



The Lantern

**“Healer of Our
Every Ill”**

March 2025

644 Healer of Our Every Ill

HEALER OF OUR EVERY ILL Irregular

Refrain D Em7/D G/DA/DD Bm Bm7/A G A F#m7

Heal-er of our ev-'ry ill, light of each to - mor - row, give us

Bm Em7 F#7 G Em A D *Fine*

peace be - yond our fear, and hope be - yond our sor - row.

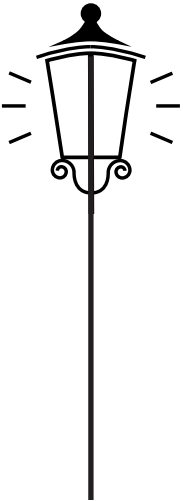
Bm F#m/A G

- 1 You who know our fears and sad - ness, grace us with your
- 2 In the pain and joy be - hold - ing how your grace is
- 3 You who know each thought and feel - ing, teach us all your

F Em D/F# G Bm A/C# G/B A *To refrain*

peace and glad-ness. Spir-it of all com-fort, fill our hearts.
 still un-fold-ing, Spir-it of all kind-ness, be our guide.
 way of heal-ing. Spir-it of com-pas-sion, fill each heart.





The Lantern

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

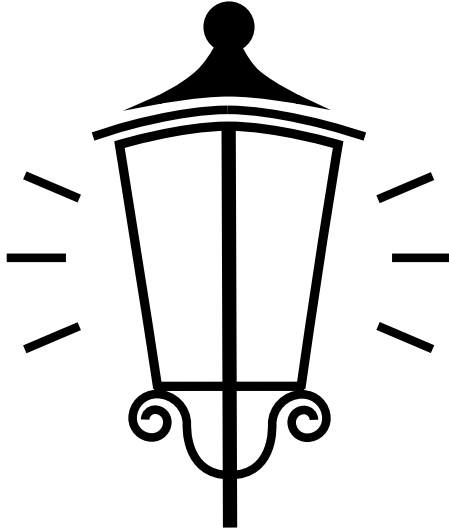
The Lantern began as an offshoot of a literary competition that existed for over a decade before 1932. After that date, the *Lantern*, previously known as the *Lanthorn*, began printing the works of students and has continued to do so ever since.

Front Cover:

Emma Dainty (text) & Keiryn Sandahl (designs)

*“Healer of Our
Every Ill”*

March 2025



Letter from the Editors

As soon as they got out of the boat, people recognized Jesus. They ran throughout that whole region and carried the sick on mats to wherever they heard he was. And wherever he went—into villages, towns or countryside—they placed the sick in the marketplaces. They begged him to let them touch even the edge of his cloak, and all who touched it were healed.

~Mark 6:54-56

Dear Readers,

We live in a broken world. Each of us carries burdens, aches, and sorrows. We are twisted by sin and through sin we wound each other. In the Gospels, we read of Jesus touching suffering people, healing wherever he went, until huge crowds would gather about him, desperately hoping to receive that healing. Like the people in the crowds around Jesus, we reach for him, longing for respite and for restoration. Yet Jesus also hauled his cross up the hill on his bare back, wore thorns upon his head, and had nails hammered into his hands. He said to take up our crosses and follow him (Luke 9:23). Jesus passed through the torment of the cross to make it possible for the whole world to be healed.

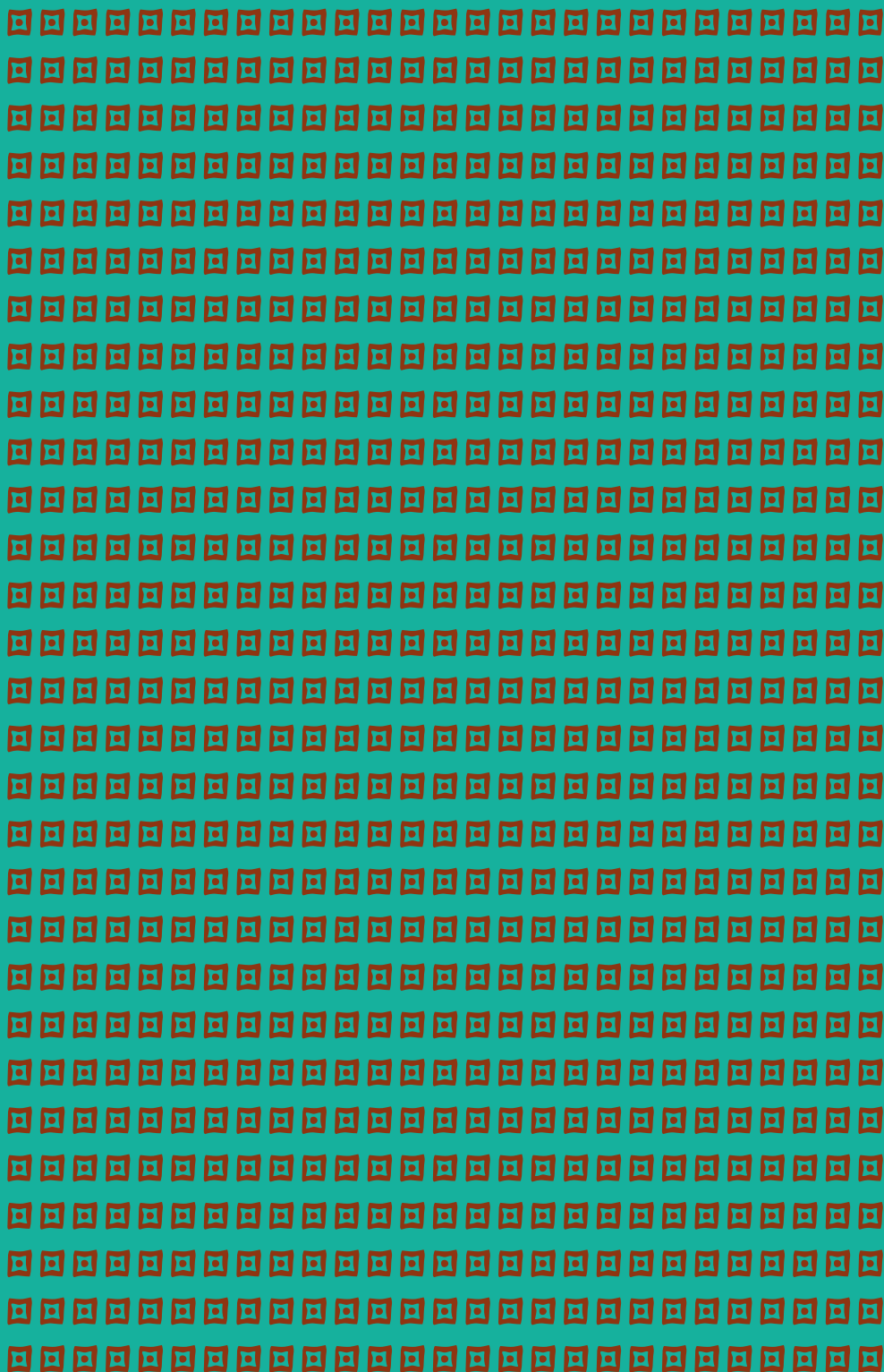
Christ died, like we die, but he also arose. The Healer overturned death itself. God's redeeming work is not yet finished, but it is everywhere in progress. In a world of pain and joy, perhaps we only sometimes see that healing. So we lean on the promise of "peace beyond our fear / And hope beyond our sorrow."

We live in a broken world. But because of the Healer's broken body, the victory belongs to grace.

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

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Memento Mori—Ash Wednesday 2024

Lee James

“Remember that you are dust, and to dust you will return.”

The pastor says to me

as she draws a cross in ash across my forehead.

It’s a symbol, I think,

as I walk back to my seat.

A mark on our faces to say,

I know that I am nothing.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,

and each man returns to the ground where they’re from.

It’s humbling,

to look around at the faces of friends and mentors and strangers

and see that we’re all just clay.

There’s something grounding about it.

To not need to be anything,

to look at yourself and see a human,

a human beloved,

without needing to work for it.

It makes me feel small.

Memento mori—remember that you must die.

Humans are so wonderfully intricate—

so many pieces, so many functions

that all work together to form a beloved child.

A beloved child so easily broken and battered.

We are clay,

and to dust we shall return.

But these jars of clay are much beloved,

and the potter holds us in his hands.

If only for another night...

Adrianna Kappmeier

*I hear no more lullabies
Not a single thought in confidence
The silent admission of change
A broken heart to rearrange*

*Bring me to sleep, dare I say
Tell me with nonchalance it will be okay
And maybe I'll hear your sweet lullaby
If only for another night.*

*God only knows how I bleed for you
How I mourn for you, how I long for you
You have stripped me of who I once was
Yet made me better than I ever was*

*And God knows it's the only way I feel now
The only thing that remains unchanged—somehow.
That amidst all of the chaos and the lies
This song that plummets me to Earth, your sweet lullaby*

*If only for another night, I'd hear your sweet lullaby
Through betrayal of myself, this wicked fight
Through tears and rage and yet—peace at the same time
The song that bids swollen eyes to sleep, “Goodnight.”*

*If only for another night...
Then I will dream of a day far from here
Where I have neither won nor lost the fight,
Nor turn from the sorrow these hands have woven,
Where I have come to terms with the Broken.
And though the future remains unclear,
I will hear—*

—your sweet lullaby.



Father and Son

Musa

I

*I freely turn to thee, oh God above,
When all my freedoms bind and hold my soul.
Behold, I can't turn left or right in love
Without such love, of truth bereaved, grown old.
I find I can't but turn to thee, oh God.
It is thyself and thine alone who gives
The meaning in the elsewise pleadings, fraud—
The gentle thunder where the rainfall lives.
In faith, thou givest hope where love despairs.
In faith, thou givest love to those without.
Thou grantest my ascent upon the stairs
To heav'n above, to where thy Son allowed.
Thou sendest rainfall slow, a healing stream—
It is but sweeter than a blessed dream.*

II

*It is but sweeter than a blessed dream
To know thy love for me. Thy love for me
Evaporates my tears—they rise in steam,
The traces of mine offering to thee.
But lo, thy boundless love I cannot know,
But only traces of the full and free—
My finite mind, my trembles, cannot grow
To comprehend thy giddy love for me.
Thy giddy love for me! And yet thy Son
Took on the burden and the naked shame,
Took off the robe from which thy glories run.
Abandoned thou became, yet bore the Name
 Above all Names. Eternity in time—
 Joy mixed with sorrow, vinegar with wine.*

III

*Joy mixed with sorrow, vinegar with wine
When lo, thy Father's cup passed not thee by.
And from fullness of pain, thou givest thine
The fullest joy; my wounds, thy wounds untie.
But greater shadows fall from brighter suns,
And cold is the rejection of thy love.
And trembling, cold, in awe, in fear, thy friend's
Soft whimpers, doubting, ask of God above
Such questions of the mystery of faith.
But what is such a mystery as this—
That God would turn to one as me and saith,
"I love thee! Thou art welcome to my bliss."
 Now, out of sorrow turned to hope, in love
 I freely turn to thee, oh God above.*

He Who Heals Our Ills

Theophilus

*A dying daughter, a bleeding life,
Both in need of the divine light.
One an outcast, the other a leader;
And neither were able to heal her.*

*They knew His name, heard of His might,
How He could make everything alright.
Miracles were needed, He a worker;
Jesus was the only one on whom to wager.*

*The ruler came first, well-known by the crowd.
No pride in himself when before Christ he bowed.
“Only You can do this, please save my child!”
The man’s voice showing his desperation wild.*

*“I will come, and I will heal.”
These words made the man’s hope real.
So off they went, through the press
Jairus’ daughter forthwith to bless.*

*While on their way, the woman came
Hiding from sight because of her shame.
No money she had, all spent on a cure
Which left her bleeding, now found her here.*

*To touch God’s robe was her only thought
Even that was above what she ought.
For her condition made her “unclean,”
Contact forbidden from those who were clean.*

*And Jesus the holiest, purest of all
Why should He bother with one so small?
She came and touched the hem of His robe,
And from her body, no more blood flowed.*

*Her task done, the woman retreated,
The crowd would hide her unheeded.
But Jesus felt the woman's touch,
And He loved her very much.*

*"Who touched me?" was His start.
The crowds before Him did not part.
"Can't You see, he's impossible to find?"
His disciples tried to change Christ's mind.*

*"I know one touched me, she needed my power."
The woman realized His knowledge in that hour.
So she came and told Him everything
Why she had come and done this thing.*

*Christ reached out and touched her face.
"Daughter, your faith has saved you, go in peace."
She had not been touched for twelve years,
And being called "daughter" calmed her fears.*

*Meanwhile, the ruler had watched
Impatient with each moment lost.
When at last his fears seemed true;
A message his daughter was through.*

*Now the need for Jesus was gone
Surely death was just too strong.
"Do not fear, but only believe."
Came God's voice as a reprieve.*

*Only a few Jesus let in the house
As professional mourners moved about.
“She is not dead, but only asleep!”
Was His command to stop their weep.*

*Laughter arose as He put them out
Leaving only her parents around.
Peter, James, and John came too
As they waited for what He would do.*

*Taking her hand, “Talitha cumi” His command.
Then she who was dead arose to stand.
All else were amazed and stood in shock
At the One who made the dead walk.
“Remain silent on this” Jesus said,
And to make sure the girl was fed.
Then from the house He led His three
Ready to continue His ministry.*

*Jesus Christ is the same for us
As when in Him these two trust.
The One Who bade the wind be still
Is also the One Who heals our ills.*



Prayer for a Grieving Brother

Musa

*Good Father, we lift up our grieving friend.
Receive him into Your good care, we pray.
Oh, heed his many tears. From Heaven send
Your love that turns the night into the day!
That You'd spring fountains from the course, dry sand,
And flowers from the barren soil, we plead.
Lord, let your love rain down upon the land
Where we have gathered at this time of need.
Oh, desperation, scorn, and awful grief!
They cloud the mem'ry of Your Holy joy
And size us as we tremble like a leaf—
So fragile, weak, of strength and will devoid.
But You, O God, but You we can adore.
Your steadfast love endures forevermore.*

Opposite:

Light Descending, Emma Dainty

Photo

Bunhill Fields, London, February 7, 2023. I took this photo of John Bunyon's grave, never noticing the spread-winged pigeon until much later.



To Bus 19

Musa

*I'll happ'ly ride thee to my very grave,
For thou hast taken me as in a dream:
Upon this Island, all enchantments save
My death I've given heed—great be your steam!
I climb thy steps and find thy height of wit
Above thy neighbors' grandest fancies thus,
And lo, the air is fresher where I sit
Amongst the finest on the finest bus.
But finer still is that beneath the things
Of earth—of grandeur, knowledge, courage, might:
Thou singest softly of what Heaven brings
To those who whisper God's name in the night.
And so, with thee I go, with thee I die,
With thee I weep for those who pass you by.*



Weatherside

Caleb D. Choate

*There's the post we chained Killer
to on days recalled as scorching slits
through salt-stung eyes.*

*I remember the bucket's heft
left out for her to lap in a single-minded daze,
gills of foam gobs drifting in a lazy tide.*

*Wasps pulped daubs of hex and comb
above her in the fascia. They'd come down
to lick her sweat.*

*I remember
how her pelt would snarl
with neon somas.*

*We used to play army back there behind the house.
Some days she was a rescue dog
with a keg of medicinal brandy,*

*and others, she was a hellhound
who fell to our shelling
of packed dirt, pebbles, and twigs.*

*When night fell, we'd bring her inside
to my mother, who would count the welts
from wasps and boys*

*slowly
as if they were Hail Marys.
One day, she broke free*

*and tore off down the lane in a manic skelter
to buckle under braking tires or romp in the woods,
I don't know.*

*Yet all these years,
her bucket remains—
stiff wasps drifting in a slow and idle churn.*

Past Time Last Time

Rebecca Dailey

*Sunset boredom,
Sky high fun.*

*Ends meet,
Nice and neat.*

*Teddy bear picnics,
Unwanted guests.*

*Something to eat.
A place to sleep.*

*Night time stars,
A flight to Mars.*

*Hands in the air,
Act like you do not care.*

*Sunrise.
Surprise.*

*See the world,
Behold, it's wonder.*

*All a glow,
Turn the lights down.*



Awesome Wonder

Hannah Lee

When I enter your presence I feel the tears welling up in my eyes.

*But are they of sadness? No
Anger? No
Happiness? No*

*They are tears of pure joy, awe, and awesome wonder
All for my God, my Savior, my everything
All the things I do not deserve*

*Yet here I am, on my knees, unable to speak
All because You are here
You are with me, I am not alone*

*You wrote my story when you wrote the stars
You chose my path
And You chose to make me a part of Your kingdom
All I can do is pray I can measure up to what You want of me*

*As the tears flow, I sing with the angels
The only thing I can do is praise you
The voice You gave me
The gifts You placed in me
I use them for your glory*

*This world will not stop me from praising
This world cannot keep me from the Author of the Stars
For He has claimed me as His own
He will not let me go
And I will praise*

*I will cherish the overwhelming awe
I will cherish the tears and emotions
I will cherish them all day
I will cherish them all my life*

*And I will cherish them when I enter your eternal presence in the
Kingdom in the Clouds
Where I will forever sing with the angels
In pure joy, awe, and awesome wonder*

Steadfast Savior

Wesley Anderson

*Steadfast love that abounds more and more
Father You fill my heart 'till it soars
Patient and kind to me
I once was blind but now I see*

*You look over the flock and the sheep
With Your steadfast love You never leave
Even when I fall down on my knees
You pick up my weary soul with Your peace
Wonderful Counselor, my Rock and shield
Steadfast Savior, Your love revealed*



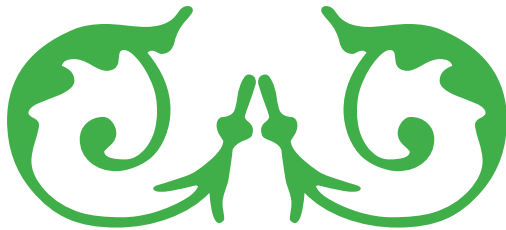
Ruth 1

Emma Dainty

*Two women walking | on a wide road,
stopped to stand, | stalk and still,
to debate and delve | into deep things.
One old woman, | worn and withered,
bent low beneath | life's heavy burden,
moaned in misery, | mind over-wrought.
A mournful maid, | her maidenhood matured,
once wedded | now widowed,
Stood still and stately, | seeking close to stay.
Thus spoke the elder, | edged with sorrow:
"Why wandering still | wither I walk?
This fruitless following | is sweet but futile.
Did I not disclose | my drear destitution:
No husband, no home, | no hope of help?
My house is havocked, | my hair turned hoar.
Sadness assails me, | snapping and slavering.
I have no hope. | My heart heaves,
doused by the dark | of its despair-deeps.
Do you dare | that desperate dive?
With a sonless mother | made for sadness?"
Spoke then softly | with sweet sympathy
the guileless girl, | giving goodwill,
"Precious Naomi, | pleasantly named,
seek not to send me | so swiftly from your side.
More than mother, | make no mistake,
I wish to weather | your winter with you,
bear your burdens, | for you be brave,
A kind companion | and compassion-carrier."
"Dearer than daughter, | duty-doer,
another named you, | no kin now is Naomi.
Return to the riches | of your mother's regard.
Do your filial duty | to your dear dame.*

Stay not for my sake; | seek your mother's side."
"Not simply for your sake | do I steadfastly stay
But for the breadth | of your God's beauty.
I witnessed the wonder | which He wielded
in your heart and home— | on your very hearthstone!
Let me linger here, | not lose my longing
for the Faithful-Freer; | Flawless Father;
Whom to finally find | I will follow fate,
walk the world-rim | with weary waiting,
and bear the burden | of a barren heart
until the Almighty | awakens and attends—
surely He shall | and show us compassion!"
"A! are you not aware | of the awful afflictions
He has now heaped | on my heavy head?
I am newly named— | Naomi no longer—
Mara the Miserable, | mired in misfortune.
Bound by bitterness | in a barren bower;
I take the title | of Ever-Tearful"
"A barren bower now, | but not always will it be.
God gave grief | to your guilty people,
filled them with famine, | foodless, flockless—
but where do you wend? Wither walk you?
To ill-fed Israel | to attain food to eat—
Famine-filled no longer; | a land filled with food.
God gave goodness | to a grief-ridden people;
may He not mete mercy | to a mother and a maid?
Mercy must mingle | midst flinty misery
in the Mind-Mine | of our Mighty Smelter;
Who heedfully hones us | with His own hands;
We must delve deep | to discover it—
this Truth-Treasure, | the trove of His tenderness.
He holds our hopes | deep in His Heart-Keep
and fulfills our faith— | not a fickle God!"
"Caring compassionate! | you have conquered.
Stay still by my side; | succor me with your sweetness.
A Moab maiden | makes me mind
God's great goodness, | His grief-ridding nature."

*Journey now joyous, | though no easy jaunt,
two toiling souls | take to traveling anew.
Once wracked by ruth, | now wrapped in Ruth—
lapped in the love | of LORD Almighty—
an old woman awed | by young innocence,
she ponders the Presence | poured on her perception.
Straining her sight | to see the High-Spirit,
a God's-Own girl, | guiled by goodness,
reveals to the wretched | the riches of the Ruler:
Ruth Ready-Hearted— | she was rewarded:
brought to Boaz | as bold Breadwinner,
made the far-mother | of Men's Maker,
a link in the lineage | of our loving LORD.
When your heart is heavy | and hope hangs low,
recall the readiness | of Ruth's rendered help—
will not the World-Ruler | wend help your way?*





Light Dawns on a Weary World

Megan Sensenig

Light dawns on a weary world

*Where those without homes cry out in desperation
And are met with averted eyes and apathy.
Where tears shed in grief cannot be felt
Through the barrier between each broken soul.
Where God's children are so caught up in their sin
They fail to recognize the purpose they were given.*

Light dawned on a weary world

*When a Father sent his Son
To bear the weight of life.
When he chose to feel hunger and sorrow
So he would know our pain.
When his response to our betrayal
Was to never abandon us to our shared burden.*

Light dawns on a weary world

*Where gazes meet between two strangers,
Each learning more about God through the other's existence.
Where friends reach out to touch the shoulder
Of a body collapsing under waves of anguish.
Where eyes are fixed on the one who understands our weakness,
Who redeems us in this blessed and broken land.*

Opposite and Next Page:

Reminders of Life, Disaster 2

iPhone 13mini camera

Abney Park. Wondrous how in the midst of a cemetery, a reminder of mortality, there is color and foliage, a reminder of life.



Music QR Code

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



Author, Artist, & Musician Bios



Wesley Anderson

Sophomore.

Caleb D. Choate

Caleb earned his BA in Religion and Philosophy from Roberts Wesleyan University. He serves as Houghton's Director of Alumni Engagement.

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.

Adrianna Kappmeier

Junior, Music Education Major.

Hannah Lee

Junior in the Equestrian Program.

Megan Sensenig

Megan is a senior at Houghton University, currently serving as the PA for the London Honors Program

Back Cover:

Keiryn Sandahl

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
April submissions email:
“Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee”*

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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