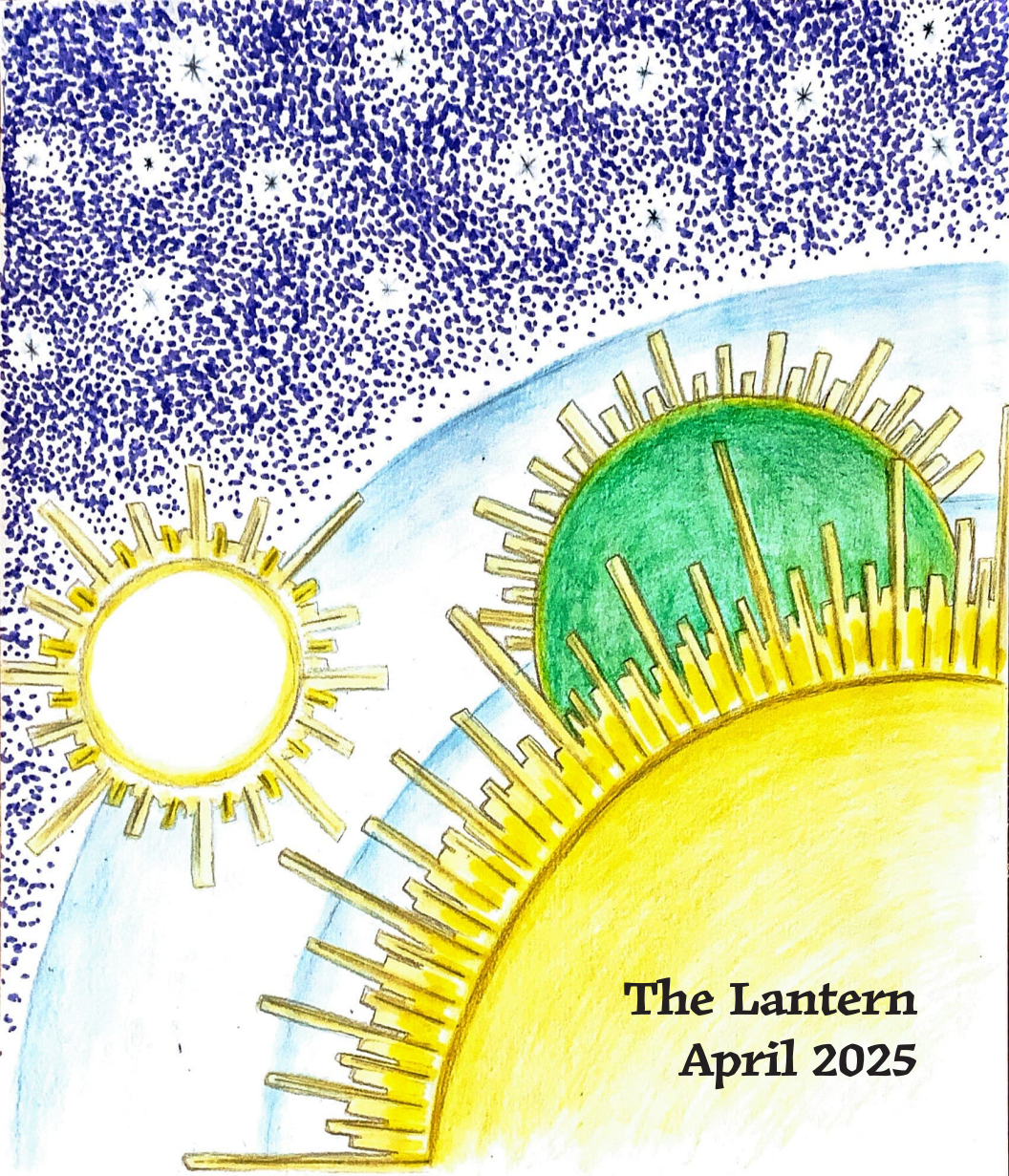




The Lantern
April 2025

**“Joyful, Joyful,
We Adore Thee”**

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

PRAISE

Words: Henry J. van Dyke, 1907.

Music: 'Ode to Joy' Ludwig van Beethoven; Adapted by Edward Hodges, 1824.

Setting: "The Methodist Hymnal", 1905.

copyright: public domain. This score is a part of the Open Hymnal Project, 2005 Revision.

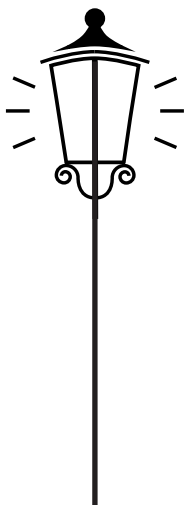
♩ = 115

1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore Thee, God of glor - y, Lord of love;
 2. All Thy works with joy sur - round Thee, earth and heaven re - flect Thy rays,
 3. Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blessed,
 4. Mor - tals, join the ha - ppy chor - us, which the morn - ing stars be - gan;

Hearts un - fold like flowers be - fore Thee, o - pening to the sun a - bove.
 Stars and an - gels sing a - round Thee, cen - ter of the un - bro - ken praise.
 Well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, o - cean depth of hap - py rest!
 Fa - ther love is reign - ing o'er us, bro - ther love binds man to man.

Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; drive the dark of doubt a - way;
 Field and for - est, vale and moun - tain, flow - ery mea - dow, flash - ing sea,
 Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our Bro - ther, all who live in love are Thine;
 E - ver sing - ing, march we on - ward, vic - tors in the midst of strife,

Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad - ness, fill us with the light of day!
 Sing - ing bird and flow - ing foun - tain call us to re - joice in Thee.
 Teach us how to love each o - ther, lift us to the joy div - ine.
 Joy - ful mu - sic leads us Sun - ward in the tri - umph song of life.



The Lantern

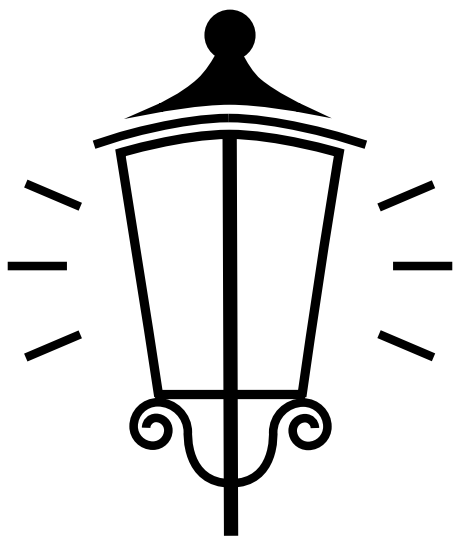
***The Lantern**, begun in 1932, is Houghton University's student-run literary journal that exists to illuminate the thoughts and expressions of students and the greater Houghton community through works of literary and visual art.*

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.

Front and Back Covers:
Keiryn Sandahl

*"Joyful, Joyful,
We Adore Thee"*

April 2025



Letter from the Editors

*Make a joyful noise to the LORD, all the earth!
Serve the LORD with gladness!
Come into his presence with singing!*

*Know that the LORD, he is God!
It is he who made us, and we are his;
we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.*

*Enter his gates with thanksgiving,
and his courts with praise!
Give thanks to him; bless his name!*

*For the LORD is good;
his steadfast love endures forever,
and his faithfulness to all generations*

~Psalm 100

Dear Readers,

To quote Handel's *Messiah*, "Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice greatly!" We watched and waited through Lent, remembering all that Jesus suffered on our behalf, and now the radiant dawn comes. Jesus is risen!

The burgeoning spring echoes the miracle of Jesus' rising. The daffodils push their heads up from the soil where they lay buried all winter and trumpet yellow and white joy. The birds begin singing peons in the morning. The sunshine soaks its warm glory into our skin. What better time to remember what our Lord and God has done for us? What better time to praise God?

Yours for lighting up the world,
Emma, Lee, Warren, Jonathan, & Keiryn

Table of Contents

Easter Cycle	Josephine Lipscomb	8
He shared in their humanity	Evan Babbitt	10
Alive	Rebecca Dailey	11
And yet	Not a poet	12
Believe in the Story	Rebecca Dailey	13
Fairytale for an Airplane Window	Keiryn Sandahl	14
Song of the Spheres	Kyra Binney & Emma Dainty	22
Oh to See the Dawn	Musicographer	24
The Dawn Is Come	Musa	25
The Meadow	Elizabeth Borchers	26
Joy in the Morning	Kylie Dawson	27
Joy in the Knowing	Hannah Lee	28
Moments of Peace 1 & 2	Kelsey Curtis	31
Worship Music	Emma Dainty	34
A Grown Child's Prayer	Bethany Tubman	35
Music QR Code		37
Author, Artist, & Musician Bios		38

Easter Cycle

Josephine Lipscomb

Night

*The cool and dew of night
descended on the mount.
“Come watch with me an hour—
My soul is overwhelmed
with sorrow,” said our Lord.
But we were overwhelmed
with weariness, and slept.
We did not understand
for what he prayed
and when the crowd with torches
came, their faces veiled
by night, we drew our swords.*

Midday

*The crowd was chanting “crucify!”
He is no king, this man
who stumbles on the path,
who cannot carry all
the weight of insults heaped
upon his head.
We walked with him and wept
as midday sun turned dark
and all our hope seemed lost*

Morning

*In light still dim and grey
we walked along the path
in silence. Trampled dust
now cool and quiet lay
beneath our grief-shod feet.
The world still resting seemed
besides the birds and us
and in the tomb a man
in robes of dazzling white
said, "Do not be afraid."
Afraid we were, and ran
as rising sun with light
now filled the eastern sky—
our jars of mourning left
beside the empty tomb*

Evening

*In slanting golden light
we walked and wondered long
of how the things we'd heard
could be—the end of all
our hope and its beginning.
A strange companion walked
beside us asking why
we wondered at the news.
"The son of man must die,"
He said, "and rise again."
"The day is nearly done—
come share a meal with us."
And when he broke the bread
we saw, and ran back through
the dusk, to share our joy*



Alive

Rebecca Dailey

*Live and let
Life and death
Come to me now
Open your arms
I'm broken and
Undone, your mercy has just begun.*

*If I die, let me
Die. He is young and worried.
Love is powerful.
The strength of love
Knows no boundaries.*

*Live and let
Life and death
Come to me now
Open your arms
I'm broken and
Undone, your mercy has just begun.*

*I live on the outskirts.
I fight for my life,
For my freedom. I'll
Live to tell the tale
The story lives on, it lives in me.*

Opposite:

He shared in their humanity, Evan Babbitt
Oil on canvas

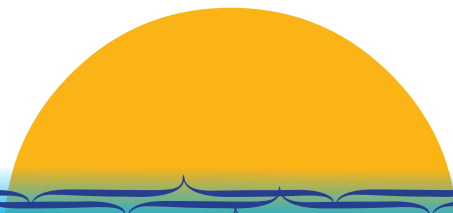
And yet Not a poet

*Joy is gone
Loss of what could be
Stole my song
Now I can't see
Feels so wrong
Hope has left me
Crave the dawn
Sunrise o'er sea
Wait so long*

And yet...

*Through it all
I will call*

*Joyful Joyful...
I adore Thee*



Believe in the Story

Rebecca Dailey

*Tell me the story of how I died.
Tell me the story of how I survived.*

*The battle of light and dark rages on.
Which side do you choose?*

*Fear is your best friend yet he is the very vile thing that destroys
you.*

*Love can destroy you but it also heals and brings you closer to the
end.*

*Find happiness, find joy and you will know
Magic is always there.*

But perhaps magic isn't there and you are all alone.

*Strangely enough it's those who are alone who never see the
magic.*

Reach out to those who are alone and help them find the magic.

Believe

*It sounds ridiculous but it is true. Hold that truth and never forget.
Because when you forget the world goes dark.
When it is dark, look to the light and never turn back.
For in the light there will always be freedom.*

Fairytale for an Airplane Window

Keiryn Sandahl

Drops of rain left crooked trails down the glass. Lights winked, reflected on the slick and sodden tarmac. A few glints of early-morning pink were beginning to show through the ragged edges of the clouds. A small girl huddled in her jacket. Strangers filed past her, yawning. It was cold on the plane. The man in the aisle seat had his eyes closed.

An older woman in a fluffy jacket heaved her luggage into the overhead bin. She tapped the man on the shoulder. He opened his eyes and stood up so she could squeeze into the middle seat. The woman leaned over and fussed with her purse. Applied chapstick. Checked her phone. Scratched her head. She smelled strongly of coffee.



The captain greeted them over the speaker, and as he spoke, the plane began to move, rolling lazily away from the gate. The flight attendants positioned themselves in the aisle for the safety demonstration. The man in the aisle seat didn't open his eyes.

The girl listened to the flight attendants with wide eyes, especially when they got to the part about emergency water landings. The lady next to her must have noticed, because when the demonstration ended, she leaned over and whispered,

"First time flying?"

The girl hesitated, then gave a shy little nod.

"Don't worry," said the lady, "I've been flying for forty years, and haven't been in any emergencies."

The girl shrugged.

"Alright," the lady said cheerfully. "I know I'm a stranger. You don't have to talk to me if you don't want to." And with that she subsided.

The plane turned onto the runway, and all of a sudden it began to go faster.

"Flight attendants, take your seats for takeoff," said the speaker.

Faster and faster they sped over the wet tarmac. The floor rattled under the girl's feet. How thin it must be, to tremble like that. Faster and faster, a roar of air and engines—then the wind caught them under the wings and lifted them from the earth, and the ground dropped away. They shot over a highway, the tops of the cars seeming dangerously close. But swiftly, smoothly, they climbed higher, and the cars appeared more and more like beetles, gliding in streams along the highways, headlights winking in a rainy haze.

The plane gave an unexpected lurch, the world outside tilting while her window leaned out over it. The plane was banking, and banking so steeply it seemed it might tip over on its head. Terrified, the girl jerked the shade over her window.

The woman reached across her and put it back up again.

"Sorry, but it has to stay up during takeoff."

The girl clamped her eyes shut and gripped the armrests, trying not to imagine tipping over and hanging upside down.

Trying not to imagine the roof coming off the plane. Trying not to imagine plummeting helplessly towards the miniature world below.

“The first King of the Fairies taught them how to fly.”

It was the woman speaking, of course—no longer a conversation, but a story. The girl listened, concentrating on the steady voice and on the dark shifting colors on the inside of her eyelids, while the plane rolled again, this time on its other side.

“He learned the trick from a cunning old spider, though he almost got eaten. Before he went to visit the spider, he washed himself with dew-water so the sticky threads wouldn’t snare him. The spider saw what he had done, and no spider likes to lose a catch once it’s upon the web. So, being just as clever as the Fairy King, it told him riddles and answered his questions with the secrets of spider-lore. The King asked question after question, and all the while the sun got higher, and dried up the dew on his skin. At last he was stuck fast.

“Then the gloating spider spun him round and wrapped him in its threads as though he were a spool. But the spider rolled him so hastily that the King kept one hand free, and while the spider was standing over him, he tickled it on its belly. This so agitated the spider that its flailing legs tore the web, and the King dropped to the ground. He waddled into the bushes and there rubbed himself with mud until he could wriggle free of the webs, while the sulky spider mended its net. In his time with the spider, he had learned how to weave reins of silk, strong enough to catch a wind by its head and ride on its back. Spiders could not fly this way because they were too heavy, but the fairies could, and the King taught them how. That is why most of the fairies live miles above us, preferring to make their kingdom in the cloud-lands—try opening your eyes now—for they are light enough to tread on the clouds without falling, and they always have plenty of winds, so they can fly anywhere they like.”

Slowly, the girl opened her eyes. They had risen above one layer of clouds, damp, gray little clouds like clots of smoke. Above them the sun beamed through it as through a lace of vapors, and the morning sky was bright and clean.

“We’re in their kingdom now. We can’t see them, of course,

any more than we can see the wind. But if you know what they're doing, you can almost imagine the scene, and that's nearly like seeing them. Here, for instance. When a storm leaves behind wet clouds, then the fairies come out to do their washing on them. Out there are the fairy families, wringing their vestments out to dry, so the drips mingle with the rain that falls through the clouds. Some of the fairy-children will be too young to ride winds by themselves, and they'll stay very close to their mothers. Look, there's a small fairy-boy now, he's gotten away. He's playing right at the edge of the cloud, where the wisps would be too weak to hold a grown fairy. Oh! He's fallen! But his mother heard him yell. See how swiftly she snatches a wind with her reins? And she's swept over the edge of the cloud after him and, oh, good, she's caught him!"

But the fields of washing clouds grew thicker and thicker, until they cloaked the ground. Gray piles of clouds rose up ahead of them.

The captain's voice came on over the speaker. "We may have some slight turbulence. Please return to your seats and fasten your seatbelts."

Rain began to stream slant-wise across the window. Then the dark clouds enveloped them, so that the girl could see nothing out her window save the light flashing on the wing of the plane, throwing up shadows. Now they were bumping and shaking; the whole plane was quivering. The clouds pressed close as the walls of a cave.

"The fairies call this King Stormhead's woods," said the woman.

"The king's name is Stormhead? The one with the spider?"

"No, the fairies have lots of kings, and princes and princesses, too. The First King, the one who tickled the spider, lives on the rim of the sun, in a castle of golden glass. But King Stormhead is a powerful lord among the fairies. He's mighty enough to master even a hurricane wind, and sometimes, when he and his fairies go hunting, they whip the clouds into a fury. So that's why it's called King Stormhead's woods."

"What do they hunt?"

"Dragons, I think. Or sometimes birds of prey, when they

want smaller game. See, here come the fairy knights, with their lances in hand. See with what skill they wheel their winds, fierce and wild but graceful, too? Now they've vanished into the thicket, hot behind their quarry."

"Do they kill the dragons?"

"No, I don't think so. Dragons are an endangered species, you know, and if they killed them all, they wouldn't have any more dragons to chase. No, I suspect they only try to snatch a scale or two from the dragon's hide. Dragon's scales are precious among fairies, for, though the dragon can grow back its scales, they are very rare to get. A dragon's hide burns to touch, like a pan on the stove, because of the fire in his belly, and the scales are firmly fastened to it. Nor will a hunted dragon ever sit still. So it takes great skill for a fairy-hunter to cling to a dragon's spine and try to pry a scale loose with his lance."

Somewhere deep in the storm, the clouds flashed—it wasn't the light on the wing. The air rumbled.

"Listen to that! A dragon is indeed abroad today. He must be wrestling with a fairy huntsman, beating the clouds with his wings, eyes blazing, spitting white-hot fire."

They were ascending again, and they climbed free of the fairy hunting-grounds. At this height, the clouds were a field of fluffy white furrows, vast and unbroken, stretching out in all directions, under a polished blue sky like an enamel dome. After the passage through King Stormhead's woods, it was a severe and empty calm. They seemed to be traveling along the ceiling of the world. The girl put her hands in her pockets to warm them, and the air in the cabin was dry on her tongue. A flight attendant with a cart came around to give them drinks and pretzel packets. For a while, both she and the woman sat in silence. The girl put down her tray table, sipped her water, crunched on her snack, and studied the white expanse outside the window.

Finally, she asked, timidly, "What do the fairies do here?"

The woman smiled. "This is where they farm the cloud-silver that they use to make their strongest reins. When it's ready, the farmers will harvest it by winding it into balls, like we do with yarn, only bigger, like hay bales. Then they'll stack them inside

their barns for the weaver-fairies to turn into reins, and also into fairy clothes.”

“What do fairy barns look like?

“I don’t know, I’ve never seen one. Probably a lot like the other fairy buildings. They like to live where the clouds grow tall like mountains, and with their winds they sculpt their houses and palaces.”

“What do the fairies eat?”

She laughed. “I’m not sure, actually. What do you think they eat?”

The girl considered. “Berries made of cloud moisture,” she said. “They taste like sugar.”

“Oh, yes,” agreed the woman. “Except the ones grown on clouds over the ocean, which taste like salt. Fairies have very small appetites, anyway, being so light and swift.”

At that moment, the girl spotted a colorful ring skimming along the cloud-fields, keeping pace with the plane.

“What’s that?” she said, and the woman unbuckled her seatbelt and leaned over her shoulder to get a good look at it.

“That’s a very special thing in the cloud countries,” she said. “It’s a rainbow. From the ground we see them as an arch, but for the fairies, rainbows are rings, and they play games with them. Watch, some of the young farm fairies have spotted it. Here they come. It’s a race to see who can get inside the rainbow, and run in its center, without touching the colors. If anyone does, she has to give up her spot, and someone else takes a turn.”

The rainbow flew alongside the plane a good distance, flickering over the humps of the clouds, but never vanishing. The girl almost fancied she heard the fairies’ merry laughter.

But when the cloud-fields broke into puffs, the rainbow disappeared. Now they were flying among the towering clouds of a fairy city, the great cumulus giants where the fairies built their doors and their balconies.

“You know,” said the woman, “unlike ours, fairy homes are always changing. They fairies can never make up their minds, and are always adjusting them. The fairy princess Wisp-of-Pearl would get so bored with her palace that she changed it two or three times

a day. She would add turrets and move all her guests to new bedrooms. One day, when she put her own bedroom in the topmost turret, her brother rode up on his wind while she was sleeping, and he blew her turret room off the palace. He set her adrift through the open sky in a tiny blob of cloud. When she woke up, and saw that her palace had become a cloud-cottage, she was very pleased, for that was even more exciting than a twentieth garden. So she shaped her cloud into a ship, and sailed the seven skies, and anchored in a new part of the heavens every night.”

The speaker announced that they would soon be landing. In the chasms between the piles of cloud, the girl could see the checkered earth, and gently the plane began to descend past the fairy architecture, back towards the world of trees, of hills and rivers and cement. The girl lost sight of the fairy city, except for a few smaller clouds that were its lower outskirts. The plane banked again, but she was ready for it. The world lay like a quilt; the sun was high, and its warmth was blazing through the glass now. At first they seemed to descend gradually, but as the ground grew closer, the girl could tell how quickly it was rushing by them. Lower and lower—surely they would scrape the roofs of the houses!—but no, a fence, a runway, and the plane riding just above the pavement without touching it—a jolt as the wheels touched the earth, and the plane barrelled headlong down the runway, rattling, roaring, and though the flaps came up they seemed to be going too fast to be stopped—but stop they did. The plane crawled home to its gate, strolling now in the afternoon sunshine.

The girl and the woman said no more to each other. The girl would no longer meet her eyes, back on the earth where the spell was broken. She waited while everyone got up and stood in the aisle; they all waited for the doors to open. Then both she and the woman, in a stream of other passengers, poured into the airport, and were scattered as strangers in a sea of strangers.



Song of the Spheres

Kyra Binney & Emma Dainty

*I bathe the world in
flaming gold.*

I create

light.

*I govern the day,
giving life, color, and the warmth
of blue days,*

until our orbits collide.

I, the Sun:

*that flaming dragon, that chariot
pulled by fiery horses.*

*The Lord of the Dawn—King of
all that glows golden:*

I bathe the world in

chill silver.

I reflect

light.

*I guard the night,
calling forth the dim-eyed things
and giving sleep's
serenity,*

until our orbits collide.

I, the Moon:

*that silver mirror, that luminous
stone.*

*The Lady of the Dusk—Queen of
all that shimmers silver:*

***I am**
the Day.*

*Awake! Awake! Come fill the sky
with song of bird and
shout of man!*

*Come forth! Work and make and
praise!*

***I impel**
the world.*

***I am**
the Night*

*Take rest. Take rest. Come fill the
air with hush of dew and
peace of star.*

*Lie down. Sleep and think and
sigh.
I dance with*

the world.





Oh to See the Dawn, Musicographer

Photography

This picture captures the stillness before the sun rises—an in-between moment where the darkness has not yet lifted, but the promise of light is undeniable. The golden glow pushing through the trees speaks of resurrection, of life returning where once there was silence. It is a visual hallelujah, echoing the hope we hold as believers: Christ has risen, and in that rising, everything is changed.

Even as the earth waits, bruised and broken, the dawn declares joy—not a fleeting happiness but a deep, steady joy rooted in the truth that death is defeated. The road in the foreground reflects the first light, reminding us that even our most ordinary paths are touched by glory when we walk in the resurrection story.

This sunrise is my way of sitting with that joy, of witnessing it, of proclaiming: He is risen indeed.

The Dawn Is Come

Musa

*The sun is rising. Soon the birds will wake
And fill the forest with their morning song.
The water lilies bloom upon the lake,*

*Their breezy whispers gliding fresh along
The water weeds where frogs begin to stir.
And suddenly, a cry, a stricken gong:*

*“Awake! Arise!” And lo, the slumberer
With bursting joy and hymns of praise arose—
Sweet nature and her beauty to assure*

*The risen truth. She sings in grass-green clothes:
“The Dawn is come, whose glory we embrace!
Oh sinner, sing! He has o’ercome your woes!”*

*The Son is rising, vict’ry on His face.
Among the meek and mild He takes His place.*

The Meadow

Elizabeth Borchers

Come back

Come back to the meadow, my love

Where the golden rays shine through your curls

The birds chirp and sing just for us

The clouds play, and the breeze makes grass swirls

Come back

Come back home, my love

Where you spun me in the living room

The place where we were able to dream

The music made us smile, and our love was in bloom

Come back

Please

Where we were once so happy

The smile you had, so full of hope, and our lives ahead

Now lies only in my memory

My love

How I've missed your smile

We are back in our meadow

With the dandelions in our hair

Filled with the geese, the light, and memories of you

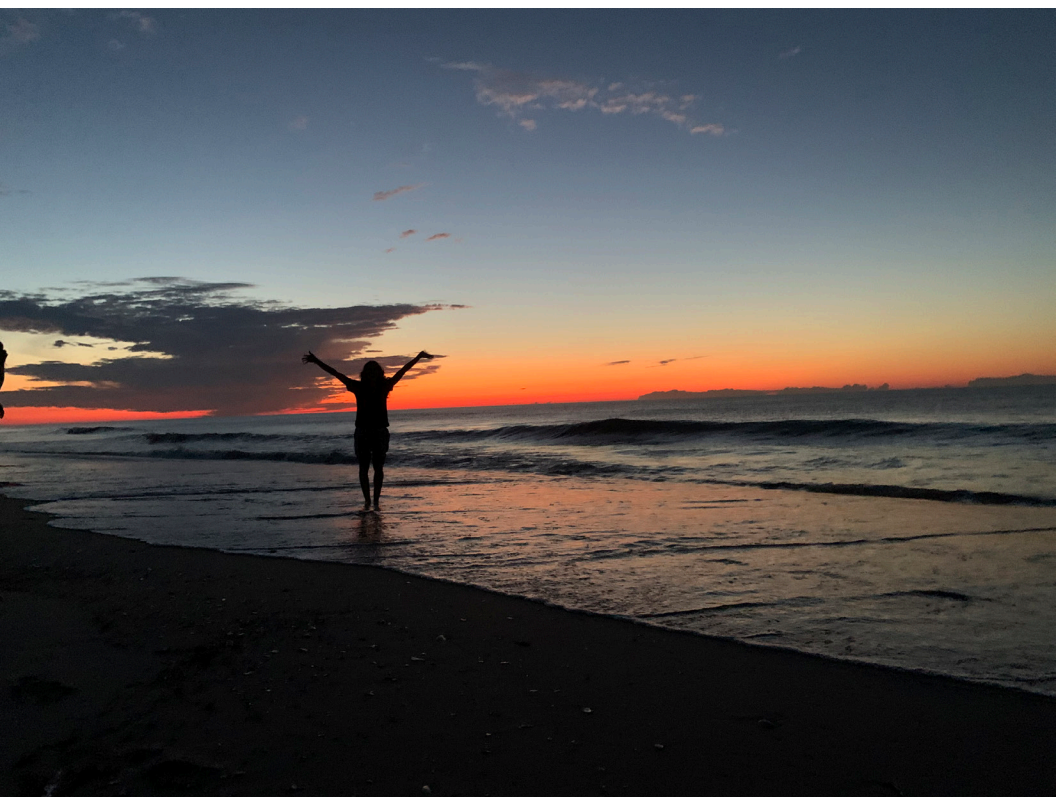
Please stay

Lying in the grass looking at the clouds

The hope of tomorrow written in your smile

Your freckles in the sun and voice in the breeze

Why can't we just stay here for a while



Joy in the Morning, Kylie Dawson
Photography

While taking a walk along the coast of Long Beach Island a friend of mine finally celebrates her 20th birthday after years of trials. Many hard years for my friend have enabled her to find God through suffering and demonstrate his brilliance and wisdom to others

Joy in the Knowing

Hannah Lee

*You say I am one thing
Tell others I am another
But do you really know me?
Do you really know yourself?*

*The truth is none of us really know who we are
Not always
Sometimes not ever
We are imperfect
We made ourselves that way when the apple was bitten*

*Someone still knows us
But do we know Him?
That's the question we ask each other
When really
We need to be asking ourselves
"Do I know Him?"*

*He knows me
Knows me better than anyone
Even better than I know myself
He has made it His mission to know me
He knows my every move and desire*

*He knows the good
He knows the bad
He knows the happy
He knows the hurt*

*But do I know Him? Do I know why?
Sometimes I question
I would not pick me
Nor would many others*

*I have been rejected by the world
Yet, not by Him
He sought me out when I was cast aside
Broken
Messy
Evil
Lost*

*Even still
He wanted me
He fought for me
He DIED for me*

*Can anything compare to that?
Can any mortal sacrifice compare to giving one's own life?
Can a mortal make it their selfless goal to save you from eternal
suffering?
Doubtful*

*We are selfish
We are broken
We are messy
We are evil
We are undesirable
We are lost*

But He still wants us

So I ask again, do you know Him?

He knows you

He wants you

He died for you

He loves you

Mess and all

He loves you

So rejoice

Climb out of your grave

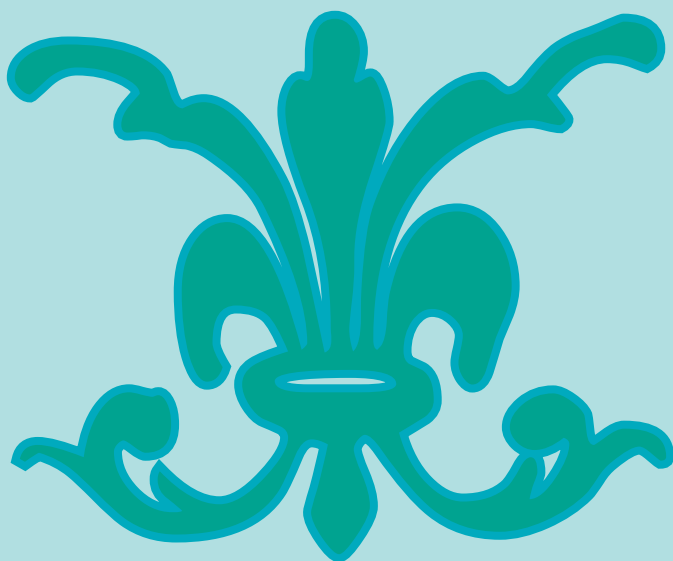
You do not belong there

Embrace the joy you have in knowing

The Almighty loves you

Even though He knows you inside and out

He still loves you



Next Two Pages:

Moments of Peace 1 & 2, Kelsey Curtis
Photography

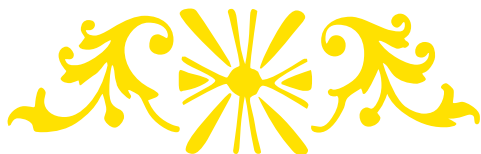




Worship Music

Emma Dainty

*Listen! She comes:
that ringing melody.
And fills the stair
with the delicacy
of worshipful
song. High, pure, golden notes
that fill the heart
with more than music—motes
of praise to lift
the heart to God's Own home.
A roommate's song
to God—a coming welcome.*



A Grown Child's Prayer

Bethany Tubman

Our Father

Abba?

who art in heaven,

I know you're up there!

Hallowed be thy name.

Ruling as Lord of Lords and King of Kings.

Thy kingdom come.

When are you coming back?

Thy will be done in earth,

I'm trying to do your will down here.

as it is in heaven.

But I think I lost the sound of heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

Lord help me delight in you daily!

And forgive us our debts,

Lord I am only but a sinner wrapped in your grace!

Undeserving of forgiveness!

On my knees.

Asking you again.

To Forgive me for the wrong I have done.

Forgive me for delighting in something that is not you!

as we forgive our debtors.

Help me forgive those who have wronged me

And extend the grace you extend me!

And lead us not into temptation,

Abba.

Guide me away from my fleshy desires.

Desires that only hinder our relationship!

You said there is a way that seems right to man but it leads to destruction!

So, Abba.

Please guide me along the path you have set for me!

but deliver us from evil.

Touch my heart and make it new.
I have a heart of stone
Lord please make it flesh.
I have shackles Lord
Shackles that are heavy
And I've forgotten how to dance Father.
My heart is too heavy to sing
And my hands are too bound to give!
Yet I will praise you none the less
Thank you for
Freedom!
A freedom I can't yet see, feel or touch.

For thine is the kingdom,

You are King of Kings!

and the power,

Lord of Lords!

and the glory,

My sovereign Father!
Who I will Love
And is learning to trust

forever.

forever.

Amen.

Amen!

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!



Author, Artist, & Musician Bios



Emma Dainty

I am Emma Dainty, member of the 2023 London Cohort, head editor of the Lantern, consultant at the Writing Center, amateur birder, and expert on all things Tolkien and Star Wars.

Kylie Dawson

Kylie Dawson is a freshman studying Environmental Science and Art at Houghton University.

Hannah Lee

Hannah Lee, Junior, Equestrian Management student.

Not a poet

A non English major student who has no idea what they are doing when it comes to words.

Bethany Tubman

Senior Class of 25'.

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 our first submissions email of the Fall 2025 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; April 2025