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.

Waynessence is a registered student organization at The University of Akron Wayne College. Registration shall not be construed as approval, endorsement, or sponsorship by The University of Akron Wayne College, of the student organizations, publications, activities, purposes, actions, or positions.
From the Editor

It’s been yet another amazing semester at Wayne College! There have been so many good submissions this semester, it’s hard to pick a favorite (so I won’t!). I would like to thank everyone who has contributed to this publication! You bring beauty to our own backyard and inspire us to do the same. I would also like to thank the Waynessence staff for being purely awesome! Without you guys, Waynessence would be nothing more than a wistful idea. Lastly, I would like to thank all of you readers, for you guys are the reason why we do what we do. You all are super stars, and I sincerely want to thank you for reading Waynessence!

It’s fantastic to see beauty in ordinary life. Whether it stems from the past, our imagination, or our pets, beauty is all around us. Every time I read or see a piece of art in Waynessence, I’m reminded how blessed we are. We live in a time where there are numerous difficulties and horrors, and we often overlook the small things, the ordinary beauties. It’s these ordinary beauties that make life wonderful and amazing. I encourage you, enjoy these beauties that are woven in the pages of this Waynessence edition, then go out and find your own!

Have a great rest of your semester everyone!
Ashley Weimer
Editor-in-Chief

Co-Advisors’ Notes

Wayne College is blessed with talented students, faculty, and staff, and it is a joy to see the campus community share their work and learn from each other through the pages of Waynessence. I offer heartfelt thanks to our contributors and to our readers. Long live the arts at Wayne College!
Dr. Susanna K. Horn
Co-advisor

An explosion of writing! That’s the best way to describe the submissions for this edition of Waynessence. From semester to semester and year to year we never know what we’ll get when we put out the call to the Wayne College community for their creative contributions. Sometimes, especially during fall semester, it’s tough to get folks to submit their creative writing. (Perhaps all of that schoolwork forces the creative muse into the shadows for a time.) This fall, however, appears to be the exception as we offer you a publication filled to overflowing with wonderful poetry and prose! We hope you’ll enjoy reading this edition of Waynessence as much as we enjoyed assembling it. Thanks as always to co-advisor Dr. Susanna Horn; and congratulations to Editor-in-Chief Ashley Weimer and her dedicated staff for producing a wonderful representation of our campus.

John C. Lorson
Co-advisor

Beautiful
by Vernon Virgili
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
Ashley Weimer
Editor-in-Chief
Theresa Rabbitts
Otis Whitmore, Jr.

From the Staff
Special Acknowledgments
• God
• Susanna Horn
• John Lorson
• Carolyn Freelon
• Interim Dean Dan Deckler
• All the Writing Instructors
• Susan Ackerman
• Sharon Ostroski
• Sarah Carafelli
• SOPAC
• Everyone who submitted to Waynessence

Tasty Treat
by Sarah Mullins

This was taken while camping at Punderson State Park.
# Table of Contents

**Spirits of the Sunrise**
- John C. Lorson ....... Front Cover
- Shear Stair ................ title page

**Lakeside Sunset**
- Shea Stair ................ title page

**Beautiful**
- Vernon Virgili .......... editor/advisors page
- Sarah Mullins .......... staff page

**Tasty Treat**
- Sarah Carafelli .......... table of contents

**Color of Summer**
- David Matejczyk .......... 1
- David Matejczyk .......... 1
- Kevin Engle ............... 2
- Tyler Gnatowski ........... 3
- Kaitlyn Marcum .......... 3
- Roxana Rathbun .......... 4
- Shea Stair ............... 5
- Breanna Marty .......... 6
- Betty Rogge ............... 6
- Theresa Rabbitts .......... 6
- April Schar ............... 7
- Gordon Beals ............. 7
- Christopher Seifert .......... 8
- Betty Rogge ............. 10
- Gordon Beals ............. 10
- Betty Rogge ............. 10

**A Special Christmas with Grandma**
- David Matejczyk ........... 1

**Present from Grandma**
- David Matejczyk .......... 1

**Winter Morning Artwork**
- Kevin Engle ............... 2

**Calvary**
- Tyler Gnatowski ........... 3

**Love, Joy, Peace**
- Kaitlyn Marcum .......... 3

**Memoir of a Panther**
- Roxana Rathbun .......... 4

**Lakeside Sunset**
- Shea Stair ............... 5

**Morning Spider**
- Breanna Marty .......... 6

**All Cleaned Up and Waiting for Company**
- Betty Rogge ............... 6

**All Hallows**
- Theresa Rabbitts .......... 6

**Graduation Day**
- April Schar ............... 7

**God Watches Over His People**
- Gordon Beals ............. 7

**An Evening at Mallory’s**
- Christopher Seifert .......... 8

**Huddled for Warmth**
- Betty Rogge ............. 10

**Country Roads**
- Gordon Beals ............. 10

**Boot Hill**
- Betty Rogge ............. 10

**Commerce and Combat: Patrolling Market Square, Baghdad**
- Kelly Roberts ........... 11

**Rustic**
- Brandon Tousley .......... 13

**A Silver Scene**
- Annikki Woods .......... 13

**Editor’s Choice Poetry Awards**
- Rachel Hargrave .......... 14

First Place
- Autumn Dignity
- Rachel Hargrave .......... 14

Second Place
- The Quiet Hair Salon, South Korea
- Breanna Marty .......... 15

**Inside/Inside**
- Life
- Country Summer
- Don Quixote’s Next Conquest
- So Close But So Far
- Parisian Pigeon
- Broken
- Colorful October
- My Chrysalis Journey
- Die Blumen Im Frühling
- Someone for Everyone
- Little Mystery
- Cactus Flower
- Trust
- The Nature of Life (a sonnet)
- Mother Hen
- Untitled
- Night Falls on Brugge
- The Color of Summer
- A Walk in the Park
- There Once Was a Monster
- Strange Grassshopper
- To a New Place
- Three A.M.
- Breanna and Cletus
- You Are
- Up in the Sky
- What Happened to Paradise?
- If Only You Knew
- Observatory Denison
- Live, Laugh, Love
- Beautiful
- Our Contributors

**Home Upon the Rocks**
- Charity Hargrave .......... 16
- Annikki Woods .......... 17
- April Schar .......... 17
- Scott T. Hartman .......... 17
- Kimyata D. Cooper, Jr. .......... 18
- Will Parkinson .......... 18
- Otis Whitmore, Jr. .......... 19
- Faith Walters .......... 19
- Shea Stair .......... 20
- Angela L. Plant .......... 21
- Matthew Jarvis .......... 22
- Brandon Tousley .......... 23
- Sarah Carafelli .......... 23
- Gordon Beals .......... 23
- Annikki Woods .......... 24
- Christopher Seifert .......... 25
- Megan Duffy .......... 25
- Jane Fink .......... 25
- Jane Fink .......... 26
- Sarah Carafelli .......... 26
- Megan Duffy .......... 26
- Lauren Teter .......... 27
- Otis Whitmore, Jr. .......... 27
- Annikki Woods .......... 28
- Julie Hartzler .......... 28
- Julie Hartzler .......... 28
- Charity Hargrave .......... 29
- Sarah Mullins .......... 29
- Christopher Seifert .......... 30
- Annikki Woods .......... 31
- Jane Fink .......... 31
- April Schar .......... 31
- Vernon Vergili .......... 32
- Shea Stair .......... 32

**Color of Summer**
- by Sarah Carafelli
Christmas Eve is a special time for our family, and one of the traditions has always been a gift exchange with my children and their Grandma. We could always count on Grandma making a pumpernickel bread with dip and bringing beautifully wrapped gifts.

Her last Christmas Eve was different. What happened that night brought the shopping season into perspective.

The months before the holidays saw a change in Grandma. Slowed by age as she approached 95 years old, she now needed a walker. Her cheerful voice took on a quiet tone as she realized age was catching up. Two months before Christmas, Grandma stopped driving at the urging of a state trooper friend. Without a car, and now in need of a walker, Grandma at times must have felt like a prisoner in her home. She always had a lot of pride and never complained.

Grandma sat quietly on the ride to our home on Christmas Eve. She needed help into the house from her grandchildren. The usual smile was replaced by a tired look. In her hand she held a large grocery bag, which she placed by her chair. No one dared asked why the bread and dip was missing. It was clear Grandma was not the same as she was during Christmas Eve dinners in years past.

After an unusually quiet dinner and dessert, Grandma reached into the grocery bag with her frail hands. As long as one could remember, this was the time Grandma would bring out beautifully wrapped gifts complete with bows. There was always a pair of new pajamas (for all ages), and gifts that would satisfy any “wish list.” This year the gifts would be different.

One by one she pulled out small packages. Instead of beautiful paper and bows, they were “wrapped” in the pages of the local newspaper. The items were taped as if by a small child. Each had a name scrawled on the outside.

Quietly, she handed the first gift to my wife. Grandma forgot to tape the gift, and an old embroidered cloth napkin fell out. “This napkin is from my days at Seton Hill College in the 1930’s,” she explained. A couple of years earlier, I had driven my mother back to what would have been her 70th anniversary of her college graduation. Sadly, when we arrived, she learned she was the only alumnus from her era still alive.

Next was my gift. It was bigger than the rest, and it felt light. She held it with two hands and handed it to me. I tore off the newspaper to find an old circular metal can with two compartments. I immediately recognized the can from a very old family picture of my grandfather. The old photograph, dated 1915, depicted him in his coal miner hat, carrying what is known as a “coal miner’s lunch bucket.” The bucket in the picture, which I never knew still existed, was my present. Grandma showed me where her mother each morning would place a large sandwich on the counter.
and explained the other compartment held coffee.

Grandma next handed my daughter a small package. When she opened it up, inside was a small box with a military-style pin and a note. I asked her if this was a medal that belonged to my father, who served in World War II. Grandma shot me a sour look and then spoke directly to my daughter. “During World War II, women helped the war effort. My job was at Western Electric in Baltimore, working on the first radar system.” “Our work was top secret,” she whispered, as if someone might be eavesdropping decades later. “General MacArthur’s wife came to our plant one day. For our work she presented your Grandma and the other gals with the Army-Navy E Pin.” Her voice got stronger and proud, “I want you to have it.”

The next gift was for my son. Every year his present was always something related to sports. I thought the trend would be broken. I was wrong. My son is a big Notre Dame football fan.

When he opened his package, his eyes got wide. It contained a large card, and attached was an old Notre Dame metal button with a ribbon and wooden football attached. On a card was the inscription “1937, Notre Dame vs. Army.” Grandma explained that she and two classmates drove from Pennsylvania to South Bend where they met their “escorts.” My son asked her if she remembered who won the game. “Pitt, they were good that year,” Grandma grumbled.

She explained the button and football was a present from her date. “That was before I married your grandpa.” We all laughed.

The two grandchildren hugged their Grandma, and my wife and I followed. Grandma seemed pleased with our reaction to her special gifts. Her familiar smile came back. Through her tears she started to speak. “I didn’t have a chance to buy anything.”

Grandma must have known it was her last Christmas.
Calvary
by Tyler Gnatowski

The climax of history
It is hard living before
As tough as it is blistered
Of that one can be sure

I know my actions affect you that day
Yet you forgive me for adding to your infinite burden
So through my weakness I wish to obey
I hunger for meekness and my soul thirsts a sermon

The climax of history
It is difficult living after
As strange as a mystery
For one to have the heart of a pastor

And all I can do to find is seek
Please increase my faith!
I’ll take it any day of the week
And without you...

My future is bleak

Love,
Joy,
Peace
by Kaitlyn Marcum

My sister’s hands at our house three years ago. She’s wearing a hoodie that was handmade by a friend.
The Panther slunk through the empty streets with ghost-like ease as if he owned the town. The soft black fur on his back bristled at every noise and his rounded ears perked up as he turned each corner. His long tail flicked back and forth as his padded feet thudded gently on cobblestone streets. The large cat paced in a circle before lying down in the center of the boulevard.

As he rested there, the Panther breathed in deeply, letting the dusty silence settle on him. Yet, the longer he lay there, the more his ears twitched, searching for an impossible sound. He stood and stretched his long limbs, fluffing out his fur with taut attention. The noise had a bouncy character, light and airy, a saxophone. The Panther narrowed his eyes and slunk low to the ground, his tail erect and swishing. He tried to pinpoint the culprit who disturbed the haunting silence, but the prospect was bleak.

The saxophonist's tune rose louder, it was as if the music were advancing on the Panther. His yellow eyes widened; he thought he could hear the footsteps of the musician, but that wasn’t possible, not here, not now. The cat’s ears twitched with the tune of the music. He pawed the stones nervously.

The music disappeared, the air settling like a deathly shroud over the town. The Panther felt relieved and lay down on the ground. He let out a startling shriek as the saxophone abruptly blasted through the chill of the town with a high growl, a few glissandos, and at long last a shrill note that reverberated through his skull. Warmth seeped up from the ground and soft lights burned gently from the street lamps. Ghostly children oozed up from the earth and ran around each other playfully, playing ball. Adults walked down the sidewalks holding hands, shopping in stores that were no longer dilapidated and shattered but were filled with merchandise and faint color. The saxophonist was suddenly visible on the corner of the street, his long straggly hair pouring down his back, his instrument case opened at his feet and filling to the brim with change. The Panther watched in awe as the man’s wide, happy eyes winked slyly and he played his instrument more fervently than ever.

Not wanting to break the illusions, the Panther walked through the bustle, drinking in the memories. He peered around at the face of everyone he passed looking for a little girl. He wondered if her memory would still be here, playing in the streets of the small city.

He wandered around a corner coffee shop and stopped. He was nose to nose with a smiling child, her red hair pulled up in a bun with curls dripping down her neck, clad in a homemade blue dress. He purred excitedly. The little girl reached out a hand to pet him, but it soared right through his head. The Panther backed away, ears pinned in shame. But as he moved, he watched a faint shadow of himself being immersed in her arms. He was young, a cub in his memories. His fur had a glorious sheen and he was playful with his companion.

The shadow of the Panther and the girl finished their embrace and ran off into a large stone house behind a quaint row of shops. The Panther tried to run after them, to warn them, but the hot blast of flames pushed him back. Faint echoes of screams washed over him as flames licked at the stone wall of the home, staining it black. The Panther slumped to the ground and buried his head in his side, but not before he watched the shadowy imprint of himself drag a charred blue dress from the building. The flames rose higher and engulfed the street, spreading to the shops and the dry forest at the edge of town.

Everything faded away and the Panther lifted his head to take in the dusty remains of the house he grew up in. Wind rushed through and lifted soot, scattering it across weedy

cont. on page 5
streets. The Panther waited for his heart to stop pounding before walking toward the forest. His paws crunched on natural charcoal, and tiny budding trees were now starting to emerge from the wreckage. He let his tears water them freely. The Panther stopped as a whisper passed over him in the wind.

“Chester...”

He turned to make one last farewell. To his surprise, a figure stood at the edge of the town wearing a long blue dress. Her red hair was smooth and curly, held in place under a white cap. Her face was porcelain on one side, the other unrecognizable, crumbled and crushed, a mass of shiny red skin.

“Oh, Chester, please don’t go...”

She held her arms to him. He walked toward her tentatively. She knelt down and encircled his neck, clutching him tightly. She still smelled the same, like freshly picked cherries. Tears streamed down her face as she squeezed him like the child she had once been. They left the town together, stepping in unison. Chester took one final look upon the town that had haunted him for years. It lay dormant and silent, showing no trace of life. But as they moved further away, he could swear the music of the saxophone was there, drifting on the breeze.

---

*Lakeside Sunset*

*This was taken at Shreve Lake, Shreve, Ohio.*

by Shea Stair
All Hallows
by Theresa Rabbitts

Clouds trundled fast bringing the lightning hastily claiming everything within its reach creating fire loud enough to drown out the screams of people streaming into the streets from buildings melting toward the moon

Beasts broke barriers and ran through the town swinging snapping heads left and right baring growling teeth gorging on the short-lived escapees to show anger and fulfill imaginary appetites under a laughing moon

Open graves birth groaning undead with limbs dragging, staggering over supposed hallowed ground preparing for feast of souls as they smoke from the recently departing bodies of skeptical believers who plead with the moon

Soldier superheroes tank and chute onto the scene to restore according to orders whatever is necessary with sticks and stones and broken bones to terminate malicious immortals forcing decay on the progenies

6.
**Graduation Day**

by April Schar

If I’m standing there some day, there’s some words I’d like to say,
Thanking teachers, parents, volunteers, for their time along the way.

Couldn’t get there on my own, couldn’t make it all alone.
I’ve been blessed to be taught by you, you’ve helped prepare me to see life through.

I want to thank you, everyone, for things you did and what you’ve done,
Telling me to do my best, give my all and not let dreams rest.

The end of high school will soon be here, I might cry or shed a tear,
For all the memories I’ve had, some were good and some were bad.

Finally, to each young one, wishing school was nearly done,
Don’t jump ahead or lag behind, just be thankful, good and kind.

I know school can seem long and dry,
But you need these wings so you can fly,

The building blocks of education will make our land a better nation,
Stick with school and don’t complain, and from all homework don’t abstain.

Thank you all for coming today, and thus ends the speech that I would say.

---

**God Watches Over His People**

by Gordon Beals

To go through the graduation ceremony at my private school, I would need a speech. The idea of a poem floated in, and this poem was born.
The green neon sign reading Mallory’s Bar was the only remaining sign of life in what had been a most boisterous and lively scene. The large church bell located directly behind the bar could be overheard by every patron in the restaurant at the top of every hour. The patrons had gone, but their remnants remained. Tables packed to the brim with empty dishes of what used to be tenderloin, garlic potatoes, and Mallory’s famous pecan pie. Empty soup bowls with bits of browned gruyere cheese clung to the sides. Corkless bottles of pinot noir and champagne lay in a garbage heap. A few of the remaining guests sit scattered among the cherry leather booths apparently feeling the after effects of a great evening. The rest were situated in the maroon cushioned seats at the front of the bar.

“I’d like to thank you for a great night,” a young woman said half-drunkenly. “You must of spent a fortune.”

“Well...,” the large bald man began to reply, suddenly wishing he had not consumed so much liquor.

“No, I mean, it really was too much. The food, drinks, the entertainment, your jokes. It was really nice. Better than my wedding to be exact.”

“I can believe that,” the man kidded. “There’s no price I could put on the pleasure it was to spend this evening with all of you tonight.” He stole a quick look at the clock. It was 10:35. He brushed the droplets of sweat off his forehead and began to comb the grey hairs he still possessed.

“Jim,” the man said in a lifeless tone, “I could use a drink.”

“I don’t know, Mike; I think you’ve had enough. Besides, not that I’m one to complain, but you’ve spent an awful lot of money.” Mike reached for his wallet.

“No, please this one’s on the house,” Jim said, grabbing a mug. “So, where did ya get the money?” Mike just sat there and laughed. “No, please. It must have come from somewhere. I don’t know anybody that drops over 10,000 dollars in one evening.”

“Let’s just say I won’t be needing it anymore.”

“Lemme guess,” Jim inquired. “You won the lottery.”

“It would have been on the news.”

“You got a promotion.”

“I wouldn’t say that.”

“You borrowed money.”

“No.”

“You stole it.”

“Not exactly.”

“What do you...?”

“Well, let’s just say this money tonight wasn’t stolen.”

“Thank god for that,” Jim said with a chuckle. He shrugged his shoulders, “Well, who hasn’t taken a little bit of money at some point?”

“Not like me,” Mike mumbled.

“Pardon?”

“I said that most people haven’t taken the amount of money I have.”

“Oh, yeah?” said Jim, suddenly intrigued by their conversation.

“I’d rather not talk about it.”

“Try me.”

“You really want to know?” Jim curled up like a kid getting ready to hear a bedtime story.

“Of course I want to know,” Jim said excitedly. “You’ve only been at my bar, of all places, for the past four hours, spending money like it grows on trees.” Jim chuckled. “Oh, I forgot, it wasn’t yours.”

“Hey, it was my money, okay.”

“Jesus, I didn’t know it was that personal,” Jim said taking a step back. “Get some sleep. It’s been ah...hell of a night.” By now the remaining guests procured their belongings and made their way to the exit.

“Can I tell you something?” Mike asked, cradling his pudgy face with his hands.

“Sure. For you, anything,” Jim spoke.

“You see that man in the back booth over there?” Jim scanned and saw the man in the red booth. He just sat there reading the news. Even while seated, he was considerably tall. He wore black jeans, a flannel shirt at least a size too small, and donned a pair of large metallic-tinted glasses.

“He’s here for me.” cont. on page 9
“What do you mean, Mike?”
“He’s here to kill me,” Mike said bluntly. “And... there's nothing you can do.”
“Oh, come on, Mike,” Jim nervously laughed. “A few hours ago you’re on top of the world buying everybody anything and everything, and now you’re gonna be all doom and gloom.”
“And I’m fine with it,” Mike added. “I can’t keep running away.”
“Okay, I’ll bite. What are you talking about?”
“The man in the back booth was sent here to kill me,” Jim began. “And... uh, let's just say I have it coming to me.”
“Oh, cut it out, ya thieving drunk!” Jim yelled. “We close at eleven, so I suggest you call a cab and go home.”
Mike started to laugh. “You really think it's that simple, don’t ya? If it’d make a difference, I would.”
“Well, what then,” Jim said grasping for straws. Mike turned toward the clock, watching the golden pendulum sway back and forth.
“When the clock strikes eleven, I’m gonna be dead.”
“No, you’re not. You’re gonna be fine,” Jim assured him. “You’re gonna go back home to your family and live your life.”
“I owed them money; now I owe them my life.”
“That man?” Jim asked pointing to the man in the back booth hiding behind the blank expression of his metallic glasses. “You owe that guy money?”
“Not that guy. He’s just here to do the job.”
“How do you know?”
“He’s been here as long as me and hasn’t touched a drink.”
“Why not call the police?” Jim insisted.
“No use. I’ll go to jail for skimming money or be killed,” Mike said resolutely. “Besides, if they don’t kill me now, it could be tomorrow. Or the next day. Or the next...”
“You’re not kidding, are you?”
“I wish I was.” Jim grabbed a bar stool and ran his hands through his brown hair. His hands trembled as he poured himself a scotch. Thousands of crazy thoughts ran through his mind. Who else knows about this? Is this a sick joke? What will his family think? Is he close with his family? Have I ever witnessed a man’s death? What if I get killed? Will I be a witness? What if, what if there’s a way to stop...
“You’re lying. Now get outta here.”
“I’ll be out soon enough.”
Jim gasped and begin to breathe hysterically.
“I won’t let it happen. There’s gotta be a way.”
“Look, Jim, in a few minutes I’m gonna leave,” Mike said coolly. “You are going to stay here and let me be.”
“No!” Jim roared, slamming his fist on the counter. Jim ran over to the wall and grabbed the phone.
“There’s no use,” Mike pleaded. Jim stood there panicked. His brown eyes sunk to the back of his head, his heart riding a rhythmic thump-thump-thump. Mike ambled over to Jim.
“I’m not asking you,” Mike muttered, “I’m telling you to let me be. It’s for your own safety.”
“How can you be resigned to the fact you’re gonna die?” Jim shouted. “You shouldn’t just give up. You’ve gotta fight these bastards.”
“It’s not for you to decide,” Mike assured him.
“Jim, don’t do something you’re gonna regret.”
“It’s not fair,” Jim responded. He quickly peered over to the table. The man stood still as a tombstone by the front door.
“Let me enjoy my last minute in peace, will ya?”
Jim opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out. He was speechless, amazed at how fragile human life can be. Jim could not understand how a person could fathom knowing their death. He could only imagine this is the feeling a criminal has right before their execution. The church clock struck eleven with a loud ding-dong. Jim released the firearm, sending it crashing to the floor.
“Looks like my time’s up,” Mike quipped. “See you on the other side.” Mike buttoned up his grey sports jacket, took a deep breath, and strolled toward the revolving glass doors of the bar.
While doing yardwork, we came across a nest of very young rabbits all huddled together for safety and warmth.

This is an exhibit at the Akron Zoo.

Country Roads
by Gordon Beals

Boot Hill
by Betty Rogge
As the sun began to rise over the city, the mosque’s loudspeakers were playing the call to prayer. It was the start of another day in Baghdad, Iraq. Soon the city would be teeming with life and the sun coming up was a welcome sight. Usually it meant our patrol would soon be coming to an end, but this time we were to expand our route to include Market Square. The rays of light shining across the rooftops cast eerie shadows at our feet. My platoon had been outside the wire, a term used to describe anywhere other than our base, for around fifteen hours. The breaking dawn refreshed our spirits and made our feet and backs hurt a little less.

All around us the city was blossoming into the bustling urban center that prior to this deployment we had only seen on the news. Street vendors were setting up their modest shacks and stalls. The smells of burning rubber and sewage were beginning to be masked by the aroma of lamb’s meat and flatbread baking. We were hungry, we were tired, and we were ready for some much-needed sleep and a good meal. When we were in the United States, most of us wouldn’t have considered eating food prepared in such a dirty, dusty environment. As the smell of the kebobs wafted our way, my apprehensions about food preparation seemed to fade into the shadow of my former life.

As we made our way through the crowded open-air market, our thoughts of feasting on the local cuisine were interrupted by occasional bursts of automatic weapons fire in the distance. I was instantly reminded that we weren’t in one of the farmers’ markets back in the Midwest. The children playing soccer in the alleys didn’t seem to mind. Gunshots and explosions had been a part of their lives since the day they were born. When a helicopter or a jet soared over our heads, the adults would stop what they were doing and parental instinct took over. They prepared to take shelter in case one of the gunships decided to cast its fiery gaze on a target nearby.

Amongst the tables and stands were beds and furniture which were not for sale. Many of the families peddling their wares lived on the street because their homes had been reduced to rubble and ash by the onslaught of the invasion only weeks before. Most of the buildings that remained bore the solemn reminders that a terrible battle had taken place there, in the form of bullet holes and scorch marks. There were dozens of stalls and kiosks selling food, clothing, books, CD’s, DVD’s, and magazines. We were all surprised to see that Western pop culture was so prevalent in Iraq. The stands nearest the road were selling gasoline in buckets and cans which were filled to the brim with the volatile substance.

Vehicles pulled onto the sidewalks to purchase fuel, which created a brief window of visibility through the constant dust cloud created by all the traffic. The cars’ faded paint and rusty doors were almost entirely covered by dirt, making them all appear to be the same shade of tan. Everywhere we stepped the ground was covered in six inches of baby-powder-like dust. Swarms of flies made seeing where you were going even more challenging as they circled your head and flew into your eyes. Meat and

cont. on page 12
vegetables sat uncovered in the unforgiving sun. Most of the food was blanketed with the pesky insects. Potential buyers would casually brush them away so they might get a better look at what they were going to purchase with what little money they had.

We walked past table after table of various goods and sundries. Even though we were expected to remain alert, it was easy to get lost in the moment looking at all the wares. It’s hard not to notice prosthetic limbs stacked next to a table of toys and clothing. Baghdad had fifteen million residents at the time according to the 2003 census. With that many people packed together, it is impossible for even the smartest of weapons to avoid hitting innocent bystanders from time to time; as a result, artificial limbs and crutches were in high demand. Many of the market stalls sold weapons, the kinds one wouldn’t ordinarily expect to find in a crowded marketplace. Each family was allowed to own one assault rifle per household for self-defense because this was Sadr City.

Sadr City is a suburb of Baghdad that was built in the late 1950’s. Even though the buildings were only sixty years old, they looked as though they could have made an appearance in one of the Arabian Nights tales. Ropes were lashed from building to building upon which the people were drying their clothes. Trash to be burned was gathered into six foot high piles in the vacant lots and several men and women struggled to control the fires. The faces of the people we passed varied greatly in demeanor. Any smiles we received came from the malnourished children who were hoping we had some candy or a can of pop. Their wishful grins gleamed in strong contrast to the grim expressions that most of the adults shared. Many of them believed our arrival in their country seemed to make things worse, and in some ways they were right.

The market itself was on the main street, which was higher in elevation than the side roads. Most of the pavement there was solid enough to drive on, but as we progressed farther into the residential area, the streets were much lower. Airstrikes and missiles had crippled their water treatment facility, as well as the city’s waste management capabilities. Because the streets were flooded with a foot of raw sewage, the residents had to navigate across precarious stacks of bricks and cinder blocks to get from one building to the next. Odors, comparable to a combination of manure and ammonia left out in the desert sun, overwhelmed us. It was July, and the average temperature during the day was around 110 degrees Fahrenheit. The buildings themselves were not very well constructed, and if the water wasn’t pumped away soon, they wouldn’t be standing much longer.

Every house was attached to another, and another, and so on. The streets were very narrow, so our Humvees and M1 Abrams tanks could barely squeeze through. Each house had a single iron or steel door that faced the street with one or two small windows. As we passed each residence, I caught a glimpse of my reflection in one of the shattered windows. It seemed as though the only colors other than tan to be seen were the American flags on our uniforms and the spray-painted numbers we marked each house with. As the morning progressed and my eyes tired, the houses appeared to merge into one massive structure. All of the signs on the street corners and on the buildings were in Arabic, and it made me feel very alien indeed. It was obvious that Westerners were never meant to be roaming these streets. The
box-like, earth-colored buildings seemed to close in on us. It was as if we were exploring a canyon on some distant world, having to gasp for oxygen to stay conscious.

Air circulation was almost non-existent, and the stagnant fumes from the sewage choked me with each labored breath. With the busy market almost a mile behind us, I knew we were approaching our evacuation site. It didn’t take long for the residents to get word to one another that an American patrol was passing through their district. The deeper into the city we went, the streets became more and more abandoned. Women peeked out of doorways and men poked their heads up over the edges of the rooftops. After a few minutes, which seemed like a few hours, we could see the welcome sight of our convoy. Our pace quickened as if we each independently decided that we didn’t want to get left behind.

As we emerged out of the rubble and filth, a sigh of relief escaped me as I climbed into one of the vehicles that would take us back to our base. Our shared elation wouldn’t last long. In twelve hours, another patrol was going to begin.

*A vivid memory of my time in Iraq.*

*Taken at Medina’s public square in Coolbean’s Cafe.*

**A Silver Scene**
by Annikki Woods

**Rustic**
by Brandon Tousley
*I drove past a car left in the woods and just had to grab a picture.*
Autumn Dignity
by Rachel Hargrave

Robed in hues of dignity – tall, broad and proud they stand.  
Vibrant greens giving way to shades of fire, ambers and gold.  
Grace and beauty adorn them, a wondrous sight to behold. 

To gaze at them always brings an aura of reflection, an awe 
of wonderment, a smile, a sigh of delight – anticipation. 

Such a wonderful time, crisp fall air, scented breezes blow; 
scattering its vibrance around. Sharing richness and beauty 
to all – Autumn leaves to the ground do fall. 

Leaves blowing in the wind, 
Dancing in a swirl on the ground. 
Just like kids on a merry-go-round. 
Each tree slowly being stripped bare – 
Soon not one bit of their former glory will be left there. 

Living this transition with dignity and grace 
While with absolute certainty their death they face. 
Winter’s night is coming; cold, brutal and unforgiving. 
The garments of spring, summer, and fall—just a distant memory. 
In their place stiff, starched uniforms of steel so cold. 
Soft powdery robes made of snow, these are the trees’ clothes. 

Yet, straight and tall like soldiers, proudly they stand. 
Heads held high, arms stretched wide, enduring death’s dark shadows. Because they know. . . 
Yes – they know… 

After the long dark slumber of winter, awaits a resurrection. 
Life will begin anew, vibrant fragrances, lush green, growth – 
Spring! 

Thus, with dignity they endure. 
Not with uncertainty, but gladly, on purpose and for sure!

I have a determination to enjoy the beauty of fall although it signals winter’s coming.
Second Place

The Quiet Hair Salon, South Korea
by Breanna Marty

The quiet hair salon
One night became every night
The quiet man
And the long hair
She began to trim
One snip at a time
One night, every night
The quiet man
With the almost short hair
Came again
And again
To the quiet hair salon
One last time
She said to him
Your hair is short already?

The quiet man
With the sullen look
And the dark, short hair
Finally said
I’ve been drafted into the army.

Written after reading a Time article excerpt:
“After Tensions with North, South Korea Ponders Its 63-Year-Old Draft” by Steve Finch / DMZ Tuesday, June 07, 2011):

>http://content.time.com/time/world/article/0,8599,2076144,00.html<
Inside
by Charity Hargrave

Inside of me I can’t let you see
what you would think? it scares me.

Would you still have good thoughts or
would you run away because it’s too DEEP

Inside there is a struggle – lots of pain
even though I know you love me I still feel insane.

Inside I am losing – drowning from my tears
Inside what you don’t see are my fears

If I let you inside there is no home
no cozy couch not even a phone.

Inside it’s not pretty
It’s not a place to stop by

Inside it’s dark that’s why at times I want to die

Inside I feel worthless why would you want to love me?
Inside I feel dirty, a clean slate I can’t take advantage of.

Inside I act up, put on a big show
Inside I am just a scared little girl with no place to go.

Inside I run when you get too close
don’t take it personal it’s me that I hate the most.

Pain shown when I reject you
don’t think I like putting you in the pain that I am going through.

Inside I have a big heart, and at times I have learned to smile
laughter is real but it only lasts for a little while.

Inside I still cry for mom,
Inside I love her more than she loves me.
Inside I am trapped in her pain
when she gets help maybe I can be set free.

Inside of her world-wind I am stuck with destruction and casualty,
remember me in your prayers, and don’t forget I am lost in my own reality.
Inside I am grateful that I have a place in your heart, thanks for giving me a chance and thanks
for a brand new start.

This was inspired by
a young lady that I
mentored when I worked
with at-risk teens.
Life
by Annikki Woods

This was taken at my home in Medina, Ohio.

Country Summer
by April Schar

In Sardis, Ohio, and the sky was so beautiful.

At the corner of Butternut Rd. by Erie Canal, Canal Fulton area. Caught a gorgeous sunset.

Don Quixote’s Next Conquest
by Scott T. Hartman
So Close But So Far
by Kimyata D. Cooper, Jr.

The chemistry is right. There is no force. We just are geographically separated, but in our minds we’re not far. It’s funny how you can be closer to someone mentally more than someone you can physically see. You can’t fight fate. The universe ultimately is what brings things to be. You can have something right under your nose but never even notice; then when it’s no longer there, that’s when it comes into focus. Is a bird in the hand really better than the three in the bush, or is that just settling so you no longer have to look? I believe that the challenge is what fuels the drive of the chase; once the mission has been completed, usually we all about face. What’s really the driving force behind keeping people together? Is it a mystery? Is it love? Will it be discovered? Who knows, maybe never. The truth is there is no one answer that can solve all of life’s dilemmas; if there were, then it would mean that all people were the same. But we’re not. We all have different agendas. So close but so far can mean a plethora of things. The journeys we embark on in life will get us to a destination eventually. Then another journey. We never stop learning in life: the people we meet, the people we like, situations we go through, doing what’s right. If you think about it, what’s really right? Geographically it depends on where you are; the laws are different everywhere. What’s right is determined by who you are. We desire what we’re attracted to, and that attraction can be centered around many things. Understanding is predicated on comprehension; to a person, that’s whatever they perceive it to mean. The closer to the truth we think we are, the further off we really are. Whose truth is truth? Since truth and honesty are not synonymous, it’s safe to say that everything can be questioned. But should we? Well, that’s another question. We sometimes live in the moment; what we want now may not always be what we need, and what we need may not always be what we want. To find solitude in your decisions, you must balance out your needs and your wants; and to find true happiness, you must not always seek convenience. Without struggling, you can never truly appreciate the things you acquire. In life, sometimes we are so close, yet so far. The true depiction is who you are.

A poem about being close to something, but not in the physical form.

Parisian Pigeon
by Will Parkinson

Taken in Paris, France outside of the Louvre.
Asleep on my lap
So snug and comfortable
The last one of his litter
As he lay sound asleep
Cuddling his paws around my lap
Lucky cat such is he
Hit with a shotgun
Hind leg above the knee
Wounded badly as he bled
As he lay on the table
While being seen
Discovered by I
A promise was made
If he could be saved
Then it would be his day
He cried in pain
There with the vet
His tail then fell off
To my dismay
The vet said he could be saved
But much I would have to pay
To which I said
A promise was made
No doubt he is glad
A good fortune and lucky
Named Luke for short
For his life is saved
And comfortable he will be
For he is with me

Wrote a poem about Luke and how
he ended up being my cat.

Taken in Creston, Ohio.
Colorful October by Shea Stair
Taken at a local park in Wooster, Ohio, on a breezy October morning.
After I completed my first semester as a nontraditional college student, I considered the days when my children and I gathered milkweed plants to observe how a monarch butterfly passed from one stage of change to another. My first semester in college, similar to the monarch butterfly stages of change, was essential to proving and establishing who I was and what I wanted to become. Indeed, it was quite the journey! In fact, during the process of becoming a responsible college student, I encountered numerous choices and opportunities, increased my self-awareness, and enhanced my self-growth.

When I finished my first semester, I directed my attention to the beginning of my college journey. I quickly realized that I was not that same person, for I matured into a confident nontraditional college student. I then compared my journey of becoming a nontraditional college student to the monarch butterfly chrysalis journey. The first part of the monarch butterfly’s life appeared to be of no significance or of no value. Nevertheless, it proved to have a purpose and a well-established plan that promoted growth and the necessary changes toward becoming a developed adult monarch butterfly:

The monarch butterfly started out as a tiny larva; it was but a small white dot attached to a milkweed. While the larva continued to grow, it slowly changed into a black, white, and yellow pupa. While in its pupa stage, that insect continuously munched on milkweed leaves until it was full grown. In addition, the pupa found a place to hang. Proceeding to the next incredible stage, after the perfect spot was determined, the pupa hung upside down in the shape of the letter “j.” It then spun itself into a beautiful green chrysalis. Circling around the top of the chrysalis was a thin, thread-like, shimmery gold color. This process was at a standstill until the change that needed to take place inside the chrysalis was complete, for the result was conducive to its next stage of life. After many days, the chrysalis’ bright green and shimmery gold color faded, which was a sign of new birth about to take place. The monarch butterfly was then visible through a thin layer of what was left of the chrysalis, and a tiny tear appeared to reveal a struggling, wet, heavy wing desperately trying to emerge from the shell in which it was formed.

In my journey as a maturing college student, the well-established plan of the monarch butterfly was inspirational to me. Although I was enrolled as a nontraditional college student, I seemed to be uncertain of my major. The monarch butterfly’s determination to emerge from the shell, despite the struggle, inspired me. I talked to an advisor and I completed a Work Interest Assessment. As a result, my top three interests were as follows: social “the helpers,” artistic “the creators,” and investigative “the thinkers.” I scored the highest in the social category, yet I was very artistic and often liked to inquire about things as well. After many days of collaborating with family members and with advisors, I decided to select the B.S. Intervention Specialist Teacher Education Program. Being a stay-at-home mother for more than a decade enhanced my passion for teaching children. Moreover, my experience of volunteering in children’s programs also influenced my decision to pursue that degree.

As I contemplated the clearly defined goal of the monarch butterfly, I remembered how the monarch butterfly remarkably cont. on page 22
adapted and how it incredibly grew through each stage of change. While striving to adjust to college life, I realized that I needed to maintain a focus and to keep a determined attitude. Therefore, I established specific days and planned specific times to focus on my schoolwork. As a result, I completed homework assignments on time, and I advanced in knowledge. Becoming a disciplined college student was essential in developing a clearer, sharper mind.

Just like the monarch butterfly changed into a mature adult, I matured as a studious nontraditional college student. However, this growth occurred with much effort and an unyielding determination to finish what I started. In my mind's eye, starting a task was always easier than finishing a task; therefore, I resolved to finish the semester without wavering in my effort. While rearing my children, my motto was “If you want the grade, you’ve got to do the work!” I certainly reminded myself of those words every time I was faced with a challenging concept that was beyond my comprehension. In my attempt to do exceedingly well, I acquired effective study habits. While my two younger children were at school and the two older teenagers were at work, I took advantage of the time I had alone to study or go to the learning center to get clarity for concepts that were challenging to me. As a result, I surprised myself in how well I did on tests and on completing writing assignments. I had a new sense of pride; thus, I was optimistic and eager to succeed during my first semester in college.

Consequently, another comparison of the monarch butterfly’s steady change was that I, too, learned to pace myself. As the monarch butterfly steadily moved on to each stage, I noticed that it did not falter or scurry but remained dedicated to the task at hand. Likewise, I learned to relax and to enjoy being in the moment of each day while attending class. I purposefully arrived a few minutes early so that I could get acquainted with my peers, and it helped to converse with my professor as well. Moreover, I made it a habit to take much-needed breaks from long, exhausting hours of homework by spending time with my family and my friends on the weekends. I found that setting aside a few days, preferably during the weekends, refreshed my mind and my body. As a result, I was able to look forward to the weeks to come with a clearer, a sober, and a refreshed mind.

My first semester in college was productive for I embraced the practical lessons of the monarch butterfly stages of change. Therefore, I disciplined myself to maintain a consistent, habitual practice of study habits that was beneficial to my progress as a nontraditional college student. I learned not to despise small beginnings, for I was successful and exceeded all expectations of completing my journey as a first semester nontraditional college student.

I compared by first semester as a college student to becoming a butterfly.

Die Blumen Im Fröhling
by Matthew Jarvis
Was originally a Mother’s Day gift for my mother in 2009.

22.
Someone for Everyone
by Brandon Tousley

Little Mystery
by Sarah Carafelli

Taken at
Kingwood Center,
Mansfield, Ohio

Cactus Flower
by Gordon Beals
**Trust**  

by Annikki Woods

My eyes are but one lens of many  
What I see, what I do, the plans I make  
Are but one of many.

But there is One  
Who has not many plans,  
But One plan.

And in His plan, no room is made for mistakes—  
Yet us with many plans, and our single lens  
Do not always understand  
The One and His momentous plan

At times in this plan, our lives  
We face innumerable pains, suffering and death  
But these tribulations cannot force us  
To lose faith in His plan.

I know now a pain I had never known  
And I feel now a loss I had never felt  
I cannot help but think of all we have done  
Or to wonder of all we should have done

There is so much left you needed to see  
A wedding ring, a baby on your knee.  
I wish you were still here and didn’t have to go  
You never said goodbye, or even left a note  
Multitudes of instances, you’ll never get to see  
At least not on this side of immortality.

Yet this life now, is but a grain of sand  
Of the grand scheme, the One has planned  
Though I desire now you would be with us  
My plans are not His.

For we see of one lens  
But there is He, who can see  
Past all the lens, angles and positions  
Of our life, into eternity.

So though now I mourn what was and could have been  
What will be, is going to be so much more, when we meet again.  
Until that glorious day, hold us in your hands  
Lord, I ask that we trust in Your plans.

My father passed away this past April. I wrote this for my daddy.
The Nature of Life
a sonnet
by Christopher Seifert

Near are those times the waters don’t run route
Instead taking the current of sorrow
If not for the enshrouding cloud of doubt
Then again there always is tomorrow
Like a newfound flower blooms in season
Thus does a pathway for those to follow
The human essence has naught to reason
Endeavoring never left to wallow
Yet in life there must always come an end
Like the port that serves as a resting place
Then that final storm before calm ascends
Leaving behind a legacy to trace
Stay an example needed learned by all
In this life always heed thy nature’s call

A sonnet inspired by how everything in nature
has a beginning and an end.

Mother Hen
by Megan Duffy

Untitled
by Jane Fink
Night Falls on Brugge
by Jane Fink
Brugge, Belgium

The Color of Summer
by Sarah Carafelli

A Walk in the Park
by Megan Duffy

Paris, France

Taken at
Kingwood Center,
Mansfield, Ohio
There Once Was a Monster
by Lauren Teter

The days of naps and coloring books, and of noble teddy bears that kept nightmares at bay, were also the days the monster lived under my bed. The monster didn’t stay there for long; the clutter of my bedroom floor had to go somewhere after all.

The days of ABC’s and 123’s, and of the world I find in the books I read, those were the days a monster lived in my closet. Well, school clothes and play clothes and dress up clothes all must have a place to go, so after a few years, the monster had to move.

The days of long division and book reports, and of sleepovers at a best friend’s house, were also the days that a monster lived outside my window. But everyone knows the way the full moon reflects on glass, so the monster didn’t stay outside for long.

The days of algebra and dissected frogs, and of new freedom were also the days a monster lived at my school. You see, my monster had begun to get clever, no more hiding in the shadows for him. Now he hid in the harsh rumors everyone believed over me and in the confusing ways old friends leave you behind. Well, I didn’t stay at school forever; we all must go out into the world, even monsters.

These days of learning are also my monster’s latest move. He learned how to fly a plane, I learned to take off my shoes to go through a scanner. The monster learned about guns and knives, so I learn to check the backseat of my car and look behind me when I walk. My monster learns and so must I.

There once was a monster under my bed. I wish he was still there.

Growing up and what we are afraid of.

I was sitting on the patio of the SLB and this grasshopper jumped on the table and stayed there while I was studying. Was a bit curious and the colors caught my eye, so I couldn’t resist taking a picture.

Strange Grasshopper
by Otis Whitmore, Jr.
I feel a little nose
Tap, tap, tapping against mine.
Cold, moist kisses rousing me from my slumber.
Ever so gently, nudging.
Gritty nose, a little like fine sand paper.
Ever so gingerly exploring,
Nuzzling my face in the pitch black night.
Begging for my attentions, my affections.
Your gentle purring makes me smile, even in the wee hours.
Soft black fur, grazes my slumbering hand.
I feel the scratch of your nose in my palm.

You flop down and slither the length of my arm,
In an attempt to get your entire back scratched.
I smile, I can’t help it.
Who does that? It is three a.m.!
It is those of us, who accept their unconditional love,
when it is freely given.
Even when it is at three a.m.

To a New Place
by Annikki Woods

Taken at my home
with my sister.

Three A.M.
by Julie Hartzler

Breanna and Cletus
by Julie Hartzler
You Are
by Charity Hargrave

A poem written to my daughter as a reminder of who she is, and for her to never forget this as she enters into her teens.

Beauty you define, flowers like no one can design
Look at who you are, don’t you know you are a STAR?

The Beauty you behold, Life is YOU makes me cry, Feels like I am in another world, girls, curls, look at you twirl.

Sophisticated, ordinary, carefully extraordinary!!!
Only you belong look at you can’t be cloned

Drawn, blueprints only held by you, your DNA no one can replace. Spend time trying to find it in another place; only you have your FACE.

Say you are Baby Girl you are a STAR one of a kind keep that in MIND.

Up in the Sky
by Sarah Mullins

This was taken while camping at Dillon State Park.
What Happened to Paradise?
by Christopher Seifert

What happened to home?
Avocado leaves swallowing the area with sufficient shadow.
The light piddle paddle of a fallen drizzle dancing upon my fingertips.
The cool whisper of a soaked air carrying whipping currents of rocky cascades into a gust of fragrant sticky aroma.
Sundown paints a portrait with streaks of magenta and red fire sky.
Night consumes the fire leaving behind a blanket of darkness.
A pastiche of echoes, hums, and singsongs numb the senses.
I miss my family.
The darts and dashes of a sunrise run.
Mossy lined vines to climb or swing away from danger.
Danger is everywhere.
Danger is death.
Danger is fun.
Danger is venturing into the mysterious.
Where a creature's tracks tell a story, albeit one seldom lived to be told.
I miss my mother.
Her dark face.
Cool hazel eyes.
The way she would wrap me up in an embrace.
Though, that was all in the past.
I now live in a prison.
Four walls.
Grey dull cement, with a constant fluorescent light beating down upon my back.
Now, all I possess is the past.
Memories that have yet to be stolen.
The present was stolen away from me.
The future is unknown.
Every night I dream and long for my lost paradise.

I originally wrote this from the perspective of an animal that loses its home and is forced to live in a zoo.
If Only You Knew
by Annikki Woods

Worry and failure overtake your life
The World brings you down
Every day that you fight.
You are desolate and disheartened
As you drown in your doubt.
Sometimes you wonder, is there no way out?

When you look at yourself
What do you see?
A book on a shelf
Left and unkempt, like an untrimmed tree,
Waiting for love and care
Trying to move yourself away from despair.

Why do you see yourself worthless and gone?
If only you could truly see
All that you’ve done.

Please do not think no one loves you or cares
I’ll tell you what I see standing there.
In you there is kindness, virtue, and caring,
Even through all the hardships you’re bearing.
Someone with compassion, love, and fun,
I swear your smile could light up the sun.

You are handsome and beautiful all on your own
No need to change things that are already sown.
For God has made you beyond compare
And remember he loves you, you are his child and heir.

There is so much more
That I could say.
I’d spend all day, talking about you this way,
But I want you to know today and forever,
You are loved and treasured, and special to me,
If only you knew
The way I see you.

Live,
Laugh,
Love
by April Schar
OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Gordon Beals of Dalton is a student at The University of Akron Wayne College taking a variety of courses of interest. (gbbeals99@yahoo.com) pg. 7, 10, 23

Sarah Carafelli works in Word Processing as a desktop publisher. Table of contents, pg. 23, 26

Kimyata D. Cooper, Jr. of Akron is a natural-born philosopher (kdc3@zips.uakron.edu) pg. 18

Megan Duffy is a student at The University of Akron, majoring in Fashion Merchandising, Home Furnishings. (mad85@zips.uakron.edu) pg. 25, 26

Kevin Engle works as Director of Development at Wayne College. pg. 2

Jane Fink is the Coordinator of Counseling and Accessibility Services at Wayne College. (jfink@uakron.edu) pg. 25, 26, 31

Tyler Gnatowski is a student studying to become a physical therapist assistant. (tkg8@zips.uakron.edu) pg. 3

Charity Hargrave is a lead singer in a band called “Pardoned”, she loves to garden, enjoys camping and fishing with her husband and four children. Charity is also an aspiring communications major. (ch64@zips.uakron.edu) pg. 16, 29

Rachel Hargrave resides in Orrville and attends Wayne College. pg. 14

Scott T. Hartman teaches Political Science at Wayne College. (sth@uakron.edu) pg. 17

Julie Hartzler is the Disability Specialist in Wayne College’s Smucker Learning Center. (julie21@uakron.edu) pg. 28

Matthew Jarvis was born in Wooster, was a German student for three years, and majoring in K-12 intervention. (mkj22@zips.uakron.edu) pg. 22

John Lorson is a proud alumnus of The University of Akron and Wayne College and is the coordinator of the Wayne College Holmes Campus. He also works as a freelance writer, photographer and community relations consultant. (lorson@uakron.edu) front cover

Kaitlyn Marcum is a nursing student who lives in Wooster, works at Alice Noble Ice Arena and has seven siblings. (krm118@zips.uakron.edu) pg. 3

Breanna Marty grew up in Wooster, Ohio, and works at a photography studio. (bem48@zips.uakron.edu) pg. 6, 15

Dave Matejczyk is an adjunct faculty member at Wayne College. He lives in Seville with his wife Gienna and two children. (dave@ohiosubro.com) pg. 1

Sarah Mullins of Apple Creek works in the Wayne College Library. (smd72@uakron.edu) Staff page, pg. 29

Will Parkinson is pursuing a degree in Mechanical Engineering at The University of Akron. (wmp8@zips.uakron.edu) pg. 18

Angela L. Plant is a part-time nontraditional student, wife, and mother of four, majoring in social work. (alp94@uakron.edu) pg. 21

Theresa Rabbitts is a Student Services Counselor majoring in Education. She lives in Wooster with her husband, Terry and children. (tm37@uakron.edu) pg. 6

Roxana Rathbun is an aspiring novelist, currently studying for a B.A. in English and planning to go on for her masters in library sciences. pg. 4

Kelly S. Roberts of Lodi is majoring in changing majors. (roberts.kelly@outlook.com) pg. 12

Betty Rogge has been teaching at Wayne College for over 15 years. She and her husband are amateur photographers (hoping someday to get better at it). (brogge@uakron.edu) pg. 6, 10

April Schar of Rittman is a farm assistant, sibling of three and is undecided about her major. (aes95@zips.uakron.edu) pg. 7, 17, 31

Christopher Seifert of Doylestown comes from a family of nine and is currently majoring in Communications. (cns36@zips.uakron.edu) pg. 8, 25, 30

Shea Stair of Wooster is an LPN advancing his degree in the nursing field. (sas253@zips.uakron.edu) Title page, back cover, pg. 5, 20

Lauren Teter is majoring in biomedical engineering. pg. 27

Brandon Tousley is currently working toward a degree in media communication. (brandontousley53@yahoo.com) pg. 13, 23

Vernon Virgili (vv1@uakron.edu) editor/advisors page, pg. 32

Faith Walters is the mother of three majoring in social work. (fw16@zips.uakron.edu) pg. 19

Otis Whitmore, Jr. has been a Wayne College student going on his third year. He is an adult student active in several student organizations. pg. 19, 27

Annikki Woods is from Medina and a postsecondary student working through school and attempting to make decisions about life. (annikkiw@yahoo.com) pg. 13, 17, 24, 28, 31
Back cover

Home Upon the Rocks
by Shea Stair

Front cover

Spirits of the Sunrise
by John C. Lorson