

THE LAMP POST

SPRING 2026



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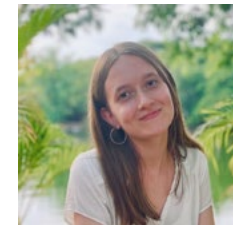
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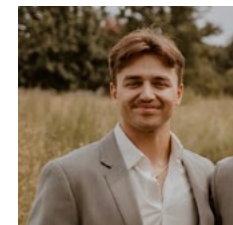
DR. ZACHARY RHONE

Dr. Rhone writes poetry, short stories, children's stories, and novels. His most recent creative publication is *Firenze: The First Adventure of a Kitty and Her Family*, illustrated by his wife, Maria Rhone. While developing the second Firenze installment, he is currently drafting a YA fantasy novel and planning a family drama series.



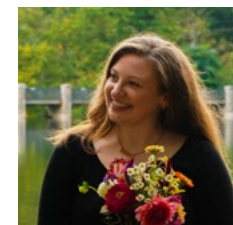
ZOË DOUDT

Zoë is a junior pursuing a degree in English with a concentration in Creative Writing. She loves reading and writing in her (now quite limited) spare time, and has greatly enjoyed her time working on *The Lamp Post* this semester, especially reading the poems of other writers.



KADEN ETHIER

Kaden is a Senior at Montreat College, about to graduate with his Bachelor's in Cybersecurity. He has played on the baseball team for all four years at the college and loves spending time with his teammates. He also enjoys getting outdoors and taking photos in his free time.



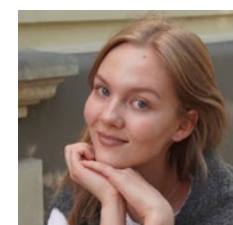
ELIZABETH PARRIS

Elizabeth is a junior English major with a concentration in literature and a minor in psychology. Her first year on the magazine, she has enjoyed reading the work of her fellow students and professors. When not busy with classwork, working as a Writing Scholar, or her numerous extracurriculars, she loves being outdoors and with friends.



EDEN WHITBY

Eden is a junior majoring in Outdoor Recreation Studies with minors in English and Environmental Science. Outside classes, she enjoys reading, writing poetry, and crafting. Eden aspires to be an environmental educator, have a garden, read books and poetry for fun, and maybe even compile her own collection one day.



SOFIIA ZLOTNIKOVA

Sofiia is a sophomore Public Relations and Digital Media major and an international student from Ukraine. She loves spending time outdoors, creating content for social media and spending time with her family and friends. This semester Sofiia has enjoyed working on *The Lamp Post*, especially looking through the digital art.

PLANTED WHILE WANDERING



(Abramov, Nick. "Dividing Line")

SOMEONE

Eden Whitby

The afternoon was humid and stifling with the summer sun beating down on the hardy, thriving ground. A cool rain had softened the earth earlier that morning, giving hope to tiny plants and resilient flowers. Long since then, the clouds had moved on, and the blasting sun reigned triumphant. Trickles and puddles of the rain which had been so refreshing were repurposed by the sun. The sun, steadily evaporating the water that had not had a chance to soak into the ground or find its way into a shady pool, caused the air to be thickly hung with droplets. As the afternoon wore on, there was a remarkable stillness that occupied the landscape. Rippling heat waves reflected from the ground and the timid stirrings of a breeze were barely strong enough for the grasses, underbrush, and trees to waft every now and then, but there were no signs of movement from insects or creatures.

If someone were to stand on the crest of one of the rolling hills, they would be standing on an old gravel road that striped the landscape—which was now more baked mud and red clay with remnants of gravel worn to the edges and fallen into the ditches on either side—until it disappeared into the tree line a mile ahead.

Behind the person, the gravel road had left a paved, curvy country road and small town several miles back. From this view though, the only thing to see would be the gravel path and its surroundings as everything silently bore the stuffy heat, themselves compelled to stand still under the blaze. They would follow the ruddy road with their eyes, watching it run through the subdued countryside, tracing the boundary between the woods covering the mountainsides and the more tame hills and pastures between them.

If someone were to turn their eyes toward the left side of the road, they would notice the hardy wildflowers, mostly daisies and golden rod bravely reflecting the sun. Behind the flowers grew sturdy grasses, then mountain laurel and rhododendron underbrush merged into oak,

poplar, and pine forests which climbed the mountain sides. There, shaded acres would be strewn with prickles, fern patches, fallen trees, and deer trails dappled with more gentle light. Nestled in the crevices of the woods were trickling streams with salamanders and tiny snails thankful for a cold spring and fallen, decaying leaves. Rocks would be randomly scattered around the forest floor at the base of the old, rounded mountains. Moss would cover the dampest edges and cracks while lichen blotched the exposed sides.

If someone were to turn to the right side of the road, they would see a few stray daisies, tall grasses, and ambitious saplings crowded along a barbed-wire fence with weathered wooden posts that marched along the baked clay road. The cattle that would sometimes graze in the pastures on the other side of the fence would ignore the missing posts or sagging wire out of content and tradition. The herd would have been in other pastures for several days, so the field spanning the visible valley would be knee high with grasses, swathes of various shades of green and blue. They would stir and swirl when the breeze passed through them and stand habitually tall to spite the heat. The scene would be simple and delightful, percolating serenity and quiet awe into the heart of someone standing on the gravel road. They would smell warm grass on the faint breeze and feel the strength of the sun's rays warming their skin and drying their mouth.

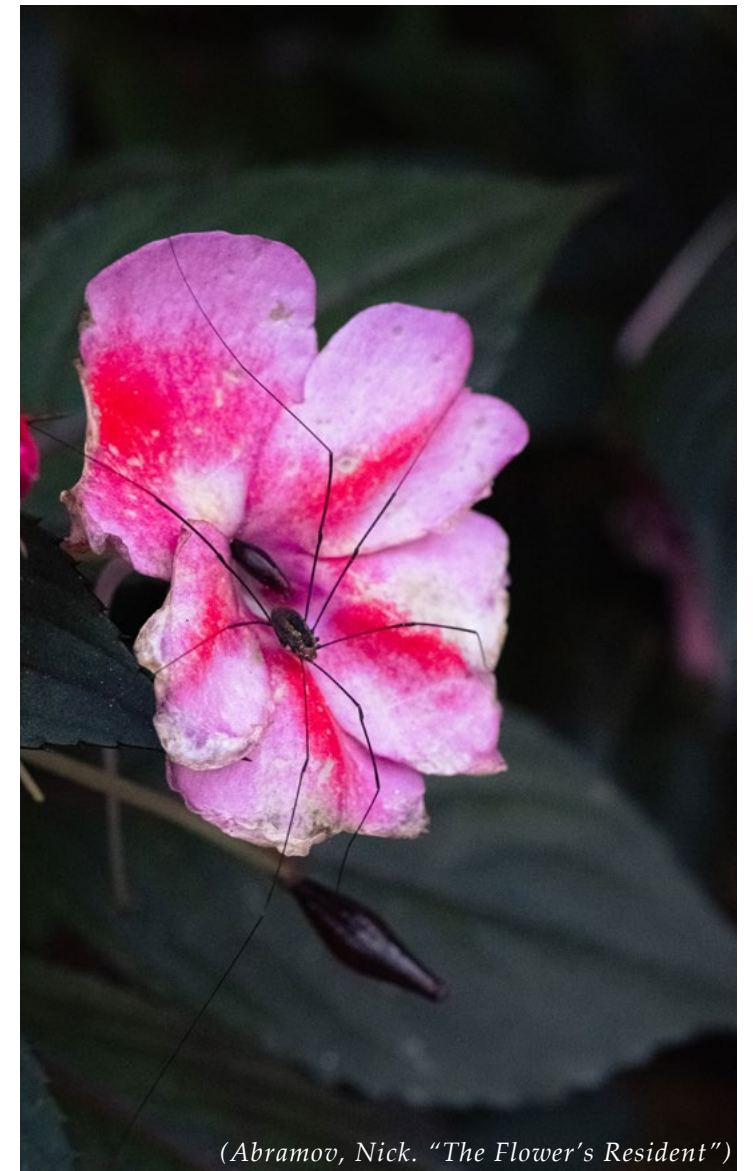
The afternoon slowly dragged on while the sun boasted its intensity. Eventually, it reached that anticipated place in the sky where the temperature of the air began to be perceptibly different between sunny and shadowed patches and the light took on a barely noticeable orange hue.

If someone were to stand on the gravel road on the crest of the hill and endure the heat with just enough curiosity and attention, they would notice little insects begin to be brave enough to act alive again after realizing they were not at risk of being singed if they crawled out of their hiding places. The sounds of a waking countryside would begin to slowly emerge and overlap to prove they had all survived the sweltering day and to celebrate the evening together.

The sparrows chirped back and forth quietly and infrequently at first while the crows called loudly from one of the farther pastures. Their disapproving cries echoed back and forth between the tree lines and hills as if they were attempting to chase the sun farther down the sky, proclaiming its defeat. Clouds of tiny flitting bugs began to congregate over especially tall grass clumps in the field, and the breeze blew more consistently to ruffle and play with the leaves. An invisible multitude of frogs and toads, hidden in burrows and places where moisture had been precious preserved in the forests and fields, began to

sing rounds with their croaks and calls. Then came the small creakings and rattlings of crickets warming up their legs. A few brave crickets took the lead and started their routine of humming their reverberating song. Others around them started, triggering the next ring of musicians, and then the whole countryside was brimming with the harmonious music of nostalgic summer evenings. Shadows from trees and fence posts grew long and exaggerated. As the sun smiled, content with its day's work, it began to fade and approach the rounded peaks of the mountains. The air grew steadily cooler, and the breeze freely danced among the flowers, grasses, leaves, trunks and posts to the rhythm of the contented scene.

If someone were to stand on that sloping hilltop, they would be able to see their own elongated shadow stretch out before them on the gravel and red clay road. They would feel the cool wind swirl past their cheeks and forearms while blowing and tangling their hair. The sun would have left a reminder of itself on bare skin, and the



(Abramov, Nick. "The Flower's Resident")

scent of grass, soil, and cool air would fill their nose and lungs. Their shadow would begin to sway subconsciously in the evening music which was unknowingly making a home in their heart. As the sun started creeping below the

mountain silhouettes, they would feel the cool dew descend and settle over the landscape, rejuvenating the parched plants and creatures. It would be the perfect combination of cool and breezy to invite them to fold their arms across their body, adding to the comfort and perception of each advancing moment they were experiencing.

As the sun sank lower, the edges of the sky grew flush, peach, and honey, and a dusky layer clothed the hills and fields and trees while the sky became muted and twilit. Someone would feel as though they did not quite recognize the scene as the one that had been scorching not so long ago, and that they were standing precisely where they ought to be. The stars slowly woke up to tell stories in the sky while shadows covered the land and the moon shone affectionately down on the recovering scene. If someone were to stand there, they would be tempted to think the moon recognized them and was pleased that they were someone. And, oh, the twinkling fireflies and the whippoorwill!

WEAKNESS
Zoë Doudt

I stepped upon
the concrete, looking down
once the house turned black,
formless,
and I skipped
down a hundred steps and I
stepped out
into the humid air
and thought about how this was the life
that I hated,
how every wall of my school,
and even every open, sizzling, stifling space
felt like a chain, felt like a leech;
I laid in my bed in my
room that had finally cooled down,
my room with the pink walls,
something of a refuge in this refuge-less
place,

and my weakness swam before my eyes,
while I couldn't swim or stay afloat at all,
and it made me dizzy;
I stared out at the purple flowers
beginning to grow, at the
sky beginning to
catch fire,
remembering this life that I hated,
and this hatred seeped
into my life today,
and I am not proud of it.
I am sorry that it swallowed me;
I am sorry that I cannot
stand tall,
spout wisdom;
I am sorry that I am young and small and weak
and desperate and undependable
(but Your grace is a river,
longsuffering and mighty and strong and swift
and sure)



(Hauser, Lila. "Bonsai")

A TREE HYMN
Z.A. Rhone

Your majesty rises above arm extension,
In protection, in connection
With companioned hearts.

Your words pass low
Through conduits in earth,
Rising above and falling below.
Though I cannot hear your speech,

I tremble at your words.
Each breath you breathe
Improves life around you.
Your words share sadness, joy, discovery,
Of life, of love, of light amidst darkness.

Each year you grow,
You have more to say.
Another ring, another song,
Another call to me.
Shed this year's façade.
Grow next year's story.



(Abramov, Nick. "In the Woods")

MIRROR OF SAND
s.m. foran

mirror of sand
image of shifting
worlds
never the same
amber eye
gaping sunward
an illusory level
against which
i measure
myself
the long stride of my shadow
reaches out
to the horizon
maybe beyond



(Halcomb, Lydia. "A Snack")

INTERTWINED I AM

Integrating Technology and the Arts Class

I am from togetherness and love.
 I'm from "have no fear, for He is with me."
 From the grey concrete steps
 Cracked, anchored, a solid landing place.
 I am from the same old songs played on guitar,
 from flight tickets and power outages,
 From the late-night games and the shouting of
 Fans in the crowd.
 I am from skyscrapers,
 From Harold's chicken and G Fazos.
 I'm from nighttime prayers and twirling in
 church aisles,
 From board games and bickering,
 From the muddy play pit
 Where I made mud pies and caught fireflies in
 summer.
 I am from flowers in the garden
 From red roses to blue columbines.
 From the overgrown red berry bush
 Whose fruit was always scattered across the
 grass.
 I'm from the big family Bible on the table,
 Where spilled blood showed love and made me
 whole.
 From keepsakes wrapped with time,
 Holding memories that still know my name.



(Cruz, Rebeca. "Luke 5:17")

TO DWELL

Rebeca Cruz

To dwell is more than to stay.
 It is to be for a little, to abide, to settle not just
 in a place, but in the moment, to breathe in
 a space, a frame, a sketch, a frozen picture of
 your life that says:
 "Where are your feet in this moment ... and are
 you actually here?"

We rush through our days as if being present
 and just being are optional. We exist in the
 future, repeat the past, and serve the present
 like a grey sketch we'll "come back to" TELL
 ME ABOUT IT—the number of sketches,
 drafts with a beginning, searching for their
 endings.
 But dwelling is staying, choosing to live in the
 impression, in the here, the now, the home we
 pass over and over.

Sometimes life makes us feel blue or maybe
 gray, bringing us down, disappointing us,
 and discouraging us. easy to lose confidence,
 feels thin. But even then, dwelling is an act of
 courage.

"This exact moment matters.
 And I am not alone in it."

Because where you dwell... the Lord meets you.
 Not where you pretend to be.
 Not where you wish you were.
 But truly, honestly, fully, where your feet are
 placed.

He's ALWAYS there.

Look at Luke 5:17–23.
 The friends who carried the paralyzed man
 to see Jesus didn't wait for the specific and
 perfect moment, "the appropriate entry
 point". They dwelt in the circumstances they
 possessed: a crowded house, a no-entry door,
 a roof they weren't meant to open.
 They stayed. They persisted. They walked their
 friend home to Jesus (look at the picture),
 lowering him into the presence of the One
 who heals, the omniscient.
 And Jesus, while seeing their faith in that
 moment, in that perfect place, at that

particular time, met
 them there. Faith.

What would happen if we
 did the same?
 If we embraced the raw
 picture of our life,
 the drawing that isn't
 complete, the portrait
 that might not look
 perfect, the right
 now, and have God
 encounter us in it?

Maybe dwelling means
 this:
 Not escaping. Not
 performing.
 Just being found where
 you are.

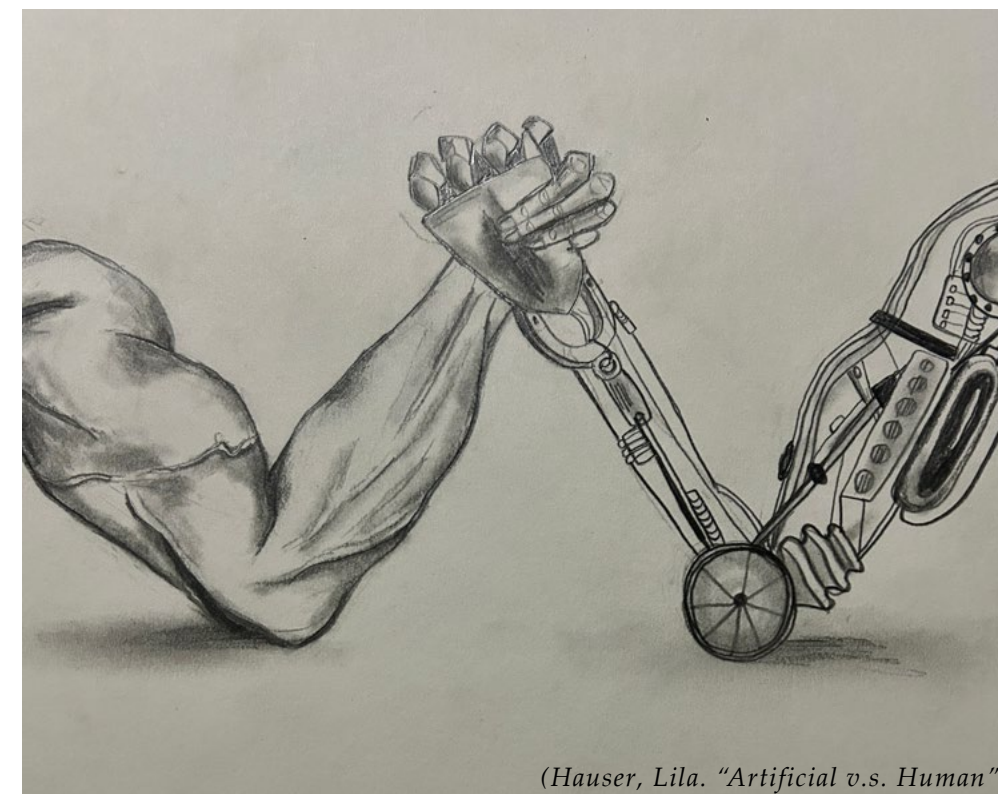
Being where your feet are.
 Being the kind of people who walk each other
 home, even when "hopeless" seemed to be the
 first word that came to mind.
 Being open to receiving God, who enters our
 frozen moments and breathes and feels in
 color back into them.

So today, dwell.
 Abide.
 Remain present enough to be aware of who
 has arrived next to you, and long enough to
 realize that God has already arrived.

ELEGY FOR BOB

Anna Whyatt

He laid him in the river, a burial fit for a king
 Let the possums and coons all bow in reverence
 Let the crows and the vultures all sing
 He has gone to glory, whatever that may be
 For roosters as fine, as handsome, as gentle,
 And all creatures as noble as he
 A king among cockerels, a prince among
 maidens
 Now come to the end of his reign
 As he passes by, the cows will lament,
 "The glorious king Bob has been slain."



(Hauser, Lila. "Artificial v.s. Human")

WELCOME HOME

Andrew Witter

You and I, we weren't built for better days
 Always anxious, cleaning up the mess we made
 Mother's talking on the phone too loud
 The guilt of wanting to leave this town
 This feeling remains

If I didn't change to make it last
 Would they leave me alone, or beg me to come
 back?
 Would they listen?
 Would they get it?

I isolate because your name weighs heavy
 Hide between jokes because the world just
 upsets me
 And I know I struggle to communicate
 This version of me isn't up to date
 But this feeling remains

If I cross my heart and change my name
 Would they realize I'm not the same?
 I know they'd miss me
 But would they get it?
 It's always a sad goodbye
 From a welcome home

FINALLY LISTENING

Ali Zakariasen

Today I'm gonna take that right
Down to the road where the stars shine bright
Sometimes it feels like I need to lose all sense of
time
I need to remember, I won't be here forever

Honeysuckle all the way
God's medicine for the brain
Golden rod and blue violets
Peace is found out in the silence
With the maker of the mountains

Oh my Lord, will you meet me here?
Right here, right now.
Cause I know all I need is just to be with You
There's always something else to do
But right now it's just me and You, my King.
So would You speak to me?

I'm finally listening... finally listening

Now I'm pulling over to that place
Where cows and grass just make my day
Bluebirds sing a melody
Grass is blowing to the breeze



(Ethier, Kaden. "Quiet Trail")

How can anyone look at this
And say yeah, God must not exist?
You got to be a little crazy
To say you can't see
His fingerprints on everything!

Oh my Lord, will You meet me here?
Right here, right now.
Cause I know all I need is just to be with You
There's always something else to do
But right now it's just me and You, my King.
So would You speak to me?
I'm finally listening... finally listening

DAY DREAMING

Eden Whitby

Often, I imagine you content in life one day,
Rich with porch and paper and puff,
And I almost dare to picture myself there.
Perhaps next to you,
Maybe you could glimpse me through a window,
Or I might be off somewhere busily doing
Some little thing, or too many at once.
Possibly weeding flowers or herbs,
Straightening the inevitable entropy of living,
Hanging damp clothes to dance in the
breeze,
Sprinkling scraps for cackling hens.
Maybe I am sewing tiny things
Or inventing some surprise,
Perhaps in a secret place with my own
paper and mind.
Not to escape anything in particular,
But to feel my heartbeat in my ears,
To think and smile and admire with no
one
Questioning my sanity.
To be steeped in the dual excitement
Of feeling nothing and Everything
Surrounding me, yet not suffocating me.
But whatever I happen to be occupied
with,
Whether I am in your picture or not,
Always at the base of my thoughts, I will
be
Pondering you and picturing your face,
And wondering if you want me to be
Close to you.

I HOPE IT'S JUST LIKE LAST NIGHT

("Last Night" by Morgan Wallen Parody)
Ali Zakariasen

Opening Chorus

Last night I looked up at the stars
I can't remember everything I said but I said it
all
You told me that I'm acting like somebody You
never met
Distracted by the shallow things that I can't get
over yet
And that was all just last night

Verse 1

I climbed a hill
Not much to do, just time to kill
Took Your good Book and a flashlight
Just waiting on You on the darkest night
Yeah some say that You're dead and gone
But I know they can't be right
Cause there's got to be a purpose for this life (Oh
it was)

Mid Chorus

Last night I saw a million stars
I can't remember everything You said
But it changed my heart
You told me that the things of this world will just
fade away
And You are all I need; show me the way, every
single day
And that was all just last night
Oh yeah I got my sight (set right) last night



(Abramov, Nick. "Camping Life")

Verse 2

These past few months, I've messed it up
Felt like a truck with a blanket a dust
So I called home and walked out alone
In the middle of the night feelin' all beat up
Yeah You, You know I love to fight
And I say things I don't mean
Oh why are You still chasin' after me
And that was all just last night

Chorus

Last night I saw a shooting star
I can't remember everything I said
But I said too much
Cause I forget that I'm talking to the One who
knows everything
And I can just be still and don't have to say one
more thing
And that was all just last night

I think I'll take another walk tonight

I told You that I don't know why You keep
coming back again
And You said that Your love won't ever have an
end
And that was all just last night
No way that was just last night

63 MILLION+

Ali Zakariasen

That's where we were
That's where we started
We all get a chance to breath
We all get to live before we die

That's where they were
That's where they ended
Never got a chance to breath
Well, that don't seem fair to me

You say that's my body
But why are there two heartbeats?
How can we think that life's that cheap?
We deny their existence if they're not wanted
Yeah we treat 'em no better than garbage
And it's a slap in His face
They're not here today
63 million babies

SUNDAY MORNING*Eliana Miller*

In my mind, Sundays are our favorite.
 We wake up early and lie in bed,
 Laughing at the goodness of God.
 Talking about life until the baby opens her eyes.
 These mornings are precious—
 Exhausting, full of love, anything but silent.
 We wrangle little ones and reach for worn
 Bibles,
 We wear our best, say our prayers, hold tiny
 hands.
 Baby on my hip, forcing tiny shoes on small feet.
 Singing “Jesus Loves Me” on the drive.
 We sit in church pews and we praise.
 The kids are never still, but they’re dancing.
 You smile into my eyes and reach for my hand,
 And I fall in love with it all, all over again
 In my dreams.

Now if the world stopped for a minute
 Just to see how they did it,
 I know things would be different.
 That tiny body, oh so perfectly made!
 Sucked out, torn up, then rearranged, and
 thrown away.
 Will we wake up to the evil one day?

Oh oh, oh oh,
 Can you hear their cries?
 Can you hear that voice inside, saying it’s not
 right?
 Yeah, He gave us all the breath of life
 So who are we to decide who lives and dies?

*(Doudt, Zoë. “Spring”)***EDEN IN WINTER 2***Jeremiah Swader*

What happened to the garden that we had?
 And now we, too, are not the same as when
 The sun first bloomed our floral souls. What
 then,
 Can any fading, dimming be so sad?

The youth that pumped in our new veins is
 chilled,
 Saddened by the leaving of the birds.
 The roses and the daisies now are killed
 From cold, a magic’s gone, a song’s not heard.

But if our world is cold, at least it’s calm.
 Our daily work in Winter is to see
 And, seeing, love, that we might be a balm
 While we await together what will be.

Come, my love, for much awaits our labor,
 Much to do and see and cure and tend
 Ere the Sun comes with its warming favor.
 Soon our garden will be blooming again.

EVEN IF*Andrew Witter*

even though you entered once,
 please come quietly knocking again
 knock, knock down my walls
 or slip through the cracks

i will not uproot you for my garden, spring
 flower
 but the sight of you strikes deep within
 as you kiss the earth
 come watch me collapse

i ask you to stay a little longer beside me, yet
 even if suddenly, you dance away with the wind
 from the clouds once fell
 a sweet and gentle rain

beautiful things mend the soul,
 and your smile is the sunlight on a spring day
 to share this space and time with you,
 i am truly blessed.

ALL THEM DAYS

(“Wasted on You” by Morgan Wallen
 Parody)
Ali Zakariasen

Verse 1

I didn’t always wake up in the morning
 Leaning on the strong One
 Oh but now I feel like I need to
 Your lies just start burning
 When I start turning
 To the One who can make all things new

Looks like you’re losing the battle again
 I’ve answered His call, but still drop the ball
 But I’m gonna fight hard until the end
 And I’m done with all

Chorus

I’ve wasted on you
 All of this time and all of this money
 All of these dark days that you made look sunny
 All of these miles on this Chevy, this light that
 you blew
 All them days, I’m done wasting on you
 Wasted on you

Verse 2

Yeah, I swear, He’s made me different.
 I’m not gonna listen
 To my head and these boots on my feet
 Looks like you’re losing the battle again
 And I’m done with all

*Chorus**Bridge*

This pile of junk that you’ve laid on my back
 Burned up in the flame of His match
 But time in the past
 Still wasted on you
 Wasted on you

FOSSILS IN FLORIDA*Ahren Muehleisen*

Water, cool and clear
 Sun out, fossils to be found
 Smiles are all around



(Zlotnikov, Sofiia. "Two Worlds")



(Doudt, Zoë. "Whatever is Lovely")



(Abramov, Nick. "Stand And Savor")

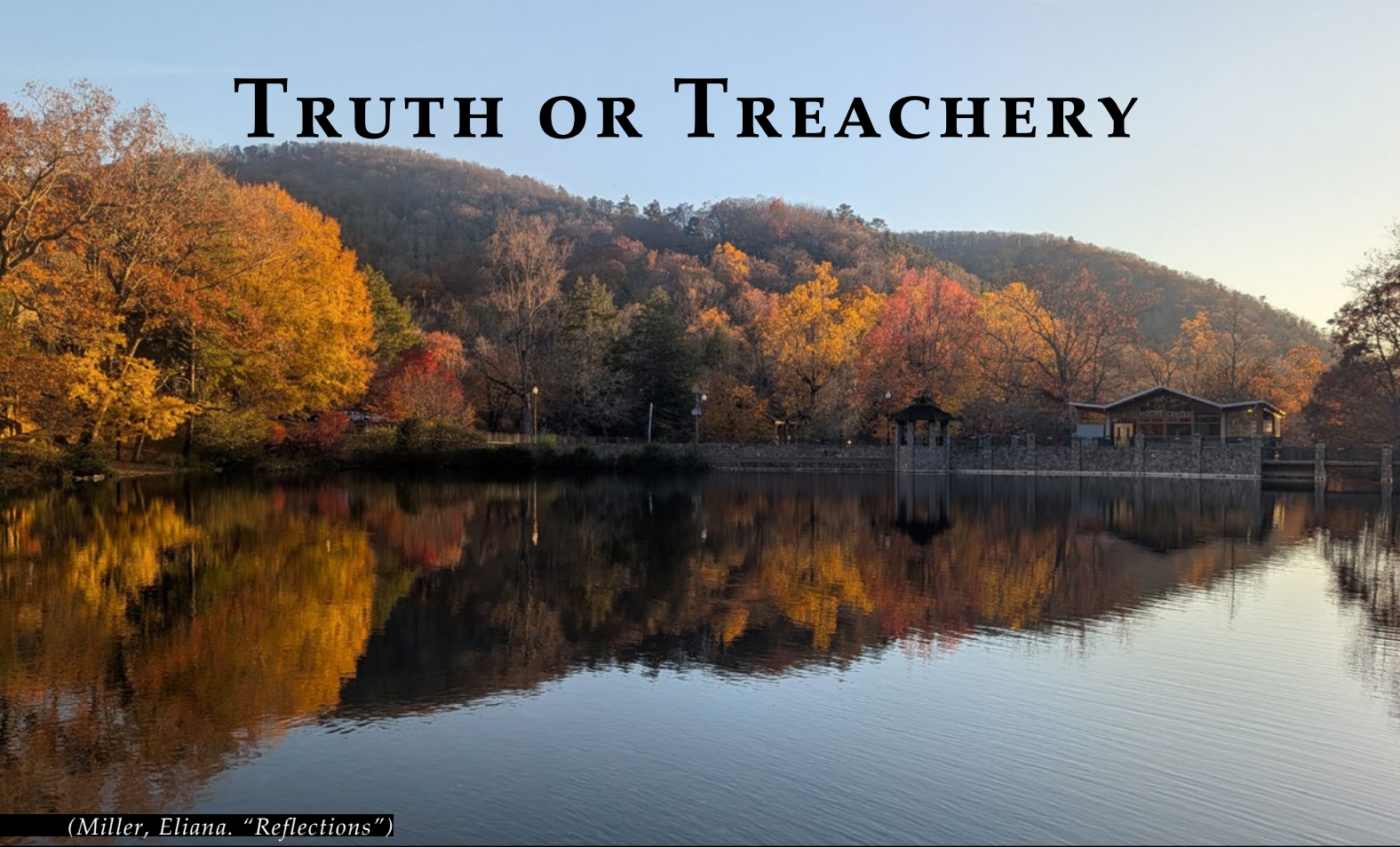


(Leatherman, Lydia. "Three Little Birds")



(Zlotnikova, Sofiia. "A Fairytale")

TRUTH OR TREACHERY



(Miller, Eliana. "Reflections")

TEACH ME TO STAY

Anna Whyatt

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my Soul to keep

What was that sound?
Must be the wind
Or perhaps something fouler
Prowling the bend

Oops! Where was I?
I pray the Lord my Soul to keep,

What did I say to that person today?
Oh no, that probably sounded a way

Apologies, Lord!
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my Soul to take

Wow, what if I really died tonight?
Would they mourn me at school,
Would Ben be alright?

God, I'm back.
Help, hold my gaze;
Fix my attention,
Teach me to stay.

AIRPLANE MODE

Ali Zakariasen

Gonna put my phone on airplane mode
Shut out the world for just one day if that's ok
I'm gonna take some time to read and pray
Slow down this heart rate
Create some space to think and just breathe

Cause I am not a machine
I'm a living breathing miracle
Made for the One who made my soul.

And I just want to be with You
I just want to hear from You
I just want to sing to You
Ohhhh
Just want to be,
Just want to be,
Just want to be with You
Ohhh be with You

It's not ok, that I fill up the void with a lit-up box
I forget that He needs room to talk to me
Yeah, He made me that way

Lord, Your voice is like the freshest wind
Blowing cool air over me.
I need Your Holy Spirit

And all will grow strangely dim
And all this war within
And all will grow strangely dim
In the light of Your glory
I lift my hands
This world is growing strangely dim
When I lift my hand!

A PRAYER

Anonymous

God,

Thank You for Your presence. Thank You for being my ever-present help in time of need. Remind me that I need not be anxious. Remind me that I need not carry the burden of stress. Lift these from me and fill me with Your peace which passes all understanding. Bring rest to my body. Would I feel Your presence like a hug, enfolding me in warmth and comfort. Would I see evidence of You as Emmanuel, God with me. I feel the crippling isolation of anxiety, pulling at me, dragging me down into a spiral. I feel captive to a master of control, as though I must be controlling all things at all times, or at least have a plan at all times. I cut out and block off things I cannot control, including Your plan. Somewhere along the way, my perception of You shifted. While I acknowledged Your power, Your omnipotence, it was from a place of fear. I began to cower away, afraid to draw closer to You. I felt held in suspense, waiting for You to strike, to crush me under an unforeseen affliction. I thought of Job and feared being pushed past my limit, embracing complacency. I resist leaning into You, because I fear I will crack if I cannot stand under my own power, forgetting it is You who has sustained me all along. I frantically try to mend, and all the while it turns into a giant tangle in my hands. I then look to You, with tears welling in my eyes, wondering "What do I do?" I fear most of all a hard look of reproach reflecting back at me. A look that says, "You got yourself into this mess, figure it out." But, God, that is not who You are. I repent of my false beliefs. I rebuke them, in Jesus' name. I proclaim You are Emmanuel, You are God with me. Even when I believe the lies of Satan that You do not have the best in store for me. Even when I ignore You because life is going well or I

do not want anything to change. Your ways feel unpredictable and therefore dangerous. I had seceded that your plan would ultimately happen, regardless, but surrender is not embrace. I was not fully surrendered, rather like a reluctant child drudgingly doing the bidding of their parents. I'm hesitant. I hold back. I have grown ignorant of Your orchestration and provision, believing that if I did not acknowledge those gifts, they would not hurt so much when removed. But, just as earthly fathers desire to give good gifts to their children, so much more do You give good gifts to Your children. Your gifts are those which teach us more about ourselves and how we may better serve You. They ultimately cannot be taken away, because they are intangible and invaluable. They grow in size and multitude, as there is space for them. But they must be embraced and accepted, actively, not passively. Would I embrace what You have for me, Father. Please grant me courage like Joshua, as You commanded him "Do not be afraid. Be strong and courageous." Forgive me when I choose passivity and complacency, to be dragged instead of to charge willingly. Remind me that in You I find my rest, a refuge, a Friend, an ever-present help in time of need. Help me when I am afraid and give me the strength to be vulnerable and to rest in You. Surround me in Your love, as I know You already are.

In Christ's name,
Amen



(Hauser, Lila. "Jesus")

GOOD THINGS TAKE TIME

Ali Zakariassen

Every good thing always takes a
lot of time
And every high
Always started really low
So don't you hang your head if
you can't yet see the glow.
All the best things move slow.

SELF-WORTH

Andrew Witter

Your heart is heavy, I see you
Was it too much for you to bear?
Ending your thirst by drowning
yourself
Was the sinking worthwhile?
Consuming totally then snuffed
out suddenly
Tell me, did the smoke remain?
Love is not precious when it lasts;
Bleeding does not prove the
suffering more real.
Don't long for better times
These are yours, and that is
enough.



(Abramov, Nick. "Reading Spot")

THE RIVER

Zoë Doudt

This delicate world held me close then
stabbed me in the back, consuming me, and I have
now been regurgitated into this cold, violent, and
bottomless chasm—

The rapids of the river are tendrils snaking
up the sides of the yellow canoe, are the foam of
a rabid beast, salivating, feasting on my panic.
I am merely a blot in this ugly canvas of fear; I
am in the way; I am subservient; I have no will,
no autonomy. I am at the whim of this beast and
its mercurial twists and turns, its jagged teeth of
rocks shooting through the belly of my boat.

There is nothing but fear.

The water is gray and opaque. I look into
the water and my reflection is void, my being

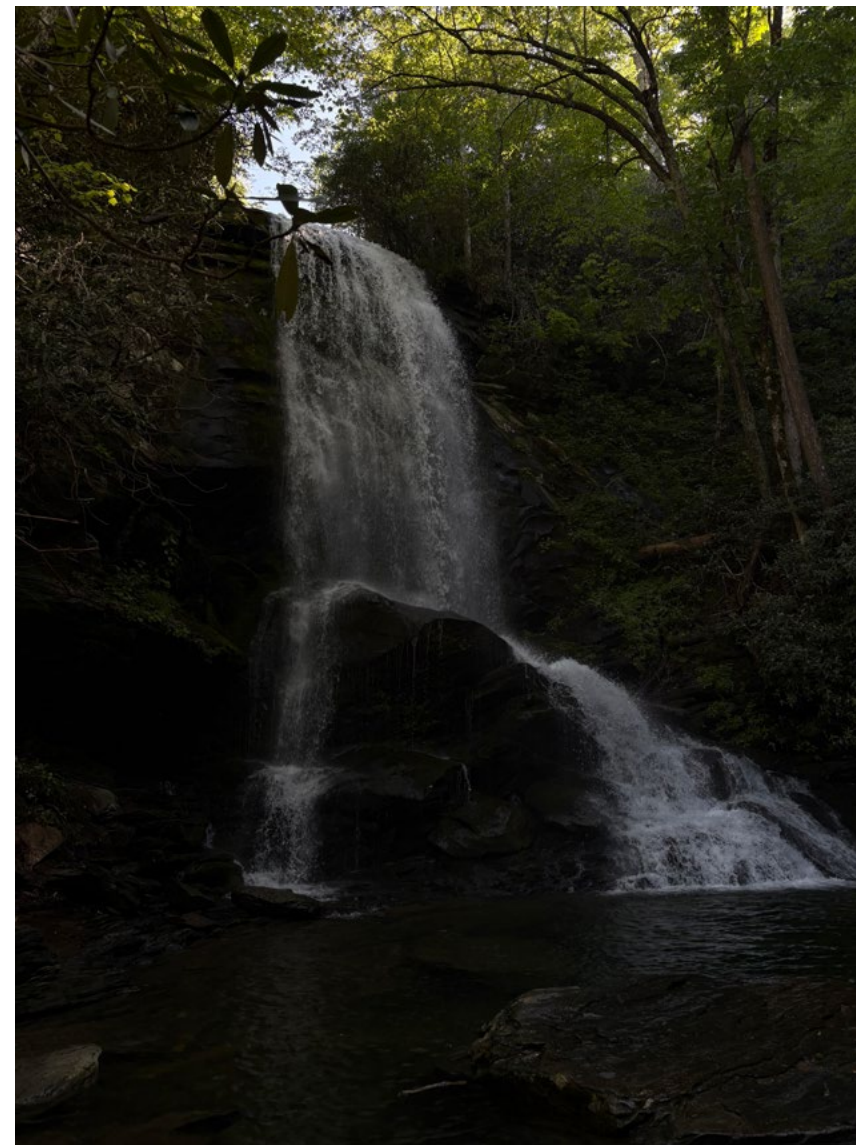
wrenched out of my body and pulled into the
being of fear that is this river—

I close the blinds of my window. The moon
is blinding and burning up my bed, the sheets
white hot; my eyes hurt. I need to move my bed
away from the window. Sleep is imperative at this
time of my life.

My mother wanted to call me tonight; last
week she wanted to pay me a visit. I told her both
times I was drowning in my itinerary. I am. I am
scribbling down all of my tasks that need to be
completed. I should be asleep, or trying.

Often I try and I cannot, and then I am
anxious about the insomnia, and I try and tame
my mind, I anxiously fight the anxiety, I try to
squeeze out every unwanted thought as if my
mind is an old dishrag I use to wash my car and
dry my dishes and then fling to the side.

My day is black and white. Every day is
monotonous, but I don't care about the lack of
color anymore. I must do and do and do. I must
do and make money for my glorious future that



(Ethier, Kaden. "Lower Falls")

awaits across the next next next next next
hill. Perhaps the one after that. I do not know. It is
somewhere over there. I cannot see it in the haze;
I presume it is green and glorious. All the hills I
can see now are gray and fathomless and edgeless
and meaningless.

But someday there will be meaning.
Someday, someday, someday.

Until then my distractions are endless—
"they are not distractions, they are necessities!" I
hear a voice hum, hiss through my limbs.

I am panting, I am worn out, my legs ache,
my vision blurs so I cannot see how far up this
hill I have gotten. I am close, right? I am close?
Am I close?

I have a dream where I am walking, walking,
walking. A church comes into view, its steeple
glaring, a dagger aiming for the taut skin of the
sky. I am tired, I want rest; I wonder if it is here.
The windows of the church are coated in dust and
cobwebs. It looks abandoned. But I hear a sound,
bubbling up into the air, sounding like music.

I peer through the windows
and I see myself, young, ignorant,
again. My eyes are empty saucers
being filled with something I cannot
understand now, something being
said to my impressionable self,
something I am soaking in like water
in a desert.

In the church is light, so much
light, and it hurts me, it hurts. But
there is something I need there,
desperately. I hobble to the door and
pull, but I cannot get in; the door will
not budge. I yell, I pound, I plead.
"I have come so far! You have to let
me in! I have done so much! I have
learned to be okay, to be sustainable,
to reject and ignore and spit upon
fear! I found my way here, didn't I?"

The laughter of children
splashes out of the windows and
under the locked door, flowing
onto the dry fields surrounding the
church, painting the soil green with
grass, lush and verdant, and I sprawl
backward, pushed to the periphery;
there are things too beautiful for
me here, too simple, and I am not
permitted.

I wake up in my dark room. I
have blackout curtains against my
window now. My body feels so loud in this silent,
tomb-like place. My mind feels so loud; it is
screaming, for activity, for movement, for work,
for something. I realize I am groggy and half-
asleep still, and the screaming muffles, but it is
still pounding on my insides.

I open the curtains slightly, just enough to
see my way around. Gray sheets of light slash the
floor.

I go to the bathroom sink, brush my teeth
absently, roughly, while my mind keeps roaring—
louder now. I brush faster, trying to wash out the
noise of the mental clutter.

I sit at my kitchen table, my laptop open,
scrolling through my to-do list, my work-from-
home tasks. In my peripheral vision I see a
chickadee land on the windowsill. It begins
to make noise, gratefully, obnoxiously. I groan,
losing focus on what I was doing. I jump a little
as my phone rings. It is my mother, again.

"Hi, Mom."

"Hi honey. Are you busy?"

I stare at the neon blue lights of the clock on the oven. It is 9:15, on a Tuesday, and my mother knows that I work at this time.

"I'm a bit in the middle of something, but what do you need?"

"Oh, right, I'm sorry, honey. Somehow I can't keep your schedule straight in my head."

I can see her frown, can see her frustration with herself. I feel a twinge of guilt. I sigh. "No, Mom, it's okay. What's up?"

"I'll just call you back later. It's no big deal."

"Oh. Okay."

I hang up. The chickadee has flown away, and the air is quiet.

My mind screams and screams.

I fade into murky somnolence that night, unable to fully fall asleep. Something—the warm temperature of the room, the wind rustling

outside, something—sends boats of color and memory into the thrashing, restless sea of my mind. Instead of lying on my back, staring at the cracked ceiling above me, I am in a bed of grass. My hands are small and callused and generous again, pointing above me to the great, limitless expanse of sky. Although my mother is not laughing, I hear her smile. She is lying on her back next to me, also pointing.

"That one looks like a rabbit," I hear myself say.

My mother twists her head, trying to see my perspective. "You're right! It does!"

I fall asleep crafting shapes in the sky; I fall asleep with the yellow sunshine my blanket; I fall asleep, content with things other than me, bigger than me, grander than me—

The river drowns out any cries of alarm that my mind tries to make. It is bubbling over with laughter, mocking me, mocking me—

I am five years old, walking through woods that are not silent but that bring only consolation, only peace. Every few minutes my father pauses, takes a few breaths, points to something in the sky or in the distance. Sometimes I see what he sees; other times I do not, but I see the effect of what he sees. I see the way his face softens and his edges of tension and apprehension soften, and that is enough to make me smile.

We sleep that night in tents, upon beds of the softest moss. As I close my eyes I hear the river next to me, loud and kind, rumbling with laughter.

The sound of heavy paws wakes me slightly. I peer through a slit in the tent and watch a bear nosing her way around in the early gray dawn. She is obscured by a descending mist. I feel my breath catch in my throat, and my instinct is to

shake my father awake. I do not, as I watch the bear snort and pad away, as I watch her cub come tumbling out from behind a blackberry bush and trot after her.

Mirth continues to bubble up from the river behind me—

The river cuts me like a knife, as I feel myself tumble into its gaping, massive jaws. I have not beaten it; I have not won. I have tried and failed. I open my mouth thoughtlessly to scream, and cold water fills me instead.

The water is a chokehold, a cage, a straitjacket, constricting tighter and tighter around me, pushing me further and further down, as I thrash and breathe in nothing but panic.

I cannot win. I cannot win.

I feel myself slipping away, I feel myself losing...

I open my eyes and find the sun staring me in the face. I jerk my head to the side, away, and see I am lying among flourishing fields, the wind whispering through the blades of grass.

Over the hills, the knife-like steeple is still cutting open the sky.

I do not know why, but I walk toward it, cresting and descending hill after hill. Each one is more difficult to cross than the previous, more strenuous, until I feel like I am being stabbed with a thousand knives, until I feel my heart about to give out.

I see the church on the next hill over; I am so close.

I wail, aching, desperate to reach it, but I cannot. I cannot keep going.

My back hits the ground below me, and I am staring up into the dizzying sky again.

I feel the torrent of thoughts in the dungeon of my mind start pounding on its door—but as I stare at the sky the sun seems to grow and grow, and the thoughts never come.

The sun reaches down and consoles me. The aching ceases. I stand, trembling, and continue to walk.

I wake and feel waterlogged and cold, as if I'd plunged into an ice bath. A chill runs through me.

My black box of a room feels threatening; I take off the curtains on the window, and the moon is beaming.

The earth is snug under the navy blanket of night, and I fall asleep, comforted.

In the morning the sun gently taps the face

of every sleeping thing until all is awake, and I notice spring out my window, notice more colors that I think I've ever seen.

HOME

Anonymous

My soul aches for home.

It longs for it

in ways I don't always know how to explain.

Sometimes I sit back

and find myself in remembrance,

thinking about the comfort my heart feels

in that little town.

Family-owned businesses.

Brand new mom-and-pop shops.

Places built on people.

The vibrant sense of community

is what I crave.

There, we have different definitions of things.

Family is not just blood.

Business is not just money.

Both are backed with love,

with soul,

with the steady hands of a community

that shows up.

It creates a never-ending sense of belonging—

something you don't realize you have

until it's no longer around you.

And sometimes,

even when I am far from it,

my heart still knows

exactly where home is.

A CONTEMPLATION ON COLLEGE FRIENDS

Andrew Witter

I thought we would fade from each other

Like words on a page

Like lines on the floor

But now I've grown and I wonder

Once I leave this place

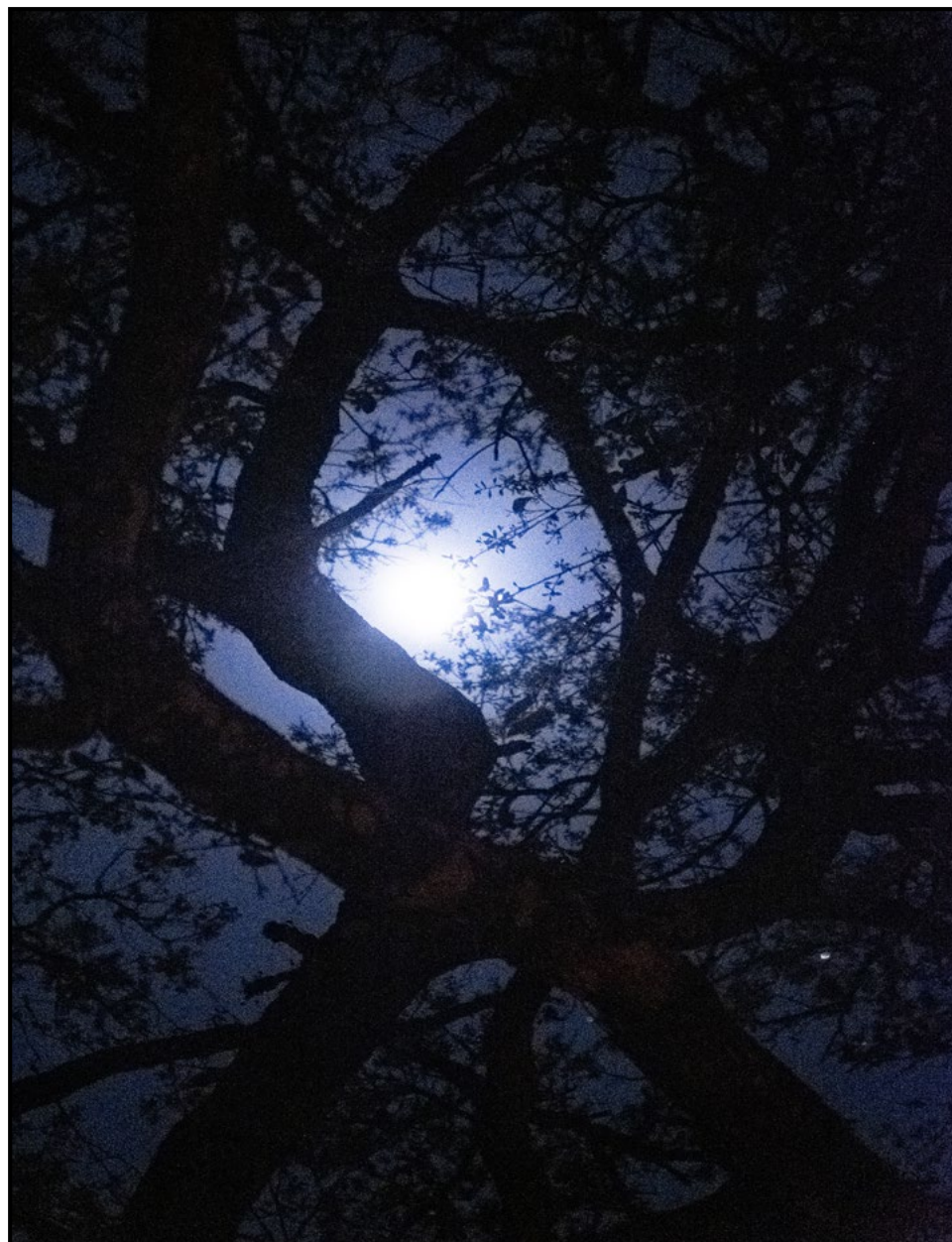
Will I love anyone harder?

People don't really change, do they?

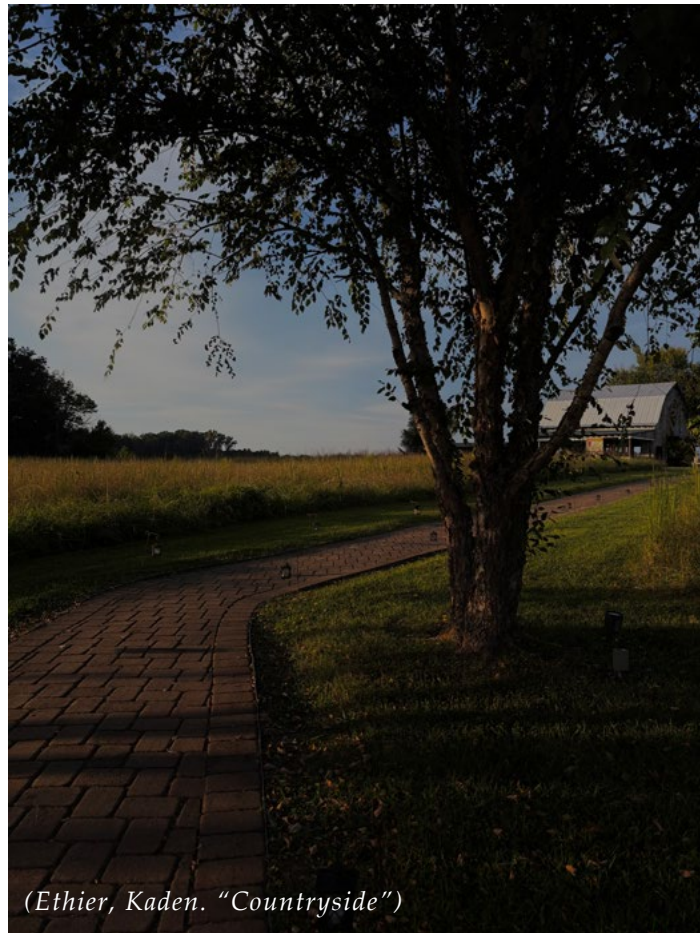
I'm the same as I was

But I belong somewhere new

The aching turns its shade



(Abramov, Nick. "The Night's Eye")



The haze rolls back in
 With a drawn-out sigh.
 In the background,
 Cackles at an ill-timed joke;

So I'll go to bed,
 But the neighbors mow the lawn at midnight
 And the hum echoes in my head.

For all I try,
 I am but dust in the air of a stuffy room
 Suspended in rays of sun,
 Ever lingering
 In a moment in time.

ONE BAD DAY
Andrew Witter

One picture out of a thousand
 A hundred bad days tied up in a box
 But in this one you were happy.

(Ethier, Kaden. "Countryside")

And I have something real now.
 I know the sun will set
 But my soul still holds to the light of your face
 Once a stranger,
 Now closer than a brother.
 Love is being proven wrong,
 That I can be held despite it all.
 Where the silent shadows hover
 Love is like a hidden song
 A faint, peaceful melody
 That I long to be for another.

**THE NEIGHBORS MOW THE
 LAWN AT MIDNIGHT**
Grace Kushigian

Staring at the faces in the carpet,
 She's watching roadkill next room over
 There's mercury pooled in my eyes.
 Outside, the open sky,
 Waiting to put things in order.

But now,
 The room begins to spin.



(Doudt, Zoë. "Bokor Mountain")



(Abramov, Nick. "Look! The Sky Ignited")

The earth didn't stop spinning
 But the ground here is tender,
 And I know
 It's tempting to be hollow.
 Bury it deep
 Deeper
 Deeper still
 A thousand moments were you laughing
 A thousand did you weep
 Hundreds made no sense until now
 Memories poisoned by present knowledge
 Buried deep in hallowed ground
 If you hesitate to look inside
 When the ribbon falls you'll have your answer

FOUND TIME?
Alyse Van Almen

hypothetically there is a girl alone
 she's sitting in a home
 waiting for death to knock
 and stop the clock

death walks inside, it is almost time
 "what are you doing here alone?"
 death asks questions with a grin
 because he knows what is and has been

"waiting for you of course"
 the girl replies, her voice hoarse
 she's been a mute for years
 no words to speak, no voices to hear

"but why alone?" death asks
 because he knows her present and past
 "well, i don't know" she replies
 "maybe because i thought it wise"

people waste so much time
 on frivolous things and lies
 so when a friend asked if i was free
 i turned her away, said i was busy"

"busy with what? what takes up your time?"
 death asks with glint in his eye
 "time is such a good thing
 why not use it to dance and sing?"

the girl shakes her head
 "i don't want to be misled
 i must find meaning and passion
 my time is a ration

my time must not be wasted
 i know, i've contemplated"



(Abramov, Nick. "Aurora Lights")

"so you spent all your time
finding time?"

death knows he's right
she says "well not quite"
"but i am girl, you know it
you are clever, but i have wit"

"well yes i suppose"
the girl replies
though now there is
fear in her eyes

"did you lose time?"
death asks and grins
her dreaded final moment
finally begins

"what have you done with the time you saved?"
death asks as he opens her door with a wave
"i saved it! kept it! left it unscathed!
i saved every second, every moment, every day"

in a second the girl is gone
death lets out a yawn
"silly people finding time
as if it's not already mine

it's given to them, they waste it away
pondering, searching day after day

for meaning and purpose beyond the veil
when time isn't meant to be stale"

life is better when living
don't waste your time
smile, be grateful
appreciate your life

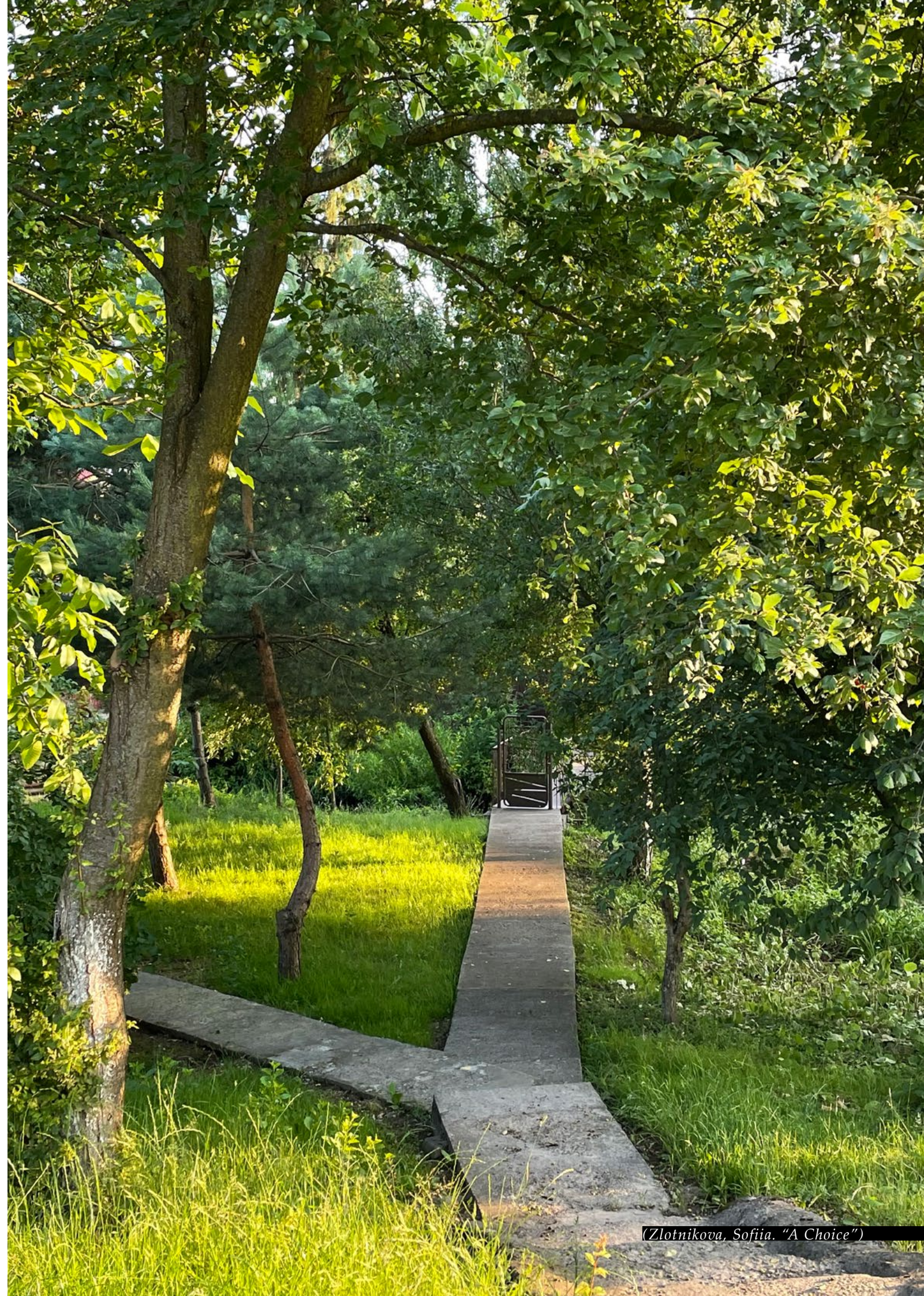
**HOPE IS THE THING WITH
TEETH**
A.R. Buckner

Hope is the thing with bloodied teeth,
That lurks within the soul.
And claws its way out from the heart,
And never stops at all.

The gentlest and ugliest is found,
All sore within my heart,
That could tear out the gentle fawn,
That kept so many pleased.

I've heard it in the icy valleys of my mind,
And on the freezing seas;
Yet never, in extremity,
Did it ask passivity from me.

Yes, hope is the thing with teeth.



(Zlotnikova, Sofiya. "A Choice")

WAITING AND HOPING



(Ethier, Kaden. "High Above Lookout")

EDEN IN WINTER 1

Jeremiah Swader

Do you feel, love,
That we are awaiting
Expulsion, or shall we sit
Here in the cold a little longer yet?
The frosty bowers are still, are quiet with
Waiting,
Reflecting, recalling, the come of the cold,
Or else are watching, whispering close,
Asking, if a rumor of springtime returns to
the grove.
And can it be that peace can accompany
The recollection of catastrophe?
Yes, and more, my love!
Await with me a great awakening!

PEACE LIKE A RIVER

Eliana Miller

Peace isn't always stillness or quiet.
Sometimes it's simply moving
With intention and faith.
Wherever you go
God is already there, so
Flow into the wild currents of others
And tell a story.
Wash over worn-out rocks
And remind.
Know, in your own heart,
That all of this
Is not your doing,
But of the streams of something
So much bigger than yourself
Sending you out, and on.
And so, let peace not keep you,
But move you and lead you
Homeward.

Waiting and Hoping

SONG FOR THE SHADOWS

Evelyn Harvin

In this time of fear,
I will rest, for You carry me.
In this time of uncertainty,
I will trust, for You have a plan.
In this time of feeling out of control,
I am grateful You are in control.
In this time of sickness,
I am so thankful You are the Great Healer.
In this time of feeling alone,
I rejoice, for You never forsake me.
When the darkness surrounds me,
I follow your light.
In this time where everything changes,
I cling to Your everlasting promises.
In this time of confusion,
I depend on Your love.
In this time of weakness,
I rely on Your strength.
When this burden seems too heavy,
You carry it for me.
In all these decisions,
I seek your wisdom.
In this time of turbulent emotions, I
feel Your peace.
You comfort and sustain me,
For I am protected in the Shadow of
Your wings.

CHANCEL

s.m. foran

a bluing
pungence
lifts
from fields of stone
to blush
before
my innocence
baptized
in blossomed grace
and wonder
at contralto
voices
raised in silent
worship

CREATION REMEMBERS

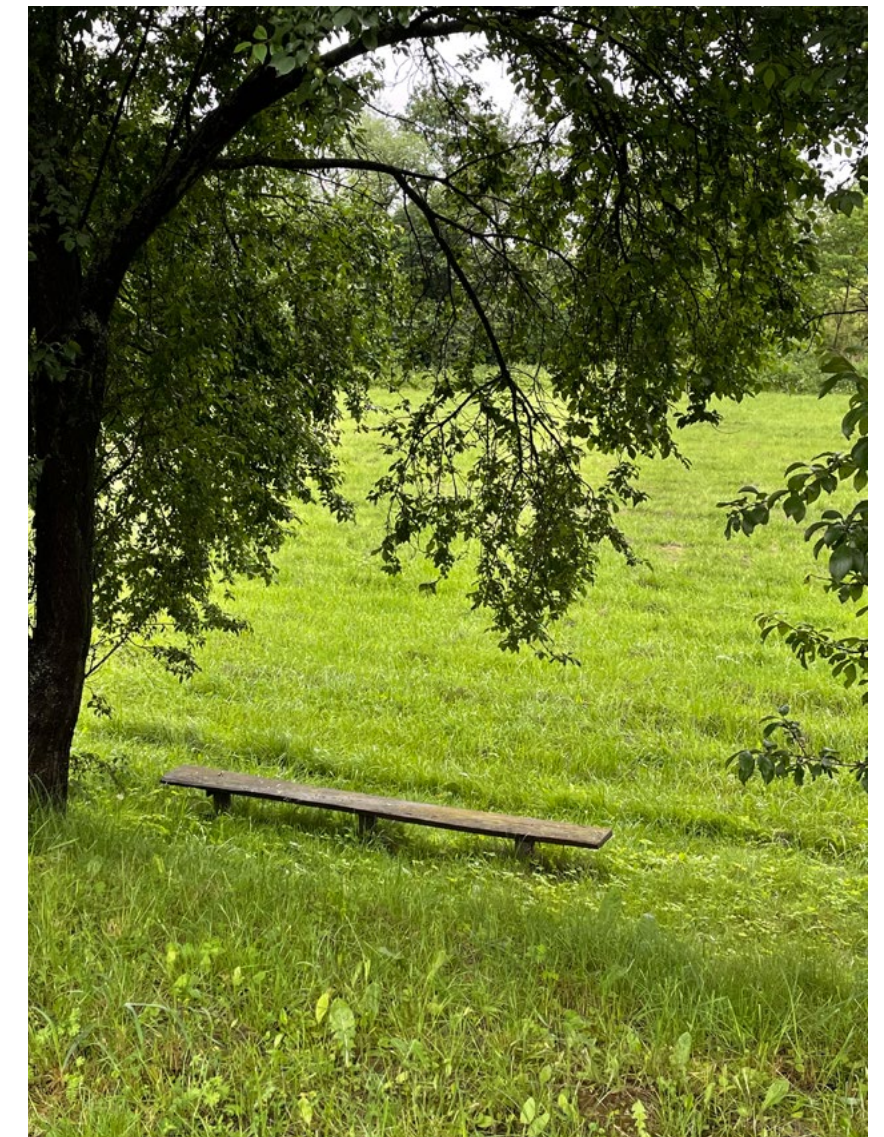
Wyatt Arment

Forgotten joy of forgotten land,
A hope is lost among hopeless men.
Fields lay barren without promised hand,
Deserted by those who were chosen.

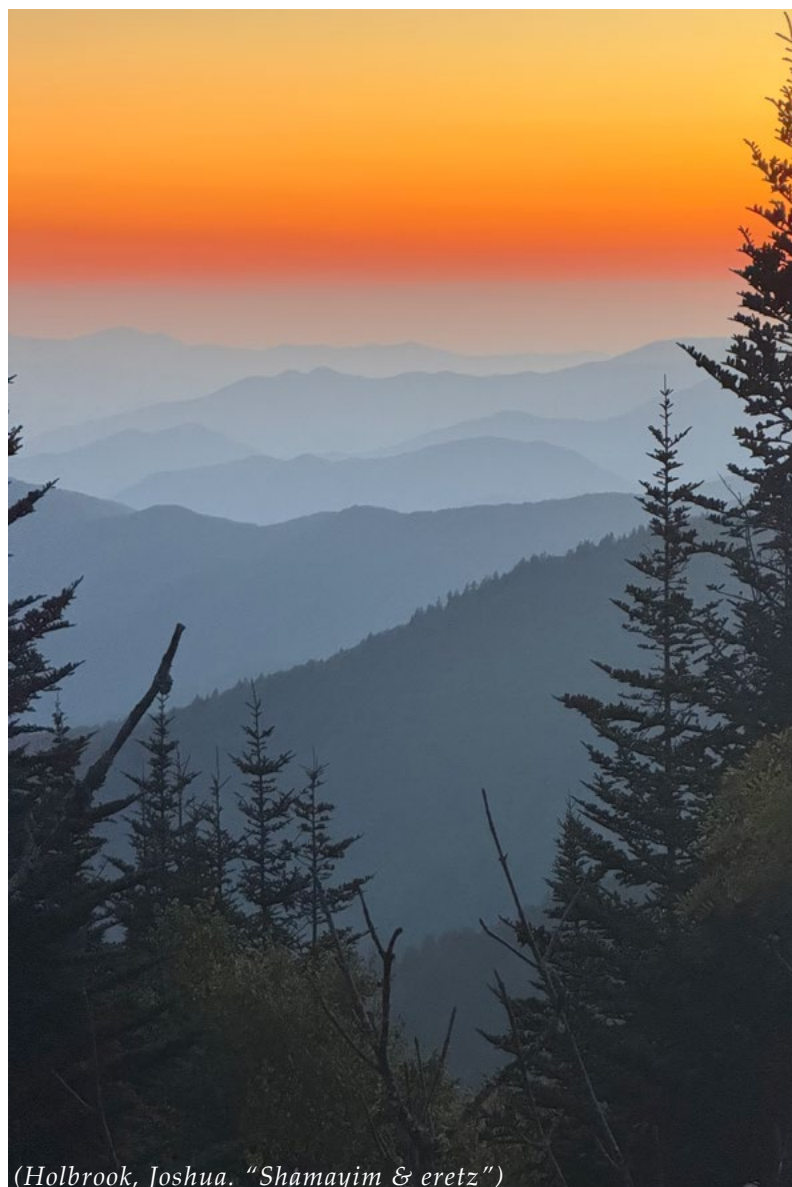
Faith, once bright, is now faith for naught, and
Left in the care of created things—
Creatures deemed least, but in love they sought,
Where man once worshipped, a bird now sings.

In place of word, deed, or holy hymn,
The deer will give praise when the rain pours.
Young fawns cry aloud from where they swim;
They drink from streams and pant for its source.

The lowest tree lifts gold toward heaven,
Offering leaves to be made worthy—
A dying life seeking redemption,
Falling down at the feet of glory.



(Zlotnikova, Sofii. "Reflection")



(Holbrook, Joshua. "Shamayim & erez")

I LIFT MY EYES TO THE HILLS

Zoë Doudt

that seem like fortresses,
 or wishes I long for but will never reach,
 and it seems like all I'm fit to do
 is imagine or rewind,
 every old moment made significant
 in my overburdened, over-filled mind,
 made significant and beaming with color,
 suffused with a haze that is misleading
 and rosy,
 telling me I was always happier then;
 that, or I imagine the times I'll be happy
 once more,
 once more, once more,
 never now,
 over some glittering hill,
 over the next, the next,
 when every puzzle piece slides into
 place,
 every dead dream makes sense,
 but they might never,
 for God is not confusing,
 but His ways often are,
 shrouded in mystery and
 unpredictability,
 higher than me, better than me...

and so I try to find some stillness,
 try to find some contentment
 in these moments, in this moment;

contentment climbing out of the sodden soil,
 out of the hydrangeas,
 where raindrops rest, shining like jewels,
 out of the place I get to call home,
 but maybe not for always,
 and even then—

still, still I can search for peace,

for my help does not come from
 these hills, or the house that was once
 blessedly mine, or from
 anyone I thought I could keep;
 it comes from my Maker,
 who holds all these things,
 who holds every broken dream,
 who holds every broken part of me.

While those in darkness sleep through the week,
 The rest will yearn for pure salvation.
 The light of heaven calls to the meek—
 Restless hearts awaiting completion.

And when grace gifted stands forsaken,
 Mountains groan to declare their Creator;
 And then all souls awaken, because
 When man forgets, creation remembers.

BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS

Ahren Muehleisen

Appalachia so
 Trout, turkeys, whitetail, and grouse
 Makes my heart content

I WILL WALK WITH YOU

Anna Whyatt

I will walk with you
 I will sit with you
 I will share your load
 Give me all your doubts
 Give me all your grief
 I will embrace them as my own:
 My own flesh,
 You are mine.
 Let me yoke with you
 Do not retreat into the dark spiraling night;
 Let me in with you
 Though your grief crash over me as a torrent of
 ink,
 Fine, then.
 Let us both be stained black.
 After the storm has passed
 And the sky is clear again
 We will take up our stained robes
 And lay them at His feet.

BOUND

Anna Whyatt

What Joy it is to be bound with you, my love,
 Inside these chains that sing
 And let these chains never be loosed until
 Our flesh no longer clings
 To blood and bone and things of earth, and then,
 We'll drop these chains that sing

ALREADY, NOT YET

Zoë Doudt

I think I like it out here,
 out of my head, for a little while—

a long while?—

where the dancing,
 mirthful fire awakens our souls,

beautiful and building higher and
 higher,
 like the towers of meaning we
 speak,
 leaving me rhapsodic and jubilant,
 before dying down into soft embers,
 comfortable and quiet and
 thankful;

for once, quiet

and comfortable and thankful, here,
 where I could maybe, finally,
 be where I'm meant to be, and know
 it?

—
 There is something dwelling in this,
 dwelling
 in the words of the kind man
 who listens to my stories,
 in the remedying silence of the
 woman
 who knows, or tries to know,
 the reasons that I cry.

I guess there is something
 still living and breathing,
 sometimes heavily, lethargically,



(Leatherman, Lydia. "Pentecost")

sometimes with invigoration and obstinance—
but never, never dying.

It is the something of
home, and all its fragments,
the remnants I desperately stitch together,
trying to reassemble my heart,

but He is already making a tapestry.

Home has been places and people;
home is life eternal and my God who never
leaves;

home has been the avocado trees and
the roasting coffee beans;

home was you
and the way the sun shrugged
off its blanket of clouds
and lit up the room and the
black fur of the puppy
that April afternoon;

home has made people jewels,
immortal diamonds that
live safe and protected in my
heart and soul.

It's in all the pages I've written;
it's the way the winter trees
look on fire at sunset;

it's the sparrows skimming the
surface of the spring lake;

it's how cold my hands are as I
write this.

—

I feel light and empty as a feather and crushed
into the dirt,
all at once, at once, all at once—
the memories in this place wounding me,
oh, everything wounding me—

I will never sit here, in this moment again,
the cardinals in their nest out the window,
their melody in my ears,
my found family around me, protecting me—

—

It's the house that became hollow,
quickly followed by my hollow heart;

the house where I buried memories like
treasure,
not thinking I'd be digging graves;
the house I'd never had before,
the laughter I'd never laughed before,
the people I'd never loved before,

the walls that turned golden at golden hour,
as his piano cascaded into the room;

it's where I cried buckets
and she gave me wisdom,

something akin to magic in our
words,
a magic natural and needed and
emancipating;

it's her, a flower in winter,
who froze nearly to death but
kept giving me color;

it's the place I thought I could
never let go of,
the person I thought I'd never
let go of,

all that I am still letting go,
all that I am trying to
untether from but still learn
from,
still cherish and ponder in my
heart;

it's the comforting, stunning presence
of this lake of ice on a sad evening,
painted orange with streetlights,
those I love walking along it;

it's the jewelweed that will spring soon,
and the memories of bougainvillea;
it's what I am always missing,
what's always right out of my reach;

it's what's here and now;

it's what's not yet.



(Parris, Elizabeth. "Winterscape")



(Zlotnikova, Sofija. "The River")

EDITOR'S NOTE

I have had the wonderful and daunting privilege of taking over as general editor this year for The Lamp Post. This has been my third year editing and contributing to the magazine, and every year it has been a joy to witness the process unfold.

This spring, the theme for our magazine is "Dwell." Montreat is where we dwell, whether we have three years left or one month, whether we only spend the days here or spend the nights as well. Home is a complicated concept for many and is not necessarily where we were born or where we grew up or where our family lives now. Homes can change. Home can be multiple places. Montreat is home, and even once I leave, I believe there will always be a part of me that considers this to be true. I hope you can say the same.

That being said, I don't think we can ever feel fully at home on earth. We are always longing for something that seems to be missing; our home and reunion with Christ awaits us. As C.S. Lewis says in *The Weight of Glory*, "our lifelong nostalgia, our longing to be reunited with something in the universe from which we now feel cut off...[is] the truest index of our real situation." This year's Lamp Post theme is supposed to depict this paradox of home and homelessness that we experience on earth, as the incredibly talented Anna Baugh illustrated on our cover. We are to be present in our lives and our dwellings on earth, stewarding our gifts and opportunities well, but setting our hearts on things above (Colossians 3:1-2) and dwelling on our true home. In *Philippians*, Paul urges his readers to dwell on, or to think about, whatever is good and true and right and pure. Let us do so, as we dwell in this broken and beautiful world.

Thank you to all the students and staff who contributed to this edition of The Lamp Post. It has been enriching and inspiring to see and read the creativity and talent that Montreat has to offer. And thank you to Dr. Rhone, our magazine faculty advisor and honestly the one who puts the most hard work into this.

Thank you for picking up a copy of the magazine, and for all your support!

Zoë Doudt
General Editor

THE LAMP POST GUIDELINES

THE LAMP POST POLICIES

1. *The Lamp Post* aims not to publish any AI-generated or plagiarized works. By submitting work to *The Lamp Post*, artists acknowledge that their work is original and AI has not, in any way, contributed to the submission.
2. *The Lamp Post* strives to reflect and further the mission and standards of Montreat College. Therefore, *The Lamp Post* editors intend for publications to work within Montreat College guidelines.
3. *The Lamp Post* believes that authors should be free to express themselves through their works of art. Therefore, we welcome authors who would like to submit their work anonymously.
4. Creators retain copyright and publishing rights to all submissions without restrictions.

SUBMITTING WORK TO THE LAMP POST

1. *The Lamp Post* accepts submissions via email at thelamppost@montreat.edu. Upon receipt of submission, the submission will be reviewed by members of the editorial staff and faculty advisors. *The Lamp Post* reserves the right to edit texts received; however, substantial changes are made in consultation with the original creator.
2. Please submit text documents in Microsoft Word (.docx) format, attached to your email, not as links. There is no limit to the length of submissions, but shorter (two pages or less) textual submissions are preferred.
3. Please submit visual art submissions in standard image formats (such as .png, .jpg, and .tiff). Visual art submissions should be sent as attachments to an email with the artist's contact information present.
4. *The Lamp Post* considers submissions of artistic merit in any publishable form. After review, submissions will fall into one of three categories: Acceptance Without Revision, Acceptance Pending Revision, or Decline to Accept. The Editorial Board of *The Lamp Post* reserves the right to summarily decline works that unnecessarily glorify violence, promote any variant of prejudice, contain illicit content, or do not represent the academic standards of Montreat College.

Opinions presented herein are those of the student authors and editors and do not necessarily represent or reflect the views of the Montreat College or its administration, faculty, or staff.

whatever is
true, whatever is
honorable,
whatever is just, whatever is
pure, whatever is lovely,
whatever is commendable— if there
is any moral excellence and if there is anything
praiseworthy

dwell on these things
-philippians 4:8-

