

The Lantern



October 2023

Prayer For Autumn Days

God of the seasons, there is a time for everything: there is a time for dying and a time for rising. We need courage to enter into the transformation process.

God of autumn, the trees are saying goodbye to their green, letting go of what has been. We, too, have our moments of surrender, with all their insecurity and risk. Help us to let go when we need to do so.

God of fallen leaves lying in colored patterns on the ground, our lives have their own patterns. As we see the patterns of our own growth, may we learn from them.

God of misty days and harvest moon nights, there is always the dimension of mystery and wonder in our lives. We always need to recognize your power-filled presence. May we gain strength from this.

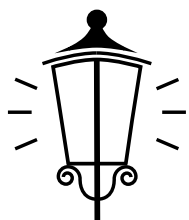
God of harvest wagons and fields of ripened grain, many gifts of growth lie within the season of our surrender. We must wait for harvest in faith and hope. Grant us patience when we do not see the blessings.

God of geese going south for another season, your wisdom enables us to know what needs to be left behind and what needs to be carried into the future. We yearn for insight and vision.

God of flowers touched with frost and windows wearing white designs, may your love keep our hearts from growing cold in the empty seasons.

God of life, you believe in us, you enrich us, you entrust us with the freedom to choose life. For all this, we are grateful.





The Lantern

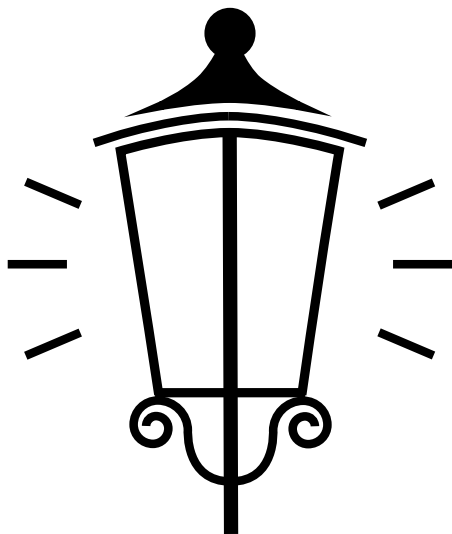
***The Lantern**, begun in 1932, is Houghton University's student-run literary journal that exists to illuminate the thoughts and expressions of students and the greater Houghton community through works of literary and visual art.*

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.

Muddy Field, Catherine Lynip
Watercolor

Seasons

October 2023



Letter from the Editors

“There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens...” —Ecclesiastes 3:1 NIV

Dear readers,

Fall has turned the leaves bright colors, and colder weather has come, pressaging the winter that will eventually arrive. During this changing season, we are reflecting on how seasons end and new ones begin. College is often a turning point in life—the start of a new season. For many, it is a season of being fully independent for the first time: of no longer living at home and of making our own decisions about when we will work, what we will eat, where we will go to church, and a myriad of other things. Even for those of us who are familiar with the things surrounding college life, each new semester brings a new batch of classes and a new routine to which we must adjust.

Whatever season of life you are in, whether it is a completely new one or a recurrence of a familiar one, we hope God gives you the strength and motivation to continue onward!

Yours for lighting up the world,

The Lantern Editors,
Emma, Catherine, Lee, Warren, Susannah, & Hannah

Table of Contents

Seasons	Emma Dainty	8
They will Ripen	Tenshi Chispa	8
Come and Go	Tigara Valley	9
Campfire Fairies	Alexa Williams	10
Do The Birds Know This Feeling	Destiney Schultz	12
ASKEW; random melody	Susannah Denham	13
Cypselae in the Wind	Adrianna Kappmeier	14
Leaves in the Rain	Destiney	16
Muddy Field	Catherine Lynip	17
A Narrative Arc of Aging	Laurie Dashnau	18
Seasons between us	Jay Lagmann	20
The Fairies	Tigara Valley	21
bus times in an old city	Alexa Williams	23
Dew in the Dry Season	Tenshi Chispa	24
Of Khîyd-Nând the Fiery	Emma Dainty	25
Cycles beyond our grasp	Jay Lagmann	31
A cold winter's night	Anonymous	32
The Audacity of Hope	Abby Pixley	33
Pink Dream	AJ Bedell	35
Return	Josephine Lipscomb	36
Reflections	Tenshi Chispa	37
Lindel's Lament	Susannah Denham & Emma Dainty	38
Author, Artist, & Musician Bios		40

Seasons

Emma Dainty

*The leaves fall, death comes,
Pale frost chills the earth;
Then trees bud, spring comes,
The ground gives green birth.*



They will Ripen, Tenshi Chispa
Digital Photography

Late tomatoes, still green... Will they be ready before the cold settles?

Come and Go

Tigara Valley

*The leaves turn bright,
Like fire in the summer.
But the breeze catches them,
Blows them away.*

*Young voices shriek
With glee among the piles.
Pumpkins litter the lawns
Costumes appear; witches, ghosts,
Little goblins and princesses.
Knights whose armor gleams
As they race after a
Tiny dragon with a bucket of candy.*

*Fall has come and Summer has gone.
It becomes cold among the outside world, but
We still sit around the fire.
Winter will come covering the world white.
Bells will chime in the chill
As winter coats and scarves are bundled tighter.
Fall will be gone.*

*Spring will do the same,
Repeating the cycle of seasons.
Change is inevitable, much like us,
As we come and go with the tides
And the leaves.*

Campfire Fairies

Alexa Williams

*I imagine I can talk to myself sometimes
(sometimes being the times I sit by the fireside of a summer
campfire,
slapping away mosquitoes
who sing their vampire-song to the hungry moon)
(myself being the child crouched next to me
holding hands out to dancing fairy-flames
and praying for this moment to last forever)
I promise myself I won't tell younger me
that their moment cannot last forever.
I promise myself to believe that this time,
this time, this moment will last.
(that promise will fail—it's the same age-old promise
that disappointed me too many times
and made me stop believing in sacred pinkie-promises)*

*I wouldn't tell this child-me the secrets of pain.
I won't tell them of the hungry moon that hangs above us,
sending her ache in radio-waves across the sky
that sing in a hurt so loud
that even the wolves sing along.
I'd ignore the vampire-song of mosquitos
and all the other vampires
that drain the life-blood of the things
that bring the most joy to this world.*

*I'll ask child-me to teach me again
to hear singing. To hear the melodies
in little things like the rushing of streams
and the rustling of trees.
I'd ask them to tell me again
of campfire fairies—
they died to my eyes when I grew old,*

*their magical dances and crackling laughter
replaced by wood-smoke watering my eyes
and spark-snapping sticks burning to embers.
I'd ask my childhood self
to show me again the laughter of living.
I'd ask them to show me
the magic again.*



Do The Birds Know This Feeling

Destiney Schultz

*I long to be under the grass
To feel the dirt and roots surround me
To feel the heaviness above me
Pressing me gently deeper*

*I long to be a rock
To stand still in the center of time
To feel moss cover me
And the flowers surround me*

*I long to be a tree
Standing in the forest
The wind sighing through me
My roots pushing down down down*

*I long to feel the heaviness
My human body cannot hold
Turn into the feeling
That nature grows*

*My emotions overwhelm
They riot and tumble
They flatten and deaden
My frailness cannot uphold*

*But the rocks and the trees
The earth down below
They know of this heaviness inside
They have weathered the storm*

*They persist and continue
Long past when I have given way
I long to hold this stillness
Until I am one with the worms*

ASKEW; random melody

Susannah Denham



Future musical selections can be recorded and uploaded to our
YouTube channel.

Cypselae in the Wind

Adrianna Kappmeier

*In fields of yellow and green
The shadow is cast down upon me
A weed that has nothing to be
A wayward soul that longs to be free*

*Striving to blossom within this place
Dying to change the course of fate
Spring will come, time will erase
And faith will shatter eons of hate*

*Rooted in fields of yellow and green
As the poison takes hold of my body
I cannot move lest I allow myself release
Losing it all means setting myself free*

*When the fields are littered in white
And the sun smiles its angelic light
All that we've taken, all that we can give
Becomes the sum of cypselae in the wind*

*When we are left denude, fruits gone bare
Sense of self scattered throughout the air
A barren land full of hollowed out faces
Singing the same sorrowful, tired praises*

*I'll never know if they made it to that place
Cypselae in the wind being carried astray
A final destination of decisiveness and rest
That breathes new life into humanity's test*

*In fields of devoid of yellow, they grow again
This time, I pray, the past will recompense
After years of flourishing in unresolved sin
I learn to let go through cypselaes in the wind*



Leaves in the Rain

Destiney

*It was the smiles I noticed first
The wide eyes and beaming teeth
The stares that lingered on my face
And the back of my neck
The eyes with the inner ring of gold
Bleeding into green so vibrant
The trees were jealous*

*The stares turned into
Pleasant talks, whispered hellos
Are you okay's and sweet compliments
Long conversations about the future
And plans for the present*

*When the leaves started to fall
I thought you might regret
Yet you held my hand in the rain
And said, "I'm not ready to let go yet"*



Mount Snow, Catherine Lynip
Watercolor

A Narrative Arc of Aging

Laurie Dashnau

I.

*On the way up
the climb has given me room
for pause, filled my mind
with internal monologue
about me, myself, and I.
Keep going, I whisper.
Don't be a wimp and say you never imagined
or trained for anything like this.
Come on, others are going faster, climbing higher,
making it to the summit in record time.*

II.

*Hours pass.
The ascent has been steep
and I find myself
inhaling deeply,
the air thin
and the vista breathtaking.*

III.

*I search for the perfect vantage point,
focusing on a rainbow
visible from the summit,
the sun streaming through the fog.*

*I stay for about an hour,
starting down the tree-dense path
reluctantly.*

IV.

*The descent is steep
and I have to watch my step,
not giving into gravity.
The rocks are slippery,
the little stones an even bigger threat,
and the leaves, some crunchy, others wet,
never predictable either.*

V.

*The trail ends.
I breathe deeply, the air overripe,
thick with recent rains.*

*Looking down at my mud-soaked shoes,
I feel much closer to the earth.*



Seasons between us

Jay Lagmann

*Seasons, cyclical in nature
Like my mood swings
Like the grief in your eyes
The tide rising against the sand
An endless push and pull*

*A season passes and we've changed
Like the bruises on my knuckles
Like the color of your hair
No longer who we remember
Two strangers standing still*

*Seasons birth our new beginnings
Like the breath from my lungs
Like the tears from your eyes
A new moon graces the sky
She smiles down on us all*

The Fairies

Tigara Valley

I saw the fairies that night. They were quiet, poking their heads out from under the tree roots. And there they were, tiny graceful dancers. Some even plucked leaves from the ground for clothes I suspect. Frost grew in place of their footsteps, a chill sweeping the air. I shivered, pulling my summer cloak tighter.

"I should head back home. Ty doesn't like playing ruler much."

The little fairies stopped. "It's her."

"The girl?" One asked.

"Your majesty." Another curtsied. "Queen Nixie Tamara Nightingale."

"Hello, I didn't mean to interrupt." I smiled.

"Oh nonsense, Fall is here and winter is coming. I too would watch us if I were you."

"Come dance with us, perhaps you won't be so cold in that outfit." Several fairies took my hand as I became smaller, my own gossamer wings tingled.

"Much better." They chimed, pulling me into their circle. I hadn't quite learned their songs but tried my best. I helped them gather leaves, flowers and acorns among other necessities for the winter.

"We won't be able to dance much longer." The HeadFairy sighed.

"In the spring my love." She kissed his cheek.

"Ms. Nightingale, will you return then?" he asked.

"It would be my honor," I replied. Dates were arranged and I bid farewell, returning to my regular height. Along the moor, the air was silent. Leaves fell from trees while the moon shone among the pines.

"Fortica awaits," I whispered, taking off into the night air to the clouds.

“I like it there, besides it was all I knew before I came into my powers.”

I landed in the fluffy beanbag chair next to her desk. “The seasons are changing.”

“We don’t have that up here,” Tigara said wistfully.

“I can tell you and you can write about it; didn’t you want to practice in my point of view?”

“That I do, Nixie; your story isn’t going to write itself.”

Tigara laughed.

“Better at poetry than narrative,” I told her. “Find some fresh parchment. I want to tell you about the leaves. They change color every year.”

“Really?”

“Mm hm, its change and growth, we do it too in our own way.”

“Change color?” Tigara asked, dripping her quill in fresh ink.

“No, change and growth. We can’t stay the same forever. We overcome what gets in our way.”

“There’s my queen,” she muttered while writing.”

“Ha ha. Start with once upon a time,” I said, for those are the words that change anything that comes after them forever. And yet they always come back in the spring to begin anew.

bus times in an old city

Alexa Williams

9:06, 9:16, 9:26, 9:36

The bus times tick past.

I don't want to go home now.

I'm not even sure what home is anymore,

because this strange place

and shadows that once scared me

now feel like old friends.

The bus stops at my street at the same time each day,

and now I'm never late

because I know the bus times by heart.

But I don't live on my street anymore.

I won't be taking the bus I'm waiting for.

I'm going home,

but it feels more like I'm leaving it.

My phone number's changing again,

but my old area code feels strange to me now.

And I'm back at my house,

and no bus comes to this street,

and I'm missing the home with the street

where the bus came each day.

This place feels both nostalgic and unfamiliar.

My old friends have different faces and longer hair

and my new friends have faces that I can only see

through the screen of a video call.

So I'll laugh and pretend like I'm glad to be home,

but I'm watching the clock,

counting minutes,

waiting for the bus to come

in a city I no longer know.

9:46...

9:56...

10:06...

10:16...



Dew in the Dry Season, Tenshi Chispa
Digital Photography

A dry plant receiving moisture on an early winter day. Beautiful beads for the life beneath.

Of Khîyd-Nând the Fiery

Emma Dainty

*Of leaves we sing,
And coal on wing,
And tiny dragon hot.
Of Pixie home
And chill night roam,
And benevolent thought.*

Pixies rarely come into Dwarven tales, being the fancy of Men and, if ancient tales speak true, the kin of Fairies, who are friendliest with the Elves, whom most Dwarves care little for. Even so, some few tales about the Pixies are told among the Dwarves, although many Dwarves count them as little but children's folly.

Khîyd-Nând the Fiery, Coalgem in Men's Tongue, figures in most of the Dwarven tales of Pixies. Whether he is told of by Men or Elves no Dwarf could say. Coal dragons may be the stuff of Dwarven myths, yet some Elves tell of them also. One Dwarven fancy is that coal dragons spring from the fire, born from the hottest white coals. Whether this is true only the Elves and Fairies—and perhaps the Pixies too—could say. That the dragonlets burn yellow and darken to red as adults may be believed, for so the Elvish tales say also, and none are wiser than the Elves, unless they be the Fairies or The Metalworker himself.

Whether true or fantasy, Khîyd-Nând's escapades are the cause of much Dwarven laughter. No greed for gold had he—nor do any of the coal dragons—yet much chaos he brought down on the Pixies heads.

Long ago—when no Dwarf could say—autumn fell upon the Fairy Lands, the realm of Fairy and Pixie. These fair lands hold field and forest, hill and river. It was in the forest that Khîyd-Nând dwelt most. It was his first sight of autumn, and he glowed yellow and tiny, small enough to sit in a Dwarf child's palm if he was not so burning hot. Even in his full growth, he would not take up two Dwarven hands.

Red, yellow, and orange glowed the trees, and Khîyd-Nând was fascinated. To and fro he flew as bright bits of flaming color fluttered about him.

Thought he, “Here are fellow dragons to see my might and heat.”

Therefore he darted to one large red leaf that was settling slowly through the air. “Am I not the fieriest here?”

No answer did the red leaf make, for not even in the Fairy Lands do leaves speak.

“Is that it?” cried Khîyd-Nând in great anger. “No answer have you for me? Then feel my wrath!”

Then he puffed a flicker of flame. It is well known even among Dwarves, who live long underground and care not for growing things, that leaves in autumn are dry. Therefore, even though Khîyd-Nând’s flame was tiny, the leaf was set alight and fell burning to the ground, where it lay curled and blackened.

Khîyd-Nând was surprised, yet he was pleased also. “See my might! I have burnt him black. Beware all you others!”

He flitted to another falling leaf.

“Am I not the greatest?” he roared in his tiny voice.

At receiving no answer, he again let forth his flame, and again the leaf fell burnt to the ground.

Soon Khîyd-Nând no longer troubled to speak, but went to and fro among the falling leaves, flaming them one by one.

Many Pixies prefer the open meadow for their home, yet some live among the trees also. So it was that a leaf still beaded with hot embers landed upon a Pixie home of twined sticks roofed with dry grass. Out darted the small inhabitant as his roof caught fire and blazed up.

“Curse you, hot dragon!” he shrieked up at Khîyd-Nând. “See what you have done!”

Pixies have little magic, which is fortunate, for if they had more, their mischief would be dire indeed. Like the Fairies, who wield far greater power and use it with much more wisdom, some Pixies hold more magic than others. This one, who has no name among the Dwarves, though he might be one called by the Elves Nîëtyñnîmbälän (that is Diamondfingered), had more magic than

many Pixies. It is told in Elvish tales that this magic was not his own, but stolen with the little silver wand he carried. The tale of this wand comes not into this story.

Therefore, he lifted his silver wand as he screamed in anger, "Cold come upon you!"

Too little power had Diamondfingered to quench Khîyd-Nând's fire completely, but he had enough to chill Khîyd-Nând's heart and put out his flaming breath.

Great fright came upon Khîyd-Nând.

"What is this?" he exclaimed. "My heat is faint and my flame extinguished."

Hearing him, the Pixie laughed. "Indeed, it is time you paid for your thoughtlessness. See how you have destroyed my home, and forget you last Midsummer's Eve?" He laughed again. "Little harm that did me, surely, but the Pixies were greatly angered."

Here he spoke of another tale in which Khîyd-Nând carried off the Pixie Queen in sport and burned her sorely.

Khîyd-Nând answered, "You have done this?"

"Verily so," chuckled the other.

"How can it be amended?" Khîyd-Nând asked with less arrogance and more fear.

"Ah," the Pixie's black eyes twinkled, "once you have aided some poor Pixie."

"That I will not!" Khîyd-Nând cried, affronted.

It is well known that coal dragons have little love for the Pixies, and when not tormenting them, view them with great disdain as a rule.

Off flew Khîyd-Nând in a huff, but the Pixie called after him, laughing, "Forget not to be benevolent."

Khîyd-Nând would have returned and blown his fire at the mocking Pixie, but his fire was chilled and he could not. Therefore, he did not even answer the Pixie, who remained behind, laughing heartily.

Several days passed, and although Khîyd-Nând was miserable and cold, his pride was too great.

"I shall not bow to a petty Pixie. Faw! I am the great coal dragon who burns his foes from the skies." He paused and his tiny

coal of a heart sank. “Yet a mere Pixie has stolen my flame.”

Now winter bites lightly at the Fairy Lands, and comes not at all to the more northerly parts. Even so, when winter fluttered nearer the border of the Fairy Lands, blowing tiny snowflakes before it, Khîyd-Nând feared the mild winter would quench what heat was left to him without his coal heart burning brightly enough to warm him.

“Fie upon you, cruel Pixie!” he wailed at last. “Now I must do as you bid or die.”

Therefore he took wing from his shelter of small rocks and flapped wearily over the frosty ground.

Now Pixies cannot well bear the cold—less so than coal dragons in their full heat, who can withstand the slight winter—so those who live near the borders of their land retreat from winter’s chill touch to the north. Yet Pixies are heedless, and so one little Pixie child was forgotten. Few Pixies are given names by the Dwarves, yet this one is named by them, often with great fondness. She is called simply Kâ’Khârâw, The Jewel.

Little Kâ’Khârâw ran about, her tiny transparent wings too chilled for flight, the cold ground biting at her bare toes. She cried, and her bright tears fell like clear diamonds from her violet eyes. Her lacy gown was bedecked in glittering jewels, and a crown of beaded jewels encircled her white hair.

From his slow flight Khîyd-Nând saw the sobbing Pixie maiden and felt true pity for her. He knew now the suffering the cold could inflict. Down he flew to her side.

Knowing how hurtful some coal dragons can be and how little they care for Pixies, she was frightened and ran away from him, but stubbing her numb toe on a large bit of sand, she fell and began crying harder than ever.

Then Khîyd-Nând stood still and called, “Fear not, Pixie child; I shall do you no harm. Come close and be warm, for I may have heat enough for another.”

She approached timidly and stopped several steps away, her rainbowed garb trembling about her shaking limbs. Khîyd-Nând lay down upon the ground and closed his fiery eyes. After a moment he felt the tiny creature snuggle against his side, which,

chilled by Diamondfingere's spell, was no longer burning to the touch. Enough heat he had to warm her, yet coal dragons need more warmth than Pixies, and his inner heat was lessened still more.

At last the tiny maiden spoke. "I am lost, O benevolent dragon."

"Where are your folk?" he answered.

"They have all flown away and left me in the cold," she answered. "Can you not bring me to follow the Pixies? They say it is warmer far away."

"I cannot carry you there. The way must be long and my heat has been stolen." As he spoke, Khîyd-Nând contemplated leaving the Pixie child to fly away himself to warmer lands.

He rose to go.

"Do not leave me!" cried the child in great distress. "Walk by my side, and we shall journey to the warmer lands."

"Nay!" Khîyd-Nând snorted. "I shall not be held back by a mere Pixie. I shall go and warm myself."

"But I shall perish!" cried she. "O benevolent dragon! You have warmed me, and my heart is strengthened."

"I have warmed you, and my heart has been weakened," he answered.

"O benevolent dragon! Go not from my side."

"Do not call me so! No benevolent dragon am I, or else I should not shiver in this pale frost."

Then he remembered Diamondfingere's mocking words: "Forget not to be benevolent."

Khîyd-Nând sighed. "Very well, benevolent I must be."

Night drew on and the chill deepened, but Kâ'Khârâw slept beside Khîyd-Nând and was warm. Khîyd-Nând enjoyed no sleep, for he was cold. Many times he made up his mind to depart, but time after time he looked down at the sleeping Pixie and, sighing, remained.

Morning drew on apace, and the coldest hour of the night had come. Khîyd-Nând was numb and his mind dull. As the first ray of sunlight filtered through the brown-leaved branches, its light touched Khîyd-Nând's face. Then his coal heart burst into flame

again, and his glowing heat returned.

Kâ'Khârâw yelped and leaped aside, blowing at burnt fingers. "Cruel dragon, you have burned me!"

She fluttered her tiny wings and took to the air, her wings as spry as if it had been warm summer. "Never again shall I sleep with a coal dragon. They are never to be trusted."

Off she flitted, as gay and spry as ever. Perhaps she had merely pretended deathly cold, or perchance she was playing a Pixie joke now that she had been warmed by the coal dragon's side. None can say what is in a Pixie's mind.

Khîyd-Nând roared in fury and chased after, but with a glint and a glitter of gems she flashed away from him, laughing, "Pretty Pixie play! Pretty Pixie ploy! See the pretty Pixie abandon coal-hot toy!"

*Coal dragon's play
On autumn day
And angry Pixie's wand.
Pixie maid cold
Fools dragon bold
And flits from bright Khîyd-Nând.*



Cycles beyond our grasp

Jay Lagmann

*Four seasons mark our year,
But our lives are marked by many more
A season is fickle
It can be as short as a day
Or as long as a life
Seasons of change, of love, of fear
All mark our beings
Darkness to light
Day to night
Cycles upon cycles
Spin around and weave
A story we cannot control
We fall prey to the seasons
Mastered by an unseen figure
Just out of reach
It pulls us deeper, we dive
Into the season we see
Trying to reach out
Almost in reach
Then a new season comes
We start over*

A cold winter's night

Anonymous

The house is a normal house, one you would see on a regular street in a city, two stories, maintained nicely. The main feature of the house is its large window, the kind where on dark nights the lights within project the entire house onto the street. The kind where you can see all the way through the house to the back when you stand in front of it. Everyone I have ever known and loved are in the house. It is a dark night; the snow has fallen lightly on the ground, turning everything white. A fire in the fireplace in the living room and all the lights are blazing. Snacks and drinks are scattered throughout the rooms, covering the kitchen table and the living room ottoman. They all converse and laugh, interact and smile. I can see moments when someone is crying in a corner, or leaving a room in a hurry, but for the most part, the large window paints an inviting picture. I have been outside on the frozen sidewalk my entire life. I have never set foot in this place, the warmth has only beckoned through the glass of that window. Most of the time I am pressed right up against the glass, talking to the people I know on the other side. Sometimes I forget I am outside and they are inside, that there is anything separating us at all. When they are talking to others sometimes they remember I am there and smile at me, wave hello. I have never been invited into the house. I wouldn't dare to barge in on the party. On the worse days, I am curled against the side of the house, the cold biting my bones, the wind gnawing on my tears. I don't know how to get into the house. Everyone else seems to know how to come and go; it seems easy. And yet it escapes me, how one opens the door.

The Audacity of Hope

Abby Pixley

*The Audacity of hope.
To take me from
Screaming and crying
In the parking lot,
After a hard day.
The kind where the day just wouldn't end,
And world felt like it was against me,
Trying to knock me down,
Intent on making sure I never got up again.
From not wanting to get out of bed.
Because I didn't have the energy.
To face the day.
To face the people.
Let alone face myself.
From rejection,
And brokenness.
From pain,
And heartache.
To knowing that the next day would be better,
Even just by a little bit.
To get back up
With a mud smeared face,
And tear stained eyes,
And determination on the mind.
To face the day,
Not let the world win!*

*The audacity of hope.
To be the whisper,
Amongst the noise
That tells me I can.
And I will.
Because I am stronger than whatever comes my way,*

*And I have gotten through 100% of my bad days past
So chances are I can make it through this one too.*

And if focusing on the day is too much.

Then the next hour.

Or minute.

Or even just one more second.

The audacity of hope.

To make me believe

I can get always get through

Just.

one.

more.

second.

To make me believe,

That I am not broken,

Not hopeless,

Not rejected.

But Brave

And Strong

And Fearless.

The audacity of hope

To give me,

Hope



Pink Dream, AJ Bedell
Fabric, Fashion, Sewing

Return

Josephine Lipscomb

Sometime yesterday

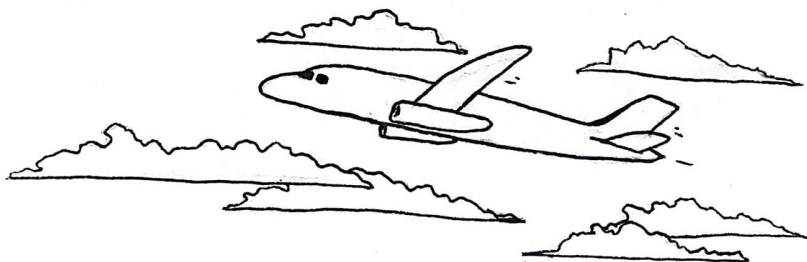
*A plane's wheels lifted off the ground on the other side of an ocean
Amid the deafening roar of jet engines in the soft light of a rainy
afternoon*

Sometime yesterday

*The tiny green buds on the tree outside my window began to unfold
A gentle explosion of gold and green*

*And now you are winging your way above the clouds, ephemeral
islands and continents rushing away beneath you
Time we measured in months becomes minutes*

*The leaves which all winter had waited tightly folded together,
unnoticed as they quietly gathered energy
Now extend their delicate surfaces to the light
Begin to give back to the roots which have nourished them*





Reflections, Tenshi Chispa
Digital Photography

Pine branches mirrored by a shallow pool. Needles, cones, and sticks look up from the blurred water.

Lindel's Lament

*Words by Emma Dainty, Music by
Susannah Denham*

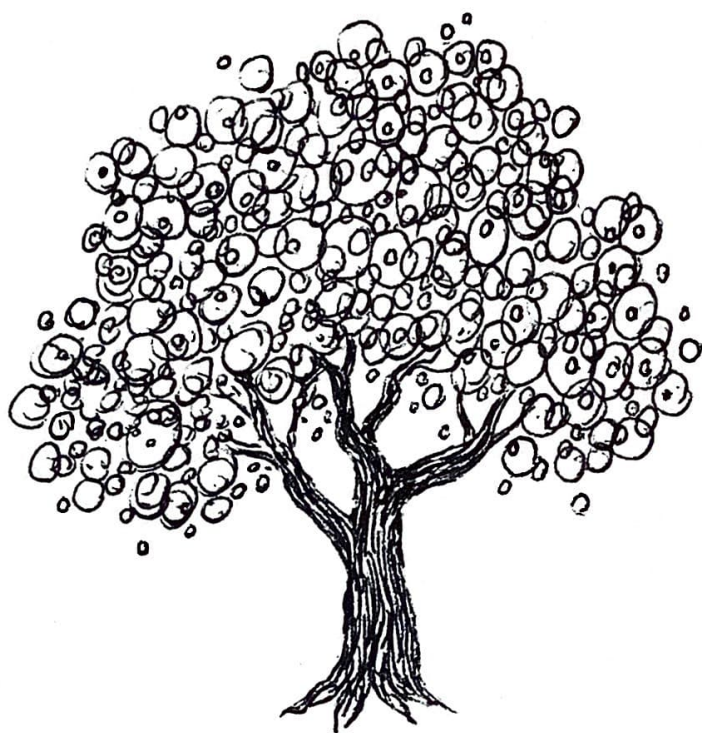


Handwritten musical score for Lindel's Lament. The score is written on four staves in treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, accessible style, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "I wan-der in a realm of song; Up-on the verge of dis-tant lands; I dwell in fi-ning draw and long; Gaze up-on for-bidd-en sands. My ea-ger spi-rit vain-ly rea-ches; Strains to see be-yond its sight; Al-ways to-wards e-ther-al bea-ches com-plete p - ma-gin-a-tion a - light". The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests, as well as a final double bar line.

I wan-der in a realm of song; Up-on the verge of dis-tant lands; I
dwell in fi-ning draw and long; Gaze up-on for-bidd-en sands. My ea-ger
spi-rit vain-ly rea-ches; Strains to see be-yond its sight; Al-ways
to-wards e-ther-al bea-ches com-plete p - ma-gin-a-tion a - light



Thanks to Lee James who drew the five doodles!



Author, Artist, & Musician Bios



AJ Bedell

Hi, I'm AJ! I am a Freshman this year at Houghton, and I made this dress for this year's homecoming dance. The dress is comprised of three main parts, detached long sleeves, and a tulle overskirt.

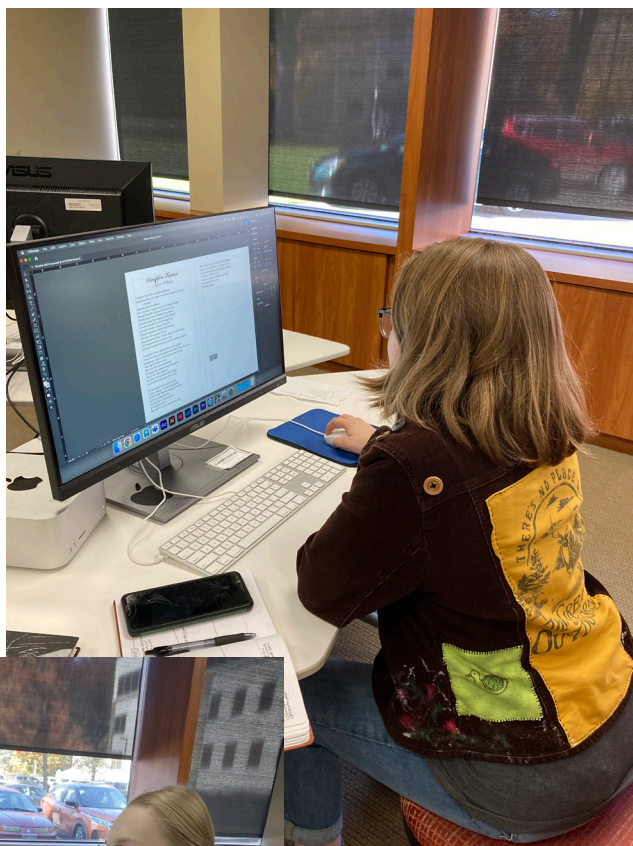
Emma Dainty

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.

Laurie Dashnau

Laurie Dashnau, Professor of English & Writing and Director of the Writing Center, has been teaching at Houghton University since 2000. She loves to sing, read, swim, bake, and write devotionals and poetry.





Lee



Emma

A couple of the Lantern editors just doing their thing.

Do YOU want to submit something to the Lantern?

Whether you are a skilled writer, artist, or musician with many years of experience behind you, 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 November-December 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; October 2023