

CHARGE

MAGAZINE



VOLUME
TWENTY TWO

Cover Feature – External Influences



Taylor Cowles

Business Administration

Class of 2024

Not all external influences get you to where you want to go.

–My grandfather, Peter Cowles Sr.

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

It screams parchment,
the papery smell
and the wobble of sound as it's
turned back and forth,
the thin, almost soft complexion
of its surface intertwined with the
bumps of ink splashed
across the page.

It brings ages,
a burning firelight of a dying candle,
gently dancing in the dark comfort of space
while being tossed in the wind,
the light trail of smoke
caressing the sky above with its
wisping, silken image
and the sweet smell of
an illuminated flame.

It's just a lowly branch, and yet
it can be so much more for any imagination.
To anyone, to you, to me.
Let it be.

To Me...

Carley Weber

Media Arts Production: Film and Video
Class of 2026

It's easy to forget the everyday beauty of life,
but even the smallest things can bring
incredible change to someone's life.



Where the turquoise sea
and the clear blue sky melt together,
where the sun rays end
and the moonlight begins,
where the sea foam forms
and the waves are born,
a land of wonder awaits discovery.
Only one knows the way,
to the land of peace,
where the sea and sky collide.

Where Sea and Sky Collide



Hannah Gouldey

Early Childhood Education

Class of 2025

This poem was inspired by watching a sunset on the beach with some good friends.



The Edge of America

Catherine Hogue
Digital Ad and Social Media Content Creator
Blue skies at Folly Beach, South Carolina,
known as "The Edge of America."





La Sagrada Familia (The Holy Family)



Josiah Portugal

Business Administration

Class of 2028

Antoni Gaudi is the architect behind the Sagrada Familia, which began construction in 1882 and remains under construction to this day.

In the shadows of my childhood, where innocence dies,
I waited in silence, under cold, empty skies.
My mother bound by her needle's embrace,
Left me abandoned, alone in that place.

Walls bare and broken, a stained mattress on the floor,
My prison, my cell—yet somehow, something more.
For there, I was traded, a currency of pain,
Marked up by strangers, bound by invisible chains.

Years rolled on, but scars do not heal
When shame is a mirror, distorting what's real.
I cried out for mercy, for someone to care,
But silence, like darkness, just hung in the air.

Teen years arrived, and I thought I'd be free,
But freedom felt distant, just beyond reach.
Longing for love, I fell into traps,
Believing the lies, the cold words, the claps.

My solace was silence, in blood and in scars,
Holding tight to my wounds like old stars.
Behind every smile, the brokenness hid.
Who was I?
A wife, a mother—fractured amid.

Then came my fall, the moment of pain,
I hurt the one closest; I wore my own shame.
The weight of it crushed, till death felt a door—
But death would not take me; there was something more.

In despair, I cried to a heaven I'd spurned,
And there, in the silence, a voice softly turned.
Jesus had waited, His arms open wide,
For me to come lay down my pain and my pride.

He gathered the pieces, the fragments, the scars,
And showed me His grace in my world full of bars.
He mended my spirit, though imperfect I stand,
My Savior beside me, holding my hand.

Now I walk forward, a creation made new,
With strength from His love, with hope born anew.
My past may remain, but I know this is true:
Jesus is with me, His promises too.

For He was the rescue, the light in my night—
The one who showed mercy and grace, the giver of life.

My Story: From Chains to Grace

Kristen Quinones
Intercultural Studies
Class of 2026

This poem is my story. It tells about someone
who lived a life abused and in shame but found
freedom when Jesus saved me.



A lament concerning life in Pennsylvania...

זר אני בארץ לא שלי.
איפה המקום שאני אקרא לו שלי?
אני יורד לנהר לשטוף את כאבי,
אבל המים לא יכולים לרפא לבי.
הארץ הזו יפה; טובה האדמה.
המים קרים; ההרים חזקים,
כמו אמונת הורי...
(כמו אמונת הורי...)
אבל אהיה זר כל ימי,
עד שהוא יקרא בשמי;

I am a stranger in a land not mine.
Where is the place that I will call mine?
I go down to the river to wash away my pain,
But the water is not able to heal my heart.
This land is beautiful; the soil is good.
The water is cold; the mountains are strong,
Like the faith of my parents...
(Like the faith of my parents...)
But I will be a stranger all my days,
Until he calls my name;
Until he takes me home.

Zar



Daniel Carver

Bible and Theology
Class of 2009

This is a lament concerning life in Pennsylvania.
The title "Zar" is the Hebrew word for
"stranger" or "foreigner."

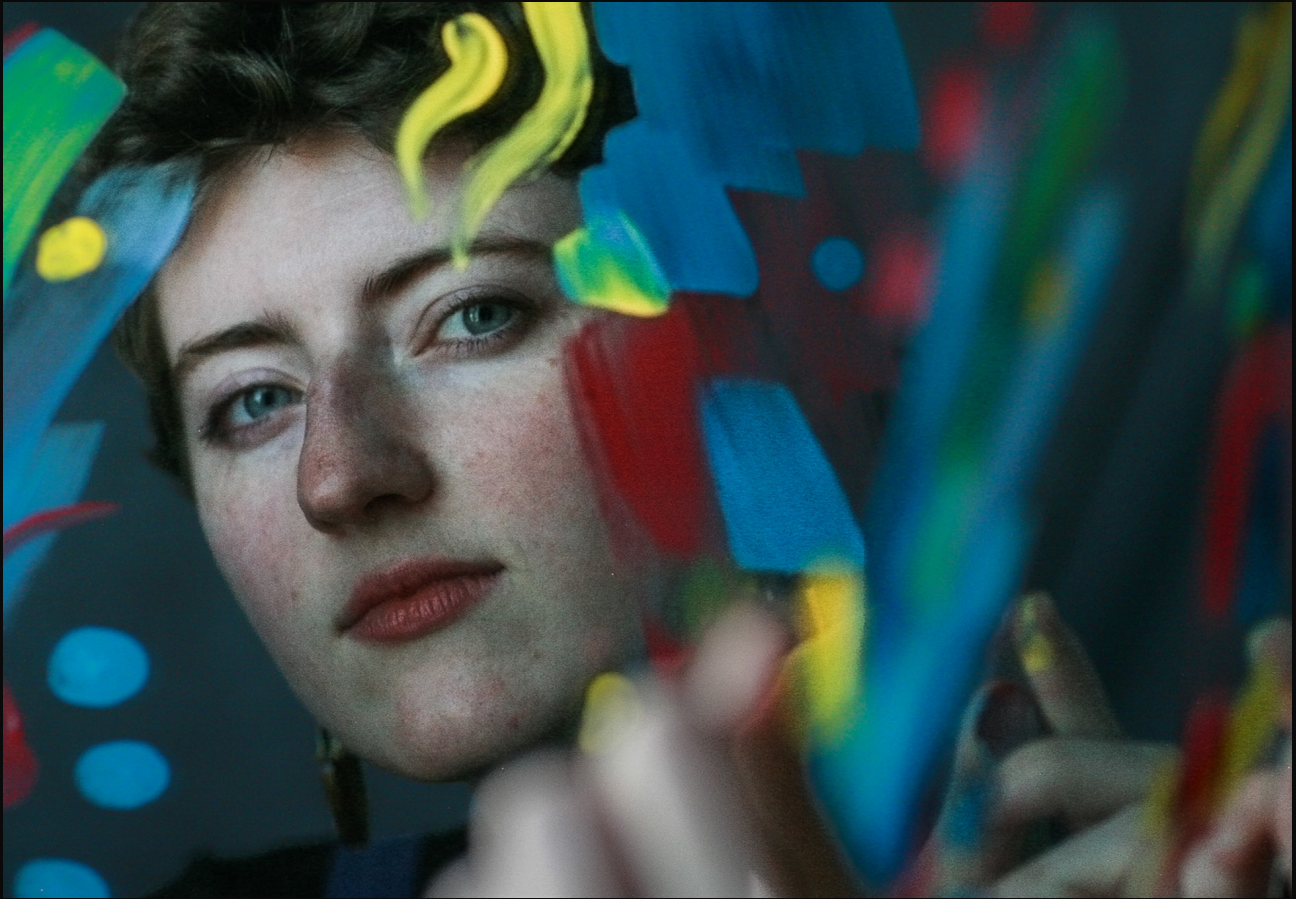


Broken Beauty

Caleb Cavaiani
Biblical Studies
Class of 2024

At a Buddhist temple in Japan pondering,
"How can I admire God's beauty in a place
that runs toward brokenness?"





Through the Pane of Glass



Avonlea Stringer

Communication

Class of 2024

A favorite pastime for my sister and I is to do creative photography. In this image there is a mirror, a piece of glass, and paint involved. This piece uses unconventional items to make the viewer ponder.

Trudging on,
My sin feels so deep.
When every step forward
Feels like a step deeper still,
Will I die here?
I step further still.
I can get myself out of here.
The fog is growing thick.
The signs aren't so clear.
I forget where I came from
And where I'm going.
I trudge on.
My foot slips,
I start to sink.
It feels like the mud's up to my chin.
Surely,
This is the end.
But that's when I feel a hand.
It's behind me, pushing me up.
Another hand grabs mine and pulls me out.
"When I thought my foot slipped, Your steadfast love O Lord,
Held me up."
You place my feet back on dry ground.
"Why did you run from me?" You ask.
"I thought I was beyond Your grace," I respond.
That's when You look at me, directly in my eyes.
"Neither death nor life,
Neither angels nor demons,
Neither present nor future,
Nor any powers,
Neither height nor depth,
Nor anything else in all of My Creation,
Will be able to separate you from My love."
I weep, home again in His arms.

Psalm 94

Jude Prestidge

Media Arts Production

Class of 2028

I wrote this poem after reading
Psalm 94, inspired by verse 18.



He tends the gardens around the church.
He does this every weekday.
On weekends he goes over to the next town, to visit his son.
His wife passed away last year.

He and his son don't talk about it.

They do a lot of sitting and TV watching.
The old man is okay with this.
A lot of stuff is beyond him.
But he believes he's content.

He likes the flowers in the garden.
But sometimes he wonders.
What will happen when the church closes?
What will happen when the flowers begin to wilt
for lack of rain or because of too much rain?

Who will he become then?

Who will he turn to then?

When he becomes aware
of what he can't get away from.

Poem (April 3, 2024)



Brennan McFall

Counseling (Marriage and Family)
Class of 2025

"He heals the brokenhearted and
binds up their wounds."

-Psalm 147:3

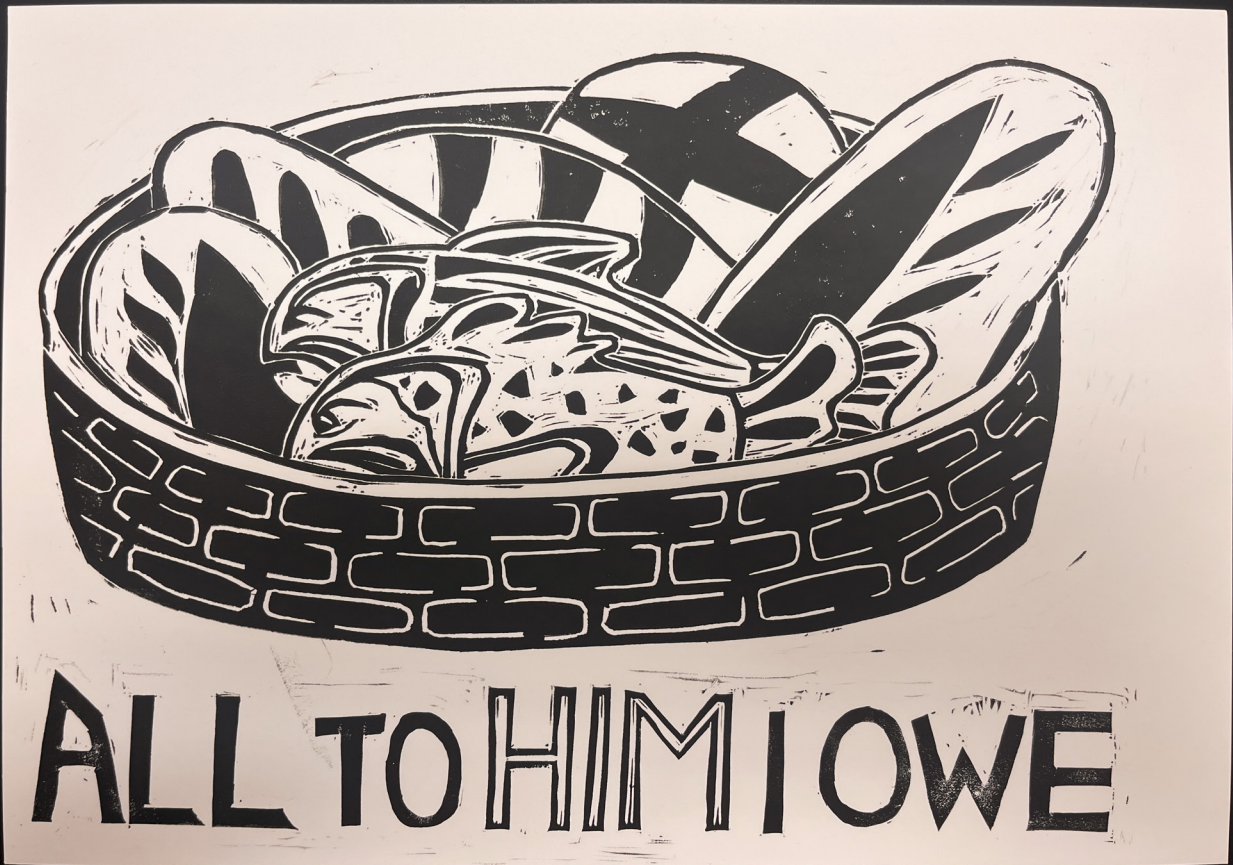


Where Would We Bee Without Him?

Amy Mongiovi

ECHO Magazine Editor and Adjunct Professor
At first, a haphazard sprinkling of wildflower seeds in a neglected patch looked like a mistake, but after sun and rain—and not much care—it exploded in beauty. What a wonderful reminder of what God can do.





Loaves & Fishes



Clara Frey

Media Arts Production: Stage Management & Lighting
Class of 2025

This is a print I carved over the fall in an art class. It depicts the story of Jesus feeding the five thousand and demonstrating how much God can do when we give Him what little we have.

Why is it so hard
To do what is right,
When the flame of faith
Is not so bright?

The way is simple,
The Bible is clear!
There is no room
For doubt and fear.

God is not angry,
Demanding perfection.
He knows I am sick
With sin's infection.

He paid the price
To buy me back,
A single penny
He did not lack.

How can I honor God with my life?
There is nothing left for me to do
But worship Him daily,
With a heart that is true.

And what does He
Require of me?
To do what is right
And to love mercy.

It's all laid out in that
One verse:
Walk humbly with the Creator
Of the universe.

Walk Humbly

Kaylisa Montijo
Communication
Class of 2024

"He has told you, O man, what is good; and
what does the LORD require of you but to do
justice, and to love kindness, and to walk
humbly with your God?"

-Micah 6:8



I stand on a cliff
On the side of a mountain
The ledge
Barely reaches my toes

I move
Inch by inch
By inch by inch
Hoping I don't
Slip

My clothes
They snag on branches
On roots

Mangled messes of the
sin done before my time

I add to the array daily

My skin
Torn by sharp unyielding rocks
Shaped by time and bitter remarks
Laid one by one

My tongue lays them also
Like the master mason himself

My throat
Parched by the dry air
No rain reaches her by night
No dew by morning's light
When storms bellow
My step is threatened
By the very life-giving force of its gales
My life
Is put on auction

The chasm beneath
Calls my name
She is the only constant
But friend, she is not

One wrong move
One faulty step
One crack in the very ledge I cling to
And I am gone for good

But the wind
He calls to me also

Still and small
"Come let me bear you up"
"With me you will fly"
"You will soar above on
wings like eagles"

Dare I trust?
Dare I let go?

For if the wind should lie to me now
My body, they will never find
The earth will claim another

Bones shattered

Heart broken

At the thought of

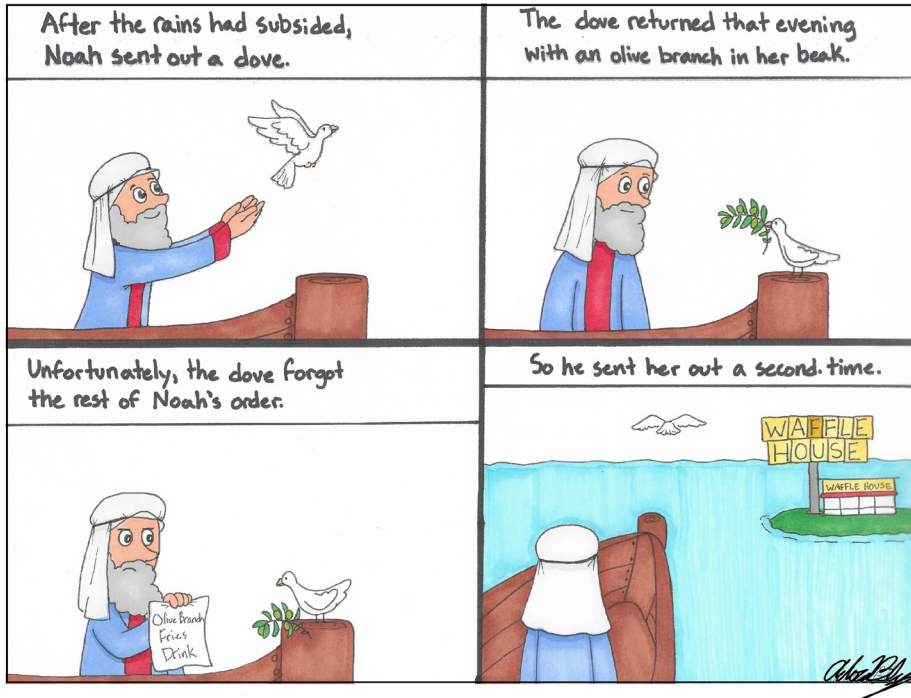
"Wings like eagles"

Wings Like Eagles



Izzy Werkheiser
Youth Ministry
Class of 2024
Doubting God is more common
than one may think.

OLIVE BRANCH



Olive Branch

Adora Bottomley
Student Support Specialist
A silly cartoon to give a little chuckle
and brighten someone's day.





Head-Turner



Tommy Kiedis

President of Lancaster Bible College |
Capital Seminary and Graduate School
All creativity and the enjoyment thereof
comes compliments of the Creator.

If building Your kingdom means burning my own,
use as Your kindling each brick and each stone.

Crush the foundation I so carefully laid,
and shatter my fortresses fashioned of clay.

Then consume with Your fire my kingdom of sand.
Light my dust with Your just and merciful hand.

Make from it glass, transparent and pure,
a window of wonder, a reflection of You.

When the nations wonder what came of my kingdom,
when they come to mock and gasp at its fall,
may its glass be instead a beacon so winsome,
that to it their kindred and kingdoms are drawn.

May its fragile beauty be an unceasing song,
a gentle and powerful tune
that beckons all kingdoms to come and to fall,
before the Glass-Maker, the King above all.

Glassmaker

Abigail Cenepo-Torres
Intercultural Studies TESOL
Class of 2025

The expression of a vulnerable time
with the Lord, asking Him to tear
down the things I built for myself.



i see a girl
opening presents in her grandparents' basement
thinking nothing could be better than this moment
as her family gathers round
talking and laughing
christmas trees and nightgowns
and twinkle lights flashing

i see a girl
swinging so high that the tips of her feet
just touch the leaves of an old maple tree
feeling like she was going so high
that this must be what it means to fly

i see a girl
sledding so fast down a snow-covered hill
the wind stinging her eyes and burning her cheeks
but she smiles and feels nothing...but free

i see a girl

i see a girl
looking at the mark she just made on her wrist
wondering how it had come to this
wondering when she had fallen so far
and why her skin had been so easy to mar

i see a girl
inside her van,
watching as they put a sheet over the bloody body of a man
it's dark outside as the ambulance lights flash
her hands shake but she hides them in her lap
and she wishes she had never seen that motorcycle crash

i see a girl
soaking her pillow with her tears at night
asking God why why why did he have to die?
why did he take his own life?
she didn't know him that well,
but he was her friend
why did his story have to end?

i see a girl

i see a girl
almost a woman now
five years have gone past
so fast she doesn't know how

she's on the cusp of adulthood
at the edge of seventeen
as she lets the great Author
weave her future
and orchestrate the unseen

i see a girl
a sinner unworthy of womanhood
she'll never be perfect, she might not even be good
but she serves a good God
she worships a great King
who will always be with her—through everything

i see a girl
no—
i see a daughter of God

i see a girl



Lorelei Angelino
Communication
Class of 2027

"And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are the called according to His purpose."

-Romans 8:28



The Heavens Declare His Praise

Maddie Wenndt
Business Administration
Class of 2024
Seeing the Aurora Borealis and in
awe of the faithfulness of God.
Pictured: Heaven Santiago





Reflecting on Creation



Keith Baum

Marketing Communications Director
Class of 2018

The beauty of autumn leaves reflect in the morning calm over Racoon Lake, at Racoon Creek State Park in western Pennsylvania.

He's bruised but he says he likes the black and blue
It reminds him of the sky.
The pictures of his pain are blue and black
And if the sky above is the same,
Then what's wrong with that?

The heavens go pink too,
Before the night appears
So, when his welt turns rosy
The mark will fade
And so will all his tears.

The sky.
His torment.
Mirror each other.
At least that's what he said.

He heard someone say
"It's so rare."
"It's so rare"
"That somebody'd look out for you."
"Thoughts and prayers was all they'd do."

The sky looks out for him
And he found it in her eyes
They smiled, he smiled,
And he saw that! A clue!
With her he saw tomorrow.
Of no black, just blue.

He followed the sky until it reached the end.

They asked him to write his heart on paper,
To sign it at the bottom.
His heart went pink
And his eyes went blue.
It wasn't summer. It was Autumn.

He reached down, to offer what he had
But there was no end
No end
To the soul he tried to give.

He wanted to show her beauty
But the bruises jumped ahead
Every sky
Every loss
Every person who was before.
Every doubt
Every dodge
Every song he was afraid to sing.
The contract said heart
Said heart.
But it meant everything.

He doesn't trust the sky anymore.
The pink still hasn't faded.

He's looking,
Fearful each day,
That despite his hope,
The blue and black will never go away.

Lost in the Deep Blue Sky

Micah Jack

BA: Pastoral Ministry;
MA: Biblical Studies, Apologetics
Class of 2025

A boy is lost. Looking to the sky for guidance bruises him- beyond the blue of the day or black of the night. I hope that there are eyes to see how Christ meets him.



You are the unmistakable focus of all things.
You are the starting point.
You are eternally assumed and distinctly holy.
You are separate, apart from me.
You perfectly existed before anything occurred.
You are an amazing author,
a hovering spirit,
the giver of life,
a resounding Word.
You address my assumptions about,
my attitude towards,
and my application of
Your Word.
My greatest peace is not that I am able,
that I am good,
that I am faithful,
that I am in control,
for I am not.
My greatest peace is that You are Central.
In Yourself,
in creation,
in Your Son,
You show me that You are Central,
and I am not,
because "In the beginning..."
God.

Central



Jared McNally

Biblical Studies

Class of 2026

I like to write about who God is, and He has become increasingly, as I grow in faith, the center of my life, so I wrote this piece to encourage you (and me) to stay centered in the Lord.



Lemon Still Life

Erin Wilsey

Psychology

Class of 2024

Still life painted with acrylics in
Carol Dale's studio art class.



Charge Magazine Team



Lorelei Angelino
Assistant Editor



Abigayle Stitzel
Events Planner



Ila Rowatti
Social Media &
Marketing Assistant

Letter from the Editor

Hello!

I'm Avonlea Stringer, and I am the Editor-in-Chief of Charge Magazine. This is my fifth volume I have been a part of! I really have enjoyed putting together this newest volume and seeing all of the talent we have here at LBC.



Our team is fantastic! Lorelei, our Assistant Editor, has been a huge help with creating the book and keeping me on top of tasks such as emails, submissions, and editing. Abigayle, our Events Planner, has been coming up with ideas, planning our events, and running them. Ila is our Social Media and Marketing Assistant and has been running our social media platforms and creating posters in order to get us submissions and spread the word. A special thanks to Destiny Shakespeare for taking our team photos.

Sadly, this is my last volume as Editor-in-Chief. But you are in good hands with Lorelei, who will be taking over for me! I am excited to see where Charge Magazine goes from here and the continuation of sharing God's gift of art and beauty.

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

Avonlea E. Stringer

CHARGE

MAGAZINE

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



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