“As practice makes perfect, I cannot but make progress; each drawing one makes, each study one paints, is a step forward.” Van Gogh

Waynessence, the literary magazine of The University of Akron Wayne College, is published for the campus community to provide an audience for aspiring writers and artists. All materials are published with the consent of the contributors, who accept full credit for their work. All rights to the writing and artwork presented here are retained by the authors/artists. Artists, photographers, and writers have produced their own work independently. Their proximity in Waynessence does not necessarily reflect the intentions of authors or artists.

Each fall, all poems submitted to Waynessence are entered into our poetry contest. Each spring, awards are given to the artwork or photographs that appear on the Spring Waynessence front and back covers.

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Special Acknowledgments from the Staff

God, for guiding us
Susanna Horn
John Lorson
Carolyn Freelon
Dean Jack Kristofco
All the Writing Instructors
Fred del Guidice
SOPAC
Everyone who submitted to Waynessence

Editor's Note

From the very beginning, I had my doubts about being editor-in-chief, thinking those "what did I get myself into?" cliches. However, I really enjoyed being editor! I thank God for working with Carolyn, John and Sue, the awesome crew that played a vital role in the making of Waynessence Literary Magazine. In addition, I would like to thank the following people: Nikki, Emily, Theresa and Steve. Moreover, I hope and plan to work with them on the next issue of Waynessence.

cocktail.

Opposites Attract?

“Describe you,” he said.
“Sunshine, music, crafts and sweet tea.
Thunder, lightening, oceans and seas.
Children and ink, caring and kind.
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“Describe you,” she said.
“Power and money, fortune and fame.
Feared and handsome, a household name.
Smart and clever, cars and clothes.
Someone everyone wants to know.”

I get it, she said with lowered head and disappointed eyes.

– Theresa Mountel

Co-Advisors' Note

You never know what wonderful ideas might flow from the minds of truly creative people if given a bit of inspiration. Waynessence is just such an inspiration for the folks around here. Each semester the best of the Wayne College community’s art, writing and photography end up on the table in front of an editorial staff that does its best to assemble all of it into a publication capable of capturing the thoughts, feelings and mood of our campus. As advisors, we’ve had it easy this time around, benefiting from the experience of Editor-in-Chief Mike Vamos and Assistant Editor Steve Reutter, both returning from last year’s staff.

Waynessence also saw the benefit of the formation of a brand-new sister organization on campus: the Wayne College Writers’ Club. We, along with our WCWC co-advisor Debra Johanyak have been thrilled with the creativity and camaraderie, not to mention the editorial contributions of this fine group. Writers’ Club president Teresa Mountel also pulls duty as a Waynessence assistant editor, and several pieces in this edition of Waynessence were inspired by the Writers’ Club meeting venue—the Barnet-Hoover Farmhouse here on campus. This edition should do well in illustrating the beginnings of what we anticipate will be a long and productive relationship between the two organizations.

Dr. Susanna K. Horn, co-advisor
John L. Lorson, co-advisor

Let us not forget our submissions from both students and staff members alike; thank you. Last but not least, I thank God for inspiring all of us in the creation of this literary masterpiece. In the future, I strongly encourage students and staff members to continue to bring in fresh new ideas to enhance Waynessence. Moreover, I encourage them to either submit work(s), join the Waynessence staff, or both! Future issues of Waynessence, here I come!

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Sippin' Stripes

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It’s a Fine Line Between You and Us, Buddy
– Mitchell Engstil

Staff

Editor-In-Chief
Mike Vamos

Assistant Editor
Steve Reutter

Editorial Staff
Emily Curie
Nikki Hall
Theresa Mountel

"Art is not what you see, but what you make others see." ~ Edgar Degas

Note: The Waynessence staff reserves the right to choose and edit written submissions as well as art and photography based on length, technical accuracy, and audience considerations.

Over You
Like the Moon & Stars
– John C. Lorson
I pushed your bones
Across hardened furrows.

Wheelbarrow whispering
into my silent universe.

Splintered, cracked, rusted,
Relic, no older than you.

I dug.

Men live too long,
Longer than dogs,
Longer than wheelbarrows.

Orion watched.
Timeless, lucky one,
His dogs run with him forever.

- John C. Lorson
Two Years

It's been two years
And things have changed
I'm a little less bitter
A little more strange

But one thing will never change
And that's missing you
I miss having someone
To see me through

I miss the calls, the hugs, the notes
I miss the letters, the laughter, the jokes

It's been two years
And things have changed
Sometimes I'm not sad
Sometimes there's pain

But one thing will never change
And that's missing you
I miss loving someone
Who loves me too

I miss my arm on your shoulders with yours round my waist
I miss the synchronization, the trust, the faith

And I miss being able to cry
With you by my side
Not asking me why
Because you know
That I just need to let go
But I don't want to be alone

I miss you

– Molly Pierson
My Pride

The time had finally come, and I was notably a nervous wreck and quite sick as well. Today was the day for me to take my G.E.D. test.

There was no more studying I could possibly have done to prepare for what lay ahead, exactly thirty minutes from now, as long as it would take to get over to the school, as that would be test time. This is it; I have finally done it.

My belly was yelling at me, but I was too nervous to eat; I wanted to get the test over and done with. My nose was running out of control, and my eyes were so sore and watery that I couldn't help but think of just making it through the door. That would be an accomplishment.

Full of excitement, I walked into the school to get registered and signed in, wearing a smile a mile long, carrying Kleenex in one hand and pencils in the other. I was ready.

I noticed there were only about ten of us that would be taking the test. Everyone looked just as nervous as I felt. A lady came to take us to the room where we would take the test, finally. We were all seated according to numbers with instructions to not have anything on the desk but our pencils. It was then time to fill out the answer sheet with basic information; then, the test would begin.

Every five minutes I wiped my nose or my eyes, wondering "will I ever get through this section?" The instructor came, bringing me more Kleenex, saying she hoped I felt better. I only hoped to pass. Each section of the test seemed to be getting longer and longer; my eyes were so sore and watery, it was pretty hard to read.

It was time for the last section of the test, and I had forty-five minutes to complete it. That seemed like forever. The words in the section were starting to get blurry, and my head was pounding, but I finished my test with a smile, feeling proud I had even sat down to take it. The hard part now was waiting on my results in the mail, which could take up to three weeks.

Everyday for the next two weeks I checked the mail promptly, waiting and wanting my test results. I had never been so impatient about anything before. The results just couldn’t get here fast enough. It had taken me ten years; I figured to take the test, another couple days wouldn’t kill me. Just as I was thinking it would be another week or so, it came in the mail.

I was so excited when it came, I didn’t even open it. The outside of the envelope said “DIPLOMA enclosed” that was enough for me. Suddenly I was very proud and excited for what I had accomplished. All my hard work had paid off. I was a graduate!

– Stacy Mollohan

Someday A Teacher

I timidly sat in the chair next to the old woman. She looked at me kindly with pale blue eyes from beneath her long, curly grey hair. This opportunity is so exhilarating that I am barely able to contain my delight. I begin, “What is your biggest inspiration?”

“I am not inspired to write,” was her reply. The look of confusion on my face was apparent, I’m sure, but before I could ask for an explanation, she continued. “Rather, I write about what I learn and I’ve learned from children and potato chips, from clouds and foreign cultures. I’ve learned from busy weather my mistakes. Funny sounds can teach us plenty and brightly colored material is most interesting. Follow the senses. Stretch the truth. Poke around. Sit quietly and listen to EVERYTHING.”

I hoped that my silence explained the awe she instilled in me. I understood what she meant, her writing reflected it perfectly, and why didn’t I see that before?

I had many questions to ask her that late summer afternoon, but felt the need for only one more. So in a genuinely admiring tone I asked, “May I call you Theresa?”

She replied, “Absolutely.”

– Theresa Mountel
Fight At the Tracks

Shut up, jackass! Take it back!

Words echoed through the fog
Casting shadows on the tracks
The anger in his eyes flickered
With the chug of the oncoming train

I won’t take it back! You know it’s true!

Dust replaced air in our lungs
As push finally came to shove
His fist pummeled my eye, and I swung back
Until my knuckles hit his spine and he fell

Gary? Get up, dude! We gotta go!

Whistles screamed through the air
His body didn’t hear their warning
The furious wheels crushed his body
Without a second thought.

– Amanda Weyant

Forever Love

They say that love is one soul
In two bodies.
Yet
even our bodies have become intertwined
growing together
like the twisted branches
of a dogwood.
Our hearts sing the same song
In a crescendo of
Children
And happiness
Ending softly with the peaceful chords of
Sleep.

We walked the roads of life
Together
through storms and sunshine
Like the Sun
And the Moon
We guided our family
Through triumphs and tragedies
Now
We are the Stars that watch them
Silently from above.

– Amanda Weyant

Storm Of the Century
– Krystal Cole

Tranquility On the Rocks
– Lisa Gallagher
Rest In Peace
– E. Susanne Palmquist

A little more work to be done.

The fields may look empty, the hay all a pile
But thinking of rest time? It will still be a while.
It’s true that the colors of autumn have come
signifying that another season is gone.

But before the tools are stored away,
Before the tractors in the barns will stay,
before the snow begins to lay,
before the Bishop family can share their day

There’s a little more work to be done.

– Theresa Mountel

Haikus Of the Hoover House

Farmhouse, barn, and shed
Quiet Midwest harvest time
Collie’s world ablaze

Welcoming portals
Once a cramped and noisy house
Joy of life remains

Wireless campus
Horses under the hoods now
Sun still blesses all

– Susanna K. Horn

– painting by LaVonne Lorson
It's strange how things work out
How a friendship that lasted so long
Can wither and die in an instant
How bitterness and resentment can bubble
With just a name

It's strange how things work out
How you can spend years without someone
And miss them every day
How you yearn to hear a voice again
Even when it's awkward

It's strange how things work out
How the memories are always
Just below the surface
How they make you want to cry
When you remember

– Molly Pierson

How Things Work Out

Tick Tock
– Shayna O’Bryan

For Brenda
With apologies to Robert Frost

Whose words these are I think I know.
Her voice is in my memory, though.
She will not mind my stopping here
To watch the void fill up with snow.

Her children must have thought it queer
For her to stop with them so near
When they still need her warmth to take
From day to day and year to year.

Her voice gives me a gentle shake
To warn me from the grave mistake
Of deafness to the easy sweep
Of chiming children in our wake.

Her life was lovely, ours to keep.
We have her promises to keep.
And miles to go before we sleep.
And miles to go before we sleep.

– Kathleen Hothem

Butterfly
– Shayna O’Bryan

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When they still need her warmth to take
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Her life was lovely, ours to keep.
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And miles to go before we sleep.
And miles to go before we sleep.
The Gift

Saturated hopefulness, sheathed in steel.
Enthusiasm permeating solid stone.
Optimism seeping through seamless casing.
Pleasure felt in a numb mind.
Intellect escaping a sealed cell.
Siphon
Utilize
Appreciate

- Theresa Mountel

You Missed A Spot
- Mitchell Engstli

Catagelophobia

Catch me daydreaming
Acting immature
Telling secrets
Asking silly questions
Guessing at an answer
Evaluating my work
Listening to me sing
Offering my opinion
Pretending
Hopefulness
Opening up
Believing
Inventing
Attempting new things

- Theresa Mountel

Glorious Moment
- Mitchell Engstli
Return To Innocence

Dedicated to my oldest daughter, Jennifer, a victim and a Survivor.

Walking past the painting—a portal to a time of multiple pleasures—a time of safety-sameness, security, continuity.

The man in the scene, once a little boy, gazing towards the past, long, summer days full of promise-tadpoles and fireflies, popsicles, potato chips, cotton candy, BBQ.

Ice cold water, burning her throat, drunk greedily from the green, coiled snake of a garden hose, the salty sweat of summer, succulent bite of the first, fresh sweet-corn.

Hot-she smelled the dry, dusty ground—sweating—the tall grass—hiding her shame, the bumps against his/her back, run, fight, pressure, biting insects, numbness, trickling. Where did the fun in this day go?

Making her way back to the farmhouse, hear me, see me, help me, save me.

She wanted the man/little boy/herself in the painting before destruction, when trust and belief was enough, was everything, a return to innocence.

– Jean L. Calvert
**August Memories**

You've spent nights walking through my dreams
And circling my heart til I finally let you in.

There's nothing about you I can't resist.

With every kiss, every touch,
I remember that Friday night
When we drove in your old Ford
Til we couldn't see the lights of town.
The August moon hung low in the midnight sky
And the stars painted scenes of the John Denver song
That played on the radio.
All that is beautiful and pure about the world
Lived in that moment when you took my hand.
Together we walked through the cool grass to the river
And swam in its silvery depths.
We waltzed to the tune of the crickets all night long
And sang love songs to the sparrows as the sun came up.
Lavender and sassafras filled the air
As our souls ran wild into forever.

— Amanda Weyant
An Icicle

Size of a woolly mammoth member,
Hangs from the corner of my roof
Threatening to have its way
with my frozen driveway
And father
the next
Ice Age.

— John C. Lorson
After the Rain

Have you ever felt lonely or down in any way?
and it follows you throughout every second of the day?

Your heart aches and is filled with pain.
and you want to cry with the might of a summer rain.

Although you may not see it, or maybe you never tried,
there is a silver lining to everything, even life.

And love, not hate, is what lingers long after the light fades away,
constantly reminding us that it is here to stay.

So, though the world is filled with so much sadness and pain
if looking closely, you can always see the rainbow after the rain.

No matter who you are and no matter where you go,
always remember to look closely for the hidden rainbow.

– Julie Bright

October

– Anthony Marini
Heading North
- Jane Piepho

The Summit
- Gordon R. Beals
More than we will pay the price
So since we have the ability
We must take care of every moment
Live our life to the fullest
Of what we say we believe
We must not live just for the moment
But keep in mind that God always sees
How we take care of every moment

At the end of our life
As we look through the past
Will we be satisfied
That we lived our life to the fullest
Of what we said we believed
Did we live not for the moment
But kept in mind that God always sees
How we take care of every moment

– Nathanael Pritt

My Country
– Gordon R. Beals
Take Care Of Every Moment

If I could look into the future and see
How the decisions I make today
Affect what I would see
Then I would live my life differently
To be sure my mistakes don’t get in the way
Of who I want to be
But since I don’t have that ability
I must take care of every moment
Live my life to the fullest
Of what I say I believe
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We all can choose from right and wrong
Because we all have sung that same ole’ song
What we sow we will reap
But many times we do what we feel is right
And push our common sense aside

Coo’ As Me

Street lights are the stars tonight.
Breeze blows my hair just right.
For wherever I may go...
The only thing that shows,
Is my style, my car, and my Mojo!
The rhythm of my car sedates me,
As I turn left... on Mortar State Street.
The click, click, click of the arrow,
Color teal,
Complements,
The tick, tick, tick of the keys
On my steering wheel.
Green means go. Red means stop.
As I cruize by my friends, their jaws all drop.
For my ride is the high ride as we all can see.
Too bad not everyone could be as
Coo’ as me.

– Michelle McMaster

Sunbathing Beauty

– Lisa Gallagher
Motion Interrupteaus

When my son Jake said, “cut the rain, mom,” I asked what he meant,
Outside in the rain we stood, at odds with each other,
My eyes drinking in his bruised surprise at my response.
“Cut the rain, Mom; look—the rocks under the trees cut the rain,” I did see, I did see, I saw what Jake meant, my son, whose special sight, his view of the world filtered through an autistic lens; the rocks cut the rain stopped it from reaching the ground.
Sharp, tough pebbles; these stoppers of rain,
Ruining the path of the droplets, curving their cool wetness,
The splashes hitting the rocks, wavering for a moment,
The path from cloud to ground,
Motion interrupteaus.
I wanted to say, I saw, I understood, the words caught in my throat, “cut” in my throat, Like the rain on the rocks,
Instead,
Hugging him close, a soft embrace, a kiss of shared insight,
Quietly blue in its intimacy,
Hot motherly love.

Bipolar

I stand at a pass
The broken line between
Who we used to be
One person with two personalities
Bipolar
That’s what we were together
Apart, we did not exist
Until the line between you and me
Was broken
A gap transformed into a canyon
And one became two
Each missing an essential piece
But now the canyon is filled
With rocks, silt, memories
Silent apologies
Only a crack left as evidence
And I stand on it
Willing it to be no more
So that two may once again be one
Two will always be two now
Because a crack divides us
And we have changed
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How Things Work Out

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How obstacles are overcome
With a simple conversation
How the realization you were wrong
Can bring the dormant to life

It's strange how things work out
How you can spend years without someone
And miss them every day
How you yearn to hear a voice again
Even when it's awkward

It's strange how things work out
How the memories are always
Just below the surface
How they make you want to cry
When you remember

– Molly Pierson

Butterfly
– Shayna O’Bryan

Whose words these are I think I know.
Her voice is in my memory, though.
She will not mind my stopping here
To watch the void fill up with snow.

Her children must have thought it queer
For her to stop with them so near
When they still need her warmth to take
From day to day and year to year.

Her voice gives me a gentle shake
To warn me from the grave mistake
Of deafness to the easy sweep
Of chiming children in our wake.

Her life was lovely, ours to keep.
We have her promises to keep.
And miles to go before we sleep.
And miles to go before we sleep.

– Kathleen Hothem
Rest In Peace  
– E. Susanne Palmquist

A little more work to be done.

The fields may look empty, the hay all a pile
But thinking of rest time? It will still be a while.
It’s true that the colors of autumn have come
signifying that another season is gone.

But before the tools are stored away,
Before the tractors in the barns will stay,
before the snow begins to lay,
before the Bishop family can share their day

There’s a little more work to be done.

– Theresa Mountel

Haikus Of the Hoover House

Farmhouse, barn, and shed
Quiet Midwest harvest time
Collie’s world ablaze

Welcoming portals
Once a cramped and noisy house
Joy of life remains

Wireless campus
Horses under the hoods now
Sun still blesses all

– Susanna K. Horn

Rest In Peace

– painting by LaVonne Lorson
**Fight At the Tracks**

*Shut up, jackass! Take it back!*

Words echoed through the fog  
Casting shadows on the tracks  
The anger in his eyes flickered  
With the chug of the oncoming train

*I won’t take it back! You know it’s true!*

Dust replaced air in our lungs  
As push finally came to shove  
His fist pummeled my eye, and I swung back  
Until my knuckles hit his spine and he fell

*Gary? Get up, dude! We gotta go!*

Whistles screamed through the air  
His body didn’t hear their warning  
The furious wheels crushed his body  
Without a second thought.

– Amanda Weyant

**Forever Love**

*They say that love is one soul  
In two bodies.  
Yet  
even our bodies have become intertwined  
growing together like the twisted branches of a dogwood.  
Our hearts sing the same song  
In a crescendo of Children  
And happiness  
Ending softly with the peaceful chords of Sleep.*

We walked the roads of life  
Together through storms and sunshine  
Like the Sun And the Moon  
We guided our family  
Through triumphs and tragedies  
Now We are the Stars that watch them  
Silently from above.

– Amanda Weyant

**Storm Of the Century**

– Krystal Cole

**Tranquility On the Rocks**

– Lisa Gallagher
My Pride

The time had finally come, and I was notably a nervous wreck and quite sick as well. Today was the day for me to take my G.E.D. test.

There was no more studying I could possibly have done to prepare for what lay ahead, exactly thirty minutes from now, as long as it would take to get over to the school, as that would be test time. This is it; I have finally done it.

My belly was yelling at me, but I was too nervous to eat; I wanted to get the test over and done with. My nose was running out of control, and my eyes were so sore and watery that I couldn't help but think of just making it through the door. That would be an accomplishment.

Full of excitement, I walked into the school to get registered and signed in, wearing a smile a mile long, carrying Kleenex in one hand and pencils in the other. I was ready.

I noticed there were only about ten of us that would be taking the test. Everyone looked just as nervous as I felt. A lady came to take us to the room where we would take the test, finally. We were all seated according to numbers with instructions to not have anything on the desk but our pencils. It was then time to fill out the answer sheet with basic information; then, the test would begin.

Every five minutes I wiped my nose or my eyes, wondering "will I ever get through this section?"
The instructor came, bringing me more Kleenex, saying she hoped I felt better. I only hoped to pass. Each section of the test seemed to be getting longer and longer; my eyes were so sore and watery, it was pretty hard to read.

It was time for the last section of the test, and I had forty-five minutes to complete it. That seemed like forever. The words in the section were starting to get blurry, and my head was pounding, but I finished my test with a smile, feeling proud I had even sat down to take it. The hard part now was waiting on my results in the mail, which could take up to three weeks.

Everyday for the next two weeks I checked the mail promptly, waiting and wanting my test results. I had never been so impatient about anything before. The results just couldn’t get here fast enough. It had taken me ten years; I figured to take the test, another couple days wouldn’t kill me. Just as I was thinking it would be another week or so, it came in the mail.

I was so excited when it came, I didn’t even open it. The outside of the envelope said “DIPLOMA enclosed” that was enough for me. Suddenly I was very proud and excited for what I had accomplished. All my hard work had paid off. I was a graduate!

– Stacy Mollohan

Someday A Teacher

I timidly sat in the chair next to the old woman. She looked at me kindly with pale blue eyes from beneath her long, curly grey hair. This opportunity is so exhilarating that I am barely able to contain my delight. I begin, “What is your biggest inspiration?”

“I am not inspired to write,” was her reply. The look of confusion on my face was apparent. I’m sure, but before I could ask for an explanation, she continued. “Rather, I write about what I learn and I’ve learned from children and potato chips, from clouds and foreign cultures. I’ve learned from busy weather and my mistakes. Funny sounds can teach us plenty and brightly colored material is most interesting. Follow the senses. Stretch the truth. Poke around. Sit quietly and listen to EVERYTHING.”

I hoped that my silence explained the awe she instilled in me. I understood what she meant, her writing reflected it perfectly, and why didn’t I see that before?

I had many questions to ask her that late summer afternoon, but felt the need for only one more. So in a genuinely admiring tone I asked, “May I call you Theresa?”

She replied, “Absolutely.”

– Theresa Mountel
Two Years

It’s been two years
And things have changed
I’m a little less bitter
A little more strange

But one thing will never change
And that’s missing you
I miss having someone
To see me through

I miss the calls, the hugs, the notes
I miss the letters, the laughter, the jokes

It’s been two years
And things have changed
Sometimes I’m not sad
Sometimes there’s pain

But one thing will never change
And that’s missing you
I miss loving someone
Who loves me too

I miss my arm on your shoulders with yours round my waist
I miss the synchronization, the trust, the faith

And I miss being able to cry
With you by my side
Not asking me why
Because you know
That I just need to let go
But I don’t want to be alone

I miss you

– Molly Pierson
Graybeard
I pushed your bones
Across hardened furrows.
Wheelbarrow whispering
into my silent universe.
Splintered, cracked, rusted,
Relic, no older than you.
I dug.
Men live too long,
Longer than dogs,
Longer than wheelbarrows.
Orion watched.
Timeless, lucky one,
His dogs run with him forever.

– John C. Lorson
It's a Fine Line Between You and Us, Buddy
– Mitchell Engstil

Over You
Like the Moon & Stars
– John C. Lorson

It's a Fine Line Between You and Us, Buddy
– Mitchell Engstil

Over You
Like the Moon & Stars
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"Art is not what you see, but what you make others see." ~ Edgar Degas

Note: The Waynessence staff reserves the right to choose and edit written submissions as well as art and photography based on length, technical accuracy, and audience considerations.
Special Acknowledgments from the Staff

God, for guiding us
Susanna Horn
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Fred del Guidice
SOPAC
Everyone who submitted to Waynessence

Editor’s Note
From the very beginning, I had my doubts about being editor-in-chief, thinking those “what did I get myself into?” clichés. However, I really enjoyed being editor! I thank God for working with Carolyn, John and Sue, the awesome crew that played a vital role in the making of Waynessence Literary Magazine. In addition, I would like to thank the following people: Nikki, Emily, Theresa and Steve. Moreover, I hope and plan to work with them on the next issue of Waynessence.

Let us not forget our submissions from both students and staff members alike; thank you. Last but not least, I thank God for inspiring all of us in the creation of this literary masterpiece. In the future, I strongly encourage students and staff members to continue to bring in fresh new ideas to enhance Waynessence. Moreover, I encourage them to either submit work(s), join the Waynessence staff, or both! Future issues of Waynessence, here I come!

Mike Vamos, Waynessence, Editor-in-chief

Opposites Attract?

“Describe you,” he said.

“Sunshine, music, crafts and sweet tea.
Thunder, lightening, oceans and seas.
Children and ink, caring and kind.
Hopeful, not cautious, humor and wine.”

I don’t get it, he said with tilted head and crinkled nose.

“Describe you,” she said.

“Power and money, fortune and fame.
Feared and handsome, a household name.
Smart and clever, cars and clothes.
Someone everyone wants to know.”

I get it, she said with lowered head and disappointed eyes.

– Theresa Mountel

Co-Advisors’ Note
You never know what wonderful ideas might flow from the minds of truly creative people if given a bit of inspiration. Waynessence is just such an inspiration for the folks around here. Each semester the best of the Wayne College community’s art, writing and photography end up on the table in front of an editorial staff that does its best to assemble all of it into a publication capable of capturing the thoughts, feelings and mood of our campus. As advisors, we’ve had it easy this time around, benefitting from the experience of Editor-In-Chief Mike Vamos and Assistant Editor Steve Reutter, both returning from last year’s staff.

Waynessence also saw the benefit of the formation of a brand-new sister organization on campus: the Wayne College Writers’ Club. We, along with our WCWC co-advisor Debra Johanyak have been thrilled with the creativity and camaraderie, not to mention the editorial contributions of this fine group. Writers’ Club president Theresa Mountel also pulls duty as a Waynessence assistant editor, and several pieces in this edition of Waynessence were inspired by the Writers’ Club meeting venue—the Barnet-Hoover Farmhouse here on campus. This edition should do well in illustrating the beginnings of what we anticipate will be a long and productive relationship between the two organizations.

Dr. Susanna K. Horn, co-advisor
John L. Lorson, co-advisor

Sippin’ Stripes
– Lisa Gallagher
Writers' and Artists' Biographies

Gordon R. Beals of Dalton is a student at Wayne College taking classes in a variety of subjects.

Dani Beneck

Julie Bright of Doylestown is a freshman at Wayne College, pursuing a major in Special Education.

Jean L. Calvert is a social work major, loves to write fiction and non-fiction, essays, etc. She is a Student Ambassador, is a member of the Psych. Club, Student Senate, and Wayne Writers' Club; is the mother of 6, grandmother of six.

Krystal Cole is a child development major and works in the Smucker Learning Center.

Fred del Guidice is an artist/educator with over 25 years of experience. He is the father of five wonderful children.

Mitchell Engstli is a student at Wayne College majoring in medical billing/coding and works at the Dollar General in Wadsworth. He is interested in photography, music, volleyball, walking and athletic events.

Lisa Gallagher of Fredericksburg is a waitress and a math and science tutor, majoring in physical therapy.

Emily Getz is a junior at Orrville High School and Postsecondary student taking college courses. Emily illustrated Marty the Moose.

Susanna K. Horn is the coordinator of the Writing Center at Wayne College and co-adviser for Waynessence and the Wayne College Writers' Club.

Kathy Hothem is an Academic Adviser at Wayne College.

John C. Lorson is an Admissions Counselor at Wayne College and co-adviser for Waynessence and the Wayne College Writers' Club.

Anthony Marini of Wooster is majoring in Graphic Design.

Michelle McMaster of Orrville is a full-time student majoring in nursing, and mother of four wonderful children.

Stacy Mollohan of Orrville is a full-time student majoring in nursing, and mother of four wonderful children.

Theresa Mountel is a music lover, mother of three, and Wayne College financial aid counselor, residing in Wooster.

Shayna O'Bryan

E. Susanne Palmquist is a retired Lutheran pastor who is now enjoying doing things she did not have time for. Drawing and triplet-grand toddlers keep her busy.

Jane Piepho of Wadsworth is a retired teacher and retired civil engineer and a participant in the 60+ program and auditing classes in art and child development.

Molly Pierson is a former Wayne student majoring in International Business and Marketing. She is also a former Waynessence member.

Gretchen Pleuss is a junior at Orrville High School and Postsecondary student taking college courses. Gretchen wrote Marty the Moose.

Nathanael Pritt is a high school senior. He enjoys writing, playing guitar and reading.

Amanda Weyant is the Administrative Secretary in the Smucker Learning Center.

The Waynessence of

The University of Akron Wayne College

Fall 2007

Waynessence, the literary magazine of The University of Akron Wayne College, is published for the campus community to provide an audience for aspiring writers and artists. All materials are published with the consent of the contributors, who accept full credit for their work. All rights to the writing and artwork presented here are retained by the authors/artists. Artists, photographers, and writers have produced their own work independently. Their proximity in Waynessence does not necessarily reflect the intentions of authors or artists.

Each fall, all poems submitted to Waynessence are entered into our poetry contest. Each spring, awards are given to the artwork or photographs that appear on the Spring Waynessence front and back covers.

“As practice makes perfect, I cannot but make progress; each drawing one makes, each study one paints, is a step forward.” Van Gogh

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