

The Lanthorn

Harvest 2020



The Lanthorn's Harvest



Edited by:
Ally Stetvick
Alex Dearmore
Hannah Fraser

Cover art by:
Elise Koelbl

Interior art by:
Jared Malone

from the editors

Dear Reader,

Thank you for reading this issue of the Lanthorn! May you glean some hope from the words written here.

Our theme for this issue is the harvest. At this time of year, as the beautiful colors of the leaves begin to fade and we feel the winter approaching, we brace ourselves for the long and cold months ahead. We soak in the last rays of sunshine that remind us of summer before the snow falls and observe the theme of changing seasons in nature around us.

Harvest is the gathering of crops once they have ripened in their season. In the midst of a semester that is draining in different ways and might seem to be sapping us of our strength, I hope we can remember that God has sown his word in our hearts and that he promises blessings if we sow generously in the lives of others. Luke 8:15 says, “But the seed on good soil stands for those with a noble and good heart, who hear the word, retain it, and by persevering produce a crop.” May we rely on him for the strength to persevere through this season so that we can harvest an everlasting crop and reap the blessings of friendships and trust.

I trust that our perseverance will result in a bountiful harvest, even if we can only glimpse pieces of it now. May the writings in this issue that reflect on autumn weather and the joy we find in memories of perfect days provide us with the strength to continue to trust, even through days of cold and dark.

Love,

Hannah and The Lanthorn Staff

“the stalk”
Lymus Sterling

the sun is shy, the storm is not,
rages of rain choking the plot;
rushing, steeping,
fragility weeping,
and crumbles that cripple, the stalk.

forgotten in field, the fruit, the yield,
bursting in mud, its fate is sealed;
cold amidst shivers,
lonesome, quivers,
while wastes what wobbles, the stalk



“Dying Leaves” Rachel Huchthausen

Second First Fall

I wonder what Adam and Eve thought of the first fall. Maybe I’m spitballing. But maybe they ate the fruit at the time of the harvest. When the fig tree’s leaves were still green.

Maybe the leaves still were green when God killed the animals and made clothes for them. Maybe the leaves were still glossy and strong when the angel chased them out of Paradise into the wilderness. And maybe they did not understand why they had to wear those smelly pelts when a fig leaf would have done just as well.

Maybe they harvested the fruit and cut out the worms during those first weeks in the wilderness. Maybe they collected the nuts fallen to the ground and got dirt under their fingernails.

Maybe Eve looked up with surprise as she saw the first red leaf fall before her feet. Maybe Adam shivered as he saw the bare limbs of the trees.

Maybe they passed a fig tree—leaves all yellow and fallen at its base. And they didn’t recognize it.

Chlorophyll

The scientists tell me that chlorophyll is what trees use to convert sunlight into food. And they expect me to already have the definitions of Anthocyanin and Carotenoids in the dark recesses of my brain. But how amazing would it be to live off light. They say there are times when trees stop producing chlorophyll and the light ceases to be their food. Only when chlorophyll is not produced can carotenoid pigment show through the green—sunny yellow and blazing orange.

Out the Window

I can see the changing colors from my desk in the second floor class room. My classmate's t-shirts have become long sleeves and sweaters. The top of the tree out the window whips around in the wind and leaves spiral to the pavement. One professor tells us that Fall is the poet's season. It makes us grapple with the transitoriness of life. Another tells us it's a time to practice dying.

My roommate and I walk down the sidewalk with leaves overhead and under our feet. She's from California where they only have trees that are ever green. Last autumn was her first time she had seen the dying of the leaves en masse. She had only seen pictures of Fall's brilliance before. The red, yellow, orange, and brown had mingled on the hillsides. And it looked like the places she had always wanted to be.

“August Eating”

Ally Stevick

Late August.

I eat my meals in the yard while the weather still holds,
Soaking in the last of the summer sun.

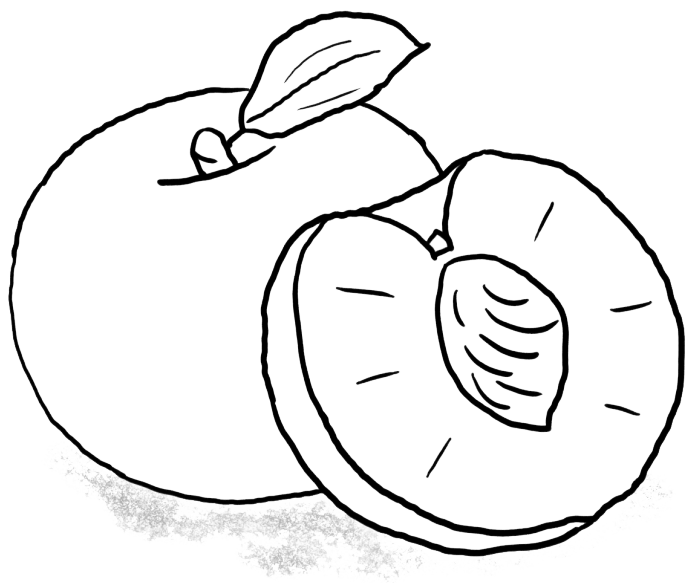
The trees here are still new to me—
As is the room where I wake
And the kitchen where I fry my morning eggs—
But the trees are starting to grow familiar.

In their dappled shade, I cup my hands around a huge peach,
Gift from my mother,
Still providing sustenance to help my body grow.
My first bite opens up the peach’s yellow insides:
Flesh the color of the sun itself.

As a child, I loved anatomy.
In books we got out from the library she and I would read
about our hearts—
How mine was no bigger than my little fist,
And hers no bigger than her mother-sized, grown-up-lady
hand
With its fingers gently rolled into a ball.

In the backyard I eat a peach larger than my heart is now:
Bigger than my fist,
It overflows the bowl made by both my hands together.

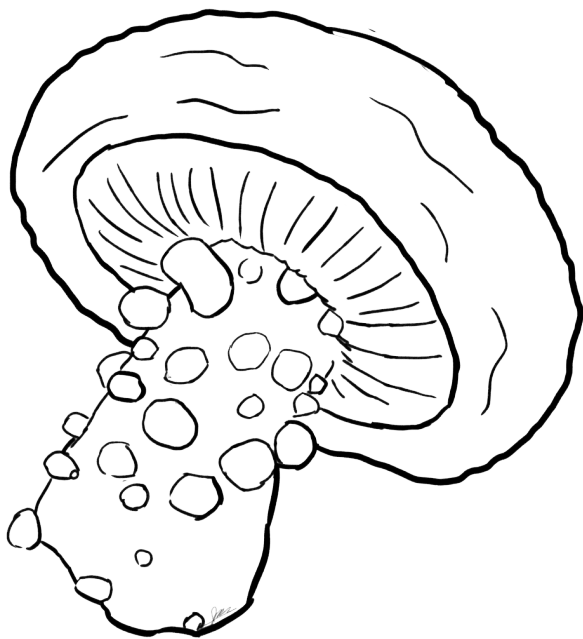
Too much goodness—
Too much yellow fruit and sunshine.
I let the juice roll down my chin and fingers,
I let it drip onto my toes and into the grass;
My little heart cannot possibly catch it all.



“fruit’s leech”
Lymus Sterling

the harvest, it pities the addict,
as nature, babies born breech;
for labor and strain, bodies of stain,
bound to the lips of fruit’s leech.

subtle and hidden, tucked underneath
it suckles, a nibbling wrest;
fruit’s leech, the addict’s life it demands
the fruit, the hand, and the rest.



“Autumn”
August

It is Autumn here
The best time of year
Where the trees shed their leaves
And squirrels store their winter feed
The air is warm enough for orange sweaters and jeans
In ovens, squash bakes, and salty pumpkin seeds
Are spread out unto trays
And children plan to be someone else for a day
Golden leaves gently swim through the air, ever so slowly
Sunlight reflecting on colors glowing
Pumpkins line sidewalks, and ghosts stare from porches
Spiderwebs drape doorways illuminated with torches
Thanksgivings are bashfully murmured
And families bow their heads
Tables groan from turkey, ham, and pie
Everyone is well fed
Leaves are raked into piles
Then explode from great jumps
Paint is stored in basements
Cleared are the water pumps
Garages are cleaned, and yard sales reside on every road
Antique cars, long and luxurious, are covered and stowed
Long rows of corn become brown and are mowed down
Farm stands hold an assortment of squash
Everything must be bought
Or the fresh produce could easily rot
Autumn is full of gratefulness and content
This is truly God sent

[Untitled]

Rosa Harvey

Even as strangers we had something, and we didn't even know it.

And God saw it fit to bring us together
So we could grow into something beautiful

But soon it was apparent
That you were doing all the growing
While I was left behind.

I only saw your back as your face grew nearer toward the warm sun.

I looked on in awe and could only adore you.

Doing so was my personal joy.

Eventually, you acknowledged me, but not my affection.

You looked down at me

And realized how tall you had grown

And how far you had come,

Since our love was just a sleepy seed.

And then you told me all the things you hate about the way I love you.

I withered.

Winter is soon

So I can't recover.

But thank you for being honest.

I still love you,

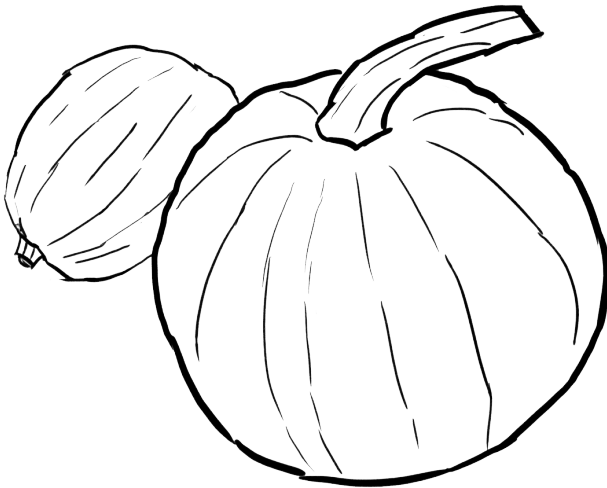
All the hurt in world couldn't change that.

But we can't have the harvest we had hoped for, can we

And that's okay.

“Autumn’s Soliloquy”

The last remnants of warmth surrender now.
The vibrant greens yield to a foreign hue;
A morning frost instead of morning dew.
My summer sun, my light, takes its last bow.
Falling leaves, in gathering weight avow,
“The bitter days are nigh, we hold this true,
And a blanketing cold will come for you.”
I’m tempted to believe these words somehow,
But a different voice is known to me:
“There’s beauty to be found in this blessed time.
Please listen to autumn’s soliloquy.
Without the frost could warmth be so sublime?
Wouldn’t stagnant shades mute nature’s melody?
Listen and see creation in its prime.”



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