

brought to light. There is *aster-morality* and *slave-morality*;—I would at once add, however, that in all higher and mixed civilisations, there are also attempts at the reconciliation of the two moralities, but one finds still oftener the confusion and mutual misunderstanding of them, indeed sometimes their close juxtaposition—even in the same man, within one soul. The distinctions of moral values have either originated in a ruling caste, pleasantly conscious of being different from the ruled—or among the ruled class, the slaves and dependants of all sorts. In the first case, when it is the rulers who determine the conception “good,” it is the exalted, proud disposition which is regarded as the distinguishing feature, and that which determines the order of rank. The noble type of man separates from himself the beings in whom the opposite of this exalted, proud disposition displays itself: he despises them. Let it at once be noted that in this first kind of morality the antithesis “good” and “bad” means practically the same as “noble” and “despicable”;—the antithesis “good” and “evil” of a different origin. the cowardly, the timid, the insignificant, and those merely of narrow utility are despised; moreover, also, the distrustful, with their constrained glances, the self-abasing, the dog-like kind who let themselves be abused, the mendicant flatterers, and above all the liars:—it is a fundamental belief of all aristocrats that the common people are untruthful.

“We truthful ones”—the nobility in ancient Greece called themselves. It is obvious that everywhere the designations of moral value were at first applied to *men*, and were only derivatively and at a later period applied to *actions*; it is a gross mistake, therefore, when historians of morals start with questions like, “Why have sympathetic actions been praised?” The noble type of man regards *himself* as a determiner of values; he does not require to be approved of; he passes the judgment: “What is injurious to me is injurious in itself”; he knows that it is he himself only who confers honour on things; he is a *creator of values*. He honours whatever he recognises in himself: such morality is self-glorification. In the foreground there is the feeling of plenitude, of power, which seeks to overflow, the happiness of high tension, the consciousness of a wealth which would fain give and bestow:—the noble man also helps the unfortunate, but not—or scarcely—out of pity, but rather from an impulse generated by the super-abundance of power. The noble man honours in himself the powerful one, him also who has power over himself, who knows how to speak and how to keep silence, who takes pleasure in subjecting himself to severity and hardness, and has reverence for all severe and hard. “Wotan placed a hard heart in my breast,” says an old Scandinavian Saga: it is thus rightly expressed from the soul of a proud Viking. Such a type of man is even proud of *not* being made for sympathy; the hero of the Saga therefore adds warningly: “He who has not a hard heart when young, will never have one.” The noble and brave who think thus are the furthest removed from the morality which sees precisely in sympathy, or in acting for the good of others, or in *desinterestedness*, the characteristic of the moral; faith in oneself, pride in oneself, a radical enmity and irony towards “selflessness,” belong as definitely to noble morality, as do a careless scorn and precaution in presence of sympathy and the “warm heart.”—It is the powerful who *know* how to honour, it is their art, their domain for invention. The profound reverence for age and for tradition—all law rests on this double reverence,—the belief and prejudice in favour of ancestors and unfavourable to newcomers, is typical in the morality of the powerful; and if, reversely, men of “modern ideas” believe almost instinctively in “progress” and the “future,” and are more and more lacking in respect for old age, the ignoble origin of these “ideas” has complacently betrayed itself thereby. A morality of the ruling class, however, is more especially foreign and irritating to present-day taste in the sternness of its principle that one has duties only to one’s equals; that one may act towards beings of a lower rank, towards all that is foreign, just as seems good to one, or “as the heart desires,” and in any case “beyond good and evil”: it is here that sympathy and similar sentiments can have a place. The ability and obligation to exercise prolonged gratitude and prolonged revenge—both only within the circle of equals,—artfulness in retaliation, *refinement* of the idea in friendship, a certain quarrelsomeness, arrogance—in

Seek

Ye

First

lets for the emotions of envy, fact, in order to be a good *friend*: of the noble morality, which as morality of “modern ideas,” and is therefore at present difficult to realise, and also to unearth and disclose.—It is otherwise with thesecond type of morality, *slave-morality*. Supposing that the abused, the oppressed, the suffering, the unemancipated, the weary, and those uncertain of themselves, should moralise, what will be the

The Lantern  
October 2024

## 417

## Seek Ye First

LAFFERTY Irregular

Descant

Al - le - lu - ia, al -

D F#m G D G

1 Seek ye first the king - dom of God and its  
2 Ask, and it shall be giv - en un - to you; seek, and  
3 Man shall not live by bread a lone, but by

le - lu - ia, al - le -

D Em7 A7 D F#m

right - eous - ness, and all these things shall be  
ye shall find; knock, and the door shall be  
ev - ery word that pro - ceeds from

lu - ia, al - le - lu, al - le - lu - ia!

G D G D Em7 A D

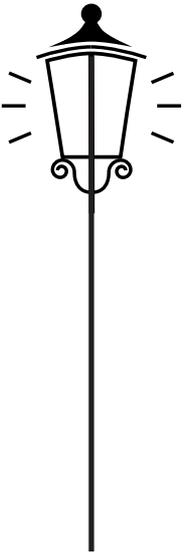
add - ed un - to you. Al - le - lu, al - le - lu - ia!  
o - pened un - to you. Al - le - lu, al - le - lu - ia!  
out the mouth of God. Al - le - lu, al - le - lu - ia!

Text: based on Matthew 6:33, 7:7, Luke 11:9, 12:31; Karen Lafferty (USA), 1972

Music: Karen Lafferty, 1972

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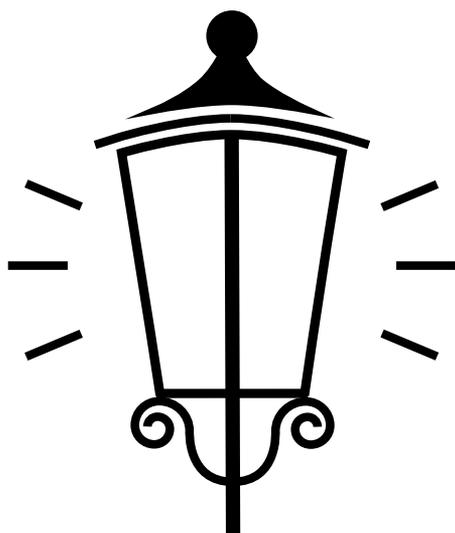
# *The Lantern*

***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.*

*“Seek Ye First”*

*October 2024*



## *Letter from the Editors*

*“So do not worry, saying, ‘What shall we eat?’ or ‘What shall we drink?’ or ‘What shall we wear?’ For the pagans run after all these things, and your heavenly Father knows that you need them. But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well.”*

—Matthew 6:31-33

Dear Readers,

Life is full to the brim with so many worries, so many excitements, so many troubling questions. How can I get this assignment done on time? Will my major actually help me get a career? What is the purpose of my life? How do I know what is true or right? We are also surrounded by many differing standpoints, conflicting opinions, and troubling ideas. In this chaos, how can we know what to devote our attention to—what to pursue and think about?

Jesus knows about this barrage that demands our attention. In the sermon on the mount, Jesus tells His listeners to seek God and His righteousness. What is more, He also promises that those who seek for answers will find them—“for everyone who asks receives; the one who seeks finds; and to one who knocks the door will be opened” (Matthew 7:8). In the midst of conflicting ideas, fears, and questions, if we seek God and His righteous truth—if we knock on His door begging for answers—we will receive them. But first we must seek! And we cannot seek just anything; we must seek God alone. So seek him with fervor!

This October, we invite you to ponder the theme “Seek Ye First.” How are you seeking God—and how have you found Him?

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

# Table of Contents

To Writers, the Seekers .....	Emma Dainty	8
Run Your Race .....	Hannah Lee	10
Tracks in the Sand .....	Jonathan Stacy	12
Soil and Sand .....	Musa	14
Lay of the Water Nymph .....	Emma Dainty	16
October 1 <sup>st</sup> .....	Anonymous	23
Which Came First .....	Rebecca Dailey	24
The Great War .....	Rebecca Dailey	25
The Haunted House as a Metaphor .....	Chris McCoy	26
The 31 <sup>st</sup> .....	Morley Sharpe	27
Chapel in the Fall .....	Izzy Eastman	32
Liturgy for Anger at Injustice .....	Rachel Huchthausen	33
“Do Justice” .....	Rachel Huchthausen	34
Found .....	Rebecca Dailey	35
The Glowing Window .....	Keiryn Sandahl	36
Author, Artist, & Musician Bios .....		42
Music QR Code .....		42

*Front Cover Text:*

***Beyond Good and Evil, Chapter VIII “Peoples and Countries,”***

**260, Friedrich Nietzsche**

# *To Writers, the Seekers*

## *Emma Dainty*

To write is to seek. When a writer begins to compose a story, it starts with a flash—a glimpse—of an idea. Whether that idea can be coalesced in words is always unknown. Perhaps it is beyond the writer’s ability. Perhaps the idea can only be captured in fragments—a mere tattered wing in place of the whole butterfly. So often, especially before the work has taken structural shape, everything seems hopeless. All is lost! Writer’s block and deficient vocabulary always win! But there is hope; that is what keeps the writer writing.

Writing a story—or a poem, or an essay, or anything at all—is the process of searching for the right words. What scenes and conversations fit together to let a character burgeon? What sequence of thoughts will make an acceptable argument? What arrangement of words will be most meaningful and pleasing to the eye? Oh, it is a toilsome path at times! Sometimes the seeking does not seem worth the labor. Is there really a finished work glimmering at the end of the pursuit? Is it all just a fantasy? Of course it is! But the writer’s job is to turn fantasy—to turn an ephemeral thought—into something real.

This is an impossible task—it is! No amount of searching will dredge up words sufficient for a dream. Oh, where does our inspiration come from? It comes only from the Lord! He has to pour out His Spirit to bring our searching to its fruitful end. Paul says in Romans 12:11, “Never be lacking in zeal but keep your spiritual fervor, serving the Lord.” What is writing but a writer’s service to the Lord? Some are called to minister, some are called to heal, and some are called to do a myriad of other works to build up God’s service, but writers are called to speak Truth through the written word. Oh, how can our faltering fingers add to that Truth of God’s Own pure Word?

The answer is we cannot. No amount of effort, no amount of crumpled paper, no amount of silent hours that ring with

suppressed frustrated screams will accomplish our task. Writing is seeking, but the seekers seek in vain if they attempt to find the path themselves. We do not do our seeking alone. What falls from our pens or keyboards is not ours alone; it is God's. It is God's Word that lights our path, not our own palely flickering words. Therefore, seek God first! Ask him to guide your wandering words to find that treasure He wants your writing to be. Open your heart to God's guidance and search with zeal and spiritual fervor!



# *Run Your Race*

## *Hannah Lee*

A poem by Hannah Lee '26

*Because He lives, I can face tomorrow*

*Who am I to spread the Word?*

*Who am I in this world?*

*I climb the mountain*

*I run the race*

*And the sorrows crash over me like sea billows*

*Leaving me sinking into my pillows*

*Defeated*

*Still, you remind me "I am the Lord your healer."*

*Even still, I feel myself wandering—no, fleeing, from what I fear in  
your call*

*You bring me back and restore my confidence in it all*

*I will continue the race*

*I will climb the mountain, and I will praise you from it*

*For the mount I am fixed upon is the Mount of Your redeeming love*

*As the sun shines, and the sweat drips down my brow*

*I will say "It is well with my soul"*

*For I know with you I can do all things (Phil. 4:13)*

*I can run the race, ride the horse, play the game, hike the*

*mountain, swim through raging waters,*

*and speak Your Word.*

*All because you call me*

*And because He lives all fear is gone*

*That is my story beautiful like a song*

*And God writes it with me.*

Author's note: The underlined parts of this poem have been inspired by some of my favorite hymns, which are probably familiar to most. I will list them in order as they are in my poem.

1. *Because He Lives* by Bill and Gloria Gaither (1971) with two uses
2. *It Is Well with My Soul* by Horatio Spafford (1876) with two uses
3. *I Am the God That Healeth Thee* by Don Moen (2012)
4. *Come thou Fount of Every Blessing* by Robert Robinson (1758) with two uses
5. *Blessed Assurance* by Fanny Crosby (1873)



# *Tracks in the Sand*

## *Jonathan Stacy*

I spent the entirety of last summer at a summer camp. More specifically, I was perched upon a crimson throne overlooking the murky lake water. Each day felt like weeks, staring upon the shallow waters, rising and falling restlessly with no regard for the day's happenings. While observing, repairing boats, and preserving safety, memories flowed through me: the magnificent mega canoes overflowing with hectic chaos of bucketfuls of water; the setting of sails upon the grand shallow waters, stranded with no way back to the sands; the tales of adventure races and echoes of late-night hot chocolate burning hearts and souls. All a souvenir of a life lived but washed away just as the sandcastles recede into the waters.

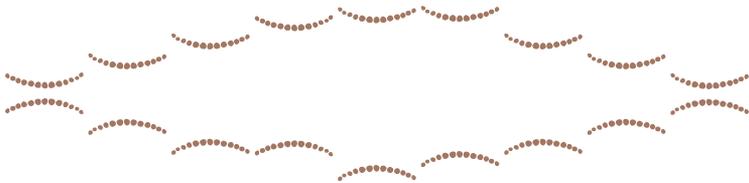
This summer was distant, familiar but obscure. The patrons, the guest groups, the chaotic bunch of individuals changing by the week, just as the rising tides. The bustling of people. Never the same. Equal only in number, became memories scattered but whole. As I watched the farewells and goodbyes, the uncertainty of return, I recognized the world will move past this place, and I too would move with it.

Scattered but not lost, I felt the grains of sand, coarse and granular, indenting into my past. Walking the waters of the lake, I sought closure but found myself hesitant to leave. With every step, the once soft sands dug into my heels, clinging till washed upon the familiar shores. Even as I walked, as if adhering to what I had known of events would preserve them from the erosion of time. I raked the beach time and time again just in time for it to dissipate. As all things do, memories fade, blending into a conglomerate of tall tales and folklore.

Alas, the weather forced me to take refuge under the boat house, which was not the ideal way to spend one of the last days of summer, looking out onto the murky water now turned a blinding white from the wind. But a storm like this signified an end, forcing me to take down the worn and broken umbrella, tread upon the

sandcastles to level the beach, and then return to the guard shed—the final closure. The shed had to be locked, but before it had, I took one last look at its contents: the captain hat of the adventurous Capt'n Ernie; a Hawaiian shirt left for the next brave soul to be waterfront director; and the disarray of flippers, all dusted by the never-ending supply of sand. At this point, I realized staying would only lead to more harm than good. The rolling thunder forced me to say farewell, to all the moments that lingered. With one lock I sealed the shed and its contents, to become buried treasures lost to time, fragments of history waiting to be documented.

With one ill-fitting signature, I made my leave, left with an empty feeling that can never quite be satiated. Walking across the wood chips one last time feels surreal yet necessary. I stepped into the rusty Ford Fusion, starting the car with acute precision. The world was new, and I was finally moving into greater opportunities. The experiences of my formative years were now behind me, detaching themselves with every mile I drove, to make a foundation for a brighter future.



# *Soil and Sand*

## *Musa*

*A falling leaf  
A house upon the sand  
The wind brings tales of beauty*

*Deep red  
Grand in the sunlight  
Fluttering  
Tumbling  
Slowly  
Surely  
It meets the worn trail  
The shifting ground  
And sleeps in its peace  
Destroyed*

*Of the house upon the sand—  
How its pillars fall  
One after another  
Until all that's left—  
A mound of sand  
Among many mounds of sand*

*Of the falling leaf—  
How its stillness shakes the soil  
Trampled underfoot  
Imprinted on the dirty ground  
Remembered  
What did you seek, o house upon the sand?  
And you, o falling leaf?*

*“Grandeur,” cried the chamber from the depths  
“Golden beams—a fortress shrouded in sun”  
And softly from the maple leaf:  
“What I have found—  
The soil from which my mother came  
The earth from which all things have their being”*

*And so it goes with nature in their hope  
And how much more with that of human souls?*



# *Lay of the Water Nymph*

## *Emma Dainty*

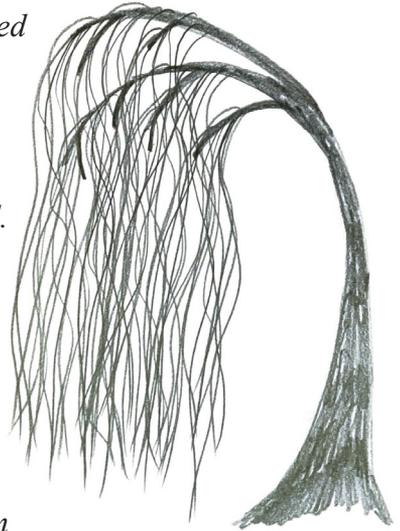
*She was as lovely as is the sheen  
of starlight on the river running,  
and as she sat beneath the bright green  
of willow branches warmly sunning,  
she made music of sublime beauty,  
of which I have not the words to speak.  
Oh! such a marvelous melody!  
Her voice would rise to the highest peak  
of the mightiest snowy mountains  
and surpass it to rise above star  
and moon, who, shedding silver fountains,  
gladly received her song up so far  
that it entered into heaven white,  
and each note was treasured there as gold  
by angelic beings wise and bright,  
who carry them into years untold.  
Oh! hair of silver and eye of star!  
Oh! notes like water sweetly flowing!  
Loveliest thing of any by far  
was her face with joy alight glowing!  
'Tis told in a lovely mythic lay  
he met her on a long-ago night  
(though the truth of this I cannot say,  
for I believe it truer than sight—  
so must all tellers to tell aright).  
By the water he sat enraptured,  
listening in the dewy starlight,  
his heart by beauty—not love—captured.*

*One day as Lambent-Light walked alone  
by waters running swiftly silver  
over rippled sand and polished stone,*

*searching for arrows from the quiver  
of that fairest thing, Sublime Beauty,  
that man did ever soul-deeply crave,  
he heard a song more fair than any  
that like an all-encompassing wave  
crashed suddenly o'er his seeking soul.  
Wondering, he stood listening still,  
and the marvel of it took its toll  
upon his hungering heart and will.  
He harkened and longed ineffably  
for such wonder, awe, and great delight  
as thus flew so inexpressibly  
to his eager ears like Wisdom's light.  
She sat beside running waters clear,  
her white throat alight with brimming song,  
and to the wanderer's thirsty ear  
did the notes of her golden harp throng,  
like the bells of water on water  
when rain softly touches the river,  
or when the sleek loon with her daughter  
sets with her wings the lake aquiver.  
Yet through the jeweled notes of thrumming harp  
her lilting voice broke dazzlingly through  
like white shooting stars, brilliant and sharp  
while always soft and quieting too.  
He stood across the clear-flowing stream,  
unheeding of her luminous face,  
wrapped and bound in a sublime-ringed dream  
that minded him of that other place  
he longed to reach but could never grasp,  
merely snatching briefest glimpses faint  
and losing them, knowing that to hasp  
such things in sight—despite any plaint—  
was beyond the heart and mind of all  
Men and Children of the World—maybe  
even those Elves, who, obeying call  
of High Lord and duty, crossed the Sea,*

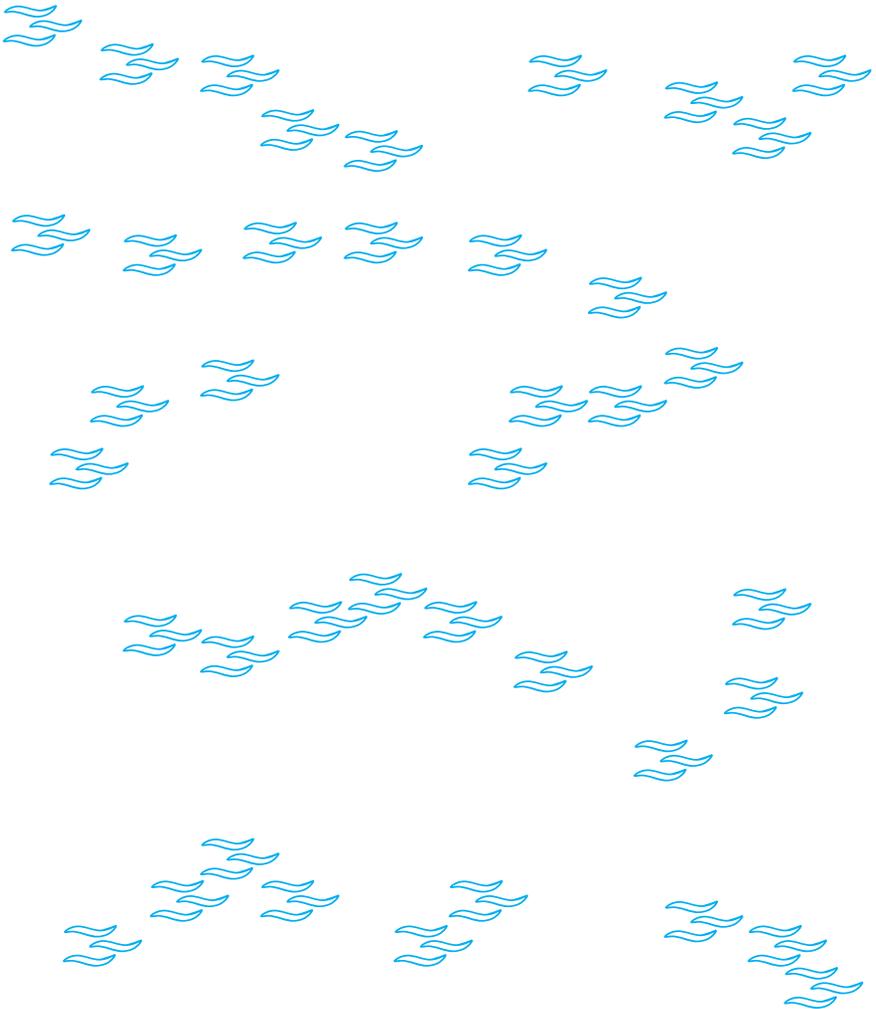
leaving sublimity behind them.  
Then who was this whose song vibrated  
with that light that forms the diadem  
of him o'er the sky elevated?  
But Lambent cared naught for name or face—  
seeing naught as he drank in a sound  
that rang echoes of another place,  
a place not found on this mortal ground.  
Yet as the sound burst full upon him,  
so did his form to her sight appear;  
then quickly ceased her glorious hymn,  
as she dove beneath the stream in fear,  
and silence reigned in that hidden glade,  
softened by just the liquid burble  
of flowing water, which itself made  
music under the hanging herbal.  
In sadness, then, he left that haven—  
yet with a hope ringing in his heart—  
determining to return again  
to maybe receive balm for the smart  
of soul's yearning. Back he came next day  
treading with eager, light-stepping feet,  
and the maiden did not dive away,  
fleeing air for crystal waters sweet,  
but remained and surveyed him rather.  
Eyes skyward, this he did not perceive:  
kindling thoughts in her eyes did gather.  
Only the song did his heart receive.  
Day after day, Lambent wandered there,  
coming to dwell in that sky-bound land,  
and nothing to his eyes was as fair  
as that song-heaven. But the pale hand  
that strummed the harp or those starry eyes  
that quivered in fear (and yet still more)  
he did not see, nor even surmise  
the feelings that like a tidal bore  
swept her soul with new wonders—and fears—

*in such a flood as to overbore  
with mysterious upwelling tears  
that fair white tower of her heart's core.  
Oblivious to this tumult strange,  
he sat on the far bank wrapt in bliss,  
his own heart feeling no stirring change.  
Day after day, while with tendril kiss  
the willow feather-touched the clear flow  
of laughing water, the two sat still.  
For in sunlight or rain he would go  
to sit for long hours beside that rill.  
Then one night beneath a pearly moon,  
the marvel touched his eyes and beckoned  
his questing hand to request the boon  
of hers—and for a fleeting second  
his fingers brushed hers before she fled  
neath the sheltering water-mirror  
that showed him only his drooping head.  
Suddenly much deeper and dearer  
became the Sublimity he sought,  
for his awe was tinted with a new  
hue of rosy ecstasy that caught  
his lost and wandering heart that blew  
hither and thither on winds of dream;  
that frail vessel on an empty sea  
that once wafted toward every thin beam  
of dim light in that uncertainty  
of barren wideness now saw at last  
a far glimpse of brightly solid land.  
Many thoughts before his mind then passed  
and new love like a spring-fresh garland  
crowned his heart—gave his speechless lips voice  
to speak words he never before knew  
were an answering song to rejoice  
in that Sublimity that is True  
Love and is echoed by those small bright  
loves here on this mortal, searching ground—*



*oh! what mere lines could possibly dight  
such shining concepts not to be bound  
by words alone? Thus a melody  
was his reply to the joy he had.  
Then at this heartfelt, sublime-bent plea,  
she rose from the water—sweet naiad!  
There she leaned upon the freshet's bank,  
her hair melding with the silky stream.  
With trembling voice he tried her to thank  
for this melody more real than dream.  
He told her how at first love was far  
from his mind and another yearning  
tugged his heart to the faraway bar  
of Fantasy's white shore. But turning  
aside for her song he found a new  
pain and joy intermingled that made  
his ethereal desires as true  
as the solid willow in that glade—  
joy to see her glowing face, pale hand,  
and gray eyes that shone like jeweled stars bright,  
but pain to know that the heaven-land  
of her song could not remain alight  
if she joined her fair hand in his.  
He would never harm her—this he swore,  
and although to be with her was bliss,  
at her word he would return no more.  
Then she, shaking back her splashing hair  
that flung out gems of sparkling water,  
told him she thanked him for being there,  
thanked the longing for which he sought her.  
She declared she left to him the choice—  
her hand was his if he would take it—  
and if that glad taking dulled her voice  
to mortals' strains, she would forsake it.  
Then bittersweet rain fell down his face,  
and while the sky loosed its own soft tears,  
he made his choice, and in an embrace*

*she relinquished her unending years.  
Thus her heaven-born sublimity  
passed away to its far birthing-lands—  
that pure essence fled beyond the Sea  
when she and Lambent-Light joined hands.  
Yet delight, though mingled in sorrow,  
dwelt in their hearts—pure tear-tined joy—  
and a dear longing for a morrow  
where unmingled joy naught can destroy.*







**October 1<sup>st</sup>, Anonymous**  
Photography

It was only October first, but I could already smell the pumpkin spice.

# *Which Came First*

## *Rebecca Dailey*

*Which came first,  
The forest of course.  
The tall winding trees, a still  
And peaceful place.  
A place for the animals to  
Roam free and happy.  
They jump, run, and  
Leap without care, the forest is theirs  
Nothing will get in their  
Way, well except  
That.*

*Humans with all their fancy  
Technology, have forgotten  
The old ways.  
The road is now in  
Place for little automobiles.  
This never deters our  
Little woodland friends,*

*For they have their ways  
And we have ours.  
And yet those ways always  
Seem to intertwine,  
As if to say we are  
Never far apart.  
So is the deer crossing  
The road or is the road crossing  
The forest? There is no  
True answer because it is life.  
And in life there is always  
The question of which came first.*

# *The Great War*

## *Rebecca Dailey*

*Never trust a rug. They never cover the  
Whole floor, just a little spot.  
Most especially when they are placed in the  
Most boringest room in existence.  
The books are heavy and covered in dull  
Blacks, grays, blues, and browns.  
Filled with important business contracts  
And laws.  
The window is quaint but the beige curtains do little  
To brighten up the room.  
House plants placed by the missus,  
“It will brighten up the room”.  
She said.  
Children’s art covers the wall,  
Look at them.  
All bright colors and mysterious shapes.  
It’s wonderland calling and waiting.*

*I suppose if you ever came to a room like  
This with a cold, colored feeling.  
Roll up the rug as soon as no one  
Is looking. There may be  
Nothing, just a dull hardwood floor.  
In that case find a way out, ask for a tour  
Of the house.*

*The garden, or ask about literally anything.  
So long as you leave the room,  
And leave behind the boredom.  
Now say you did find something,  
A nick in the wood, a small alcove for  
Little treasures and deep secrets.*

*Or perhaps a trap door,  
Large enough for a person to fit through.  
Well don't look at me, I'm just the voice in  
Your head. Go, curiouser and curiouser, is it not?  
A secret much larger than that of Reality.  
Imagination, magic fills the room and  
Yes cats can smile.*

*It's time to prepare to face the world.  
There's a storm coming  
And we best be ready when it does.  
Choose your magic, your power.  
Combine them, perfect it, stand over the stories.  
The stories that free us, take us to  
Other worlds, where Imagination  
Is free.*

## *The Haunted House as a Metaphor* *Chris McCoy*

*The haunted house is a home in which something has gone  
horribly wrong  
A tragedy, an accident, a shocking twist of fate:  
recent or a resurfacing of the ancestral.  
A wound takes place and scars over poorly.  
Infection spreads  
under the skin  
behind the walls.  
The home is changed.  
The symptoms are mild at first, deniable.  
They worsen.  
The house acts against its residents.  
It attacks what once made it a home.  
The haunted house has come to hate being lived in.  
What is a haunted house but an ill home  
What is an ill body but a haunted house you cannot escape.*

# *The 31<sup>st</sup>*

## *Morley Sharpe*

The trees in all the front yards of the neighborhood were either bare or had golden-brown tops instead of the green tops from the summertime. When the wind collided with the trees, flecks of their caps would fall onto the ground and become brown as tea. As the days became colder and wet, they became wet, too. Soon they fragmented and became part of the ground. And many of those flecks were smothering the street on this peculiar night.

Why was it a peculiar night? Well, the objects in the houses' lawns made it so, for a start. One yard had three green witches in black hovering their hands over an open cauldron, another was dotted with out-of-place gravestones, and two others were haunted by large, balloon-like ghosts. Also, the windows had similar decorations, including black cats of black construction paper and skeletons of white paper. Thirdly, the porches all had one odd object: a pumpkin with a face made from areas where the fruit's body had been cut out. Finally, the rest of the night's strangeness was created by the children going to the front doors and asking for candy, while disguised as several different things, mainly monsters or characters from franchises. Some of them were werewolves. Some were serial killers. Plenty of them were superheroes. There was at least one ghost and only one Shrek the ogre.

Among them, there was also only one real creature of frights—one of the werewolves.

The werewolf in particular was a small beast, quite gray and having blue eyes that were large and bulging. His tail was hidden in the baggy sandy trousers he wore and the rest of him was hidden in his dark blue hoodie. His left paw held the handle of a jack-o-lantern tub, already flooded with chocolates, lollipops, and chewy soft candy, and his teeth, which had already broken several treats already, were revealed in the pleased grin on his face. After all, this was the 31<sup>st</sup>. The night where monsters lacked fear.

The watch on one trick-or-treater's arm declared that four hours still had to pass before midnight would be announced by the bell in the church downtown. Seeing that watch, the werewolf's pleasure rose. In three hours, the costumed candy-collectors would be at their homes, with the younger ones in bed and the older ones getting adrenaline and ruined pants while watching murderers take people down with chainsaws on their televisions. That would form the neighborhood into an empty realm, where he would not experience danger in being a beast. Cars and pedestrians would probably still come through, but they were not a crowd that could become a mob if they spied him without the clothes that obscured his identity.

Suddenly, the werewolf sniffed the wind that was now hitting him and the other trick-or-treaters. His grin uncertainly started to become a snarl. He caught something in that air—but it might not be anything. There were millions of smells flying over him. But one...

*What thing smells like blood mixed with frightened tears?* he thought inside his brain. *Of course, a person whose got blood on them and is crying in fright would, but no one around is bloody (except for fake blood), and there's not a single tear on anyone's face... take that back, that toddler in the Elena of Avalor costume is weeping like crazy. But those are not scared tears. Wait! The smell's really getting powerful! Also, what's with everything getting darker? This is a cloudless...*

Now his face was in a growl. The fur on his back and limbs shot out in points. His eyes bulged more, and his hands went into defensive positions, throwing the jack-o-lantern tub onto the road. By this point, the crowd was beginning to gain fear, as the darkness was acknowledged. The parents comforted the now-shaking children and the teenagers pulled their phones out and pressed the video-recorders on their phones.

*No!!! Run to your homes! Run from him! Dunderheaded humans! RUN FROM HIM!!!!!!* The werewolf was sweating and dismayed. The darkness now smothered all the houses and surrounded the crowd. It was not wispy like fog or smoke. It was simply blue-black darkness.

The hand flew into the circle with no warning sign. It thrust its form out of the darkness, its back armored with spines like snake fangs and its fingernails similar to talons. The werewolf yelped in terror and the crowd bellowed out screams. But the hand did not recoil or flinch. It scooped up around fourteen children and yanked itself back into the darkness.

The werewolf stared, puffing after his yelp. His eyes went over to the crowd. The trick-or-treaters were now yelling out calls for help and the adults were trying to dial 9-1-1. But fourteen adults stood. Fright was in their faces, but something else was in it. Grief. For their joys were in the darkness, where they could be facing a fatal fate. Either way, those children would never be their happiness ever again.

The werewolf's soul burst with fire. His eyes bulged to painful degrees. His growl was transformed into a bark. His hands shredded the hoodie and trousers on him. The crowd fell into screams again, but his cares about that were garbage. He fell onto his hands and galloped to the blue-black wall. At its edge, he pounced.

He was in the darkness. The scent of blood mixed with tears was the only one, which was a benefit. He rushed deeper in.

*What has gotten you insane?* his first brain voice asked.

*Am I insane?* his second brain voice retorted.

*Possibly. No monster takes on the Lord of Fright.*

*They do when they give him checks and balances.*

*Very well, he may be stepping out of line, but you're a plain werewolf. Besides, children get separated from their parents each day.*

*Those children are not to be taken by any creature, monster or human! Do not normalize evil!!*

*Are you not evil? That is why humans use silver bullets on you, after all.*

*SHUT UP! I am getting the kids and that IS FINAL!!!!*

The first brain voice quieted.

The smell was now hugely close. The werewolf started to crouch down. His eyes, excellent to use for having sight in the darkness, peered around

There *he* was. A huge demon who could crush a small tree with his feet. His mouth was covered in a clown's red make-up. The toes he had were shark fins and bee and bat wings stuck out of his back. One hand, the spikey one, was holding the children. The other, swarmed by spiders, reached to the wall where the light was on the other side.

“The Bogeyman,” the werewolf whispered.

To be continued...





**Chapel in the Fall, Izzy Eastman**  
Watercolors and micron pens

# *Liturgy for Anger at Injustice*

## *Rachel Huchthausen*

*LORD, LORD,*

*Compassionate and gracious God,  
Slow to anger and abounding in steadfast love and faithfulness,  
may I bear your image.*

*Test me and know my heart  
that burns with white-hot anger.  
In this anger, may I not sin.*

*Deliver us from evil.*

*May I bear the standard of justice  
against the high and strong walls  
of systems that do not dignify,  
that affirm falsehood,  
that perpetuate hurt,  
and that work against the flourishing of your world.  
May I uphold the cause of the poor,  
the weary,  
the bereaved,  
the downtrodden,  
the lonely,  
and the unsuspecting.*

*LORD, our God, humble the powerful of the earth.*

*May I tread in the steps of Jesus,  
who, at the Temple,  
shocked the pious from their daze  
and drove out the thoughtless and greedy  
who had driven outcasts and strangers from the courts of God.  
Like Jesus and with him,  
may I trust to rebuild your temple and your world.  
May I forgive, acknowledging and righting wrongs.  
May your kingdom come in us,*

*in systems  
and individual actions  
that build justice, truth, and dignity.*

*LORD, I work in an anger that loves,  
that the sun may go down  
on a day in which justice has prevailed.*

*Amen.*

**“Do Justice”**  
*Rachel Huchthausen*

*“Do justice” and so  
I raise my head to the blue  
and breathe autumn’s breath.*

# Found

## Rebecca Dailey

*Everyday I live in waiting.  
I watch the world go by.  
I wonder if it will change.*

*There will come a time when the world Knows my name.  
They will know my story but will they know me? God knows me.*

*I wish to be seen, to be heard. I wish to be a voice for all those who  
cannot speak for themselves.  
My heart is heavy with the weight of the world.  
I carry on alone, knowing someday that others will be by my side.  
But even then God is always with me.*

*Until then I will carry on.  
For I am powerful in God's word.  
We will live forever in peace.  
Peace may not be found while we are on Earth.  
But it will come from above.*

*All one has to do is believe and wait.  
I'm ready for anything that may come my way.*

*I live as I am, all that I was and all that I ever will be.  
Who will find me?  
God will.  
I am found.*

# *The Glowing Window*

## *Keiryn Sandahl*

In a small house, on a small income, lived a man by the name of Cole. Despite the constraints of money, he and his wife were the most generous people in the world. Every day when Mrs. Cole left home for the market, she put a loaf of bread in her basket. Whenever she met a beggar in the street, she would cut a slice of the bread and give it to him. Mr. Cole was never without a spare coin and a friendly greeting. They lived very happily and wished only that they might have children of their own. But as the years passed, they saw that it could not be so.

Now, Mr. Cole had an impossibly wealthy uncle, and when he died, he left no will. Upon inquiry, Mr. Cole was discovered to be the nearest relative still living and was promptly informed of his inheritance. Mr. Cole opened the letter one cold gray morning, and his shout brought Mrs. Cole running to his side. How they cried for joy at their good fortune! They sold their little house and bought a grand one, where the dining-room alone would have fit their former home twice over. With such a great house, Mr. and Mrs. Cole determined to share it and with their wealth fulfill a cherished dream.

On a chill, rainy morning, they set out on foot, with the object of inviting the first beggar children they saw to come live with them, as adopted sons and daughters. As it happened, nine children, boys and girls, were sheltering in a nearby alley when Mr. and Mrs. Cole came upon them. Mrs. Cole's tender heart burned when she saw them; Mr. Cole, expansive, swelling with cheer, shouted out to them and beckoned them. Eight of the children, curious, crawled forth from their nests to speak to the gentleman. But the ninth, a girl called Jane, was a terribly timid creature, and she only shrank deeper into the crate which concealed her. Mr. and Mrs. Cole did not see her. Jane, with her head pressed into the ground and the rain drumming on the wood of the crate, did not hear what passed between the others.

After some time, when Jane felt sure the gentleman and his wife would be gone, she poked her head out from behind the crate. The alley was deserted. She was alone with the rain, drip-dripping among the puddles.

At first, she thought nothing of it. The other children were not really her friends, merely her fellows. It mattered little to her when they did not return that night. They did not return the next morning either. It soon became apparent they would not return at all. If she thought it peculiar that they had all disappeared at once, she did not trouble herself about it, but instead, in their absence, enjoyed the privilege of occupying the warmest nest.

Other children took up residence in the alley. Jane had almost forgotten about her first companions when, as she was begging one Sunday morning, she beheld a gentleman's family emerging from a church. Eight well-dressed children trotted in procession behind their mother and father, who walked arm-in-arm. There was something about those children, with their bright cloaks and cheery faces—something familiar. The first boy looked very like Jack. And the girl with the blue ribbons in her hair, could she be Maggie? Was that not George, and that Evie, and James, and little Nellie? Yes, they must be! She recognized them, beyond all doubt, as her fellow urchins. But how had such a transformation come over them?

They made such a beautiful picture, merry and affectionate, that Jane was reluctant to lose sight of them. She followed them at a distance as they turned the corner. She would never try to speak to them, of course, but she couldn't help hoping one of them would turn around and see her. Perhaps they would remember her.

No one did turn around. They pranced up the steps of a splendid house; a butler opened the door, and, one by one, they vanished inside. That ought to have been final. Still, Jane couldn't tear herself away. Someone might yet open a curtain and look out the window. If she walked away, she would lose whatever chance she had to speak to someone. She found a place on the other side of the street where she could sit, and beg, and watch the house.

She had slept poorly the night before; her eyes drooped, and she fell into a doze. When she woke, shivering, in the gloom of

twilight, the house was dark. The street was empty, but for herself and a man lighting the lamps. Jane knew she should go back to her nest. She had no reason to remain. She had nearly made up her mind to go when someone drew back the curtains to one of the big downstairs windows. A blaze of golden lamp-light spilled out onto the street.

Jane could see into the parlor now. A potted fern, greenly luxuriant, took up part of the window. Beyond it, carpets and fine furnishings, a grandfather clock, a small piano—to Jane's eyes, nothing less than a palace. Then came the family themselves, just done with supper. George and Maggie had a chess-board. Evie sat down to the piano. The mother scooped Little Nellie into her lap, where she read to her. Even the maid was welcome, joining Jack and James as they played with wooden animals. Jane remembered how those two boys used to scrap, and now they spoke to each other like earnest friends. And Evie, who had once been so sour, wore the gentlest of smiles.

Then came the father, bearing with him a plate of cake. The family passed it around. They all seemed to be laughing. The mother pulled Nellie's ringlets away from her mouth and kissed her rosy cheek. George shoved Jack's shoulder, but teasingly, like a brother.

Jane wrapped her arms around her knees and huddled against the cold. Maybe, if she went and stood under the window, it would warm her, too. She scurried across the street, swiftly lest someone should catch her. A fat bush grew directly under the parlor window. Jane crawled behind it. She found she could stand, sheltered by the bush, and still peep over the window-sill. She was behind the fern now, looking out from under a frond. She had an unobstructed view of the parlor.

Though the bush shielded her from the wind, only the barest bit of warmth could reach her through the glass. Jane's teeth began to chatter. But she would not walk away from that beautiful window, her glimpse into the house of light. Not until the family blew out their lamps, drew the curtains, and went to bed, did Jane finally leave her post.

She returned the following evening, hoping they might

again open the curtains. She concealed herself behind the bush and waited. Sure enough, first the light glimmered at the crack between the curtains, and then the curtains parted, and in trooped the family, and so the second night was much like the first.

Jane came back every night she could, staying until she could stay no longer. At first it was enough just to behold the picture. However, it did not take her long to recollect that day in the alley, and to surmise what had happened. Then it was not enough to watch, for she knew she ought to have been a member of their glad circle. How desperately she wished she had chosen differently, had walked up to the gentleman, to be now on the other side of the glass. If only she, too, might bathe in that all-ennobling radiance! Would it not transform her, too? Would she not glow with joy as they glowed?

With this longing firmly rooted in her heart, Jane haunted the street by daylight. She staked all her hopes upon one idea: that a child of the household would stop to speak to her. If only that, then surely she would explain all, and they would take her as their own.

She at once believed that as she believed in nothing else, and did not believe it at all. On one side of the glass was her real life, and on the other side the living picture of a dream-life. Could they ever meet? Yet she felt her whole life depended on the collision, on the one miracle moment when the glow would embrace her.

One day, young Maggie waltzed forth from the house hand-in-hand with her father. They passed Jane in the street. They were so near! Yet Jane was as timid as ever. Instead of lifting her eyes, she stared fixedly at the pavement.

Maggie, who had learned much from her parents, stopped and considered the beggar-girl.

“Are you hungry?” she inquired.

The moment was upon her, and Jane found she could not answer. If only she would raise her face! But she only nodded.

Maggie retrieved a coin from her pocket. She placed it gently on the ground with her gloved fingers. “That’s all I have just now,” she said. “But another day, you can come knock on my door,

and I'll see to it you get bread. I live just there." She gestured, but of course Jane knew.

Then they walked away. Belatedly, Jane snatched up the coin, though she didn't want it. She watched their backs until they were gone.

The door, the door, Maggie had said she could knock on the door. But, if she was to knock on it, first she would have to mount the steps. Someone would surely see her and shout and send her away. And besides, would it not be appallingly rude for a beggar-girl to knock at such a great house?

Jane kept her vigil at the window that night, but her thoughts churned furiously. A few steps up to the door, one knock, and then she would have the miracle in her power. One dread action—but it was dreadful, indeed. She wavered, but she could not tip over the edge into decision. Then the lamps went out, the maid shut the curtains, and she knew everyone had gone to bed. No one would hear her now. She would do it the next night.

She could not bring herself to do it the next night or the next or the next. In the meantime, she thought perhaps she would not have to, if she had another chance to speak to one of them. She would not waste it again. She wanted to be knocked upon, for to knock was terrible.

By this time, she had watched the house for nearly a year, and winter came again. Jane caught a fever. She grew so weak she could not stir from her nest. She did not keep her vigil for nights on end. Then the warmth of the window did absorb her, in her fever dreams. The other children smiled around her. Then she would awake, and it would all melt away.

She little realized how close she came to death. Yet she lived, and regained enough strength to make her way again to her beloved house.

All the windows were dark, though she arrived much later than she usually did. As Jane faced that house, she thought of all the brightness stored up behind its door. If only it would open to her!

She would do it. She would do it that very night. She would march up those steps and knock on the door. Jane bundled up every

shred of her resolve and launched herself towards the house, afraid even to think about what she was doing, lest she abandon her courage.

She stood, quivering, at the threshold. Though the street was empty, she felt horribly conspicuous. She raised her smudged fist and gave the door a little tap. Nothing, and the eyes of the empty dark bored into her. Jane squeezed her eyes shut and rapped loudly on the door.

She waited for a long moment with closed eyes. Nothing happened. The door did not open. Alas, poor Jane! She did not know the family had gone away for the winter.

Her determination was entirely spent. Her courage collapsed in on itself. She turned and fled.

She did not see the elderly gentleman, of the house next door, open his curtain and peep out at her, just in time to catch a glimpse of her face as she ran past his window and vanished into the night.



# *Author, Artist, & Musician Bios*



## *Anonymous*

Freshman

## *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.

## *Hannah Lee*

Junior residential student at HU majoring in Equestrian Management.

## *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  
November submissions email:  
“Joyful Is the Dark”*

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](http://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 2024**