



CHARGE

MAGAZINE

VOLUME
TWENTY ONE

Cover Feature – From Darkness to Light



Yiming Cai
Pastoral Ministry
Class of 2024
Shot on Brooklyn Bridge in NYC, enjoy.

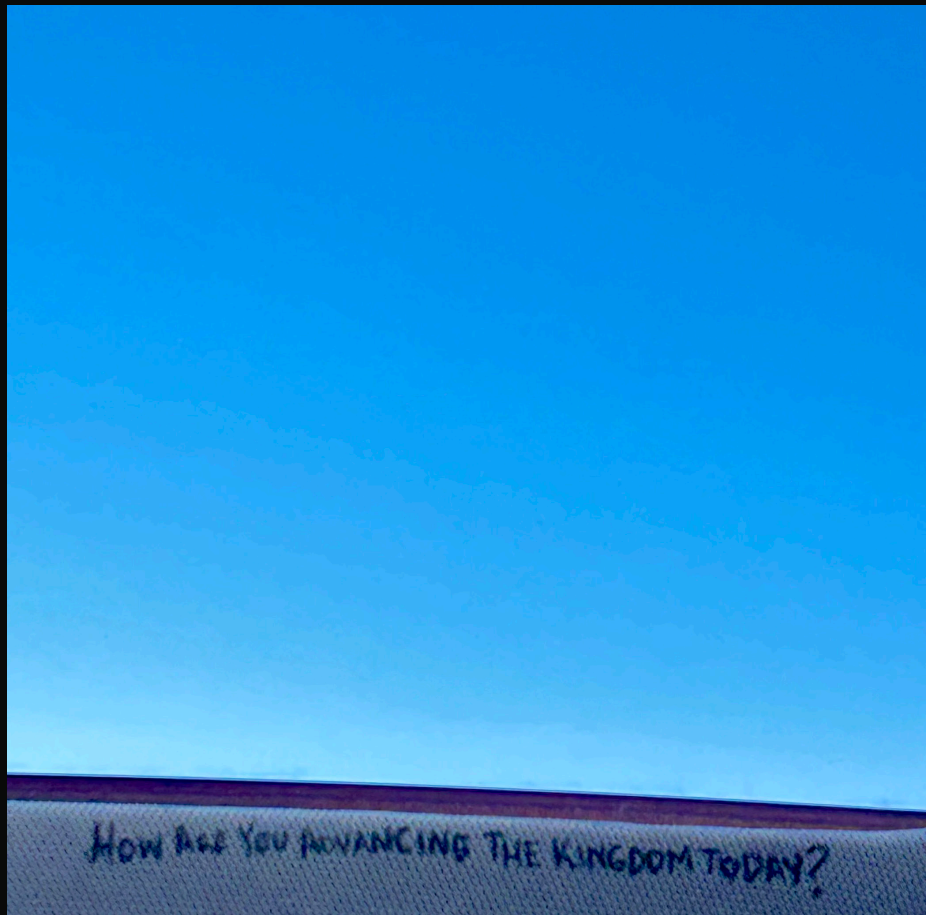
Mission

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

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.

CHARGE
MAGAZINE



Advancing the Kingdom

Joelle Adams

Social Work & Women in Ministry Leadership Minor
Class of 2024

I found this question written below the sunroof of a friend's car on campus, which has challenged me and serves as a simple yet powerful reminder that God includes me (and you) in His day-to-day work of advancing His kingdom.





Lancaster Train Station



Juli Martin

Communication

Class of 2025

Photo taken outside the historic Lancaster train station on a sunny autumn morning.



Creation Displays His Glory

Amanda Davis

Women in Ministry Leadership

Class of 2024

This photo reminds me of how the Lord creates with intentionality, and creation sings His praises and brings Him glory!





The Unseen Details



Avonlea Stringer

Communication

Class of 2024

Our Creator is one of many fine details, and there is clear evidence of that when we stop and carefully observe the nature around us.

There's an overwhelming
nostalgia about this.
Not bad; more so
bittersweet.
And I can't pinpoint
whether or not I
love or hate the feeling.
I have grown, I have moved on, yet
the soft tune, the voices, the lingering melody
threatens to
pull me under; I cannot
swim, I cannot escape.
I can barely breathe.
I do not want to go back, but, perhaps,
it was simpler times.
Simpler times.
How I long for simple times again.
But now-this life I have-is good.
I don't know.
Perhaps I am not ready for
the real world.
But no one ever is, I suppose.
So I guess I will sit here and
think about everything that has happened.
And I will mourn what has passed.
But I will also rejoice for what
I have gained.

Longing

Carley Weber

Media Arts Production: Film and Video
Class of 2026

This piece captures the bittersweetness
of the past while also acknowledging
the hope in the future.





Rivalry at the Pagoda



Daniel Omogrosso
Business Administration
Class of 2025

This shot was taken of a WRX and a Type-R
at the Pagoda in Reading, Pennsylvania.



What's Your Identity?

Dr. Tommy Kiedis

President of Lancaster Bible College |
Capital Seminary and Graduate School
In a day of identity confusion and illusion,
Paul anchors us to "Christ who is your life."
(Colossians 3:4)





On the Forest Floor



Clara Frey

Media Arts Production:
Stage Management & Lighting
Class of 2025

Gazing amongst the mist echoes
a silent longing of the trees as they
reach toward the heavens.

i hear the echo of nails
driven into wood
the act of building
the act of breaking
body
& blood
broken
for us,
wood
& nail
& flesh
& bone
broken
& built
that we,
broken,
may be built
in the Father's love.
i hear the echo of nails
driven into wood.
do you hear it?
it's hard to hear
over the echo of voices

shouting "crucify Him"
despised
& rejected
among men
this carpenter, nailed
body & blood
to a wooden cross
reserved for me.
do you hear that?
that's my voice
shouting "crucify Him
for if He really is as He says
He can save Himself."
He *can* save Himself.
oh, He is wildly capable
of those wounds being
made undone
& that salvation remaining
unaccomplished.
He Himself is who He
has said He is.
He is more than able
to save Himself

from the brokenness
of body & blood.
yet, friend, He didn't.
He remained
body
& blood
broken
poured out
for us.
friend,
He became broken
that we may be
unbroken.
do you hear that?
if you listen beyond
the echo of nails
the echo of voices
the echo of darkness
friend
you hear
the echo
of the Father's love
as His one & only Son

lays lifeless on the cross
praying Father
forgive them
for they know not what they do.
do you hear that?
the echo
of the Father's love
as this man,
who truly is the Son of God
lays lifeless on the wooden cross
broken
body & blood
for the sake & salvation
of sinners.
do you hear that?
it's Christ Himself
calling
"Follow Me."
He's over there, friend.
just beyond the empty tomb
that held the lifeless body
of the perfect man nailed
upon the wooden cross.

The Echo of Nails

Cadence Geyer

Middle Level English Education
Class of 2026

Written during Holy Week,
this poem seeks to remind us that
the crucifixion of Christ is a deeply
personal event for believers.



Balm for my aching shriveled soul.
Wrinkles shrink into
parched rock,
I throb for water.

Sleep runs from me
in step with my heart;
chasing nourishment,
a drop,
anything to quell its
quaking, quivering,
quest
for quiet.

The sun is lost.
It hides in the fog of my
dehydrated mind.
I start to see
mirages.

Flickers appear in my mind
images of rivers and feasts
seared behind my eyes;
it's just up ahead
but I waste steps instead.
A mirage, it can't satiate.
I lay down,
and wait.

For what?
Death?

Rain?

A whisper floats to my ear.
Follow me.
And never thirst again.
I turn, and follow Him to
an ocean.

I dip my head down.
And drink.

Word



Karissa Weaver

Social Work
Class of 2024

This is a poem about the
thirst of a human soul being
quenched in God's Word.



Looking Over the Rocks

Skylar Rizzo

Communication

Class of 2025

This photo was taken at one of my favorite spots over the Susquehanna River, standing high above the railroad tracks and looking down.





Hey LBC!



Joel Bucher
Media Arts Production
Class of 2025
A close-up shot of the street
sign right near East Hall.



The Path of Righteousness

Alex McWilliams

Pastoral Studies & MABS

Class of 2024

"In the path of righteousness is life, and
in its pathway there is no death."

-Proverbs 12:28





Kite Festival



Elijah Heyworth
Communication
Class of 2024

The beautiful kites by Washington Monument are really something special.

Sunrays waltz about the room
this lazy Monday afternoon
Birds dance merrily in crimson skies,
chirping sweetly to pass the time.

But to my eyes, the heavens shrink
The sunset yields to darkness deep
The dancers' tune a symphony
reduced to mere cacophony.

Nay, no eclipse has blackened the sun
Four small words have this beauty undone.
Ten simple letters have blackened the sky
The words of your lips, "I want to die."

Your tearless eyes scream silently
The room pounds in bitter agony
Fear's restless rhythm burns like sleet,
as I simply will your heart to beat.

I feel your warmth upon my chest
I hold you near, I hear your breath
Sitting so close, I start to sweat
But you and I are cold as death.

I strain to feel the air from your lungs
I sit still to hear *thump, thump, thump...*
I am afraid to use my own airway,
lest I miss a beat and you fly away...

Fly like the birds reeling outside the door,
oblivious to the serpent's roar
Their lives are like ours: a vapor, mere grass
Pierced, we perish by our soul's shattered glass.

The sparrows faint and fall one by one
Yet nobody misses the song they once sung
Only the Gentle Keeper who cares for them,
Oh Keeper, teach us to live again.

Keeper

Abigail Cenepo-Torres

Intercultural Studies/TESOL

Class of 2025

"So do not fear; you are more
valuable than many sparrows."

-Matthew 10:31



The other day we laughed in the sunshine and did cartwheels in the yard and took off our shoes and wiggled our toes in the dirt as we carefully tilled each garden row and the soil was broken and torn and the darkness underneath was turned to see the sun and the worms wiggled free and when we looked out the window the garden was broken and cultivated and ready to plant.

The other day we peeked at the seedlings and propagated the bridal bush and planted each raspberry and arranged each basil and set up a rain barrel so when the sky cries we can gather the tears and pour them on the wilted flower beds and the heat crippled herbs and they can stretch and groan and straighten back up again, drawing strength from the shower of tears.

The other day we tilled and planted and showered and laughed and sang barefoot in the grass with our toes buried in the soil and then we stepped back and breathed and were reminded that now we have to wait and weed and continue to cultivate as time and sunshine make the seeds grow and stretch and bloom in timing we cannot fully control.

The other day I looked at the garden of my life and recognized I want to have an open heart and open hands to the gentle tilling, the painful cultivating, the confusing breaking of my life as the darkness underneath is exposed and my heart is made soft for planting and sunny days and teardrops from watering cans as I wait and weed and ask Him to cultivate and grow me in grace in His own perfect timing.

The Garden of My Life



Hannah Shane

Communication

Class of 2026

I think having an open heart is
a lot like having a garden.

Find more writing @hannahmarie3844



For Now We See in a Mirror Dimly

Almirah Bakhit

Social Work & Women in Ministry Leadership Minor
Class of 2024

"As he looked through my eyes at the things
I despised I felt pierced by his gaze but he
peeled off my skin and he threw me
into the water to save me."

-Sarah Sparks





Secretariat



Noelle Martin

Clinical Mental Health Counseling
Class of 2025

My cousin and I were horse girls growing up thanks to my grandma, so this year for her birthday I drew her favorite horse, Secretariat!

Tomorrow will come, all in due time,
So don't miss this moment,
Which you'll soon leave behind.
Take time to pause, learn and reflect,
Keep your own pace,
Even if they all run ahead.

Because my friend who you are
Is not what you do,
And this world is full of wonder
All around you.
So stop and smell the flowers,
See the snails and take a breath;
Rest in the presence
Of the One who holds what is next.

Due Time

Christine Elliott
Intercultural Studies
Class of 2020

Amidst a world of busyness, an aura of
beauty awaits the souls who are brave
enough to slow down.





Dawning of Renewed Hope



Thom Scott

Communication Professor

In the shadows cast by cancer,
God woke me from dark night—painting
cross and exclamation—on ocean's canvas,
proclaiming His promise at dawn's first light.

God, I want to know You better,
but every time I open my Bible
or start to pray,
my mind drifts off to a dangerous place—
full of sin, temptation, darkness.
this world has its grasp on us.

God, I'm trying to break free—
break the hold the world has on me.
I need to put in the time
and let my light shine.
no more complacency or fear;
no more doubting if You're here.

God, I can't do this on my own.
I'm distracted by my phone,
my computer, my books, my grades—
everything blocks me from Your face.
I need You more than ever, but then
I let my sinful nature take over again.

God, let this not be a hopeless story.
my life is Yours, have Your way in me
I know You are powerful and good,
I know You can do what I never could.
so the next time that I begin to stray,
lead me back to Your perfect way.

Drifting

Lorelei Angelino
Communication
Class of 2027

This poem captures the struggle of my human nature's worldly desires and the daily choice to give my life fully to God, because everything I truly need can only be found in Him.



Beating down on me, the pitter-patter of the drops,
Drenched in rain, awaiting the day when it stops
Expanses of mud create murky lakes on the marred lawn
Gloomy and grim, all the light is gone.

Will I succumb to this rain pounding down on my head?
Or will I worship my God who is faithful instead?
With water in my eyes, I struggle to see the Father,
allowing both the joy and the pain,
Oh may my blind eyes see the beauty of this rain!

New life is being fashioned that I once failed to see,
But when the lovely flowers grow,
I remember the One sanctifying me
That even through the rain, the wind, and the storm,
What unfathomable beauty He does harmoniously form.

Raindrops



Bethany Carpenter

Middle Level English Education
Class of 2026

This poem captures the truth that, through the greatest of trials and adversity, God often creates the most remarkable beauty in our lives—like rain does to a vibrant flower.



NYC

Keith Baum
Marketing Communications Director &
Intro to Digital Photography Professor
Class of 2018
New York City Skyline from the top of the
Empire State Building in New York City.



Charge Magazine Team



Lorelei Angelino
Assistant Editor



Lexi Araujo
Social Media Manager



Hannah Shane
Marketing and
Planning



Jessica Hendricks
Secretary



Skylar Rizzo
Charge Assistant

Letter from the Editor

Hello!

I'm Avonlea Stringer, and I am the Editor-in-Chief of Charge Magazine. This is only my second semester in this role, but I am so grateful to have the opportunity to work with my amazing team in order to bring you Volume 21.



Like I said, our team is fabulous! Lorelei is always hard at work, helping me put the book together by collecting submissions, editing, and learning the process of how we do it. Jess has been working on formatting and writing emails, and helping with other tasks. Lexi is our new social media manager. Her job is to keep our Instagram up to date. Hannah has taken on the role of marketing, and has a great creative eye for designing our posters. Skylar has helped promote Charge on social media and supported our launches. I could not have done this without them! A special thanks to Juli Martin for taking our team photos.

I look forward to continuing to create the newest volume next semester, in order to keep showing Lancaster Bible College all the God-given talent our school has!

Blessings and enjoy,
Avonlea Stringer, Editor-in-Chief

Avonlea E. Stringer

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WANT TO BE FEATURED IN THE NEXT VOLUME?
LET US KNOW!



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