

The Lanthorn



“Recollection”

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from the editors

Dear Readers,

Thank you for picking up our last issue of the *Lanthorn* for this semester! It's been a joy to see all the hard work and creativity of our fellow Houghton students, and hopefully it brings joy to you as well. To all those who submitted your drawings, writings, and photos, thank you. The booklet you are now holding could not exist without you.

Our theme for this issue is "recollection." As this semester is drawing to a close it seems especially appropriate to look back on what has come before. Each of us carries around memories of moments in our lives, both good and bad, that have shaped us into the people we are now. This issue of the *Lanthorn* is a scrapbook of sorts, where we have collected and recollected moments from your lives as a record of things past. That's why we've branched out to include photos in this issue: images that capture precise moments which have now passed. Scrapbooks and keepsakes of any kind are meant to keep our memories fresh, as well as give us the opportunity to take note of where we have been—to give thanks for the good times past, as well as for those things that have changed for the better. We hope that this issue of the *Lanthorn* can do that for you.

Keep remembering and dreaming. And for the months ahead, may you have many moments that become delightful memories.

Much love,

Ally and the *Lanthorn* Staff

“You Took Me Birdwatching On Christmas Break”

Phoebe Mullen

I don't say it, but the ocean scares me.
California girl, afraid of the sea?
We get out of the car, and pull sweatshirts
Over our heads. Binoculars go next.
My breathing speeds up. Eyes trace the edge of
The sand, scalloped softly, packed, damp, brown.
Slip my hand in yours, shoes off my feet: the sand
Is cold. You focus my binoculars
For me; I focus on the push-pull, the rambling
Breath of the sea. You point to an egret,
Crown of the eucalyptus' rushing leaves,
Showy contrast to the morning's palette.
You know my fear. You breathe like the sea. You
Point next to a stilt's striking orange legs.

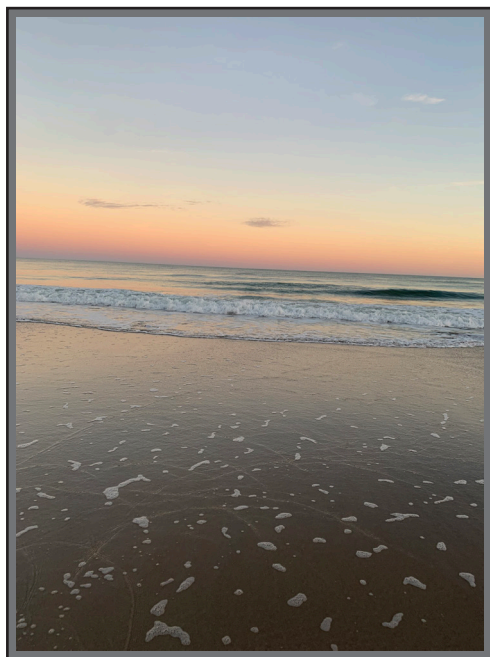


Photo: Anonymous

“I Guess We’ll Never Know”
Jessica Mejia

I saw her, or did she see me?
I saw her for beauty, exotic and pure.
I guess we’ll never know

How vaguely, at first, we saw what we thought we
could see

Astounding and one-of-a kind beauty, I was sure
I saw her, or did she see me?

Did she know who she was to be?
The beauty she bestows, may it lure
I guess we’ll never know

Her beauty unmatched, you agree.
It was a shame, someone so beautiful, yet so ob-
scure.

I saw her, or did she see me?

She was hiding; she still hides, behind that tree.
How the cultural dress she wore matched her
complexities I assure.
I guess we’ll never know

I saw the leaves, I think I saw three
Everything around her was complementary, so
secure

I saw her, or did she see me?
I guess we’ll never know

Art: Noah Hodgkins



“Where to go to find yourself”
Ellirose Edwards

In photos around the home
Children chase each other through fields,
And in the things deemed worth keeping
You can see a person's taste
There is a woman there waiting
To bring you to that place.
Her name is memory gentle
And she will bring you with great haste.



“Untitled”
Johanna Florez

Mostly it was glowing:
The unexpectedly warm sunshine
Through an enormous window
Onto tall peachy walls

His eyes staring up at me

Me in my favorite yellow dress
Over grey canvas shoes
My heart threatening to dance out of my chest.

I remember that day
That everyone was beautiful.

Photo: Johanna Florez

“I Want To Be”
Anonymous

I want to be a live-er,
I want to be a doer,
I want to be a giver,
I want to be a mover.

I want to be a nothing,
A fly upon the wall.
I want to be a something,
Standing proud and tall.



I want to be a teacher
A speaker
A preacher
A leader.
A talker
A listener
A daughter
A sister.

A mightier fighter,
As fierce as a tiger.
A better believer,
A careless dreamer.

I want to be noticed
Understood
Respected
Followed.
Heard
Loved
Praised
Inspired.

I want to be a puzzler,
I want to be a seeker,
I want to be a runner,
I want to be a reader.

So many things I want to be,
That I forget about being me.

“Bottled Memories”

Erin Maggio

I.

I followed my Papa along the coast of Cardigan Bay on that
late December day,
his rough hand enfolded mine as we departed the cotton
candy pink house
we stayed in for the Christmas holiday. The cold air hit our
faces and
his hands squeezed around mine. We bypassed the white
fence by wriggling
underneath, the sand wet on our faded blue jeans.
Papa protected me from the cold on the plaid red quilt with
his arm around me,
him sipping Sprite, me drinking warm hot cocoa Mama
made for me.
Papa pulled out his journal and handed it to me—
“write a note, we’ll set it free in the sea.”
So I scribbled in blue ink my seven-year-old reveries,
daydreaming of a small Scottish schoolboy fishing out
the bottle
far upland. I pictured his rosy cheeks and muddy
tennis shoes,
his sea-blue eyes and his sandy hair. I imagined his eyes
lighting up
with the rays of summer sun, I imagined his rosy cheeks
blotted with tears under his covers in the darkness of night.
I wrote my Papa’s nighttime reassurance,
to in turn reassure my imaginary far-off friend.
Papa rolled up the paper like a tube and neatly tucked it into
the Sprite bottle
and he let me fling it into the rushing waves and we
watched it
become one with the bay water, dreaming of its destination.

II.

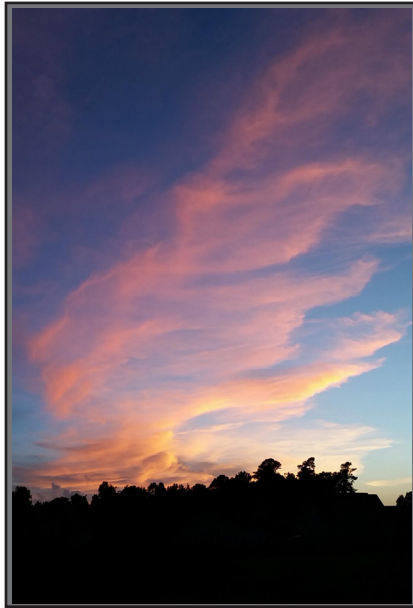
The young schoolboy I dreamt never held those words in
his hands
but 18 years later my hands held that same paper,
though now wet and flimsy with undecipherable blue ink stains.
I remember what that blue ink once spelled that
maybe I need more than that Scottish boy,
1 Peter 5:7, “Cast all your anxieties on Him because He
cares for you.”



Photo: Danielle Jennings

“Home”
Hope Barnes

Fireflies twinkle in the night sky
Dew drops on dark earth
While flickering in the grass are stars



“Constellations”
Jared Hobson

The stars in the sky
are a reminder of who I’ve been
and who I’ve yet to be.
A constant reminder
that at the end of the day
I make my own destiny.

Photo: Erica Durbin



Photo: Bryce Preston

“Candlelight”
Jakob Knudson

Candle light burn bright
Whisper of music and delight
Save me from the night

Photo: Jakob Knudson



Photo: Linette Taylor



“March 12, 2018.”

Linette Taylor

I’m standing at the edge of the water, staring at a horizon that looks more like a postcard. In my hair, there’s salt and sunlight. There’s also knots and tangles, the product of just two hours of sleep.

And even without you standing next to me, I feel that you’re here.

I look out past the rocks and the single sailboat on the water, wondering how far the blue stretches. Wondering how I could have gone sixteen years without being this close to it. And for the first time in six months, I’m at peace with everything inside me and everything around me.

Your voice echoes in my head. I made all of this, child. I put you here.

“Trapped”
Riley Gastin

The mess that she had made
Had trapped her from within
She had built up walls
As protection from the world around

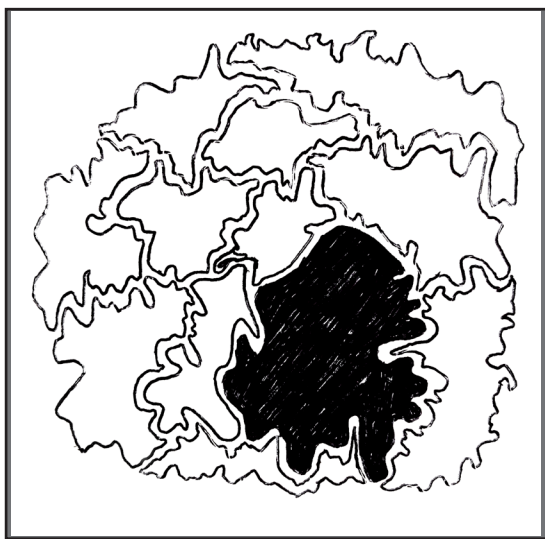
But her walls began to crumble
And she tried to hold them up—
Against the torrents of life

But she was trapped all the more
Trapped in broken walls
Held together by weak hands

But He offered her a way out
Holding out His hand through the crumbling walls
He offered her freedom from the mess that was within.



Photo: Riley Gastin



“Dead Moments”
Jared Hobson

Don't leave me alone,
to face this kingdom,
to sit on this throne.

Oh, Jonathan,

the blood runs from your veins.
No, not your lifeblood,
but the time from our days.

You took me by surprise,
on that cool summer night.
How I saw grace in your eyes!

I'll mourn for you, and
for these moments now dead.
My eagle, my lion,
my love left unsaid.

“For When You’ve Forgotten Hope”
Ellirose Edwards

Childhood days passed by in a blur
Soft and sweet with the smell of dirt
And the unafraid love of an innocent life.
Adolescence was a punch in the gut.
The child inside cried
But there is no room for her here
Adulthood feels like building a tower around that child
Shielding protecting and fearing for her
Healing feels like being released from prison
The smell of rain and of dirt and of the sun
Soft and sweet and hard and bitter
And all the feelings that come in between
And maybe there was never a perfect life
But there can be hope for a perfect tomorrow



Photo: Bryce Preston

Art: Noah Hodgkins



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