

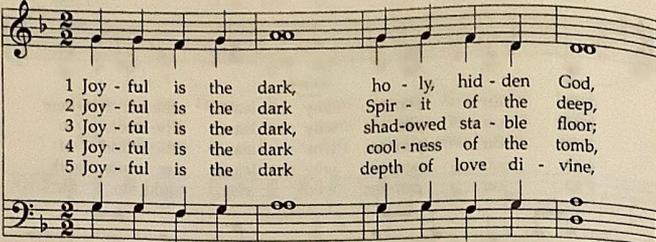
The Lantern



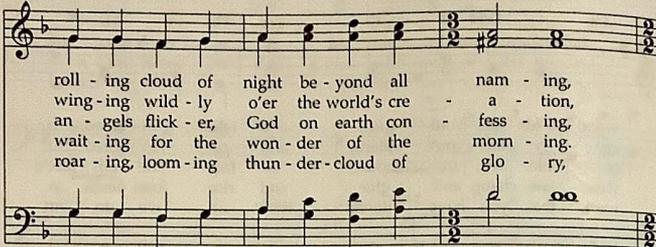
“Joyful Is the Dark”
November 2024

Joyful Is the Dark

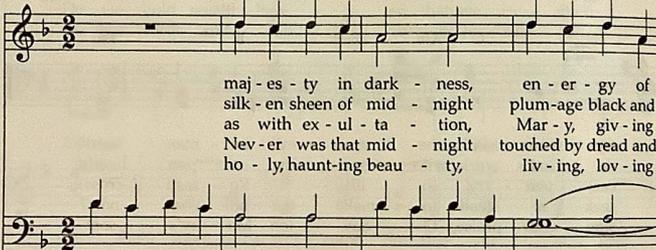
JOYFUL DARK 5.5.10.6.5.10



1 Joy - ful is the dark, ho - ly, hid - den God,
 2 Joy - ful is the dark, Spir - it of the deep,
 3 Joy - ful is the dark, shad - owed sta - ble floor;
 4 Joy - ful is the dark, cool - ness of the tomb,
 5 Joy - ful is the dark, depth of love di - vine,



roll - ing cloud of night be - yond all nam - ing,
 wing - ing wild - ly o'er the world's cre - a - tion,
 an - gels flick - er, God on earth con - fess - ing,
 wait - ing for the won - der of the morn - ing.
 roar - ing, loom - ing thun - der - cloud of glo - ry,



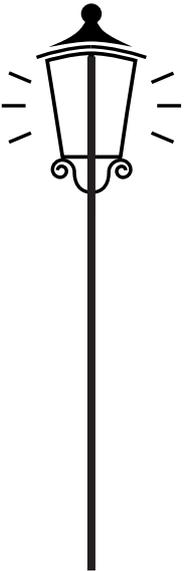
maj - es - ty in dark - ness, en - er - gy of
 silk - en sheen of mid - night plum - age black and
 as with ex - ul - ta - tion, Mar - y, giv - ing
 Nev - er was that mid - night touched by dread and
 ho - ly, haunt - ing beau - ty, liv - ing, lov - ing

maj - es - ty in dark - ness, en - er - gy of love,
 silk - en sheen of mid - night plum - age black and bright,
 as with ex - ul - ta - tion, Mar - y, giv - ing birth,
 Nev - er was that mid - night touched by dread and gloom:
 ho - ly, haunt - ing beau - ty, liv - ing, lov - ing God.

Text: Brian Wren (England), 1986, *Bring Many Names*, © 1989 Hope Publishing Co.
 Music: Philip K. Clemens (USA), © 1991 Philip K. Clemens



love, Word in flesh, the mys - ter - y pro - claim - ing,
 bright, swoop - ing with the beau - ty of a ra - ven.
 birth, hails the in - fant cry of need and bless - ing.
 gloom: dark - ness was the cra - dle of the dawn - ing.
 God. Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing and tell the sto - ry!



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.

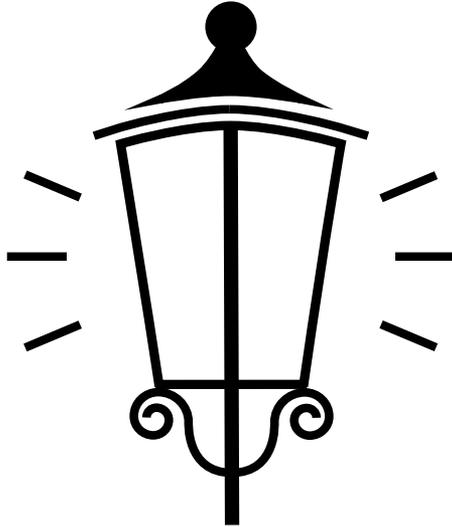
The Lantern began as an offshoot of a literary competition that existed for over a decade before 1932. After that date, the *Lantern*, previously known as the *Lanthorn*, began printing the works of students and has continued to do so ever since.

Front Cover:

Camp Lantern, Kaitlyn Avery
Photography

*“Joyful Is the
Dark”*

November 2024



Letter from the Editors

Zechariah's Prophecy

*“And you, child, will be called the prophet of the Most High;
for you will go before the Lord to prepare his ways,
to give knowledge of salvation to his people
in the forgiveness of their sins,
because of the tender mercy of our God,
whereby the sunrise shall visit us from on high
to give light to those who sit in darkness
and in the shadow of death,
to guide our feet into the way of peace.”*
~Luke 1:76-79

Dear readers,

As we enter into a time of the year where evenings come early and the sun rises slow and cold, we invite you to think on the theme of darkness. Specifically, a song: “Joyful is the Dark.” What does it mean for the darkness to be joyful? For us, a time of darkness is often a time of fear and uncertainty. How can such a time be joyful?

Many of us are beginning the season of advent, a time in the Church calendar when we reflect on the suffering and darkness of the world and look in hope to Christ’s return. This time of waiting can be filled with a lot of mixed feelings. We might be anxious about where our lives will take us. We might be afraid of the troubles we will face or are facing. We might be weighed down by the suffering that fills this world.

In a time of such darkness, where can we find joy? How can we say, like this song, that the dark is joyful? This perspective can only be found when one looks upon this darkness as a birthplace for greater hope. Advent shows us this perspective as we look at the darkness with the lens of hope: it is here, to this darkness, that Christ will return. This darkness is, as the hymn says, the “cradle of the dawning.”

In what ways could darkness be joyful? We invite you to ponder this question as you read this issue, and to reflect on it throughout this advent season as you prepare for finals and then head into Christmas break.

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

Table of Contents

Untitled	Lee James	8
A Fragment	Emma Dainty	9
The Cat and the Deer	Anonymous	10
Alone in the Night	Joseph Langlois	13
Little Light	Anonymous	14
3-17-2024	Anna Lloyd	15
He Is with Us	Rebecca Dailey	16
The Gourd Goblin	Keiryn Sandahl	17
The 31 st Part 2	Morley Sharpe	24
Colors in the Dark	Disaster 2	29
For Night	Lee James	30
Oblivion	Emma Dainty	32
Unveiled in Black	Musa	33
in the mornings,	Anonymous	34
O Come, O Come	Lee James	34
Advent Recollection	Keiryn Sandahl	37
Living Hope	Kaitlyn Avery	37



A Fragment

Emma Dainty

Flying free in the great outdoors. Suddenly, a crash! An invisible, violent barrier where all seemed open. Then fuzzy darkness. An aware unconsciousness. So alone! So afraid! Tiny heart fluttering amid a whirl of voices, of words that mean nothing to little avian ears. Motion, terrifying motion, all around—and eyes, so many eyes glinting in interest. What intention lies behind them? To hurt? To kill? Encroached by staring black surfaces rimmed with dead wood, no friendly branch to perch on. All is strange. All is frightening. Yet, despite the terror that freezes wing, this little Swainson's Thrush is held in God's hand.

Untitled, Lee James
Photo

The Cat and the Deer

Anonymous

It was cold. *Really* cold.

And it wasn't just the weather, the wind, or the snow beneath my feet as I wandered through a field behind my old apartment complex. My heart was cold, too.

And it hurt. *It really* hurt.

Taking a walk at night in the dead of winter wasn't exactly what I had in mind, but my doctor once told me that walking would help relieve my chronic back pain. And that night in particular, my back was aching from carrying the weight of a friend (let's call him Cat) who relied on me to help him with thoughts and feelings only the Lord could relieve. Now, I wasn't a Christian yet, so I thought I was Cat's cure. I thought I could help his pain and suffering by taking what he was going through as my own.

I imagined it hurt him. It must have really hurt him.

Without realizing, my attempts at helping Cat turned from simply listening to him and being there for him to feeling what he felt and becoming him. Being a good friend turned into hyper-empathy that tore me down because it just... wasn't enough.

The night I took my walk, Cat had been sent to a hospital by his parents, leaving me with a text saying:

"I love you. Wait for me."

What did I do wrong? What could I have done more? Why did my efforts fail?

And why couldn't I actually feel bad about Cat going away?

Why was I kind of relieved?

I convinced myself that maybe my lack of reaction to his last cry-session with me was why he had to go.

Just a day before, Cat had laid on my chest and sobbed, wishing he could just feel better. For months I had cried alongside him, felt what he felt so fully and deeply. Hours spent holding

him, consoling him in ways friends likely shouldn't, witnessing the results of his pain, and *feeling* every inch of it.

Something shifted, though. I didn't cry with him the day before he was hospitalized. I stared at my wall and zoned out. I didn't feel a thing. I couldn't. Trust me, I tried.

My obsessive hyper-empathy had shifted once again, dwindled down into plain apathy.

Maybe I hadn't realized this, either, but months of relentless responsibility for feelings that weren't my own threw me into a dark place consisting of *absolutely nothing*. I was alone. My mind was silent other than a faint ticking clock hung on the bleak walls of my head, yelling at me to hurry up and help Cat and laughing at me for not being able to.

So, the night that Cat was sent away, feeling the bitter wind whip my face didn't phase me as it once would have. Hearing nothing except the whisper of snow hitting already fallen snow and my feet disrupting the fresh layer was what I was used to.

I was comfortable being nothing, just as long as it produced a possibility that Cat would get better.

I was comfortable being alone in this snowy field, forever.

But God wasn't. He *really* wasn't.

As I stared through the night at the empty field, my heart almost stopped when I saw figures that appeared to be hopping around, just a few yards away from me.

After my brief confusion, I realized it was a flock of deer.

I watched them prance in the white plain and actually felt *something*... for the first time in a really long time.

The idea that these deer found some semblance of happiness within freezing cold temperatures, during times when their grass wasn't fresh and their friends and family had succumbed to predators, the cold, the vicious cars speeding down the freeway, convinced me to go home that night and sip on some peppermint tea instead of freezing solid in my emptiness.

It wouldn't be another six months until I confessed my faith and became a Christian, so I didn't realize this, but the flock of deer that appeared in the distance of the field I stood in, jumping around in the snow, was a clear sign from God that He would guide

the way.

Two pieces of scripture mention the deer that I really hold dear to me. No pun intended.

“As the deer pants for streams of water, so my soul longs after You, my God.”

Psalm 42:1 reminds me of our desperate need for the Lord, how we are built to long for His glory as the deer longs for water.

“God, the Lord, is my strength; he makes my feet like the deer’s; he makes me tread on my high places.”

Habakkuk 3:19 shows me how strengthening God’s love really is, how He shapes us in His image as His children.

I remember first becoming a Christian and really deepening my faith through the shepherd-sheep terminology so often used in the Bible. It was incredible to me how much I related to the image of a wandering sheep in need of a shepherd. I think the usage of animalistic behaviors for us believers is not only beautiful, but realistic. We are in constant need of a leader, of a savior, that guides us in our blindness and heals us in our trouble.

I did not end up saving Cat. I haven’t spoken to him or seen him since he left for the hospital.

And maybe that’s for the best.

I now know that I wouldn’t have been able to rescue him, as much as I tried. Accepting the fact that I had no leadership over the healing of Cat’s wounds, no control over whether or not he would get better, was the hardest part to overcome.

I pray that Cat finds peace and joy through dark times, just like the deer prancing in the field did.

Alone in the Night

Joseph Langlois

*Alone in the night I am haunted
By that which I cannot see
And by that which I once saw
By that which I cannot have
And by that which I once had
I become aware of my loneliness
I become aware of my isolation
I become aware of my smallness
I become aware of my insignificance
And I begin to despair
To wallow in it all
In the darkness
In the nothingness
In the worthlessness of it all
But then I see it
A little light
Small in the distance
But persistent
And I focus on it
Making sure it is real
Taking it all in
As I behold it
The darkness fades in the distance
And the light becomes all I see*



Little Light, Anonymous
Photography

The flowers will always come back.

3-17-2024

Anna Lloyd

*Resurrection requires death, doesn't it?
You cannot be raised unless you die, therefore
Death and resurrection are not just neighbors,
They dwell together, dependent.
Will we, who sit so close to your dying
Also witness your resurrection?*

*Is death a gift to the living
As much as it is to the dying?
Does our proximity grant us
A glance into eternity
Through the patient pain of one
We would give so much to protect?*

*"They confidently trust in the Lord to care for them"
And put my selfish faith to shame.
Where I would see him whole here again
You would see him made new forever
Death transformed into joyous resurrection
Pain not undimmed, but redeemed*

He Is with Us

Rebecca Dailey

*I will protect you
I will fight for your honor,
Defend you against all who seek to harm you.*

*I am there when you cannot see me.
When you feel as if there is nothing left to be.*

*When the darkness closes in.
When it suffocates you.
Need not fear it.
Need not run for it.*

*I will be there.
I am the light that light shines on your good days.
The light that shines to the clouds when I chase away the
darkness.*

*For I am here even when all seems lost.
Lift your head up my child and you will see.
See all the beauty in this world I have created for you.*

The Gourd Goblin

Keiryn Sandahl

In a cottage in a wood lived three families: the family who built it and two families of mice, one in the rafters, one under the floors. The first family had only two boys to call to supper, but the Crumbs family had twenty-three little mice, with the Tidbit family not far behind. Every evening, once all had supped and the littlest been put to bed, Mrs. Crumbs would don her shawl and go upstairs to visit Mrs. Tidbit. Together they liked to listen to the talk of the family below.

The two nests were very different. The first was lighter and airier, partaking of both daylight and hearth-fire. Sometimes, when it rained, the roof leaked. The other nest was a dark mess of tunnels, with many a sharp corner. The rowdy young Crumbses loved to chase each other through them, shouting and scuffling, dashing blindly around the corners; these wild games would often startle Mrs. Tidbit. Mrs. Crumbs, for her part, couldn't watch the young Tidbits scurry thoughtlessly across empty air on the rafter beams without heart flutters. The Tidbits were, generally, the quieter family, so that the cottagers did not object to their inhabiting the upper regions. As for the Crumbs family, the floorboards muffled much, but occasionally, when each of them was trying to talk over the other, the chattering could get loud enough to annoy the family above. Then Father would stomp his heavy boot so the whole floor trembled, and they would go quiet very promptly indeed.

A stair of sorts, running through the walls, was the best passage between the nests. One autumn evening, with the world already gone dark, Mrs. Crumbs left her cozy hole, as she usually did, and hurried up to her neighbors'. She found Mrs. Tidbit at her work table, her daughter Peg beside her, and both of them busy with mending.

“Good evening, Rosemary!” said Mrs. Crumbs.

“Ssh,” said Mrs. Tidbit sharply, “they’re talking about the

gourd patch again.”

This roused her interest at once. She dropped into a chair; without asking, she took up a needle and thread, and she, too, listened intently.

The gourd patch belonged to the cottagers. Father, especially, was devoted to it and was often among his gourds, tapping, stroking, measuring, admiring. He was very particular about picking them, waiting in an agony of anticipation until he thought they were perfectly ripe. Several nights before, he had jubilantly announced to Mother and the children that the first gourd was nearly ready. By the next morning, the gourd had vanished.

Its disappearance was utterly unaccountable. None of it remained, not so much as a seed. No tracks, whether of man or of beast. Not a mark to suggest it had been dragged or rolled away. Only the vines were left behind, as though it had been snatched from above by an invisible hand. It was a bitter disappointment to the cottagers. They comforted themselves with thoughts of the other gourds, just as plump and beautiful as the one they had lost. Three more would soon be ready.

Then disaster struck again, just as before, only this time all three gourds disappeared. A terrible anxiety seized the whole family, that they might lose all the rest. Father refused to pluck them early, but now, with another three or four soon to be ready, he determined to spend several nights awake, and guard them. This he told Mother, and this conversation the two mousewives overheard.

“That’s what I should do,” said Mrs. Crumbs, after the cottagers had retired, one to bed and the other to the gourd patch. She continued, “But suppose he falls asleep?”

“Oh, he will,” said Mrs. Tidbit sagely. “He never did catch Button in his strawberries, though he stayed out five nights.”

“I caught him for that, the little fiend,” said Mrs. Crumbs, with rather more glee than might be proper in the mother of said fiend. “But you’re right, Rosemary. Of course the only thing to be done is to guard the gourd patch ourselves.”

Mrs. Tidbit barely looked up from her stitching.

“Absolutely not.”

“We could put a stop to it tonight!”

“You may. I won’t.”

“But I shall, I’m sure,” said Mrs. Crumbs, in great excitement; and, having decided, she took herself away.

Mrs. Tidbit and Peg, left thus to themselves, went quietly about their evening. Peg had just gone to put on the tea kettle when someone knocked on the door. Mrs. Tidbit opened it, and there beheld Mrs. Crumbs again, now with a basket and lantern.

She said, matter-of-factly, “I thought over what you said, and I decided you didn’t mean it.”

“Didn’t I?” returned the bewildered Mrs. Tidbit, but before she could object, Mrs. Crumbs had snatched a cloak and bonnet, stuffed them into her arms, and whisked her out the door, before Peg could appear to inquire who it was.

The night was crisp and clouded, with the moon sometimes shrouded, sometimes not. Mrs. Crumbs made good use of the lantern and found them a sheltered corner by a fence-pole. She patted the ground for Mrs. Tidbit to sit beside her, and they huddled together. The gourds loomed like great black boulders. The trees rustled. Somewhere, a frog croaked.

“Isn’t this fun?” whispered Mrs. Crumbs, much pleased with herself.

Now, Mrs. Tidbit did not care for the dark. She did not care for it a bit. She would rather stand up to a cat than sit alone in the dark, listening to its nameless noises. However, she preferred to think of herself as a very practical, stalwart sort of mouse, and what she could barely admit to herself she would never admit to Mrs. Crumbs.

So she said, “If we don’t see something soon, I’m going to bed.”

The night passed very slowly, especially for Mrs. Tidbit. She sat rigid, alert to every breath of wind and buzzing insect. Several times, she considered returning to the cottage, but to do that, she would have to go alone—and there was no question of that. Father did indeed fall asleep, as she had thought he would. She could hear his snores. Mrs. Crumbs would keep fidgeting with the lantern, turning it this way, lifting the handle, letting it fall.

Then, a small thump. Mrs. Tidbit heard it first. Something

had come over the fence—something was in the gourd patch. Mrs. Crumbs, too, had heard it. She threw her shawl over the lantern.

The thing padded softly among the gourds, hidden by them. Both mice held their breaths. It came nearer and nearer, then stopped behind one of the biggest, almost-ripe gourds. A long, thin finger with a long, pointed nail came up over the top of the gourd. It tapped about a few places, almost thoughtfully. Then the thing itself sprung nimbly up to perch on the gourd.

The gourd goblin was short and slight, with a small pinched face and pointed ears. His green eyes glowed. In one hand, he clutched a sack. Mrs. Crumbs shuddered from head to foot and squeezed Mrs. Tidbit's paw. The goblin continued tapping the gourd skin with his finger, testing it. Whatever he heard, or felt, must have satisfied him, for he suddenly left off his tapping to dance a gleeful jig on the gourd-top. Then he slid down it, and as he did, stroked it from top to bottom with his finger, one swift motion. At the same moment his feet hit the earth, the gourd was gone.

No, it wasn't gone. The goblin picked something from the ground, something that fit in the palm of his hand—a miniature gourd, exactly like the one which had lately grown there. Being a gourd goblin, he had shrunk it, that he might better carry his plunder. He admired it a moment, then popped it into his sack.

He tapped several other gourds, and found one more ripe. He did his trick; it, too, went in the sack, which he then slung over his shoulder. He glanced around the gourd patch one last time with his luminous eyes, and for a moment they rested on Mrs. Crumbs and Mrs. Tidbit, but seemed not a bit abashed at the sight of them. Then he hopped back over the fence and skipped away into wood.

With the goblin safely out of sight, Mrs. Crumbs felt much braver, and utterly indignant. She caught up the lantern. "Come, we've got to catch him!"

Mrs. Tidbit, terrified lest she be left behind, scampered after her. By their light, they could clearly make out the goblin's footprints.

"We'll twist *his* ears, when we catch him," panted Mrs. Crumbs. "The shameless thief!"

Mrs. Tidbit said nothing, but hung tightly to her friend's arm. They were in the woods, out of sight of the cottage, and the trees grew dense and dark about them. Mrs. Crumbs had the lantern bouncing freely on her wrist, sending the shadows swinging.

"I say," said Mrs. Crumbs, after a while. "Isn't this an adventure? I should like to sing."

"Oh, don't," gasped Mrs. Tidbit, but Mrs. Crumbs had already begun. She was in high spirits, her cheerfulness swelling with every step, and she sang with whole-hearted enthusiasm. Mrs. Tidbit squeezed her arm more and more fiercely, but she seemed not to feel it. Mrs. Tidbit quailed. It was such a careless defiance, a heedless taunting of that grim darkness which was so much larger and mightier than themselves.

At length she gathered herself enough to hiss in Mrs. Crumbs's ear, "Hsst! Do you want him to hear us coming?"

Mrs. Crumbs left off singing immediately. "You are right, dear," she said. "That was thoughtless of me. I'm so glad one of us has brains."

"You're lucky to have me," observed Mrs. Tidbit, rather ungraciously.

Mrs. Crumbs stopped abruptly, having lost the trail. Then she said, "There! The footmarks go under those bushes. Lively, now!"

They scampered into the undergrowth. However, no sooner had Mrs. Crumbs stepped out from the bush, then she went tumbling down a slope, for the ground behind it was very steep. Mrs. Tidbit heard her gasp soon enough to slow her own fall. All was black at the bottom; she could see nothing, but she heard Mrs. Crumbs shuffling nearby.

"Blast," said Mrs. Crumbs.

"What?"

"The lantern's blown out."

They could hear something else, too—a soft giggling, a pattering of feet. As their eyes adjusted to the dimness, they beheld the gourd goblin. He had emptied his sack, and around him, not three gourds, but closer to fifteen. He was certainly a happy goblin

in his gloating, hopping, rubbing his hands, chortling all the while. He cradled his treasures, one by one, and each sent him into transports of delight.

“Well,” whispered Mrs. Tidbit, “you ought to march straight up to him and demand our gourds back.”

Mrs. Crumbs hesitated. “He has a good many teeth, doesn’t he?”

Mrs. Tidbit looked. “So he does.”

“And his nails seem very sharp.”

“I should think so.”

“Do you think he’s twice my height? Or three times?”

“Oh, three times, at least,” said the merciless Mrs. Tidbit. Mrs. Crumbs was silent for a moment. Then she rummaged in her basket, produced a wooden spoon, and, to Mrs. Tidbit’s astonishment, strode resolutely into the hollow.

The goblin heard her come. He dropped nearly to all fours and fixed her with his bright eyes. Mrs. Crumbs walked closer and closer, until at last they stood facing each other. Then Mrs. Crumbs lost her nerve. She tried to smack him with her spoon, but she had barely twitched before one of the long fingers hooked her by the back of her dress and lifted her, kicking, into the air.

Mrs. Tidbit would have run to her, but she tripped over the lantern. That drew the goblin’s eyes—not to Mrs. Tidbit, he seemed not to see her—no, his eyes were on a fleck of light, a bit of moon reflected by the lantern-glass. Mrs. Tidbit turned the lantern. The light moved, and the goblin’s head turned to follow it. Mrs. Tidbit had once seen a cat with such a look in its eyes, and she thought she knew what to do.

She brought the light closer. The goblin, seeing it advance on him, backed away. Mrs. Tidbit sent it rushing towards him, but he scrambled to avoid it. Then she trained it directly onto his chest.

The goblin shrieked as though he had been stung by a wasp, dropped Mrs. Crumbs, and shot into the bushes.

However, he would not so easily abandon his gourds.

Twice, thrice, he tried to return, and each time, Mrs. Tidbit chased him away with her fleck of light.

It was then that she saw the hole on the far side of the

hollow. A badger's set. She let the light go still. Mrs. Crumbs, by this time, had come safely to her side. The goblin, treading carefully, emerged. Mrs. Crumbs tried to shift the lantern.

"Wait just a moment, and don't interfere," said Mrs.

Tidbit. The goblin, still wary of the light, laid a finger on a shrunken pumpkin. The light came for him then, weaving back and forth, forcing him towards the hole. The frantic goblin dove down it, thinking to save himself from his tormentor. There followed a deep growl and sounds of a scuffle.

"Quickly, now," said Mrs. Tidbit. She took the lantern and the basket, Mrs. Crumbs stuffed the gourds into the goblin's sack, and together they ran the way they had come.

The clouds had mostly dispersed, and with the moonlight, they could make out the footprints tolerably well. Mrs. Tidbit, though still much unhappy to be out at night, was emboldened by her victory over the goblin. As for honest Mrs. Crumbs, she was pleased enough to shower praise on her friend. When at last they reached the cottage, however, Mrs. Crumbs was struck with sudden dismay.

"How shall we return the gourds? They aren't their proper size."

"I'm not going to return them," said Mrs. Tidbit. "I'm going to take them home and feed them to my children. They're our size, anyhow."

"Should we stay out till morning? Suppose he has another try?"

"I'll see to it he never touches the gourd patch again. But not tonight. Tonight I am drinking hot tea and going to bed. Good-night." And Mrs. Tidbit left Mrs. Crumbs alone with her curiosity, while she went home to do just what she said.

The prints of a gourd goblin would vanish before dawn. The cottagers never discovered what had happened to their vegetables, but they would never lose another one.

On the morning following her adventure, Mrs. Tidbit put the kettle on and had a consultation with Peg. They went to work. By evening, from the eave of the house nearest the gourd patch, there dangled a polished mouse's dinner plate and several other

shiny bits of glass and metal. As long as the moon was out, the gourd patch was well-guarded and Mrs. Crumbs and Mrs. Tidbit safe in bed.



*(See Part 1 of The 31st in “Seek Ye First” October 2024
Lantern issue.)*

The 31st Part 2

Morley Sharpe

Tangling with the Bogyman is considered equal to intentionally sticking your hand into a box overloaded with black widows. He was the lord of frights, the king of fear. Who crept under children’s beds in the witching hour? Who caused the poltergeist activity in houses other than poltergeists? Who put the dreams of monstrous shadows and goblins into the youths’ brains when their conscious was out at night? But he could not just limit himself to those little scares. No, his fearsomeness could be tremendous. For, in the older times, he also had those he terrorized...as snacks.

And it was very vile in the way he devoured them. He baked them into pot pies, roasted them like chicken or suckling pig, or made them into kebabs, with tree trunks being the wooden sticks he stuck them onto. They were also good for when he made human-filled lollipops, but *that* is really not a thing to bring up.

Yet the idea of scares changed from eating humans to just giving them small-but-scarring experiences, and he had to adapt to that. His council of monsters made sure of it, true, but he decided to show restraint in the end – even though he threatened that council with their heads having fates on spikes.

Still, restraint was restraint. The devouring of humans ended and the terrors of dark became thrills of fun. Now, the result was that holiday of costumes, ghouls, and candy: the great Halloween.

Guess he decided to let his restraint go, the werewolf grumpily thought to himself as the Bogeyman yanked his second hand out of the mist with more children in it. That clown mouth of his sneered with teeth like mosquito proboscises. His head twisted to his right shoulder and nodded. Three little figures suddenly rushed over to his legs, a sack that could hold seventeen cattle carried among them.

“Ghouls,” the werewolf growled. It was not just the glowing eyes and long arms that told him that that was what those figures were. The painful attic-and-basement mold smell gave him the main clue, and made his nostrils ache.

The ghouls began to pull the sack’s opening out. They then held it up to the Bogeyman.

“Here you are, My Lord! Here you are, My Lord! Fill it up as much as you please!” one of them shrieked in his gleeful wailing voice.

“Hey, you don’t give orders to the Terror King! He orders you!” another ghoul snapped.

“Me, ordering him?! That is above my position!” the first ghoul gasped indignantly.

“You don’t seem to be acknowledging it, though!” the other one insisted. “You did just say ‘Fill it up as much as you please’! Isn’t that a form of ordering?”

“No! It is not, you control-freakish, snappy...that is...oh... My Lord, please forgive us...”

The Bogeyman’s glare was making the hidden werewolf’s skin wet and his hair frizzy. The mosquito teeth were pushing together. The pale red eyes were bulged and partially covered by the furious brow. In his throat, a scratching, growling hiss slipped up

to his mouth.

The two ghouls cringed while the third one rolled his eyes and continued to hold the sack open. The Bogeyman, with the frown still covering his face, shoved his first fist into the opening. The sack got swollen, and the hand pulled out with no children in it.

The other kids are next! the werewolf groaned in his head. Come up with something!

What, Buster? How do you take on an immortal demon sent to terrorize humans who has put all monsters he's battled in crypts?

Bite his arm! It worked in that Wishbone book based on Beowulf!

And spike my mouth or get millions of wriggly legs in it?!! N. O! Also, that dog had more strength than me!

Bite one of his toes, in that case! Shark fins can't harm your mouth!

Forgot about the small teeth on the sharkskin.

Then just bite the spot above the toes! That's not prickly or wriggly, is it?

The wolf stared. The rest of the Bogeyman's feet were made of bear flesh. Bear flesh, which does not have spines on it at all, or any bugs crawling on it.

The werewolf grinned with some triumph. Then he thrust his head backward, his nose spearing the direction of the moon. His voice box bellowed out a great, long howl.

He had to do it, after all. All werewolves on attack had to.

Immediately when the howl had left his throat, he rushed at the Bogeyman's foot. He did not see the ghouls thrusting themselves away in shock, and he did not see the Bogeyman watch in puzzlement. The thing he saw was his prey. And he pounced it, with his fangs stabbing its fur-smothered skin.

A snowfall of children fell from the palm of the Bogeyman as he screeched. The ghouls yelled in fury and loped towards the werewolf mauling their master's foot.

The werewolf felt their gooey hands grasp his shoulders and tail, yanking on them. But his teeth did not pop out of the

appendage. But the claws he had been scraping with did and were shoved at the hands on his shoulders.

The two ghouls yelped and released him. One still hurt the werewolf's rear with the tail-pulling, though.

However, he would not succeed, either. For the werewolf was not just sticking his teeth into the foot. They were locked right in, so deep that they could not slide out very well.

The Bogeyman's pain was transforming into rage. His jaws opened and vomited roars, and his hand, the one marinated in spiders, reached for the valiant monster.

Now the shadow that hand cast made the werewolf see the Bogeyman.

And the werewolf panicked. He tugged his jaws away from the foot.

“Are the children fine?” the werewolf asked worriedly. He had been with the ghost council member for two hours, ever since he had panicked, and he had not been informed about the kids' states.

“Quite all right, quite all right,” the ghost councilman boomed proudly. “The Nightmare Sandmen weaved their memories into a dream. Made you into a superhero in it, too, apparently.”

“What about the ghouls?” the werewolf pressed.

“Ran off with the Bogeyman. Speaking of which, are you sure you don't want that flesh you ripped off his foot as a trophy? That wound it caused made those children stay alive tonight, you know.”

“The only trophy I want is a witching hour where I can relax! Besides, I don't want to stink my den up more,” the werewolf grumbled.

“As you wish, as you wish. Don't worry about the Bogeyman, either. He'll nurse his foot for a few days, and we'll find him in that time. Hopefully we can get him back to keeping the scares down,” the ghost councilman declared. He then tipped his translucent hat to the werewolf and began to fly up to the roofs.

“The council will summon you tomorrow for a medal and cash award tomorrow. Come at twelve noon, sharp. In the meantime, enjoy your Halloween night!” he called. Then he vanished into the attic area of a house.

The werewolf looked around at the neighborhood. The leaves were still smothering the street, but now resembled white fireflies because of the moon’s reflection on their soaking surfaces. All the decorations with lights in them glowed on the lawns, making nasty forms haunt the dark areas. The jack-o-lanterns still lit the porches as well.

And no humans were on the street.

The werewolf smiled and pulled candy out of his bag.

“I will enjoy it,” he announced.





For Night

Lee James

*At the end of the day,
night has come.*

*Weary from her efforts,
the sun sinks below
the bedspread of the horizon.
The moon blinks open silent eyes
and sings the world to sleep.*

All is calm.

*Our worries of the day rest with the sun,
folding feathered wings and curling to nest
alongside our passions and our pride.
Remind us, Lord, that
although the world is full of hurt,
one day all will be renewed
to perfectly glorify you.*

Tonight, Lord, give us peace.

*The moon gives us comfort,
guiding us through the night,
and reminding us that you, Lord, are present
even when the darkness
seems so strong around us.*

*You will watch over us,
in our sleeping and in our waking.*

So let us now be calm.

*The night has come,
and our bones are weary.
Let us release our burdens,
and allow ourselves to rest,
following the rhythm that our holy Creator set
from the beginning of time:
There was evening, and there was morning.*

*So let us find our rest to be a form of worship,
imitating our Maker's rest
after the work of creation.*

*Lord, give us peace
as our minds and bodies rest tonight,
And rejuvenate us through this rest,
So that when we rise with the morning,
we may also glorify you through the works that we face
in each new day,
and say, when our work is done,
that "It is good."*

Oblivion

Emma Dainty

*I must succumb, I can no longer flee;
Weariness, I have given up the fight.
Oh, dim, enfolding sleep, come cover me
And douse my head in blackest shades of night.*

*All round fell worries lay siege to my brain;
Forgetfulness, deep-drown my taxing fears
And cool my fevered thoughts like soothing rain
That sucks away the weight of future years.*

*In the embracing stillness of blurred night,
Sweet Hope, come give my heart wings of gladness;
Give me a shining sword and shield of light
To battle that ceaseless foe of sadness.*

Unveiled in Black

Musa

*Within the shadow of the cross
The Son of God, He held His breath
As crimson streams from hair and hands
Unto the ground now formed their nest
From which our gain hatched from His loss
Within the shadow of the cross*

*Inside the tomb, in dusty death
A knighted hero makes His rise
And shakes from Him the clinging sands
That dared to keep Him from His skies
The Son of night renewed His breath
Inside the tomb, in dusty death*

*Into the joyful hours of night
My Savior sung His praise to God
And so, I, too, make loud my voice
Until I cease, my journey trod
He turns my shame, my wrongs to right
Into the joyful hours of night*

*The wand'ring star made known by night
He is the wind that sways the trees
The spirit in the singing child
The comfort to the winter leaves
Beneath, beyond, before the light
The wand'ring star, my hope, my night*

in the mornings,
Anonymous

*there is (on occasion)
a moment,
before i open my eyes.
in which i breathe deep
and remember fully
that i am alive.*

O Come, O Come
Lee James

*Israel waits in captivity.
Now I know that times have changed,
but it still seems like we're waiting.
It's not just Israel this time.
The people are wasting days across this waiting world,
each holding our breath as the earth spins.*

*We used to want a divine warrior—
O come, o come, Emmanuel,
and save us from our enemies.
Herod sits upon his throne,
we bear our rulers' burdens,
and we chafe at Rome's oppression.
O Lord, destroy our enemies.*

*And you came as a child,
born to a carpenter's house.*

*"Give to Caesar what is Caesar's,"
you said,
"Bear their burden an extra mile,"*

*and, “pray for your enemies.”
You cursed the bitterness we held beneath holy faces,
drove away our sacrifices,
and healed on our holy days,
digging your fingers into dirt
and smearing it across our pristine faces
to heal what’s hidden underneath.*

*And now you’re gone again,
and we’re still waiting,
generation after generation
of blindness.*

*There’s war in Israel,
and in Ukraine,
and in a hundred hidden places all over our broken world.
There’s hunger in the countries across the planet,
and there’s hunger across our own towns
that we’re too busy or pious to notice.
There’s loneliness, poverty, divorce, violence, homelessness, anger,
fear.
We’re all chafing under the rule of our own Herods
and we’re all just waiting,
hoping that someday soon, something will change.
O come, o come, Emmanuel,
and save us from ourselves.*

*This little planet is so full of little people,
tearing each other apart
and pretending to be bigger than we are.*

*What can we do but wait?
We’re still here, tending our flocks,
going about our tiresome daily lives,
and hoping that one of these tiresome days,
we’ll be surprised by a host of heavenly messengers,
announcing Messiah’s arrival.*

Advent Recollection

Keiryn Sandahl

Fairies could make a kingdom of a Christmas tree. If I were only tiny enough, I would climb the feathery branches, higher and higher, and dwell amid the shining baubles. The shifting soft fluorescence, electric and silvery, pulses like the slowly-beating heart of a stained glass window. Such a light enchants even cheap plastic prickles and cheap plastic globes.

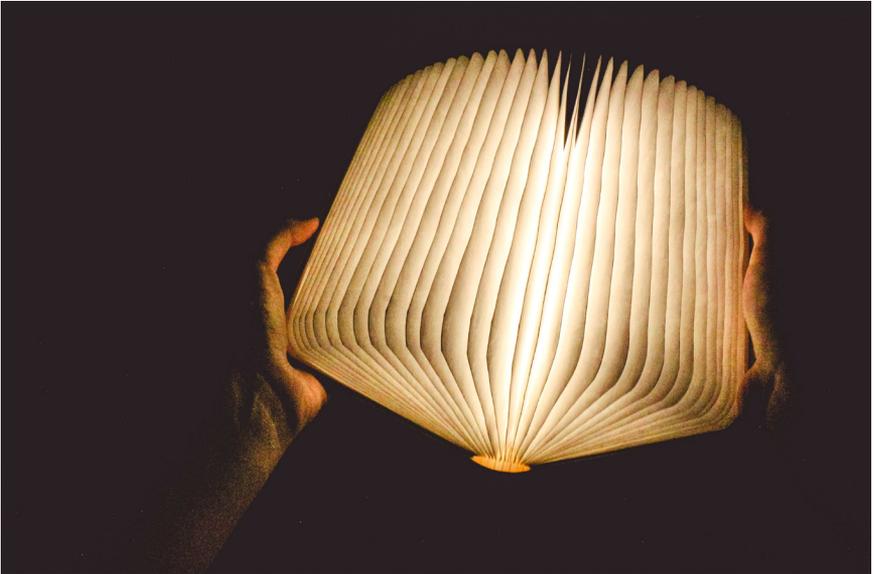
I'm six years old, lying with my head under the tree, gazing up, up, up, into my magic world. But then the rest of my family arrive, and I must crawl back out to sit in the dark living room. Outside, other children, who go to bed far later than we do, play in the park. Their shouts ring in the smoky air, echoing off the concrete walls of the apartment buildings. But in our house, the curtains are drawn. The Christmas tree glows gently in the corner. My brother and I huddle by the coffee table, by the unlit candles with their pink and purple ribbons. They have a stainless steel dinner plate for a tray and a coil of tinsel for a wreath.

I have my arms wrapped around my knees. We're bundled, my brother and I, with our hats and double pairs of socks, but a chill still seeps up from the icy marble floors. Our parents read the devotional, words my mother assembled for us and which we would read again and again, every year of my childhood. All is solemn. Even the wiggly smiles and crayoned faces of our makeshift nativity scene, paper cutouts pasted on toilet paper rolls, seem subdued.

Then Dad, after spending several matches, lights two of the candles. Mom reads from Isaiah. I stare at the tongues of candle-flame until their dance burns itself into my eyes. I imagined the prophets writing their books in a dark like that, with candles in their window-sills and all the world asleep. What fitter place for the whisper of God, but the shadows of candlelight, at once intimate and vast?

The song for such a night is “O Come, O Come, Emmanuel,” which my brother and I learn to sing. I had never heard anything with such longing in it, nor anything so haunting—yet not sad. It grips my imagination, a strange but potent thirst, and I as I try to picture a dark and lamp-lit Israel, I tremble with shivers of mystery.

Someone blows out the candles, and immediately sweet-smelling smoke spirals forth from each glowing wick. It curls upward—so graceful, so impossibly delicate. We watch it awhile, mesmerized. I inhale the smoke, fancying, vaguely, that that’s what prayers smell like. But before the last wisps have melted away, we must go upstairs to bed.



Living Hope, Kaitlyn Avery
Photography

Author, Artist, & Musician Bios



Kaitlyn Avery
Senior.

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.

Disaster 2

I'm a freshman at Houghton, and was super excited to see the lights when they appeared at Houghton

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
first submissions email
Spring 2024!*

Additionally, if you are interested in following the Lantern's story throughout this year (and years to come), join our group on Campus Groups, visit our website hulantern.wordpress.com, or follow us on Instagram at [@h.u.lantern](https://www.instagram.com/h.u.lantern).

Also, please visit our Campfire bulletin board past Java 101 to read poetry and pin up your own. The submissions prompt will also be posted here.

Yours for lighting up the world,
The Lantern Editors



The Lantern; November 2024