

# The Lanthorn

February 2020



**“keeping warm”**

Catherine Lynio 2020



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from the editors

Dear Reader,

Thanks for reading the first *Lanthorn* of 2021! I hope you can find something inspiring for the new year and new semester in these pages.

Our theme for this issue is “keeping warm.” I’ve been thinking about keeping warm a lot lately as I walk around campus with my coat, gloves, scarf, and hat, trying to keep out the February breezes. It’s easy, in those moments, and in many of the other cold moments of this winter, to think about being cold. But, I want to invite you to take these moments, and others, to think instead about what it means to be warm, and why we value it.

After a long winter day the comforts of a hot shower, a mug of tea or warm meal, soft sweater, and wool socks can be a great balm to both body and soul. Better still is the warmth of a hug from a loved one, or the metaphorical warmth we find in their love and company. This, I hope, is what you can find in this month’s *Lanthorn*—a guarantee that, no matter how cold you might feel at the moment, warmth will touch you again.

Stay warm, Reader.

Love,  
Ally and The *Lanthorn* Staff

“Love is a Dance”  
Johanna Florez

Love is a dance:  
Each of the partners  
Takes different steps  
To make beauty together  
In reference to the other

Love feels like a burn:  
Trying to move  
A hot coffee cup  
Keeping fingers safe  
By avoiding touch



“Best Friend”  
Caitlin Napper

Bringing a smile to my face  
Erasing my fears and doubts  
Sticking by my side  
Together we'll figure it out

Finding each other  
Really was a blessing  
In disguise  
Everyday I wake up thankful knowing  
New adventures with you await  
During this season in our lives

“For E.A.”  
Johanna Florez

Look what the Lord has brought to light last night.  
For eight long months she has been waiting for  
This breath that comes in fits and starts and gasps  
And sneezes.

Mama hears you; Mama's here.

When we were young we thought we knew our path—  
Which twists and turns would be the ones to trace.  
But two steps forward, five steps back is how  
Our broken legs and hearts have hobbled.

Now:

Just twenty-two hours old, amor de tú  
Will mold us all, oh brightest gift of God.

“fire’s rest”

L. G.

the night is cold,  
too cold to be out;  
i keep inside,  
alone and without:

without either,  
friend or foe;  
the room is sad,  
has no one to know.

the fire, my friend,  
it burns slowly bright,  
i loosen my chest,  
it warms up the night;

the hickory wood,  
so smoky and blessed,  
it soothes my ache,  
it calls me to rest.

## “Heaven, Today”

Rachel Huchthausen

Today, I sit at the kitchen table and look out the windows on the white-drenched world. The trees and harvested fields sparkle in the light. A mourning dove floats in the silent air; its wings stretch outward. A light scarf clings softly around my shoulders. My hands curve around a large white mug, the tea too hot to drink. It warms my hands.

St. Augustine thinks heaven is timeless. That time dies with all the other things that pass away. That God speaks outside of time. That his words neither begin nor end. No breath-drawn-in exhaled beginning. No swelling middle. No crisp and vibrant end. I imagine an eternal resounding of the words “Let there be light.” They stilly vibrate (not even vibrate) the even stiller waves of the crystal sea. And we will be like God and with God in his eternal Present.

I imagine millions around the throne, their breath caught in their throats. Holy, holy, holy, joins the eternal resound from creation. We sing without a conductor to mark out the time. We sing without a beat or time signature. The harpists are here too, their instruments shimmering with golden strings. But, in timeless heaven, we pluck the strings or do not. Always in the present, never in the past. The thrum never dies away. And the amateur musicians lift a endless cheer of praise for no more scales and arpeggios. But the singers wonder. What is our breathing like, without time? Ever full lungs. What about our heartbeat?

Madeleine L’Engle thinks that time and death die together. Our hearts no longer throb with the pain of brokenness or death. They too always are full with love. They are whole. (But not finished? she adds.) Time is a veil heaven tears. We come out of Plato’s cave into the light and see form, timeless and pure. It never changes.



C.S. Lewis thinks that time-full life is a net full of holes. It catches, for a moment, a timeless bird. Then the bird flies away. Or rather, we move away from it, the bird timeless and unchanging as ever. He thinks the plot of any story catches, for a moment, a state: happiness, joy, fullness, love. Then the bird flies away. And now, we fly away with the bird to timeless heaven. And a blessed state that never changes. God catches us up in his endless Today.

Today, I still sit and look out the window. The dove still floats in the sky. The tea still too warm between my fingers.



[Untitled]  
Anna Judd

The winter shoreline lies in disarray -  
All bleached wood and weeds the waves have shed  
And dried-up grasses that still toss and sway,  
Bent over paths the summer tourists tread;

The lake is still unconquered by the weather,  
Unfrozen, crashing loud against the sand,  
Against the washed-up logs, where spray will feather  
And freeze on twigs in icicles and fans.

A few stray snowflakes swirl in the gray light,  
In the gusts that whip the water to an roar,  
Send baffled gulls careening through the air, bite  
At the skin of one lone walker on the shore.

One wonders, briefly, why so few people brave  
The sublime uproar of the winter waves.



“Warmth”

Sarah Halvorson

If you had just asked me what I wanted  
I would have told you  
plain and simple.  
warmth.  
I want warmth  
more than ever in this wasteland New York cold  
I have yet to adjust too.  
Hand warmers, hot cocoa, and wood fire stoves  
are futile attempts  
when your body warmth would have been enough.  
But you did not ask,  
and I was too scared to tell you.

What does it matter now?  
You could not have been that warmth for me,  
nor I for you.

[Untitled 24.01.21]

Sarah Halvorson

I smudge my boot against the gate as it closes behind me,  
marking me with red dirt.

I am leaving again,

it's what I do,

and this red dirt will taunt me with thoughts of home  
deferred once more

till the rain and snow of New York wash it clean.

A pink and yellow sky marks the end of day,

the end of this stay.

The city is going to bed

and it will wake again

without me.

I climb the stairs from the tarmac into the plane

that milky night air hugging me,

thick with strains of dust and exhaust

and I wish I had a moment to breathe it in one last time,

to really breathe.

But I keep my mask on,

take a quick glance back at the dark city

and board the plane,

the line moving forward quickly.

We have places to be,

adventures to have.



“The Hat”  
Ally Stevick

My brother made me a hat.  
Blue as the shadows of a winter evening,  
Tight knit as our family circle.

It covers my ears like older-sister hands  
That shield out the scary moments of a movie.

How recently was it that I held him as a tiny baby?  
A pink bundle of wrinkly skin,  
Wrapped tight in a warm blue blanket.

His bright baby eyes like stars,  
Foretelling all the love that he would give.

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