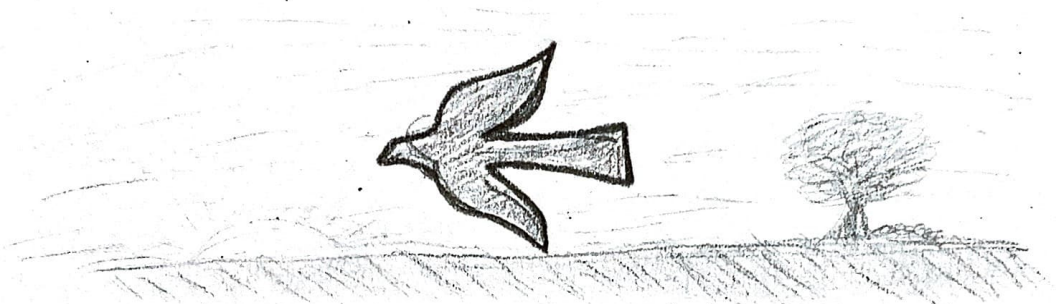


Flights of Fantasy and Faith



Senior Spotlight: Emma Dainty
Spring 2026



Front Cover:

The Windhover

The Lantern Mad Libs Poem

1. A noun: _____
2. A noun rhyming with “I”: _____
3. A noun that describes a feeling: _____
4. A verb: _____
5. An “-ing” verb: _____
6. A noun: _____
7. An adverb: _____
8. A present tense verb rhyming with “wide”: _____
9. A noun (plural): _____
10. An adjective: _____
11. An animal (plural): _____
12. A noun rhyming with “light”: _____

Opposite:

**Feral Pigeons, Thames, Gate-to-Gate Boat Dock,
April 12, 2023**

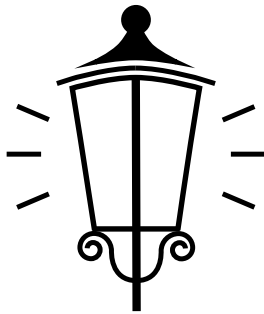
Next Page:

Blue-and-yellow Macaw, Shiripuno, May 21, 2024



Flights of Fantasy and Faith

Senior Spotlight
Emma Dainty



Spring 2026

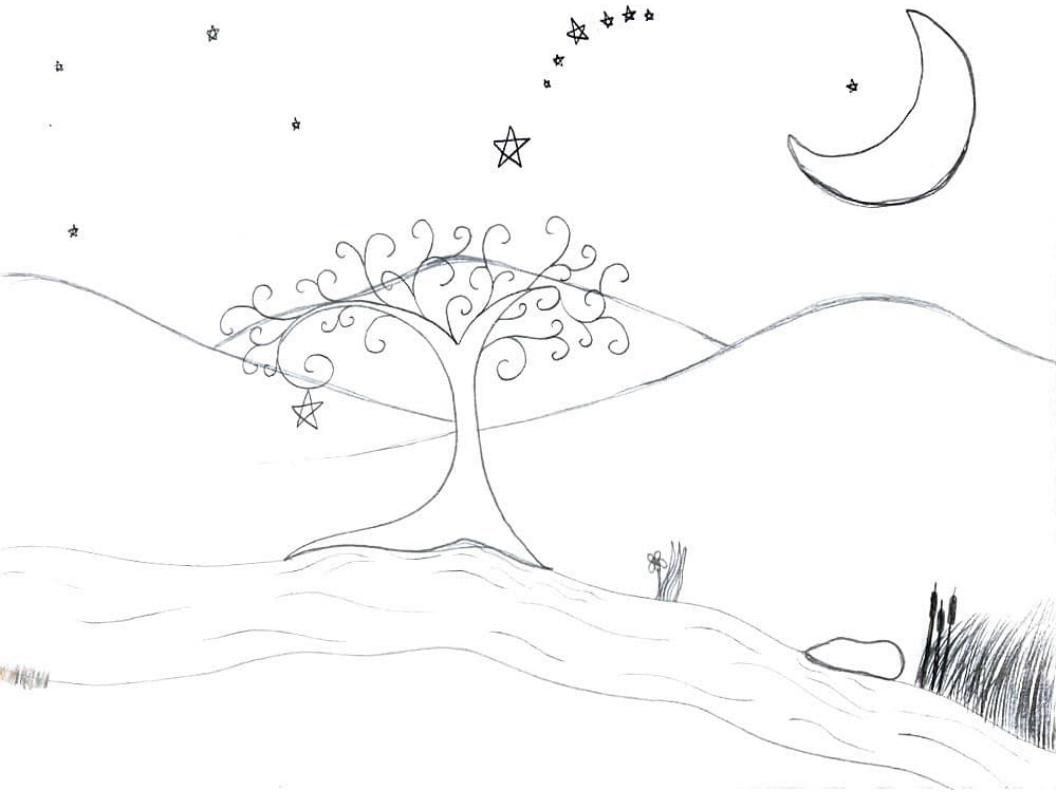
Story-Seeker

*I am the Story-Seeker. I look
for stories beyond the shelf-troved book—
though I seek them also, to read and
write and bring me to a bright new land.
There is a story in my life—I
want to delve it deeper than the sky
lofts its blue vault toward Heaven's dome.
Though here I live, there is a far home
where my story comes to its last end.
But for now among more does it wend,
weaving through them and changing their course—
oh! I want to find all stories' Source!
But I am barred from it by time's Sea
which stretches long between it and me.
Yet sometimes on an eloquent day
a beam of light from its shore does stray,
and I capture like the frailest mist
what my senses ever strain to list:
the essence of that Greatest Story
of interwoven threads of glory.*



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The Naiad's Willow

A Song of Water

The sun was warm on Noel's arms and the back of his neck. It teased copper glints out of his brown hair and made him squint his blue eyes. Behind his house were miles and miles of uninhabited country: fields, woods, and running water. Aside from his desk at the front of the small county library, these woods and fields were Noel's favorite place to be. Here his ways were unbounded, and he felt free. Here in the wideness of nature he sometimes felt hints of awe that relieved his innermost soul's longing for something greater and higher, a longing to feel—in its fullness—the sublimity of beauty, the perfection of wonder, a glimpse of heaven.

The river was his favorite place to wander. It had many streams that met to mingle in the larger rushing flow. He had wandered up many of the small rivulets, finding the sources for many of their waters, but even within the decade he had lived there, he had yet to exhaust the mysteries of the surrounding country.

He was walking home now. The warm sun sank toward the faraway, white-tipped mountains. At the bend in the river where he must turn aside and walk the little distance to his home, he stopped and stared away at the jutting white shapes. The sun rested right on the tallest peak, its beams lancing out all the brighter from the snowy point. For a moment, he stood transfixed, his heart swelling with the lovely grandeur of the scene. Then the sun sank still further, and the corona vanished, leaving the mountain-top dim in the faded light. Noel sighed and made his way tiredly back to his home.

When he opened the door, his abandoned phone was ringing. Noel sighed, closed the door behind him, and trudged across to the side-table, unwillingly answering the imperious demand.

"Hi, Noel? You available to pick up a library shift day after tomorrow? I know you don't work Saturdays, but Bart's calling in leave. Says he wants to see his folks; it's been a while. I can give you Friday off to make up for it. How've you been?"

"I can be there" was Noel's only answer.

He stood quietly while the person on the other end rattled on and asked questions, until at last, seeming bored with Noel's

silence, the caller exclaimed, “You really don’t talk much, do you?”

“I talk when there is need.” Noel’s voice was quiet, neither accusatory nor offended.

After a few more minutes of speech on the caller’s part and silence on Noel’s, the call ended. Noel sighed with relief and opened the window to let in the quiet murmur of the evening, voices without words of birds and insects, wind and faintly running water.



Noel breathed deeply of air scented with pine needles, damp earth, and wood. Today he was hiking up a newfound little creek, which trickled over and around smooth stones, flashing from time to time in the sunlight. His forelock dampened with sweat, he clambered over a tumble of rocks, pushed his way through a stand of brush, and stepped out onto an open bank. The leafy undergrowth gave way to a small sandy space scattered with stones. A willow tree stood on the far side, its long viny branches dangling into the water.

Noel sat down at once and removed his hiking boots and socks, digging his bare toes into the sand and leaning back on his hands to gaze up into the blue sky. He closed his eyes against the brightness and concentrated on the sounds around him: the ever-murmuring flow of the stream, the brief *aink-aink ainke-aink* of a nuthatch, the sudden



twitter of a chickadee, the chur of an agitated squirrel, the fluty rasp of a blue jay.

An unexpected splash and thrum of stroked strings made him open his eyes and stare across the stream. A beautiful maiden sat upon a rock. The golden strings of her harp still vibrated from her fingers' touch. Noel stared at her in wonder, not surprised, but gazing appreciatively at her—admiring her as a new beautiful thing just as he had admired the sunny day and singing birds as familiar beautiful things. She regarded him steadily, her silver-green eyes fathomless—not fearful, not innocent, not frightening, but all at once. They were eyes that held hundreds of years' wisdom.

She stroked the golden strings again, and the air vibrated with the golden sound. Then she began to sing along with the harp. Her voice lifted and fell like the lapping water, flowing softly on and on as if it could never end. The sun filtered through the willow's branches, turning her silver hair whitish-gold and making translucent green from the willow leaves shimmer over her lithe form.

Noel closed his eyes again and listened, drinking in the fluid sound, which satisfied the longing of his soul more than the birds' songs or even the sun touching the mountain.



“Excuse me... Mr. Harris?” A man stood at the library desk, a pile of books in one arm.

“Sorry?” Noel looked up from the old cloth-bound book he was reading. “Ah.” He carefully put his book aside and rose to take the proffered pile.

As Noel began scanning out the books, the man leaned over the desk, craning his head sideways to read Noel's opened book. “There were besides them the Naiads, who presided over brooks and fountains, the Oreads, nymphs of mountains and grottos, and the Nereids, sea-nymphs.” He laughed. “That's quite a mouthful you've got there.”

Noel handed back the books and said serenely, “Just doing some research.”

“Darned strange research.” The man shook his head, dark eyebrows raised skeptically.

“Everyone has their niche.” Noel sat down and drew his book toward him.

“And librarians have the strangest ones.”

“Good day.” Noel nodded politely and began reading.



Noel stood at the window of his living room, still dressed in his library clothes. The sparkling clear night beckoned to him, its velvety beauty soothing his soul. He sighed and sat down in the armchair by the window, picking up a book. He read a few sentences before throwing down the book in restless impatience. Rising again, he stared out the window.

“C. S. Lewis was right,” he murmured. “An unsatisfied desire which is itself more desirable than any other satisfaction.’ Joy.”

He changed into walking clothes, donned his hiking boots, and stepped outside. The fresh summer air welcomed him like a soft cloak. Noel smiled and set off with a light step.



The horned moon glimmered softly in the sky, complimenting the stars’ diamond light instead of drowning them. The starlight flickered along the rippled water like dewy drops of silver, while the willow’s long tendrils fell to the stream’s surface like waving tresses that the current pulled and played with.

Then someone started singing. The melody was soft and melancholy, clear, smooth, unbroken. It lingered on low, longing notes until it soared upward to the very stars on a high note as pure as an angel’s soprano.

She sat upon a gray stone turned pearly by the moonlight. Her silver hair fell to the water’s edge, where the current toyed with it as it did with the willow’s leafy hair. Her upturned face was pale, glowing with joy in the starlight and her song, her gray-green eyes sparkling like the stars themselves.

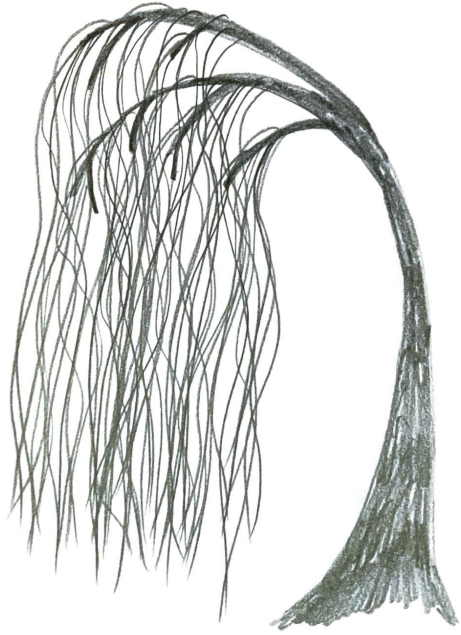
Noel sat on the far bank, his blue eyes resting on her alight face. The liquid music filled his soul and satisfied his longing deeper than word or thought. *It is the music of heaven, he thought. I am truly hearing the voice of an angel on earth. It is altogether pure and holy and joyful.*

She turned her eyes back down from the stars and looked across the water at him, a gentle smile curving her lips. He smiled back, his eyes brimming with the sublimity of the moment. She drew her golden harp close and began plucking it with slender fingers. The bell-like notes accompanied her voice like droplets of

water falling from the willow's branches. It was a song of flowing water and flowing time, of starlight and liquid melody.

The night was calm and serene, filled to the stars with music.

Then, slowly, the music grew quieter until it faltered and stilled to a stop. The maiden's fingers dropped from the harp strings, and she drooped her head. Noel peered into her face. One delicate gem of a tear trembled in her starry eye before falling over the edge and dropping into the running stream. Noel stretched out an arm to soothe her, just as he might comfort a sad child or grieving friend. She gave a small cry and dived out of his reach, disappearing within the water's flow. Although the stream was small enough for Noel to reach across, it received her like a deep lake. With a flash of silvery hair and silvery water, she was gone.



The warm sun caressed the green trees. Noel walked softly along the stream, a cattail in one hand. A red-winged blackbird proclaimed his presence with a confident *conk-er-eee!* When Noel reached the sandy bank, he hesitated, drawn to the spot, but unsure of the propriety of being there. At last, he removed his hiking boots and socks and sat cross-legged on the ground at the water's edge. He toyed with the soft plant for a time before putting the cattail down and bending over the water.

"I ask your pardon," he whispered to the silky water. "I did not mean to frighten you. I wish not to touch you; I merely wanted to help. Through your music, you have satisfied a longing I have always borne; I thank you."

With a small surge of water, the naiad's face rose before him. She looked up at him, her silvery hair wet against her

forehead while the rest waved like a delicate sea plant in the water.

“I know you meant no harm and mean no harm,” she said. Her voice was clear and silvery like water droplets sliding down a dewy blade of grass. She was silent for a moment before continuing quietly, “I was frightened by new feelings I have never known.” She looked up at him, her long lashes beaded with water. “What is this strange new feeling in my breast?”

“Is it love?” he asked. There was no ardor in his query; he merely asked as a person might ask who is offering suggestions to a difficult question.

“How can I tell?” she replied. “I have lived many hundreds of years alone and know not what this thing is. Do you know what it is?”

“I have never felt it,” he replied. “I have only read what the poets say about it. I think I could someday learn to feel it, but for now my heart yearns more for the sound of heaven than a woman’s touch.”

She shivered, the water rippling out from her shoulders. “A mortal’s touch is death to me,” she said softly. “It dooms me to mortality.”

“I wish not to touch,” he assured her, “and I beg your pardon for my motion last night. I saw your tears and wished to lift the heaviness from your soul as your music relieves my own.”

“I believe you,” she answered.

After a moment of silence, she lifted herself onto the bank near Noel, throwing her wet hair back from her face to tumble in a waterfall down her back and into the flowing stream. “My name is Lassarena.”

“And mine is Noel.”

She tilted her head back and held his gaze. “What do you seek?”

Noel’s eyes moved across the water to the hills that bundled together until they gave way to the white-tipped mountains. He stared at the pale peaks for a long time without answering.

At length, he turned back to her and spoke slowly and steadily, holding her gaze the entire time. “I cannot give what I am searching for a name. All my life I have longed for an ideal—a beauty I could not find anywhere—the sublimity of heaven. I sought it in the words of the poets and found it not there. I sought

it in the sound of choirs and found it not there. I sought it in the grandeur of nature and almost found it, but still something eluded my grasp. Then I heard your voice and something in my heart was satisfied. I found the glimpse of heaven I sought, and now all I seek is to hear your voice again and to again glimpse the perfection of beauty in music like the angels’.”

Lassarena stared into the rippling water, the reflected glints of sunlight flickering in her eyes. They sat by the water in silence. The sun dipped toward the mountains until it rested upon the topmost peak, shedding its rays in long intangible beams. Closing her eyes, Lassarena began singing softly, a mournful tune filled with longing, soothing as a lullaby. Tears trickled from under her closed eyelids. She clasped her hands to her bosom as if holding a heavy pain there.

Noel closed his eyes and rested in the melody, yet for the first time his heart was stirred by a new longing even as hers was.



The next time Noel followed the creek it was cloudy. The sky was a dull gray ceiling that hung low over his head, threatening rain. It had rained all the previous day and that night, so water clung to every branch and leaf. The sound of dripping greenery accompanied the rushing stream. Mud clung to Noel’s boots as he slipped on rocks and pushed his way through wet brambles.

When he reached the smooth bank, Noel felt strangely tired. Wearily, he sank to the pebbly sand, unmindful of the dampness, and sat there, his head lolled on his knees.

There was a ripple of water, and Lassarena appeared before him, her arms resting on the bank while the rest of her willowy form remained unseen in the water’s embrace.

“You look sad.” Her starry eyes were filled with pity. A mournful smile tugged at her lips.

“Sing to me.” He looked at her, an unfamiliar pain binding his heart, yet somehow it was also the pain that had always been there—a feeling wrapped up in his longing for the beautifully sublime.

Lassarena lifted her eyes to the oppressive heavens and loosed a song that pattered up and down the scale, using the highest notes to fullest advantage. As she sang, the sky loosed its tears, sending a gentle fall of rain. Lassarena’s eyes shone brighter and brighter until they were like two watery diamonds in the

wetness.

Then Noel's tears were loosed, and he wept, his tears mingling with the rain that dripped down his face and melding with the flowing stream.

Lassarena ceased singing and looked at him as he cried. "Do you now know what love is?"

"It is pain, yet it is wonder. It is not what I sought, yet it is more compelling than even my previous longing." Noel lifted his head.

She stretched out an arm toward him, but he shifted back. "No, no. Remember, my touch is death."

"I no longer fear death," she answered. "I am no longer afraid, and I begin to understand..."

He shook his head. "No, I cannot harm you."

"The harm will be healed, and it is my choice. If you are willing."

Noel's breath hitched in a sob. "But the wonder. The mystery. It shall be all lost... lost..." His words trailed away like a dying trickle of water.

"But not forever, surely?" Lassarena held out her hand, inviting, yet willing to withdraw. "Yet, in such a matter it is not just one's choice; it is both. What is your choice?"

Tentatively, his hand trembling, Noel reached toward her hand and hesitated, his fingers wavering between them. She did not look at his hand but held his blue eyes with her sea-gray ones. Their fingers met and the choice was made.



Thus ends the tale. Yet no tale comes to an end, for tales flow on like water, even if you must cease following them. You ask whether this tale is true? I cannot say. A tale must be believed by the hearer. The teller cannot make that choice—for she already believes the tale she tells. My father says my voice is liquid and lovely as flowing water, almost as my mother's once was. You do not believe me? Well, then listen and judge for yourself.

*The stars are silver glist'ning
And the moonlight gently glimm'ring
On riffled waters list'ning,
Its small ripples pearly shimm'ring
In the slowly slipping time.*

*So time goes onward flowing
(Running music ever lilting),
Long downstream ever going
(As iris is blooming, wilting),
Far down the long stream of rhyme.*

*But yet my heart is longing,
Midst my dreaming and my singing,
And unknown thoughts are thronging,
Through my mind so strangely ringing
Like a gently beck'ning chime.*

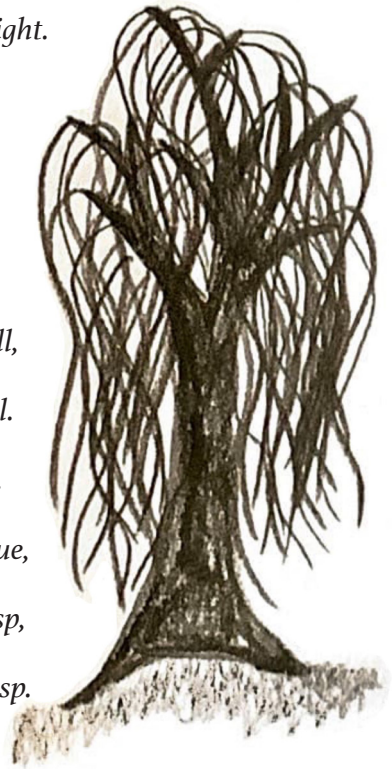


Fantasy: Poems of Dream and Longing

Fantasy

As one day I wandered alone,
 I saw it rise in upper air:
A rainbow of celestial stone
 Spanned high above the trees' green hair.
On its arch sat glowing city
 Wherein dwelt folk both fair and bright.
They looked on me with sweet pity,
 Their eyes with gladness all alight.
Aerial gold by silver beach,
 Vision of ethereal light.
Its beauty I essayed to reach;
 It fled away from mortal sight.
The magic realm of fantasy,
Escaping thus, eluded me.

In vain I yearned to walk its street,
 To mount its shining towers tall,
To smell radiant flowers sweet,
 To pass beyond the crystal wall.
Often after I gazed on high
 This fairy realm again to view.
At whiles in the clear blue sky
 Lingered a glimpse of golden hue,
And sometimes to my great delight,
 From dainty fingers' gentle clasp,
A boon would fall from lofty height
 And come within my eager grasp.
But magic realm of fantasy:
It ever slipped away from me.



Often in closeness of the night,
 Faintly in some heavenly dream,
This fair wonder before my sight
 Again will pass, a sudden gleam.
For a brief time gay and airy,
 Among substance gossamer fine,
I will dwell in kingdom fairy
 And its bright treasures will be mine.
Always I long and dream of this,
 Though oft in life wonders meeting:
To stand within this realm of bliss
 And touch—hold—what is so fleeting.
O magic realm of fantasy!
O, why thus do you flee from me?

Fairy Ring

Fairies dancing on the hill.
Oh! that I could see them still.
Lacy-winged and starry-crowned
Upon the Queen's fairy mound.
Day or night they still shine bright
In the eye of my mind's sight.

There they dance in fairy ring,
And in joy they gayly sing.
Ev'ry soft and rosy morn
A new fairy ring is born.
Day or night they still shine bright
In the eye of my mind's sight.

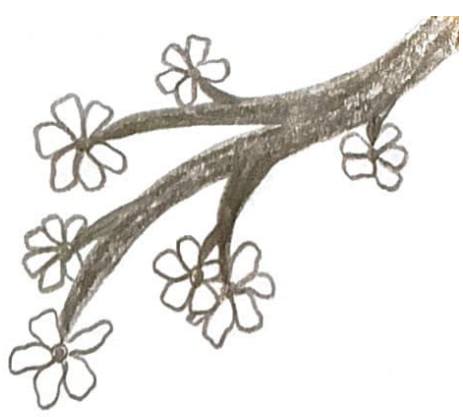
Round and white, there it glimmers,
Conjuring fairy shimmers,
The ring burned onto my heart
At fay night's end and day's start.
Day or night they still shine bright
In the eye of my mind's sight.

At Work

*I long to dwell in realms of fairy
Where grass is green and blue is sky,
But in far lands I needs must tarry,
Asking the endless question why.*

*My yearning aches with every breath—
At such times I wish to die,
For it may be release of death
Leads on to that crystal sky.*

*But, no, it shall always be out of reach,
This touchless realm of fancy's sight.
Oh, you fairy town and you shining beach,
Will no one pity my fay plight?*



The Aim of Poetry

*Oh! To pluck words from the sky
in intricate knots to tie
them before releasing each
as a butterfly to reach
the highest realms of fairy.*

*To grasp the rainbow with hands
trembling to touch colored bands
of ephemeral beauty
and with devoted duty
ascend to realms of fairy.*

Paradiso

*My desire lies beyond the farthest star.
O! let my seeking soul journey so far
That this circle of earth is left behind
And enlightened are the eyes of my mind.
Lead me to spinning planets shining bright;
Engulf me, o'erwhelm me with holy light!*

Land of Eloquence

*See beyond the world's bright rim;
Pierce the cloudy gray veil dim,
For yonder is all you seek—
Of dreams the loftiest peak:
Beyond insufficient word,
More than wonders you have heard,
Where fulfilled is dreaming heart
And perfected is tongue's art,
Where words come to fullest life
Attained without toilsome strife.
Here songs run in steady streams
And ever bloom flow'ring dreams.
If you reach this distant shore,
You shall long for peace no more,
For here tongue and pen are whole;
Crystalized are thoughts of soul.
No trials, stumbles, breaks of speech:
Complete eloquence in reach.
I want this language fluent,
Winging words so swiftly sent,
Instead of thoughts I can't grasp
And in limning clearly hasp.*

Across the Mountains, Across the Sea

*Across the mountains, across the Sea:
O, hear then sing one back to me.
My heart, my mind, my wish, my song;
An ardent hope, a journey long.
O Blesséd Lands beyond the Sea
Where love is pure and life is free.*

Rondel: Eloquence

*I looked across the silver Sea
And saw on shining sands a light,
Which came beaming so pearly white
That almost hidden was the tree.*

*Those golden leaves radiantly
Shone and gave me a fairy's sight;
I looked across the silver Sea
And saw on shining sands a light.*

*That tree's eloquent quality
Spurred on my sighing pen to write,
That I might not forget the sight
Of perfect, pure sublimity—
I looked across the silver Sea,
But lo! the gleam was lost from sight.*

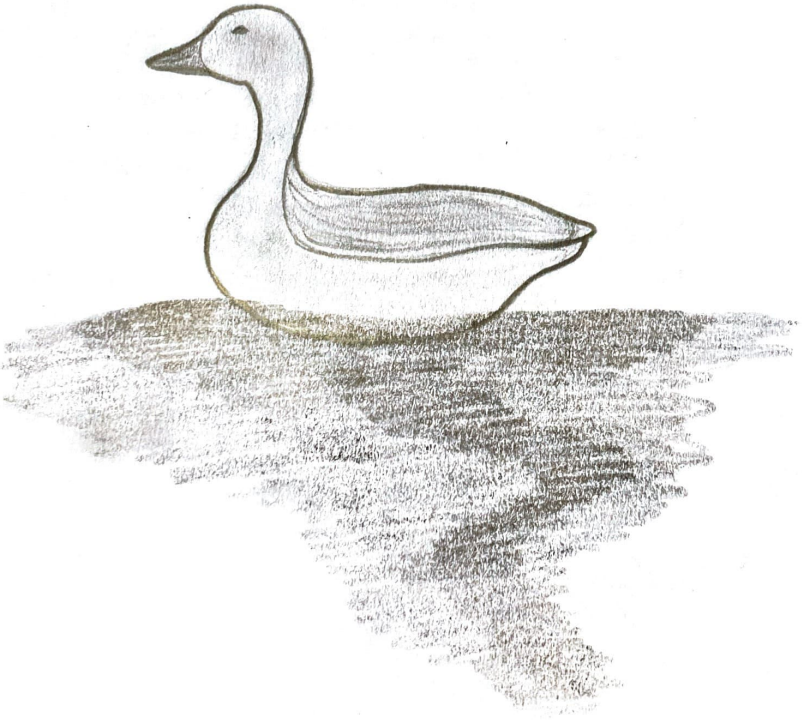
Into the West

*Across the Sea a white shore lies:
A shining silver land,
A sight of peace before my eyes;
Release your clinging hand.*

*I heed the white gull's keening cry,
See the radiant star.
Many have gone before, and I
Also must travel far.*

*I long to depart for the West—
Here heavy shadows fall.
I wish to find the shore of rest
And leave my burdens all.*

*Weep not, O my beloved friend;
Despairing do not be.
For we have not yet reached the end,
Shall meet across the Sea.*



Then Jesus Gather Us In

Lyrics by Emma Dainty

Music by Marty Haugen

D A C G Gm/B \flat Dm

1. I am a-lone, an out-cast and em-pty, stand-ing be-side this
 2. I am a-fraid; the storm winds are blow-ing, tear-ing the clothes of
 3. I am help-less, my life wrapped in dark-ness; blind on this road, oh,

4 C G D A C G

well at mid-day. Oh, how I wish some one could con-sole me,
 all of my friends. What lies a-head and where are we go-ing?
 I can-not see. Will no one pi-ty my poor life's stark-ness?

7 Gm/B \flat Dm C Am7 D C/D Gm/D D A C/G

but I have not ev-en pow-er to pray. Then Je-sus gave me
 Is this where each of our stor-ies now ends? Then Je-sus came and
 Will no one no-tice and care a-bout me? Then Je-sus came; I

12 D/F# G A A C/G D/F# G A

His liv-ing wa-ter, tell-ing me it would ne-ver run dry.
 called me to meet Him; He clasped my hand when I would have drowned.
 heard Him a-proach-ing, So I cried out with all of my might.

15 D A C G Gm/B \flat Dm

He treat-ed me like His dear-est daugh-ter; my thir-sty heart then re-cie-
 Oh, what a joy to once a-gain greet Him; when I'm with Him I am
 He heed-ed me, not the crowd's re-proach-ing; there on that road did He

18 C Am7 D C/D Gm/D D

-ved its re-ply.
 on so-lid ground.
 give me my sight.

Searching for God: Poems of Faith and Waiting

Writing: The Pathway to God

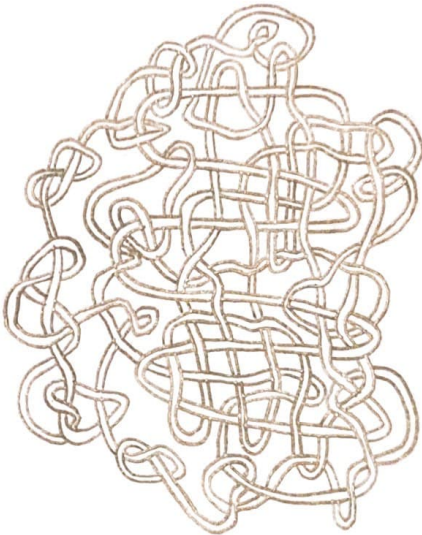
*I write my feet along that path to God,
But wither does this road lead? I am blind
So often on that way. Lord, bring Your rod
To goad me on and hem me in behind—
Force my frail hand to write on (such holy
Truth as only could come from Your Own thought)
And, like some lamb who has left the weary
Path, bring me chastened back. For You have taught
My feeble pen as it skittered across
That blank, consuming page bereft of sense.
Then, as my wandering fantasies toss
Like vague mists that escape my grasp, come hence!
 Infuse these empty scribblings with meaning
 And let them with Your love and power ring!*

Out of Darkness

*Longing for this day to end,
Not sure which way it will tend.
Does good or ill mood impend?
I desire to homeward wend.
Will monotony ne'er end?*

*God, will You please give some light?
Save me from this dreary plight!
Bring my soul toward Your height,
The pains of this day despite.
Shine in my dark heart Your light.*

*But in darkness help me trust—
Not lose hope in You I must.
Life, though long, is a mere gust.
E'en in sorrow, You are just.
In Your goodness let me trust.*



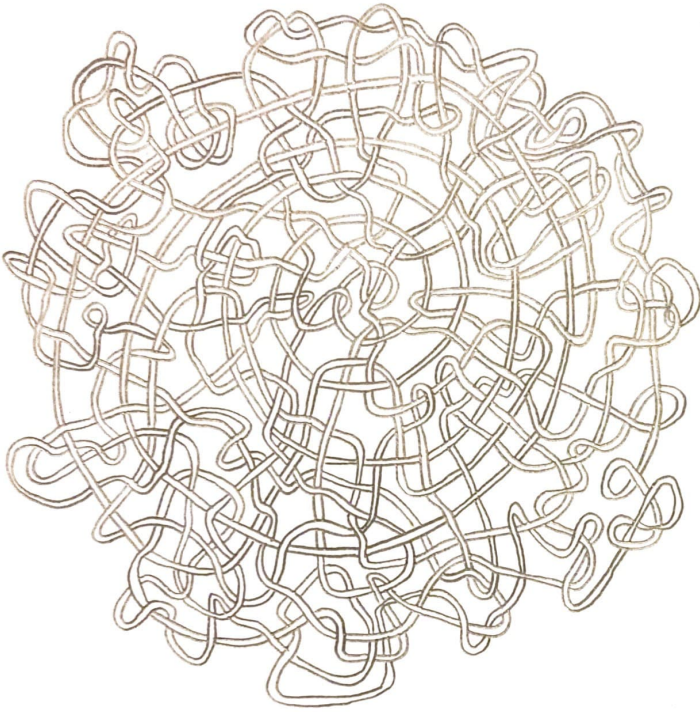
Understand

*Faith above the world
In daily life swirled;
My mind and my eyes:
Each for my heart vies.
To whom should I listen?*

*Voices in the dark:
Many hit the mark;
I am filled with doubt,
By words tossed about.
To whom should I listen?*

*How to understand
Those on either hand?
To know what they think,
Not feel safety shrink.
To whom should I listen?*

*Swirling in a circle,
I need a swift mir'cle,
One of clarity
To know parity.
To whom should I listen?*



Riddle of the Turning

*Oh! you turn and turn and turn and then
Regain your balance and turn again,
But every week a mere 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?*

Listen, Lord

*Oh! Lord, will You listen
to a heart veiled in sin?
These feelings change and grip me—
my words are foolish, faulty.
Oh! Lord, will You listen?*

*Oh! Lord, will You listen
to the lament within?
My heaviness knows no bounds
though it often has poor grounds.
Oh! Lord, will You listen?*

*Oh! Lord, will You listen
to the anger within?
My pleas are rife with complaint;
my swift words have no restraint.
Oh! Lord, will You listen?*

*Oh! Lord, will You listen
to the terrors within?
I find in you no fortress—
can see only this distress.
Oh! Lord, will You listen?*

*Oh! Lord, You will listen
to the feelings within!
You will scorn no sad outcry,
no angry shout, no scared “why.”
Lord, You always listen!*



Path of Prayer

*The path of prayer: so long
it seems I've taken the wrong
way. Does silence then mean “Wait”?
And how long before the gate
of homecoming greets my sight*

*and gives my weary feet flight
like angels' wings? O dear Lord,
how long will Your piquing Word
draw me down that oft empty
road to a garden truly
rid of weariness, wand'ring,
and loneliness—wondrous thing!—
to be no longer lost in
my own mind but kept within
God's Own heart? Indeed, well worth
the trouble and seeming dearth
of this path of prayer—and
power—in a waiting-land.*

Walking That Path

*Here I walk this path so free,
yet encroached on either side
by love that often hems me
from joys I want—seems to hide
the face of God from my eyes.
Yet the path is free—it must
be! It is not that my cries
ring out unheard, but that trust
must carry my feet forward.
For those wants on either side
are a foul, untruthful word.
Yes, the path is free and wide,
but it stretches out a new
direction, defies our own
dimension—makes minds renew
their patterns and turns that stone
we call a heart into flesh.
So walk that path eagerly!
And behold God's ways afresh!
Put one foot forward boldly!*

Go Dust

*The desert rings with stunning silence;
The sand destroys all—
Scouring away my hopes, dreams—is it
Thus that castles fall?
I shove my hands in the crumbling dust,
My world sifting through
My fingers. All is dead, gone, barren—
I can't—can't—pull through.*

*But my Lord walks through the desert; he
Lingers by my side,
And, though I cannot see Him, assures
Me that what has died
Will rise again! Will be renewed, will
Be perfected to
A thing I cannot dream of: union
Between the good, true,
And loveliest of palaces and
My frail heart's desire.
See all these broken grains englassed by
Love's redeeming fire!*

Ghazal: True Love

*O awful! wonderful! this mighty, true love
has pinned me down. How do You see me, True Love?*

*Do You see me as I am: a besmirched and
feral thing? Or worthy of bloody true love?*

*Will You slay Yourself upon that cruel spike of
marvelous, unbounded charity: true love?*

*Will You wash my rags in blood and transform them
into Your Own, holy purity, True Love?*

*Here I am—Adam's Race—will You love me to
death and give me, all eternity, true Love?*



In the Flesh

“No, not the inmost, for there God did dwell!”

~George MacDonald

*We are sundered and bound within the flesh—
why can't we break a wall so thin—the flesh?*

*Reft from God—and others. Behold! blessing
turned a curse for all Adam's kin: the flesh!*

*Oh God! Oh Love!—so far away! I need
God manifest in human skin—the flesh!*

*But He's come—and gone—the price already
paid through—where else do I begin?—the flesh.*

*And I'm left here in the present—alone!
alone! With God? No, in prison—the flesh!*

*Dwelling with God—filled with God—yet trapped! trapped!
I succumb to this (my chagrin!): the flesh.*

*Friend, you cannot know—and, yet, you do!—the
pain that's contained behind the skin, the flesh.*

*Here we are, we two, living this same (yet
not) temporary life—this inn: the Flesh.*

*Surely we share the same—and different—ache
for God's tangible touch within the flesh?*

*We are friends—no, sisters in this family:
Christ's moving, living Body in the flesh.*

*I am Christ to you and you Christ to me;
let this discernment underpin the flesh.*

*When I touch you, I touch a part of Christ
and through this Body—and His—win the flesh!*

*So I, Emma, embrace you, friend, as the
very hand and heart of Christ in the flesh.*

(For Ananda Williams)



Music QR Code

Follow this QR code to visit the Lantern YouTube channel with the music in this Senior Spotlight. Listen and enjoy!

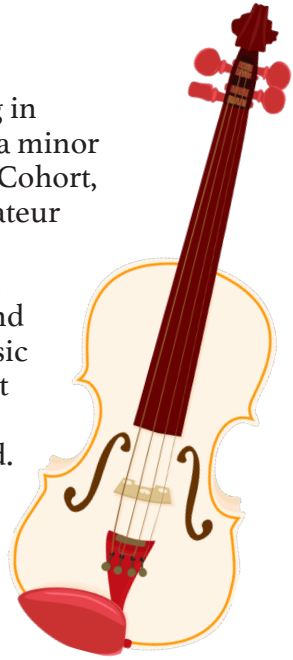


The Lantern

Here beneath the ¹ moon and ² sky,
Wrapped in ³ comfort glad ⁴ lie I,
⁵ Viewing the world's ⁶ expanse so wide,
Admiring ⁷ greatly what dusk cannot ⁸ hide.
The ⁹ stars above are a ¹⁰ beauteous light;
The ¹¹ fireflies mimic them in their ¹² flight.

Author Bio

Emma Dainty is a senior double-majoring in Writing and Environmental Science with a minor in English, a member of the 2023 London Cohort, a consultant at the Writing Center, an amateur birder who went on the 2024 ornithology mayterm to Ecuador and the Galápagos, a Roaring Sheep Ultimate Frisbee player, and an assistant librarian at the Main and Music Libraries. She will gladly rant to you about Tolkien, the importance of the Oxford comma, and what bird is singing overhead.



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Opposite:

Galápagos Mockingbird, Ranchos las Primicias,
May 24, 2024



Lindel's Lament

I wan-der in a realm of song; Up-on the verge of dis-tant lands; I
dwell in pi-ning dream and long; Gaze up-on for-bidd-en sands. My eager
spi-rit vain-ly rea-ches; Strains to see be-yond its sight; Always
towards e-ther-eal bea-ches complete p - ma-gin-a-tion a - light.

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a variety of note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and a triplet. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines.



Lindel the Singer

