

CHARGE

MAGAZINE

VOLUME
TWENTY

Cover Feature – Morning Masterpiece



Hannah Shane
Communication
Class of 2026

We far too often neglect to wake up early and simply admire the masterpiece God paints each morning with strokes of yellows, dashes of fog, and breathtaking beauty.

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



New Perspectives

Camryn Burkholder

Communication

Class of 2024

I saw a new perspective in the reflection of the GSC windows, as I was walking around campus looking for pictures to take for my photography assignment.





An Anxious Feeling



Mina Cooper

Psychology
Class of 2027

This is an oil painting on canvas paper depicting a visual representation of how anxiety can feel.

It rests in the corner, lonely as a flower bloomed too early. It whispers after me, a faint humming in my ears, yet silent as an owl sits under the light of the sun. It waits longingly for the gift I cannot give.

Sleek golden body and twisted curved scroll, streaks through the brown base, the tales of a tree's history carefully etched, smooth as a weathered stone. HOLLOWED inside, like the skull of one that has lost hope.

It longs to feel the music engulf its body, to be shown another galaxy, notes and rhythm floating, the asteroids in space. It craves to watch as melodies take flight like the freedom of birds. A gift to mend the body's pain.

In a decade before, tiny fingers, as porcelain as a doll's, delicate as finely detailed china, moved like a dancer across the coarse steel lines. Portamento, pizzicato, sul ponticello.

My childhood was fragile, as a violin's bridge, and the sound of the voice that comforted me all those years ago has been drawn out of my mind like a thin ivory string plucked from its slender bow.

It yearns to be held close, like in the arms of a loved one, to have a musician restore the breath in its figure once again. It pleads for the loneliness to vanish, but there it remains, confined to its coffin, like a seed trapped too deep in the soil.

Its glowing form and slender build slowly go dim, suffocated by the inability to speak and create. There it sits, hopefully awaiting rescue from the silence. But I know its body won't sing for another eternity more.

Lonely Violin

Avonlea Stringer
Communication
Class of 2024

On a surface level, this poem is about our childhood instruments getting left behind as we grow up and forget how to play them, but as for the deeper meaning, it's up to the reader to find out!



Sitting in the attic looking through boxes,
In search of ornaments.
Finding a box long forgotten,
Full of memories past.
A faded picture, a filled jar, and an old Book.

A picture now faded, telling of a love first started.
Though the picture faded, the love grew stronger.
A jar once empty, full of blessings.
Telling of all the Lord has done.

A Book once new, now worn.
A value more priceless,
Generations passed down.
For it is a Family Bible,
Pages old and frail.
Written within the pages,
Generations of names before.
Telling of the day when each
received the Savior,
Then when the Lord called them home.
For in the covers of the Book tells of the greatest
Promise Fulfilled.

A Promise Given, A Promise Fulfilled



Karla Shilling

Early Childhood Education
Class of 2027

I wrote this poem last year, and it acted as
the outline for my church's Sunday school
Christmas play.



© Sweet Lily's Photography 2023

Lunar Eclipse on the Rise Over the Grand Canyon

Amanda Davis

Women in Ministry Leadership &
Master of Arts in Biblical Studies
Class of 2025

I took this photo when my dad and I went to
Arizona, and we saw a lunar eclipse
over the Grand Canyon!





Lola



Almirah Bakhit

Social Work & Women in Ministry Leadership Minor
Class of 2024

Lola means grandmother. Lola is from a tribe in the Philippines who received the gospel in their own language only a couple years ago. She proudly taught us their tribal dances and told us the stories that each dance step portrayed.



Bikes on Canal Road

Jay Story

Communication
Class of 2026

Pictured are three bikes parked along a canal in the Netherlands.





Golden Apple



Naomi Torres

Communication

Class of 2026

Pictured is a painting of a golden apple outside in the sunlight.

Not all wisdom lives in books,
Although knowledge can be obtained.
Sometimes you must listen to the
babbling of brooks,
Creation's wisdom, there contained.

Wisdom can be found by listening well
To the songs of simple birds.
The depth of their insight you cannot tell,
Until you listen to the words.

At other times, a trusted friend,
Their treasure can impart,
And will your troubles quickly mend,
By opening your heart.

Have fun, explore the far-off land
Between the leather covers.
But don't ignore the world at hand,
Or the company of the others.

Wisdom for a Child

Kaylisa Montijo
Communication
Class of 2024

"The one who gets wisdom
loves life; the one who cherishes
understanding will soon prosper."
Proverbs 19:8





The Mailbox



Taylor Cowles

Business Administration

Class of 2025

To receive a handwritten letter is to receive on paper a small piece of the person who loves you.



Beauty in Architecture

Emma McMurray
Communication
Class of 2026

I was walking around downtown Lancaster taking pictures for my photography class, and out of nowhere I looked up and saw this shot, so I snapped it!



Hold your head in your hands.
We grab a psychoscope,
brush aside the strands
of hair, and search for hope.

Train of thought turns the street
in a busy city of the brain.
Look out a tear-stained window seat.
Take a trip down Memory Lane.

Old places, old faces, old friends
drive you to discomfort and doubt.
Remember, the road never ends,
before fear chases you out.

Switch lens, the picture glitches:
Under tourist' hat, I cannot find
a map - A surgeon... stitches -
Lost in the maze of your mind.

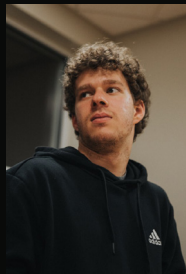
Flying on a subconscious airline,
leave fear's chasing cars in ashes.
Electric signals from the spine
lands the plane in your eyelashes.

Behold, the two red eyes
filling up with tears,
searching the heart for lies,
searching the heart for fears.

Hold your head in your hands.
A tear leaks down your cheek.
For now she sees, she understands:
the heart is broken and cannot speak.

"You are more wicked than ever dared
believe and yet, you are more loved and
accepted in Jesus Christ than you ever
dared hope." -Timothy Keller

Cristina's Birthday



Tim Powlison

Intercultural Studies

Class of 2026

Written for a friend's birthday,
reminding us of God's love and the
broken heart of our unbelief.



Loving One Another

Haley Conner

Children and Family Ministry

Class of 2026

"He might use your words to heal a heart that has been bruised; He might use your hands to rescue; He might use your whisper, maybe your smile to tell somebody that they're worthwhile, you might be the one He speaks through."

-Mandisa (The One He Speaks Through)



She's got a smile on her face wherever she goes.
She's lived more lives than you could ever know.
She's cried so many tears but it never shows.

Empty hearted.
Feelings guarded.
Can't go back to
Where she started.

She's got a hurt heart and a battered soul.
She holds on tight as things go out of control.
She can't find the peace that somebody stole.

Hopeful dreamer
God sees her,
Opening His arms
To redeem her.

Hopeful Dreamer



Lorelei Angelino
Communication
Class of 2027

This poem is a reminder that God sees you,
and He's holding you in His arms.



Fall Reflections

Denise Beverly
CML Staff

"He has made everything
beautiful in its time."
Ecclesiastes 3:11





A Summer Reflection



Clara Frey

Media Arts Production: Stage
Management & Lighting
Class of 2025

This is a collage of photos taken from an Alaskan train ride that reminds me of the art in slowing down to reflect on our lives.

Once again the shepherds make their way to Bethlehem
The wise men load their camels for the journey once again
And once again the sun decides to push away the night
And bless the end of darkness with the coming of the Light

And the bells peal out
And the children sing
And the carols ring
As we all go out...

And once again we unpack Mary, Joseph, and the child
An imitation pine scent candle burning all the while
And once again we set aside our pettiness and pride
Remembering the holy that lives deep down inside

And the bells peal out
And the children sing
And the carols ring
As we all go out...

And once again we make our way to a stall in Bethlehem
We summon up our wisdom for the journey once again
We feel the hope within us rise as day wins over night
And once again we celebrate the coming of the Light

Once again we celebrate the coming of the Light

Once Again

Phil Baisley
BS in Bible with Christian Education Minor
Class of 1975
Once Again is an Advent/Solstice carol.

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Altered Perspective



Dr. Thomas Kiedis

President of Lancaster Bible College |
Capital Seminary and Graduate School
The events of our lives, especially our scars,
have a way of altering our outlook on life.



Balkan Beauty

Abigail White

Children and Family Ministry

Class of 2024

The summer I was in Eastern Europe,
I took this picture of the Balkan's
vibrant colors after a storm.





Ten Minutes Ago



Lilly Rutkowski
Communication
Class of 2025
Prince Charming and Cinderella
dance the evening away.

All stories have a place
Fiction or Nonfiction
Beautiful or terrible
They have places existing
And others not
Each place is different
Depending on each story
But which place
can you safely roam?
No evil and wrongdoing
No fear and hate
We all need to find that place
We know the ending
And the beginning
But lies between
Is the place to be
In between may lie
Hardships, hurt
And terror
But life will always be that way
It just depends on the
story you read.

The Stories of Old

Haley Irwin
Communication
Class of 2027

This is a poem I wrote to show people that life won't always be hard and that you can change your perspective on those hard days.



His words are calm,
collected, calculated.

Like a bullet, they shatter
my cracked and splintered glass

The crystal cocoon of all
my mustered courage

Weary, my gasping heart
can do nothing but weep.
A pounding ache,
in every beat

My tears mingle with the madness
of this resounding sadness
Their reckless streams flow swiftly
o'er well-worn riverbeds

Scalding tears and stifled screams
express such pain no poet could pen

I wish to never feel again
the helplessness I felt right then
That moment when he said,
"He's dead."

Grief is not kind to even those
who much too often roam its halls.
Its raging, recoiling, blurry mess
I cannot untangle inside my chest.

Its churning a familiar weight
I first felt one day when I was eight
A decade later I feel its grip as
though it's been but one day since.

Since I last heard his rumbling laugh
Or heard his tender, aging voice.
Since I last snuggled in her lap
Or blessed her with a child's kiss.

Since the morning when
I saw them last and my stomach
never hurt like this.

I'd gladly rage against the love
that inflicts such looming loss,
but 'tis the Giver of that love
Who paid the highest cost,
and prepares for me a home above
where Glory dwells and tears are not

A comfort deeper than all I suffer
assures my heart and makes it glad:
that all grief's empty, bitter sorrow
will die in Heaven's promised land.

A Few Words on Grief



Abigail Cenepo-Torres
Intercultural Studies (TESOL)
Class of 2025

"But when this perishable puts on the imperishable,
and this mortal puts on immortality, then will come
about the saying that is written: 'Death has been
swallowed up in victory!'"

1 Corinthians 15:54



The Lamp of the Body

Juli Martin
Communication
Class of 2025

I have the opportunity to capture much beauty,
the image of God being one of them;
pictured is the face of my friend Karina.



Charge Magazine Team



Lorelei Angelino
Secretary



Juli Martin
Social Media and
Marketing Manager



Jessica Hendricks
Writer and
Website Manager



Haley Irwin
Event Planner



Skylar Rizzo
Charge Assistant

Letter from the Editor

Hello!

My name is Avonlea Stringer, and I am the Editor-in-Chief of Charge Magazine! This is my first year taking on the role, and it has been a joy to put together this volume. I am very thankful that I had the previous Editor-in-Chief, Camryn Burkholder, to look up to and learn from in order to make this volume happen!



We have a great team! Lorelei has been helping me keep on top of emails, tasks, and making sure people have access to Volume 19! Jess has been hard at work formatting and writing emails, and creating staff bios for our website. Haley has been helping to plan all of our events. Juli does our marketing, and all the ads and posters you see around campus are hers. Skylar has helped promote Charge on social media and supported the launch of our previous volume. I could not have done this without them! A special thanks to Destiny Shakespeare for taking our team photos!

I look forward to continuing in this new position I have with Charge Magazine, and am excited to keep showing Lancaster Bible College all of the artistic talent we have around us.

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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