The *Waynessence* of The University of Akron Wayne College

Fall 2012

*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. In the spring, awards are given to the artwork or photographs that appear on the Spring *Waynessence* front and back covers.
From the Editor

Henry David Thoreau says "A written word is the choicest of relics. It is something at once more intimate with us and more universal than any other work of art. It is the work of art nearest to life itself. It may be translated into every language, and not only be read but actually breathed from all human lips; – not be represented on canvas or in marble only but be carved out of the breath of life itself."

The written word and the artistic renderings contributed by people throughout the ages add unfathomable richness and beauty to life. The world would not be the same without Rembrandt’s magnificent paintings or the timeless works of Shakespeare. Waynessence, in a very special and unique way, is honored to share beautiful works of art from many talented local artists.

Thank you so much to the wonderful advisers of Waynessence, Dr. Susanna Horn and Mr. John Lorson, for the expertise they contribute to this publication. Also, many thanks to Carolyn Freelon for all of her behind-the-scenes-work in putting Waynessence together. Finally, thank you to all of the contributors and readers – Waynessence exists because of you and for you!

Best wishes and happy reading,
Rachel del Guidice

Co-Advisers’ Notes

Another beautiful fall in Ohio. Another semester at Wayne College, full of beautiful minds. Thanks to all of you who used the medium of Waynessence to share your photography, artwork, and writing with the College community. Your talents are appreciated!

Thanks, also, to the Waynessence staff, to editor-in-chief Rachel del Guidice, to Carolyn Freelon, and to John Lorson for bringing together a community of thoughtful writers and artists.

Henry David Thoreau wrote: “How vain it is to sit down to write when you have not stood up to live.”

The works that readers will see and read within this edition of Waynessence testify that Wayne students, faculty, and staff have definitely stood up to life. Waynessence salutes them!

Susanna K. Horn, co-adviser

From the Staff

Special Acknowledgments

- Susanna Horn
- John Lorson
- Carolyn Freelon
- Interim Dean Neil Sapienza
- All the Writing Instructors
- Linda Markley
- Mary Tohill
- SOPAC
- Everyone who submitted to Waynessence

What wonderful ideas flow from the minds of the truly creative if given a bit of inspiration and a deadline! 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. We are grateful for all of the contributors and the hard work of the staff. We hope you’ll agree that once again all have come together to produce a wonderful and unique publication!

John Lorson, co-adviser
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.

Staff

Rachel del Guidice
Editor-in-Chief

Amanda Lynn Holder
Darlene Mullett
Roberto Villa

Make a Wish
by Jane Fink
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A Child’s Love

A child’s kiss
Is a Band-Aid for your heart
A child’s wish
Is a dream that won’t fall apart
A child’s hug
Is God’s way to help you stand
A child’s smile
Is a passport to wonderland
A child’s laugh
Is a gift from up above
A child’s eyes
Is a beautiful white dove
A child’s hand
Can help you any hour
A child’s love
Is a beautiful rare flower

by Timothy Priebe
A grandmother’s heart
A loving heart
To all her grandchildren dear:
A heart that helps
A heart that serves
In happiness or care
And a heart that says
“You will never know how much I love you.”

A grandmother’s hands
Loving hands
That do numerous things:
Hands that clean messes
Hands that make food
Hands that play the piano
To her grandchildren’s slumber
Hands that hug them in loving embrace!

by Rachel del Guidice
The Little Cowboy
by David Battle
Broken Half-Dead Tree

In the bitter clutches of winter,
In the cracked brown summer drought
Why
Do I so care take that broken half-dead tree?

I didn’t even plant it but
Maybe cause it’s on my watch now,
Maybe cause the loss of all life
Shakes me
Though sometimes only for a moment.

Maybe it’s supposed to be unknown,
Something grander
Not for me to understand,
Just to trust these instincts,
Amidst all the shifting sand.

Am I doing this for the tree
Or doing it for me?
Does that even matter
Or does this just seem odd and funny
I don’t know why
I so care take that broken half-dead tree,
Yet it feels so right to me.

by Russ Wilson
Oh Man,
“We are not opposed to freedom”
(Just not here, not now)
“We speak the truth”
(That serves us best)

Has that statue’s torch turned cold?
Has that statue’s eyes gone blind?

Oh Man,
“We are not opposed to equality”
(Just not here, not now)
“We speak the truth”
(That serves us best)

Has that statue’s torch turned cold?
Has that statue’s eyes gone blind?

Oh Man,
“We are not opposed to the God of your choice”
(Just not here, not now)
“We speak the truth”
(That serves us best)

Has that statue’s torch turned cold?
Has that statue’s eyes gone blind?

by Russ Wilson
Grandeur
by Traci Carmony
Waynessence back cover
Wagon Train
by Judith Bridger
Ivy League Universities are famous for family legacies, multiple generations of a family attending an institution. Wayne College now has one of those stories of its own. Three generations of women from my family have come through the doors of The University of Akron Wayne College.

My mother, the first generation, graduated with her associate’s degree in social work. She went on to receive a bachelor’s degree from the Akron campus and now works full-time as a state licensed social worker. Her path to that degree was long and twisted, but thanks to some really great instructors and friends here at Wayne College, she overcame huge obstacles; my mother is now a success, both personally and professionally.

I am the second generation. I found a home and a purpose in life here at Wayne. I have not only earned an associate’s degree here, but I have had the privilege of being a student assistant in multiple departments on campus. The professional experience I gained here at Wayne led me to discover abilities that I never knew I possessed. Further, when my personal life was in shambles, the knowledge I had gained helped me realize not only that I wanted more out of life, but that I was capable of more.

Attending Wayne College has been a life-changing experience for my entire family. By far, the best thing to come out of being a student here has been what it has done for my relationship with my daughter. While I was going through my personal crisis, my daughter became the third generation of my family to attend Wayne. She had a rough start her first couple of semesters here, but after getting my life back on track, she was finally ok with being in the same room with me. When one of my supervisors was looking for another student assistant, I was able to recommend my daughter. She got the job after earning great scores on the assessment tests and now, like her mother, works in more than one place here on campus. She no longer has to work full time off campus, her grades have improved, and she is thriving. She and I work together and she is a source of joy and pride to me on a daily basis. We did not always have a good relationship and we still butt heads every now and then, but we ride to school together every day and that time is priceless. I am getting to know the wonderful adult that she is becoming and she is beginning to realize that she can rely on me as a mother.

I am now three semesters away from a bachelor’s degree and cannot wait to see what is next for me and my family. Most of the potential I have today is a direct result of my experience at Wayne College. I will be forever grateful to the wonderful faculty and staff that encouraged me and gave me a chance when I truly did not deserve it. Wayne College helped me and my family have a life I did not realize we were capable of achieving.

Thank you, Wayne College, from three women whose lives are forever changed professionally, academically, and personally.

by Nonya Stalnaker
Purple Sky
by Alan Boettger
Off Into the Wild Blue Yonder
by Gordon R. Beals

Autumn Beauty
by Sarah Herman
While driving down the winding back roads, I take a deep breath and a smile slowly covers my face; my destination: the trailer. I do not really mind driving the two hours that it takes to get all the way down to Woodsfield, Ohio, because I get to go to that old place that I call my second home. In this place, I can separate from my ordinary everyday life and reconnect with who I am, where I am from, and with the nature surrounding me through peaceful seclusion.

As far as the eye can see, many trees and meadows fill my vision, as the town name, Woodsfield, blatantly suggests. My dad inherited the ninety or so acres which the trailer sits upon, and what started out as exclusively the deer hunting camp, eventually morphed into a place for the whole family to spend lazy summer afternoons hiking, 4-wheeling, laughing, and just loving life.

I can hear the gravel softly crunch under my tires as I brake down the steep lane leading into the valley of trees. As I round the last bend on this curving lane, I can begin to see a quaint, wooded trailer appear through a grove of walnut and sycamore trees. Wooded hills surround this trailer, separating it from any neighbors, giving it a welcomed isolated feeling. A strip of yellow daffodils line the front porch which hugs the entire length of the trailer and can obviously be seen as an extension of the original trailer placed there many years ago.

Going up the creaky, old steps and through the screened door, I find myself surrounded by all things hunting. Five pairs of black shiny eyes glare at me from deer heads mounted on all four walls of the main room. The west side wall seems almost shrine-like with deer antlers of all sizes completely covering the wall, each with its own fascinating hunting story silently attached. These antlers surround four bleached skull mounts which only seem to emphasize the trophy deer mount placed dead center above the T.V. This main room, with all of its mismatched furniture, gives my family a focal point in which we can all sit around talking or watching a movie while we eat our supper before drifting off to bed.

Basically only two things can keep my family inside, eating and sleeping; otherwise we can be found outdoors where we would much rather spend our time. As soon as I step outside, I can feel my senses opening. I smell the sweet scent of walnuts decaying in the grass along with the deep earthy smell emanating from the woods. The cooing of doves, the chirping of sparrows, and the drum of woodpeckers draw my ears like a song. I can also hear the faint sound of trickling water coming from the small creek that runs along the backside of the trailer. I
have spent copious hours playing in this water with my brother and sister. We would catch little slimy salamanders or go exploring as far as we would dare to go, trying to see where the creek led. After slipping and sliding on all of the mossy rocks that line the creek bed, we would trudge back to the house, dripping wet with mud all over us. My mom would always simply laugh and tell us to go clean up before we made the whole place a mess.

As I round the outside of the trailer, I notice the well-worn, dusty path across the yard. On my way towards this path, I drag my fingertips along the weathered bumps of the old swing in the yard. This swing, now grayed, splintered, and peeled, used to be a place to sit and read a book with the warm sunlight on my face, or a place to test how high I could push the swing and test gravity. Now I am almost afraid to sit on the swing from fear of it crumbling to the ground with my added weight. Continuing along, I approach the path which spans about five feet across and winds its way through the trees into the heart of a small valley. Walking along, I can hear the sounds of small animals scurrying out of my way, glimpsing the occasional rabbit or squirrel that was too slow. In the background, I listen to the constant noise of buzzing insects and the bubbling creek. I try to step as quietly as I possibly can so that I seem less intrusive upon this wild and harmonious habitat.

Further down, the path widens into a small field which has a permanent deer stand in it. This looks more like a shack on stilts towering high above me.

The path continues back into the dark woods where it eventually crosses the creek and begins up out of the valley. This incline leads into a much larger hay field which steeps to a point smack dab in the middle if it. It takes some effort, but after climbing this massive hill, I get the reward of seeing a full 360 degree view of all the surrounding farms and rolling hills. From this view point, I can witness some of the most gorgeous sunsets that God has ever created, full of vibrant pinks and oranges. I begin to see a few stars burning in the sky as the sun slowly sinks behind the tops of oak and maple trees. The top of this hill has become one of my favorite places to visit, especially at night; nothing obstructs my view, and with absolutely no city lights around, I can finally see the brilliance of the stars. My entire family has come up here many times late at night to glimpse the stars of our solar system. We have even drug huge telescopes to the top of this hill to see the moons of Jupiter, different star clusters, and the rings of Saturn.

The trailer depicts the perfect place for me, peaceful and secluding, full of nature and wonderful memories. It has become a place where I can feel at home and be myself.

by Vicki Ciesielczyk
I heard the sirens
long before I saw the lights
and watched your life
flash before my eyes.

In my dreams
you still come to me,
but I only feel your arms for a moment
before I hear the bones
in your chest break.

I’ve been building sandcastles
with the cigarette ashes
you left behind,
trying to make us an impossible home.
I’ll put in sea glass windows
and pave the drive with seashells
if you can stop the waves
from crashing over me
every time I build a room
you won’t live in.

I will meet you at the bottom of this ocean
where the mermaids open salty veins
with briny knives
and flood the sea with their sorrow
unless I can free myself from the chains
that bind me to the anchor
of your memory.

I’ll let it drag me down
until the sirens become
melancholy songs of whales
and the only light
will be the reflections
of forgotten treasure.

Siren Songs

by Kaila Wilson
Come Home to Me

In your eyes, I see only great shining seas
In your heart, I see only me
In your skin, I feel only warmth and need
Whatever you do, don’t let go of my hands
Wherever you are, don’t let love leave your heart
Whenever you come home, come straight to me
Don’t lose faith, we’ve always been strong
Don’t let hate hold your heart, it’ll never set you free
And remember just one thing,
Love you forever and always,
Oh and always come home to me.

by Vada Watson
It Is Well

It started in my heart
like the early morning trains
a roaring, a thundering
beating against my rib cage
like the sacred hymn

it is well
it is well

When our hands were shaking
and the storms loomed,
I prayed to a doubtful god
asking him to damn this town
for what it’s done to me, and
it was there

it is well
it is well

But we never felt just fine,
bitter panic in our nerve endings,
and every bit of copper
tossed into a wishing well
was a waste of our faith, and
it was there

it is well
it is well

Ashes from cigarettes collecting
in the corners of our souls
and still praying to a hopeful something
to bless this town
for what it’s made for me

And the hymn drones on

it is well
it is well

It is well.

by Kaila Wilson
Thanksgiving

Golden leaves swirling in the wind
Falling to the ground as nature’s confetti
Crisp morning air enlivens the day
Pumpkin patches decorate many a country field
Apples hanging in picturesque clusters fill numerous orchards
Begging to be picked

Turkeys lovingly prepared are roasting in the oven
Cranberry sauce simmers on the stove
Permeating the air with tart aromas
Sweet potatoes roast in the oven to a golden brown perfection
The aroma of sage stuffing mingles with many other Thanksgiving delights
Filling countless houses with the delicious fragrances of the season

Loved ones from near and far assemble together
Their hugs and laughter making a beautiful season even more glorious
With heads bowed and hands clasped
They thank God for the blessings of a year gone by

Bellies which were once quite empty
Now struggle to consume that luscious piece of pie
Stories are told and lives caught up on
As another memorable Thanksgiving celebration is savored by young and old.

by Rachel del Guidice

Almost Home
by Vicki Ciesielczyk
Drowning

I stood at the shoreline of the Atlantic and counted the rolling waves that came from the horizon.

I wanted the ocean to envelope me and sweep me away to another world far down under the waves.

I have measured my life in cigarettes, trying to find significance in every inhale and exhale of your labored breath. I have listened too intently to the creaking of ragged bones inside broken skin, searching for meaning in an empty bed.

I want to exist in the creamy predawn declarations of religion and philosophy, with your calloused fingers feather-light against the curves of my hips.

The crashing sea-foam on the shore invites me to the world beneath the surface where you and I will always be. And so, holding my breath, I go.

by Kaila Wilson

Drifting Away

by Vicki Ciesielczyk
Let’s Talk Turkey
by Gordon R. Beals

On the Lookout
by John C. Lorson
I Know I'm a Chicken
by Gordon R. Beals

Simply Froggy
by Sarah Mullins
With Eyes So Deep…

Like long white sheets as curtains in the wind,
the moonlight glowed effervescent.
Only the whispers of a well-thought breeze
could be heard iridescent.
Upon the colorless walls hung a small black frame,
Empty, yet full of mind.
And with her eyes, the frame she caressed
For longer than a moment in time.

For an instant the simple black square
Revealed a trace of its intriguing image
But only thereafter it disappeared,
leaving her nothing but thoughts to rummage.
Darkness paused for the world to shine
by the rays of a heated sun.
But the frame remained shaded – secured, unaided –
by the wall that it had hung.

A ray of light snuck in through the glass
And found a shaded corner
And proudly it gleamed upon the little black frame
defeating its weakened armor.
The frame lost shape and slowly it melted
from the heat of the burning rays.
It became reduced to nothing more
than a molten puddle of glaze.

The eyes returned to caress once more
the hint that neared her to knowing.
But the walls were bare, with nothing to spare
But the molten glaze still growing.
She covered the glass to chase out the light
and lifted the mindful puddle.
It took back its shape and within it displayed
a pair of green eyes that glistened, so subtle.

by Savanna-Rae Fahoum
Eye Wide Open
by Judith Bridger
Love Hate Desire

Listening to your voice in my ear,
Our bodies entwined,
Very soft, very near,
Each other in my mind.

Hurting one another,
A terrible disgrace.
The fights we had together,
Everything cannot replace.

Dealing with a sudden loss,
Even when our paths would cross.
Seeing you, your voice so near,
I miss you my gorgeous dear.
Remembering the love I miss so much,
Every day, I’ll remember your touch.

by Amanda Lynn Holder
The Thinker
by Darlene Mullett
Rocky Mountain Low
by Zac Burkey
The News

This can’t be happening it all has to be a joke
When I heard the news I thought I was being choked
   I couldn’t breathe my heart just stopped
My world exploded like a balloon being popped
   After being told I had cancer that day
   I didn’t know what to do, think, or say
At the end of every call came along more tears
Hearing everybody’s reaction brought on more fears
   The feelings were horrible just too much to bear
I began to ask, “Why God? Why me? This isn’t fair.”
   I will always know I have my family by my side
   And we better buckle up this will be a bumpy ride
   I have to at least put up a fight, I have to try
What’s the worse that’s going to happen I’m going to die
   I wish there was some way to stop it just some way
   But this happens to people every single day
So just recognize the ones who died the ones who passed
   Because you just don’t know when the day will be your last
   Yeah you’ll leave behind the ones you love
   But you’ll finally be home up above

Clouds of Lace
by Sarah Mullins

by Timothy Priebe
Edelweiss
by Jane Fink
What is a True Friend?

Whatever has happened to friendship?
In this world of social media
Is it too easy to make a “friend?”
With just the click of a button
We give the title “friend”
To people whom we may never meet.

Their messages and pictures grace our walls on Facebook
We chat about little things
Fun, offensive, scary, sweet, sarcastic, mean
If something upsetting is said
We can just as quickly “unfriend” them
Wordlessly, again, with the click of a button.

Can it be that society has forgotten
What a true friend is?
A true friend is not merely virtual
A true friend doesn’t stick with you only on your best days
A true friend brings you through the worst of days.

True friends dig into the nitty-gritty of life
Sharing fears, hopes, and dreams
Where facebooking, texting, or tweeting just wouldn’t be enough
They don’t repeat a confidence
They split sticks of gum, sundaes, sandwiches.

Sweet Sounds
by Judith Bridger
Most importantly, true friends are kindred spirits
They give their time to help
Their love to encourage
And their hugs to sustain.

True friends can be hard to make
The investment great, but the relationship priceless
Just as magnificent sunsets and soothing birdsongs add beauty to the physical world
The physical presence of friends to each other
Brings its own pleasure, satisfaction, and meaning to life.

by Rachel del Guidice
David Battle is a student assistant in the Wayne College Library and is majoring in mechanical engineering at The University of Akron. (dmb142@zips.uakron.edu) pg. 3

Gordon R. Beals of Dalton is a student at Wayne College taking a variety of courses of interest. (gbeals99@yahoo.com) pg. 11, 20, 21

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