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Each fall, all writing submitted to Waynessence is entered into our writing contest. In the spring, awards are given for the artwork or photographs that appear on the spring Waynessence front and back covers.
NOTES

CO-ADVISOR’S NOTE
Greetings readers! Our autumn edition of Waynessence offers an opportunity to explore each of the five senses, from artistic photography to contemplative poetry and imaginative essays. Topics include relationships and romance, a bookish ghostly apparition, and an adventure in medical training. There is also a sequel on the minimalist approach to lawn care, another story describing an affinity for one’s own backyard, and an alternative perspective on the annual corn harvest. Whether you are new to Waynessence or a returning reader, please consider submitting your essay, poem, original artwork or photography to our upcoming spring issue.

— Scot Long, Ph.D.

CO-ADVISOR’S NOTE
I am excited to be a part of this great publication. Each semester I am amazed with the wonderful submissions we receive. I would like to thank each and every person that has helped make this publication possible.

— Sarah Mullins

EDITOR’S NOTE
I’m excited to see another issue of Waynessence coming together through the combined effort of Wayne students, faculty, and community members! It’s an honor to work alongside friends to put together something full of meaning and expression, and I’d like to thank everyone who participated this semester. Congratulations to the winners and I hope everyone enjoys this edition of Waynessence.

— Cassidy Petric

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STAFF
Cassidy Petric, Editor-in-Chief / Savannah Black / Nina Schultz

SPECIAL THANKS
A special thank you to everyone who submitted to the Fall 2017 Waynessence and the Word Processing team.
At first we took no notice. Many people who weren’t students use the library. Then one day we just looked at each other from the circulation desk with the unspoken realization: he’s here again. There were other older people among traditionally aged college students, but his forward slanted oscillating gait drew our attention, as if he might tumble and collapse at any moment like the Colossus of Rhodes in an earthquake.

For a long time he kept a regular schedule as if he were an employee punching in, always entering the library awestruck, like a child who still believes in Santa Claus coming down to a Christmas tree and marveling at the presents that had magically appeared overnight.

Quiet and to himself, first noticed and then ordinary, he almost blended into the furniture. One slow Saturday we were startled from our reveries over our smartphones, when the elevator door opened—we hadn’t seen him come in—and out he came. It was then that someone labeled him “the ghost of the library.” And so he was, never accompanied, only reading as if he were feverishly preparing for a career or some qualifying Ph.D. exam, when it was obvious that if life were a train trip from Manchester to London he’d be pulling into Victoria station right now.

He grew ever more stooped in posture, unsure of step, and befuddled in countenance, stopping for a moment as if trying to remember where he was and what he was doing. Fortunately, he was not one of those tedious old fools who tie up younger people in one after another series of anecdotes with only a tangential connection or none at all, or one who hesitates over an irrelevant detail: it was Tuesday, it was Monday; it was 1977, it was 1980. In fact he never spoke at all except for a sotto voce mutter. However, he continued to scan the shelves with undiminished enthusiasm and sense of wonder as when Howard Carter first gazed upon the splendors of Tut’s tomb. (Tut himself might be in a better state of repair.)

He began showing up at increasingly irregular intervals: frequently and then with long gaps and then a constant presence. Obviously we all have our own lives and our own jobs to do. To us he was a curiosity, a mystery, though a benign one, nothing more.

During his absences we would speculate: Is he ill? Is he dead? Has he had to move into an assisted living facility or a nursing home? Somehow that didn’t fit in with the impression of independence he had given us. And then he would reappear as if he had just stopped out for lunch at the university food service, in part giving us a sense of relief and at the same time renewing the speculation as to the unsolvable mystery and some banter about who was going to call 911 when the time came. That would, however, have been a suitable end for someone who so loved the library.

And then he was gone as is inevitable in this world of impermanence. We were temporary student workers. His fame had been passed down from one to the other like a legend, for no one knew how long, but had we asked, “How are you?” we imagined he might have said, “I’m wonderful. I’m in your library.”
FOR WANT OF WIND

By Scott Gold

For want of wind
The sea-spray lies

For want of spray
The dune grass dies

For want of grass
The dune sand flies

For want of dunes
The artist cries
You may recall that when last I wrote .... some few of you may remember…fine. One of you knows I discussed my disdain for lawns, most particularly mowing lawns, considering it a useless endeavor. Instead, I advocated letting the lawn go wild and the leaves fall, thus allowing nature to take its course. However, after the spring thaw the lawn, front and back, had returned to such a primal state that I contemplated the possibility that I might see, or rather hear, Tarzan swinging on my in situ bean poles.

Consequently, I engaged two brothers, recent graduates of Akron U’s school of business, on a mission akin to breaking the sod of the prairie or exploring the Amazon basin. They arrived at the appointed time with a small flatbed trailer, tools, the strength and zeal of youthful enthusiasm and the spirit of entrepreneurship. They were finished in less than an hour, did an admirable job, and after paying them in full, I stopped for some moments to contemplate and calculate how many hours I had worked to pay their fee. So much for a humanities education.

Now I could pursue one of my other passions: gardening, something to which I no doubt have a genetic disposition. You may find that last phrase puzzling, but all will be made clear. In addition to my other nonmainstream thinking, I am a compost gardener, a disciple of the work of Ruth Stout. I do not till the ground or disturb the soil except to be able to put in the seeds or the plants I have started in a bed. Rather I mulch as I plant and then as the plants grow, move in the mulch to block the weeds. Except I no longer had any organic materials with which to mulch. Surr uptitiously, I eyed my neighbor’s back lawn. He too must be an advocate of the no-mow, no-rake philosophy, though he has attained an even higher level of consciousness than I to include no pruning, no painting, and no repair. His garage stands (part of it anyway) like a Diane Arbus image of the dust bowl. He is my Zen master.

As I contemplated dressing in black and armed with a likewise black trash bag crossing the property line by stealth of night (fortunately in keeping with his minimalist philosophy of work he had no security light) while imagining how the copy might read were I caught: “Senior lecturer can’t leaf well enough alone.” However, I soon discovered he was on an extended trip to Europe and I could gather at leisure.

In winter, seed catalogues appear in the mail and gardeners dream of the spring. Now, however, as autumn returns in the great cycle, reflecting on the exertions of the last five months of straining, bending, lifting, pulling the weeds, fighting the bugs (organically), I realize no one could pay me to sweat so under the sun, scratched, bitten, and bemused.

I will now put forth the suggestion that the editors of the DSM (Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of disorders) create a further category of mental illness, defining gardening as somewhere between OCD and masochism. Or to paraphrase Churchill: never have so many hours and so much effort been squandered to produce so few vegetables.

But today I look at the last small tomatoes stoically still clinging to the withered yellowed vines, the beans plump in their pods, and the Cruciferae, their blue-green leaves strong and lush, defiant of the coming frost.
Morning Dew, Vernon Virgil

Sunshine, Savannah Black
A BUCKET LIST
OF IMPOSSIBILITIES

By Bruce Crissinger

1. Have a vegan meal that’s worth eating, in other words, one that wasn’t cooked by me.

2. Get enough sleep

3. Have the space to listen to WCLV.

4. Find a way to preserve my great-grandfather’s letters.

5. Likewise the volumes of German literature from my grandmother’s generation so that neither are consigned to the flames Fahrenheit 451 style.

6. Touch the graves of my Bavarian ancestors, contemporaries of Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner, whom I shall so soon join.
Mohican River

Heron, Marla Neiss

Mohican River, Cindy Duffy
Everyone longs for contentment or a sense of belonging. Often each person has a little niche in their life that they use to seek these emotions. A quiet place, a place where all stress and anger from the day can just fade away. A place to focus on what in life deserves to be appreciated. For me, this is my backyard.

A small, one-acre plot of land sits along the outskirts of Wadsworth, Ohio, scattered with what seems like hundreds of trees, of every possible variation. Maples, oaks, pines, beeches, birches and so many others. Far enough from the city that the only sounds you hear at night are the wind blowing and a barred owl hooting. Stepping-stones are placed along the descending hill down to the creek where there lies a bridge straight out of a fairytale to lead over and into the magical forest. This place is my home.

I have always been especially drawn to the outdoors. I learned this from my father who for as long as I can remember has taught me the ins and outs of foraging for morel mushrooms, wild leeks, and many other plants. I have always had a deep love and respect for non-human animals and the power of Mother Nature. I find it so humbling to lay on the forest floor feeling the ground beneath you and the air above you and know that you are alive, I have done this so many times in my backyard, which has furthered my connection to this particular patch of woods. Those are the moments when I realize how virtually unimportant anything and everything I’ve ever done actually is. That is when I realize how much of my day-to-day life is going to dissolve into nothingness at the moment of my death. The only thing that matters is the imprint I leave on all other forms of life. The only important thing is compassion. I have had some of my biggest epiphanies in this forest.

Also, I am particularly drawn to nature because I am reminded that I am real. I am reminded that I am not just another piece in the meaningless, imaginary culture humans have created. I am pure. I am beautiful. I am made from all the same elements that have carefully built every tree and every rock. I am the same as the molecules that flow through every river. And one day after my death, my body will become the trees and the water once again. My body matter will be recycled, just as everything in nature. That from which I came will change into that which I will become. I am a piece of a never-ending, immortal cycle—something much more meaningful than the culture we have created over time. I find comfort and purpose in these thoughts and even just the energy surrounding all natural things. I am drawn to the feeling of mud beneath my feet and a warm breeze. Having all of these feelings right in my own backyard is something for which I am forever grateful.

When there is nowhere else to run or no one to lean on, I often find myself making the walk through my yard, down the hill, over the bridge, and into the forest. The way all of the trees are aligned, the barks all so different but blending together, create a beautiful, textured painting. It puts me at peace. The tree tops spread out searching for only one thing, the light of the sun. It inspires me to do the same. It inspires me to search for the light in everything.

The forest never looks exactly the same, everything is constantly changing, growing. That is another one of my favorite things. No matter how many times I explore, there is always something new to discover. I can keep my mind busy by walking through the always-flowing creek water, checking out the new animal footprints in the wet mud, or even identifying wildflowers that spring up throughout the ivy. It is beautiful no matter what the season, and as each comes to a close, the anticipation for the next to begin leaves me full of joy. I connote so many positive emotions with my backyard. I would rather walk here on any given day than a public park or any other place. There is a certain comfort I feel knowing that I am safe in my own yard, and there are no outside influences to worry about. I can be completely alone and do what I want. I can forage, I can wear whatever clothes I want, go off the trails, or take a walk at any time of day. It feels free.

When I think of a place where I can truly be myself, where I can unwind after a long day, the first place that comes to my mind is the forest. I am so lucky to have a forest a few paces away from my back door. Even if I move, this particular forest will forever hold a special place in my heart. I have made so many memories here, realized so many of my most important values, and created such vivid ideas. I am so grateful that nature can bring out my best self. The forest, any forest, will always calm me. Yet, my own backyard still holds the special place in my heart. It is my quiet place.
The world and its everything
Is more beautiful in your language,
Words like
   envelope, major, hearse
Catch in your throat;
Slicked in gold
Your voice plucks the dust
Off the unused strings
   Somewhere in me—
Asks me gently to play
Notes I never knew somewhere inside me obey
Rounded half or whole/sticky jangling staccato
Now ping off my ribs, swell softly in the heart,
beating bated breath.
   Around you
I become more than a woman
A symphony illuminated—
Stretching in crescendo like a cloud's pressured
yawn;
Folding in on myself like
felled leaves.
Everything I owned I shed,
Like a skin I didn’t know had grown so thin
Renewed, I boarded a box of steel at two-thirty a.m.
In a city I used to sneak away to on school nights
when my favorite bands played rough and loud.

*One foot on the platform/One foot on the train*
As the song goes, and I tried not to stare
But I did, straight at you, like I was uploading
You into my memory
holographic, you stood half smiling and waving
And this ain’t Good Bye, I promised
But when both my feet touched the train’s corridor floor
The string stretching between tightened and broke
limply
blew away
Like silk spider webs.
And the great engine heaved
carrying me fiercely away
From you
THE TRADITION
By Bruce Crissinger

When we as new medical students entered the anatomy lab, even before becoming fully conscious of the spectacle of a room full of elevated coffins, the smell, the all-pervading smell of the formalin overwhelmed us. I wondered how these old professors could have spent their careers breathing it in. Their insides must be preserved, even if it hasn’t made any difference on the outside. Many see this as an ordeal, faced with trepidation. For me, scholar of the humanities, it was part of a great tradition going back to Vesalius, author of De Humani Corporis Fabrica, though according to the Catholic Church a desecration of the dead, done at risk and in secret, conjures up images of grave robbers and furtive dissections by candlelight. Not yet totally replaced by computers and polymer models, dissection and the 60-hour weeks of residency with no sleep for 36, remain the initiation rituals of medical training.

Here the student learns the feel of the human body, what it’s like to cut into flesh before having to do the same on living tissue—not at all like carving a Thanksgiving turkey. From this experience, the time and the detail, the aspiring doctor learns respect for the dignity of the human being and gains a sense of humility about the physician’s role in keeping with the famous dicta of medicine: the physician doesn’t cure, but the physician’s role in keeping with the famous dicta of medicine: the physician doesn’t cure, but primum non nocere—first do no harm. Today we were supposed to become treats and follows dicta of medicine: the physician doesn’t cure, but primum non nocere—first do no harm. Today we were supposed to become initiates in medical training—the initiation rituals of medical training.

His work was definitely white collar, in an office or maybe he was a teacher or professor, a professor whose humanitarian instincts led him to donate his body. He’d given himself to his school in life, why not in death too? From what I knew of universities, that was not an entirely facetious representation of what they expected from their employees. Give your savings to the endowment program and your body to science. Or maybe he signed the donation forms because he knew he had no money for a plot and no relatives or friends to attend the funeral or visit him afterwards.

His legs were covered with a myriad of varicosities. Had he died of a thrombosis or clotting of the veins in the leg, or heart disease since he was fat and out of shape? I couldn’t ask him to open his eyes so that I could examine his retina to look for arteriosclerosis, but I expected eventually to find plaque in the arteries, left ventricular hypertrophy from hypertension, and fluid in the lungs indicating at least the beginnings of congestive heart failure.

Running my fingers across the palm of his hand I could feel how soft it was even through the latex glove—cold too—and the arm surprisingly heavy in my grasp. He obviously hadn’t been a laborer (though who is at his age?) which I figured to be around 50 or so—not even a gardener or a handyman. The head was mostly bald and what hair there was, a mixture of gray and blond, wanted cutting, but then how could he have known there would be an audience, a critic standing over him passing judgment, and a stranger at that? The feet were seriously misshapen, the left foot flattened, a gap between the large and second toe and with pronounced corns and callouses on the right as well. It must have been painful for him to walk. Not surprisingly, he wasn’t tanned. He hadn’t been at the beach or on the golf course when death struck. Funny, except for the torturous veins and the contorted, calloused feet, the feature that struck me the most was his long hands, like I imagined a concert pianist’s would be.

Had I seen him in the street I would never even have noticed him, any more than a tramp or a panhandler, or one of those annoying old men who pass out pamphlets, all forming just another element that blends into the urban landscape, the same as the gray façades of old buildings or the pigeons on the sidewalk. Had I seen him walking in my direction, I would have intentionally and assiduously tried to dodge him, probably with a curse if he had tried to speak. I knew that had he asked me for so much as a match, the time, or more probably money, I would have shown him no respect, considered him nothing but an impediment, an obstacle to brush aside. We would never have had occasion to have a conversation and yet here he was on my dissection table, suddenly valuable in death, someone who in life literally wasn’t worth giving the time of day.

Obviously, his employer didn’t have a dental plan. The teeth and the gums are a good indication of general health, access to medical care, and even social status. If he had known, he could have gargled with hydrogen peroxide to whiten them. At least that would have improved the cosmetic appearance, at a very low cost. He had a deviated septum, congenital, or from an injury, a punch in the face; a sub-orbital scar, like a scratch from a 19th century dueling match, then the mark of an incision for an appendectomy and immediately below an untreated inguinal hernia. It wasn’t strangulated; he hadn’t died of gangrene. His biological clock was ticking, but it wasn’t a time bomb.

24 25
Beloved.

May you know I’m here in every manner,

When the world crashes down on us,

When the waves pull you out to sea,

And you can’t find your way back,

I will take your hand.

The sadness may find you just as she has found me

And I will curl around you as you cry.

For you are my best friend through thick and thin,
And I will hold you up through every challenge we may face.

Sometimes we will get lost and sometimes we will bicker.

But you are mine, just as I am yours.
And I will hold your hand in happiness and sadness
because there is no other hand I’d rather hold than yours.

BELOVED
by Vada Watson

Image credit: Ocean and Flora, Megan Duffy
Autumn is the season of harvest across rural America where vast fields of corn, soybeans, and wheat stretch from roadways to distant tree lines. Ohio marks the eastern edge of the Corn Belt that extends westward to Nebraska, north to Minnesota, and south to Missouri. The tall crop slowly turns from a lush green in August to a tawny brown by the close of September when harvesting begins.

Tractor horsepower has steadily increased since the first metal wheeled contraption pulled a plow during the early 20th century. Highly touted as the largest and most technologically advanced combine ever built, the new Fulsome Corporation Lexington 500R Combine Harvester offers a 516 horsepower engine capable of harvesting corn at the Lexington 500R rate of harvest. Thus, at 80 bushels per minute or 4800 bushels an hour using its 40-foot-width cutter head.

The cash crop farmer plants genetically modified (GMO) corn able to withstand the lethal effects of weed controls applied to the field. Accordingly, GMO corn translates to a lesser investment of labor during the growing season, thereby allowing the farmer to plant and harvest greater amounts of acreage using massive machines such as the Lexington 500R.

Even with the expansive 360 bushel holding capacity, the combine must be offloaded every 4½ minutes—which can be accomplished simultaneous to the harvest operation as long as there is a grain wagon being driven alongside the combine. In order for the process to proceed at the maximum rate of harvest, two wagon drivers must alternately assist the combine operator. Because the combine hopper can be unloaded more than twice as fast as the harvesting speed of the Lexington 500R, the corn harvest may continue unimpeded with just enough time for each driver to return with an empty wagon.

Unless there is an endless supply of wagons, a fourth worker is required for operating an auger able to transfer the shelled corn from the wagons into a large grain-hauling semi-trailer parked on the edge of the field. A fifth and a sixth worker must be available to ferry truckloads of grain to a storage facility. With a semi-trailer capable of holding approximately 85,000 pounds of corn, it fills to capacity within 20 minutes at the Lexington 500R rate of harvest. Thus, at minimum a second large grain-hauling semi-trailer is necessary to keep the operation going smoothly.

Given that the new high-tech combine is gleaning 30 acres per hour and the farmer figures he can run his machine for 15 hours a day utilizing headlights after dark, weather permitting, this translates to about 400 acres a day, enabling the cash cropping farmer to harvest 2,000 acres in a week. Then there are the expenses of running a giant combine that must alternately assist the combine operator. Because the combine hopper can be unloaded more than twice as fast as the harvesting speed of the Lexington 500R, the corn harvest may continue unimpeded with just enough time for each driver to return with an empty wagon.

Meanwhile, walking alongside rows of cornstalks and harvesting ears of corn by hand, an Amish farmer along with his wife and younger brother only manage to harvest about one-half bushel per minute. At this leisurely pace, the workers often engage in pleasant conversation or commune with nature while occasionally voicing commands to the Belgian draft horses pulling the wagon. Upon reaching the edge of the field, the farmer guides a separate team of horses harnessed to a corn binder that mechanically cuts and collects into bundles the three rows of just-picked cornstalks.

The young woman harvests the row nearest the wagon while the farmer and his brother pull ears from the third row and center row respectively. Each of the three uses a corn-husking peg in the form of a small knife attached to a leather strap fastened around one hand for rapid stripping of the husk. The shucked ear of the all-yellow Rupp 8545 hybrid corn is then aimed toward the high side of the wagon, often striking the bangboard before landing atop the sprawling heap. After two or three hours the wagon fills to its approximate 26-bushel capacity and must be hauled by the sturdy team of Belgians to one of the farm’s corn cribs for offloading. The three are able to work eight-hour days and get their seven-acre field of corn harvested in about three weeks.

Labor costs for the Amish farmer are minimal given that family members are often employed in the hand harvesting of corn, or there may be an agreement for labor exchange with extended family or neighbors that is reciprocated within weeks, months, or perhaps even years later. The harvested corn is fed to dairy cows on the farm, so there is little fossil fuel consumption in the production cycle of the corn.

Because hand harvesting of corn is labor intensive, the workers are getting plenty of healthy exercise and hike back to the farmhouse for a hearty lunch prepared by two women who share one another’s company along with childcare, some morning baking, and early afternoon quilting that keeps them busy and productive. Toward the end of the eight-hour workday as the sun begins to set on a cool, mid-October day, the field crew returns to the kerosene-lantern-illuminated house and enjoys a home-cooked meal. The two ladies have already completed the evening milking duties in the barn since the others were busy in the field all day.

Both industrial agriculture and traditional subsistence farming define contemporary food production in the heartland. Both are centered on the rural agrarian lifestyle. Both require steadfast work and provide a living on the family farm. Both involve an orchestrated cooperative effort. Yet, the rhythm of work affixed to the industrial agriculture model mandates a nearly nonstop flow of activity compared to the calm cadence of the traditional mode of farming. Perhaps mega-scale industrial agriculture offers fewer actual advantages over human-scale traditional farming.
WHAT SHE LEFT ME
By Jennifer Stein

What she left me was
A crimson streak of hair that sunrays uncover
A shelf of books that became my altar
A love for weightless, sensitive men

When she left me I was
On the precipice of girlhood, guideless
All carbonated and shook hard, with no release
Locked out of the kingdom of the good

What she left me was
Rosaries whose beads I frayed with repetitious worry
Vinyl records I spun looking for her ghost
Rings adorned in her birthstone and an affinity for Virgos

When she left me I was
Strong in my weakest places, slowly I grew a shield
Absentee from the living, occasionally
Gifted cruelly with lessons and wisdom
KALANA BECKER
Kalana Becker of Wadsworth is passionate about the environment and animals, she enjoys dedicating her time to trying to raise awareness that these things must be respected and appreciated. pg. 18

SAVANNAH BLACK
Savannah Black is a communications major from Irondale, Ohio. pg. 9, 13, 26

DESARAY BOLIN
Desaray Bolin is a first year student at UA Wayne College. She has been doing photography for a little over a year and loves it. She takes the pictures by herself and edits them herself and someday she wants to own her own photography business. pg. 34, 35

BRUCE CRISSINGER
Bruce Crissinger has been teaching too many subjects, at too many institutions for too many years. pg. 4, 10, 15, 24

CINDY DUFFY
Cindy Duffy of Wooster is a mother of three and grandmother of five. She earned an Associate’s Degree from UA Wayne College in 2001. pg. 11, 17

MEGAN DUFFY
Megan Duffy, of Wooster is a 2015 University of Akron Graduate. front cover, pg. 14, 29

KEVIN ENGLE
Kevin Engle is the Director of Development at UA Wayne College. Inside Front Cover, pg. 5, Inside Back Cover

SCOTT GOLD
Professor Gold of Orrville is a part-time teacher, full-time learner, and is working towards a Master’s degree in over-work. pg. 7

TINA KILCULLEN
Tina Kilcullen is a Library Associate at the UA Wayne College Library. pg. 27

SCOT LONG
Scot Long has enjoyed teaching anthropology, sociology, and communication at UA Wayne College since 2005 and has also worked many years in journalism as both a writer and editor. Dr. Long resides in Mount Gilead where he and his wife Cynthia own and operate a bed & breakfast. pg. 30

SARAH MULLINS
Sarah Mullins, a mother of two, works in the UA Wayne College Library. pg. 21

MARLA NEISS
Marla Neiss, mother of two, works with her husband in Dalton. pg. 8, 16, 22

JENNIFER STEIN
Jennifer Steve, at 21, sold everything she owned and bought a one-way ticket to Portland, Oregon. It was the best experience of her life, but challenging. pg. 20, 23, 33

BRETT TOMIC
Brett Tomic is a librarian’s assistant, second youngest of eight children, and majoring in mechanical engineering. pg. 6, 32, Back Cover

VERNON VIRGILI
pg. 12

VADA WATSON
Vada Watson is a social work major working at One-Eighty as an intern. pg. 28