

CHARGE

MAGAZINE



VOLUME
TWENTY THREE

Cover Feature – 1976 Lincoln Continental



Jayden Hamilton

Pastoral Ministry

Class of 2027

One of the most beautiful classic American automobiles; God's creativity and craftsmanship is seen through the human cratsmanship of this car.

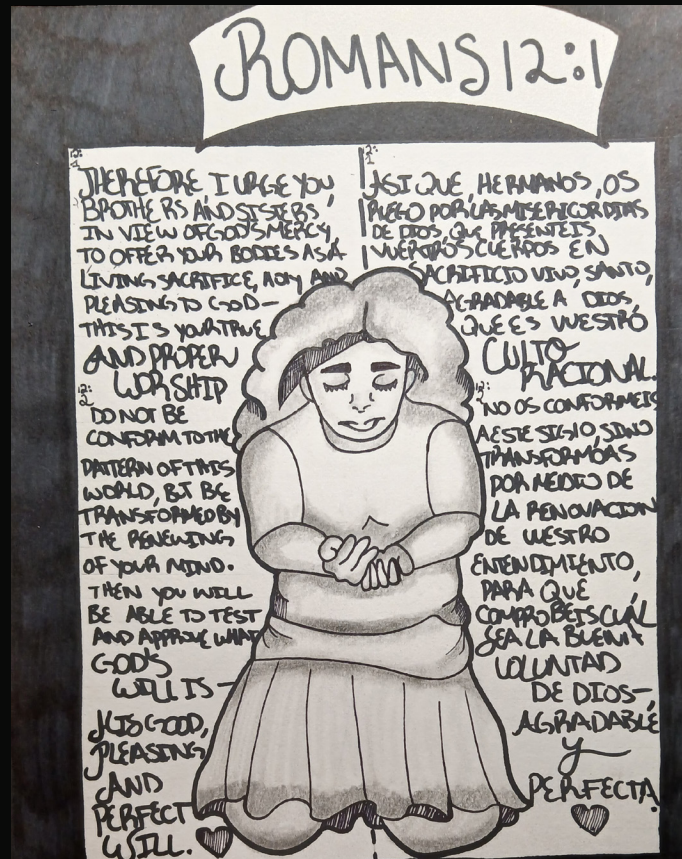
Mission

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.

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Living Sacrifice

Zolimarie Miranda-Cosme

Social Work

Class of 2027

My humble prayer is to be a living sacrifice, to continue on in suffering, and that my life may be pleasing to Him.



Standing still on a spinning planet.
Looking up, looking down,
Beauty can be found.

Knowing where to look,
In the small, in the vast,
Lost stars found a home in your eyes.

Illuminate



Jay Story

Communication

Class of 2025

This poem reflects on the beauty that is found in both faraway constellations and those close to you.



Radiance of the Son

Vincent Ortolano
Communication
Class of 2026

"As the moon reflects the sun's radiance,
so may I reflect Your glory."





The Power of Light



Emma McMurray
Communication
Class of 2025

Shadows reveal the power of light and remind us to appreciate the beauty in the little things.

I try so hard to want you.
I pray that my desire will grow.
My heart yearns for your fulfillment
but my mind has little resilience.

I want to know you, oh Lord.
To exalt you over all else.
But why am I so weak?
Why does my heart fail me every time?

Your power is made perfect in my weakness, but in
weakness will I remain?

To live in your presence is the highest honor,
the best gift I will ever receive,
I just wonder if I will ever learn to live
seeing myself as you see,
beautiful despite my weakness.

Beautiful Despite My Weakness

Lilly Rutkowski

Communication

Class of 2025

A poem about not seeing yourself
the way God sees you.



i run my fingers down the scratchy
bark of the old maple tree.
an ant hurries by just past my fingertips.
i inch further up the branch i'm perched on.

the summer breeze whisps by,
playing through the leaves and my hair.
my brother walks below, and i call out to him,
laughing as he looks up in surprise.

i'm on the top of the world in that tree,
safe between the thick branches
and leaves that smell of summer.

i climb down to a low-hanging branch,
and wrap my hands around it tightly,
before swinging down.

for a moment i'm hanging there, then i let go,
and i'm mid-air for just a moment—
a miniscule fraction of a moment—
and then my feet hit the ground.

i blink and the tree is no longer there.
nothing remains,
not even the stump my brother dug out weeks ago.
there's no sign of it ever existing.

was it all in my imagination?
the carefree summers and sunshine
and that tree that was so big,
now completely vanished.
how do good things and childhood end so fast?

i stand in the spot the tree once stood,
mourning the memories and my childhood.
"goodbye," i say, to something that is no longer
there,
something that has been ripped away from me.

it wasn't my choice—
i didn't want to give up something so good.
goodbye to the tree and to childhood.

adulthood



Lorelei Angelino
Communication
Class of 2027

I wrote this poem to mourn the loss of childhood
and capture the ache of growing up.



Sunrise in Summer

Kaylisa Montijo

Strategic Communication Leadership MA

Class of 2025

Few things can compare to the
beauty of a sunrise in summer.





Monumental Evening



Mason Smith

Media Arts

Class of 2025

This is a picture of the Washington Monument on the evening of October 31st during golden hour.

The Universe worked
All was okay
All things were in place
What more to say?

But something was missing
What more could there be?
When everything functioned
On land and on sea

So Let There Be Humor
What's missing is laughter
Enjoyment of nonsense
Even fun with what matters

And Let There Be Sadness
Crying from care
It's important to show these
It's important to share

And Let There Be Anger
Some things are not right
Hide not these wrongs
Bring them into the Light

But what about Making?
Creating things new
So Let There Be Dreaming
And let's see what you do

And joy beyond measure
Let There Be That
Doesn't seem needed
But without it, life's flat

But where shall I put these
These emotions of mine?
I'll make Man in My Image
My Creation most fine

God's Greatest Act of Creation

Jerry Salvatore
Master of Divinity
Class of 2026
My thoughts on the wonder
of God sharing with us
His emotional capacity.



I cry out to the heavens, my voice sharp and bare,
A heart split with anger, a soul laid in prayer.
I'm searching for answers, yet answers don't come,
In this season of silence, I'm left feeling numb.

But even in anger, in sorrow and fear,
There's a whisper within me that says He is near.
Though I can't hear His voice, can't feel His embrace,
His presence surrounds me, an unseen grace.

He saved me before, pulled me out from the dark,
Marked my spirit, left His love as a spark.
And though I may question, though doubts cloud my view,
I know He is steadfast, His promise is true.

I wrestle with guilt for this anger I feel,
Yet grace reminds me my wounds He will heal.
I'm ashamed of my weakness, this ache to be free,
But His love is unbroken, even with me.

For in every silence, His mercy holds fast,
In every dark moment, His light still will last.
I am not forsaken, though answers seem slow—
For even in silence, deep down, I know.

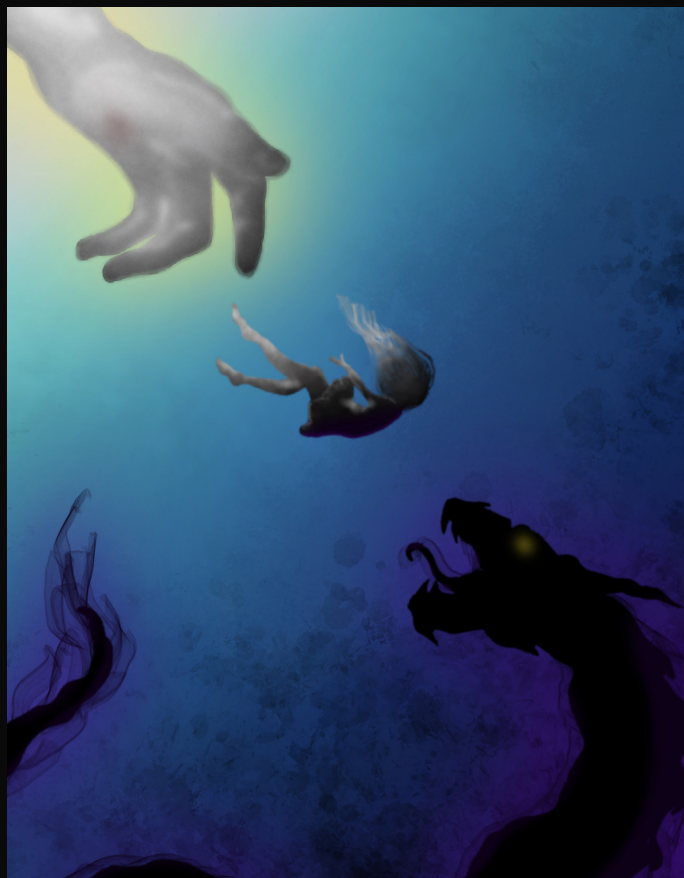
His love is forever, unwavering, whole,
A promise that anchors the depths of my soul.
So here in this waiting, I'll trust and I'll stay,
Held by His love, though it feels far away.

In the Silence I Know



Kristen Quinones
Intercultural Studies
Class of 2025

I wrote this piece during a tough season.
It serves as a reminder that even in the
silence, our pain, and our doubts, our God
is still walking with us.



Even There

McKayla Vetterani

Communication

Class of 2028

"If I take up the wings of the dawn, if I dwell in the remotest part of the sea, even there your hand will lead me, and your right hand will hold me."

Psalms 139:9-10





Through the Yukon



Clara Frey

Media Arts Production: Stage Management & Lighting
Class of 2025

This photo from the Canadian Yukon
reminds me of the beauty found in both
the distant and near areas of our lives.

Heartache has a way of manifesting itself into every little crevice of life. It hurts like hell, but you won't find me complaining about it. I don't want the hurt to go away. Feeling the pain is feeling what's missing in my life. And I want to feel that. I cling to that hurt because it's the only real feeling I have left. I feel it through the warm sensation, drinking the cup of coffee you always loved. As the overdose of creamer and sugar permeates through my tired body, it's like you're there. The mug warms my hands and as I grip it tightly, it's you reaching for my hands. The strong smell pierces my nose. I close my eyes and you're there. I listen to the old Keurig striving so hard to produce one more coffee, then one more. I envision the last cup you made for me. I run my fingers down the side of the mug that's scratched from countless trips through the dishwasher. I smile, thinking back on all the beautiful words exchanged over those precious coffee times. A cup of coffee never brought so much pain, but I drink it anyway.

Heartache

Shelby Bowers
Communication
Class of 2015

A painful yet beautiful reminder brought
to me courtesy of a cup of coffee.



Prone to wander
Lord I feel it
I feel it when my heart
Sees and wants what will never
Satisfy this soul
For this soul
Was made to be satisfied alone
In the Savior.
Prone to wander
Lord I feel it
I feel it when my heart
Thinks it can make it alone
Alone without anyone
To direct its course
Alone to create its own course.
Prone to wander
Lord I feel it
I feel it when I see
I see how my heart is deceitful.
Bind my wandering heart

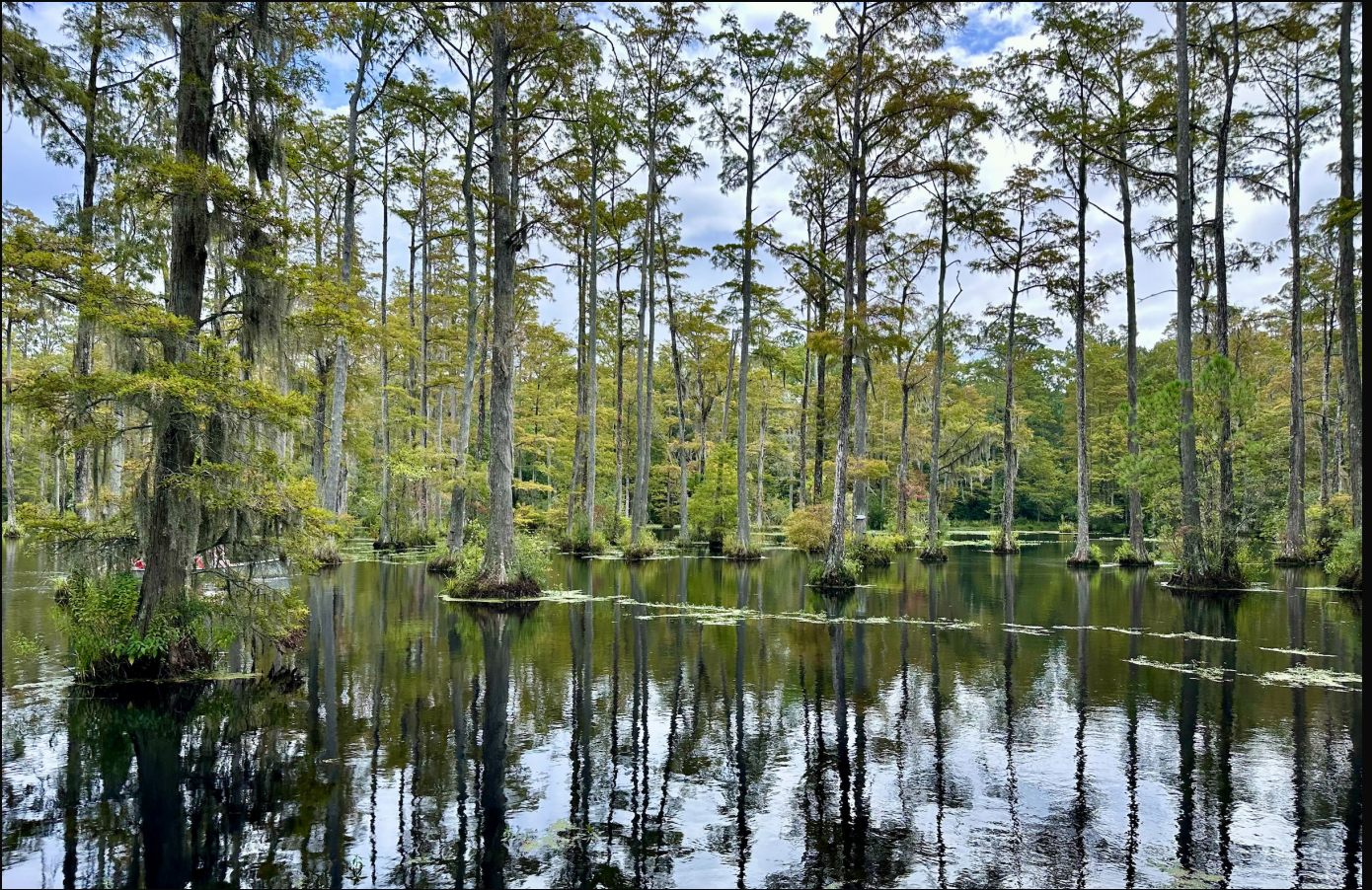
To thee and thee alone.
Bind my wandering heart
To thee and let my eyes
Be stayed on my Savior.
Oh to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be
Take my depraved and deceitful heart
Bind it ever nearer to thee
Tune my heart to sing thy grace
When I'm in the valley
When I'm in the depths
When I'm on the heights
When I'm on the mountain
Sing of thy grace
Thy grace in taking my heart
And sealing it red with blood
Sealing it red with calvary
So that now my wandering heart
Is ever bound to thee.

Bind My Heart to Thee



Hannah Shane
Communication
Class of 2026

A poem/prayer reflecting on the song,
"Come Thou Fount" and our tendency
to wander from the Father.



Swampland Reflections

Catherine Hogue
Digital Ad and Social Media Content Creator
Reflections on still water in the swamp at
Cypress Gardens in South Carolina.





First Light



Josiah Portugal

Media Arts

Class of 2028

Sunrise on the Mediterranean Sea.

In the stillness of dawn's embrace,
A whisper stirs my soul's quiet space.
Through shifting clouds and trembling leaves,
The breath of heaven softly weaves.

A sparrow sings its morning psalm,
Notes of praise that steady, calm.
The rivers hum their sacred tune,
Beneath the gaze of the waning moon.

Hands of clay, I mold and mend,
Seeking truths that never bend.
Each line, each word, a humble prayer,
A bridge to grace, suspended there.

Fingers trace the ink-stained page,
Stories freed from my soul's cage.
The rhythm of life, a steady drum,
Beating where divine echoes come.

Lord of creation, breathe through me,
Guide my pen to set souls free.
May this offering reach Your sight,
An act of worship in morning's light.

Echoes of the Divine

Tyrone Wallace

Strategic Communication Leadership MA
Class of 2025

This piece is a reflective exploration of creativity as
an act of worship, capturing the connection between
artistic expression and divine inspiration.



We are
Like the wind.

No one knows
Where we come from
Or where we're going.

God knows
Where the wind
Is going,

He sees
What we
Cannot explain.

Such comfort
Is found
At the feet
Of our King.

In His
Gracious hands

We are safe.

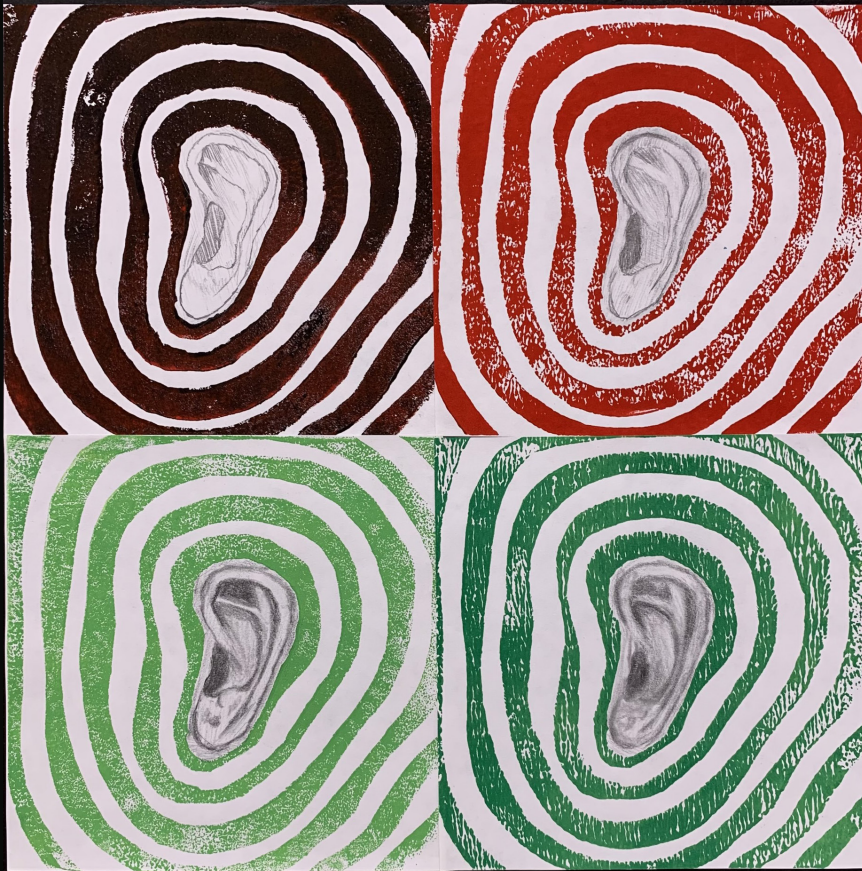
Wind



Kristin Webster

Christian Thought in the Humanities
Class of 2025

I wrote this towards the end of a rough patch,
and through it God reminded me of the
comfort and security that is found in Him
despite the chaos around us.



What's That Sound? (Misophonia)

Mina Cooper
Psychology
Class of 2027

This piece is ink and graphite on printmaking paper depicting the different emotions that may come with misophonia.





Before the Evil Days Come



Dr. Tommy Kiedis

President of Lancaster Bible College

Time takes its toll. Remember your Creator "before the evil days come."

Ecclesiastes 12:1

One first, then later Two
Met in fall semester of '22
One class to start a trend
A bond to last beyond the end

Three — person and year of adjusted fate
Changes and darkness abounded, lingered late
But one night, a meeting set a course
New life and stories came by a source

Then Four, and Five, and Six
Came in and shared their tricks
Names were shared and told
The bonds to forge and hold

Rays of gracious light
God's timing just right
Brotherhood forged
Faith restored

Late nights and superhero lore
In one semester to start much more
Games rocks and other adventures
Building up even in the class lectures

Come high waters and deep hell
Fight together, we'll have tales to tell
My brothers in Christ, ones I never had
Now five from God, thankful and glad

Adelphoi

Dustin Frantz
Pastoral Ministry/MABS
Class of 2026

A poem I wrote about a group of guys I've
gotten to know in the last year. The word
"adelphoi" is the Greek word for "brothers."



How long, oh Lord will you forget me?
My heart is crushed by sorrow's weight.
Do you see the tears that soak my pillow?
My deepening anguish is much too great.

Why from me do you hide Your face?
I long to feel Your loving gaze.
Darkness looms and grips my soul in sorrow.
When will I understand Your sovereign ways?

Consider and answer me oh Lord my God.
Lift my eyes from death's cold grasp on me.
Bring life and healing to my wounded soul.
Give glimpses of your grace and mercy.

But I have trusted in Your steadfast love.
My heart shall rejoice in Your salvation.
I will sing to the Lord for He is good.
He is my rock and my foundation.

Psalm 13 Lament Song



Denise Beverly

CML Staff

Lament is the God given avenue to bring our grief and pain to God, that leads us to healing, hope, and trust in our sovereign God.



Budding Spring at LBC

Ilana Cox

Communication

Class of 2028

It has been such a beautiful blooming
campus lately and so I bid you to
stop, and take in the moments



Charge Magazine Team



Abigayle Stitzel
Secretary



Ila Rowatti
Social Media Manager



Vincent Ortolano
Website Manager &
Graphic Designer

Letter from the Editor

Hi! I'm Lorelei Angelino, and I am so honored to be the Editor-in-Chief for Charge Magazine! This is my first semester being in this role, and I am so thankful to have learned so much about leadership and putting the magazine together from the former Editor-in-Chief, Avonlea Bitts.



I am filled with amazement by the creativity and talents that are showcased in this magazine, and I hope that as you flip through these pages, you are able to see God's truth and beauty shining through the artistic works.

I am so proud of our team's hard work and collaboration! Ila, our Social Media Manager, has been doing an amazing job running our social media, creating flyers, and designing posts to keep everyone updated and engaged. Abigayle, our Secretary, has been helping out with emails, events, and all sorts of tasks. Vinc joined our team this semester as the Website Manager and Graphic Designer, and he has been hard at work updating and designing a whole new page on our website. Thank you to Destiny Shakespeare for taking our team photos and to Hannah Shane for proofreading!

And thank *you* for reading and for supporting the voices of the LBC community!

Blessings,
Lorelei Angelino, Editor-in-Chief

Lorelei Angelino

CHARGE

MAGAZINE

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



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Charge Magazine

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