

The Lantern



*“Guide My Feet”
September 2024*

816

Guide My Feet

Capo 1: (G)
Ab

GUIDE MY FEET Irregular (C)
Db (G)
Ab

1, 6 Guide my feet while I run this race,
yes, my Lord!

Guide my feet while I run this race,
yes, my Lord!

(D7) (G)
Eb7 Ab

Guide my feet while I run this race, for I

(C) (G) (Em)
Db Ab Fm

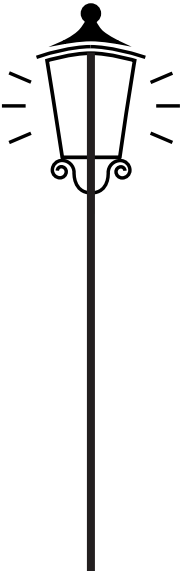
(G) (D7) (G) (C) (G)
Ab Eb7 Ab Db Ab

don't want to run this race in vain! (race in vain!)

- 2 Hold my hand . . .
- 3 Stand by me . . .
- 4 I'm your child . . .
- 5 Search my heart . . .

Text: African American spiritual (USA)

Music: African American spiritual; harm. Wendell Whalum (USA), ca. 1984, © Estate of Wendell Whalum



The Lantern

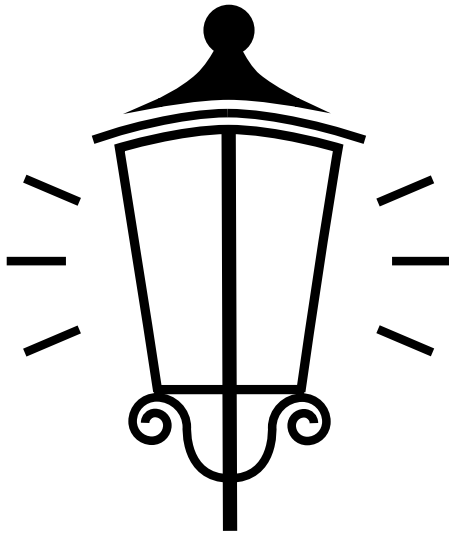
***The Lantern**, begun in 1932, is Houghton University's student-run literary journal that exists to illuminate the thoughts and expressions of students and the greater Houghton community through works of literary and visual art.*

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.

Out of the Kiln (April 26, 2024), Rachel Huchthausen
Digital photo

“Guide My Feet”

September 2024



Letter from the Editors

Where can I go from your Spirit?

Where can I flee from your presence?

If I go up to the heavens, you are there;

if I make my bed in the depths, you are there.

If I rise on the wings of the dawn,

if I settle on the far side of the sea,

even there your hand will guide me.

your right hand will hold me fast.

–Psalm 139:7-10

Dear readers,

In C. S. Lewis' *The Horse and His Boy*, Shasta is alone and lost in the dark, unable to see his path. However, Aslan comes and walks beside him, a mere voice in the dark. Later, Shasta travels that way again, but this time in daylight. The cavalcade must move in single file along the edge of a precipice. Shasta realizes that he must have been walking along a perilous edge in the dark, unaware of his near danger. However, he thinks, "But of course, I was quite safe. That is why the Lion kept on my left. He was between me and the edge all the time."

Even when all is dark and God does not seem real, He is there. He is protecting you from dangers you do not even know of. He stands between you and the cliff edge. He guides your feet and keeps them from falling.

This September, we invite you to ponder the theme "**Guide My Feet.**" How is God guiding your feet? Are you ready to step into the dark with no more than His voice to guide you along that perilous edge?

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

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on Psalm 23

Alexa Williams

Protect us, Lord.

Take our burdens.

*My words are dried up within me,
my soul is weeping all day long;
my heart is broken for the tears of my brothers.*

Protect us, Lord.

Take our burdens.

*My shoulders are weary
from days of plodding on.
I've walked through green pastures
and the valley of death,
but I still fear evil.*

Protect us, Lord.

Take our burdens.

*Guide our feet and
ward off the shadows
that try to devour us.*

Grant us peace, Lord.

*Lead us home to still waters
and set a banquet feast
in celebration of our return.*

*May we come home rejoicing
at the wonders you've shown us.*

*May we find the courage to sit and supper
with ourselves,*

another among our enemies.

*There is so much broken
in ourselves and in our world.*

*Our hearts overflow with sorrow—
may you fill our cups with joy.*

*May we seek you
and wait in your presence,
forever.
Protect us, Lord.
Take our burdens.
Bring us closer to a greater trust in you.*



There's Something in a Name

*There's something in a name
That leads us to believe
beckons us forth,
and leaves us in awe
There's something in a name,
That brings us together
To follow, to speak
There's something in a name,
That commands
Us to act, live, pursue
There's something in a name
That brings us to weep,
To kneel at their feet
There's something in a name,
Perhaps the cadence or rhythm
That makes me wonder,
Is there something in my name?*



The Streets of Rome, Emma Dainty
Photo

Walking That Path

Emma Dainty

*Here I walk this path so free,
yet encroached on either side
by love that often hems me
from joys I want—seems to hide
the face of God from my eyes.
Yet the path is free—it must
be! It is not that my cries
ring out unheard, but that trust
must carry my feet forward.
For those wants on either side
are a foul, untruthful word.
Yes, the path is free and wide,
but it stretches out a new
direction, defies our own
dimension—makes minds renew
their patterns and turns that stone
we call a heart into flesh.
So walk that path eagerly!
And behold God's ways afresh!
Put one foot forward boldly!*

Guide

Jonathan R. Stacy

*I know not where I am,
I know not what befalls me,
My goings and proceedings*

I know not where

I know not when

I

AM

LOST

*Yet I follow
In spite of myself,
Amidst fortune,
Bounded by tragedy
Still I follow
The one who guides,
me home*

Decamp, Jackson Collins
Photo



You guide my feet

John Camiolo Jr.

So young; too young to understand?

Following the call:

“You? You guide my feet!”

Fun, and loss, and change,

and friends, and growth, and life!

“You, You guide my feet?”

“Will you let go?” If what I see of them

is what it means, then I won’t hold on,

“I’ll, I will guide my feet.”

Loss, pain, hurt, loneliness, loss,

fear, hurt, not alone, but so, so alone,

“I’ve, I have guided my feet”

“I’M here; through it all”, You were there?

Not alone? I can’t anymore,

You, You guide my feet.

New life, new times, new struggles,

new pains, new growth, new life;

You, You guide my feet.

*New joy? New hurt! New loneliness and pain,
new failure, new life.*

“You? You guide my feet!?”

*“Just let go. Push it all away.
Take what you want. Embrace your desires!
I’ll, we’ll guide your feet.”*

*“Why fight, you can’t win anyway.
We’re all around you, just give in.
We’ll, we will guide your feet.”*

*“It’s all mine anyway, and
I can give you what you please;
I’ll, I will guide your feet.”*

*No! Through the struggles,
the pain and desperation, He’s been there!
He, He will guide my feet!*

*My steps will change, older, weaker.
I’ll be led, I don’t know where.
But You, You’ll guide my feet.*

*Through it all, You’ve been there.
In it all You are here; You will be there!
YOU! YOU guide my feet!*





“Receive them, put them up, and set them on their way with kindness” Rachel Huchthausen

Digital photo

St. Cuthbert’s Island/Hobthrusch Island, Lindisfarne,
Northumberland

Little Barefoot

Keiryn Sandahl

In a faraway country was a forest so vast that not even the birds could fly from one end to the other, and so dense that no road could traverse it. On the edge of the forest stood a cottage. In the cottage lived a little girl so poor she had no shoes, and she was called Little Barefoot.

One day, the well by the cottage ran dry, so Little Barefoot walked to the stream to fetch the water. The stream ran through the woods. She had to walk between the dark trees and wade through the brambles to reach it. By that time, she was very thirsty, so she set down her bucket, knelt, and drank. The water was crisp and sweet.

At length Little Barefoot raised her head and beheld a woman seated on a rock on the far side of the stream.

The woman said, “Do you know where the river begins?”

“No, I don’t,” said Little Barefoot.

“It is born of a fountain in the center of my city. Come with me, and you will see it.”

The woman held out her hand. Little Barefoot stepped into the stream. The pebbles were sharp and pierced her feet till her blood ran away with the water, but she kept walking towards the woman, step by painful step. At last the woman caught her by the hand and helped her onto the shore.

“It will be a long walk through rough places,” the woman warned her. “There are no paths, but do not worry. I will show you the road.”

So saying, the woman brought Little Barefoot to a rocky edifice. Little Barefoot tried to climb it, but her fingers slipped on the damp stone. The woman took her by the waist, lifted her, and with gentle hands set her feet on firm holds. Together they climbed to the top. They walked through thickets of woods that cut Little Barefoot in a hundred places. The woman brought her through crevices where the ground was slimy and coated her feet. Little

Barefoot tripped on tree roots, skinned her knees, and got splinters in her toes. Her feet grew terribly sore. Still the woman kept walking. Each time Little Barefoot began to think she could go no further, the woman would lift her and carry her over a steep place or a patch of nettles. But she always set Little Barefoot back on her feet.

But at the end of the day, when the sun went down, the woman brought Little Barefoot to a grassy glade, where a brook ran, and fruit hung in bunches on the trees. Then the woman bid Little Barefoot lie on the grass. She brought her water from the stream in a little wooden cup, which she drank greedily, and fruit from the trees, which they ate together. Then the woman gently washed the dirt and blood from Little Barefoot's legs and rubbed them with sweet-smelling oil. She bound them with silken cloth and kissed each of Little Barefoot's feet.

At night a chill fell over the copse. In the distance sounded the cries of wild beasts. But the woman spread her cloak over Little Barefoot, and sat awake by her side, keeping watch while she slept. No beast came near them. In the morning, the pain had gone from Little Barefoot's feet.

Every day, Little Barefoot stumbled through the forest holding the woman's hand. Every day, she bloodied her tender shoeless feet, and her little body ached all over. Every night, the woman cleaned and bound her feet, and every night she kissed them. Every night, Little Barefoot slept beneath the woman's sleepless watch.

One day the land became steeper, for they had reached the side of the mountain. Now Little Barefoot had to let go of the woman's hand so she could crawl upward on her hands and knees in the steepest places. Still, the woman remained always beside her. When Little Barefoot's hands lost their holds, the woman would catch her and bear her upwards to solid footing.

They came then to a gravel slope that rose as high as Little Barefoot could see. The hundred tiny stones pressed mercilessly into her bare skin.

Close by, Little Barefoot saw an earthen slope well grown with tree roots, which seemed an easier place to climb. The woman

seemed determined to take her through the gravel, so Little Barefoot followed her, all the while waiting for her to look away. As soon as she did, Little Barefoot slid to the ground and ran to the easier ascent. She never looked back at the woman. She pulled herself by grasping the tree roots, pleased with herself, thinking she would reach the top before the woman. Then she tugged on a tree root, and behold it pulled loose from the earth. Still clutching the useless root, Little Barefoot fell. She tumbled down the side of the mountain, unable to stop her descent, battered by every stone in her way. Then the woman's firm arms seized her and stopped her fall. She hugged Little Barefoot to her chest. Little Barefoot was sobbing, torn and ragged all over.

"Why did you not stay by me?" asked the woman, very grave.

Little Barefoot, ashamed, could not meet her eyes. "I only thought climbing in the mud would not hurt as much as the gravel," she said.

"Did I not tell you I knew the way?"

"Yes," said Little Barefoot softly, and then her tears flowed afresh. The woman hugged her to her chest and bore her back to the gravel slope. She set Little Barefoot down and wiped the tears from her cheeks with a corner of her sleeve. Still, Little Barefoot was reluctant to climb in the gravel.

"I do not know how to do it," she said.

"I will teach you," said the woman. "Take heart, little one, for we are nearly there."

The woman kept Little Barefoot near her side and showed her where to place her hands and her knees. And Little Barefoot saw that the woman's knees, too, bore the imprints of the pebbles.

As they climbed higher, Little Barefoot could hear the distant strains of music. Higher and higher they climbed, and the music beckoned them nearer and nearer, until Little Barefoot forgot about her aching knees, instead straining to hear it. And then, at last, at long last, they obtained the summit. The woman and Little Barefoot stood before a wall of gleaming white marble, and its gates stood open. The woman carried Little Barefoot into the city to the fountain in its very center. It was a vast fountain,

wide as a small lake, with spouts carved of pearl in the shape of all manner of fishes, no one like another. Many other children were swimming and playing in it.

The woman threw Little Barefoot into the fountain. First she quenched her thirst in its water, which was sweeter yet than her first taste of the stream at the edge of the forest. Then she washed away the dirt of her journey until no trace remained, and her feet ached no more.

Then the woman called her and all the other children, and they all came running from the fountain, carelessly dripping with its water. Together they bounded over a field of soft grass, Little Barefoot among the rest. The woman spread a white sheet upon the grass and laid it with good things to eat, and so they ate a banquet together in the warm shade of an oak tree.

Little Barefoot lived in the city with the woman from then onwards. She never did wear shoes, and indeed no one did, for they did not need them when both the grass and the stone of that city felt so delightful that it was a joy to walk upon them.



Dinosaurs

Morley Sharpe

*Extinction.
Dinosaurs met it.
And our race
Is going to meet it.
But in truth,
The dinosaurs did
Not try to
Meet it. But humans
Like their greed.
So they want to meet
The big death.
A message
To the ones in charge:
Dinosaurs
Were the wise creatures.*

Eternal Spring

Evan Kurtz

*It's always shifting, outside my window.
The light emerges—a friendly face,
And the dark pulls its curtain overhead—leaving no trace.*

*People pass—back and forth,
Emotions rising and falling like moonlit tides.
Their cries—their tears—their fears,
A messy bunch of unsteady years.*

*What is safe? What is sacred?
What is untouched—by the constant chaos,
By the time that flows, which we must follow.*

*My heart becomes heavy,
It longs for relief.
What won't wither?
What doesn't die?*

...
...
...

*I hear a whisper, but no—it's a shout.
And I can't help but listen,
To this voice—without doubt.*

*I was,
I am,
I am to come.*

*Unchanging—Unwavering,
Without beginning, or ending.*

*I am justice—I am grace,
I am love—Perfect in every way.*

*Who is this—how could it be?
He doesn't change, whither, or die like the mess around me.*

*He's good. He's gracious. He's God.
What name can be given Him,
What song can be sung?
Who can describe Him—old, or young?*

*I don't know the answers—to questions in vain
But I know what He doesn't do,
He doesn't change.*



Stars

Musa

*I rest my head on tufts of grass
And wonder at the midnight sky
I wonder at the star-lit dream
The ancient glow that meets the eye*

*Their light is vast, their dream is love
They hover o'er our earthen home
They make their journey in their haste
To guide us where the angels roam*

*And have you heard of travelers who,
With unkempt hair but smiling still,
Would stretch a weary hand of grace
Unto a blazing thirst to kill?*

*I heard of one: the Son of God
Whose blood was shed for even me
Where did it fall? And if on grass,
Did it sprout forth a willow tree?*



Awakening Symphony for High Rock, Jackson Collins
Photo

Dear Me

Rebecca Dailey

Dear Me,

Dear Heart,

Dear beautiful un-rivaling mind,

*You are unique, stunning,
Tragically powerful.*

*Chaotic,
Powerfully made.*

You are made of influential stories.

You are powerful, influential stories.

You are the stars.

The sun and moon hang before you.

Reach for them and all the world becomes open to you.

And you might just fly.

A Lantern, The Musicographer
Photo



Time Duet

Rachel Huchthausen

On the Eve of My Twenty-Third Birthday

*There's something warm about sitting in
Highland grass even in the brisk wind off the
sea and the shadows of the setting sun,
Something homely in the spring newness of
the shaggy clumps peopling the Crag—
Shocks of green heads crowded in the dirt
under the surface.
The grass sighs in welcome. Embraces.
Did Hutton too feel this deepness
As his foot sunk into the firm softness that tops billions of days
As he felt the cliff rising
And knew the dragon beneath him and the
giants of the hills beyond the Forth
—Sometimes sleeping sometimes flying
sometimes lumbering towards you
sometimes raising you to the sky—
Were real?*

After Sutherland's Head III

*who am I am I a trophy on a shelf showing you
who you are and who you want others
to think you are am I the product of endless
ages come to a pinnacle in me all the lifeless
forms in cliffs sacrificed to my creation am I
more elemental than that an insect crawling
on the face of the earth somehow erect
without defense and staring at you with one
wide open eye seeing all you have become*

Path of Prayer

Emma Dainty

*The path of prayer: so long
it seems I've taken the wrong
way. Does silence then mean "Wait"?
And how long before the gate
of homecoming greets my sight
and gives my weary feet flight
like angels' wings? O, dear Lord,
how long will Your piquing Word
draw me down that oft empty
road to a garden truly
rid of weariness, wand'ring,
and loneliness—wondrous thing!—
to be no longer lost in
my own mind but kept within
God's own heart? Indeed, well worth
the trouble and seeming dearth
of this path of prayer—and
power—in a waiting-land.*



Brambles

Alexa Williams

A child stumbles through the woods. He's tired. His legs ache.

Above, the sky is dark. How long has it been? Hours now, at least. It was day when the child got lost.

He pushes on.

Brambles scratch at his legs and ankles, sharp branches slap against his face, and fallen logs try to send him tumbling. In places, the child isn't sure how to make his way through the brush blocking his path. All the child knows is the whine of mosquitoes and the smell of his own sweat. And now it's dark.

Don't panic, the child tells himself. Panic is your worst enemy.

It doesn't work. The child knows this. He feels his vision blur, feels his heartbeat stutter.

He keeps walking. Slowly now.

Each minute, he makes some progress. He keeps telling himself that, as if it means he'll make his way to safety soon. But the forest continues.

Get to the top of the ridge, the child tells himself. If you get to the top of the ridge, she'll be waiting. Just get to the top of the ridge and it'll all be okay.

It's dark. The child can barely see the forest around him. All he knows is to keep moving uphill.

Eventually, the child realizes that he's not pushing his way through brambles anymore. Though faint and all but grown over, there's a trail here for the child to follow. He pushes on, alone and afraid, but now his footsteps land on solid ground. The child finds himself moving faster than he had been even moments before.

Soon, the trees thin out, now just scraggling bushes gathered in clumps along the trail. Now, more rocks than trees.

And then the child sees her. His mother.

He stops for a moment, unsure. *It's dark, he reasons. Don't*

believe too quickly.

But then the mother sees him, and it's too dark to see her face, but the child knows she's smiling.

The child's hesitation disappears, and he runs toward her. His footsteps pound against hard stone. He puts little thought into where his feet land, all thoughts pointed toward his mother as he rushes up the slope.

The child reaches the last steep scramble, and the mother reaches down. When the child grabs his mother's hand, it all feels safe. Her calloused hands pull the child up and hold him close. The child relaxes into the embrace.

The child and the mother stay atop that ridge for many minutes. They sit, and look down at the valley below. They look at the stars. The child leans into the mother's side, and she wraps her arm around him.

Soon, though, cold begins to nip at the child's nose. He shivers.

The mother notices. She stands, and helps the child up. "We must keep moving. There's much still to come."

The mother leads the way along the trail, and the child walks behind her. The child is not afraid. His mother walks before him. His steps don't falter now.



Creeking

Susannah Denham

*There's a certain quality of people,
Those who walk up the Houghton creek;
The dreamers
The wanderers
The explorers
The lovers of nature
The biologists
The researchers
The Eli Knapps
The restless
The curious
The photographers
The ones in search of beauty
The imaginative
The friends on a walk together
The stressed in search of peace
The tired in search of rest
And more.
There are always more.
No two of them are alike.
Which one are you?*



Author, Artist, & Musician Bios



John Camiolo Jr.

I am a husband and father of four daughters. I have a passion for God and His Word, and for teaching. I am a Psychology Professor (Adjunct).

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.

Rachel Huchthausen

Rachel Huchthausen is a second semester graduate student at the Greatbatch School of Music studying Collaborative Piano and Early Music. Having majored in English Literature and Piano Performance during her time as an undergraduate at Houghton, she loves to continue to explore connections between music, language, and meaning. Her works of poetry and prose are often inspired by and in conversation with works of art—music, painting, the Bible, and nature.

Music QR Code

Follow this QR code to visit a YouTube channel with music that has been published in previous Lantern issues. Listen and enjoy!



Do YOU want to submit something to the Lantern?

Whether you are a skilled writer, artist, or musician with many years of experience, or a brand new writer, artist, or musician who wants to share their work for the first time, we are delighted to see your work!

*Be on the lookout for the
October submissions email:
“Seek Ye First”*

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



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