

# Charge



Volume 11



Amanda Eavenson - Spring 2021  
Communication  
*Summer Evening in Bermuda*

This photo captures one of the last sunsets I witnessed in Bermuda this past August. The vibrant island became even more beautiful each evening as the sky put on a show for its admirers.

## Charge Staff

Kayla Carbaugh - Editor-in-Chief  
Saundra Barker - Social Media Director  
Morgan Daniels - Marketing Director

Kylee McGuinness - Secretary  
Emma Lown - Events Coordinator  
Karla Damasia - Copy Editor

## Mission Statement

Charge exists as a Christian fine arts magazine to provide an outlet for the God-given creative talents of Lancaster Bible College students, alumni, faculty, and staff. Our publication reflects the beauty and mystery found throughout creation, given to us by our Creator.

## Vision Statement

To create a professional, student-run publication that attracts remarkable talent from the LBC community, in order to serve as an outreach to the artistic community.

# Letter from the Editor

Life is made up of small moments, which, added together, create the life we live. We all have choices that we face every day, and each choice leads to another choice. Some would even say there are no answers, only choices (Stanislaw Lem). We choose to get up in the morning, which leads to choosing what we are going to eat then to what we are going to wear and so on. Decisions on how to live our life in the best way will always face us because that's just how life is.

As my time as editor-in-chief comes to a close, I look back and examine where my choices have brought me. My choice to lead Charge Magazine has been one of the best choices I have made in my life thus far. It has taught me so much about myself and about art. Over the past two years I have had the opportunity to work with a team of talented artists who are passionate about producing quality art. My desire to create and help other people as they create has not decreased, and that is largely due to the opportunity I had while I worked on Charge.

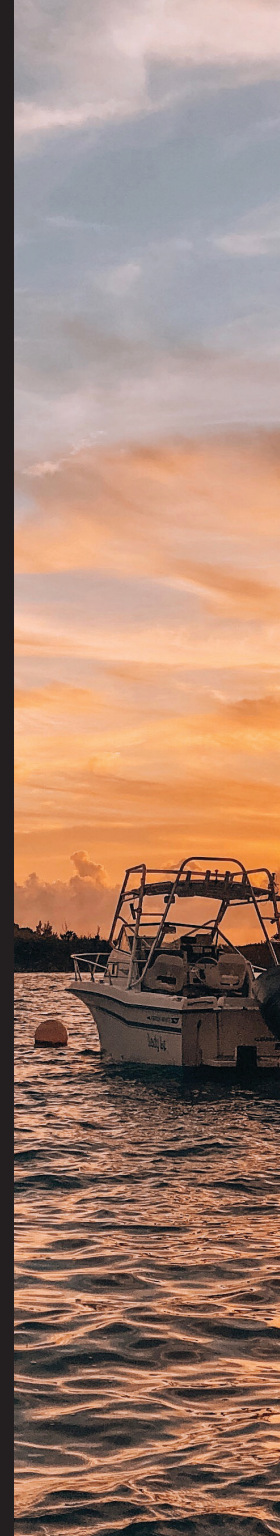
In my first "letter from the editor" I wrote: "I lead the Charge team because I love to showcase art. I write because I want to inspire people, and the way that happens is by publishing my work. I know that people have stories to tell, images to show, and paintings to share, but no place to get them published. Charge lets me help other artists, writers, and photographers share their work with the world." This is just as true today as it was then.

Creating is a choice we as writers, photographers, and artists make on a daily basis. More than that, it is our choice to show the world something new about itself. We see the world a little differently, and it is the cry of our souls to share it with the rest of the world who choose to see it as it is and not as it could be. Readers, choose to look while you read. Choose to see the world differently. Choose to live life changed, because the words and images found in these pages are begging you to choose differently.

Hoping to inspire,  
Kayla Carbaugh  
Editor-in-Chief of Charge Magazine

# The Grass is Greener

Zoie Senn



# I Exist

Jesse Rice

Is is Is  
Is is Existence  
    Is Existence?  
        Existence is Is  
        Existence is.  
    I is?  
        Is I?  
        Is is I  
        I is I  
        I is.  
I is  
    I is Is  
    Existence is Is  
    I is Existence  
    I Existence  
I Exist.

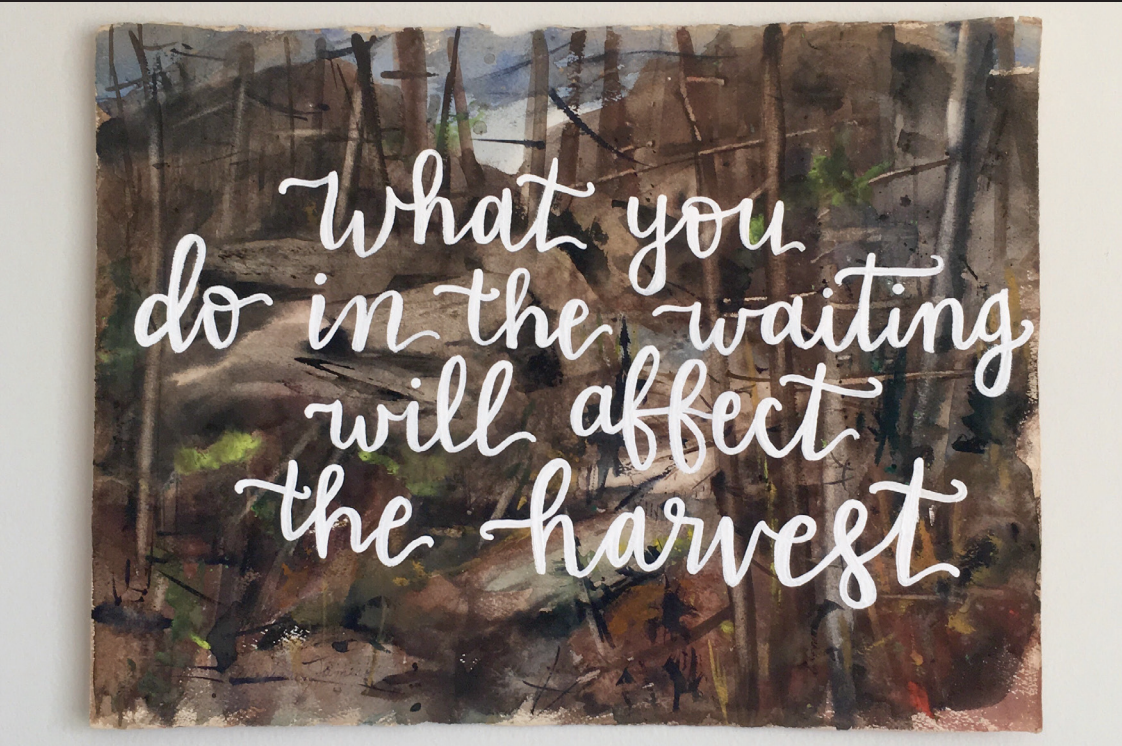
# He Holds All Creation Together

Karla Damasia



# In The Waiting

Lydia Dice

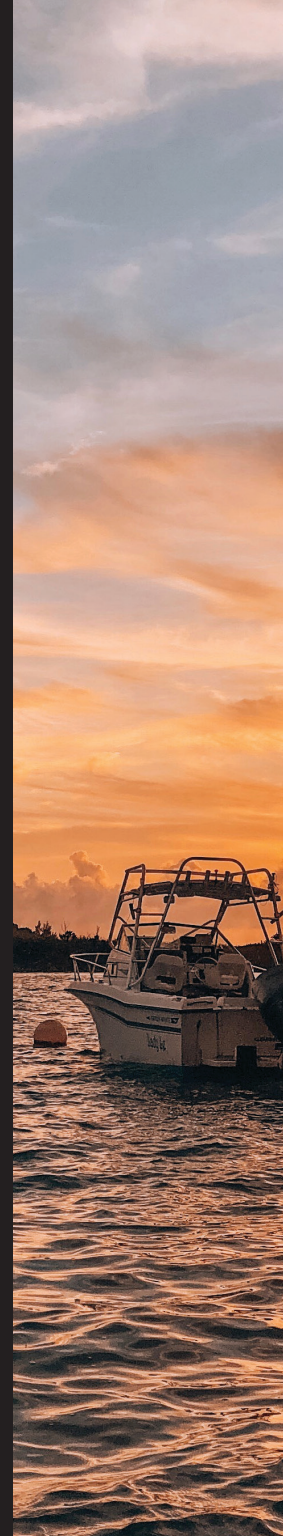


# Be Still

Sidney Fox

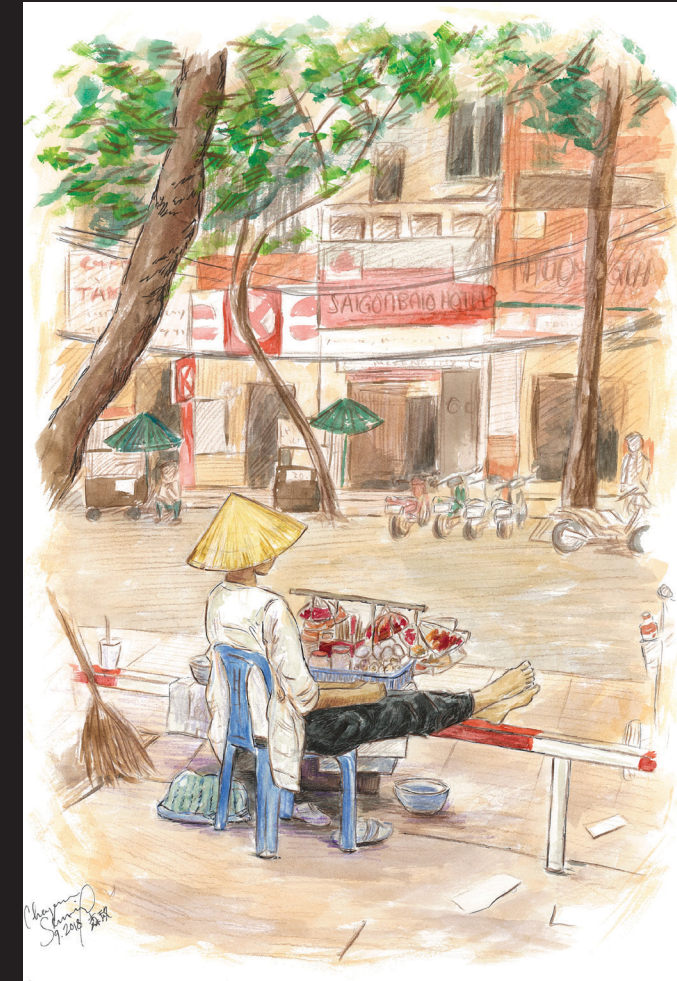
You tell me, "Be still."  
How dare you!  
How dare you say these words of peace to me when everything around me is violence! Everything around me has gone up in flames and I have been consumed by that same fire. My own flesh is bursting at the seams to break out of this prison cell, yet, I cannot escape it.  
"You've trapped me in here!" I declare with a quivering lip.  
You tell me, "Be still."

How dare I!  
How dare I question your love! This unquantifiable, strange love that works mysteriously... though everything around me has gone up in flames, including myself, you remain in control. I have trapped myself in my own pain by refusing to let go.  
And you love me even so.  
So I will accept your help, your love, and your peace because you are over all.  
You tell me, "Be still."  
So I will.



# Waiting in Vietnam

Cheyenne Sensing



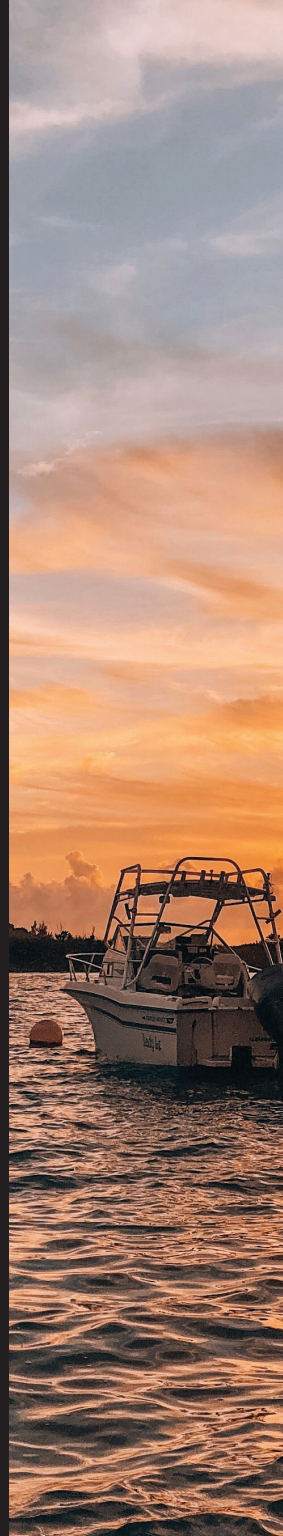
# Smoke In My Soul

Michael Hill

Fire and flame, the forge of a name.

This fire makes smoke in my soul. This passion that burns for you. It rages out of control or flickers in the wind. I cannot find the steady roar that lets me see the truth, cause this fire makes smoke in my soul.

Still I burn.



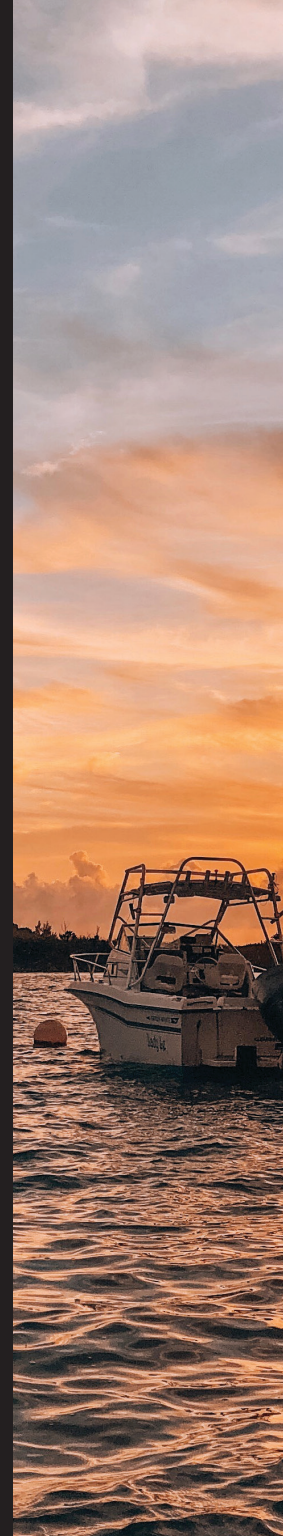
# Divine Glory

Jeremy Miller



# Sunsets in Maine

Eliana Anthony



# Wonder

Kylee McGuiness



# Lancaster's Secret Garden

Sandra Barker

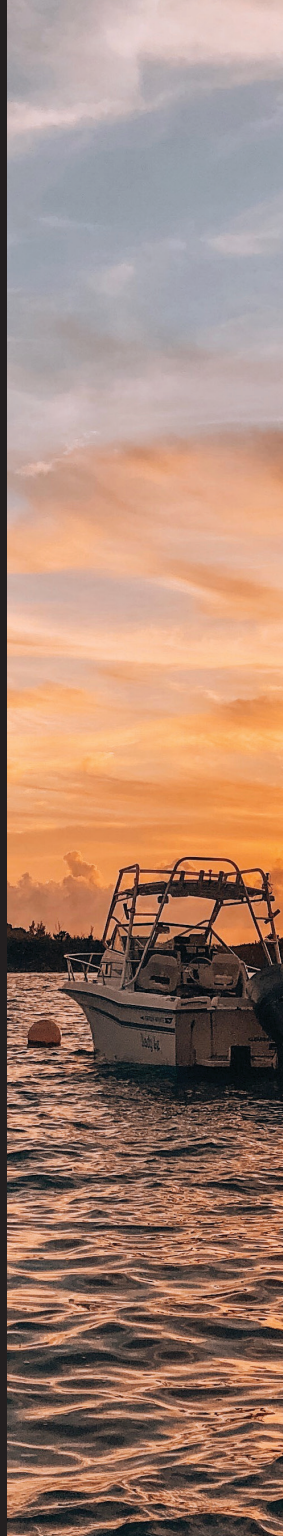


# Leaves of Green Let Them Be

Anonymous

She could sense the unraveling  
The end drew quicker than the beginning  
started  
The quiet and nimble evening  
A light dusk sky  
She enjoyed watching the colors blend  
and mesh  
She took it all in  
Watched it from her white as snow  
bedroom  
The window coated with a thin  
buttercream dirt color  
But that didn't hide the splash of  
brightness behind it  
The colors in the sky  
A flush orange-peach  
A soft baby pink and a vibrant purple lilac  
As if a unicorn threw up and this was the  
final masterpiece  
It made her giggle and brought her breath  
back  
She forgot what smiling was  
She lost touch with the mechanics  
That brought her smile to life  
Internal death will do that to you  
Slow and steady  
Like the leaves on the tree  
A luscious green slowly turned  
Golden apple yellow  
To the crinkled brown shape that makes  
your face cringe

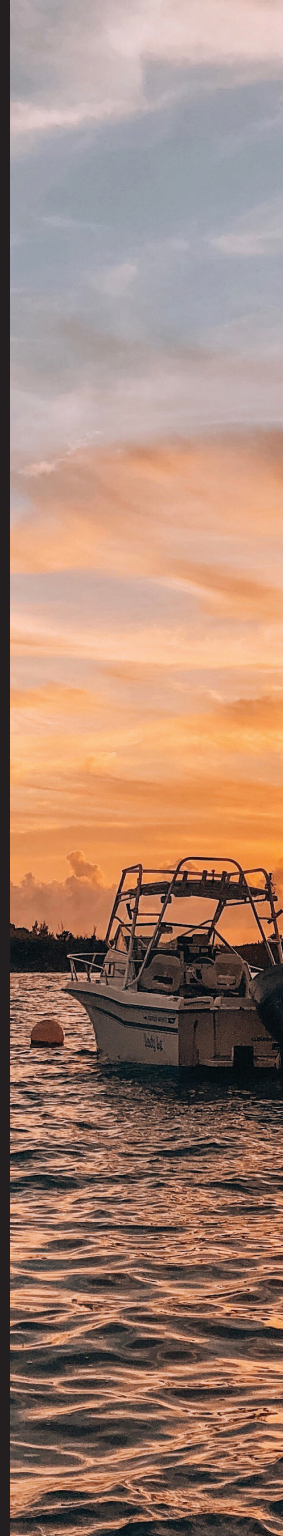
Losing its form and figure  
She dropped her beanie  
Rubbing her hand over her bald Caucasian  
head  
All warmth evaporated when the hat left  
A tear ran down her face and landed on  
the dusty windowsill  
Her head pounded and the meds weren't  
working  
Thoughts spinning like an ice skater,  
Laying down her final spin to complete  
the axel  
Hand spazzing uncontrollably  
She walked to her little corner of the  
room  
Sat on the edge of the bed, positioning  
herself to lie down.  
The outside caught wind  
A tussle wrestling match with the tree  
To make that last brown leaf drop  
Its grip loosened  
And like a feather,  
Slowly gliding the course laid out to the  
ground  
When it hit, the decay process started  
The leaf shattering to a million pieces  
Just like her memory  
Her emotions  
Her life  
If leaves had feelings  
It would have felt her cancer too.





# Wonder Despite Despair

Emma Lown



# Tick Tock

Kayla Carbaugh

It is an old clock,  
Sitting there on the mantel.  
Its tick tock  
Fills the room  
With empty stares  
And silent words.  
Its loud talking  
Saying enough.  
Its chipped edges  
Marking its life.

Its crooked hands  
Wait around  
And around.  
Again and again.  
Never ending.  
Ever Repeating.  
Its timeless features  
Never ceasing to change;  
Mocking us who age,  
And whining because it cannot change.

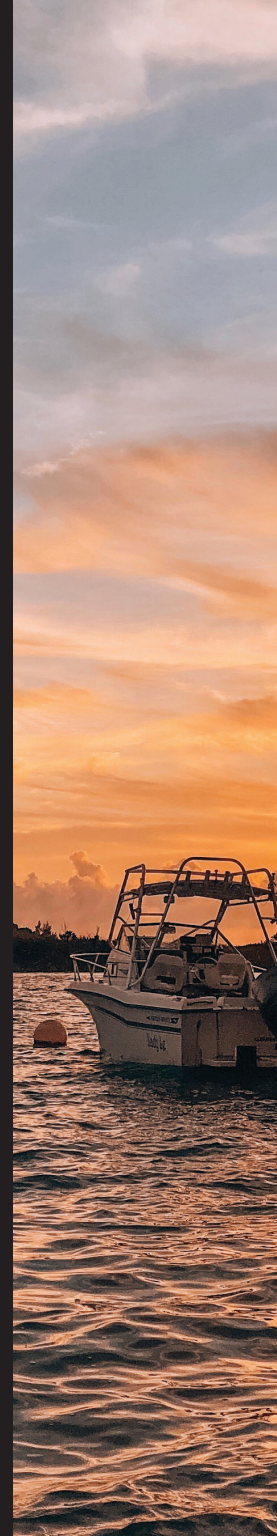
# Untitled

Ned Bustard



# Encounter

Danita Beachy



I am desperate. I have heard of the God-man who teaches and heals, but my experience has taught me not to hope. I am bankrupt by doctors and a social outcast. Shame is my name, and unclean is what they call me. I see it in their eyes—disgust mixed with pity, horrified glances, averted eyes. Twelve years with this blood, twelve years of barely living, twelve years without being touched. My desperation drives me: I need what this healer has.

But—the crowds. To get to him, they will see me. I veil myself, cast my eyes downward, and press through the people. All I need is one touch; then I will be gone. When I near the healer, I drop to my knees and stretch out to reach his robe's hem. Instantly I feel the change in my body. The bleeding stops, and my body feels... whole. Restored. New. Incredulous joy bubbles up, but I begin to shrink away and crawl backwards. Then the healer speaks. I have not escaped his notice. Knowing I am exposed, I come out of hiding. Trembling, I fall on my face before him and own it all. All the people there hear me declare why I had touched this man and how I was immediately healed. Then I lift my eyes, heart pounding. His gaze meets mine, and with a smile in his eyes he speaks:

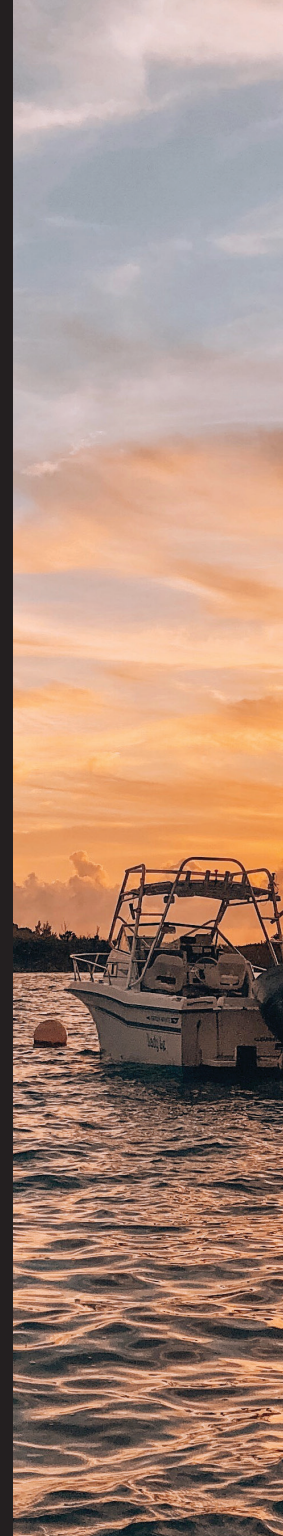
“Daughter, your faith has made you well; go in peace.”

The years of desperation melt off me, and I am... whole Restored. New. This healer—Yeshua—is the only man who was not contaminated by me. His purity has changed my impurity. He has healed me by his power. He brings me out of hiding, but in his gaze I am safe. When he speaks to me, shame runs. And the greatest miracle is that he calls me

Daughter.

# Midnight Rain

Maggie Arnold



# Seas of Color

Morgan Daniels



# Soul Honey

Emelina Menzies



# Perspective

Hannah Wheeler

God, I want to live in the  
perspective of a flower.  
Humbly embracing my smallness  
amidst your great power.

You are all-knowing,  
when I attempt to construct my  
“tall” tower.

I deem myself as a “right-nower.”

Why is this happening?  
What is this showing?

I demand!

I realize I have no real way of  
knowing,  
and worrying is not something you  
command.

“Be still my child,”  
I hear You say,  
“There is no need to get yourself  
riled!

Have you forgotten I will lead you  
on your way?

You are going to be okay!

The sparrows are fine.  
My flowers are divine.  
But, oh dear child, do you not  
realize you too are mine?

The petals atop the green vine,  
Never question, never whine.”

I want to live a life far from my  
own repressions.

Fear is inevitable  
but worry is a sin.

This is where, I declare, my life will  
begin.

I choose to be a flower living in a  
way that sees only God and His  
power,  
the way He provides and protects  
me in His pod.

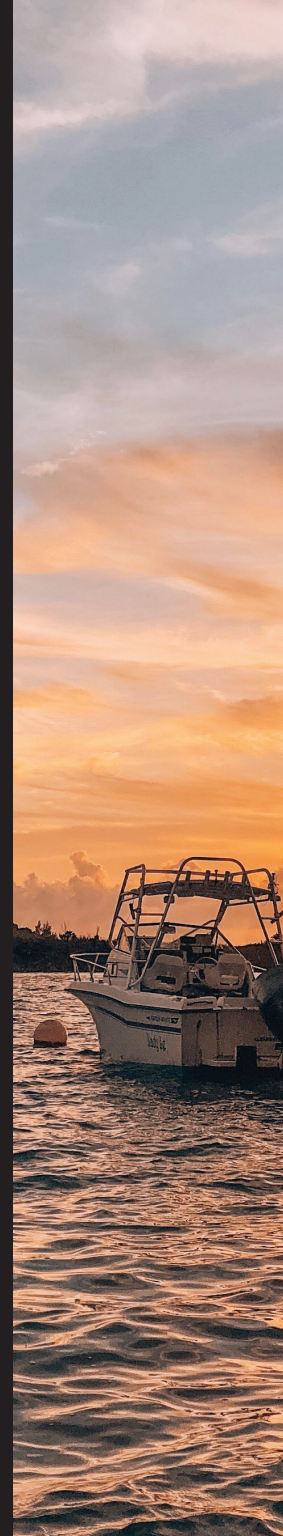
No, it is not odd!  
To have unshaken confidence in  
God.

I simply wish to see as a flower,  
not for a day, but each and every  
hour.

# Hazel Eyes

Moriah Story

i get chills when i read my own writing. and i'm not sure if that's because it's good, or because it's bad, or because every time i read it all i see is you. everything about you is twisted into my words and i just can't read hazel eyes without picturing yours, and when i try to critique my words, all i find myself doing is attempting to describe you in more detail. and i think that's why i can't read my own writing without shivering. it's because you aren't here to appreciate that what i've written is you.



# Always Pray

Elysia Hinkle



# Contributors



Zoie Senn - Spring 2019  
Communication major and Business Administration minor  
*The Grass is Greener*  
As I rest, I contemplate the greener grass. I daydream of what the Lord has planned for me.

Jesse Rice - Fall 2018  
Communication  
*I Exist*

I wrote this in my head when I had a bad day and was contemplating the nature of existence. I just kept mumbling to myself "existence is..." I then restructured that into a mathematical, logical proof, and I ended up with this piece.



Karla Damasia - Spring 2020  
Communication  
*He Holds All Creation Together*  
God is sovereign. He is in control. From the beginning to the end.

Lydia Dice - Spring 2020  
Middle Level Education  
*In the Waiting*

This quote is from my pastor, and it is a good reminder that the waiting matters. It reminds me to live in light of eternal hope and satisfaction instead of choosing immediate gratification that does not satisfy.



# Contributors



Sidney Fox - Spring 2021  
Children and Family Ministry  
*Be Still*

"Be Still" is a piece I wrote on the battle that we all are familiar with. It's a battle of wondering why God is telling us to be still when all we see is pain, but we forget the fact that we don't have to be the ones to bear it.

Cheyenne Sensenig - Spring 2021  
Social Work  
*Waiting in Vietnam*

I noticed this woman sitting beside the street in Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam. Somewhere between the bustle of the busy street and the quiet of the park behind her; between poverty and wealth; between the old world and the new; between Saigon and Ho Chi Minh; waiting.



Michael Hill - December 2019  
Communication  
*Smoke In My Soul*  
Musings on the flame of the soul, a heart fully alive.

Jeremy Miller - Alumni 2003  
*Divine Glory*

At the bottom of the piece is a symbolic document written by our forefathers. They most likely knew that a symbol of God's glory in the Old Testament was the burning bush where Moses was told to remove his sandals because he was on holy ground; would have been taught that the cross (at the center of the bush) was a symbol of Christ's glory in overcoming death in the New Testament.



# Contributors



Eliana Anthony - Spring 2020  
Communication  
*Sunsets in Maine*

This photo was taken overlooking Mt. Katahdin in Maine during a trip taken in August of 2017.

Kylee McGuinness - Spring 2020  
Communication  
*Wonder*

I took this photo of the Tower of David almost two years ago. Going to Israel was one of the biggest blessings of my life. It opened my heart and mind to the reality of God and invited me to live my life in wonder and awe of Him.



Sandra Barker - Spring 2019  
Communication  
*Lancaster's Secret Garden*  
Conestoga House & Gardens | Lancaster, PA

Anonymous - Spring 2021  
*Leaves of Green Let Them Be*

A poem designed to catch the reader off guard and make them think about multiple ideas at one time. Focused on how beautiful fall is (or any season), to how much we hate to see it change into its next phase.

# Contributors



Emma Lown - Spring 2021  
Communication  
*Wonder Despite Despair*

I took this photo in Mozambique, Africa during a mission trip with the JesusFilm. This sweet girl is the niece of a Pastor in a remote village we visited. She was full of wonder and curiosity despite the despair and hardship in her community.

Kayla Carbaugh - Spring 2019  
Communication  
*Tick Tock*

I wrote this piece a while ago for a creative writing assignment. We had to mimic the writing style of another poet, and though I can't remember who or what their poem was about, I loved the assignment. I got to experiment with my own writing style.



Ned Bustard - Faculty  
*Untitled*  
An exert from Liturgical Press' *Living Liturgy*.

Danita Beachy - Spring 2020  
Social Work major and ICS minor  
*Encounter*

This piece is inspired by a painting called Encounter that I saw in Magdala, Israel. Based on the Scriptural account of the hemorrhaging woman healed by Jesus, this piece is from her perspective. I see myself in the woman and wanted to capture what encountering Jesus is like.



# Contributors



Maggie Arnold - Spring 2020

Communication

*Midnight Rain*

Black ink and charcoal were used in this piece to create a unique perspective. It is simple but also visually engaging.

Morgan Daniels - Spring 2021

Communication

*Seas of Color*

This colorful fish is a piece I created by work of paper quilling. It is made up of tiny strips of paper that have been curled and glued to make different shapes which created the overall fish.



Emelina Menzies - Spring 2019

One Life

*Soul Honey*

The beauty of God's creation and the deep community around this photo is like honey for the soul. It brings sweet joy and satisfaction.



# Contributors



Hannah Wheeler - Spring 2022

Communication

*Perspective*

I wrote this poem after -with God's strength- emerging from a great inner struggle. "Perspective" radiates a joyful and contented essence not to make light of the personal battles we all encounter, but to show that there is joy and peace when one chooses no longer to be in control of what they cannot do alone. Humanity screams for independence, but I pray for total dependence on God and His control, not my own.

Moriah Story - Spring 2022

Communication

*Hazel Eyes*

"Hazel Eyes" is a sappy piece about somebody I used to think about quite a bit. Writing is my way of coping when my emotions overflow, so I have journals full of pieces like this. Most of what I write consists of the thoughts that I would never say to anyone directly; Addressing my prose to the people I cannot face is my way of moving on.



Elysia Hinkle - Spring 2019

Early Childhood Education

*Always Pray*

This piece is completely handmade custom order. It is made out of wood and painted with acrylic. I chose to create this piece with the simplicity of a white background with black lettering to make it stand out.





Charge@lbc.edu  
facebook.com/chargemagazine



**LANCASTER BIBLE COLLEGE**

901 Eden Road | Lancaster, PA 17601 | 717.569.7071