



Digital
Truth
Stamp



Art Vndng Mchn:



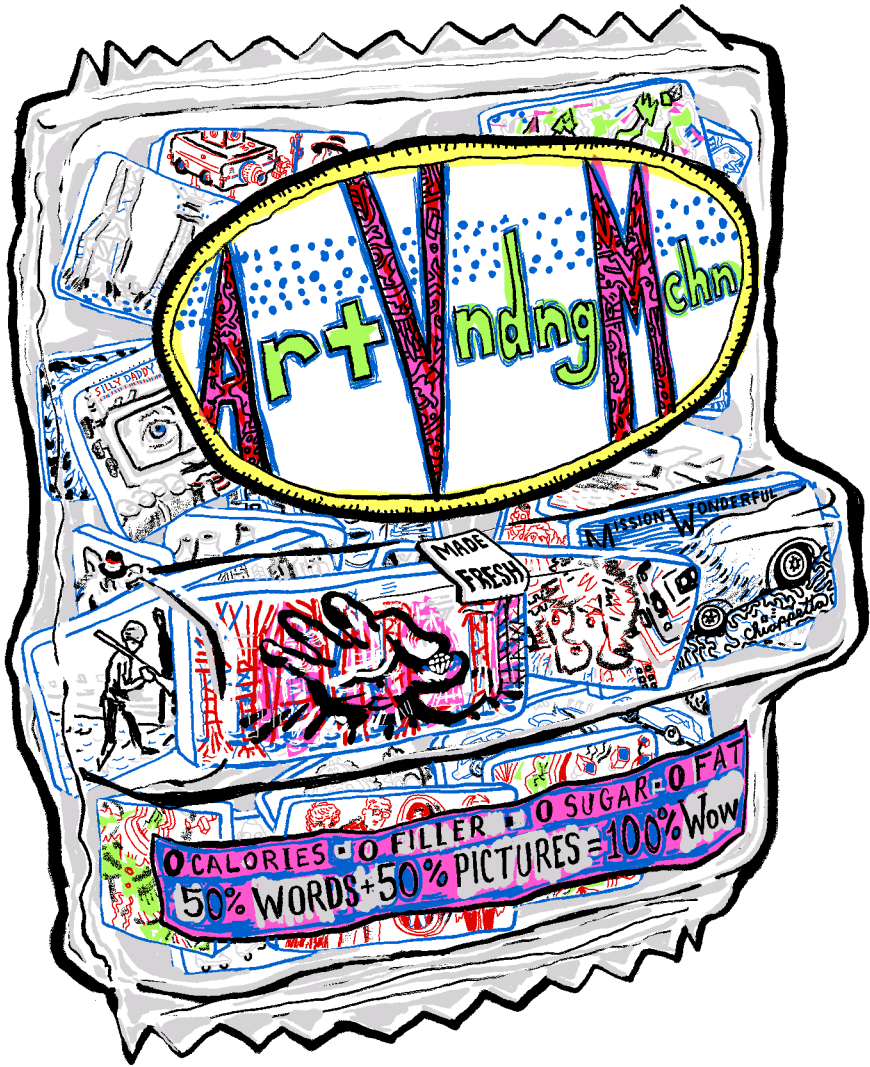
Mission
Wonderful



Art Vndng Mchn:



Mission
Wonderful



ArtVndngMchn: Mission Wonderful

Published by Joe Chiappetta, Riverside, California, USA

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www.artvndngmchn.com

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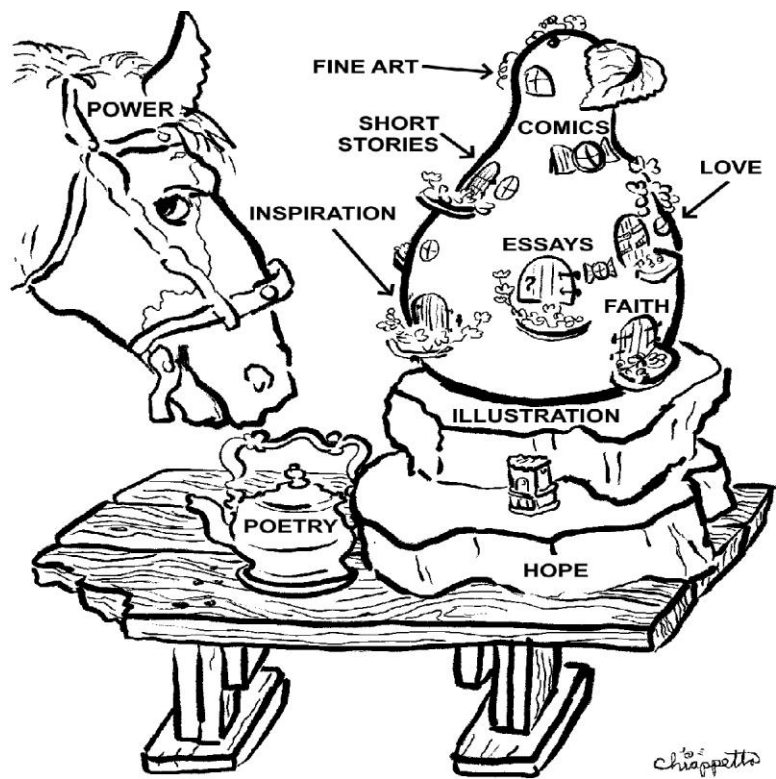
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Mission Wonderful Comics



The FAMILY SIGN

by Eliza Bryson

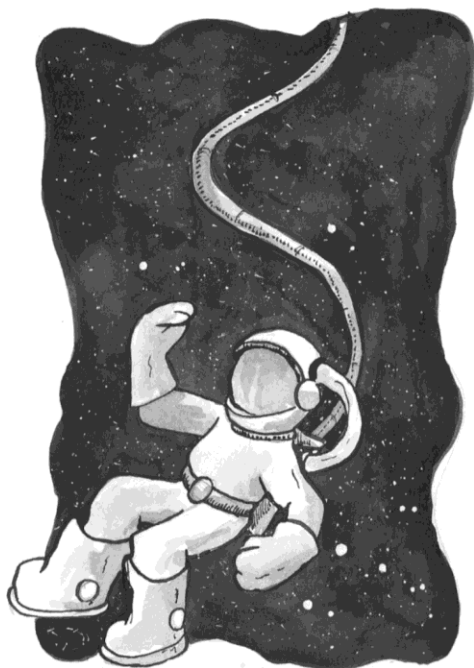


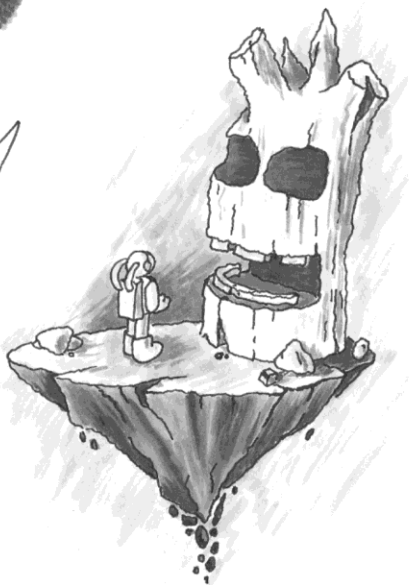
I made this for my dad. Whenever I drive with him, we pass by this stop sign with flowers and vines growing all around it. He never fails to point out any progress the flowers have made. It's very pretty, but my favorite thing about the sign is it's a reminder of the time I cherish being with my dad.

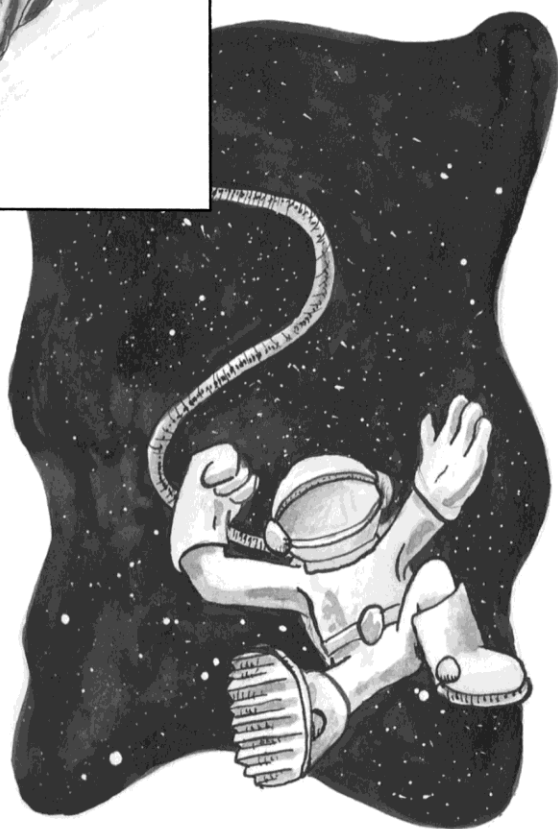
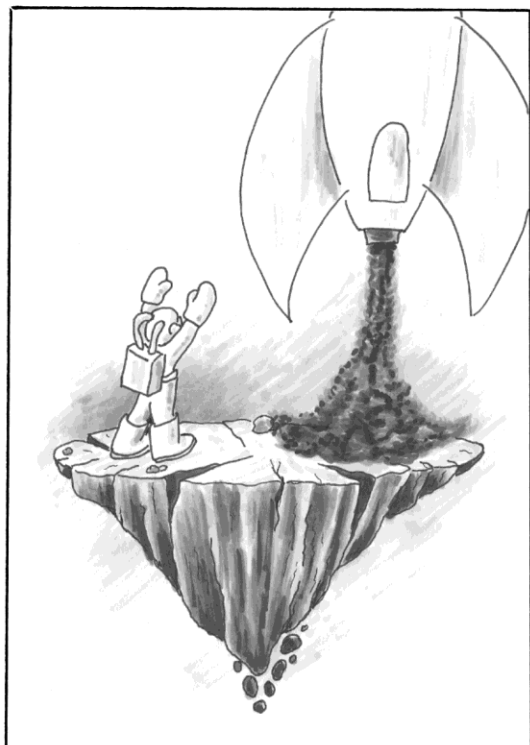
Everyday Challenges Far From Home

by Mike Rende









MISSION TRANSFORMATION



The things I **USED** TO DRAW ARE **NOT** THE
things I DRAW TODAY.

WHY?

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱



MY DRAWINGS HAVE CHANGED BECAUSE **I**
HAVE CHANGED.

Chippetta 2023

YE OLDE SNACKER



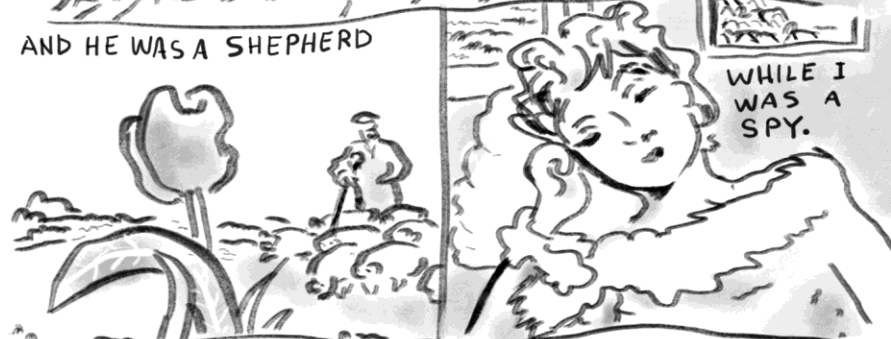
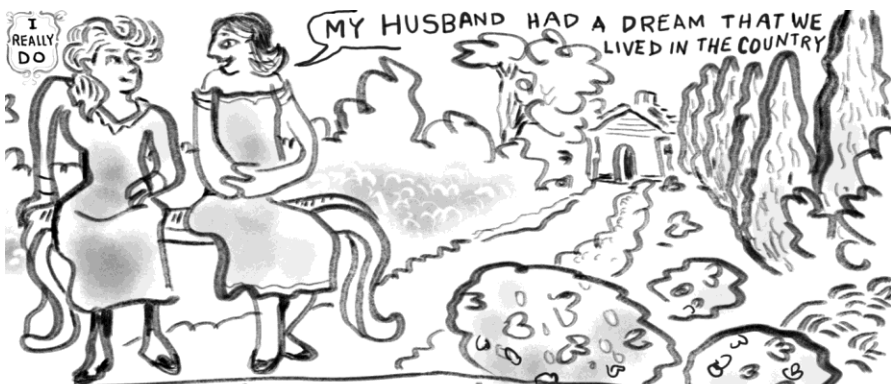
WHEN MUSICIANS
PLAY STRINGED
INSTRUMENTS, I REGARD
THE OCCASION WITH
HEIGHTENED IMPORTANCE.

IS THIS
FIERY PRECIOUS MOMENT
NOT A GIFT FROM GOD?



INDEED...
ISN'T EVERY
MOMENT?

chiappetta



AS WE GREW OLD TOGETHER, WE MOSTLY LIVED HAPPILY
EVER AFTER... DODGING WOLVES AND DOUBLE-AGENTS.





ALLEGORY OF THE SNACK AISLE

ALSO KNOWN AS

Life Skills TIP #2112



A FANTASTIC BOX IS MADE. BUT
THERE IS NOTHING OF VALUE INSIDE.

Chiappetta



CAN YOU BELIEVE WE LIVE IN A PLACE THAT
ACTUALLY HAS ITS OWN BACKYARD?



HOST



WITH THE MOST



MOST

I VISITED THE



MANSION OF A



VERY RICH MAN.



THE ESTATE HAD



MORE TREASURES AND
TRANQUILITY THAN I



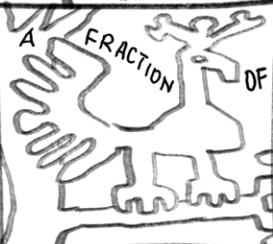
HAD
EVER
SEEN.



YET WE ONLY SAW



A FRACTION OF



THE
ENTIRE
GROUNDS.



I RELATED TO THIS
MAN BECAUSE OF
HIS DESIRE
TO BRING
PEOPLE
TOGETHER
AS A MOST
GRACIOUS
HOST.



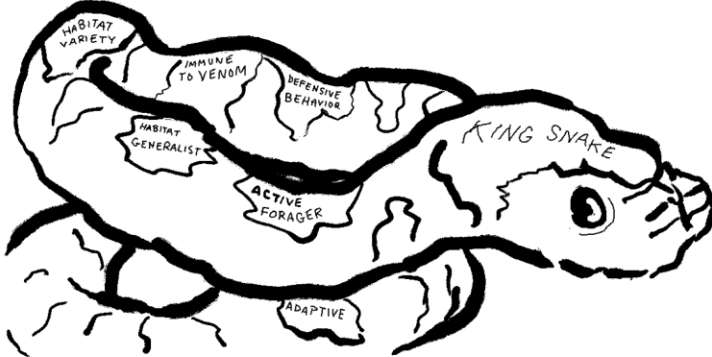
MANSION NOT REQUIRED.



EX-SNAKE



SNAKES ARE VERY CUNNING.



THEY CARE ONLY ABOUT THEMSELVES.



I USED TO BE A SNAKE. NEVER AGAIN!







Wonderful From Life



VIEW OF SALTON SEA FROM ATOP MT. SAN JACINTO by Joe Chiappetta 2022



DENISE ATOP MT. SAN JACINTO by Joe Chiappetta 2022



Hands of the Father, by Caleb Hudson

Me and Edgar Lee

[A Lawyer's Lament at approaching 50]

By Dennis Sitar, 1996

I've candled many a file
and handled many a trial
Just like Edgar Lee

Years, at best
I'll have 30 more
till I rest
Just like Edgar Lee!

So I write with a heat
faster and faster
My deadline to beat
Cause a Poet I want to be
Just like Edgar Lee!

Hopefully, when it comes to that day
My Spoon River stone will say
Here lies a lawyer and POET
and everyone will know it
That I wanted to be
Just like Edgar Lee.

THE UNSEEN KINGDOM





Butterfly Garden, by Elizabeth Rodriguez, 2020



A Bench of Peace, by Elizabeth Rodriguez, 2020



The Devoted Father

by Steven Kelley, 2023

The devoted father pursues memorable times with his kids,
In hopes that one day, their faith is much greater than his.

The devoted father wakes up early as he prays purposefully on the
floor,
He has so much to ask for, that his knees start to get sore.

To get his strength for
the day, the devoted
father studies an old
book,
Because he knows the
rat race in the world, is a
thief and a crook.

The devoted father
leaves for work in his
little red car,
Singing songs to pass
time, because his drive
is so far.

The devoted father gets
to work, but wants to be
with his treasure at
home,
He considers it pure joy
as family pictures and
calls roll in on the phone.

After 8 hours, the work
day is done,
The devoted father sits
in heavy traffic, and it's
not very fun.

The devoted father
drives up, up to his
home,
The day has him feeling
defeated and alone.

The father drags his feet



up the driveway to get to the door,
Then out comes his little children who tackle him, with love to the floor.

The devoted father gets a shot of energy, as if he had consumed caffeine,
He remembers why he does what he does: it's to provide for his team.

The devoted father wrestles and laughs, and they all play pretend,
They hop on his back, wanting to play rodeo once again.

Then out comes his wife with dinner, she never complains or has fits,
His beautiful bride waits, just for a kiss on the lips.

The devoted father is also a devoted husband, and this is a noble task,
Such great responsibility for a man, more strength has to amass.

The devoted father then looks at his schedule, there is still much to do,
He remembers what that old book said: "the harvest is plentiful, but the workers are few."

The devoted father is also a devoted disciple, and this too is a noble task,
Such great honor for a man, more strength has to amass.

The devoted father goes out with his old book, to ask people if they have heard it,
He puts his hope in hearing "well done, you good and faithful servant."

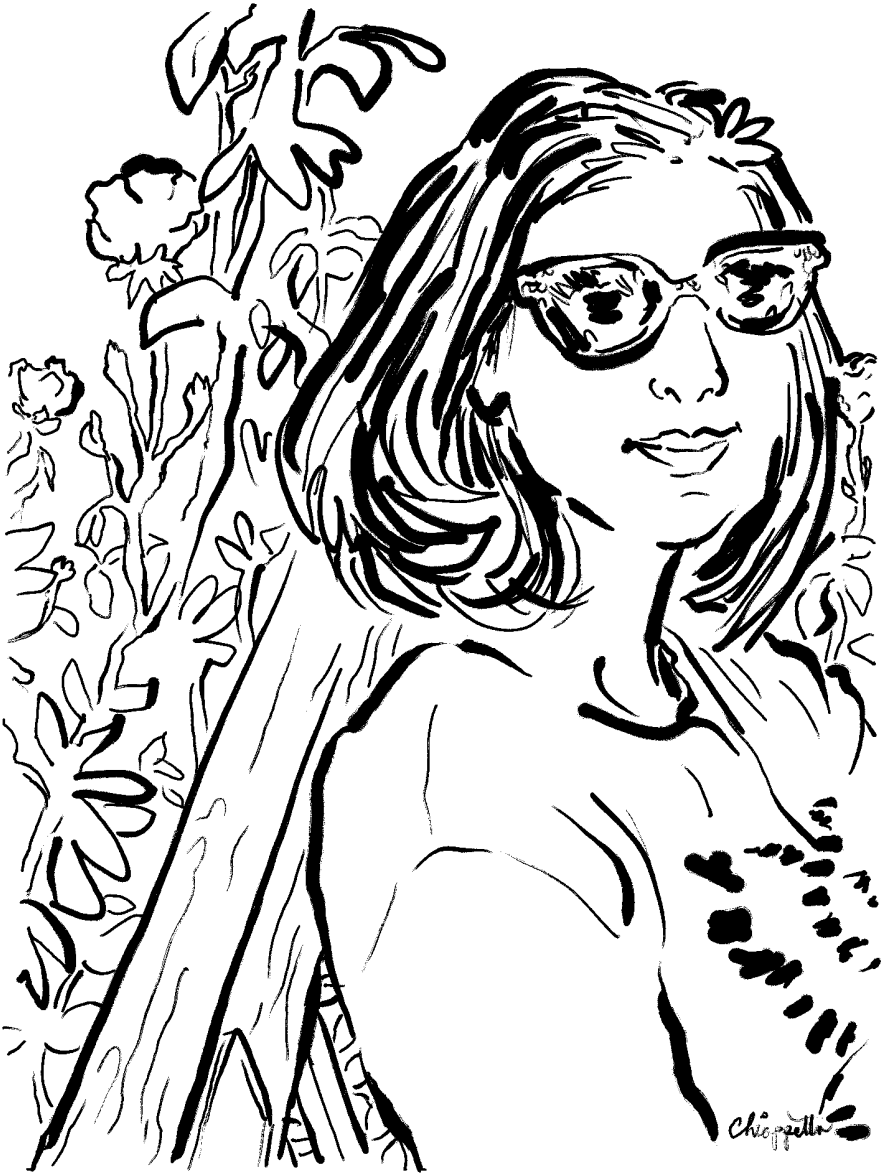
The devoted father comes home, feeling exhausted and dead,
The devoted father knows more strength is needed to put the kids to bed.

The devoted father walks in the room, and gets a story ready for a thrill,
He acts out being on a boat in a storm, then says "quiet, be still."

The devoted father then goes and lays down his tired head,
There he gathers more strength to laugh and talk with his bride in bed.

This devoted father lives life to the full, and this is only part of his story,
The devoted father goes to bed, and does it all again in the morning.





DENISE AT UCR BOTANIC GARDENS, 2022



MOM AT UCR BOTANIC GARDENS by Joe Chiappetta 2022



Portrait of Hannah, by Nadia Pinto, 2023

November 19, 2021

By Hannah Does

“Life’s too short:” that’s what I’ve always been told. But I never believed it. Maybe once I grow up, I’ll understand. Who knows?

Maybe it’s because I feel stuck... And so even when I’m growing up, I feel as though nothing has changed, and time has finally given up on me.

What if I never grow up? I know it won’t happen, but the way time freezes for me, I can’t be so sure. It feels as though I’ll never change; I’ll never leave. And it’s haunting, but I let it happen. I let myself feel down; I let myself feel stuck; and I try hard to keep old

feelings. And it hurts me even more because as I stay the same, everyone changes. Everyone grows up.

I'm not trying to be like a Peter Pan or anything, but I finally understand why he was haunted by age too; by growing up. Everything changes. Everyone changes.

People expect you to be different and when you're the same, they leave you alone and wait for you to catch up. But they keep on growing....

Sometimes I can't breathe. I don't know how or why, but it really holds me back and I'd rather disappear than change. And I can feel myself changing and growing, but I wish it would stop. It should stop, just to let me catch up....

I feel sick, like I'm trying to break free of something but I can't. I can't move, I'm too weak. I'm too vulnerable. I can't fight back. It hurts my heart and tires me to no end. Why? Just stop fighting! It's no use; what are you fighting? Time?

Yeah, like you can beat that.... You have to give up sooner or later because even if people say time is an illusion, it still runs and it's faster than any force, any being--

So don't run a race you can't win. But if I'm a runner, what does that mean to me...?

I'm told that that's what I have to beat every race: my own time. How can time be my own? It's itself, something no one can buy. Something no one can explain. Isn't that frustrating? That's what everyone wants to beat, isn't it? It's so irritating, my stomach actually feels sick.

Light goes faster than time, right? Or is it if you go faster than light, then you go faster than time.... Can you go back in time? Or is time a one way trip? A forever-forward cycle?

Then what are memories? Thoughts? There's something now. Something that one really can't explain. Some are capable of re-living time without going back in itself. Of course it's not a perfect picture. But it's something--

And what about screens? You can record past time... well I guess that's light for you. If we can go back through light, shouldn't we be able to go back if we go faster than it? Well that's the idea of a time machine... We can only manipulate time for so little with the aid of light, but it's not the same. We don't relive it. We re-see it. Only a brain can relive. Isn't that strange? And isn't seeing reliving? Some could say it is. Our minds are time machines to some extent....

Sometimes we're given too much power; we don't know what to do with it. We don't even realize we have it. And we don't know how to use it properly. It annoys me. I wish that a brain could truly take you back, however. Take you back in time. Light is memories. That's proven in the stars, millions of stars, millions of years ago.... What actually exists now?

If we went out into space and came back at the speed of light, what would happen then? Would we have gone back in time, or is that impossible not even light can fix? Our minds are powerful, but that's all they are: minds; it's all in the head. It's all an illusion.

Sometimes I can imagine myself in movement; but as I open my eyes, I realize that nothing has occurred. And yet I could feel myself doing it. Feel myself completing an action before actually doing it. Is that like manipulating time? Is that considered to be this impossible thing? It's all in the head, so I suppose not. I suppose anyone can do that and say they are manipulating time without actually doing anything. Meditation. But it feels so much different.

Sometimes I think I see things before I do... but isn't that just Déjà Vu? If you believe in that anyways....

Everything has an explanation, doesn't it? A reason... that's how our world stays in order. But everything is chaos. If something doesn't have an explanation, we ignore it. We pretend it's simple, but we don't understand it ourselves.

It's funny how lazy we are, and yet we have minds that, one could say, "think as fast as light."

People lie: just a thought. I wish people didn't; it's not that hard. And look at me: I say "everything is ok" or I lie about my thoughts because I'm embarrassed if people will judge me. But why should I fear people? There are bigger things to fear; to worry about. And I worry about them all the time; but I'd rather ignore it. I would never feel alive if I didn't ignore anything....

But when was the last time I actually felt like I was living? I think so much I basically live in my brain. All this material stuff, even this phone: I don't see things the same anymore. How did I see things when I was younger? Because I am still young and thus I feel as though no time has passed, even though much has.

People say our young years are the shortest part of our lives... But they don't have to be, and they definitely influence the rest of our lives. So perhaps it's all a lie to cover the truth; and people believe it.

Yeah, I definitely live in my brain. I don't know if it's a mansion or a shack or an urban area or a suburb--It feels more vacant though than thriving and full. More secluded; yea, that's the word. My head is a lonely place. Maybe it's too vast? Or maybe it just feels too discomfoting, compact, and underwater? Like I can't breathe... I know I breathe much less when I think hard. Maybe living in my head is not healthy, but I feel safer in my head sometimes.

The world is much too big for me to enjoy it to its fullest extent. I don't get to meet as many people; I don't get to see as many

places; and the lives of others are such a mystery. It definitely doesn't make me a happy camper.

"Cause my heart can't wait forever," "Forever alone... Nothing lasts forever:" These are the words of Eric Hutchinson from a song, I think, called Constellations. Perfect. Maybe I'm just lonely, is that it? What's really wrong with me? Nothing? Do I want something to be wrong with me? Maybe. All I know is that I'm not perfect and I wish that it was easier to be good and happy all the time; but life isn't perfect either. Life and lives: wow, that is one pair!

Nothing's perfect though, except for the one who created us. And I'm not going to get too deep into that because it's a very touchy topic to most: some don't mind, some are passionate, and some are strongly opposed. But we have to accept our differences if we ever want to move on. To move on in a diverse society, be one of the world....

See? The world is much too big and we treat it so small. Maybe that's okay.

There are wars in everyone's mind, I know it. But some choose to neglect the battle for something more simple. But they aren't neglecting it ... and they aren't on the bench sitting it out. It's still there; and it still is a raging war. We just choose to downplay it sometimes because it shouldn't control our lives. And yet it does without our consent.

I try to face my battles head on, but I admit that I enjoy hiding sometimes and I am more content with not fighting on the frontlines. But I try to not sit on the sidelines... Watching my own battle from a distance... because that just doesn't seem right. Doesn't look right. And doesn't feel right. That feels like the safest option though: staying on the outer ring, still "fighting," but not in the middle of the mess.

But if we ever want to get anywhere, we have to be in the middle of it all or else we only solve some of the problems. That's frustrating. One problem at a time though, right?

Not really... It's not the same. It's not the main problem; the biggest problem. The ones I like to avoid.

And now you can see I'm not that strong: I put on war paint; I breathe and I train; but as I enter the battlefield of struggles, it just feels pointless and I feel helpless.

And all my soldiers are counting on me, all my good things; all my lucky aspects and qualities. But they easily turn victim to evil if I'm not careful and they are easily persuaded if I don't keep them in line and in my sight at all times. It's like if a parent is watching over their children: if a parent lets one run off without warning, then they are deemed a bad parent. And if something happens to one of their kin, the parent is responsible no matter what was said or what was done. And they have to live with it: that negativity.

It hurts. And it'll hurt if I'm not careful when I go off to battle.

-- A Journal Entry by Hannah Does, *one year before finding the solution... one year before coming to Christ.*



LANDSCAPE MEETS INTERIOR AT HUNTINGTON LIBRARY, Joe Chioppetta 2023

Ownership

By Anna Chiappetta, 2023

Ownership has always been a part of humanity. It can make people feel powerful when they possess an abundance of things, yet it also can strip people of their confidence when “owning up” to an error or something they regret. Whether it is a physical object, a talent, skill or action, ownership shapes human identity. This concept has made me an artist, and my father a lifelong learner.

As far back as I can remember I have always owned a plethora of art supplies. Since my father was an artist he always encouraged creative expression in all of his children. I was often given these tools for Christmas and birthday presents. This led to a shift in my mindset early on. At first, art was just “Dad’s thing,” but soon after the common occurrence of receiving art supplies, it became “my thing” too. These paints, markers and pencils were all empowering and I began to draw almost everything around me--which is something I still do today. Doodles fill my notebooks and homework; painting is one of my greatest joys. If I was never gifted with my very own supplies, I doubt art would have ever become such a large part of my identity. Having something as your own is an encouragement: a spur to use that special thing. This led me to believe that art was not only something for my father, rather it was a unique part of me as well. Different styles were explored using these supplies and ultimately I found my voice through experimentation with them. I see art in so much of life, prominently because of that small gift of paints when I was young.

Gifts often shape us more than we realize. Similarly my father has been shaped by the gift of grace; but only after he acknowledged this gift, did it become part of his identity. Today, he is someone who reads his Bible every day without fail. He was not always like this. In fact, he used to be atheist even though there was always a

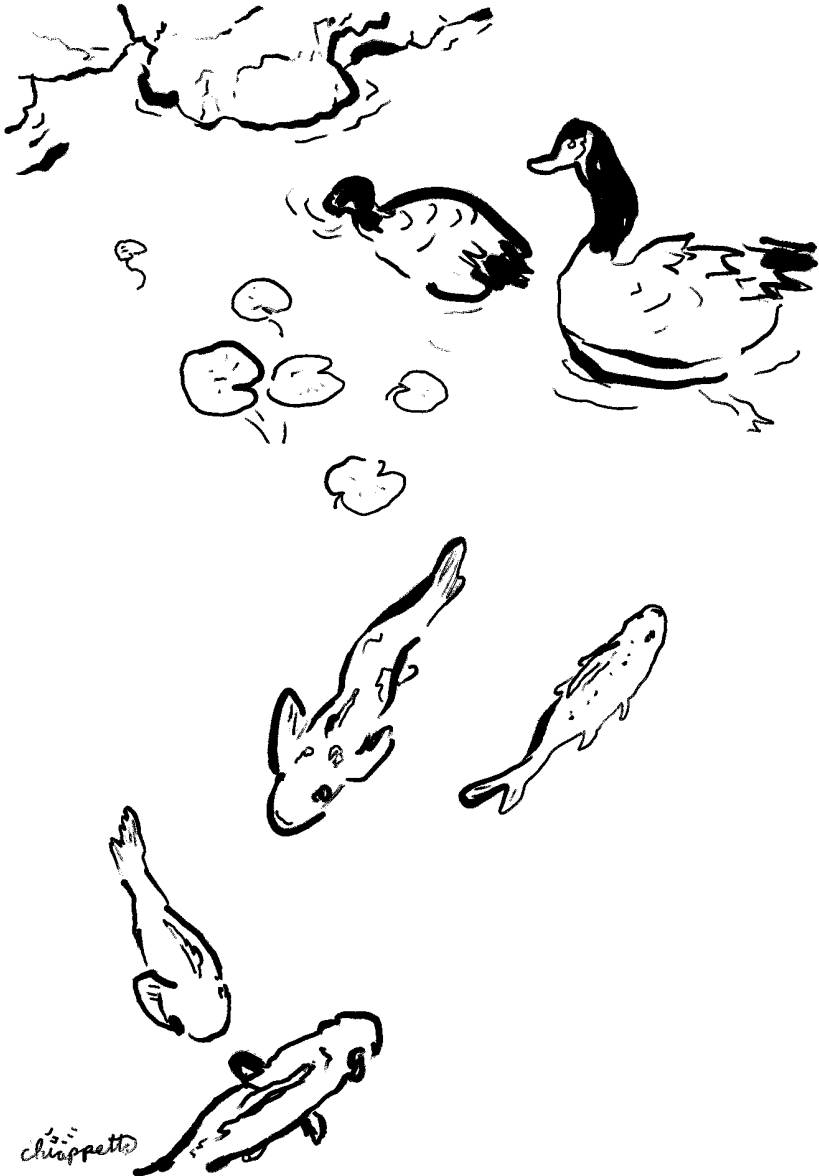
Bible in his house growing up. My dad was never in the slightest interested in it until he became exasperated and beat down by life. Although he had heard Bible stories when he was young, the book was never truly his because he wasn't drawn to it.

In the same way, if I had received those paints but did not care or did not feel as if they were mine, I would have never become an artist. My father did not feel or know the Bible was "his" until someone showed him that, in fact, it was. Because of this not only physical possession, but also mental belief, the Bible has become something that shapes his life. He has led nearly every type of ministry and sees God when others find it difficult to. Those words on paper have shaped how he talks and have made him a teacher. Without this book, his sense of self relied on solely his possession of artistic talent and his family. While he is still a father and an artist, his identity has expanded. He does not rely on these roles, but on a larger vision that he feels belongs to him.

Identity is not what we *think* we are, but it is what our actions, our experiences, and our loved ones have made us. All of these things we possess. Although we might own something physically, it will never impact our identity unless we believe *it is ours* through and through. When my father thought that he did not need the Bible, that it was not his, it had no effect on him and if I thought the art supplies were merely "Dad's" thing, it would have never become my own. Our possessions and mindset about them make us who we are.



WOMAN IN THE WIND, 2023



CHINESE GARDEN POND AT HUNTINGTON LIBRARY, 2023

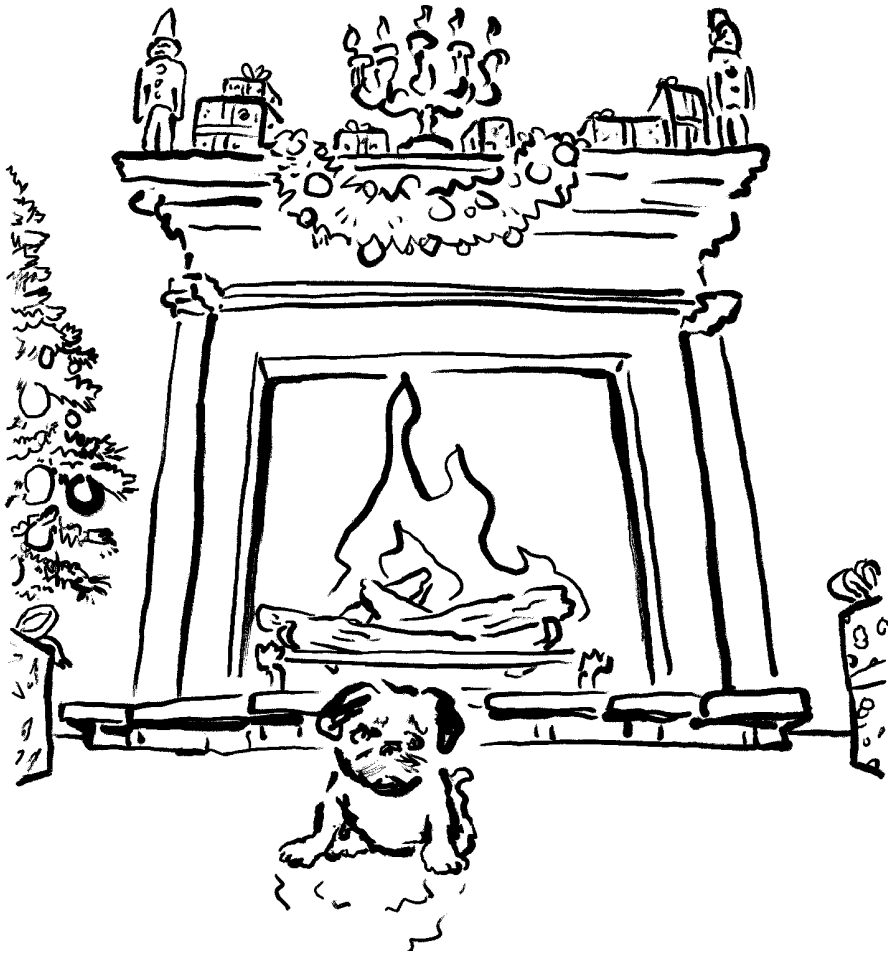


MY DAUGHTER MARIA AT LAKE PERRIS, Joe Chiappetta 2022

Hamilton & Lola: A Pug Love Story

Written by Denise Chiappetta, illustrated by Joe Chiappetta

Hamilton was a pleasant little pug, from the time he was just a wee pup, growing up in a very big house.





He always knew love, for he was surrounded by it: from his mom, his uncle, his grandparents who he lived with, and even his great grandparents who lived next door and puppy-sat him when his other folks went out to places where little pugs couldn't go.

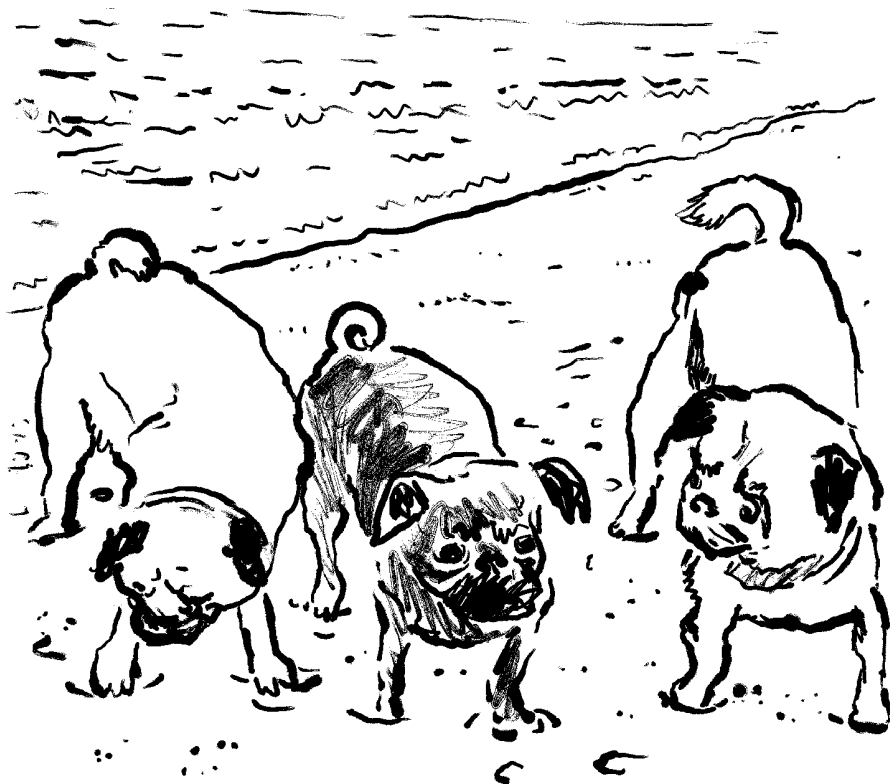
He loved his folks and got so many snuggles from them. But, sometimes he wished he had someone to talk to, someone who really understood him. Someone to play ball with when his folks were busy.



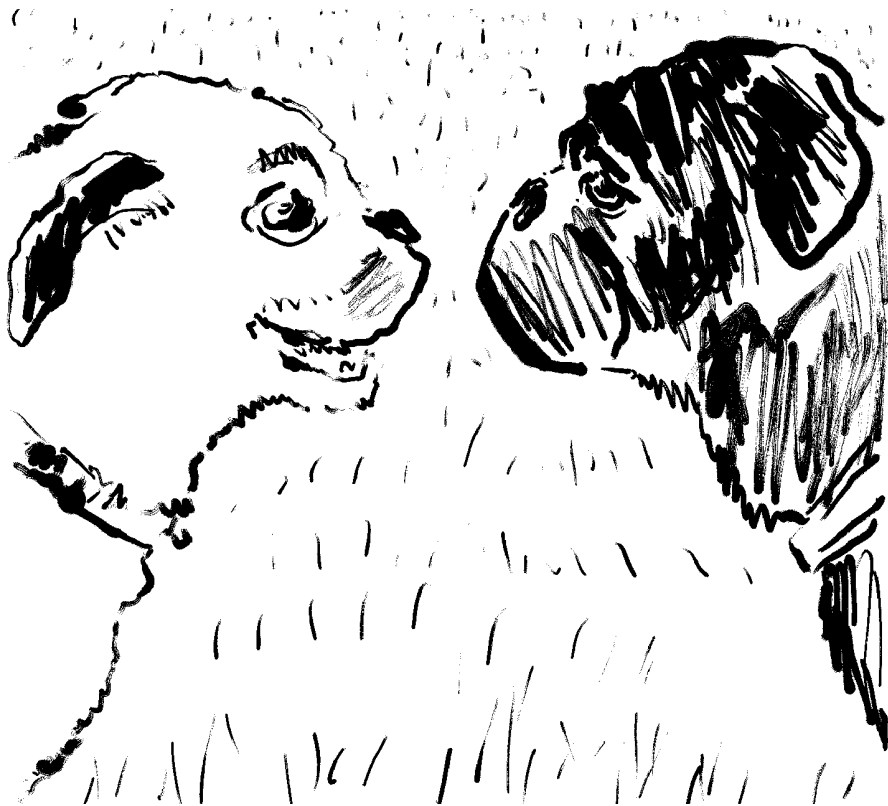
It's not like he didn't know any other dogs... he did. There was Jasper, the friendly giant hound down the street and the two growlers across the driveway. He even had a girlfriend for a while! Peggy, an elegant English bulldog. She was taller than him, but that never really bothered him. But alas, Peggy's parents got new jobs and she moved to Chicago.



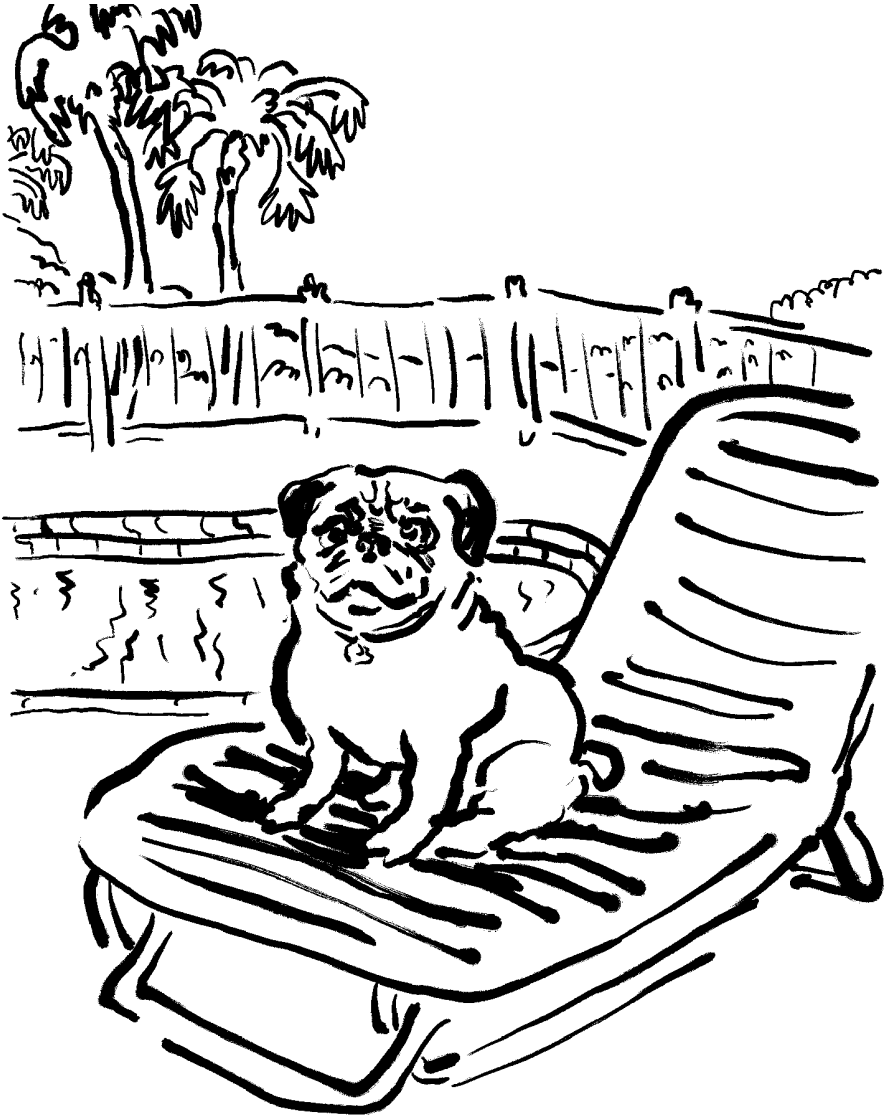
Then there were all the pugs from the Meet Up groups his folks took him to: hours off his leash running, or frolicking on the beach! Those were some wild days!



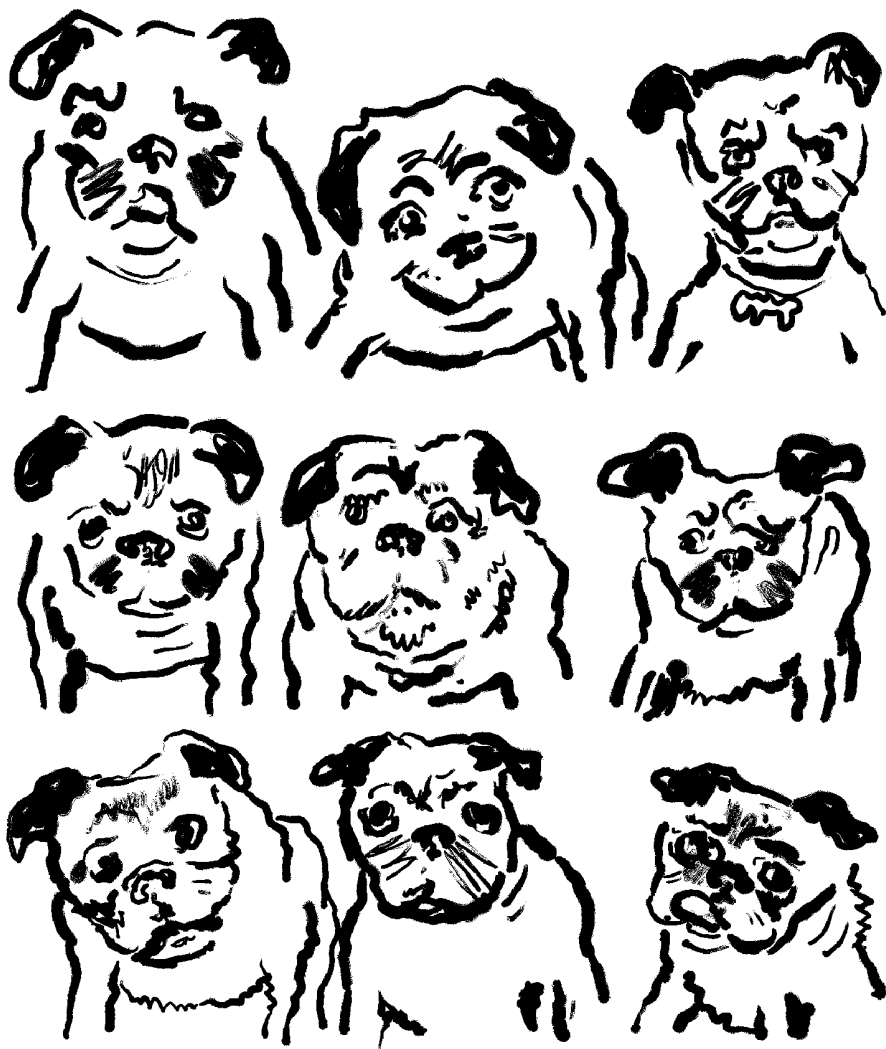
He had some wild nights too! There was that time that Bella, a pint-sized little black beauty pug came over, dressed in her red sweater. By the time the evening was over, he was out of breath and had somehow lost his collar and Bella had lost both her sweater and collar! A few hours later, he was throwing up in the middle of the night. His folks said he must have partied too hard.



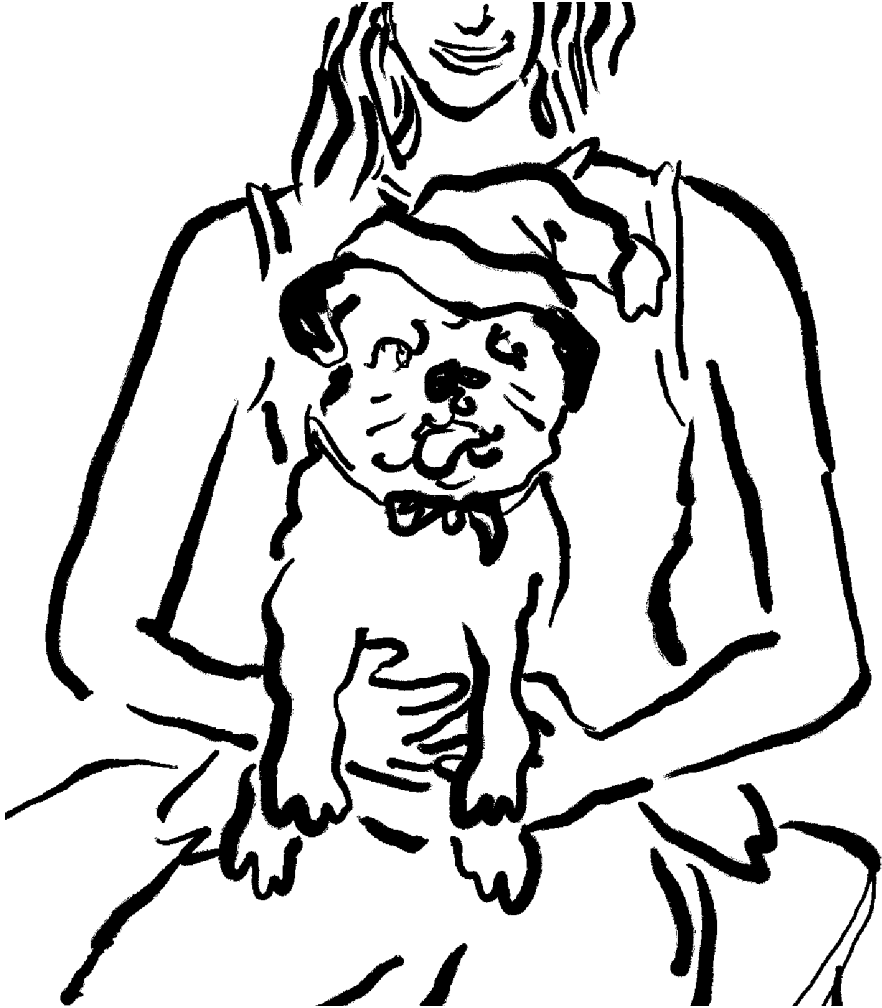
But those epic days aside, sometimes on a hot, lazy afternoon, he would lay on his poolside lawn chair and sigh a big sigh. His Grammie would come over and pat him on the head and say something about "ennui." Didn't she know he had a hard enough time with English?! Now she was speaking French! Obviously, he wasn't a French bulldog! Sheesh!



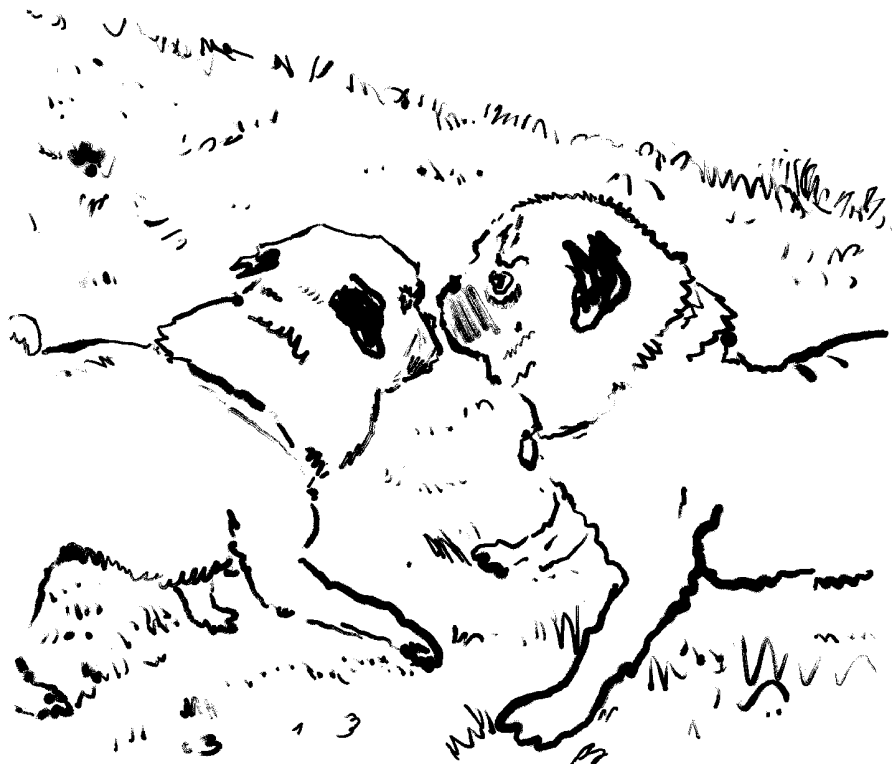
One day, Hamilton and his Grammie were "scrolling" and watching funny pug videos together, as they often did, when all of a sudden Grammie teared up. "Oh my goodness Hamilton! Some of these poor little pugs have no homes! No one to love them! Look!" Grammie was full on crying now. Alas, there were so many puggies up for adoption. Puggies looking for Furever Families. And that was how this love story began...



It was the Christmas season and Hamilton was humoring his Grammie by wearing a Santa hat and tie. Grammie justified this travesty by saying that her kids were older now and she needed somebody small to dress up and take photos of. Personally, he begged to differ. But, you know, anything for Grammie's happiness and mental health and some extra chicken!



Then, suddenly, the doorbell rang, he was on paw patrol, when she waltzed in on petite paws... into his house... like she owned it! He was barking, he was running, he was sniffing, he was agog with indignation, he was running to get his best toy... what was happening to him? He was bringing it to...her!!!

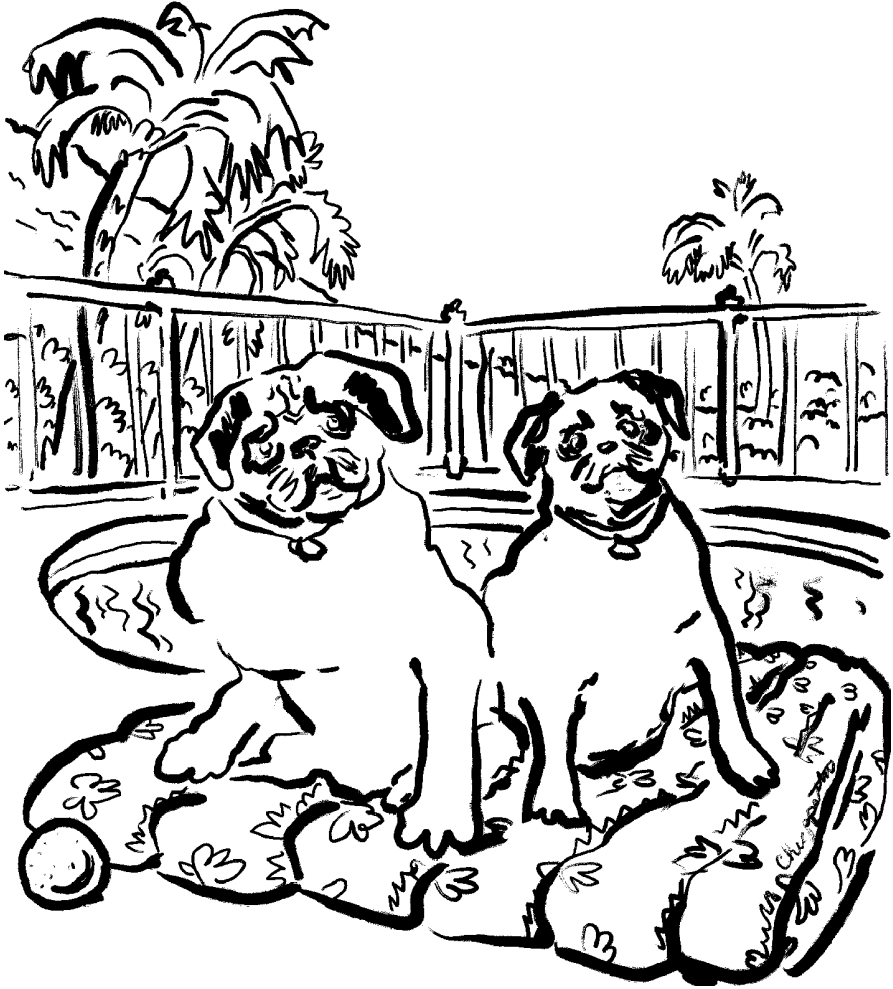


It was a wild day, with so much sniffing and running and even some growling. Then it ran into a wild night! And then, unlike the old days with Bella... she didn't leave! Her name was "Lola" and she was there for breakfast the next morning!

Lola was even there to open Christmas presents... and she got one! A bone just like his! Everyone kept saying, "What a good girl you are Lola!" These were his folks and he trusted them. If they said Lola was a "good girl," they must be right!



As the days passed, Hamilton found himself no longer alone on his poolside lawn chair. He was no longer just thinking to himself what a great cook his Grammie was, always cooking chicken. Now he had someone to tell, who understood him and actually agreed with him (at least on all matters of chicken, that is).



Best of all, when everyone else was busy, Hamilton had Lola to talk to and be beside! And Lola, who Grammie said had "a very sad life until now, but is such a good girl" now had a very big family to love her and give her lots of snuggles.

Every once in a while, when he was in one of his moments of quiet reflection, Hamilton would watch Lola sleeping so peacefully by his side and start to contemplate the nature of their relationship. What was she to him... really?

Sister?

Sidekick?

Confidant?

Partner in crime?

Then he would yawn a lazy yawn and close his eyes again, thinking to himself, when a singular, powerful word would come to mind.

"Friend."

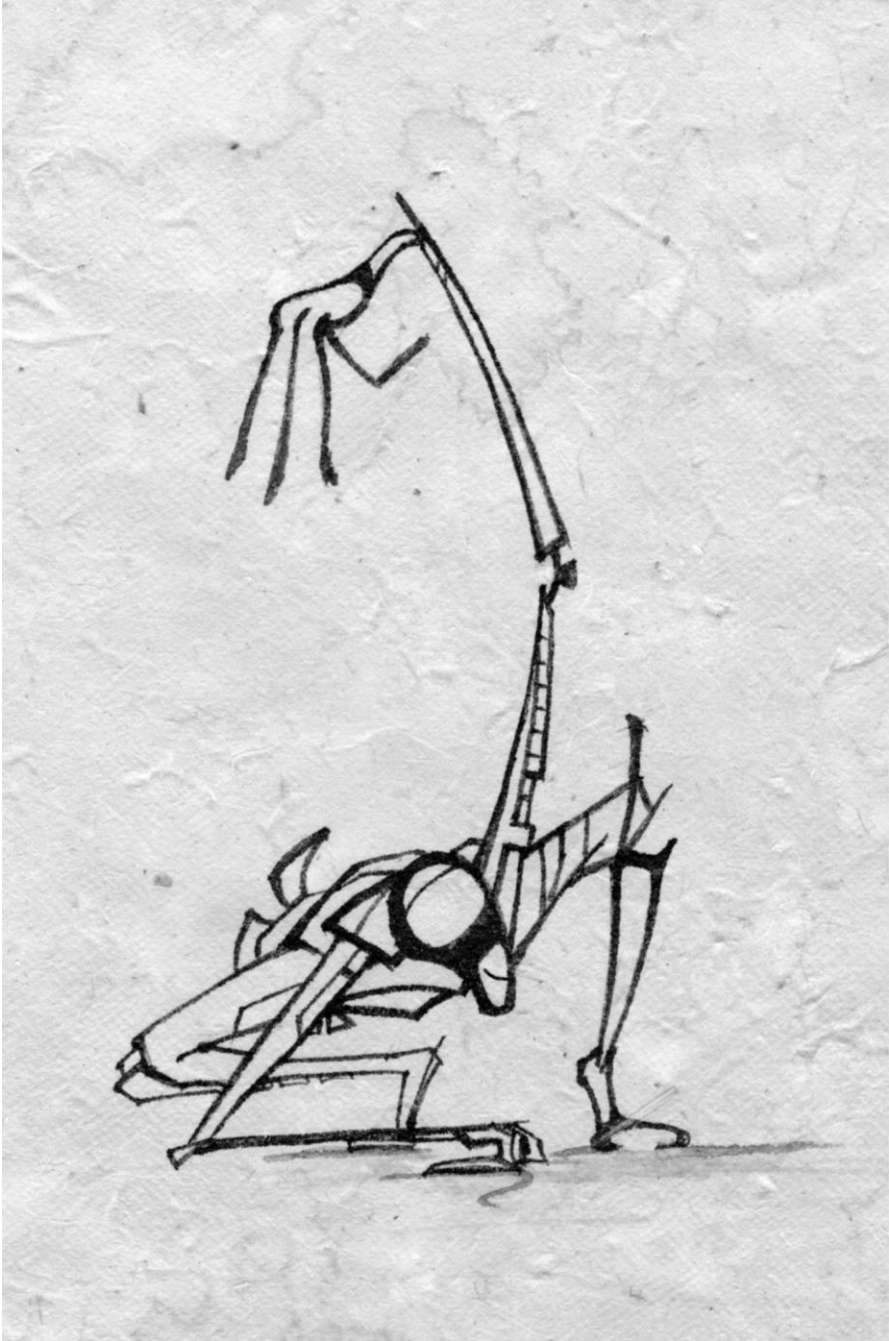
He finally had a very best friend! And he agreed with everyone else, indeed, "Lola is a very good girl!"



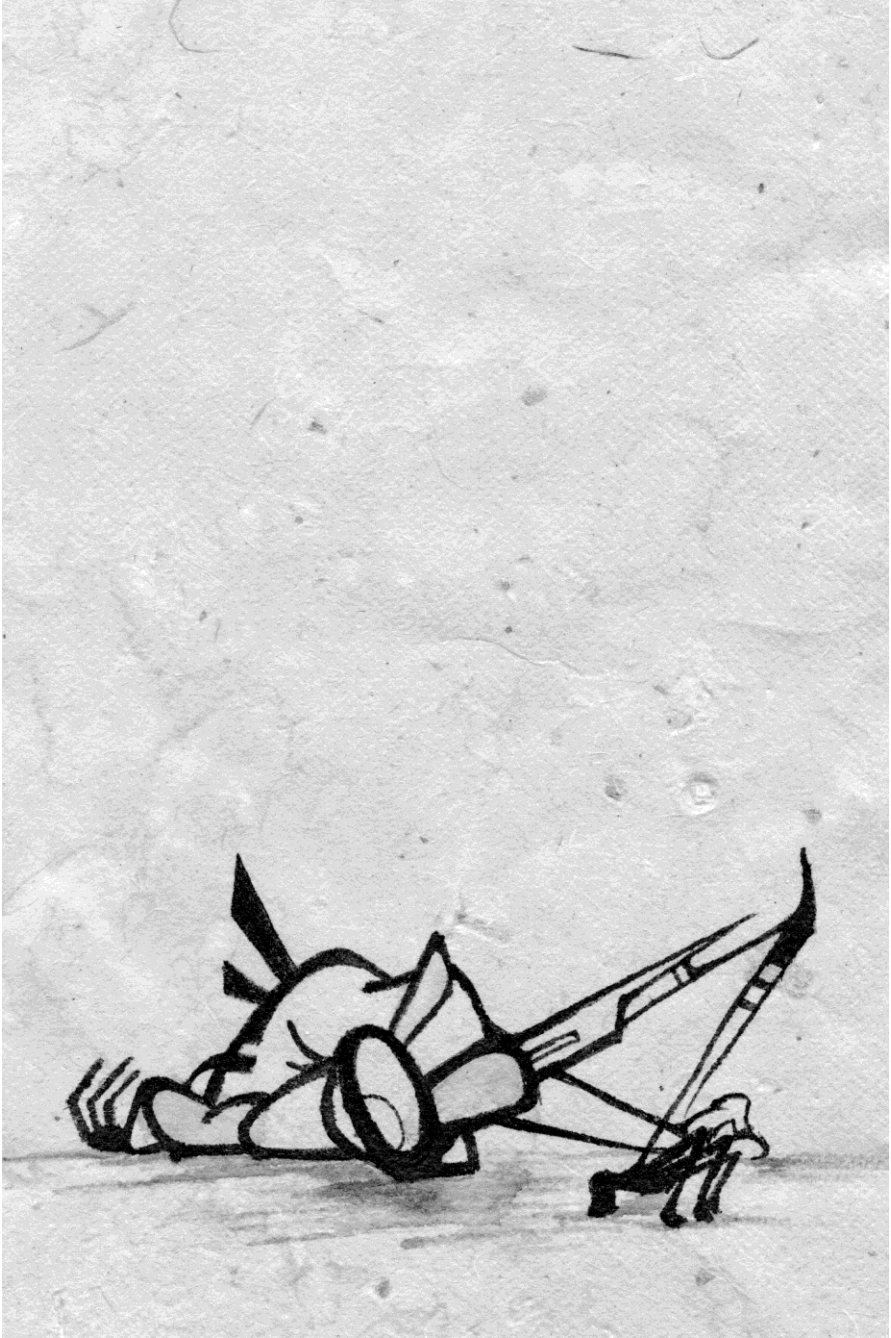
Mission Out Of This World



Mission WONDERFUL PARADE , Joe Chiappetta 2023



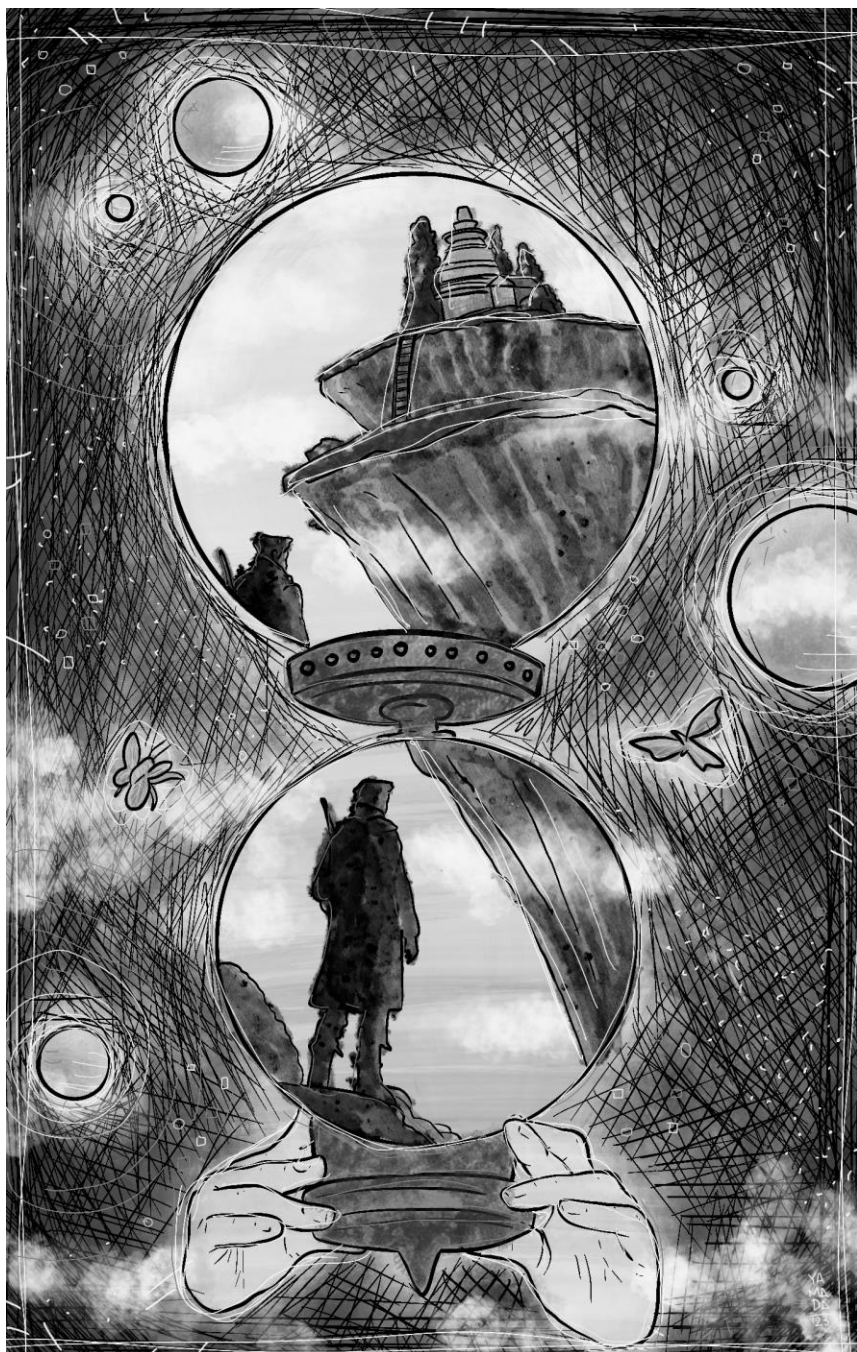
Bugbot, by Marko Zubak, 2004



Bugbot 2, by Marko Zubak, 2004



Set Me Free, by Luke Chiappetta, 2023



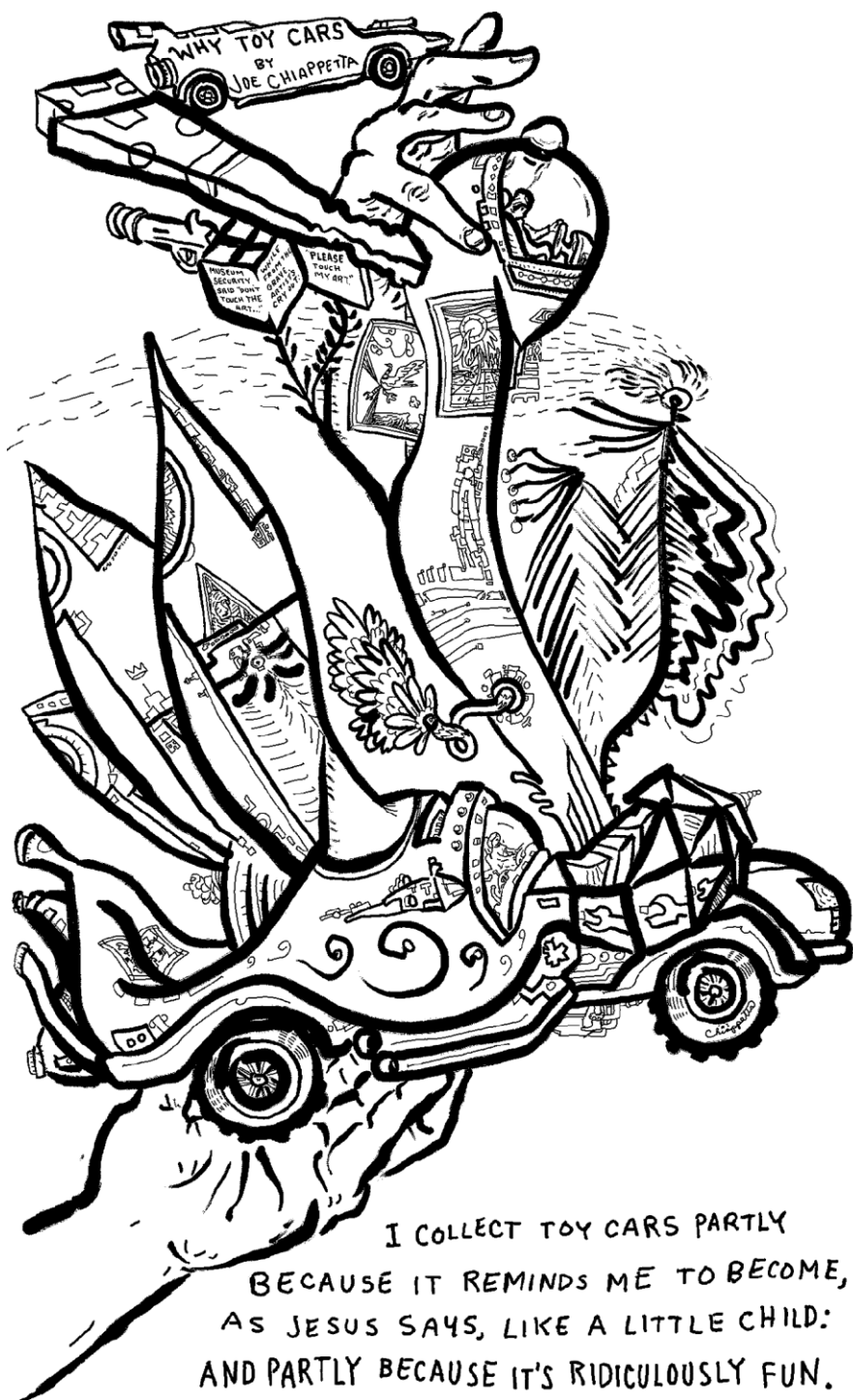
dreamwalker, by Fabi Yamada, 2023



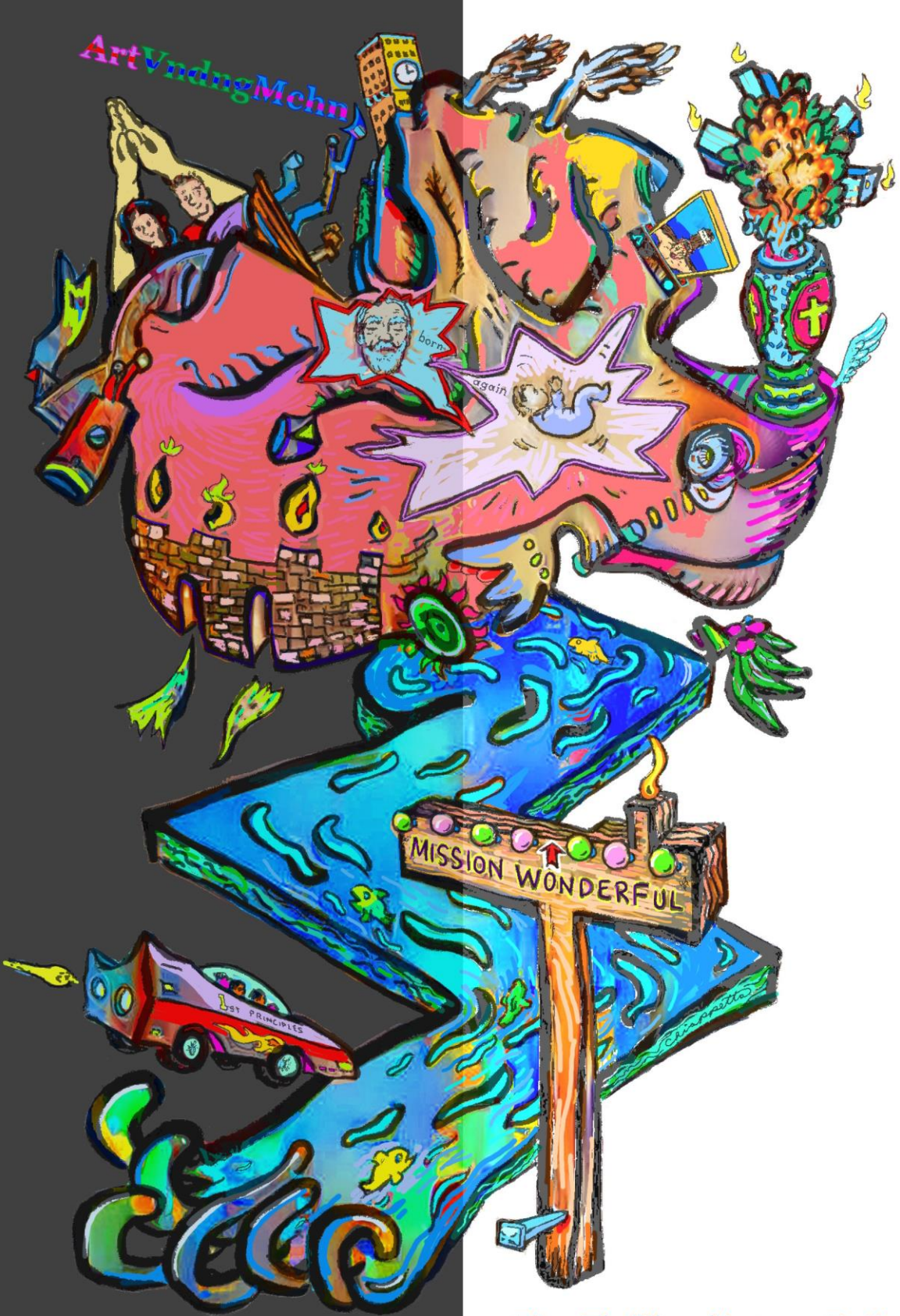
CURRENCY TAKES FAITH. IDEAS TAKE FAITH.
CURRENCY=IDEAS . CURRENCY=FAITH
WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE IN ?



PRIDE PUFFS UP (DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME), 2023



I COLLECT TOY CARS PARTLY
BECAUSE IT REMINDS ME TO BECOME,
AS JESUS SAYS, LIKE A LITTLE CHILD:
AND PARTLY BECAUSE IT'S RIDICULOUSLY FUN.



ArtVndngMehn

MISSION WONDERFUL

The Thrilling Narrow Path



SET YOUR MIND ON THINGS ABOVE, 2023

CLICK
TO
PLAY



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www.pixtalgia.com



Easter

By Audrey Kelley

A story of a hero that we will never forget,
A story of a hero that we will never regret.
This story has been told each and every day,
This story has been told to show us The Way.

Jesus rose from his grave,
He came down for us to save,
He saved us from our sin,
If we choose kindness, we will win.

Bedrock

THE STUFF
FROM DEEP
DOWN...



THAT'S THE TUNE WHICH
STAYS WITH US.

Chioppetta



Mr. Warren in Grading Mode, by Anna Chiappetta 2021

The Power of a Word

Rod Warren

Yesterday I saw a commercial on television by a pharmaceutical company. It had a breast cancer survivor thanking those who made the medicine that cured her. She told of the day that she found out that she had the disease, how she felt like she was on a boat, in the middle of the ocean, alone.

Today I found out that someone that I hardly know, someone that I sat next to at meetings and had visited my class, has brain cancer. I know nothing more about it, but the novel *Death Be Not Proud*, something that I taught my first few years in my profession, comes to mind. It does not end happily.

Two years ago, I learned that I had cancer. The doctor looked at me in the eye and said that I had a tumor. I remember thinking, "Tumor? Cool, he didn't say cancer." The feeling of relief lasted about three seconds, because his next sentence was that 98% of these tumors are cancerous and that he had already set up surgery for the next day to remove it.

The English language has some powerful words, ones that when heard, said, or read, can evoke great emotion. "Baby" is one such word; it brings smiles to faces and visions of soft, smooth skin, cooing giggles and delicate hugs. "Victory" is another word. Images of a basketball sliding through a hoop, a last-minute touchdown, the breaking of the tape at the finish line all come to mind. But I know of no word more powerful, more emotional, one that I have tried to avoid, more than "cancer."

Hearing the word made me shiver. Cancer meant sadness. It meant suffering and weight loss. It meant baldness. It meant death! Even when the doctor told me that 96% of men that had

testicular cancer survived, all I could think about was the 4% who died.

The months of treatment that I endured changed my life. During the daily commute to Los Angeles, I would sit and talk with my mother. She insisted on accompanying me to my radiation treatments, fearing that I would be too sick or too tired to make the trip alone. Sometimes we would share news of the family, sometimes quiz one another on grammar, but most often we sat quietly.

Then there were the other patients who I met daily at the hospital. They travelled together by vanpool, always arriving before my scheduled appointment at 4:25. There was Bill, the 82-year-old cowboy with prostate cancer, who served as the spokesman and guide for all of the other passengers. There was Emma, the elementary teacher with stomach cancer, who excused herself to go outside to smoke a cigarette. There was Glen, who had throat cancer, his neck so scarred and the inside of his mouth so burnt by the treatments that he couldn't talk, but he always forced a smile. My favorite was Nellie, a small Hispanic woman of about seventy. She was delicate and fragile, her youthful beauty obvious in her eyes and her voice. My first day of treatment was also her first. She had 32 days, I only had 18. Her fear was obvious when I heard her say in a hushed, quiet whisper, "So sad. So sad. So sad." I appreciated how Bill stayed with her each day on her way back to the van.

Each treatment brought new feelings. Teachers at school offered to cover my afternoon classes so that I didn't use all of my sick days. Students who I had only taught for a month presented cards and gifts. Church members offered meals, snacks and prayers. But most needed and cherished was the feel of my five-month-old son's hair as I stroked it, buried my nose in, to smell the "No Tears" cleanliness of his bath. Most important was my five-year-old son kissing **me** goodnight at 6:30 and helping me say my prayer. Most

important was my wife's breath on my neck when she crawled into bed after finishing the things that I was too tired to do. The treatments lasted a month and a half; the memories and the effects last longer.

Today, the word "cancer" still has a great effect on me. It is still a word that can be terribly sad, but now it means other things to. It means family. It means feeling victory in everything. It means seeing things in a new way, as a baby does. It means an extra kiss on my mother's cheek, a longer hug for each one of my boys, finding ways to help people any place that I go. It means saying "Thanks," "I Love You," and "I am sorry" for no reason at all. It means one more day to get it right.

"GOD blesses those
WHO PATIENTLY
endure testing & temptation.
Afterward
THEY WILL RECEIVE THE
Crown OF Life"



James 1:12

Crown of Life, illustrated by Rachel Plummer

Breathe

By Katherine Lima

"I'm lost."

What is your plan that you have for me??
Am I even going in the right direction?

(Please endure)

Please show me.

Sometimes I wonder if I even made the right choices,
The choices that just made a mark.
A mark that wounded me?

Where insecurities rule over, then having scriptures engraved in my heart.

(Please persevere)

Where only one look can just make me hide.
But goofing around can fool you.
I'm lost within a whole,
Trying to find myself,
Trying to love myself,
The same way you do.

(Just learn to love in a different way)

But God, it's just so hard.
I don't mean to take advantage of you.
It's like reaching out and finding out no one can feel it.

BUT I AM LOST WITHOUT YOU.

I have never been so desperate to see you.
Sometimes it's like the breath is coming after me like Pharaoh
coming towards the Israelites.

Please allow me to fight!!!

Please Hurry

By Katherine Lima

Please hurry,
We're dreaming anew.
It's not about seasons anymore,
It's not about who we lost.
It's not about what we think.
It's about falling in love with YOU.
Yes, YOU.
The maker of the universe.
Can we dream again, and accept what is?
My maker has the truth about my plans; I'm a part of his own work:
not just from dust but by breathing into my nostrils.
Please hurry,
We're dreaming ABOUT YOU.
Take control of OUR DREAMS.



*a faith and knowledge resting on the hope of
eternal life, which God, who does not lie, promised
before the beginning of time*

Titus 1:2 illustrated by Rachel Plummer

Return To The Dream Of Zion

Joe Chiappetta, 2/6/2023

Introduction

As the years go by, I am often drawn to Psalm 126--as well as the song derived from it: "Men Who Dream." The Psalm starts out with "When the LORD brought back the captives to Zion, we were like men who dreamed...." Inspired by those writings--the Psalm and the song--my thoughts here have been sifted earnestly through many decades, no longer captive to a lost way of life, fighting in the good fight of the faith that I refer to as...

The Dream of Zion

God has accomplished very great things among us. All surviving eyes in his kingdom dare to still sparkle with gleam. Just the smallest hint of God's light reveals his wonder. Time and time again, we become like men, women, and children who dream the sweetest dream.

While all this is cause for the greatest joy, there may be, from time to time, a slight shade of sadness in the corner of my eye. The people we started out with on this heroic and perilous journey, are not all the people who remain faithful to this day. So to them I cry, "Remember your rebirth. Come back home to Zion. Recall the glory and relief, when you first learned, as it says in Psalm 87:6, that 'The LORD will write in the register of the peoples, "This one was born in Zion.'""

Who then remains, who chooses to remember the dream? Who are the people wild enough to embrace God's dream? Who are the people I will finish this bold race with? May it be you, with me, with Jesus Christ.

Born of Zion, let us die in Zion.

Strangers

Truly I say there is no greater bliss
Than letting yourself live in ignorance.
That is not to say that you should be blind to the struggles of the world,

But that you choose not to grasp every little thing
The world compels you to carry.
For the world is dark and is foolish
And is blind to its own ignorance,
And that is the truth of the matter.

It will ask of you to carry a load
So burdensome
That you will grow bitter
And you will weaken under this weight
And you will suffocate to death.

"Follow your heart" they say,
But haven't you heard our hearts are deceptive?
They don't know how to keep us from stumbling on the rocks of the earth,
And will lead us to fall so deep into the vacant abyss of our own prison cells,
Without food, without water,
Without hope to get back up on our feet
And be strong in our weaknesses,
Finding the Light we need
To examine our own hearts in our distress.

A prisoner in darkness is not free just because they cannot see their chains,
Just as one who is starving is not full just because they can no longer feel hunger pains.

When you eat, eat fruit that is good; don't take what is rotted that will cause sickness.
When you drink, drink water that promises life; don't drink to blind yourself from your mortality.

There is nothing we know for certain
Other than our bodies will rot one day
And in following, our possessions will no longer be our own.
But every body has a reason to live, and, with hope, it will not be for
darkness
And ignorance
And bitterness
And vacantness
But for Light,
So we are not blind, but we are strangers to the world.

—Hannah Does



Stranger to the Sea No More, by Anna Chiappetta 2023



Moved Makers, by Anna Chiappetta, 2023



About the Authors/Artists

ArtVndngMchn is a multifaceted community-centric art project with a reach into rare digital art released in randomized fine art NFT packs, virtual art exhibits in the metaverse, mentoring, making books and good memories.

For *ArtVndngMchn: Mission Wonderful*, friends and family from all walks of life have come together to create this lively collection of uplifting art and literature.

Eliza Bryson is a high school student who loves to make art, is involved in extracurriculars at school and with her church. She also loves peanuts.

Anna Chiappetta: A creative teen group leader and artist, aiming to make you smile and appreciate life

Denise Chiappetta: A seasoned wife, mother, writer, and a mentor to many

Joe Chiappetta: Husband, father, and ministry leader in the **International Christian Church** as well as an award winning **author and cartoonist**, best known for *Silly Daddy Comics* and *ArtVndngMchn*

Luke Chiappetta: Digital video artist known for dynamic juxtaposition and edgy experimentation

Hannah Does is a young woman who enjoys writing, drawing, running, and occasionally playing the cello. She currently attends University of California, Riverside and is studying to become an Environmental Engineer, God willing.

Caleb Hudson: California based digital and traditional artist, Caleb has been honing his skills as an artist since 2015. He uses

inspiration from personal experience to uplift and bring hope to his viewers.

Audrey Kelley is an 8 year old girl who loves God, loves her family and enjoys spending her time creating art and roller skating.

Steven Kelley: A Christian in the construction industry, Steven is a hard-working husband and father of three in Southern California.

Katherine Lima appreciates her ability to swim, write poetry, and seek God, which are refreshing paths to help her through the struggles of life.

Nadia Pinto is an artist who, on her free time, paints and writes poetry, hoping to inspire others with her work.

Rachel Plummer is a 23 year old Christian wife. She enjoys drawing Bible scriptures and imagining them with a pencil and blank piece of paper.

Peter Pots is a pixel artist and project leader of the **Pixtalgia** 2D NFT Game. With 30+ years of experience in videogames, he is super-passionate about retrogaming and 100% dedicated to bringing an amazing retro interactive experience to the blockchain.

Mike Rende: An Elgin, Illinois artist trying to make his corner of the world a little nicer

Elizabeth Rodriguez: Artist, encourager, and cofounder of the student organization, Zion, a campus ministry at University of California, Riverside

Dennis Sitar: Father, husband, and former Chicago trial lawyer, now retired in Southern California, Dennis is also the author of the book: "**Knocking on Heaven's Door** With One Foot in the Grave: A Subjective Journey with Diabetes and an Amputation."

Rod Warren is a World and AP Literature teacher at Martin Luther King High School in Riverside, California. He is also the advisor for some very caring, hopeful and inspirational young students in the King Kids Against Cancer club.

Fabi Yamada: A Mexican cryptoart artist who started drawing since she could hold a pencil, Fabi is always learning new techniques and combining them to make unique art with 2D illustrations, 3D renders, vectors, and animations to create new possibilities in digital art.

Marko Zubak is an influential and prolific Croatian artist in the fields of painting, sculpture, digital art, paper toys, animation best known as an OG cryptoartist on CryptoSkateboards, MLibTY Shadows, Bugbots, yebomaycu project, and ye-boT initiative.

