

Tribute by:  
Maureen Venuti



## *Believe*

Believe - trust, accept, think

Believe - convert, adherent, apostle,  
disciple, follower

Believe that there will be some hope.

Believe no other family will have to  
cope.

Believe one day they'll find a cure.

For this one day, I am sure.

Melanoma has taken our Matthew  
away, on his 20th and final birthday,

We will not let it get in our way.

The tears we shed in Matthew's name  
will not be in vain

We will fight this Beast that lived within

It will not get us, it will not win!

Matt was a survivor for his words ring  
true, his purpose in life was to spread  
this news.

The shiniest star in Heaven above is  
Matt's way of showing his love.

To find a cure he'll lead the way.

Look up high, look today!

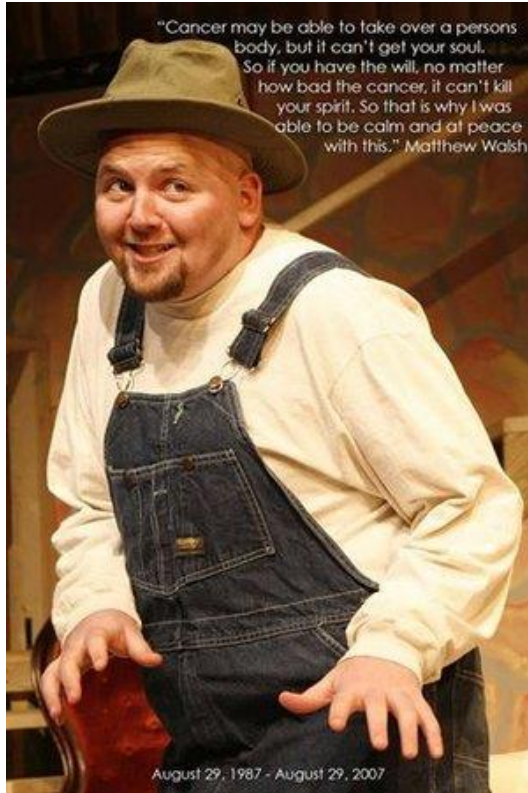
No other family should feel this way,  
not another soul Melanoma will take  
away.

Believe Matt's voice is with us now  
he is saying

Thank you we will win somehow.

**Tribute by:**

**Brittany Capozzi**



**April 2007**

### ***Madwoman of Chaillot***

***"A Life Undone"*** - from the Curry Arts  
Lit Magazine, published in 2008

***For Matt Walsh, August 29, 1987-  
August 29, 2007***

A young man with a boyish charm does not get to see today. He is not able to feel the chilly breezes one after the other across the blades of grass. His ears will never hear the crickets break the tranquility of the night. His dreams lay forever sleeping, forever untouched.

As I settle myself on the ground under the oak tree, I script the date, September 3rd, 2007 in my journal. The shadows of the emerald and cucumber-colored leaves cascade over my head and darken the ground as I write. As speechless as I have been for the last four days, I know that writing about my friend's death will help me cope with the tragedy.

In twenty years exactly, he achieved more dreams than most do in a lifetime. He tied and double-tied his goals one after the other and aspired to create new ones. He was well known for being an actor of the theatre. He played versatile character roles throughout his teenage years. In roles ranging from the comical sewer man in Jean Giraudoux's *Madwoman of Chaillot* to the serious and distressed Ross in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, Matt showcased his charm on stage. Many will remember him as being a captivating singer as well, who studied different genres of music. As his deep voice conveyed the powerful notes from the song "Believe" at his last Christmas concert, it evoked tears throughout the audience. His aura was shaded gold as he released sparks of charisma into the atmosphere.

Like the legendary Shakespeare, he too died on his birthday.

To flutter his eyes open, smelling the scent of pancake batter being cooked for him will never be. He will never again be tickled by the joy of laughing with loved ones until it hurts. A hug cannot be felt by him, not can a kiss wake him.

Nature balances opposing factors such as life and death and give and take. Philosophically, this phenomenon is looked at as the yin and yang of life. If this is so, then why can't the moon of the night heal the perilous marks made by the day's sun?

The pocket in his casket, made of white fabric, holds eternal memories of his interests. They will continue to comfort him forever. The permanency of never and forever is unfathomable. The light-colored rosary beads will remain in the palms of his hands as prayers are whispered tangibly for him. As time moves forward, more prayers will be sent out into the air, each one adding a rosary bead in spirit.

But here and now, a single leaf flows effortlessly through the air, surely falling from the palm of an angel's hand. Why now?

He was so young.

Why couldn't he continue to climb after all and finish his award-winning story?

**Note: "I Continue to Climb"** by Matthew Walsh was published in Curry Arts Journal 2006. An honest, hopeful exploration of his experience with cancer, it received first - place recognition in the 2006 First-Year Writing Prize competition.

**Tribute by:**  
**Paul Varga**



**Matt Walsh as Mr. Angelo in**  
**"The Interview"**

*"The Interview"* first appeared in *Curry Arts Journal 2008*. Paul Varga's original dedication is printed below:

"Little does a playwright or a writer get a chance to see a character embodied to perfection. I had the pleasure and the gift to see that happen just over a year ago. With the talent of any movie or stage actor, with the grace and presence of any academy award winner and the personality of a saint, Matthew Walsh brought the character of Mr. Angelo to life. In one of his last performances at Curry College he sent chills rolling up and down my spine as

well as many in the audience. He truly was an angel."

"Since Matt's death, I have been hesitant to look at this piece of work. I am not sure why— maybe because I would have to face directly the death of a classmate, maybe I would have to face my own mortality. However, after another round of e-mails from the *Curry Arts Journal* and the suggestion by several very persuasive professors, I decided to give it another look. As I did, I came to the conclusion that instead of hiding this play because of the memories attached I should share it because my hand had been guided to capture the spirit of a man who lived life to the fullest, who taught more with a smile than I could ever imagine. With his own strength and hope he gave so much strength and hope, not only to the people that he came in contact with but to the community at large."

"Matt, although you are not here with us physically, you have left an impact that will forever lighten my heart. I feel that we met before we ever came in contact, and I dedicate this play, not to your memory but to your everlasting spirit that not only inspires me but an entire community. I thank you and your family, and now forever the spirit you have shared will be enshrined and shared with generations to come. Enjoy the view, Matt. Enjoy the view."

**Tribute by:**

**Denise Buote**



Always willing and able to keep up the  
pace

And Matt did it all with a smile on  
his face

No longer a boy, but a man with a  
beard!

In his heart and soul, there was  
nothing he feared

Our lives have been touched by that  
spirit within

Etched in our hearts is that  
boyish grin

## ***The Man With The Boyish Grin***

Could you dress up like Elvis? .... a duck ... or  
a groom?

He always said yes.....we'd always  
assume

He was kind, he was sweet, he was friendly  
to all

Oh, that boyish grin - he was having a  
ball

Step right, turn left. Go down on one knee

Shuffle step, clap your hands - got it  
down to a tee!

**Tribute by:**

**Jen Fogarty**



### ***The Four Leaf Clover***

This morning on my daily walk I found a four leaf clover.

How appropriate I thought, and laughed out loud in humor.

Tomorrow marks a year.. from the day I lost a friend,  
however, he still makes time to get inside my head.

I suppose it hasn't been the same since I couldn't hear your song.  
I miss your voice, I miss your hugs, I miss our sing alongs.

The four leaf clover must represent as a reminder to us all,  
That life is short and luck runs out but forever we go on.

I send this up to give you luck in all of your adventures ahead,  
Matthew Walsh, you have an untouchable ambition and will never be misled.  
With this luck I send my love and all the wrong notes to you.  
Because when we sing, it sounds all wrong, without you keeping us in tune.

Be well Matt, I love you, I know I'll see you soon.