





The Lantern

The Lantern, begun in 1932, is Houghton University's student-run literary magazine that exists to illuminate the thoughts and expressions of students and the greater Houghton community through works of literary and visual art.

Cover art:

Lydia Schilke, *the lantern*

Journey

October, 2022-23 Acedemic Year
Issue No. 2

Letter from the Editors

Dear Reader,

You hold in your hands the second issue of *The Lantern* at Houghton University. Join us as we travel along the paths of several authors, artists, and photographers in this October issue.

Transitions is over and the end of the semester lies beyond the crest of the hill. We are almost there, but our journey is not done. For freshmen—and, in various ways, for all of us—it has only begun. Moving on from Creation, we explore Journey.

The works contained within this book continue a story begun with Creation. We pass through dark times, we climb mountains, we explore fantasy, and we ponder over eternity. Through it all, God is there, watching over us. No matter where our journey takes us:

“Your word is a lamp to my feet
and a light for my path.”
—Proverbs 119:105

Yours for lighting up the world,
Rachel, Katya, Hannah, and Emma

Table of Contents

| | | |
|---|------------------------------|----|
| Untitled (photo)..... | Alexandria Brown | 11 |
| The Woman..... | Timothy Lund | 12 |
| Hellfires and Heaven's Fires..... | | |
| | Adelaine Morgiewicz | 14 |
| Fear of Falling..... | Sarah Burton | 16 |
| I am your Friend..... | Malcolm Smith | 18 |
| Growing Up..... | Katie Corbeill | 20 |
| Untitled (poem)..... | Catherine Lynip | 21 |
| Fighting Flower..... | Liz Long | 22 |
| Empty Seed Pod..... | Tenshi Chispa | 23 |
| Journey the Valley to go over the Mountain..... | | |
| | Atticus C. | 24 |
| House of David..... | Rachel Huchthausen | 26 |
| The Legion..... | Katie Corbeill | 30 |
| Untitled (painting)..... | Sophia Templeton | 33 |
| In Medias Res..... | Rachel Huchthausen | 34 |
| A Sunday Walk..... | Evan Babbit | 35 |
| I Am Your Neighbor..... | Jax Johnson | 36 |
| Untitled (photo)..... | Noah Bauer | 37 |
| Fall Days on the Lake..... | Hannah Dunmire | 37 |
| Genesee River..... | Catherine Lynip | 38 |
| A History of Constantinople..... | | |
| | Thunderbird Silequetta, | |
| | Wordmaster of Constantinople | 40 |
| Fantasy Ship..... | Catherine Lynip | 43 |
| Wondering upon the Clockmaster | | |
| and his Creator..... | Adelaine Morgiewicz | 44 |
| Untitled (photo)..... | Alexandria Brown | 49 |
| In Memory of the Strong..... | Liz Long | 50 |
| Traveling Across the Clouds..... | Tenshi Chispa | 51 |

Next page:
Alexandria Brown, *Untitled*



The Woman

Timothy Lund

Her breath was smoke, coiling into a veil over her shadowy eyes.
The bitter taste, the acrid smell;
The hiss of air between lipstick-stained teeth;
The cloying heaviness of damp mascara.

The fluorescent lamps flickered,
A soft electric hum
A faint popping
It filled the head—whatever wasn't already filled with smoke;
Drowning out the dull headache.

The lamps cast a stark, flat light on the bar
Scraping away the shadows and leaving it all painted in the too-
bright flicker.
A fly landed on the mint-green countertop
Glistening black, with bulging compound eyes
It appraised her as she regarded it.
The drop of egg white foam spattered on the counter proved more
interesting.
She sent a long sigh of white smoke drifting up towards the ceiling
To hell with this place.
To hell with it all.

She looked out the grimy window
Gazing past her tired reflection onto the street.
The cold beam of a street lamp illuminated the curb;
The headlights of an idling car
A girl on the street corner
Coy whispers and soft giggles
Mumbled confessions and smudged lip gloss.

The car drove away,
Leaving an empty sidewalk
And a woman in the filthy glass staring back at her—

Cigarette between fingers banded green from fake silver
And a smoky veil that couldn't hide the bags beneath her eyes.
A stranger, that woman in the glass.

She tapped a nail on the bar
“A whiskey sour.”

The young man behind the counter nodded in affirmative.
He had a youthful face—beautiful the way a new flower is
Even in the flat light, his features were full
No wrinkles to contend with,
No blemishes to mask,
No life lived to be hidden.

The cigarette found its way between her lips again, and she felt the
smoke fill her mouth

Soon...

Soon it would all be over.

Hellfires and Heaven's Fires

Adelaine Morgiewicz

These hellfires seem to not burn anymore
Back turned towards the heat
Thumping rushing waters beat
And scorching seems to find someone to meet
Only now I feel immune
To these tortures which consume
In and out of me
The voices seem to rant
But my voices seems like it can't
Speak.
And that is when I hear
These hellfires changing me
With the harsh sun upon my back
I'm scared to turn back
Though deep down inside I wish to find my father in the fire
Faces seem to mock
And laughter seems to scream
Though I can't seem to find peace in a dream
These hellfires torture me
And downwards towards the stairs,
A set of chains and bars hold the captives to their sin which weighs
them down
A tour guide leads us down and the screams they seem to drown
Out all the other noise
Could it be these devil faces which bring me closer to God's graces
Even though right now it seems all is dark.
I cannot find my home down here, I must go back, but where to
start
For the voices hold me hostage with the shame,
They laugh and they mock, taunting me with my name.
But a whisper piercing through the dark appears,
And for a brief moment, a flicker of a candle appears
To light the way
And the light reveals what the darkness wish it could be:

That is True.

But really where there's Truth, there's Light,

And God is the greatest warrior putting up with this fight.

To His angels He sends them to comfort those in need,

And the Light takes off the covers, revealing every corner, wall or crack.

It is this Light to which I wish to turn back.

And a gentle whisper reassures me; "Child I've always been with you. Can't you see?"

The breeze blows from the east and takes its way,

The hellfires still continue night and day,

But there, my child, will always be the one who says,

"I've carried you through this one and I will never ever be letting go, so if I may,

Since I'll always stay, will you stay? Will you remain here and live with me for the rest of your days?

Regardless of if you live with Me, I'll always live with you.

The only fires I want you to see are the ones which give you warmth and light and fun.

Dance with Me as we watch the fire give light, as does My Father's power.

Our fires are stronger than his.

And his fires to you will not last.

Rather, Our fires to his will make him pass.

And in the end the hellfires will no longer try and fail to tend,

To the the flock I have called to be with Me whose hearts and names I mend.

My Father has great plans for those His Son calls His beloved friends.

Fear of Falling

Sarah Burton

Unseen by naked eye
Force-gripping, pulling, pushing
Unsteady offbeat

Grasping in dark
Nothing to hold to
Unattached swaying

Unexpected;
a violent transgression
Beating on heart, mind... entire being.

In shambles,
tatters on floor
ripped and worn.

Breath increases,
heavy gasps
of oxygen... does not stabilize

as it consumes
every nerve on edge
every vein pulsing

Pain like no other
stomach in throat
heart through ribcage;

Body broken, disassembled
on the ground
from highest heights

no no no
arms out,
clasping, shaking.

Must not
fall back
down
 down
 down

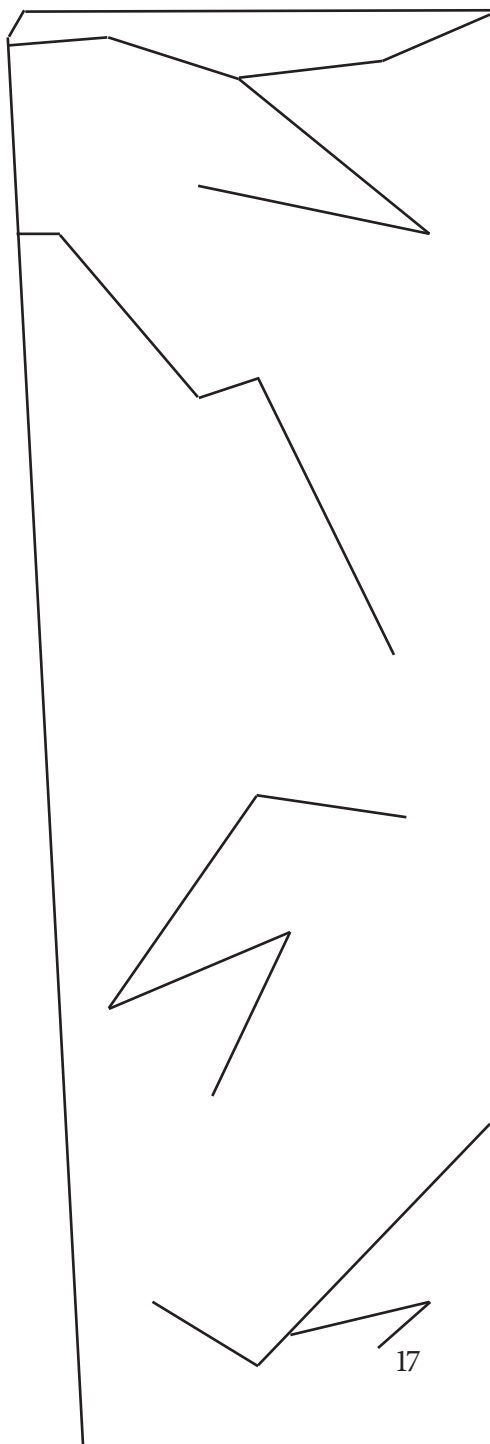
Can't be seen
won't be caught
just let d o w n

Nothing more terrifying
to be found, held
in totality, completely

in waiting hands
of selfless lover
at the base

Fallen
in
from towering pinnacle... of self

No
Ptophobia holds
Refusing



I am your Friend

Malcolm Smith

Dear, Malcolm

I am Your Friend

The one thing that has been with you

Through thick and thin.

We grew up with big dreams

At least, for little men.

How could we never forget?

The things we've been through dear friend

We shared long car rides

We talked about every cool car as they passed by

Again, and again

I will be there the day you meet the woman that changes your life

Gosh, really wish I could be your best man.

You stood by me no matter the consequences

Even if sometimes it seemed like too much time was spent.

You know I've been around for all the good, you invited me to stay

For the bad.

I am your friend.

The one thing that has been with you

Through thick and thin.

I remember all your relationships

You called them roadblocks, but I called them chances to become
A better man.

We have never left each other's side

When things are stagnant one of us comes knocking

Every time.

And every time I am glad, I could join the ride.

Every hour, every week, and every year

You hold me, dear, whenever you go, I am always near.

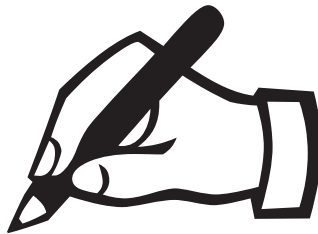
In later years you will have children

no doubt your sons and daughters will be less rough.

you brought me along to make sure

Their childhood won't be the same as us.
When life gave us sour lemons, you made apple juice
Funny, you never cared much for lemonade.

Throughout all the rough battles
And all the hard-fought wars
I am still here with you, as your friend and your life partner
And I will be by your side again and again.
Sincerely, Your good friend JOURNEY.



Growing Up

Katie Corbeill

Growing up means
Making your Mama worry
When you don't come home
'Till late at night

Growing up means
Those midnight phone calls
When she asks, "Baby—
You alright?"

Growing up means
Moving away from it all
Away from the comforts of home
Into the great unknown

Growing up means
Finding out where you belong
'Cause no matter where you go
You'll always have a place
Back home

Growing up means
Figuring out who you are
Knowing whatever you become
You'll always be welcome
Back home



Untitled

Catherine Lynip

The crow who sits on the ridgepole—
What does he cry about?
To whom does he desperately call?
And why does he fall silent
As I pass by, far below?

The coy-dogs who roam my woods—
What makes them clamor?
What must they shout at the moon?
And why do their voices fade
As suddenly as they began?

The crickets who hop in the grass—
What do they whistle about?
What prompts their wild song?
And who am I to hold such a being
On the small surface of my palm?

The water that flows forever by—
What does it dream of?
Why does it wake up with a roar?
And what desire draws it down,
Down to the dark ocean floor?

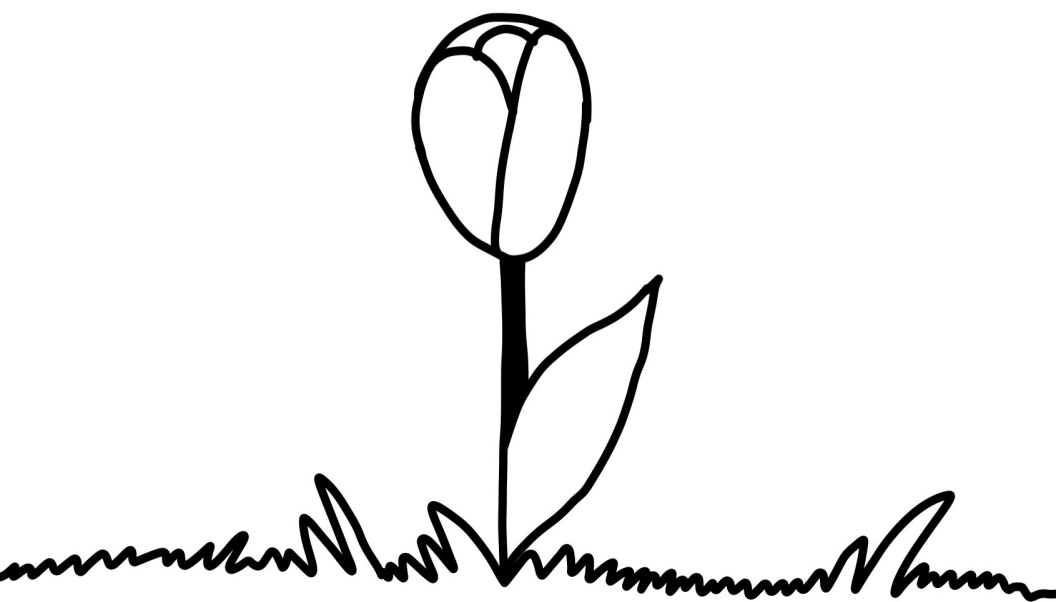
The woman that listens to God's symphony—
The same desperate need stirs her to sing
As it does her fellow creation....
So why does she stand mute?
What thwarts her from being just as beautiful?

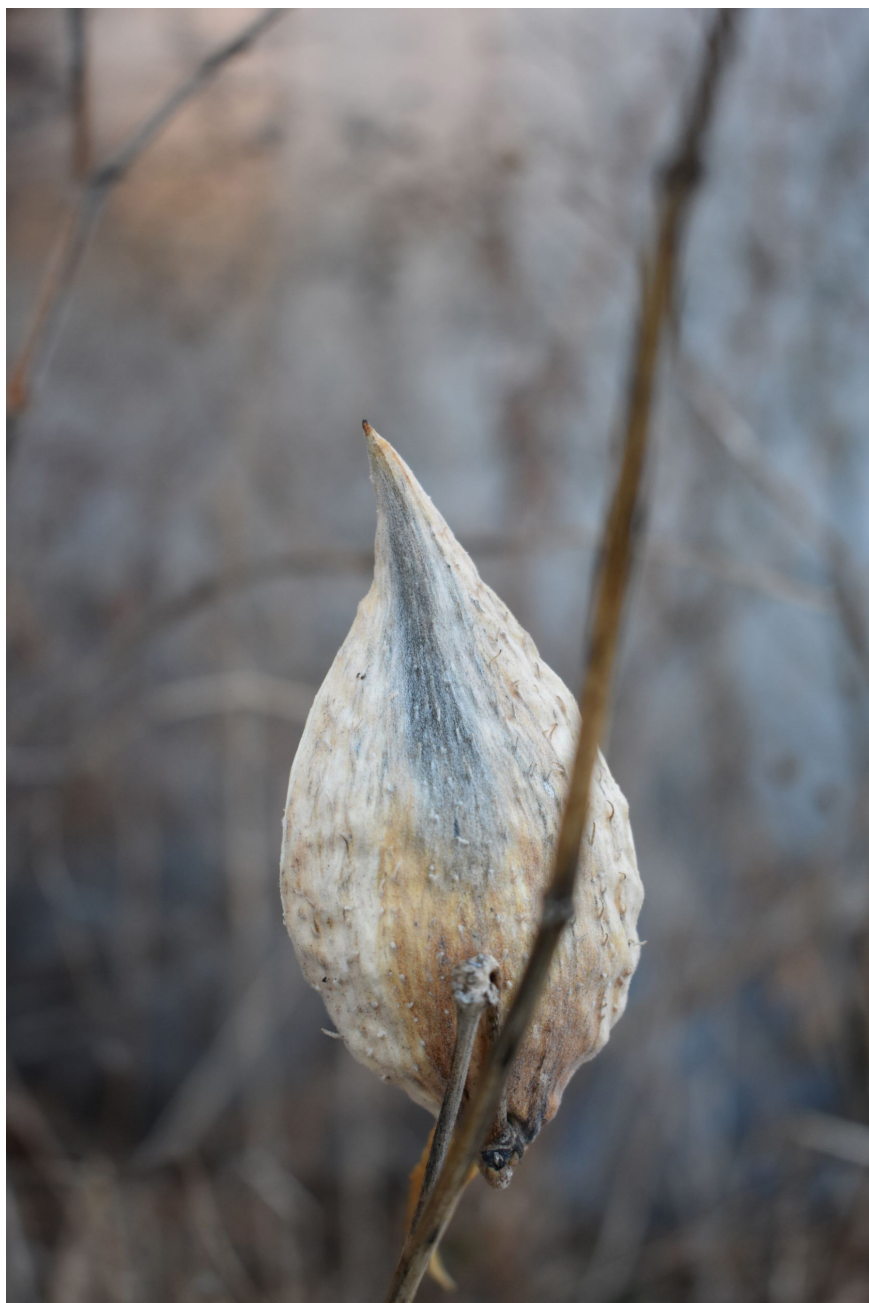
God, I am this woman.
Please give me a voice that I, too, might sing.

Fighting Flower

Liz Long

Its dark. Its cold. Wrapped tight in a rough blanket. Pushing, shoving, struggling. The blanket stretches and bends. It ripped. Tearing and scratching. The blanket falls away revealing darkness. Still no room. Still cold. Still dark. Pulling, scratching, slowly moving, climbing. A millimeter made. two, three, four. Slowly reaching, stretching, fighting, pulling, searching. Warmth, light. Sky. Reaches, stretches, unfolds. Beautiful flower. Life. If a seed doesn't fight the dark we would have no flowers.





Tenshi Chispa, *Empty Seed Pod*

Journey the Valley to go over the Mountain

Atticus C.

A mountain loomed that many climbed,
The Apex the only goal.
I thought about that mountain many a time,
How it would feel to climb above all.
But I found I had no means to,
I could not journey far into the clouds.
For I had not the skill nor strength to journey up beyond

At the base of the Mountain, the behemoth made of stone,
Lay a village as refuge for any on the road.
After I had failed my journey, I found safe haven there.
There was food and drink for all who came, and so I settled by the
town's square.
I found a joy in staying there, helping hikers rest.
Seeing those who may ascend and rise above the rest.

And thus, I resigned myself, to a journey of no steps.
To live by letting others roam up the great large mountain.
I could be a part of them, though gifts of bread and wine,
And still stay safe, here below—by the mountain side.
For I thought it better to stay where I could thrive.
For a journey of no steps seems so easy to survive.

Yet, one day, a man came knocking at my door.
“Pardon, Son, do you know where to go—
To find The Great Green Valley, that leads to the Throne?”
I had not heard of such a place,
For the mountain was all I knew, did not all try to ascend,
To touch the heavens with their own hands?
So, I replied I did not know, and the old man somberly grinned.

“Come with me then, and pack your bags,
Your journey must begin.”

I protested, for I could not climb, the mountain to the skies.

The man only scoffed, and scorned the mountain so,

“There will always be something above the peak,

Does not the Sun rise higher?

The journey that I speak of all men can take,

It is not some mountain that not all can scale

But find the Throne and you shall rise, above the Sun to something

Greater.

Come.”

Something in me stirred anew,

I knew not why I went.

But something in me yearned, for a Journey of many steps,

Something above the mountain!

Something above the sun!

We left at dawn first breaking,

The old man led the way, round the mountain base we walked,

For a one night and day.

When a clearing came about, the Sun’s rays started shining out,

Above the Great Green Valley, which sprawled beyond all thought

There were cities, and forests, meadows and hills, pastures, and

forests,

All expanding out.

“This is the journey you must take, but beware the beauty.

For journeys are beautiful, but not without toil,

Have faith be strong and keep walking beyond.

Reach the Throne and you will find all that you should long. “

House of David

Rachel Huchthausen

In the month Elul, the month of field
And early harvest, month of hope for past
And present, on the first day and within
The second year of Darius the king,
One Haggai walked along the rubble walls—
Jerusalem, the city of great kings:
The regal home of David, warring king,
And Solomon's resplendent seat, he who
With wisdom built the house and throne of God;
Jerusalem, now heap of crumbling stones
To house the remnant of King David's line—
In front of him, beyond the crush of rock,
There lay the Hinnom Valley, white, but not
As white as he had dreamed that it would be
When back in Babylon. Nor as white
As one Zerubbabel had trusted for.
The people worked the fields with swaying in
Late summer heat, and blown and dry with thirst.
In spring they had sown much in hope and seed,
For seventy long years was come
As promised by the prophet years ago.
But to walk among the houses was
To walk in hunger and to hear loud hawked
The price of bread for more than they could pay
Or bargain for with purses full of holes.
And so the prophet Haggai walked the walls.

In the month Elul, the month of field
And early harvest, month of hope for past
And present, on the first day and within
The second year of Darius the king,
Zerubbabel, the governor, one who
In trust, appointed by the Persian king,

Benevolent oppressor, in whose courts
The conquered princeling child had learned to walk,
Now walked with worried heavy step in dust
Between the rows of grain and withered stalks
In Hinnom Valley by Jerusalem.
The tongues of harvesters and hired hands,
They wagged and whispered Seventy has come,
The restoration of the House of God
With hoping hearts and aching for a king
And thought of laboring hands away
From harvest, giving, and then hurting for it.
And in the mind's eye of Zerubbabel
Fast whirled and whined the thoughts of scarcity
And want. His want for power and for rule,
A royal palace, not the lowly house
Where crouched a future mother, David's line,
Security all for his coming child.
Zerubbabel Bar-David walked the fields.

In the month Elul, the month of field
And early harvest, month of hope for past
And present, on the first day and within
The second year of Darius the king,
And as the prophet Haggai walked the walls,
The Spirit lifted him to Heaven's courts
And placed him by great Yahweh's royal throne.
Now here was King and courtiers with wings
And without number, shimmering in gold:
A council of the glorious sons of God,
Receiving orders from the Most High King.
The Lord in thunder to the prophet spoke:
For thus now says the LORD of hosts your King:
The Seventy long years are now complete.
And it is time though you say it is not,
Though not to build yourself a paneled house.
But now to build a footstool for my throne

That I might smile in sun and rain on you
And on the land, declares the King of kings,
And walk among your fields and house and wall.

In the month Elul, the month of field
And early harvest, month of hope for past
And present, on day twenty-four, and in
The second year of Darius the king,
The prophet Haggai walked the walls by night,
Zerubbabel, Kind David's son, surveyed
With trust foundations of the House of God
With workers from the remnant of the land
With chisels for their scythes and stones for wheat.
A cool wind touched the torches' flames and fanned
From Haggai's lips a message from the King:
Now build and trust, you people of my Name,
For I am with you now, declares the Lord.
And in the dark of hope there came a child's cry.

The Legion

Katie Corbeill

I was enthralled,
A slave to the wills of those within me.
Oh, I tried to resist them—
Believe me, I tried!
But it soon became too much.
They haunted me, day and night
Until finally, I succumbed.
I surrendered to
The Legion.

I was driven from the Town;
Driven from those I loved!
They saw that I was mad.
They tried to restrain me—
Oh, how they tried!
But nothing held me.
The strength within me was too great
To be chained by any work of man.

I fled to the Tombs.
I etched out an existence
Among the rocks.
Ah, the Rocks—
They were my only friends.
They helped me to escape myself,
Bludgeoning my head until it bled.
They robbed me of consciousness,
And in doing so, helped me escape
The Legion.

I remember, one day,
A boat arrived,
Gliding, as it seemed,
Upon the morning fog.

I watched from my place among the Tombs
As thirteen men came ashore.

Their leader was clothed in a traveler's robe,
His dark hair and black eyes gave Him a commanding air
But the expression of his eyes was one of gentle kindness.
At the sight of him, the beasts within me howled.
They drove me out of my hiding place,
Down toward Him.
They threw me at his feet, my body writhing in their grasp,
And they spoke through my lips, crying,
"What do you want with us, Son of the Most High God!
Do not torture us before our time!"

He looked down on me,
A fierce expression in his eyes.
Those inside me cowered under His gaze,
And, I must admit, I trembled as well,
But I did not fear Him.
Somehow, I sensed His compassion—
I felt His love.

"What is your name?"
His gentle voice echoed in my mind;
It resounded like a gong.
I put my hands over my ears
And shook my head as if to be rid of it,
But in my heart of hearts I wanted nothing more
Than to listen to His voice.

The creatures within me screamed.
"We are called Legion,
For there are many who possess this mortal soul."
The painful pronouncement of my slavery
Stung my heart.
But He was not phased.
"Come out of him, all you impure spirits!"
His booming command resonated

Throughout my entire being.
It shook me, violently—
Oh, how to describe that feeling?
It was as effortless as exhaling,
Yet so terrible that I thought I would not survive.

The operation concluded,
I was free.

When I awoke,
I was lying near a fire
Wrapped in His own robe.
He gave me food,
He spoke with me,
And I was finally able to answer Him,
Free from the influence of the Legion.

I begged to go with Him—
I told Him of my love for Him
And of my undying gratitude,
“Let me be but your slave,” I told Him,
“And I shall be forever happy.”
He smiled at me—
A warm smile full of love.
Then He spoke to me again,
Saying, with all kindness and grace,
“No, my child, you have been a slave long enough.
Go home to your people
And tell them of all the Lord has done for you.
For in this way, you will serve me well.”

I watched as He and His Friends
Climbed into their boat and sailed away.
He returned to His own land,
And I returned to mine.
And that is how I have come to stand before you now.
I was a wretched soul doomed to thralldom,
Cast out and unloved by all.

He saw me not as one condemned,
But as one whose life was destined
To bring glory to God
And I pray that I have done so
After relating my account.
I was enslaved by the Legion,
But the Son of Man set me free!



Sophia Templeton, *Untitled*

In Medias Res

Rachel Huchthausen

It seems the voice of God though Christ most comes
At times inopportune. When I should count
My money, Lo! Give up, he calls, your funds.
When, after toil, my work I would discount,
Cast down, he calls, and trust in me; your work
Is also mine. When walking without care
Or weight, Your love for others do not shirk,
He calls, Pick up and bear their load. For there
Where cares and trouble are together borne,
There am I. For thus on earth he called disciples:
Peter when his nets were torn
And Matthew at his counting stall.

So still he calls his children all the day,
In interruptions, Follow and obey.



Evan Babbit, *A Sunday Walk*

I Am Your Neighbor

Jax Johnson

I am your neighbor
We have been placed together, positioned
I am your neighbor

You don't have to say hello to me
I enjoy quiet mornings, alone, unbothered
You do not have to sit out on your porch, viewing my home
I've not decorated it with you in mind
I have my house and you have yours
You do not have to mow my lawn or trim my trees
I prefer the natural beauty, the way the dandelions bloom
I don't mind the chip in my sidewalk, or the peeling paint on my door

I haven't stopped to point out your dying petunias or roses
You don't have to bring over your wife's apple pie
I've welcomed myself into this neighborhood
I won't complain when you play the music too loud
You shouldn't complain when I do the same
I'll bring over your mail if it comes to my address
You shouldn't complain that I've tainted it
You've left me notes telling me to leave
I am not welcome in this neighborhood

I would be welcome if I was more like you
I would be welcome if I didn't act so independently
I would be welcome if I didn't display all my messes
I would be welcome if I didn't love the way I love
I would be welcome if I wasn't me

I am not you

I am in this neighborhood with my mortgage paid in full
I am in this neighborhood with or without your approval
I am in this neighborhood because I was chosen too

I am in this neighborhood and I am welcome
I am your neighbor and I love you, I've tried loving you
You are my neighbor but you do not



Noah Bauer, *Untitled*



Hannah Dunmire, *Fall Days on the Lake*

Next page:
Catherine Lynip, *Genesee River*



Catherine Lymb 2021

A History of Constantinople

Thunderbird Silequetta, Wordmaster of Constantinople

Our journey began in the First Age—of course, where else should it begin? The events of the First Age were small, but momentous, as we plotted how to confuse historians by recreating the Roman Empire, naming it the Old—not the New—the Old Roman Empire, and splitting it a second time. It was during this time we discovered the threat gravity posed against us.

The Second Age began with the burning of the law library and the discovery that gravity could be defeated by the dissolution of all matter. This would require 62.5 trillion dollars' worth of antimatter. An island was set aside called The “We Are Testing Gravity Destroying Theories” Island. As thermodynamics was studied and we delved into the enormous and expensive (and likely ineffective) task of destroying thermodynamics—the true enemy—the need for a national anthem arose. I, as the Wordmaster and former inhabitant of the library, finally took it upon myself to craft this very important document. Taking the remnants our Arson Watch had already gathered, I commenced this great work and finally, with much toil and giggles, designed this wonderful work of art.

Behold, Constantinople!

*In near, distant past alliance was formed
When nine cunning college students were dormed.
Through burning library and anarchy,
Ever the conquering heroes are we,
Rising from ashes with dining hall schemes
To conquer the world with horrible memes.
O pow’rful Istanbul, you have been warned!
Soon beneath our legacy’s shadow scorned.
With five men noble and four ladies fair
Banded together, let the world beware!
Confusing historians: another goal—
To make many learned minds spin and roll.
Always waging war against gravity*

*And thermodynamics—our enemy!
Our goals might seem lofty—far-fetched at least—
Since we formed them over laughter and feast,
Yet beware citizens of all the world;
All governments downward shall soon be hurled!
Long live Constantinople!*

The Third Age marked the beginning of political parties as we were divided into the Purple and Gold Factions. Debates over whether we were an Athenic democracy, a dictatorship, or a theocracy disappeared into the background, overshadowed by the newest conflict in our possibly non-existent government. For a very short time (about twenty minutes, I believe) we had a war against the letter “e.” Many songs were composed during this time, an example being,

Without Ease

*Stars in sky so high,
Always wishing why
Low grass is soft
And rain is oft
And singing birds fly.*

*Up, up, up, full moon,
It is falling soon
With long tail bright
And blazing light,
To dry ground a boon.*

*Round and round, strong light—
Sky in lofty might;
Light to hard ground,
Light in full mound—
Oh! this world so bright!*

As history continues (as it is wont to do) and we approach the Fourth Age (which is bound to come at some point) we

Constantinopleans will continue to hold together stronger than links in a chain (supposing none break). Our history will grow (as it inevitably does), and we will continue in our conquest of the world and domination over gravity (an ever-present goal). With a dragon army (under my complete control) and our Anarchy Watch Tower (always steadfastly manned by our dictator—who steadfastly denies both this appellation and the title of Lord Constantine), we are certain of success (or at least, I think so).

Oh, world, you will long remember our glorious empire!

~Thunderbird Silequetta, Wordmaster of Constantinople



Catherine Lynip, *Fantasy Ship*

Wondering upon the Clockmaster and his Creator

Alexandria Brown

Is time so easily lost that by the sound of the clock ticking, five minutes have already past,

Five sets of five minutes—that equals 25 minutes—and that is almost halfway to an hour?

And there are only 24 hours in a day—and 365 days in a year—and only 3,652 days in a decade?

I suppose that means somethings will always go unchecked.

Are we, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22...etc. year old's supposed to be going through the symptoms of a mid-life crisis?

Is it in our American culture that we are to be busy beings?

Why does the clock have to tick—who made it this way?

Why, I wish to meet the man who made the clock so I can inquire about this concern.

What was he thinking when he made the clock—was it that he felt his days slip away so he wished to count them only to find out they will be all gone soon?

I wonder if he was a depressed and stressed man who worried about being productive and doing actions but couldn't get out of the house.

Was his wife always out of the house? Was she gone?

Was his wife's leaving lead him to measure time so that he could make the case for the preciousness of life in a way that made sense to him?

Perhaps calendars exist in order to commemorate these special moments—and shouldn't clocks be serving the same purpose? Yet a clock here in America seems to raise the stress levels of every student in the library and every judge in the courtroom.

Calendars to commemorate supposedly—shouldn't clocks also? To the man who created clocks that tick,

I hope and pray that when you made this machine you were in the right mind, and you were physically well. Was it perhaps a request from someone else or did you make this of your own accord? If you weren't well—what were you thinking and feeling as you constructed this thing, which now stands (still) as a living reminder to people that they only have so much time on this earth with the people they love? They, we, only have so much time. Did you want us to think on this when we heard your ticks and tocks? Perhaps then, you wished for us to get away from the work which sucks our life away and head to those we love to tell them we love them—and to love them? Or was it for purposes of production—to help people who are so easily distracted to stay on task and finish the work before them? I hope, when you thought of this work before them, you hoped this work is the work they should be doing—the work they should be prioritizing rather than the work sometimes set before them which holds no fundamental meaning to their lives and souls.

Take the ticking away—and you have a clock that is seen but not heard.

Perhaps that is why you did this mechanism in this way: so that we not only see this painful yet worthwhile reminder but that we may also hear it.

The ticking and tocking is like the inhale and exhale of our hearts. Clock master, did you want it in this way? Or does it just so happen that our hearts seem to follow the seconds as they spiral around?

And yet—perhaps seconds are based off this: inspired by the rhythms of the heart as it beats.

A reminder which has been around for—my guess is—over a hundred years, Clockmaster, that your ticking tocking clock has been around.

Many, myself included, hear that noise as an annoyance and hinderance more so than a gentle reminder.

Yet, even if so, that you made this invention as gentle reminder, why does this gentle reminder have to be so Loud?

Was it in your plan, as Clockmaster, to create a clock which, in its own odd and strange way, can resemble that of the Voice of God, our Maker.

Clockmaster, have you yourself believed in God as Maker while you imagined up this clock of yours?

When you created it's hands—why are there three?

Why not two or just one—or was it originally when you made—having just one or two hands?

Regardless, why a hand at all?

“To show direction”, you might say, “to guide the viewer towards the hour, minute or second of the day.”

Direction, I ask, of what kind?

Perhaps to show the exact time, then to let the viewer be reminded that they are neither the Clock master nor are they the One who made the Clockmaster who made the clock?

When you first created this one of yours, how did you arrive upon this name? And, how did you know it was the right time to display time?

When you first made it, did it fail many times before succeeding—how on earth did you continue this project? Seems to me like such a strenuous one, yet I bet you thought it rewarding.

Was it rewarding?

Once you finished, what did your wife think if you did in fact have a wife? Your son or daughter? Your brother or sister? Were either of your parents alive to express to you their delight in seeing you finish such a revolutionary invention?

Or perhaps, they did not know yet, at the time, just how far your clock of time would travel.

I wonder, perhaps like you Clockmaster, if God, when He created the heavens and the earth had anyone yet to thank Him and be proud of what He created?

I wonder, if perhaps like you in your time, Clockmaster, God doesn't get enough recognition.

I wonder, if perhaps, you, Clockmaster, created clocks as an act of worship to our God.

I wonder if perhaps, in coming up with this fanciful idea of yours, that you found yourself inspired by God?

Perhaps you thought, “since God is beyond time and He is our Father, maybe someone should make a piece which tells all those interacting with it,

‘Here is the time now. What are you doing with it? This time is not something which you can manipulate to your liking. Time must carry on since it is not something held in our hands. We are never going to “catch up” in this desired way. God holds the time now and is beyond time. This time, to us, is the time to notice what you are doing. Where you are; being. What are you seeing? Hearing? Who are you with? Who is with you? Why are you sitting or standing here and not someplace else? Why, if you are still, why are you? Ask your God who made you, How would you like me to use this time?’”

Did you know when making this clock, the ways in which it would provide others with reflection to address our Maker?

Did you know, Clockmaker, how your clocks would soon point others back to God?

Now you, Reader, think on this.

Whether you decide to make, in your lifetime, something like a clock, or whether you decide to speak up for those hurting in court, or whether you decide to make Art, or whether you decide to eat chocolate or vanilla ice cream—in these moments of you being you—do you ever stop to listen to the clock?—And do you hear it say “listen to God.” Then God tells you,

“I love you, _____.”

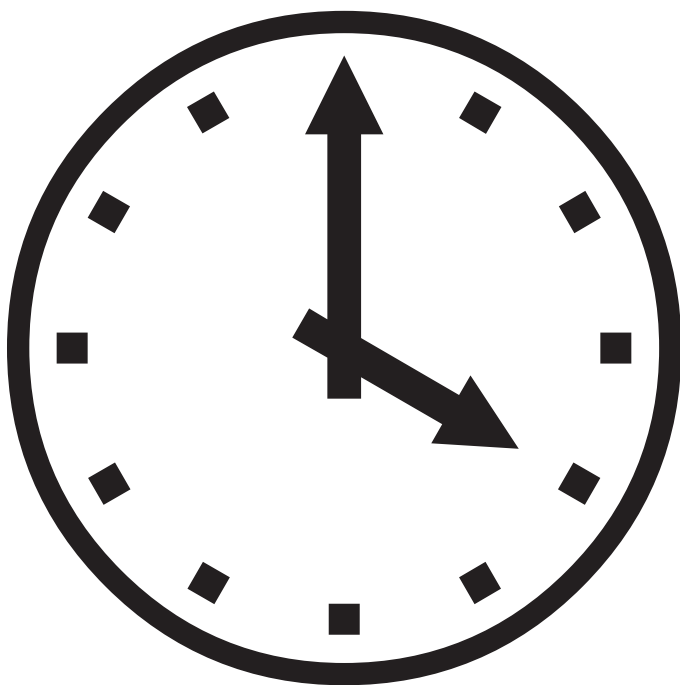
“I love you _____ and I hope you love this life I have given to you. My green grass to lay in, My Sun to brighten your days, My trees who dance and sing with you for Me, My sky which paints everyday a new beginning. My mercy, which is new every morning, is given for you, _____.”

“My Son, who gave to Me His time, His blood, His cries, His life, has given to you a new life and chance to live with Us, and Us in you. Will you make room for Us in you?”

When you, Reader, hear the clock and chimes now, what do you think? More importantly, what do you think God thinks? Unlike the incessant voice of the ticking and tocking of the clock, what do you hear Him say?

2 Corinthians 6:2

“For he says, “In the time of my favor I heard you, and in the day of salvation I helped you. “I tell you, now is the time of God’s favor, now is the day of salvation.”





Alexandria Brown, *Untitled*

In Memory of the Strong

Liz Long

What is the point of life? Life is a moment compared to eternity. What's the difference between living and dying when there is a better life on the other side? Is this truly life or are we just passing the time? Passing the moment. But what do we do with this moment? Party-hardy, search for meaning, try to be at peace, think how we can make this moment last, or just let it pass. Life is a moment when waiting for eternity. Shall I smile it through or cry till it's gone? Or just lay down and watch as my sands run out? The distance between here and there is a tiny split no wider than a needle but it might as well be the distance the universe spans. There is only one bridge. It is narrow and old, old as love. It's an obvious bridge but hardly seen. On the other side are dear friends and family members who trusted and had faith in the bridge maker but they are hidden by clouds. They might be hard to reach but thoughts who have faith will meet them in a moment. So I stand and remember and yell with all I have I'll be with you in a moment! Life is only a moment compared to eternity.

Next page:

Tenshi Chispa, *Traveling Across the Clouds*



This issue is the product of the faithfulness of many people.

Thanks are due

to Prof. Sharpe, our faculty advisor for his guidance and trust,
to Emma Dainty, our editor who created the line and text art for
this issue,

to Prof. Madison Murphy and the Mac Lab proctors,
and to all those who have generously submitted their work.

Thank you!

