

Eagle

February 2017

Having all of my education from Catholic schools, a mother that had a key position in Louisiana's Right to Live Movement, and assisting with her in every pro-life

Tales

Defending Life

fundraiser put on by the Church, it is an understatement to say that I was raised pro-life. Being a pro-lifer runs in my blood, dating back to my great grandparents. As I got older, I could play a more pivotal role in my mom's efforts. I helped her more in the Baby Bottle Campaign, assisted in drives to benefit the Desormeaux Foundation, and my sophomore year I became a co-founder of Vermilion Catholic's first pro-life club. It is a belief that hits me to my core, a belief I would die for, and a belief that I have been so blessed to be able to march for twice. Attending the March for Life in DC had always been a dream of mine, so I was elated when my parents told me I could participate in it for the first time last year. I got my things together, hopped in the plane with the other 40 marchers that came with VC, and I did it. I marched. I could not have gone on a better year; that morning, right as we took our first steps, super-snow-storm Jonas first started to hit. We had known about the approaching blizzard days before, so everyone had been given a chance to go home early being as the chance of being snowed in was inevitable. I still get goose-bumps saying that no one thought twice; we were marching. Walking down the street to the Supreme

Court, I was mainly focusing on God, praying for the millions of babies lost, and for a little while, I lost track of the beauty of everyone there. It was not until we reached the building that I turned around and saw just how monstrous the size of the crowd was. Even in the middle of the blizzard, thousands of people stayed, thousands of people marched, thousands of people took a stand for the unborn, the ones with no voice. It was then that I realized how much bigger this movement was than just Abbeville, Louisiana. I thought the baby bottles and the diaper drives and being president of our club was worth it before; I knew then

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just how worth it was. Just how important our countless hours of work were. Seeing these people trudging through the snow sealed my belief. I got off that plane fired up, a fire that burns in me still today as I continue to run our club, stuff baby bottles, and make deliveries to Mrs. Brenda Desormeaux. It was an opportunity that I am so grateful for because it opened my eyes and reminded me why we do what we do.

Ann Veazey

2016 VCHS Senior



Abigail Joseph
vchs senior

Student SPOTLIGHT

Over the course of my life, I have been blessed with the gift of Catholic education. Throughout my elementary, middle school, and high school careers, my parents have continually made sacrifices in order for me and my sibling to have the best, most faith-filled, learning environment. Having my faith as a part of my daily life for so long has definitely shaped me into the person I am today. The many opportunities and experiences I am offered, such as retreats, healing Masses, and even a daily theology class have molded my heart, mind, and actions greatly. Through service opportunities, such as helping flood victims, participating in special needs retreats, and other events, such as the Miles Perret "Games of Acadiana," I have been able to live out my faith and grow in my community. Having weekly school Masses and being able to participate in such a beautiful way, like singing in our school choir, has also strengthened my faith and made me a more consistent and active parishioner. That, along with the extremely loving, caring, and considerate faculty I've been exposed to over the years, has helped me to become a more devout Christian. Having such devoted teachers, friends, and coaches become involved in my spiritual life has also had a

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powerful influence on me. When so many people encourage you to do things that will better your life and your community, it really changes the way you view the world and your role in it.

Throughout the years, my increased knowledge of my faith and exposure to the kindness of those who have guided me along the way have impacted

my life in innumerable ways. Having an education that allows you to freely involve your spirituality, whether it be through daily prayer or class discussions, makes you realize just how important God is, or should be, in your daily life. By deepening

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my understanding of God and having the freedom to worship Him in a place so critical to my development, I have become more willing to devote myself to the Catholic faith. Being surrounded by positivity and enlightened by the Truth has truly transformed me. I cannot thank the people who have helped me over the years enough, especially my theology teachers, for turning my life into one that is dedicated to my faith, which inspires me and comforts me every day. Not to mention, my parents, who have given up so much to see me develop into the proud Catholic I am today. I want them to know that their sacrifices have not gone unnoticed and that I appreciate and love them for making such selfless decisions. Having Catholic education in my life has truly been a blessing. I thank God for giving me such an amazing and spiritually nourishing education. I hope to one day make the same sacrifices for my children and encourage them to take as many spiritually inclined opportunities as they can. My soul has truly been graced with the presence of Jesus in my everyday life. None of this, the person who I have become, would have been possible if it had not been for my Catholic education. I am forever grateful for such a blessing and will definitely do my best to serve Christ the rest of my life.

MY TIME IN OUR TOWN

BY REBEKAH BOURGEOIS

As I look back at the defining moments of my senior year, my thoughts immediately turn to our Drama Club production of **Our Town by Thornton Wilder**.

From receiving our audition packets to our last curtain call, I can think of only one word that can truly describe this experience — *unforgettable*. How did all of this begin you may ask? The thrill of seeing the cast list; the countless hours of rehearsing; and each nerve-racking performance will always be warm memories, but it all *started* with summer. This past summer I presented *Our Town* as an option for the school play for this year. There was only one problem with it. The original script has eighteen male roles, which is well beyond our number of male actors. Mrs. Desormeaux, our director, gave me an incredible opportunity. She said that she would consider the play if I would edit the script, changing the majority of the male roles to female. Then, I set off to work.

After completing edits on the script, I turned it over to Mrs. Des. A few weeks later, we learned that *Our Town* was actually going to be our school play for this year! After that came auditions; learning that I was casted as Narrator A; multiple hours of running lines; and finally, the performance. I found myself once again center stage, the spotlight in my face, but there was something different about the actual performances. It was not being in costume, or even the audience; it was the knowledge that everything that I had worked for had become a reality. As I took my final bow on Sunday afternoon, I was hit by the reality that this would be my last VC production. Surprisingly enough, I had no tears, just the deep satisfaction that I had ended *Our Town* with my best performance possible.

I have thoroughly enjoyed my time playing football for Vermilion Catholic. I have learned so much through participating in this sport. Football has taught me skills like teamwork, responsibility, hard work, and perseverance. It has also taught me how to overcome struggles even, when it may seem difficult. I also had the honor of playing in the I10 bowl after this season. During this great experience I met a lot of outstanding coaches and players that I will remember for the rest of my life. I will always carry a piece of VC football with me no matter where I go, and I will always be a supporter because it is a brotherhood. I wish the best of luck to my teammates in their next season and hope they accomplish all the goals they set for themselves.

Congratulations!

Henry Nguyen!

Henry placed 2nd out of 17 in the event of Original Oratory at STM's annual speech tournament

AND

was awarded a scholarship to study at the University of St. Anne in Nova Scotia this summer!!

Your VC Family

is so very proud of you!

Football MEMORIES

by Zach McRee

One of my favorite memories about going to VC is my experience as a member of the football team. I played from my freshman year through my senior year.

Football has taught me skills like teamwork, responsibility, hard work, and perseverance.

FEBRUARY

- 1st - 3rd -- Catholic School's week
- 3rd -- 1/2 Day Academic Pep Rally
- 4th -- Sadie Hawkins
- 9th - 10th -- State Beta Convention
- 11th - 14th -- Cheer Squad in Orlando
- 15th -- Blood Drive
- 17th -- Seniors at St. Ben's
- 18th -- District Rally
- 22nd -- Nursing Home Prom
- 24th -- Spring Photo
- 27th -- Mardi Gras Holiday begins

Meet VC's Student of the Year

Bret Lee

We would like to congratulate senior Bret Lee on being Vermilion Catholic's 2016-2017 student of the year. Bret has thrived academically at VC. He has maintained a 4.0 GPA throughout high school and has won several of the school's class academic awards. Bret has attended and placed in district and state rally every year, competing in World Geography and French I and II. He is also involved in many extracurricular activities. Bret has participated greatly in the 4-H club, attending several national contests and conferences in the past few years. He also enjoys doing campus ministry by taking part in many of the new opportunities to pray and serve others at school offered this year. In addition to 4-H and campus ministry, Bret is the president of the French club and a part of Beta, National Honor Society, and Quiz Bowl. He is active in his church parish as a lector and Life Teen core team member. He enjoys reading and traveling, and credits much of his academic and extracurricular success to the family atmosphere of Vermilion Catholic.

Congratulations Bret! We are so proud of you!

Eagle of the Month

9th

ANELIESE HEBERT

Andre' Bertrand, III;
Tommy Nguyen; Hannah Bourgeois

10th

GRANT DAVID

Gabe Broussard;
Holden Wright; Colin Meaux

11th

NICK LANGLINAIS

Zach Landry; Ainsley Summers
Dillon Dupree

12th

GRAYSON DUBOIS

Abbigail Joseph; Jenna Luquette
Jeremy Cordes

CONGRATULATIONS to the following students in our Art Department:

**BIG
SHOUT
OUT!!**

Sarah Dailey submitted "In Full Swing" her watercolor and ink to the George Rodrigue Foundation of the Arts contest.

Olivia Chiasson submitted her oil pastel self-portrait to the District Rally competition.

Abigail Joseph submitted "Springtime" her watercolor and ink portrait with exquisite detailing to the District Rally.

Mia Bacilla submitted her color photographs to the District Rally competiion.

Take a moment to **view the work** of these talented students on our website! You won't be disappointed!



Link Thinks

by: Link Hebert, Senior

NOT DEAD WITHOUT A BED

For many years, I've felt like being like everyone else led to a ho hum complacent life. I've had eighteen years to find a way to be just like everyone else and live an orthodox life, but now I find myself trying to find ways to be the opposite. I have found one way that keeps me from being too comfortable and something that spreads awareness also. A little over a year ago, I was in English Dual Enrollment and we were talking about an article about the Syrian refugees. The article had several powerful images of Syrian children and where they had to sleep. The children lay unprotected without a sheet to cover them from the harsh elements. As if that wasn't enough, they had to leave their homes, trying to escape war. Now, I know there is no easy way to solve a problem like the Syrian refugee crisis, but I knew there was something I could do. I was really moved and I felt

the urge to do something. I came up with the austere idea of moving my bed out of my room and sleeping on the floor. I know this might sound crazy, but it made sense to me. I found it reasonable to do this for two reasons. One reason is that my bed took up too much space in my already small room, without it I had much more free space. Another reason was the inevitable fact that one day I would be traveling and not have a bed to sleep in; therefore, I could still sleep because I'd be used to sleeping on the floor. This has actually happened a few times and although it might create an awkward explanation on why I do so, it's worth it. If those innocent children don't have anything to sleep on, why should I? As I stated before, my strange idea has worked. It helps while traveling, I have more space in my room, and when Abbeville suffered from the disastrous flooding in August 2016, my bed was used by a family who needed it when they had nothing else. It's a humble living that not a lot of people understand, but it's the means in which I feel like I am helping out those who don't have as much as I do. It might not affect tons of people, but I hope someone can be inspired to try new things (even if uncomfortable) to help out the less fortunate.

As they say, "Think globally, act locally."

T-Père's
Corner

February begins and ends with festivities. From Catholic Schools week to Mardi Gras, we celebrate the joys of family, faith, and king cakes too. We are very blessed to have both celebrations in our community. These two local celebrations remind me of the power of our culture as a means of transmitting the Gospel message. In Acadiana our culture is permeated with signs of our Catholic faith. This is important, as Pope Francis wrote: "It is imperative to evangelize cultures in order to inculturate the Gospel." (*Evangelii Gaudium* #69) To "inculturate the Gospel" is to bring our faith into every aspect of our lives and our community. We are to build a community founded on the values of Christ: to be a neighbor to all, to show mercy, to be a peacemaker, and to witness to the joy of the Gospel. Our celebration of Catholic Education is not confined to one week. Rather, we continue that joy when we bring our faith into the public sphere. So let us not be afraid to bear that love of Christ in every aspect of our lives. When we do, our community is changed, and we build up that culture of life.

In Christ,

T-Père

