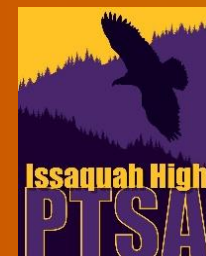




# IH PTSA Reflections

## 2021/22 Participants Showcase



Presented by IH PTSA  
Reflections Co-chairs:  
Kristen Allen-Bentsen  
Heather Rom Bratton

# What is Reflections?

Reflections is a National PTA arts recognition program that helps students explore their own thoughts, feelings and ideas, develop artistic literacy, increase confidence, and find a love for learning that will help them become more successful not only in school, but in life.

Students in pre-K through grade 12 create original works of art in response to an annual theme.

Students submit their completed works of art in one, or more, of the available arts categories: Dance Choreography, Film Production, Literature, Music Composition, Photography, Visual Arts.



While the primary focus of Reflections is a celebration of creativity through positive recognition, Finalists from each school PTA will move on to our district council PTSA; then finalists from our district will move on to the state round. Washington State PTA finalists who receive an “Outstanding Interpretation” award will advance to the National PTA round.

# This year's theme:

The theme is determined by National PTA from student submissions.

Interpretation of the theme is a very important part of the program; it represents 40% of the judge's score and can be the determining factor when deciding which pieces move on to the next level of competition. Creative theme interpretation is encouraged!





Issaquah High School Entries...



Arya Joshi  
"Changing the World  
is an Inside-out Job"  
Visual Arts







Grace Shigeyama  
Untitled  
Visual Arts



"mother's little girl"

g#m e b  
I'll play something sweet on my imaginary guitar  
g#m e b  
I'll take your lips half numb and I'll tear your world apart  
g#m  
For the substance that they always speak of  
b  
The meaning that they'll always preach of  
d#m f#  
If I speak loud enough, they'll hear me  
c#m  
I'll be fine

g#m  
I don't know how to revere you  
b e b  
Ashes made of gold, eyes turned to lead  
g#m b  
My poster barren walls scream for attention  
e b  
A little less loudly than my bed  
g#m  
Fires rage and sadness kills  
b  
People cry and in this world  
e b  
To be nothing is such a thing of shame  
g#m

I don't want to grow up and change the world  
b e b  
I think I'd rather stay my mother's little girl  
g#m e b  
Losing myself now, like a willow in the breeze  
g#m e b  
Bending over backwards to impress and to please  
g#m  
Look me in the eyes, tell me everything's alright  
b  
My life is on track and im moving towards the light  
d#m f# c#m  
Or let me be

g#m  
I don't know how to revere you  
b e b  
Ashes made of gold, eyes turned to lead  
g#m b  
My poster barren walls scream for attention  
e b  
A little less loudly than my bed  
g#m  
Fires rage and sadness kills  
b  
People cry and in this world  
e b  
To be nothing is such a thing of shame  
g#m

I don't want to grow up and change the world  
b e b  
I think I'd rather stay my mother's little girl

g#m b  
in this world i don't see worth  
e c#m  
i live and die, then i'm gone from earth  
g#m b  
but those who will remember me,  
e b  
the ones i've changed: my family  
g#m b  
Through them i know i will live on  
e c#m  
My legacy is carried on  
g#m b  
I never had to change the world  
e b  
Because I was my mother's girl

g#m  
I don't know how to revere you  
b e b  
Ashes made of gold, eyes turned to lead  
g#m b  
My poster barren walls scream for attention  
e b  
A little less loudly than my bed



Julianna Carragher  
"mother's little girl"  
Music Composition

g#m  
Fires rage and sadness kills  
b  
People cry and in this world  
e b  
To be nothing is such a thing of shame  
g#m  
I don't want to grow up and change the world  
b e b  
I think I'd rather stay my mother's little girl

[LISTEN HERE](#)



Jamie Hsieh  
"Zones"  
Visual Arts







## 12<sup>th</sup> Grade Artist “Deleting My Drowning” Literature

### Deleting My Drowning

I am left with no response,  
I need to know more;  
I need that rush again.  
I need to go deeper.  
Water beads onto my skin,  
as I submerge myself in.  
It envelopes me entirely,  
providing slight assurance  
that I did the right thing,  
that this is the only way I can know more.  
Each droplet of water  
presents a shade of disparity:  
navy, dark, turquoise, light.  
The complexion of the blue  
invites my body in,  
as its rustic essence reminds me  
of the danger this ocean holds.  
The dark of the blue merely smirks at my presence,  
tempting my consciousness to drown  
deeper and deeper,  
challenging me  
to prove my worth.  
My abdomen gains nausea,  
hips pushed by the rush  
of sudden fear flowing,  
yet I dive deeper and deeper.  
My hair gravitates upwards,  
telling me to give up.  
The collar of my shirt  
rolls up to my neck,  
threatening to do worse.  
The blue of my sleeves  
contrast the water,  
immediately gaining my attention,  
attempting to lead me to escape,  
to flow away from all this.  
But I'm convinced to go deeper.  
My eyes strain past the gushes of water,  
While an echo seems to come towards me.  
The wishing sound of a pebble  
immerses into my surroundings.  
It materializes into a bokeh of broken rock,  
suspending minerals and salt,  
venturing into endless possibilities.  
The salt of the fluid hurts,

exposing my scar  
to little pierces of pain,  
thousands at a moment,  
mocking my curiosity with danger.  
I decide that I can't do this,  
fingernails grasping onto suspended seaweed.  
As I pull myself towards safety,  
I look down and say goodbye.  
I say goodbye to that invigorating pull,  
smirk at the dark stillness,  
following the echo within me,  
and I look up from my phone.  
The blue of the texts stares at me,  
my profile no longer draining,  
pebble-like chimes of the messages  
echoing away,  
and the painful salt slowly dissolving  
away as my mind clears.  
I survived, completely dry.  
All because  
I looked up from my phone.  
My body and it were in sync,  
I think,  
as I repeat the word in my head;  
*syncing,*  
*syncing,*  
*sinking.*  
My thumb touches the cold screen,  
deliberately  
pressing the delete button.



Anais Cauchi  
"Healing Serenity"  
Visual Arts





Amanda Winterbauer  
"Stop Judgement"  
Dance Choreography

[WATCH HERE](#)







Yujin Chang  
"Puppets"  
Visual Arts





# Categories:

A student may submit an entry in any of six arts areas. Following the state guidelines, **each student may submit art in multiple categories, but only one piece in each category.** Only **original** works of art are accepted.

The six art areas are:



**Literature** – works of fiction and nonfiction in: poetry, prose, drama, short stories, essay, screen play, play script, narrative, and lyrics.



**Music Composition** – original musical composition, with or without words. Student may also be the performer, or one of the performers.



**Photography** - color or black/white single print (no collages) image in: photogram, negative sandwich, and multiple exposure.



**Visual Arts** - drawing, painting in various mediums, computer generated art, two-dimensional collage, printmaking, needlework & leather tooling, architectural drawing, ceramics, fashion drawing or clothing, fiber work, mixed media, and sculpture.



**Choreography/Dance** - originally choreographed solo and ensemble works at all dance styles. Student may also be the performer, or one of the performers.



**Film/Video** - original works, with or without sound, in: animation, narrative, documentary, experimental, or media.

2022-23 Theme:

“Show Your Voice!”



Thank you  
2021-22  
Issaquah High  
Participants!