

א לְדוֹד, מְזִמּוֹר:
לִיהוָה, הָאֶרֶץ וּמְלוֹאָהָ; תִּבְלֵ, וַיִּשְׁבִּי
בָּהּ.

The Lantern

ב כִּי-הוּא, עַל-יָמִים יִסְדָּה

וְעַל-גְּהָרוֹת, יְכוֹנְנָהּ.

November- December 2023

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

ד נָקִי כַפַּיִם, וּבֵר-לֵבָב:
אֲשֶׁר לֹא-נָשָׂא לִשְׂוֹא נַפְשִׁי; וְלֹא נִשְׁבַּע
לְמַרְמָה.

ה יִשָּׂא בִרְכָּה, מֵאֵת יְהוָה; וַיִּצְדָּקָה
מֵאֱלֹהֵי יִשְׁעוֹ.

ו זֶה, דוֹר דֹּרְשׁוֹ; מִבְּקָשֵׁי פָנָיָהּ
יַעֲקֹב סָלָה.

ז שָׂאוּ שְׁעָרִים, רְאִישֵׁיכֶם, וְהִנָּשְׂאוּ,
פֶּתְחֵי עוֹלָם;

וַיָּבֹאוּ, מֶלֶךְ הַכְּבוֹד.

ח שָׂאוּ שְׁעָרִים, רְאִישֵׁיכֶם, וּשְׂאוּ,
פֶּתְחֵי עוֹלָם;

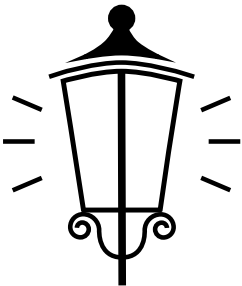
וַיָּבֹאוּ, מֶלֶךְ הַכְּבוֹד.

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 moutain 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 recieve 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*



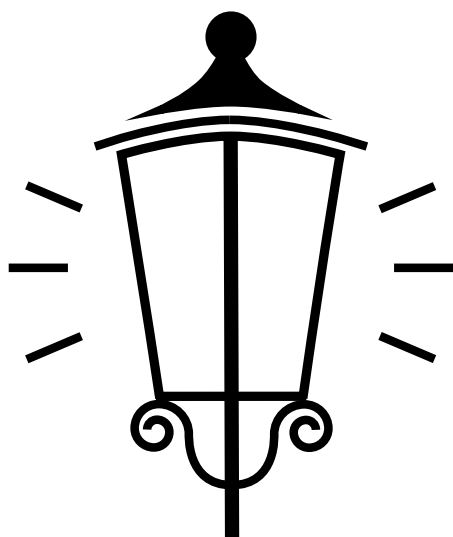
The Lantern

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-crowned.*

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.*

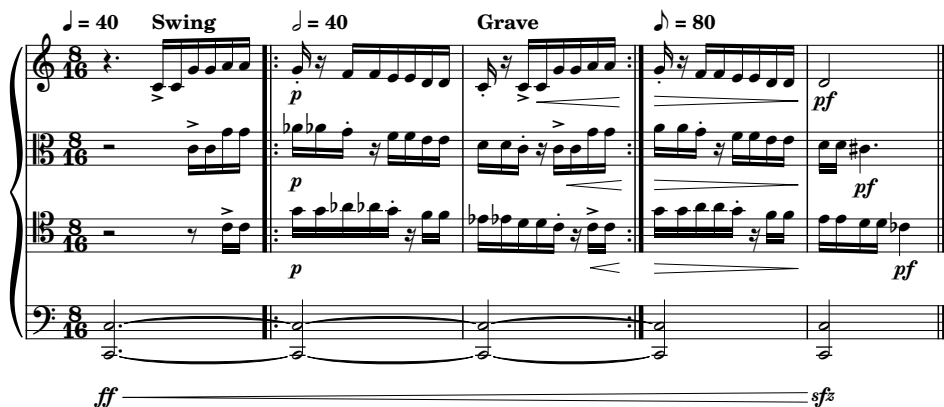
*Someday we'll look back and
Remember all of the good memories we have created.
While the new generations follow along to
Breathe life into that which is hidden away.*

*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



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, 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



The Lantern; November-December 2023