. He was able to explore nature on a different level, using color. I feel people are so focused on other people and objects that they forget the preciousness of the world we live in. Nature is an adventure to explore – it is our home.

Waterlily on Canvas - Mayce Albakri



# The Radio: A Detoured Adventure

John Christiano

Adventures are not necessarily forays into the physical world. There are adventures of the spirit. These are the great life-plans that get derailed, re-railed, distracted, reshaped and restarted.

I was born on December 13, 1951 at St. Mary's Hospital in Orange, New Jersey. It was a community hospital that took care of the local ailments, the local birthing, the local living and the local dying. Little did I know that one of my choices would bring me back there ten years later.

My family settled in my mother's parents' three family house on the other side of town. Mom, Dad, and I were on the top floor. My mother's sister, Aunt Angie, Uncle Sam, and cousins, Anthony and Sandy on the second floor. My immigrant grandparents, great-grandmother, and my mother's brother, Uncle Frank, were on the first floor, or primo piano as they called it.

The neighborhood was mostly multi-family houses with Italian immigrants and their first-generation children. We lived right down the street from Thomas Edison's factories. There was an enormous steam whistle that would blow a single thunderous and sustained note to mark the comings and goings of the factory workers, many of them were our neighbors. You could hear it all over town. Behind our house was a brook and then the railroad tracks. Every day a train would come by loaded with materials for the factory and we'd watch and wave from the backyard fence. The engineer would blast an accommodating note for us kids from the loud, single-noted steam whistle and ring a discordant, quite unchurchlike, clanging bell as it approached the crossing at Watchung Avenue.

Everyone worked during the day. My father, John, only a few years back from the war, was working in the electronics field. My mother, Margaret, worked too. My grandmother, Filomena, who lived on the first floor, worked in a factory making ladies nightwear. She was a union seamstress in the ILGWU. Her husband, my grandfather Francesco, worked at home. He was shoemaker, making shoes and shoe repairs in his basement workshop.

My great-grandmother, Angelina, stayed at home during the day. We called her Mama Nonna, mother-grandmother. Her daily job was to mind me and my cousin Sandy. She spoke no English, so between my grandparents and her, we were growing up bi-lingual. We used to ask for pane toste, hard bread, as a snack. We'd get a nice hefty chunk of stale bread drizzled with olive oil, salt and pepper. Delicious. Now they serve it in Italian restaurants as a chic appetizer. Go figure. She would laugh.

We did what kids did back then. We hadn't started grammar school yet so we played in the street with other kids or in the back yards or in the brook that flowed behind our homes. Almost daily, the fruit peddler would come by selling produce from a truck, hawking his

wares in his beautiful Italian tenor voice. The bleach man (or biancalina as we would call it) would also be in the neighborhood, and the man who sharpened knives and scissors, all in equally vocal and melodious salesmanship. Neighbors would hang out the windows placing their orders in their sing-song broken English.

Mama-Nonna spent most of her day in the kitchen, cooking for the evening meal or sewing, and always had the radio on. No television. Trapped in the language of her homeland, the only foreign language programs were on the radio. Her freedom and her connection to her memories were in that magical box – a beige plastic tabletop model with rounded corners, two beige knobs and a tan cloth grill for the speaker.

The radio. That magical box. Out of it would come a foreign voice flowing like honey, speaking inflected words saturated with vowels. And there was the music – tenors, sopranos, baritones, bassos, opera, symphonies, and folksongs, in a language I was only beginning to understand but could not get out of my head. Mama Nonna's freedom, and a child's wonderment, came out of that box – rhythms, highs and lows, crescendos and decrescendos, brass, strings, and soaring voices. I was learning the cadence and the inflections of Mama Nonna's language.

Then Mama Nonna died. I was only six years old. I remember the first aid squad charging into the apartment and working frantically to save her. There was shouting, crying, and then she was gone. I cried. Someone turned off the radio that was on in the kitchen and it went silent forever. All I had left were the memories and echoes of its voices and music.

Around then, my first brother was born and it was time to move out of the small third floor apartment into a real house only a few miles away. My father's parents lived in the same town. My grandparents, Mary and John, and I were close. I would spend almost every Saturday at their house. Friday night Gramp would pick me up for a sleep-over, watching Guy Lombardo or Mitch Miller on TV, and a huge breakfast from Grandma on Saturday morning.

They were perfect Saturdays except there was no radio. Instead, I would get live performances from Grandpa. He was the town Building Inspector but a ragtime piano player by hobby, and always had an organ in his house. Maple Leaf Rag, 12th Street Rag, Tico-Tico, Bill Bailey. He knew them all, learned in his father's tavern two doors down the street where he would play. I had no formal training but he would sit me next to him on the piano bench and teach me "Chopsticks." As my hands grew a bit bigger he taught me Schubert's Serenade.

Thanks to him, I was drawn back to the music, but to different rhythms with no words. And this time, the magic box had 88 keys and pedals I couldn't reach! I never really learned to play the piano, but my parents picked up a massive upright and parked it in the basement of our home. I guess they were hoping I would take lessons, especially since my father was an amateur musician. He played clarinet and sax in high school. He was also a pretty good tenor singer. When the mood struck him, he would walk around the house singing songs from his Gilbert and Sullivan days in high school. I thought that was pretty cool.

My parents had a lot of records and a stereo system in the basement with big band stuff left over from their teen years in the 40s and Broadway musicals. I would play the songs, sing the words, and figure out the melody on the keys of that old piano.

High school came around and now I had a real opportunity to make music. Not by turning on a radio or television or playing a record or picking at a keyboard. I could stick a piece of brass in my mouth and play a tune. I wanted a saxophone like Dad's but they were all out of them. They handed me a tarnished, dented, brass trumpet in an old beat-up case and an ill-fitting uniform for the marching band! It had a handful of yellow feathers stuck out of the hat that looked like a dead parrot. But, finally, I was a musician just like those guys on the radio. Just like Dad. Just like Grandpa.

I practiced constantly. I took lessons on Saturdays. I got good. There were two other trumpeters in the band who were even better and the music we made was pure heaven. The school owned a house where we would meet and practice just before the Sunday football game.

Those were my high school days. Oh, getting back to St. Mary's ... Sister Regina Christi was the band moderator and she had some nun-friends over at St. Mary's Hospital where I was born. They were dedicating a new wing and needed a trumpet player to play a salute to the colors and the Star Spangled Banner. I got the gig and they made a big deal out of me being an "alum" of the hospital. I felt kind of silly in my uniform and the hat with the feathers on top but ... it was music and ... I ... was .... the ... only ... guy playing! My first solo performance in public and all those gorgeous nurses loved me! (Must have been the uniform and that dead yellow parrot.)

So, I never really got too far away from music. No matter where life took its turns, there was always someone or something reminding me that there was music to be heard and to be made. But then came my senior year. Time for changes and choices. I pictured myself becoming a professional musician. I looked into Juilliard. Wow! Four years of intense music! I would learn to be a better musician and perhaps even (gasp) a composer. But my father had different advice.

Besides my love of music, I was a whiz at science all through grammar school and high school. Chemistry. Physics. Earth Science. Biology. Science projects. My parents used to buy me those home chemistry sets for children. They also bought me a telescope and I would spend evenings on the garage roof looking at the moon, stars and planets. I got a microscope and I would look at plant cells and the hair from our dog. My father taught me about electricity, radio and television. I would go to his electronics store and dismantle old television sets and radios and learn how to repair them. If anything else could hold my fascination besides music, it was science and all those magical boxes with the knobs, buttons, dimly lit screens and blinking lights.

My father's advice to me was to not become a professional musician. He told me I'd never make much of a living as a musician. But he made the same decision that I was about to make.

I decided on my other love, science. Uncle Frank had gone to engineering school and I was enthralled by the books, the math and drawings that he had. Whenever we visited, I'd sneak off to his bookcase and gaze in fascination over the pages of unintelligible formulas and diagrams.

I decided. It was engineering school. No music, no Juilliard, and no regrets. In later years, I never faulted my father's advice, just my own choices. He was right. Be a musician on the side as a hobby or a side-hustle. Join a local amateur orchestra. Yes, that would make perfect sense. But I made two bad decisions that would haunt me for the rest of my life.

My first bad decision was to decide that I could not do both; that life only had room for one or the other. My second was to close my trumpet case and put it, and all my sheet music and books, away, never to be touched again. For music, I returned to that magic box, the radio. I would be content on the sidelines listening to music made by some faceless others inside the box.

College is done and I'm an engineer. I've got a good job. Music is still coming out of the magic boxes, but not out of me. I know where all the radio stations are for rock, country and classical music.

A couple of years pass. Now I'm married. Our son is born and it's time to move again. This time to a far-off rural county in the state. Our son starts in the local Catholic school and joins our church's children's choir. He sings very well. Notably well. A gift from his grandfather. We get a dog. Life is calm and flowing along like a slow, steady river.

But things change as they often do. One Sunday in church I happen to be standing in a pew next to one of the choir assistants. She hears me singing and afterwards says that I have a nice voice and should join the adult choir. I'm very hesitant. I don't have time for this. Hell, I'm 44 years old. My son overhears this and starts egging me on. He starts talking about father-son duets. "Yeah Dad, that would be so cool!" Okay, I agree, but I can't escape the irony of how the son is encouraging the father when, so many years before, the father was discouraging the son.

So, I find myself in the choir. I have a different instrument now. We have a brilliant choir director and teacher. I am re-learning my music and a lot more. And it's not just the music. Suddenly, I find myself becoming more creative at my work and my thinking and I start writing. I am totally consumed like in high school. I write a ninety-page book of essays and poetry for musicians. Our choir director steers me to a professional voice coach. I sing Schubert, Schumann, Bizet, French, German, Italian, art songs and arias, all the stuff I used to hear on Mama Nonna's radio and more. I learned the words to that first classical piece that Grandpa taught me 35 years earlier; Schubert's Serenade. I'm a musician again and I'm actually good at this ... again!

Choir rehearsals are on Thursday nights in the church. It's an old country church, made of local stone with a real bell in a white painted steeple on top and a pipe organ. It's a small



stone box full of the magic of music. Nothing can harm me there. Nothing from the outside world can enter or distract. It's my bubble; my fortress of solitude.

Just like in the high school band, I'm enjoying the company of other musicians again. But this time it's different. "I" am the instrument. "I" make the music. Not a tarnished, dented old trumpet. Not a phonograph. Not a radio. Not some out of tune piano. It's me. It comes out of me. I've become the magic box.

It's funny how, sometimes, Life doesn't forget about you, doesn't leave you behind as it marches on. It watches where you step. Sometimes it gives you a second chance, a nudge in a different direction. But somehow, this time, Life knows you won't screw it up.

Sometimes during church services I get the sudden urge look up from the music. I sense that Mama Nonna, my father and grandfather are there, watching, keeping time, nodding and smiling at this last redeeming choice I have made.



Street Music - Annatina Marquez

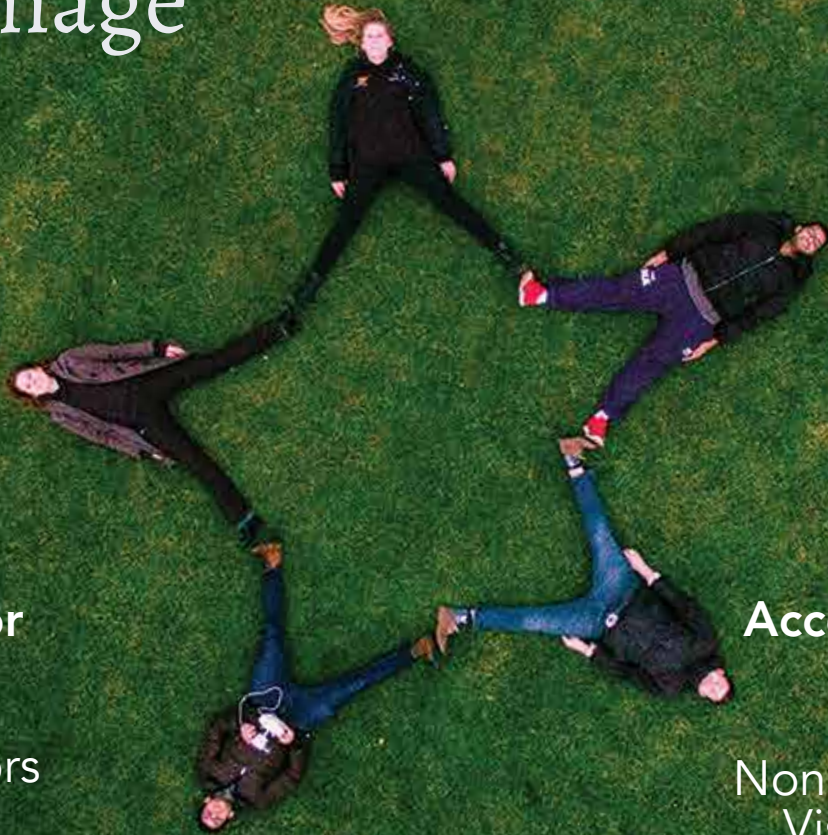
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Rhiannon Bender	13, 23, 25	S.C.C.C., A.A. Liberal Arts
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Julia Elken	28	S.C.C.C., A.A. Liberal Arts
Evan Fischer	8	Sussex County Teen Arts
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Justin Good	15, 18, 21	S.C.C.C., A.A.S. Graphic Design
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# 2021 Idiom & Image

# COMMUNITY



**A Call for**  
Writers  
Artists  
& Creators

**Deadline:**  
March 5, 2021

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Poetry  
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Explore the theme of Community through relationships and connections with people, things, ideas, places or professions, including fellowship with others, shared ideals and more.

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