



The Lantern
January 2024

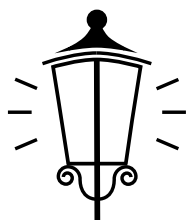
Those Old Voices

"It is the author's aim to say once and emphatically, 'He said.'" —H. D. Thoreau

Chorus

*We blind thirteen have taken Homer for our name—
Or days when light is strong we choose Anonymous,
And in late spring we go as George, collecting fame
Which shatters when we speak in our true voices, thus:
Night, a broken cry, sound of singing, utter loss,
Water held under stones, rage that will not serve us.
Careful masks of flimsy white, painted to heigh gloss,
We wear to air our faces out and gain their trust.
We blind and voiceless, outstretched hands as soft as moss
With cave-damp fingers write in dust our stories down,
The slightest breeze blows all our years of work to loss,
We stich our words into the hems of green tea-gowns,
We hide them in our whalebones, under warm hearthstones,
Records of lonely hours, found after we drown.
Pickpockets we in that high shop of rag and bones,
A merry hand with faces veiled, we steal renown.
Our nametags say Hello my name is Mrs. Jones
Our faces say yes, that man's wife, you have it right.
We're spies in their flat world, we are the great unknowns,
And over dishpans we remember and recite
 To keep ourselves alive. Just as our husbands, sons,
 And brothers keep their cleaned and slickly oiled guns.*

*✧ Elisabeth Wegner, Lanthorn Senior
Spotlight Spring 2010*



The Lantern

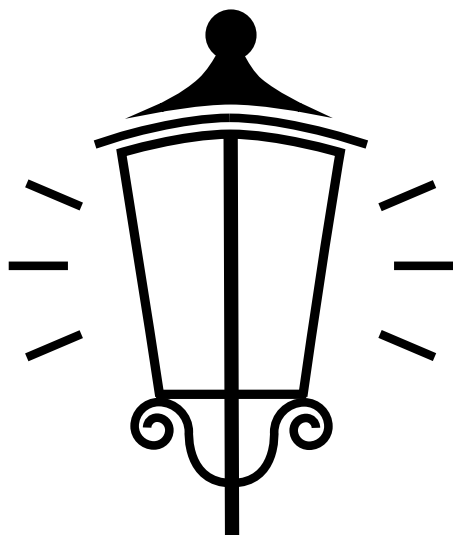
***The Lantern**, begun in 1932, is Houghton University's student-run literary journal that exists to illuminate the thoughts and expressions of students and the greater Houghton community through works of literary and visual art.*

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.

NYC at Lunch Time, Kaitlyn Avery
Yashica Film Camera

People

January 2024



Letter from the Editors

*A friend loves at all times,
and a brother is born for a time of adversity.*

—Psalm 17:17

Dear readers,

What would our lives be like without precious people in them? Those special friends and kin vary for different people but are important nonetheless. For some people it is a father who is mild, humorous, and eager to explain things. For others it is a mother who is open and caring. Some people have a group of close friends with whom they feel safe and welcomed, while others have only one or two friends with whom they can share their innermost secrets. Sometimes we complain of other people, but that does not mean we do not need them. It is not for nothing God said at the very beginning of the world, “It is not good for the man to be alone.”

Our theme for January is **People**. We hope this issue allows you to pause for a moment and consider the important people God has placed in your life

Yours for lighting up the world,
Emma, Hannah, Catherine, Lee, Warren, & Susannah

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Advent

Susannah Denham

*Christmas Day has come and gone,
The sense of expectancy has not.
What was I waiting for?
The trees are still bare.*

Heaven's Not As Far As We Think, Adelaine Morgiewicz Photography

Oftentimes we are pessimists—even when we look forward to the hope that is to come—we tend to stop there. Jesus, in His words and in His life, reminds us that there is a hope we have now—a hope found in Him, which gives us access to His resurrection power and reconciling ministry. Until the day He returns, we should await in eager hope, seeing what hope lies in front of us, and with fervent expectations of what is to come, through God, our Savior.



December 15, 2022

Emma Dainty

*Far from all sadness, beyond all fear,
Surrounded by all those friends most dear:
Here sit we all closely side by side,
Remembering all those times we cried,
Clinging together and drawing near;
There for each other on Life's rough ride.*

*Through all the sorrows, through all the pain,
Blessings fell on us like gentle rain,
For always where there are close-knit friends,
Even in grief, one joy never ends:
However far, we shall meet again,
For on one upward path our way wends.*

*Now sit we in Another's great love,
Rapt in our Father sitting above,
Far beyond all darkness and despair,
Sitting in the light of glory where
Burned away is World and pain thereof,
And we rest in full happiness there.*

Blossoms

P. K.

Figures running through the flurry of flurries.

*They run as if they are children again, laughing, ruddy cheeked
and energized.*

They may still be weary, in pain, alone, confused, anguished.

As am I, even as I am filled with vicarious joy.

*But for a moment. Just a moment. Through the white wintry drifts,
I thought I saw something beyond all the troubles of this world.*

A river flowing from a place of Perfect Peace,

A river flowing from a long-lost Past,

A new river flowing from a long-awaited Place,

And a few drops have watered this space,

And let me see some blossoms of Eden.



We'll Enter Her Gates Soon, Maybe Even Together,
Adelaine Morgiewicz
Photography

Broken

Rebecca Dailey

*Maybe we are broken...
Humanity is a fickle thing
Its cold, then its hot
Then it's nothing.*

*It's like a raven and a writing
Desk, which doesn't quite make sense
And yet we still ask about it.*

*Pain makes people change,
Well all sorts of things do really.
How we look, what we think, our actions, our reactions.
The very things that make us who we are,
Are the very things that can destroy us.*

*A raw edge, and broken bones,
Empty words for empty promises.
Yet, they still speak, broken like before.
Maybe we are broken*

*But we come like storms into town
Lifting the hope that you brought down.
We are broken,
But we put ourselves back together.
We survived.
That's what makes us so powerful.*

The Night Sky

Nathan Bliss

*Rain in December
The grass no longer green
Not a flake of white in sight*

*The trees their foliage lost
Without snow to cover their naked limbs
Are mere skeletal remains of grandeur that once was*

*All eyes go dim
As joy that once filled them fades
For there is naught to see but the ugliness of death*

*Spring brings wondrous beginnings of beauty and life
Turning quickly into the magic of a youthful summer
And with age becomes the beautiful majesty of autumn*

*All hopes arise
For the clean slate of first snow
For chances anew that winter brings*

*Untold possibilities of a new spring
And indescribable beauty of all encompassing snow
Yet there is no joy in this winter*

*These wondrous possibilities remain out of sight
Without snow to shield our innocence
There is only death to behold*

*Though innocence is lost
And all hope destroyed
The horizon has not gone dark*

*For a perspective can change a heart
With eyes fixed on the horizontal realm
Naught but death is seen*

*Yet to look up
To the night sky
All may be restored*

*Shining defiantly through the clouds
The moon and stars capture the gaze
As wonder captures the heart*

*Time changes as the sky is beheld
Transfixed for days or minutes
None could tell*

*The clouds continuously shift
Battling to blot out the light and the beauty
But all efforts are vain*

*For the beauty of the celestial lights remains
To the eye everchanging
But never waning*

*Hope is restored
For beauty truly does remain
The death of winter is not final*

*Though the absence of snow
Has made clear the ugliness of death
And innocence be unrecoverable*

*Though all there is to behold
Saps the joy from eyes
And the hope from a heart*

Not all is lost

*Hope and beauty remain
One must simply change perspectives and look
To the realm above*

The Rain Won't Stop Us, Adelaine Morgiewicz
Photography

Despite my younger sister being in the lengthy process of finding out whether or not they have long to live, she still continues to live the life God has given to them: she chooses to live, even in the rain.



dear mud-dancers

Alexa Williams

*some people are like mud
they're messy, and flawed, and filled with mistakes,
and they remind me of laughter.
of a little child dancing in the mud,
and of their mother drawing patterns on her arms
while laughing with joy overflowing.
some people are like mud,
and i miss the mud days
when we were allowed to be messy and flawed
and didn't have to apologize
for the dirt stuck under fingertips.*

*some people survived growing up.
they don't apologize for their mud-caked palms
and flaw-filled days.
they live, and they make mistakes,
and they fix mistakes,
and they keep dancing in the mud and laughing.
those beautiful people,
with rain in their hair and mud on their hands
and smiles on their faces,
remind me of what it is to be truly human.*

*someone so completely them
without apologizing for their mud-splattered lives
without warning everyone of their flaws,
without shouting "unclean!" before them in the streets
like a runaway leper,
just existing, and tripping, and getting up again,
and laughing.*

*my beautiful mud-dancers:
how can you exist as you are?
the world wants to soften your sharp edges
but you sit with your heart and your hard questions
and you won't settle for the easy answers they use
to try to dull your blade.
you refuse the trigger warnings they try to use
to label you.
you are not a mistake, you say:
to yourself and to me.
you are fire and brimstone
and flowers and rain and mud.
you are everything messy and beautiful in this world
you are poetry personified.*

*dear mud-dancers,
dear rain-laughers,
dear earth-artists,
tell me your secrets.*

*i see you,
and an ache settles in my chest
because the world's simple answers dulled my blade too long ago
and i'm not sure if i remember how to dance in the rain.
my fingers have forgotten how dirt feels under them.
My throat has forgotten the feel of an honest laugh,
bursting out from this ache i feel
but bursting out of joy
not of jealousy.*

*dear mud-dancers,
i'm jealous of you.
i don't dance in the rain anymore.
is it my fault?
or the fault of someone who came before
telling me it's not proper?*

*dear rain-laughers,
i see you,
and i hear your heart-filled laughter,
and i miss it.
is this what love feels like?
i'm so hollow inside that my chest hurts with it
it's like the earth is settling inside me again.
can i thank you for your being?
i know you didn't do much,
or that's how it seems to you,
but your laughter shook the world,*

*and maybe your laughter sent me rain
to water the earth and water my soul
and plant mud beneath my feet
to make me feel
like i could dance with you.*

*dear earth-artists,
you belong to you
and i wish i could stop apologizing to other people
because i've never seen you do that
and you are so beautiful.
i just want to stand near you forever.
you're just another stranger
drawing on the bus
drawing in the park
drawing in the row in front of me in class
and i miss you already.
you are such a beautiful stranger,
dear earth-artist,
dear rain-laughter,
dear mud-dancer,
but i don't think i can tell you that,
because my heart hurts too much,
and you are too beautiful,
and i apologize with every word i say.*

i can't just thank you for existing.

i wish i could, though.

*when i see you walking away from me,
dear mud-splattered soul,
it seems to me
i can hear the voice of that ancient genesis God
who looked at the artwork of this world
and said "it is good."
and you danced,
and laughed,
and drew paintings in mud on your arms,
and on your life.*

Hands

Rebecca Dailey

*Hands have a way of telling things
We never knew about ourselves.
The painted nails of some,
The shorter, dirt edged of the others.
Some bear rings, some none at all.*

*Some show years of hard labour,
While others are small and newly made.
They change us, holding the pens that write,
The food we make and the people we love.*

*Hands that heal, that fight for what's right,
For justice and peace.
Hands that educate, that work to keep the lands clean.
Hands that are up at dawn and only rest when darkness has fallen.*

*They say eyes are windows to the soul and perhaps that is true.
But perhaps even our hands bring forth an idea,
Though fleeting of who we are.
Eyes are the soul and hands are the actions of the soul.*

*Take up the mantle, rise up, write your story.
Live your story. And know this,
We have a choice to live with hands of hate or hands of love.*

Six Feet from What

Jay Lagmann

*My foot is on the edge
Learning the difference
Between salvation and manipulation
You pull me back
I live with the ghost of my choice
You didn't save me after all
You didn't even try
I stepped back, feet on solid ground
It feels wrong down here
Close to the grave
I'm waiting for the other shoe to drop
For you to hang me over the ledge
Shake me and berate me
Failure is not well received
Loved while needed
Lost when inconvenient
You tell me, father
Where do I stand after all?*

Sisters

Tenshi Chispa

*I have a soft body
But I carry no shell
For she, the rocks
For she surrounds me*

*I live in the water
But I fear drowning
For they, the waves
For they are violent about*

*But I curl up my arms
Like your closed eyes*

*Though time & space
Split & tear us
I feel your stone back against mine
You feel my soft hands hold yours*

*We breathe the Ocean's air
& we roam to each other once more*

(See page 30 for the answer to this riddle.)



Funny Conversations, Adelaine Morgiewicz
Photography

A Teacher

Emma Dainty

He stood before the class, his jeans and neatly tucked plaid shirt making him look very thin and upright. His round glasses made him look like a name he admitted to wishing he had, namely The Philosopher. As he explained the meaning of Modernity, he grew more and more animated, his slow, contemplative voice speeding up and rising in pitch until his point culminated in a little jump with his final words.



The Cry; 12/9/2023 4:28 PM, Gabe Huizenga
Sketch

The Cry; Susannah Sunday 5:36 AM, Gabe Huizenga
Sketch



Excerpt from the Autobiography of Fred Wilson Julia Collins

What can be said about Freddy? He was a sweet child with a beautiful soul, and I loved him more than I can ever express. Freddy was brilliant, but he was also humble, and hardly ever spoke a word of bragging. He was someone who was well liked and respected by everyone who knew him.

I wrote the following letter to him when he graduated high school:

Dear Son, 6/24/87

Congratulations on your graduation! I am incredibly proud of your achievement. High school can be a hard time, and you went through it with such grace. I am so proud of how you have always handled yourself with integrity. As silly as it may sound, as your father, I admire you.

I don't have much life advice for you, other than to be good and kind to everyone, which you are already excelling at.

Remember how loved you are by myself and Mom, no matter what.

-Papa

(Freddy was the only one of my children who has called me Papa).

I was still developing emotional sincerity, showing the happiness I felt, but I am grateful that Freddy knew how loved he was to Susan and I.

It wasn't just us. Freddy's siblings loved him too. Bill was hit the worst when Freddy passed. But all five of them missed their big brother. He was so gracious to all of them. Always.



Dad and Me, Catherine Lynip
Painting

Author, Artist, & Musician Bios



Kaitlyn Avery

Junior '25

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.

Sisters

Answer: Starfish & Rocks

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!



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 February submissions email!

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; January 2024