

א לְדוֹד, מְזִמּוֹר:  
לִיהוָה, הָאָרֶץ וּמְלוֹאָהּ; תִּבְּל, וַיִּשְׁבִּי  
בָּהּ.

## The Lantern

ב כִּי-הוּא, עַל-יָמִים יִסְדָּה

וְעַל-גְּהָרוֹת, יְכוּנְנָה

## November- December 2023

ג מִי-יַעֲלֶה בְּהַר-יְהוָה; וּמִי-יָקוּם,  
בְּמָקוֹם קִדְשׁוֹ.

ד נָקִי כַפַּיִם, וּבֵר-לִבָּב:

אֲשֶׁר לֹא-נִשְׂא לְשׂוֹא נַפְשִׁי; וְלֹא נִשְׁבַּע  
לְמַרְמָה.

ה יִשְׂא בְרָכָה, מֵאֵת יְהוָה; וַצַּדִּיקָה

מֵאֱלֹהֵי יִשְׁעוֹ.

ו זֶה, דוֹר דִּרְשׁוֹ; מִבְּקֻשֵׁי פְנֵיהֶּ

יַעֲקֹב סָלָה.

ז שָׂאוּ שְׁעָרִים, רְאִישֵׁיכֶם, וְהִנֵּשְׂאוּ,  
פֶּתְחֵי עוֹלָם;

וַיְבֹאוּ, מֶלֶךְ הַכְּבוֹד.

ח שָׂאוּ שְׁעָרִים, רְאִישֵׁיכֶם, וּשְׂאוּ,  
פֶּתְחֵי עוֹלָם;

וַיְבֹאוּ, מֶלֶךְ הַכְּבוֹד.

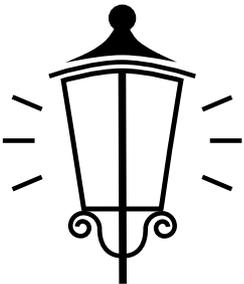
י מִי הוּא זֶה, מֶלֶךְ הַכְּבוֹד:

יְהוָה צְבָאוֹת-- הוּא מֶלֶךְ הַכְּבוֹד

סָלָה.

## *Psalm Chapter 24*

- 1. A Psalm of David. The earth is the LORD'S, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.*
- 2. For He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.*
- 3. Who shall ascend into the mountain of the LORD? and who shall stand in His holy place?*
- 4. He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not taken My name in vain, and hath not sworn deceitfully.*
- 5. He shall receive a blessing from the LORD, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.*
- 6. Such is the generation of them that seek after Him, that seek Thy face, even Jacob. Selah*
- 7. Lift up your head, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; that the King of glory may come in.*
- 8. "Who is the King of glory?" "The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle."*
- 9. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors; that the King of glory may come in.*
- 10. "Who then is the King of glory?" "The LORD of hosts; He is the King of glory." Selah*



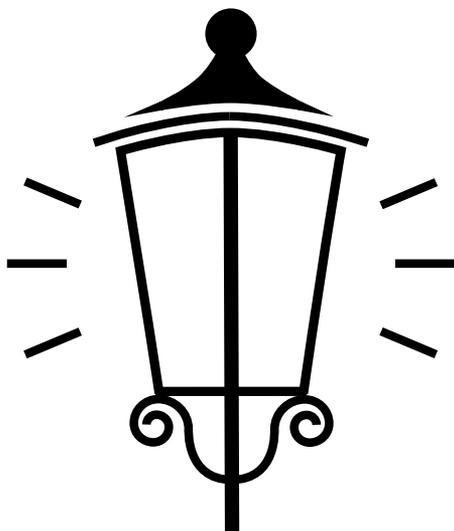
# *The Lantern*

***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.*

# *Universal Truths*

*November-December 2023*



## *Letter from the Editors*

Dear readers,

We often like to focus on what makes each of us different, which, while valuable, creates a sense of isolation and detachment. It often creates enmity as we categorize each other by which side of an issue each person supports.

In this Lantern issue we asked you to send in work that highlights what unites us, whether beauty or grief or hope or the universal love for Warm Cookie Friday in the dining hall. What is true for all of us? It is a comforting and strangely wonderful thing to see what we thought were only our struggles being held by friends or strangers beside us. These are the truths that do not stop being true when they no longer pertain to only individuals. These are Universal Truths.

Yours for lighting up the world,

The Lantern Editors,  
Emma, Catherine, Lee, Warren, Susannah, and Hannah

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# *Creative Imagination: Depletion and Re-ignition*

## *Adelaine Morgiewicz*

Imagination seems to overflow when you're younger. As the walls close in and my breath nears closer to death, I wonder if I will ever "wonder" the same way again.

Creative juices seem to slowly lose their flavor. And yet at the same time reality strikes with its own imaginative, creative ways yet practically reveals reality. And at the same time reality politely slaps me in the face and shows me the wonder that exists in life's mundane.

What's in a color that makes it so striking and that draws attention to the eyes? The harmonies of color play each morning as our eyes shift from place to place on our daily walks.

The color of a smile, the color of a blush, the color of sweet laughter, the color of a much needed cry, the color of a thoughtful thought and the color of someone falling in love for the first time.

Imagination continues, though reality changes and life continues to move beneath our feet like some fast railroad train swooshing by us unexpectedly.

Creative life continues though life may seem darker or more plain to our aging eyes.

It all continues. And even after our end another human life like ours will draw for their first time. She will take her pencil and create life from her words and actions of love. He will take his pen and write a new law, establishing further justice in a world too often defined by its sadness. They will band together and show the others that in this lovely, yet fallen world, there is a God Who

chooses to come here and meet us and save us with His sweet, sacrificial love.

The sun will continue to make its rounds and the moon will continue to shine with splendor. Until that Great day when He shall return and so shall we, made new. And I imagine with a colorful, vibrant, beautiful splash—a sparkling new collision will form new life: a new heaven, a new earth!



**Car Rides in Autumn**, Adelaine Morgiewicz  
Photo

# *A Century's Page* *Tigara Valley*

*I've lived for Centuries.*

*Everything I have ever done has brought me here.  
A thousand lives through pages bound in hardback.*

*Stories live among us, they make us who we are.  
The past is retold as they fight for justice and truth.*

*The present parallels our world today.  
The future stands unknown,  
Questioning the course we are on.  
Are we presently on the right course or  
Will the earth fall into ruin?*

*Every story holds truth and the truth I'm told  
Will set you free.  
But freedom comes with a price.  
Are you willing to pay?*

*The world around you will tell you no.  
Ignorance is bliss.*

*Thinking can be dangerous, but danger is fulfilling,  
It keeps one sharp.  
But I encourage you, I dare you to find it.  
Find the adventure, chase the truth.*

*The stories constantly wish to be found,  
To be told to the world.  
I am a story—You are a story.  
There will always be a  
Beginning, middle and end.*

*I ask you how do you fill those pages?  
After all they become forever and  
I have lived for centuries.*



## *What Girls Do* *Bonesaw*

*Every girl becomes her mother  
We spend our younger days watching her,  
Observing the set of her jaw  
And her closed up belly button piercing*

*When we are small, we wear her shoes for fun  
We feel old and ready to become mothers  
But soon she gives us a dress she no longer fits into  
And it's not fun anymore*

*It becomes painful, when you have her eyes  
It turns out she hasn't shut them in years  
She's been watching you, waiting,  
Hoping you cut and run, get the hell out of dodge*

*But you are already in the kitchen,  
Doing the dishes alone at a party  
People keep bringing you dirty plates  
And you wash them*



**Light & Color in the Dark**, Tenshi Chispa  
Digital Photography

Beauty often comes from little wonders amidst the darkness that settle on our path. We need not look for the darkness, but always search for the beauty.

# Philophantasia

## Emma Dainty

*PHILISTORIA, eldest sister   PHILA, third sister*

*PHILETHIA, second sister   PHILOKAIROS, youngest sister*

---

Philistoria:   *Here now, sisters, we meet  
again,  
who under sun and under rain  
have come to sit time after time  
to share many a long-lived rhyme  
of tales of fairy-ancient lore—  
from even years that came before  
the sun shone o'er these mortal lands  
or these streams ran through fairy hands.*

Phila:   *O dearest sisters, to see you  
brings me deep joy, alive and new.  
Let us sing songs old, beloved  
beneath these trees flower-crownéd.*

Philetheia:   *And let us always speak pure  
truth—  
for twisted words arouse great ruth,  
for thus great calamities fall.  
Truth is a sturdy bulwark tall  
surrounding stories of pleasure,  
in all tales and songs a treasure.*

Phila:   *So must we sing with kindest  
love,  
lifting our hearts to things above  
and outpouring felicity  
to those around us readily.*

Philokairos:   *Yet why, my sisters, should  
not we  
leave off tale-telling and journey  
away beneath the bird-filled trees  
and follow our wills and the breeze—  
dwelling in the world of our time,  
not lost worlds of mere retold rhyme?*

Phila:   *But I have loved these moments  
sweet*

*when thus together we three meet  
and astonish with fantasies  
each others' hearts and wild fancies.  
I would not surrender these times—  
nay, nor Philistoria's rhymes.*

Philokairos:   *Yea, I regret not our times  
here  
by the willow branches' green weir;  
nor do I grudge a single song,  
though running like this river long.  
But why not turn to other things?  
Joy more than only a tale brings.*

Philistoria:   *Oh! Precious are these tales  
we tell—  
most we alone can relate well—  
for within them jew'ls are hidden  
that spring forth when duly bidden.  
Within stories qualities lie  
of fealty and strength to die  
for dearest friends.*

Philetheia:   *Her words are true.*

Philistoria:   *And of valor—oh, listen!  
do!—  
to defy evil's grasping lies  
and its vile temptations despise.  
Our tales contain courage for life  
amid our toils, triumphs, and strife.  
Oh! tales are vigor spurring on  
those feet that tread mortal soil wan!*

Philokairos:   *But hear my words, my  
sisters three:  
why is it always thus that we,  
with our long-sight and our beauty  
and enchantment from o'er the sea,*

*must harken back to times long gone.  
Why should we not go forward on  
to newer things?*

Philistoria: *But, nay! hear on,  
for there is much to think upon  
in long-told stories proud and fair—  
nay, do not toss your golden hair.  
Much is learned, much remembered here  
in hist'ries we speak by this weir  
for good—ah! how much good they wield  
bringing forth a memory-shield  
to defend failing hearts from fear;  
rousing courage like what they hear.  
How many found heart sufficient  
to enact deeds magnificent  
from stories old recalled to mind  
that urged them to act in like kind.*

Phila: *Oh, quarrel not, my dear sisters,  
for an angry word cuts, blisters.  
It divides folk and ruins town;  
by it fortresses were thrown down.*

Philokairos: *Eldest sister, I fall silent,  
to listen now will be content,  
yet let me also weave my tales,  
for life goes on—the future hales!  
For while past tales hold great value,  
yet stories must tell onward too.*

Philistoria: *And I will listen readily  
and hold my int'rest steadily—  
yea, even relate for your ear  
stories from this our present year  
and even stories further still  
from unknown times when all things will  
be changed forever.*

Philetheia: *Listen well  
and carry on what she will tell  
for we are the keepers of song—  
We must carry each tale along  
to future ages.*

Philokairos: *I will do  
my part to hold each, old or new,  
in my word-hoard of memory.*

Phila: *Thus is found a sweet remedy*

*to end all threat of sad conflict  
and to kind, gentle words restrict  
all our speech, whether tales or not,  
that sisterhood be not forgot.*

Philetheia: *Indeed! true words!*

Philistoria: *My dearest thanks  
for hearing, heeding on the banks  
of this cool willow-shaded stream  
and crushing not my treasured dream  
of wondrous tales ever-flowing  
as this stream is seaward going.*

Phila: *Then let us hear histories grand  
of a single hero, brave band,  
or whole people from long ago  
and from the years these mortals know.  
Philistoria, eldest, wise,  
tell us wonders to widen eyes  
of passionate love, daring acts,  
defeat of evil, steadfast pacts.  
And, Philokairos, also say  
what you know of this present day.  
But from whatever time they be,  
let your stories thrill mightily.  
I long to hear of amity  
that lasts beyond eternity,  
of feelings sublime and lovely,  
of tales touching what's heavenly.  
Oh, let us first hear songs of eld  
and move to those in these days held,  
following all along the line  
of time, unfathomable vine;  
Philistoria, I would hear  
of ventures in a long-past year.  
Pray tell of that noble White Knight  
whose spirit was so clean and bright  
that a vision was vouchsafed him  
'mid blinding light to make eyes swim:  
a vessel filled with purity,  
a sip from which gives surety  
of life in far heavenly lands.  
But he grasped it not in his hands,  
deeming e'en his cleanness, beauty,  
and high ways insufficiently  
matched to its brilliant holiness,  
content to see its loveliness.*

Philetheia: *Nay, here from the truth this tale strays.*

*He was not perfect in all ways,  
nor was his soul so clean and bright  
as stories tell. No, this fair knight  
was not the purest, nor was he  
the pinnacle of gold beauty.  
His hair was fairer than was dark,  
but not fair, and there was a mark  
upon his face. His purity  
was not the reason he did see  
an object filled with holy light;  
nay, it was rather his fate's plight  
that let him see what no mortal  
has seen this side of death's portal.*

Phila: *Yet I love best how she tells it—  
ah! her moving words, clever wit!—  
making high deeds seem e'en higher,  
giving truth glorious attire.*

Philetheia: *But 'twas not how these things were seen  
in days from which these tales we glean,  
for we have seen these fairy realms,  
have seen these heroes put on helms  
to do many a long-sung deed  
that here beneath the boughs we heed,  
and none were quite so fair and bold  
as in the words our sister told.  
I fear she does exaggerate  
and on pure truth elaborate,  
tinting all with gaudy colors  
and shining up smaller valors  
and loves than truly did inspire  
heroes and ladies in straits dire.  
These tales are twisted, altered, changed,  
and from reality estranged.*

Philistoria: *It matters not if tales  
change, bend,  
for yet still heartward they will wend,  
for to melt, change the hardened heart  
is of tales' task the greatest part.  
Yet, Philetheia, keep in your  
memory true history's lore  
as it was of old before tales  
colored it as the tree-grown vales  
are misted by pale fog and made  
more enchanted than any glade*

*that lies beneath the sun.*

Philetheia: *I will  
listen to bedecked hist'ries, thrill  
to each flow'ry, enchanted word,  
be by their lyric beauty stirred,  
then tell the tales as they truly  
happened, though less fair than newly  
imagined.*

Philokairos: *So each shall her own  
song sing. But yet still is not known  
what song sweetest Phila shall sing.  
Oh, what song would you forward bring?*

Phila: *I will sing of strong sisterhood  
and resolution, wondrous good,  
of all difference and be glad  
to listen to ev'ry ballad  
you three choose to sing. Oh! joy bright!  
to sit beneath the sun's gold light,  
hear birds singing, water flowing,  
and feel the grass and trees growing.  
I shall sing for joy neath the sun  
and think of the high Only One.  
Oh sisters dear! pour forth your tales;  
love—blithe amity—never fails.*

# *A Sweet Surprise*

## *Adelaine Morgiewicz*

*Color in her eyes, and her smile a sweet surprise.  
Courage blankets him and his strength is supernatural.*

*Hope reigns on her head although all that's positive may be  
drowned.*

*Goodness surrounds him despite evil forces that may persist in the  
waves.*

*A faith renewed; she is lifted up even though she feels stuck.  
Holding fast, he carries his banner high and declares to all who  
see the declaration of His Majesty.*

*They spread forth their wings and with each stride they carry  
persistence  
Perseverance shelters the brokenhearted and Joy uplifts the  
sorrowful.*

*A sad face produces gladness, for he who looks back to the  
Steadfast one meets Joy, even in the most difficult times.*

*A friendly face peers around the corner.  
Though day after day they go by unnoticed, by others, even their  
friends.*

*Though He Who notices peers with them and laughs with them in  
the corner as they visit their friends for a sweet surprise.*

*A gift received well is a gift received with sweet gladness.  
And while life may be bitter, still we find there are sweet surprises.*

**Angels Running**, Adelaine Morgiewicz

Photo



*Heaven*  
*Emma Dainty*

*There is a Heaven that rises high  
Above our mere heaven in the sky,  
For this Heaven came to earth  
In a lowly human birth.*

# *Meditation on Ecclesiastes*

## *Alexa Williams*

*the sun rises and the sun sets  
don't we?  
the day dawns and the day ends  
don't we?*

*meaningless, meaningless,  
the preacher says,  
but i've got to believe there's more to it than this.*

*all these  
wakings and sleepings,  
long days,  
laughter, tears,  
work and play,  
rest.  
planting seeds, weeding weeds,  
harvest come autumn.  
traveling, and returning home,  
marriages and birthdays.  
getting sick,  
breaking bones,  
mourning lost ones,  
and healing.  
times of war, and times of peace,  
hellos and goodbyes,  
beginnings, endings.*

*there's a season for everything,  
but where's the meaning in my seasons?*

*i'm watching the sun's rhythm of rising and setting,  
and i'm waiting for the world to stop turning*

*so i can breathe for a second.*

*there's a time to be born, and a time to die.*

*what about the time in between?*

*i'm waiting*

*in between moments,*

*in between events.*

*in between.*

*where does the in-between fit in?*

*the sun rises, and the sun sets,*

*but the sun hangs in the sky an awful long time,*

*and some nights it seems as though it will never be light.*

*some nights, some days, it's just waiting.*

*that's where i am right now:*

*in between, waiting.*

*maybe i'll stop and watch the sun hang in the sky for a moment.*

*maybe it's okay to wait in this in-between place.*

*someday i'll make sense of my seasons.*

*it doesn't need to be today.*

*the sun will set, and the sun will rise,*

*i'll figure it out slowly.*

*in the meantime, i'll wait.*

# *A Moment*

## *Vincent Zeit*

*When a moment passes  
Only so many blink an eye;  
Even fewer notice as the infinite leaks by.*

*The clock does not do time justice,  
For it relies on time solely to work.  
And cannot capture what time is.  
A thermometer cannot capture the essence of heat.*



**Holding Loosely**, Tenshi Chispa  
Digital Photography

We hold it tightly, yet it melts. We hold loosely, the snow freezes in the season to come.

# Ἐγώ εἰμι

## Susannah Denham

*“I am the Truth”*

*“What is truth?”*

*Did Pilate wait for an answer?*

*Did Pilate want an answer?*

*Would Pilate believe the answer?*

*“I am the Truth”*

*“What is truth?”*

*Do I wait for an answer?*

*Do I want an answer?*

*Would I believe the answer?*

*“I am the Truth”*

*It's easy enough to quote scripture.*

*When someone asks, “what does that mean in actual life?”*

*Do I have an answer?*

*“I am the Truth”*

*Is it too personal to share?*

*Too complex to express?*

*Too deep to understand?*

*“I am the Truth”*

*Is that all I need to know?*



# *ba-aḥarit ha yamim*

## *Susannah Denham*

*Perhaps the end of days is only the beginning of days.  
But probably it doesn't matter if you know both the Beginning and  
the End.*

In Dr. Walton's Old Testament Theology class, we learned about a Hebrew phrase often used in eschatological passages. Ba-aḥarit ha yamim is often translated rather vaguely to "in the last days," "at the end of days," "in the days to come," etc. I sat in class and thought about whether the translation difference mattered, since we can know Someone outside of the days.



# *Riddle of the Turning*

## *Emma Dainty*

*Oh! you turn and turn and turn and then  
Regain your balance and turn again,  
But every week a week goes by.  
Is it in a circle time does fly?*

*Oh! you turn and turn and turn again.  
Will you thus always turn until when  
Time uncurves into a straightened line  
And you can know this riddle of Mine?*

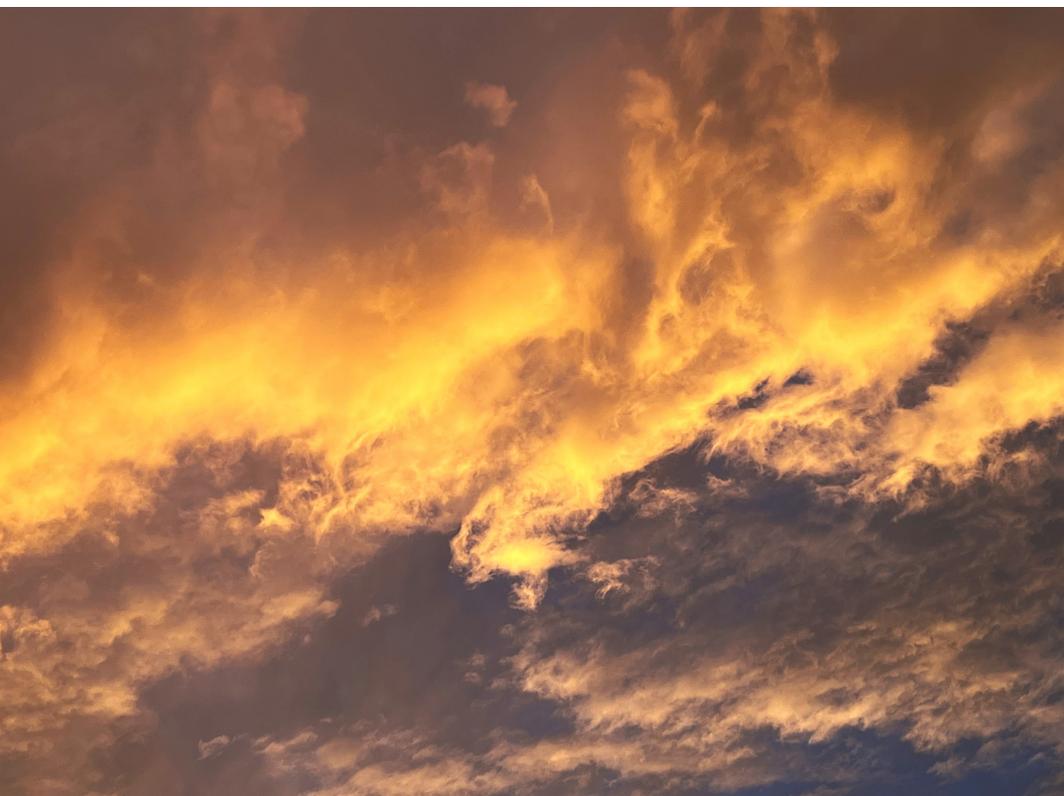
*Oh! you turn and turn and turn again.  
Child, do you really find hope therein?  
Will you step out of your circular time  
And into My Timelessness trustingly climb?*



# *Smoke*

## *Amanda Brood*

*Broke  
I see smoke  
In distress  
Such a mess  
I can feel my fear  
Weave into me like a needle  
As I can hear  
The nearing of the people  
I'm walking backwards  
Grasping for control  
Trying to counter  
Falling into the black hole  
Deep, deep it goes  
How far, no one knows  
Only one person went down  
And no one came back out  
It's been twenty years  
My end is near  
Is it fictional?  
That'd be criminal  
But I'm broke  
And all I see is smoke*



**Orange Skies**, Adelaine Morgiewicz  
Photo

# *The Edge*

## *Amanda Brood*

*Leaves fall  
As I walk along  
The edge  
Of the small pond  
I look back  
Into my past  
to cherish all that's long gone  
November stars  
Keep me awake long past dark  
The edge  
Of the night  
Cuts me awake like a knife  
As the sunrise creeps  
And kisses my cheeks  
I think of the small pond  
And wonder how long I've been gone  
2 weeks?  
2 years?  
Now I see  
The reason for thy tears  
Going back to the edge  
Is how it will all end*

# *The Present Is Built on Memories*

## *Tigara Valley*

*I've never understood the world.  
Never understood the people within it.  
Complex little creatures we are.  
But we are capable of great things,  
Most especially with God.*

*He knows what we are capable of.  
Our struggles, our victories.  
The world he has given us is a gift,  
One we must cherish.*

*Yet with complexity come free will,  
Which often calls about a peculiar sense of self.  
That's not a bad thing.  
However we must also pickup on the sense  
Of others and the world.*

*Someday we'll look back and  
Remember all of the good memories we have created.  
While the new generations follow along to  
Breathe life into that which is hidden away.*

*So let us come together, bring joy and peace to a world,  
Sometimes of darkness, sometimes of light.  
Our strength is in numbers, never apart.  
Perhaps then we can understand the world.*

# It's Universally True that this is Terrible

Susannah Denham

♩ = 40 **Swing**      ♩ = 40 **Grave**      ♩ = 80 **Grave**      ♩ = 80

*p*      *p*      *pf*      *pf*

*ff* ————— *sfz*

Piano(s)



## Music QR Code

Since print alone cannot do music justice, we have set up a YouTube channel so that you can listen to musical pieces submitted to the *Lantern*. Just follow this QR code. Listen and enjoy!



# *Author, Artist, & Musician Bios*



## *Emma Dainty*

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

## *Adelaine Morgiewicz*

Hello! My name is Adelaine Morgiewicz, and I am a Senior at Houghton majoring in Theology and minoring in Bible and in Art. I like getting involved with different kinds of activities on campus, and I especially enjoy being a part of The Lantern. Writing creatively provides me with an outlet to reflect on the good things in life and also the not so good things. In short writings, like poetry or creative pieces, as well as in art, I aim to showcase what it is like to wonder, be curious, and struggle with the hard questions we must ask ourselves as well as to showcase this wonder as a gift from God, The Most Wonderful. There is nothing too hard for God to handle and no matter where we are He keeps reaching out to us, covering us with His bright Love.

# *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 first  
submissions email this coming  
Spring 2024 semester!*

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](http://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



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