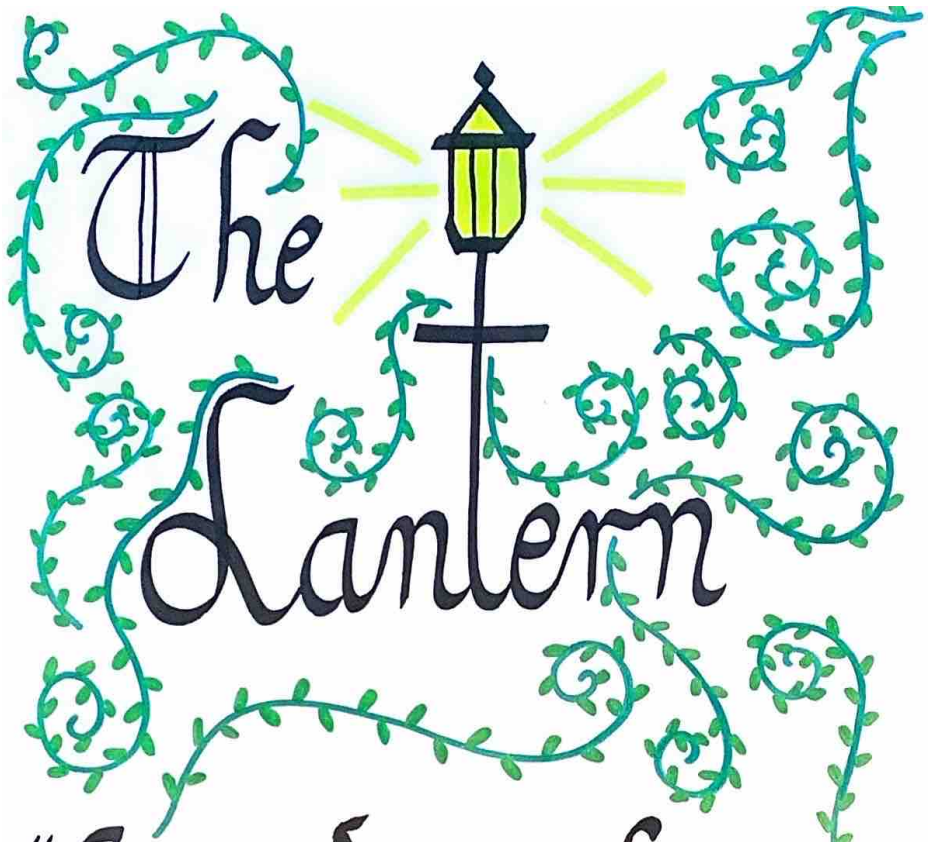




"Come Away from
Rush and Hurry"

February 2025

9 Come Away from Rush and Hurry

CIVILITY 8.7.8.7 D



1 Come a - way from rush and hur - ry to the still-ness of God's peace;
2 In the pas-tures of God's good-ness we lie down to rest our soul,



from our vain am-bi-tion's wor - ry, come to Christ to find re - lease.
from the wa - ters of God's mer - cy we drink deep-ly, are made whole.

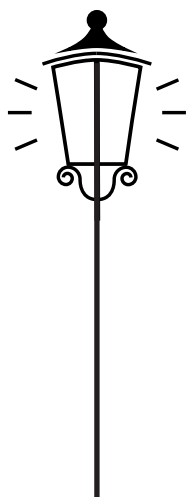


Come a - way from noise and clam-or, life's de-mands and fren-zied pace;
At the ta - ble of God's pres-ence all the saints are rich - ly fed.



come to join the peo-ple gath-ered here to seek and find God's grace.
With the oil of God's a - noint-ing in - to ser-vice we are led.





The Lantern

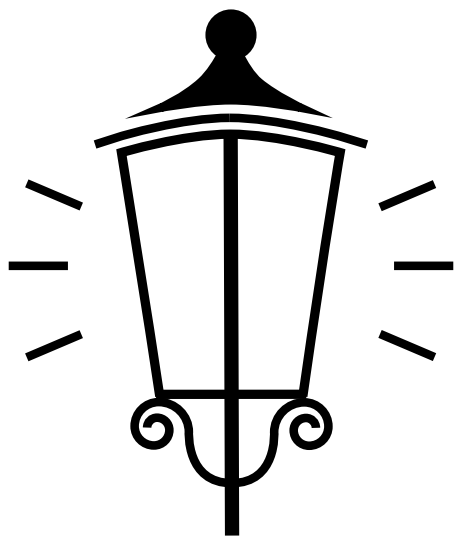
***The Lantern**, begun in 1932, is Houghton University's student-run literary journal that exists to illuminate the thoughts and expressions of students and the greater Houghton community through works of literary and visual art.*

The Lantern began as an offshoot of a literary competition that existed for over a decade before 1932. After that date, the Lantern, previously known as the Lanthorn, began printing the works of students and has continued to do so ever since.

Front Cover:
Emma Dainty

*“Come Away
from Rush and
Hurry”*

February 2025



Letter from the Editors

*Come and see what the LORD has done,
the desolations he has brought on the earth.*

*He makes wars cease
to the ends of the earth.*

*He breaks the bow and shatters the spear;
he burns the shields with fire.*

*He says, "Be still and know that I am God;
I will be exalted among the nations,
I will be exalted in the earth."*

~Psalm 46:8-10

Dear Readers,

Classes have started; assignments have started piling up; anxiety is starting to take over. Yet, the psalmist says, "Be still." But there is no time to be still! There is so much to do and so little time. The psalmist understood that. This psalm was likely written during the reign of Hezekiah. This was not a restful time for Israel. They were under siege by the Assyrians. Despite their danger, the psalmist reminds them of all the things their God has done.

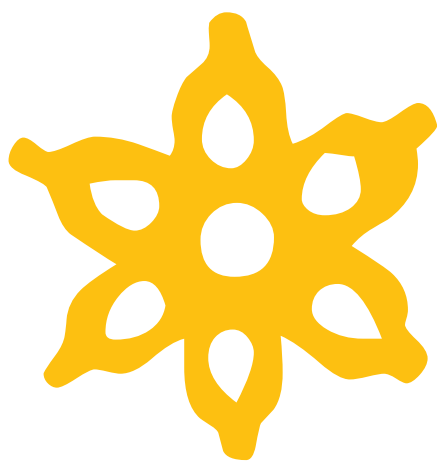
Sometimes it seems that if we stop and be still, we will be overwhelmed by the load of things that must be done. However, no matter how much we accomplish, we cannot control our lives or the lives of those around us. But that is all right. To quote yet another hymn (based on Psalm 46), Martin Luther's *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*, "And though this world, with devils filled, should threaten to undo us, we will not fear, for God has willed His truth to triumph through us."

Instead of rushing around, driven by "vain ambition's worry," pause, be still, and rest in God's peace and grace. He is in control, and He will protect you.

Yours for lighting up the world,
Emma, Lee, Warren, Jonathan, & Keiryn

Table of Contents

Have You Ever	Joseph Langlois	9
At the Village Church, July	Lee James	10
a thing with petals	Rachel Huchthausen	11
A Lonely Autumn	Musa	12
Lament for Busyness	Josephine Lipscomb	17
Stop and Rest	Emma Dainty	18
Edge of Peace	Hannah Matteson	20
Sitting Here	Bradford P. Morgan	21
Take a Moment	Joseph Langlois	22
Ladder to the Sky	Rachel Huchthausen	24
Found: a poem of lost words	Jonathan R. Stacy	25
The Pretty Little Things in Life	Disaster 2	26
Reflections	Susannah Denham	27
Stargazing	Helena	28
Evening Prayer	Rachel Huchthausen	29
The Bell Tolls	Rebecca Dailey	30
The People's Story	Rachel Huchthausen	31
Night Office	Josephine Lipscomb	32
Author, Artist, & Musician Bios		34



Have You Ever

Joseph Langlois

*Have you ever been on the water
In a canoe down one of the great rivers
Admiring the morning
The shimmering water
The sun warming your face
As the fog fades away
Seeing deer wander the banks
Hearing the loon call out.
Have you ever been on the water
In a canoe down one of the great rivers
Struggling to stay afloat
The crashing waves
The chilling air
As the rain pelts your face
Barely able to see
Hearing the rumble.
Have you ever been on the water
In a cottage by one of the great rivers
Enjoying your night
The cool autumn breeze
As the day fades away
Surrounded by family and friends
Hearing the fire crackle*

At the Village Church, July

Lee James

*I'm having an emotion right now,
but I don't know what to name it.
I'm not sure how to say what "it" is.
It's sitting in a plastic chair outside.
It's the group of people I'm seated with.
It's the tent above us giving shade from the blistering sun,
and the breeze brushing against my face,
a respite from the still, humid air of summer.
It's the woman in the front
playing an old hymn on a keyboard,
and the birds in the nearby trees singing along.
It's us singing with the birds.
It's us. It's singing.
It's birds. It's nearby trees.
It's the breeze whispering through the trees,
careful not to speak too loud
and thus disturb the sermon.
It's the shadows of rustling tree-leaves
dancing across the ground.
It's the sun glistening off the waves of the lake,
and the sound of the waves tiptoeing toward shore.
It's a warm feeling in my chest
as I sit next to good friends.
It's stillness, and enjoying the stillness.
It's peace.*



a thing with petals, Rachel Huchthausen
Photo

March 10, 2024, Walsingham Way, Norwich, Cambridgeshire

A Lonely Autumn

Musa

Part I

*I walk along the wayward path
Head in my hands
I cannot see where my feet land
Head in my hands
Do I turn left or right?*

*I catch the fringes of a hope
There in my palm
And hold it to the western wind
There in my palm
It's caught again, and flies*

*I have no thought of anger warm
There in my heart
I have only a sorrow grown
There in my heart
For what, I cannot tell*

*I take a step into the woods
And break
For in that step
What now comes from its chain?
A whisper, broken from the cold
And the trees whisper back with their ancient wisdom
Only I cry out against them
They outrage me with their ancient wisdom
What have you to say, oh broken tree?
For you are broken just like me
And yet you have no pity to forgive
You have no blankets for your shivering friends
No reason for the disorder you and I have made*

*And I, too, lack the strength
To label anything with reason
In this tumultuous wind
And what is anything but a fit of passion?
Is there something more? I ask the rustling trees
And suddenly
Silence*

*I turn my hanging head away
Clay in my nails
From what I've tried to shape of life
Clay in my nails
From what I've tried and failed*

*I cannot move, posture unchanged
Knees on the ground
From when I first cried out in vain
Knees on the ground
My thoughts turn to the soil*

*Such relief it would be, to die
To break away before the rust
Does make such cowards of the strong
And lay my head upon the dust
Of all those who, too, before me
Laid their head*

Part II

*The clouds made gray the city where I lived
I remember as a child
Reading about a very red leaf
Here, the streetcorners, the concrete against concrete
Wasn't very anything
Except gray*

*I awoke after sunrise in a small apartment at the center
Of the city, by a marketplace*

*It had been a long night
Reimagining an image in my head: a lifeless body,
Limp, alone – bloody? Or no blood?
I was going to be late for work*

*Yes, I slept it off that night
As I did the week before and the month before that*

*I cherished the morning air before I
Stepped onto the crowded bus
Every morning was the same*

*Or rather, different:
Would I ponder the philosophical questions
Edgar kept proposing?
Would I see how the lonely grandmother –
Whom I saw sitting by the window in the back each day –
Was doing?
Would I study the dust trails on the floor?
Today, I stared out the window
Wondering,
Waiting
For life to fall into place*

*They must have cleaned the bus windows
The clouds had gone: the sun revealed
A crisp, bold city with bold streets
And sharp new buildings, unconcealed
I thought I heard the heartbeats of
The joggers in the city square
Their cadence with their life-long dreams
Now faltered in the morning air*

*And what about these life-long dreams?
They are much like my own:
They'll jolt me while I lay in bed
And question what I've known*

*They'll ask me silly questions, like
Is this all that there is?
Remember when you that that you
Would make something of this?*

*So I keep them in my small wooden box and keep the lid closed
Until they pile so high they overflow*

Part III

*That night I couldn't sleep
So I took out a pen and notebook and wrote
All of my thoughts down on a page
But all I came up with was:
I believe I am running out
But running out of what? Hope?
No... something more immediate
I couldn't tell*

*I wondered what would happen if I took the night bus
To the small town where I grew up
I would have to walk a ways
Well, I did it anyway*

*The city was strange at night,
The streets and busses nearly empty
People spoke in hushed voices
As if not to disturb something of the night
Something sacred*

*I found the walk from the station to my old home rather pleasant,
The night chill not cold enough to reach my bones
As the city lights disappeared behind me,
So, the stars appeared in clusters
They stood there, still, as though they were
Painted on the sky,
Small dots of paint upon the canvas of the sky*

I couldn't remember the last time I saw stars

Everything was so far apart –

The houses, the markets, the intersections

Only the trees were closer here, huddled together along the road-side

Congregating to make a thick forest, so that I couldn't see beyond

The immediate trees

Softly swaying,

Quiet

Ahead I saw the pond where I used to ice-skate

I would run home with a bloody knee and a surplus of tears,

My brother behind me, keen to tell of how I screamed like a girl

My mother would have none of it

I couldn't remember the last time I saw my brother

I found a bench beside the pond to make my rest

I hadn't realized the clouds were covering the moon,

But they fled and left the moon full and bright above me,

It's reflection shimmering on the water

I let out the breath I hadn't realized I was holding

I had forgotten the kingdom of the skies

Could be so majestic

I had forgotten a lot of things

Sitting in my desk chair, my coffee in hand

While the sound of sirens and car horns

Filled my ears, my eyes, my hands and feet

There, by the water,

I took my ears, my eyes, my hands, my feet

And set them free

Part IV

*Small flecks of wisdom
Hidden in the foliage:
Deep-red maple leaves*



Lament for Busyness

Josephine Lipscomb

*I am restless
A dry leaf skittering across the road.
I cannot stop to wait,
To contemplate:
There is too much to be done.
Where is your peace, your presence?*

*But you are there
In the moments when I make myself
Stop.
You are there
When I'm blown about, past the place where you'd meet me
Not seeing;
You are the one who
Stops
Me in my hurry,
Arrests my momentum,
Catches my gaze in your gentle, wounded hands.*

*Teach me, Lord, how to pause
My weary, busy hands.
Show me your humble heart
And make me rest
In you.*

Stop and Rest

Emma Dainty

The trees' shadows stretched long across the road like weary, trailing fingers. The dusty traveler hurried along. He had left behind the last town, hoping to press on fast enough to reach another before sunset, but night was gaining on his heels. He was not afraid, but he was anxious, berating himself for not covering enough ground today. Surely he should have reached River Town by now. He had not been keeping up an adequate pace—he must have lagged on that long, creeping hill at midday. Soon he must reach the City of Towers, and once there, with time and toil, surely he could obtain some precious gem or priceless gift to bring back.

Drawing his brow down in a determined frown, he tried to increase his pace. It was useless. Weariness pulled at his heavy feet, and darkness closed in. He was not putting in enough effort! Doggedly, he put his head down and marched forward, striving for greater speed.

He was so focused on forward motion that he almost bumped into the fairy. He would have passed her altogether if she had not stood directly in his path. Her white gown and large wings of soft dove feathers almost glowed in the dim light.

Stopping in utter astonishment, he stammered, “Y-you here? But I—I thought—I didn’t know you were following me...” His eyes widened. “Forgive me! I have not been working hard enough. I will walk even faster now.” He tried to walk around her to continue on his way.

“Peace, child.” She forestalled him with a hand, laughing softly, but her eyes were sad.

He stood still before her, head hanging. He had disappointed her. He had not done enough that day—or any of the days since he had left her home.

She lifted his chin with slender fingers—so gentle, and yet so inexorable—to look into his eyes. “Child, will you stop and look at me?” She took his face tenderly in her hands. “I have

greatly missed your company. Will you stop and remember me?"

"But I do remember you," he protested. "I read the letter you gave me every day. Well—" He looked down at his feet, still unable to meet her gaze. "I try to. Some days I am too weary."

"Oh, child, how can you understand what I have written if I do not talk with you about it and explain my meaning?"

"But I could not stay at home," he cried. "You wished me to seek and bring back some precious gift for you—the fruits of my labor as I sought my fortune in the world. I must work long and hard to accomplish this before I can come back and stay with you again. I will come back—I will!—I want to!—but I must finish the task you set before me."

"And can I not walk alongside? Can I not help you on your way with words to strengthen you? Must you work alone?"

"But..." he faltered, trying again and failing to meet her eyes. "The task you set me... I haven't done enough—"

"Child." The fairy's voice was sad, drooping like her soft wings. "I do not demand anything from you but devotion. Your labor is precious—oh, so precious!—to me, but that is not why I sent you out into the world. You forget me in your haste to prove yourself. Didn't I love you as you were an infant on my knee, unable to do anything for yourself? Didn't I love you as you helped me clean the house, making more messes as you did so? Didn't I love you even as you stamped and screamed in disobedience? Why should my love depend on what you do now? Why must you strive to win my love, forgetting even to speak with me in your eagerness to press on?"

The weary traveler fell on his knees in the road and pressed his face against the fairy's gown, tears running down his face as he gripped the silken fabric. She smiled down at him, her eyes bright with joyous tears.

"Child. Child. I love you just the same." She laid both hands on his head. "Stop and rest and remember that."

There in the road they stood, and the shadows and haste drew away from the whiteness of the fairy and the tears of the traveler. And all was still.



Edge of Peace, Hannah Matteson
Photography

Sitting Here

Bradford P. Morgan

*I'm just sitting here
And I've got so much to say
Should I go talk to him?
Can she ever be swayed?*

*I'm just sitting here
And I've got places to look
Inside her empty eyes
Behind his broken soul.*

*I'm just sitting here
And I've got so much to do
I need to apologize
To you and you and **you**.*

*I'm just sitting here
And I've decided that's ok.
I won't get it all done,
I hope you'll love me anyway.*

Postscript - This was written to Jack and Dolley on the occasion of their 13th wedding anniversary, June 6, 2065.

Take a Moment

Joseph Langlois

*Take a moment as I paint
Filling in the little details
The ones easy to forget in the hurry
But which stick to the mind
When we can step away
And be outside of ourselves
It is that moment at a concert
Singing and dancing with the crowd
When that one song comes on
That one your friends don't know
Or that they'll tease you for loving
And you realise that you aren't allowed
As you lock eyes with a nameless face
Seeing how their eyes light up too
And you feel seen
For they love that song too
That one no one else knows.
It is that moment by a river
Up north where man is not
The water glistening as the sun rises
You can smell the pines
Hear the birds chirping
It is perfect
Then you hear that one distinct call
It rises up to fill the air
You remember that day
And how that loon made you feel
The warmth inside
The comfort in that call.
It is a moment in the classroom
While the students are hustling and bustling
Making so much noise and commotion*

*Acting a fool
But then that little one comes up to you
He shouldn't be in this class
He barely passes your shin
And you know he is behind
You didn't pay attention to him that morning
When he arrived in his snowsuit
Walking like a marshmallow
And on that day
The first of days
He undressed himself
He put his clothes away too
All on his own
And you feel so proud
Because he doesn't need you
He is growing.
It is in the unexpected
The mundane
What others will never remember
That I am called back to me
And able to give thanks.*



Ladder to the Sky, Rachel Huchthausen
Photo

July 7, 2024, Hofgarten, Innsbruck, Austria

Found: a poem of lost words

Jonathan R. Stacy

*I never could remember what it was that scared me,
Anxious as I was, I was for a long time;
Briskly unconcerned
It's partially true, too, but it isn't all true
When you're a kid everything's dawn
Too much absorbed in hating—hating the ill luck
A motionless, unwearying struggle
A life where nothing was ever unexpected. Or inconvenient
If it were just a matter of choosing the best and happiest future for
you, I'd tell you to stay home. Stay here, grow up, be happy
Your bitter memories still have time to turn into sweet ones*

Poem made with quotes from the following works:
The Outsiders - by S.E Hinton
A Journey to the Center of the Earth - by Jules Verne
Twenty-thousand Leagues Under the Sea - by Jules Verne
The Catcher in the Rye - by J. D. Salinger
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer - by Mark Twain
Around the World in Eighty Days - by Jules Verne
The Giver - by Lois Lowry
Enders's Game - by Orson Scott Card
The Three Musketeers - by Alexandre Dumas



The Pretty Little Things in Life, Disaster 2
iPhone 13 mini camera

It's good to stop once in a while to appreciate the little things God put in this world for us.

Reflections

Susannah Denham

*The sound of rushing water
Quiets my mind, soothes my soul.
Its consistency is comforting.
When I have tears to offer it washes them away and says, “be
still.”*

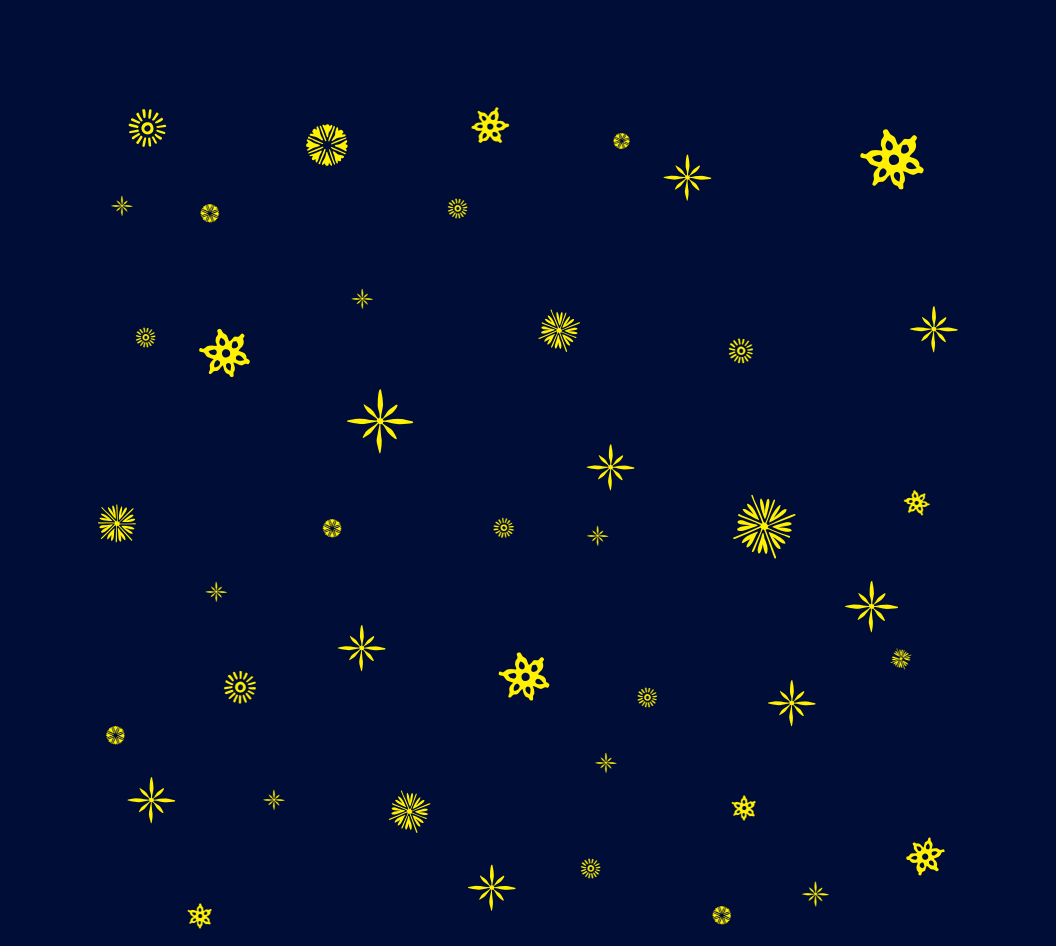
It is a good thing to live within the sound of a running brook

*A psychologist friend once told me the sound of running water
slows down neurons in the brain, helping them to connect with
their destinations more effectively.*

*What happens when the stream freezes?
When the bed looks empty as the snow piles on top of the ice?*

*Be still, listen.
It may be muffled through the layers,
But under the snow and ice you can still hear
The sound of running water.*

It is a good thing to live within the sound of a running brook.



Stargazing Helena

*Come rest your head on my shoulder
As we gaze up at the stars.
Only then we can realize just how small we are.
Our problems seem like light-years away
As we enjoy what comes after day;
As we lay in the grass,
Overthinking our past.
The stars light our way
Telling us it will all be okay*

Evening Prayer

Rachel Huchthausen

*O Lord of evening sacrifice,
Is it right for me to say,
As a sinner full of vice,
All the good I've done this day?*

*They say the smoke of evil will
From heaven's smold'ring wrath arise.
Then is it apt for me to fill
Heav'n's courts with tainted praise?*

*Would incense from my falt'ring wick
With soot pollute the breath of God;
Or blacken cornerstones and rafter pitch
Hiding both his frown or nod?*

*Yet still he says, Take up your light
Into the dark and work with me
My mighty altar is most bright
And this your ember came from me.*

The Bell Tolls

Rebecca Dailey

*The Bell tolls.
Silence follows.
It strikes again,
Another minute more.
A stillness in the wind
Plays against the doors
Of forgotten houses,
Of forgotten lore.*

The People's Story, Rachel Huchthausen
Photo

April 25, 2024, Canon Gate, Edinburgh, Scotland



Night Office

Josephine Lipscomb

*An alarm buzzes, rupturing the rhythm of night
Eyes blink in the blinding dimness, hands fumble for a light.
The world around us sleeps,*

*small creatures creep back towards their dens over frozen
ground,
under starlight and bare branches.*

*In little islands of light, in a chapel, in a bedroom, we find each
other.*

*An old woman cries out in the night for her husband who is not
here.*

*"I'm afraid," she tells me. "I think I'm going to die."
I take her hands in mine, and we sit in the silence, while on
another hilltop,
tired hands reach for a psalm book, the edges worn soft by
the years.*

Voices, still stiff with sleep, quietly begin the litany:

"O Lord, open my lips, and my mouth shall declare your praise."

*O Lord, open my lips, when I don't know what to say,
when I am weary and impatient,
when I am afraid,*

O Lord, open my lips, and my mouth shall declare your praise.

We call out to the Lord.

*We call out, with prayers held in books whose bindings fall open to
accustomed pages,*

Held in the memories of monks with creaking knees,

Held in the memories of those we have forgotten,

Held in the memories of God:

When we forget, when we feel our feet are slipping,

Your steadfast love keeps us from falling.

*Through nights of care and worry, when the dawn seems a long
way off,*

The silence of death so close at hand

Your consolation lifts us up.

The night will slip away westward, before the coming light.

*We will rise, and begin once again to work the frozen ground
that will one day be a garden.*

*The light will diminish into a smudge of color on the horizon and
night will fill the land.*

Once more, we will keep vigil

Watching

Waiting

*For the One who was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be
World without end.*

Author, Artist, & Musician Bios



Emma Dainty

I am Emma Dainty, member of the 2023 London Cohort, head editor of the Lantern, consultant at the Writing Center, amateur birder, and expert on all things Tolkien and Star Wars.

Helena

I am a sophomore.

Rachel Huchthausen

Rachel Huchthausen is a second year graduate student at the Greatbatch School of Music studying Collaborative Piano and Early Music. Having majored in English Literature and Piano Performance during her time as an undergraduate at Houghton, she loves to continue to explore connections between music, language, and meaning. Her creative works of poetry and prose are often inspired by and in conversation with works of art—music, painting, the Bible, and nature.

Josephine Lipscomb

Josephine is a senior studying math and preparing to study medicine.

Hannah Matteson

After two gap years pursuing my interest in photography, I found myself at Houghton University to study ministry. I still enjoy photography and hope to do more throughout the next few years. I am currently a sophomore studying Theology-Youth Ministry.

Jonathan R. Stacy

Your friendly neighborhood Lantern editor!

Do YOU want to submit something to the Lantern?

Whether you are a skilled writer, artist, or musician with many years of experience, or a brand new writer, artist, or musician who wants to share their work for the first time, we are delighted to see your work!

*Be on the lookout for the
March submissions email:
“Healer of Our Every Ill”*

Additionally, if you are interested in following the Lantern’s story throughout this year (and years to come), join our group on Campus Groups, visit our website hulantern.wordpress.com, or follow us on Instagram at [@h.u.lantern](https://www.instagram.com/h.u.lantern).

Also, please visit our Campfire bulletin board past Java 101 to read poetry and pin up your own. The submissions prompt will also be posted here.

Yours for lighting up the world,
The Lantern Editors

Music QR Code

Follow this QR code to visit a YouTube channel with music that has been published in previous Lantern issues. Listen and enjoy!



The Lantern; February 2025