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 for the artwork or photographs that appear on the Spring Waynessence front and back covers.

Wayne College’s Literary Magazine

Field of Daisies
Sarah Mullins
Advisor’s Note

More than any other season fall is a time of change. It begins quietly enough—and earlier than many of us ever suspect. Mornings grow silent as birds, with young fledged and gone, begin to sense the coming winter. Leaves begin to turn, with some trees flaming sooner than others, as the cold north betrays its impending invasion. In time fields are laid bare and all that remains is hope. Hope that the winter won’t last forever. Hope that the spring will bring with it a rebirth of the world that once was. And hope that the birds will sing once again from whatever branch they alight.

Thank you to all who have supported Waynessence in any way throughout the years. It’s been my great pleasure to be a part of something so unique, rare and wonderful.

John C. Lorson
Advisor

From the Editor

Each semester I am reminded of the incredible success Waynessence achieves by bringing talented students, faculty, staff, and community members together with one goal in mind; to create an amazing publication to share. I would like to extend my sincere thanks to everyone involved for making my experience with Waynessence remarkable once again.

Theresa Rabbitts

To John Lorson, who will be leaving the Waynessence staff and Wayne College this year:

Over the years, you have been a co-advisor, an instructor, an advisor, a life coach, a mentor, an idol, a motivator, a volunteer, a co-worker, an entertainer, and a friend – to ME. Thank you times one hundred.

You have given so much to The University, Wayne College, and the Holmes Campus – more than what was asked, expected, or believed possible. Your talents, good nature, and compassion will continue to serve you well; I wish you the very best of luck.

Theresa

“Don't be afraid. Change is such a beautiful thing,” said the butterfly.

— Sabrina Newby
From the Staff
Special Acknowledgments

- God
- John Lorson
- Carolyn Freelon
- All the Writing Instructors
- Sharon Ostroski
- SOPAC
- Everyone who submitted to Waynessence

A Spider’s Thread
Samantha Schabitzer

Art of a character from the video game Undertale with Sake.

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.
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**Water on the Rocks**

Theresa Rabbitts
In each of us there resides two beasts,
Of opposing views, tis true.
A fairy and a monster,
they form our duality, two.

Created by truths, taught to the youths,
And moralities inherent to all,
The fairy exists to remind us of these,
And to catch us before we fall.

The monster is a formidable foe,
Made up of lust and hate,
He thrives on creations’ original sin,
which sealed Lucifer’s own fate.

Endlessly, they whisper in our ears
Neighbors, but a shoulder’s width away
Until our souls are put to rest.
Our decisions they wish to sway.

Be careful therefore to whom you choose,
Whose advice will you attend to?
Recall that the steps you take
Will surely lead back to you

In each of us there dwells two beasts,
Of opposing interests, it’s true.
Virtue, and Depravity
they form our duality, two.

Hot and cold long to touch, but fate parts
their fingertips.

Reaching
Samantha Schabitzer
As the Seasons Turn
by Rachel Hargrave

It’s that time again, the change is in the air – matter of fact it’s already here!

Lively, beautiful trees of various hues of green
And that all summer and spring long
Have given sustenance and shade;
Both suddenly and subtly-literally overnight
Are appearing with streaks of auburn, ambers, and gold
Just like a lady in a beauty parlor getting highlights in her locks of glory.

So beautiful, a look of dazzling grace–
But the stark reality and truth certain death awaits.

In just a brief moment, their vibrance and glory will be all gone–
Stripped bare, nothing left to adorn.
Yet, indeed at the very core they are alive, they do live on!

You know I think those trees know this,
For they continue standing, bold, unwavering and strong;
Enduring sorrow, joy, pain, and the brutal winds of change – patiently,
Awaiting the rebirth of Spring. . . they know it’s coming, so–
They keep on standing not worried about a thing!
Me thinks Johnny Appleseed may have been a student at Wayne many moons ago!

Johnny Appleseed
Rachel Hargrave
Beautiful Flower
Sarah Mullins
4.
Spider with Sake
Michelle Most

Art of a character from the video game Undertale with Sake.
By the time he was my age, Hemingway had shot himself, discontent with the disparity between his well-crafted prose and celebrated literary persona and the body degenerating before his eyes. The next year Faulkner died of heart disease in a rural Mississippi hospital in what would be light years ago in terms of the availability of critical care. And yet that old man of letters Andre Gide in enumerating to his journal the physically losses experienced by seventy confides: “and yet how well one does without them.”

It is a commonplace to observe that Keats died at 25 and Schubert at 31 (both of course preventable deaths now and yet I wonder were they alive today would our culture have any place for their creative gifts) to apprise one’s own (lack of) accomplishments by a certain age or the thought that had Shakespeare died the same year as his exact contemporary Christopher Marlow he would be totally unknown.

We are exhorted that in the “new old age” we can work till we are 70 and by forestalling retirement rescue the economy from debt. The more likely scenario, however, is that we work till we drop. Whatever our ideals and aspirations at 55, the body betrays us. At the same time since we have long ago lost that youthful illusion of immortality, then why do anything?

In that moment between dreams and consciousness I may revisit 30 only to discover on awakening that I have grown old. Nothing prepares us for age, however well we might acknowledge it intellectually. I ask of the mirror, “Can this really be me?” As with the wrinkles around the eyes my face becomes ever more reminiscent of a Galapagos tortoise. Yet I still feel that I am all potential and no accomplishment, having been driven in many directions and yet seriously pursued none of them, glad for what knowledge I may possess despite the distractions of my life yet knowing it could have been so much more.

This same insight must come to all who reach this age.
Water on the Rocks
Theresa Rabbitts
I Love a Parade
Jane Fink

A dog parade (real dogs and floats) on the boardwalk at Virginia Beach.
Bully Birds
by Theresa Rabbitts

The gaggle gather beside the pond this morning
The water must be cold
The mallards, however, continue their swimming
Proving that they are bold
Maybe even showing they have something to prove
The geese may be out of luck
They would rather complete a long journey southwest
Than to deal with a bunch of ducks
Sun Ship
Theresa Rabbitts
Fall Stream
Shea Stair

Picture taken at a local park in Wooster on a chilly fall day.
Dissect
by Michelle Most

He sits down next to me on the first day of class,
Handsome, anxious, pensive.
The proximity to another human being makes me shrink against my seat.
Murmurs swarm the air,
Of awful jobs and horrendous dates and weather
That stirs up muddy filth and homicidal urges.
*Hey*, he says, and I nearly jump. I smile and say hello.
Wide, intelligent eyes framed by a dark and beautiful face
Make my hands shake as I reach in my bag for a pencil.
He asks me if I’m excited for this semester.
I tell him I’d rather be at home playing Minecraft.
He laughs. Acquaintanceship has been broached.
He tells me that his sister lost her license,
That he almost didn’t make it today because his parents made him drive her.
*Is there a favoritism issue somewhere in there?*
He rolls his eyes.
*Does them making me pay for her Starbucks when she has no job answer your question?*
When I laugh and nod, he turns toward me a little.
Conversation has started.
I have actually made a friend.
The second hand hits the twelve and class begins.
Syllabus, expectations, weekly assignments, no extra credit. We begin chapter one.
The PowerPoint is in Garamond, the bullet points are little stars.
You draw faded, Expo marker lines between us. Dissect the room.
Teach us the futility of fairness, the satire that is understanding
And guilt piles onto my shoulders
For the actions of my great grandfathers and their fathers before them.
Pens tap on papers, pop cans hiss open.
A chime – someone was just mentioned on Twitter.
You reveal the subliminal messages
In everything we do;
The fear we don’t realize we’re feeling
And the oppression exacted by people who don’t intend it.
Monsters or victims,
No one is the equal.
I look down at my spidery hands,
At the sickly-pale skin
And what it represents.
The shrill cry of a zipper welcomes another – and another –
A whirlwind of coats and purses ensues as the period nears its close.
You give us our homework – one through seven in complete sentences.
The boy turns toward me now,
His lips parted to speak
I duck my head to hide behind my hair
Gather my books
And hurry out the door.

A commentary on the divisive and counter-productive effects of current race-relation studies in America.
First Place

Wounded Heart
by Scott Gold

I think on where I am tonight,
where I’m not,
and where I might.

You, my own, my wounded heart,
to mine the hurt,
from mine the dart.

What is the place where I am not?
a sated heart
and not distraught

That you would be in such a place!
But knowing me?
No sense nor grace.

That you would know no pain so near,
none so often
nor severe

My wish is joy and tenderness,
that which I get,
which you express

What is the place I hope I might?
a place hearth warm
of worn delight

That I with you be there the same!
but blindness mine
and mine the blame.
Second Place

Depression
by Michelle Most

Depression is like molasses,
The gunk that fills up your joints
And stops up your head
Every time someone asks,
Can I get a gift card for $20?
What time are you free tomorrow?
How do I get to the nearest gas station?

The language I have spoken my whole life
Has suddenly become a jumble of noises
I can’t decipher.

Heady, unshakable exhaustion
Leaves me sputtering and frowning
As an undercurrent of prickling anxiety and
Burning humiliation warms my face.

Let me go check, I utter
(I don’t miss your puzzled look)
But you will move on
From the hard stop to the flow of things,
And I will become
But an irksome smudge on your memory.

An example of how Major Depressive Disorder can turn simple interactions into a struggle.
Winged Eyeliner
Michelle Most

An attempt to incorporate a randomly-grabbed group of colored pencils into a single drawing.
Field of Daisies
Sarah Mullins
I felt like I was on the edge of a precipice, looking out into the vast unknown. The ground underneath me felt secure and safe. It felt much more familiar and comfortable than the thought of stepping out there. Though the idea of the unknown stirred some excitement in me, it didn’t lead me, but I had no idea what the future might hold. Casting Crowns seemed to capture what I was feeling pretty accurately in their song “Already There” when they wrote, “From where I’m standing/ Lord, it’s so hard for me to see/ where this is going.”

I was a service technician for a local company that sold and serviced copiers and computer networks. I started working there shortly after high school and had become very good at what I did. The owners of the company had been friends of the family for as long as I could remember, and they treated me very well. It was a job that I felt very secure in and, at this point, I had been working there for fourteen years.

Years before I had sensed that God had been calling me to pastoral ministry. It was something that I was sensing pretty strongly, but frankly, it scared me to death. I think I was hesitant of the call for two reasons: First, I had the opportunity to see it firsthand. A number of men in my family had been called into pastoral ministry, and I had the chance to see the good, the bad, and the ugly of the ministry. There are heavy things that must be dealt with in the ministry – and I wanted to be absolutely sure that the Lord was calling ME to it and that I wasn’t assuming the call based on the others in my family. The second reason was that it is not exactly predictable. Sure, there are certain aspects of being a pastor that are a given – like Sundays. But in reality, a full-time pastor not only preaches sermons and leads bible studies every week, but he is on call 24 hours a day and seven days a week. Not only are the weekly tasks unpredictable, the thought of where I might be called to serve was overwhelming. I am a guy who loves to have a schedule, so the thought of going from a Monday to Friday, nine to five, secure job to full-time pastoral ministry was a very scary thought. But in the recent months and years the call continued to get stronger and stronger. The only way that I can explain it is an increased restlessness – and that from a guy who is not spontaneous.

The church that we had been a part of for years was suddenly without a pastor and needed to find an interim pastor who would serve for a year until the congregation found a full-time replacement pastor. It seemed to make perfect sense to me. I submitted my name to them for consideration, seeing that I had been involved in the church, serving in many different capacities for years. Not only was I already familiar with

Continued on page 19
everyone in the church, I was well established in the community. It also seemed that it would be much easier since we wouldn’t have to be uprooted and move to some unforeseen place. So when the search committee decided on someone else, I was deflated, hurt and confused. It didn’t make sense to me. But even after that great disappointment, I could not ignore the clear call that I still sensed.

When I heard of a church that was going to be looking for a full-time associate pastor – and was two hours away – my wife and I began to pray about the possibility of submitting my name to them. It was soon clear to us that I should. As they went through the resumes, they narrowed the list down to three names – and they called me to let me know that I was one of the three that they would be interviewing for the position. At this point, I began to be more afraid. It all began to seem so much more real to me…so much more possible.

It was at this point that I began to resonate more deeply with the song “Already There” by Casting Crowns. The lyrics seemed to convey exactly what I was feeling when they said,

From where I’m standing
Lord, it’s so hard for me to see
Where this is going
And where you’re leading me
That was it. It seemed as though I was on the edge of a precipice, staring down a path into the great unknown. I knew that though I was familiar and comfortable with everything behind me, He may very well be leading me from that. In my anxiety, the one thing that I knew was that if He calls me to it, it is exactly where I need to be.

After the interview, I was called again and told that the search committee unanimously selected me as the candidate that they would present to the congregation. I was astounded, excited and suddenly faced with stepping out. The next step was a hard one – it involved me submitting my notice at my place of employment. It was hard because it seemed like the point of no turning back. It was like I was at the poker table and declaring, “all in.” After taking that step, we were at the point of needing to find a place to live…and quickly. Finding a place would be hard enough, but we also had the challenge of selling our other house. Questions began flooding our minds: “Where are we going to live? How are we going to manage to sell our other house in this market? How are we going to afford two house payments? Are we really ready for this?”

As we continued to walk, facing the unknown, these lyrics continued to play through my mind:

I wish I knew how
All my fears and all my questions
Are gonna play out
In a world I can’t control

Continued on page 20
I’m sure I nearly wore out that CD during that time of transition. The song continued to go on to say,

From where you’re standing  
Lord, you see a grand design  
That you imagined  
When you breathed me into life

It was such a great reminder of what I already knew. God’s viewpoint is much greater than mine. In fact, his perspective on my life is much like an artist who has a plan and can already see the end result when all I see are confusing marks on the canvas.

We ended up watching things fall right into place. It was amazing to see. In a very short time, we got a house that was more perfectly suited for us than I would have even hoped for – and not far from the church where I would be serving. What made it more amazing was that the house wasn’t even on the market when we heard about it through the grapevine and contacted the would-be seller. The house we were worried about selling, my dad bought and turned it into a rental property. As the lyrics remind, “all the chaos/comes together in Your hands/like a masterpiece,” God seemed to be bringing together perfectly what appeared to be chaos to me into wonderful order. Now that I am on this side of it looking back, the question that is begged of me is this: the next time I find myself overlooking the vast unknown – knowing that “When I’m lost in the mystery/to [Him] my future is a memory/’cause [He’s] already there” – will I be slower to anxiety and quicker to faith?

Works Cited

This was written as an assignment for English Comp. 1 – It describes a transitional time in life, and how the lyrics to “Already There” by Casting Crowns relates.
Beautiful Cecropia Moth

Gordon Beals
Fall Fishing
Shea Stair

Taken under a bridge in Wooster while doing some fall fishing.
This was taken while visiting Summersville Lake in West Virginia.
Foggy Imagination
by Theresa Rabbitts

Fog fuels my creativity.

Behind the fog, a row of trees become mountains and I realize I am far from home and lost.

Beneath the fog, a pond is a scary swamp like I see in a horror movie and I hold my breath waiting for a monster to immerge.

In the fog, a jogger is a shadow creature gliding over the ground and reappearing after almost gone from sight.

The fog will turn street lights into the glowing eyes of a dragon standing just beyond every next corner.

The brightest fall moon is powerless to the fog and it dims and retreats from the night time sky.

The fog devours the road ahead of you only to give it back in small sections at the last possible second.
Die Hards
Jane Fink
An Amish Landscape
Gordon Beals
I Spy a Chipmunk
Shea Stair

Picture taken at a local park in Wooster
The Little Country Farm on Main Street
Rachel Hargrave
What If?
by Rachel Hargrave

You know I was wondering. . . WHAT IF good were as persistent as evil
Right as persistent as wrong –
We know that love is stronger than hate,
WHAT IF love more loudly sang its song?

WHAT IF we learned more of how to count our blessings –
Even for the smallest of things,
What kind of change would sincere gratitude and thanksgiving bring?

WHAT IF our world returned to good morals, to virtue, and to right,
Looked to love rather than fight?

WHAT IF we really would drop prejudice, let it be a thing of the past,
Realized that we are all created by God – and each other is all that we really have?

WHAT IF we truly learned to pray, in a genuine, effective way?
WHAT IF we learned to freely give rather than to hoard?
Or sought for unity instead of discord?

WHAT IF we stored more treasures and wealth on the other side,
Rather than living deceitful lies?

WHAT IF at life’s end, when we have to lay it all down,
We can truly say I have done my best, have given my all?
WHAT IF, what if, what if. . .
Our Contributors

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Gordon R. Beals of Dalton is a student at The University of Akron Wayne College taking a variety of courses of interest. (gbeals99@yahoo.com) pg. 21, 26, 31

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Michelle Most is an aspiring author pursuing a degree in corporate communications. (mostlymichelle@aol.com) Back cover, pg. 5, 12, 15, 16

Sarah Mullins of Marshallville works in the library at the College. Title page, pg. 4, 17, 23

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Theresa Rabbitts is a Student Services Counselor majoring in Education. She lives in Wooster with her husband Terry, and children. (tm37@uakron.edu) Table of Contents, pg. 7, 9, 10, 24

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Shea Stair of Wooster is an LPN advancing his degree in the nursing field. (sas253@zips.uakron.edu) pg. 11, 22, 27, 32

I Spy a Chipmunk

Shea Stair

32
A character being forced to wear her least-favorite color.

Eiffel Tower
FRONT COVER
by Samantha Schabitzer

That Dreadful Color
BACK COVER
by Michelle Most

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