



Charge

Volume 4



Letter From The Editor

I have a question for you. What is your art motivation?

When we create biographies for our contributor section, we ask a few key questions. What is your name? What is your age? What is your major? And what was your inspiration in creating this piece?

While the facts of each contributor are important, the “why” fascinates. The “why” allows for a glimpse into the mind of the artist, filling in the gaps of the interpretation of his or her piece.

Art is a reflection of who we are, what we are thinking, and what resonates within us. It is motivated by what we experience or what we know.

The “why” adds depth.

However, if realized too quickly, an understanding of the “why” can destroy the audience’s perception of the art.

In these pages, the “why” is intended to be shared after the art is viewed. Otherwise, a raw perception of the art is tainted.

My thought for you is this: enjoy the art of Charge Volume 4 first. Look at the photos and the paintings. Read the lines of prose and poetry. And then look at the faces of the artists. Then catch a glimpse of who each individual is. The “why” contains more depth in hindsight.



Lindsey Blest
Editor-in-Chief of Charge Magazine

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Mission Statement



Charge Staff: (left to right) Aubree Poole, Joseph Brown, Lindsey Blest, Shelby Geraci. Not Pictured: Tj Ray.

As a Christian Fine Arts magazine, we exist to provide an outlet for the God-given creative talents of Lancaster Bible College students, faculty, staff and alumni. We hope to provide a rallying cry for Christians who are on the forefront of our culture, leading the charge into the battle for the preservation of morality and hope within our society.

We hope to have a compelling presence in the community, drawing unbelievers to the light of the Gospel with content that is stimulating, uplifting, and engaging. Above all, we exist to help the LBC community fulfill the charge that God has given us - to be in the world, but not of it, set apart in the uniqueness that reflects the God who created us.

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, encompassing both Christians and unbelievers alike.



Andrew Manik, a senior majoring in Biblical Studies, captured the cover photo for Charge Volume 4. The image features the Columbia-Wrightsville bridge over the Susquehanna River.

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Tulip Vase

Kayla Weaser



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The Baby Blues

Sierra Guenst

His eyes -
Chocolate,
His smile-
Woos,

He presented two CDs,
The Baby Blues.

Upon sandy beaches,
The music store lures,
With salty breezes and -
The Baby Blues.

The Blues pulled us together.

I shy,
He adoring,
Kept our space,
Until the band was
Roaring.

Motivated by rhythm and
Captivated by the other
We danced into the night,
With the Blues measure.

I smile at the thought,
And look back at all we've been through,
Sunny beaches and noisy dances
Always adoring – you.

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Simple, But Breathtaking

Kaeleigh Schuler



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A Life Given

Isaac Fabian

When he landed on the moon,
they took off to a land far away.
With a plan at hand,
they decided to take a stand.

He was a nurse, she had a purse
full of gifts and talents that at the
Father's feet they would both lay.
A new place, a new space,
in the mountains and jungles
is where God called to obey.

Yes, God is good.
He's always good.
He prepares us, cares for us,
walks through the storm with us.
In light or out of sight,
He still remains
and loves us during the pain.
To this truth they needed to hold,
for what was coming would shake their mold.

At a funeral they all stood.
Confusion and sorrow
would be felt tomorrow.
Some say his life was taken,
but his life he already gave.
He lived more than for himself,
than for his name
or for his fame.

She was left all alone,
in a jungle only to own
a few of his shirts and
a blood stain that still remained.

Healing took time.
In the dark, she held on.
She was not alone,
Jesus was guiding, providing, and defining
who she was and why she was.
Through the whisper of a promise
He gave her the strength.

A lost life
and years of strife
led by the hand of God to a place of light.
The goal had been accomplished –
It was finished.

Life could be lived,
love could be shared,
the words were heard.
This book was not just a book,
but a reflection of a life.

Years ago a different life was given.
This life brought life to all.
While this journey ended
another journey soon began.
This man is a picture of someone
who was, is, and will be.
While both are quite different,
they are both quite the same.

They both gave their life
so that others who couldn't, could be
Children of God and heirs to this thrown.
The power of Jesus is how his life is shown.

Years went by,
but the story lives on.
She stands strong
and he dances along,
but both in the hands of the Father.

Their love for each other,
the world, and the Word
paved paths for light to fight.
The message continues
and the story tells on.

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Hair Products

Joseph Brown

I don't remember the lighting in grocery stores being this harsh. I don't remember the deli meats smelling so ripe or lines at the checkout being so long. They usually aren't so long. It's the blonde two carts ahead of me who's to blame, the one who has absolutely no business being in the "20 items or less" lane.

Abbigail sits cross legged in the cart, looking up at me cross-eyed and frowning, playing with a chunk of her hair. I'm suddenly aware that at six years old perhaps she has passed the age acceptable to ride in grocery carts. She certainly looks too big to be in it. I make a mental note to start her back on her diet. My headscarf feels awkward against my scalp and I resist the temptation to adjust it, to touch it.

"Mom, can we get a candy bar?" Abbigail thinks that by using the word "we" she has a better chance of getting one.

"No."

"Pleeaasse? Or gum?"

"No." A lurch in my stomach.

I shut my eyes tightly. My mind spins and for a moment I could be anywhere. At home on the couch watching domestic court cases. In the shower feeling the hot water beat on my back. Standing in line at the grocery store with a daughter who -

"Ma'm. Do you have a rewards card?"

I blink and look at the redhead behind the counter. Resting on her shoulders is a mass of thick beautiful hair. Not beautiful. Could be beautiful, if she owned a single hair care product: detangler, essential oils, curling iron, shampoo. But I would give anything to have her hair - to have Debbie's hair, according to her peeling name badge.

I smile and feel like a skeleton. "No thank you." Debbie displays her confusion at my answer in a look that is closer to Abbigail's cross-eyes than the way a normal thirty year old should look. I pay her and leave.

In the parking lot the wind is much stronger than it was an hour earlier. If I'd have known it would get this windy I wouldn't have left my couch. I hold onto the scarf with one hand and steady the cart with the other. I make it halfway to my Prius when my stomach lurches again - bigger, sicker. Abbigail is still sprawled out in the cart so I use my other hand to clutch my gut.

Instantly I feel a gust of wind brush over the curve of my skull. My head jerks upward in shock; my arm extends aimlessly. My scarf spirals into the air before me and pauses, savoring its freedom from the sickness it was bounded to. It shoots out of sight to my left without regret, leaving my head naked and vulnerable.

Mortified, I clumsily park the cart against a nearby station wagon and stumble towards my scarf as fast as my frail, queasy self will allow. When I reach to grab the scarf, it blows away again, further. There are other people in the parking lot and they are trying desperately not to stare, though many can't help it.

I look up at Abbigail, still in the basket. Her face is twisted in a look of horror.

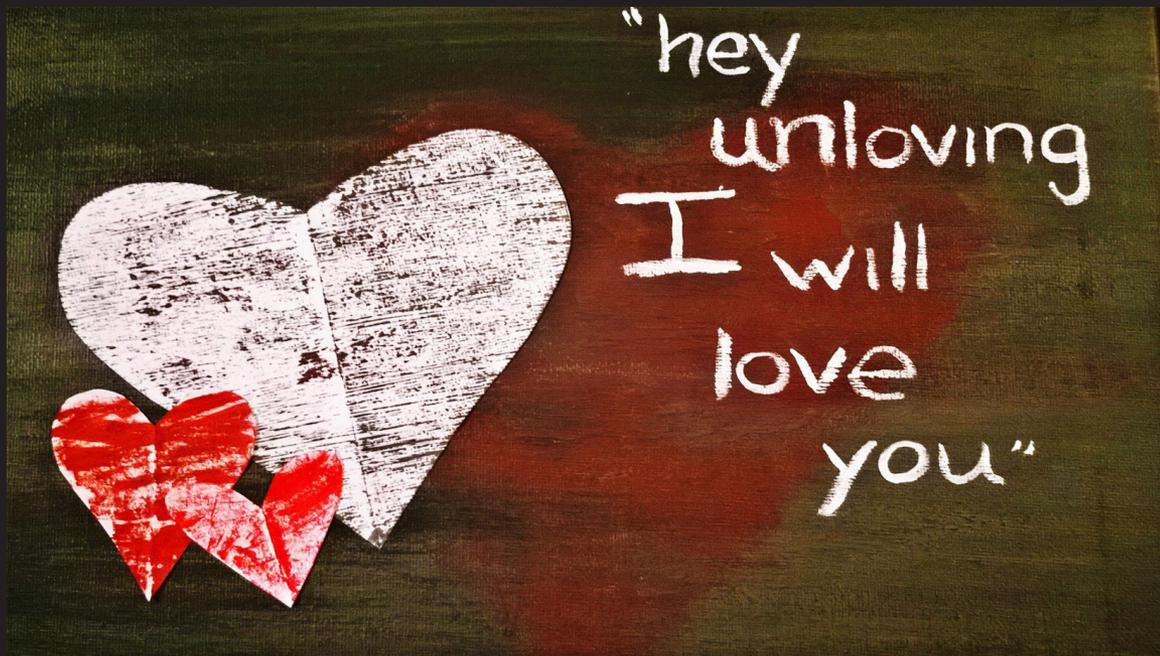
No, not horror. Hilarity. She's laughing at me.

I stare at her for a moment until my eyes start to burn. I feel fat ugly tears slide down my face as I realize I can't remember the last time I made Abbigail laugh. I can't even remember the last time I made Abbigail smile. I start laughing too, caught in some tragic gap between joy and strife. I have released; seizing with emotion until I can't feel the sadness in my stomach.

The wind has died and the sun is warm on my scalp; my scarf is stuck in a gutter across the street. Before I get into the car I stop and look at the sky. Golden clouds extend from the crown of the sun and I know that everything - me, Abbigail, and Debbie's mass of hair - will somehow be just fine.

Unloving Love

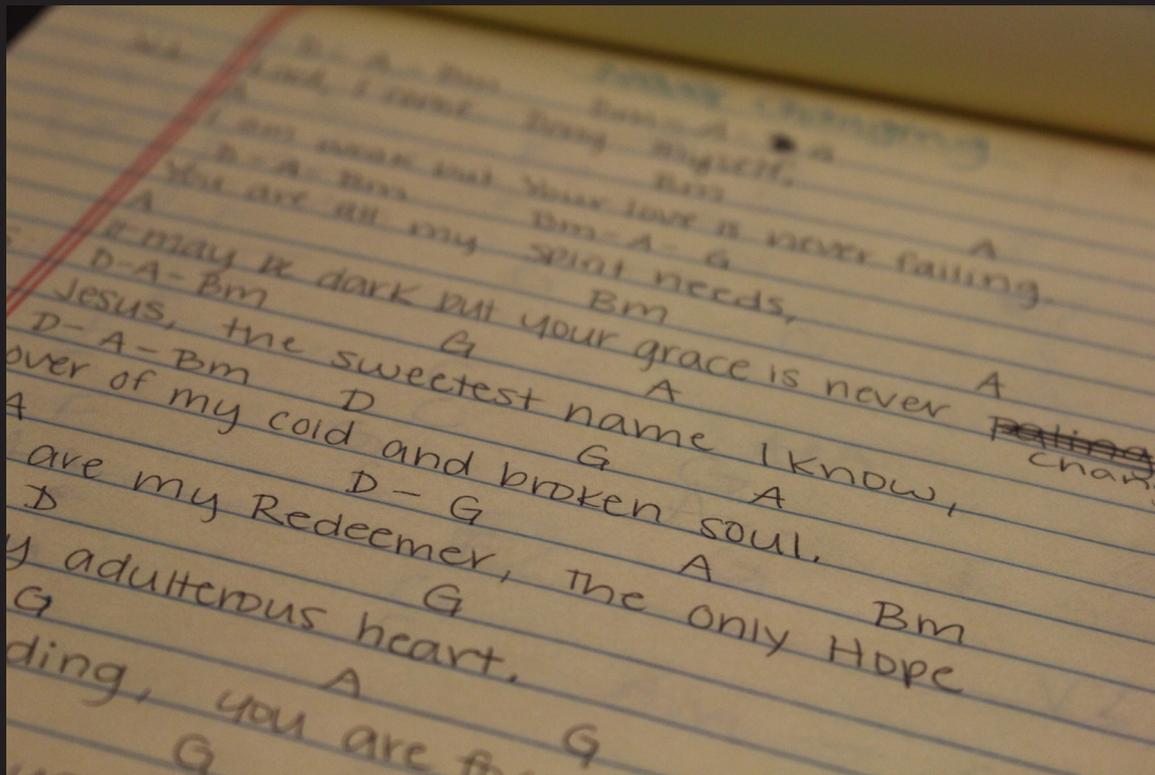
Krista Wenger



Charge | 9

Grace Unchanging

Aubree Poole



Read the full song at [Facebook.com/chargemagazine](https://www.facebook.com/chargemagazine).

Perspective

Lauren Thompson



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Nothing Ever Happened

An Excerpt, Parker Desautell

He is too tired to think. He is too hot and tired and agitated by the vacuum leak and everything and his hand is still hurting and he has a headache from all the bugs and he goes back to watching the road. Lucy lies on her stomach, fanning herself with the empty chip bag, lazily flicking away the insects that come crawling onto the blanket every now and then. Occasionally she glances up when there is a noise in the forest.

The sun goes down.

Max awakens in the pitch-black, dazed, disoriented, and it takes him a second to remember where he is and how he got there. Lucy's eyes are big and bright in the darkness, still dead-set on the trees. Max's throat is badly swollen and he has an awful taste in his mouth, of old saliva and dried fruit juice. He leans over to spit.

"Did you sleep at all?"

"No," she says. "It's only been two hours."

He knows why she hasn't slept but he refuses to bring up the topic again.

There is a throaty, coughing sound off in the distance. Max looks at Lucy. Lucy looks at Max. It's coming from somewhere up by the road.

"I'll check it out," he says.

He walks up and stands out in the middle of the pavement. He feels dizzy and uncoordinated, getting up that fast. The forest is alive with the sounds of the night, the static hiss of peepers, the soft crackle of underbrush in the breeze like wood on a fire. The air is much cooler now. All around him the trees form silhouettes against the deep purple skies. Max makes out the shape of a figure, coming slowly up the road, about 30 yards out. He can hear the soft tap of a cane against the concrete. The figure coughs, again, an almost identical cough to the last one.

"Max? Max, what is it?"

"Someone's coming up the road."

He rolls up the sleeping bag and they head into the woods. They sit together in shade of a big pine, watching, listening. They wait. The thump of the cane against the pavement becomes louder and clearer and more frequent. Finally the figure comes into view. It's a tall, gangling, hunched-over figure, in a hoodie, something like an anorak—or is that a parka? Max can't tell. Why anyone would be wearing an anorak or a parka in the middle of August is beyond him. The figure walks at a clumsy gait, leaning almost all its weight on the wooden cane.

"Just an old guy out for a walk. Nothing to worry about," he says, trying to sound confident.

Lucy gently brushes aside a pile of foliage to get a better look.

"Um, you seriously want me to believe that some random old guy is just out for a walk? At this time of night? And this far from civilization?"

The figure stops just before the jeep. It stands there for a few seconds, then walks around and disappears on the other side. It's then that Max remembers: he forgot to lock the car. Of all the things he could've forgotten. Of all the things.

He slowly advances from behind the tree.

"Max, where are you going?"

He makes out the vague outline of a face through the cold blue light of the driver's window. There are a million features he can assign to that face, and a million intentions. He's not taking any chances.

Read the full story at [Facebook.com/chargemagazine](https://www.facebook.com/chargemagazine).



Reflections

Marianna Bewersdorf

This is the extent of the mercy of God-
He chooses to love us,
even in our filth.

No more must we shout,
“Unclean!”

Like the leper that he ripped
the oozing sores from.

The oozing stench of sin
plagues us no more,

when covered in the blood of
Christ,

Our LORD.

His love washes whiter than snow-
Don't you know that?

This is the extent of the mercy of God.

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Go

Lindsey Blest



Face I Never Saw

Morgan Bennett

The day I met You
You seemed so real
Yet You are nothing
I can touch or feel.

You seem so close to me
But when I turn
There's nothing to see
Still inside me You burn.

I can't live without You
You're my day, my night
Yet You have never been
Right here in my sight.

You lead me along life's darkened paths
They're windy as could be
When morning arrives who was my guide
There's none that I can see.

I miss the face I never saw
The voice I've never heard
The way You've touched my heart
I can feel and know You are Lord.

I find my needs are always met
Before I even ask
Who on earth could know my thoughts
My life and secret acts?

I see your works here and there
And everywhere I turn
But where to see You here on earth
I have yet to learn.

You speak to my heart
Yet there is no noise
So why can't ears hear
That audible voice?

Eyes that watch me every day
Are they brown or are they blue
I feel Your love so strongly
That I wish I could just see You.

I miss the face I never saw
The voice I've never heard
But one day when You call my name
I'll long for You no more.

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An African Paintscape

Evan Smith



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Charge

In Our Nature

Nathan Grimley

The trees struggle to breathe out the air we need
As we only inhale life to hide it deep within our lungs
Overwhelmed by darkness

A moon incapable of reflecting the light of the sun
Creation groans, and we feel the same burden, hoping to be restored
Can You bring us home, we are tired and weary, waiting to wait no more
As we lift You higher will You bring us closer
Do not wait for this world to be over
As we lift You higher will You bring us closer
For we desire Your overexposure

I am trying to escape the pain life costs to live
tired of refilling my cracked soul that is perpetually draining
There are gaping holes in my holiness which bears heavy doubts to the validity
of my saving

The more perfection I want, the less I am gaining
while praying that these words I write will heal me
Why do I forsake the very reason why these words have meaning
God be my only foundation and replace the crutches on which I'm leaning
I know You are watching over us but please be intervening
When I desire Your touch Your breath is so deceiving
I have less faith in my faith than in what I'm believing

If we have already been saved why are we still headed towards the grave
Seeking shelter in the rocks again
Where is your grace as we cave in

Feel the mountains tremble
Feel the winds scatter
Feel the earth shake
Feel the seas roar
Feel our bodies crumble
Feel our hearts break
Feel our souls numb waiting to wait no more...

Charge

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Lost in the Dross

Justin Daniel Braswell

I once was lost in darkest night,
sinning with young women and fighting the wrong fights.
Smoking "Bob Marley" getting high as a kite,
obliviously thinking everything was alright.

Sin promised joy and life,
but it cut like a knife.
It lead me to the grave,
to my lust I was a slave.
Yea I thought I knew the way,
get sober 30 days, go to church but never stay.

I had no hope, at the end of my rope.
lungs choked up with smoke,

How could God ever own a rebel to His will,
when all my heart did was rob, steal, and kill.
If He had not loved me first,
I know I'd refuse Him still.

I was running fast pace a hell bound race,
looking in the mirror I despised that face.
I had no place, couldn't recognize grace.
Drunken red eyes burning up like mace.

I was indifferent to the cost,
trying to be my own boss.
If there was any gold,
It was lost in the dross.

You looked upon my helpless state,
a sinner reprobate.
That means I wasn't worried, wasn't sorry, didn't care.
But thank you Jesus that you didn't leave me there.
You came to this earth in flesh, bones, and hair,
left Heaven to be scorned, how could I say life's not fair?

The night I wrecked the car was a pretty bad scare,
You were watching over me, but still I didn't care.

Again you looked upon my wretched helpless state.
and led me to the cross, to see a love so great.
And I beheld God's love displayed,
you suffered in my place.
You bore the wrath reserved for me,
now all I know is grace.

Riding the Melody

Andrew Veltri



Charge

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Nameless

Emily Molchan

Rape.

A modern day profanity.

We sweep it under the rug like dirt & dismiss it before our breath
returns from the shock of these 4 letters.

It has the power to strip innocence and confine us to a cage
where the predator melts the key molded out of pure hatred while
disguising their crime with an act designed for admiration.

Yet despite this act suffused in pure selfishness, the cross and
the holes on the Savior's hands have the authority to dissolve this
solitary confinement.

Love.

A modern day misunderstanding.

Something most of us desire, but few have ever really shared.

As the words slipped from his mouth
and the curtain was torn, love gained meaning.

"It is finished."

Through that tree on which his
bloodstained hands were bound to by rusty nails,
Our chains of hate, and our hearts abounding with spite,
are abolished and made pure.

Those scars heal her wounds and allow this
broken prisoner to be set free.

Last Moments in Israel

Amanda Rose Principato



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Muddy Creek Falls

Shelby Geraci



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Charge

Uninvited Lessons

Stefan Smith

I break through the barriers
You set in my life
Look past the decisions
That took your future out of sight

You didn't see the hope
That could've made your breath matter
You just took that needle
And watched your dreams shatter

I was always told
That your laugh was contagious
You'd light up that room
Like nobody else, they'd say this
I wish I could just see it
To see you at your best
Even when you hid the scars
Buried underneath your chest

I wish they didn't judge you
I wish they just loved you
I wish they didn't show you hatred
But told you, you could make it

Cause even a gloomy moon's reflection
Can show the light
A man with no direction
Still has a reason to fight
A man with no good intentions
Can still choose what's right
A man with no vision
Still has sight

You just had to look
Look past the corruption
To understand that the
Idols led to nothing

The heroin that filled your veins
That caused you pain
That controlled your brain
That made you go insane
Was not an unbreakable chain

People tell me I shouldn't
Think about my past
They say it's only my future I should grasp
They say I can't learn anything
From the life you lived

Cause the decisions you made
Have nothing to give
But dad I don't listen
I think of you often

I try to understand
The purpose of your coffin
I try to understand
Why you wanted to be forgotten

I try to understand
Why you thought your life was rotten
Cause that is far from the truth
You were just strapped to a bomb
You didn't know how to diffuse

So you did teach me something
That no matter the mess
I will never give up on the people
Society defines helpless
Or turn my back
On someone who's in distress
Because they're lost
And they forget what it feels like to be blessed

And so I want to live
My life so I can prove
That no matter your situation
It can be renewed
And no matter the chains
They can be removed
Because the life we live
Is not a life to lose

Cause even a gloomy moon's reflection can
show the light
A man with no direction
Still has a reason to fight
A man with no good intentions
Can still choose what's right
A man with no vision
Still has sight.

You just have to look.

Charge

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Freedom

Michael Bright

I never thought of freedom as something you find on the inside.
I never thought that being free was something you find in surrendering.
I never thought that freedom could be found in letting someone else take control.
But they never share that part,
It's deception at its finest.

We have been drinking the koolaid y'all.
Marching for freedom, fighting for freedom, writing song and singing about freedom.
But it's not freedom if it's not for everyone.
It's not freedom if it's at the expense of one who can't afford it.
It's not freedom if the one giving their life doesn't have the power to take up again.
It's not freedom if my children are weeping and starving. It's not freedom if I can't
spread the words because I don't know them.

It's not freedom,
it's bondage, its prison,
it's Auschwitz,
it's triangular trade,
it's Jim Crow,
it's Sallie Mae,
What you call freedom has got good fences, and mirrored walls, and glass ceilings.
I can't walk out, and no matter how hard I try I just can't seem to reach the top.

Or can I?
Am I willing to buy it.
Am I willing to sell it.
Am I willing to make up someone's mind for it.
Am I willing to steal it from someone else.
Whose blood do I have to spill.
Whose mother or father do I have to kill.
How hard do I have to hustle to make your fifteen cents my dollar.
How many of my sisters have to become nameless, how many my brothers have to
become faceless.
Trading the image and grace of the creator for a thong and a dime bag.
For in the Land of the free and the home of the brave don't ever try to own cause it will
send you to your grave.

To your grave hopeless and hungry.
To your grave afraid and confused.
To your grave angry and abused.
To your grave, that what "freedom" wants for you.
To your grave never really know the truth.

Don't buy in, and don't sell out.
Instead take the spirit in that He might show on the in and the out.
For true freedom belongs to God, and not in man's hands.
It came in the power of the Son, not in pointing a gun.
It's freedom that tells me to let my children live, for God is the giver of life.
Freedom is the power to let the great plan unfold, without fear.
Freedom is to know who made today, tomorrow, and forevermore.
For God is the same today and tomorrow and forevermore.
Knowing He who holds all is freedom
By his hands called I came inside of the fold
Free to sit at His feet
Free to be slain in His Spirit and out of my will
Now I am free.

Cloud Nine Weeks

Kate Blest

Splashing water.
Laughter.
Echoing across the lake
Canoeing fun.

Sweat, Arizona tea. Joy.
Sunshine in the trees.
A perfect camp summer.

Mocs, socks, adventure.
Starry skies and open eyes.
Moments I cannot forget.

Charge

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I'm Staying

Matthew Mann

I am choking on the darkness which surrounds my heart, piercing me like a dart
Destroying the breath of life so willfully given to me
Consuming me with strife, darkening my entire life
Why was I even given this time? There is no more sunshine
The Sun has set, it is time to give up on this test

All I know is suffering, a gift which was laid out for me
My heart wants the gift, choosing no other way
But to stay in its own defeat
Living in its ignorance it decided, No it lusted living in its own despair

It cries out in pain, enduring the suffering it chose this day
It sickens me to see, this disease inside of me
The pain it so willingly claims, I too have to proclaim the pain inside my brain
Oh the tragedy inside of me, can't you see what my real calamity could be?
Distracting from my heart's own despair
Keeping me from the help which I need inside so dear

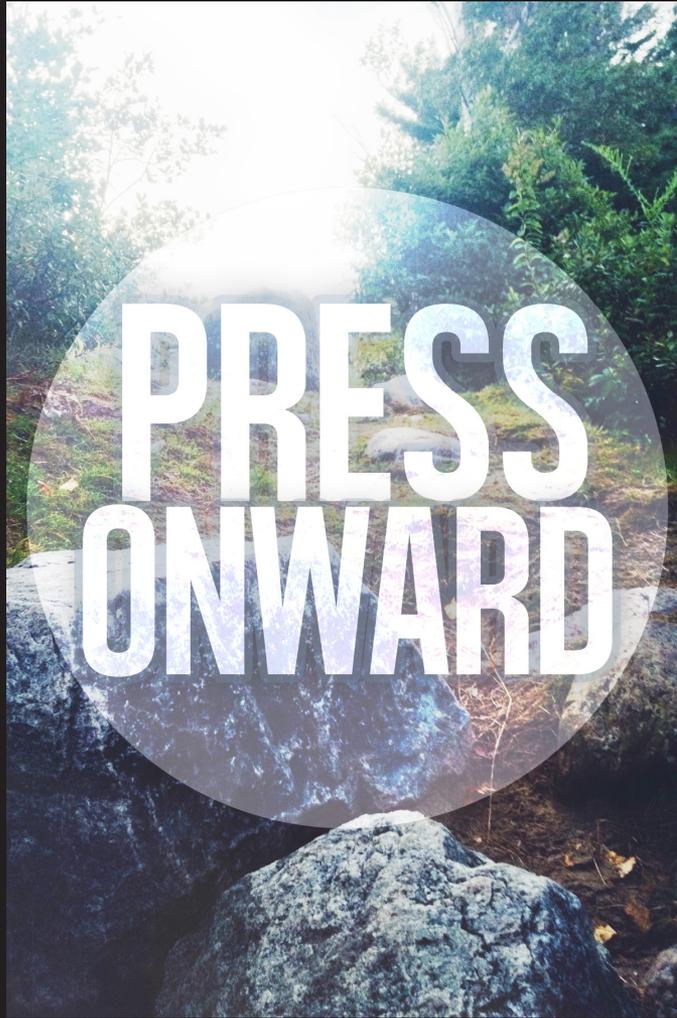
I need to break free from all of that guilt, pain, and tears
I am chained down, not knowing what will happen now
Loosing hope in my heart, let it die with that missing part...

"But wait" the voice says "let's not stop there
I know someone who dares to care about that despair"
He feels my pains knowing how much this world needs released from its chains
He understands the cost to save the lost
Paying that curse which I have no amount to pay from my purse
The love He showed that day keeps me standing here today
Because there is no exception but only through His resurrection

I finally get new breath keeping me from my death
I was once chained down by my frown
Now I am set free by the love poured out for me
Giving me new life the breath the way
To finally be able to say, "I want to stay"

Press Onward

Grant Noel & Damien Weidner



Charge

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Contributors



Morgan Bennet is a sophomore majoring in Music Composition. She wrote this poem as a song of worship to God.



Marianna Bewersdorff is in her junior year of the Middle Level education program. She penned her poem while reading through Leviticus 15 and Luke 17.



Kate Blest is in her sophomore year as a Middle Level Education major. Her inspiration for "Cloud 9 Weeks" was the summer she spent as a counselor at Camp Orchard Hill.



Lindsey Blest is a junior in the Communication program. She snapped her photo while doing a photo-documentary of crosswalk behaviors in Lancaster City.



Justin Daniel Braswell is a senior majoring in Pastoral Studies. His piece is based on his own faith journey and Sovereign Grace's song "All I Have is Christ."



Michael Bright studies Spiritual Formation as a senior. He writes in response to the question "what does freedom look like?"

Contributors

Senior, Joseph Brown is studying Communication. His short story is partially based on the years when his mother battled breast cancer.



Parker Desautell, a freshman studying Communication, wrote his short story to capture the nature of demise in a romantic relationship and how haunting it is to pretend conflict does not exist.

Isaac Fabian is in his junior year of studying Pastoral Ministry. His poem is based on his grandparents' mission work with the "Nabak" people of Papua New Guinea.



Shelby Geraci is a sophomore majoring in Communication. She captured her photo while observing the beauty of God's creation at a favorite family vacation spot.



Nathan Grimley studies Spiritual Formation and Discipleship as a junior. His piece is a reflection on his questions, doubts, and fears in regards to God and his faith.



Sierra Guenst is a freshman studying Communication. She originally wrote her piece as a short story and turned it into a poem.



Contributors



Senior, Matthew Mann, is a Student Ministry major. He wrote his poem while reading Job as a reflection on the pain he felt during a time of depression and how Christ offers hope in dark times.

Emily Molchan is a junior majoring in Social Work. She wrote her poem to address rape with the idea in mind that inexplicable things happen, but that does not mean that Christ is not big enough to purpose those events.



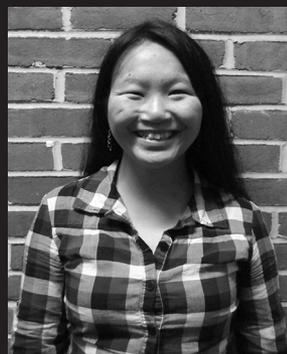
Grant Noel is a Worship Arts senior, and Damien Weidner is a Student Ministry junior. As they were looking at photos Damien had taken, Grant decided to add text to this one.

Aubree Poole, a sophomore majoring in Communication, took this photo of a piece of music she wrote. She describes it as an outpouring of amazement at God's consistent love and faithfulness towards her wandering heart.



Amanda Rose Principato is a junior in the Women in Christian Ministries program. She created her painting in remembrance of a scene she witnessed while travelling in Israel.

Kaeleigh Schuler is studying Intercultural Studies as a senior. She took her photo as a means to capture God's beauty that takes her breath away.



Contributors

Junior, Evan Smith, studies Spiritual Formation and Discipleship. His inspiration was to try a different type of landscape and to paint it for a friend who took the photo.



Stefan Smith is a junior studying Biblical Studies. He wrote his piece to express something he wishes his dad would have known.

Junior, Lauren Thompson, studies Communication. She captured her photo during a thunderstorm while flying. The scene reminds her of Isaiah 55:9.



Andrew Veltri is in his sophomore year as a Pastoral Ministry major. His art was inspired by a picture he saw on an airline magazine while on his way home from a mission trip.



Kayla Weaser is a sophomore studying Intercultural Studies. She was inspired by impressionistic paintings throughout history.



Krista Wenger is a junior majoring in Social Work. Her painting is a reflection of how she is so unworthy of God's love, yet He loves her anyway.





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