





The Lantern

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

Cover art:

Front:

Rachel Huchthausen, *Natalie*

Back:

Hannah Andersen, *Spring Day*

Community

April-May
2022-23 Academic Year
Issue No. 6

Letter from the Editors

“...the person who loves those around them will create community.”

—Dietrich Bonhoeffer, *Life Together*

Dear Reader,

The following pages are filled with what “community” means to many of us. They are filled with our strengths—a joy-filled wonder that looks steadily towards our past, present, and future, a love of our individual interests, and the mutual smiles of individuals themselves and the familiar places that make up our community. These pages are also, in part, filled with evidences of our weaknesses. Even so, the One who holds us and all things together is stronger than both our weaknesses and strengths. It is by his love working through us that community is created and sustained.

Thank you, Houghton Community, for sharing your love with us this year.

Yours for lighting up the world,
Rachel, Katya, Hannah, and Catherine

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The Ways in which the Houghton Community Prevails

Isabelle Murch

A half-finished box of Keebler cookies and a Harry Potter calligraphy book.

Four round tables pushed together: RA dinner growing exponentially.

Signs that are always sharp and never back down.

A baby to meet and hold.

A staff who shows up.

A hug.

A coffee date.

Sam and Lacy running on the quad.

“Hello” and “How are you” and “What are we doing?” and “Thank you” and “I love you”.

Communion.

A conspiratorial zoom call, projected to the main lounge; a story of love and loss and love again.

Breakfast together, lunch together, dinner together—the chance to repeat the cycle 22 more times.

The man at the Charcoal Corral telling us Houghton students are his favorite because “You just have so much fun here.”

Spikeball and frisbee on the quad.

Cookie bakers and letter writers and resolution makers and Instagram reposters and donut deliverers and activists and Christians who love justice and do mercy just by their Life Together. A gun barrel into a farm tool and sign language to a little boy.

A milkshake; dancing; dogs; chocolate; laughter.

Easter clinging on to the Good Friday that’s lasted 2,000 years.

A whisper between friends that death doesn’t really exist, that we can be made new, that hope will come again and again and again.



Paradox

Anonymous

I feel each fiber beneath me
as I am told what a Christian is not.
is not boastful, is not proud,
is not gay.
is not jealous, is not lustful
does not wear dresses that fall above her knees.
thou shalt not murder
unless thou worships another god
love thy neighbor;
until I declare them sinner
then let them burn with the rest
oh to love God so much
that you despise his creation

sometimes I wonder
when He returns
if Jesus will be a Christian too.

no I think.

Previous page:

Rachel Huchthausen, *There go the boats*

Confession

Rachel Huchthausen

Beautiful Creator, we confess to you that we have not honored you by appreciating your good works. We have not taken time to see the blue of your sky, to experience the glory of your sunsets, to feel the shade of your trees.

Forgive us LORD. By your Holy Spirit, teach us to learn to live, work, think, and love for the praise of your glorious grace.

Sovereign God, we confess to you that we have disdained you through abusing your works. We have not well stewarded the garden in which you placed us nor have we partnered well with you to craft together spaces of beauty and fellowship.

Forgive us LORD. By your Holy Spirit, teach us to learn to live, work, think, and love for the praise of your glorious grace.

Strong Redeemer, we confess to you that we ignored our brothers and sisters, hurting the strangers among us instead of welcoming them in. We have not humbled ourselves nor have we cared more for the interests and feelings of others than our own.

Forgive us LORD. By your Holy Spirit, teach us to learn to live, work, think, and love for the praise of your glorious grace.



Rachel Huchthausen, *Notes from the Past*

Deserted Musings of a Lost Prince

Johanna Lamont

Beating Sun

I am grieving too
But I was not afforded the luxury of tears.
Moisture sapped from my being.
Under the beating sun I cry
Screams of grief resound, pounding in my temple.
Instead of mourning I run.
Run as far as to leave your grasp
Your hands, like claws, dragging me down
Tears blind my eyes and trap me
Grief serves no purpose here

False King's Condemnation

I despise you
Your high horse and placating phrases
You mean nothing and pander to those above.
And your loyal little soldier,
So quick to sacrifice those you condemn
You stripped me of the right to mourn
I hold this pain alone and grieve silently.
A burden meant to share
You split our strength, denied a dream.
Unity is dashed in the face of your desire.
You desecrate the memories we held
You false king

Sword of Brotherhood

We slept, fought, ate together
Our laughter stained the halls
We belonged to one another
The strength of our bond,
A defense for our home,
Torn far easier than it should
Had distance grown so strong?
Still, we never saw it happen
Now here we stand
Separated by more than death.

Shattered bonds

My brothers can't you hear me
I screamed in pain as I saw him fall
Our father, my savior, lost to me.
How could you believe this grievous lie?
That I would destroy this gift of life

My brothers listen to me
Hear my pain, our loss reverberates
Comfort should be given, together in mourning
Yet I remain your prey in grief
End my suffering, kill this hope of reunion

Please brothers hold me and bear this pain
Comfort ourselves with this bond
Let me cherish the family that yet remains.

Lost Extension

The walk of a man who just lost everything
It's not without purpose – he holds his head high
Grief pools in the shadows his footprints leave in the sand
Memories of the father, lost, who'd seen him fly
Who, with faith, saw the boy and extended his hand
Saved, a home and security awaited him then
Now nothing's left, not a family, not a home



Tenshi Chispa, *Growth*

Old Oak

Jonathan Gates

Shattered by lightning, the twisted oak's crown
Rustles and whistles in zephyr's whisper.
Pink rivers of dawn scatter crimson rays
Where a lone red-tail up-circles and falls.
Like a living tombstone, the oak rises
Nearly a century seasons marking.
Squirrels' nests litter the leafless canopy
And a pair of cardinals perch lightly.

What wind, insects, and ice could not fell,
The buzzing saw brings splintering down.
Broken branches are gathered and stacked
And logs are loaded and carted away.

Wood fuels flame, glowing seeds bear warmth,
Boards, cut and sanded, cradle for new life.



Hannah Andersen, *Untitled*

Listen-Love

*After Ive's Piano Sonata No. 2, "Concord Mass., 1840-1860" III.
"The Alcotts"*

Rachel Huchthausen

Kennst du das Land?
Imagine me here with you
Under the Concord sky
Beneath the old elms overspreading
that...past is living, that
This was something altogether new.

I'll sing for you...a
Testament
In this room I knew we were alive
[not] automatic, ready-made, easy
I wished to live deliberately
Ordinary as possible
and see if I could not learn
a common interest in common things—a tune
Astonishing
dear...in a new way.

O listen love to me
Slower and quietly
The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it.
hold back a little
Here comes...

spiritual sturdiness...self-sacrificing
Let's pretend...
immensities
I would be more than I am.

O listen love to me
Slower and quietly
feel their wants...sympathize with their troubles
hold back a little
Here comes...

strength of hope that never gives way
Imagine...
access to a better world
what imagination can do for the better
I am bound to be misunderstood

Some sudden dissonance between ourselves
No matter where or when
We should not run
Not everything was alien.

Kennst du das Land?
We shall meet to part no more
Tension crackles and sparks
and sparks produce...light
Warm as a cup of tea

Works Cited

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Charles Ive's notes and score from the revised edition of the Sonata, published in 1947 by Arrow Music Press
Henry David Thoreau's Walden; or, Life in the Woods, as encountered in Carr's choral work "I Went to the Woods"
Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Self-reliance"
Stephen Foster's "Nelly Bly," as encountered through the Cecilia Ensemble's March 24, 2023 performance at Houghton University (arr. Jack Halloran)
Allen Jacob's Breaking Bread with the Dead
Mark Adamo's "Kennst du das Land?" from Little Women (Opera)
Louisa May Alcott's Little Women (Book)
Louisa May Alcott's diary as encountered in quotation on page v of the 2012 Signet Classics edition of Little Women
Bourne H. Draper's "Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim"



Rachel Huchthausen, *The Three of Us*

A friend is a light

Frances Mullen

Eating my cereal
Alone with my thoughts in the dark of the basement
Light is precious
And fleeting
But never gone forever.
I'll try to sit next to you
Would you sit with me too?
And share my pain
We'll take it one shaking
Hesitant step at a time.
Sometimes we get stuck in a black hole
Feeling nothing
Could ever be left worth living for
Anymore
But nothing can take away
The last shred of hope that still remains
I'd never make it through
Without all of you.
Life is precious
And fleeting
And I get to share mine with you.

Next page:

Rachel Huchthausen, *Before*



Of the Beacon to Men

Emma Dainty

Many are the tales told of Pīnāhīshó. He is Father of the Celestial Elves and most faithful of the Guardians of Men. His deeds are numerous and mighty, and many more are spun in legends. Dragon's Bane he is called and Beacon to Men, Faithfulest of Elves, the Shining Sword, and the Northern Star.

The Hýlæl waged war against Pēhāmým in his dark fortress among the Obsidian Mountains. Terrible was the strife. Many of the Elves joined the Blessed Ones in their contest, crossing the Sea to never again return to the Blessed Realm until their lives in the World were wrenched from them. Great were the deeds they performed to defend the Children of the World. Their special care was Men, and their loyal devotion to Men's cause and protection is sung in many tales. Yet among all the Elves, Pīnāhīshó is lauded most.

War rose and fell. Sometimes there was a lull, and the Children of the World lived in uneasy peace for a time while Pēhāmým retreated within Pýlshlās-Shýlshúlā for a respite and to gather his strength, but always goblins and evil creatures tormented those in the World.

Oftentimes when the battle was stilled, the Hýlæl and their servants would return to their Fairest Realm. Then often the Elves would wander alone among the trees, remaining hidden from Men's sight. However, Pīnāhīshó's watch never faltered; never did he rest from protecting Men, the Elves' Charges.

Therefore, after a great battle upon the Fields of Alembek, wherein the Hýlæl and Elves experienced great loss—although they drove Pēhāmým's army back across the Longwater—the Elves, wearied by long toil and weakened by their many losses, melted into the Fair Forest west of the River of Guard. Few remained abroad to combat the roving hordes of evil creatures, but Pīnāhīshó was as ever foremost among them.

Far and wide Pēhāmým's scattered forces wandered, reaching even to the Northern Lands. Few Men lived in these remote forests and jungle, but all those the goblins came upon were slaughtered without mercy.

News reached Pīnāhīshó in Kaeraak of the terrors wandering rampant in the Northern Lands. Therefore, he hastened northward, his silver sword shining in his hand. A band of Men followed him, still singing praises of Dragon's Bane.

Many goblins they encountered in the northern forests, and none escaped their wrath. Yet no living Men did they find, and all their villages were burned.

Samello son of Thamello lived in a small village far to the north. So remote was it that not even an Elf had visited Treeheart. Here a small clan of Men lived, oblivious of the turmoil that shook the rest of the World.

Yet, though hedged in by thick trees, the village was not impervious to discovery or at-

tack, and the Men of Treeheart were not accustomed to works of war. Therefore, when the goblins raided Treeheart the inhabitants were helpless.

The goblins rushed among men, women, and children, killing everything in their path. Futilely the men endeavored to defend their homes, but none could withstand the goblins' fury. The goblins overran Treeheart, spreading bloody death and destruction.

Then Pināhīshó and the Men of Kaeraak rode over the crest of the hill before Treeheart.

Lifting his sword on high, Pināhīshó shouted his war-cry, "Pýl Tēmi iēpīsh ēmn pýl hīsh! For Men I fight and for the light!"

The sun struck his brilliant sword so that it flashed with white fire. Down the hill Pināhīshó galloped, and the Men of Kaeraak followed. The sun flashed on their helms and the ground shook with the thunder of the horses' hooves. They charged through the goblins. The people of Treeheart raised their voices in grateful acclamation.

The house of Thamello stood at the farthest edge of the village. The goblin chief, fleeing the sounds of Pināhīshó's shouts and goblins' gibbering, came upon it. Thamello stood before his wife and son with a hoe, ready to defend his house and family. Arella clutched the boy, crying with fear for her son and husband. The goblin chief rushed at Thamello, his hooked blade on high. The cruel iron clove the hoe in two and struck down Thamello. Shouting his raucous laughter, the goblin swung his blade at Samello, but Arella leapt before it and was cut down. Samello knelt beside his mother, sobbing, his eyes squeezed shut against the killing blow.

The black iron met silver steel above Samello's head. With a flash of white, the goblin chief flopped backward, his cruel weapon falling from his limp hand.

Samello raised his fearful eyes. Pināhīshó stood before him, his unstained sword lowered and his left hand beckoning. He smiled with reassurance into the boy's damp face. Tentatively Samello took the Elf's hand, and Pināhīshó raised him up.

Samello stood close to Pināhīshó, weeping for those he had lost, and Pināhīshó put an arm around him. Taking the young boy up on his horse, Pināhīshó took Samello away from the ruin, and Samello went willingly.

Ever after did Samello accompany Pināhīshó, becoming his squire. Pināhīshó tended the orphaned boy with great kindness, and Samello loved his savior most fondly. In battle, council, or rest, Samello never left Pināhīshó's side. Being taught by the greatest swordsman the World has ever known—unless it be Tēeās'shó or Ymāymhó himself—Samello became skilled with the sword. No mean archer was he either. Many times a quick stroke or a well-aimed arrow saved Pināhīshó from a grave wound. Many battles did Pināhīshó and Samello fight in together. At last came one more terrible than any yet known. It was several springs after the Falling Darkness and the Sun's Rising, and Pēhāmým was pressed sorely. Thus, battle was joined on the Shadowed Plain before the very gates of Pýlshlās-Shýlshúlā. Fear gripped the hearts of both the Blessed Ones and the Elves, and all Men fled, terrified of the army arrayed on Pēhāmým's doorstep. Few of even the Elves braved the terrors of the coming battle,

scattering into the woods. Even many Hwībāimbí abandoned the Blessed Ones' ranks, retreating from the iron gates.

Yet Pīnāhīshó and the Celestial Elves, smallest of the Elven Kindreds—yet not the least—stood firm with the Hýlæl. Even this most dreadful of battles in the World they did not fear. For their faithful bravery, they retain their powers of old, which the Sylven and Naiadan Elves have lost. Thus, the Celestial Elves are truly as they were before their journey across the Sea.

Samello was alone among Men to fight with the Hýlæl. Though fear clutched his heart, he stood firmly by Pīnāhīshó's side and did not falter.

Many say Pīnāhīshó performed his greatest deed there at the Battle of Endless Sorrow, Bēsh'hā-Āmnhāsýlær as the Elves call it. For in the midst of the tumult, he met with Ēbósýú, who once was called Yīcsihāl, Pēhāmým's Captain and strongest of his underlings. For long they clashed silver and black blades while the battle swirled about them. Many a goblin made to stab Pīnāhīshó as he fought Pēhāmým's Captain, but Samello defended him manfully.

At last in anger Ēbósýú lashed out at Samello, who unaware of his danger was fighting a goblin chief who would have slashed Pīnāhīshó. But Pīnāhīshó interposed himself between the fallen Hwībāimbí and the young man so that Ēbósýú's sword passed through his own body. Yet even as the Elf fell, his silver sword struck Ēbósýú to the heart, and Ēbósýú's spirit was wrenched from his body and sent wailing from the World.

Then Pēhāmým's forces were filled with dismay, and they fled back into the Fortress of Torture, but many were slain ere they reached the dark gates. Thus, Pēhāmým lost the battle, and dread filled his heart.

The Hýlæl rejoiced in their victory, but much mourning there was also. Many of their number lay dead or stricken with terrible wounds. Nigh half the Celestial Elves lay dead upon the field.

Pīnāhīshó lay upon the trampled ground, and Samello bent over him, mourning bitterly and tenderly holding Pīnāhīshó's fair head in his lap and Pīnāhīshó's slender hand in his own.

Before his spirit fled the World, Pīnāhīshó opened his eyes and smiled into Samello's tear-stained face, whispering,

“We shall meet again at last
When all suffering is past,
Shall renew our steadfast bond
In the Shining Lands beyond.”

Then his head fell limp and his spirit departed for the Sapphire Hills, and Samello wept.

The End



Hannah Andersen, *Untitled*

Dear stranger, it is not goodbye, but till next time

Adelaine Morgiewicz

There are certain people we meet with the most familiar faces
Approaching us with a certain kind of mysteriousness full of God's
graces.

A look in the eyes and it's like we've met our second family.

A certain comfort comes to us in their presence and we are the
most at ease naturally.

A smile shared with them is like the hello we receive when we are
greeted by those we respect and care for deeply.

A simple handshake enters us into another reality that brings us
together like partners and friends most sweetly.

A kind gesture from them reminds us of those loved ones who have
loved us so well.

We wish for these strangers in our lives to never leave us; we wish
to never say farewell.

They have taught us the preciousness of life; how life is most valu-
able and worthwhile

and is so even in those moments which don't grant us the love
from a stranger's smile.

Blessing for the Ending of the Semester

Rachel Huchthausen

Lord, bless us as we bless you.

We see your faithfulness and love
as we look, in this present moment,
both to the future and to the past.

We stand in readiness;

We sit at the edge of our seats,
listening for the word you will speak into being.

Lord, bless us as we bless you.

Great Author and Finisher, some of us go to newness;

May we all come into a season of renewal.

Let us be still in the newness of change,

Having the readiness of the hope of a good future because of our
trust in you,

our fearlessness and readiness resting

in the assurance of your good pleasure,

and in the accomplishment of your word,

We know that, as you are with the bare trees in winter
until this day when we see them clap their leafy hands
at your whisper through them,

so are you with us through every change.

Lord, bless us as we bless you.

Lead us forth in joy,

Send us out in peace,

Looking forward in readiness to the end of the age,

the day when you make all things new,

when all will be renewed and all will be at rest.

Bless us as we walk from this place,

in readiness and rest for your glory, splendor, and renown.

Amen.



Hannah Andersen, *Sunset on the Sea*

Contributor Biographies

Emma Dainty is a London Honors student, a fall 2022 Lantern editor, an amateur writer and birder, and a world traveler (I have lived in seven places).

Captivated by the relationship between Creator and creation, poet and Houghton University writing professor **Jonathan Gates** creates rich images of characters glimpsing God through nature in his verse.

Rachel Huchthausen '23 is a piano performance and English major at Houghton University. She revels in the wonder of words and in art's power to change the way one sees the world.

Johanna Lamont is currently a junior history major here at Houghton University. With plans to travel and eventually teach history in an academic setting Johanna looks forward to the many new experiences Houghton has to offer. An amateur poet and artist she dabbles in writing during her spare time and enjoys challenging herself with concepts and themes pulled from fiction.

Adelaine Morgiewicz is a junior at Houghton majoring in Theology and minoring in Bible and in Art. She likes getting involved with different kinds of activities on campus and especially enjoys being a part of The Lantern. Writing creatively provides her 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, she aims 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.



Snapshots of Community

Saturday Morning, April 2023
Lantern Editors & Community Members





This issue is the product of the faithfulness of many people.

Thanks are due

to Prof. Sharpe, our faculty advisor for his guidance and trust,
to Prof. Madison Murphy and the Mac Lab proctors,
and to all those who have generously submitted their work.

Thank you, Houghton Community, for being who you are.
Thanks for a great year!

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