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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.

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Hello readers! The autumn issue of Waynessence proves once again that creative talent is all around the University of Akron Wayne College campus community. There is exceptionally inspired photography and artwork throughout, along with poetry and essays ranging in topics from triumph over failure and the end of summer to the enigmatic Mr. Quackenforth. Two of the works honor the music of Franz Schubert, while another essay looks back at an influential English literature professor. If you did not get the opportunity to contribute to the current publication, please consider submitting your essay, poem, original artwork or photography to our upcoming spring issue.

— Scot Long, Ph.D.

There are two things I enjoy the most about being an advisor for Waynessence. The first is seeing all the talent we have around Wayne College and the second is working with the students on the Waynessence staff. I would like to send a big thank you to all of you who made this publication possible.

— Sarah Mullins
**LETTING IT ALL GO**

By Katie Simkanin

No more will I hide in fear
I will stand up for myself.
I will not let others mold me
I will stand strong and let them hear.
I used to be afraid
Of all the times I made
You mad.
But not anymore.

When my mouth did not speak,
My heart would be screaming inside
I would not even dare to think for myself -
I thought I would drown.

You put so much fear into my body,
And now I’m going to let it out.
Watch me – it’s done – I’m over it
Now stand back and watch me shout.

Why I even befriended you, I’m wondering
You always act so mean
You always tried to put me down
So much I feared I would drown.

I have overcome your hate
It was like hauling a bag with heavy straps
I’m letting go, I’m tearing free
I’m letting it all go, I’m over it
I’m finding myself, I’m being me.

No more will I hide in fear
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I will not let others mold me
I will stand strong and let them hear.
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So much I feared I would drown.

I have overcome your hate
It was like hauling a bag with heavy straps
I’m letting go, I’m tearing free
I’m letting it all go, I’m over it
I’m finding myself, I’m being me.

I can handle myself, I’m pretty sure
So stop trying to bully me through
Your words and actions and emotions.
Cause standing up is what I’ll do.

Cause standing up is what I’ll do.

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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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**STAFF**

Nicolette Kaiser, Editor-in-Chief / Savannah Black / Victoria Furin / Hunter Fuhrer / Jessica Palmer

**SPECIAL THANKS**

A special thank you to everyone who submitted to the Fall 2018 Waynessence and the hard-working Word Processing team.

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**THE DAY MR. QUACKENFORTH BOUGHT THE FARM**

By Scott Gold

It was cold that Fourth of July. Dawn made her own sparklers, from the frost going soft under spreading light. Across the edge of retreating dark was a silent celebration. Perhaps nature was making a declaration, or honoring one already made. Seasons would not be locked to any calendar of man.

One man watched it. He was not a rigid man. Numbers on paper were nonsense to him, even large numbers with a dollar sign at the front. He stood at stiff attention until the last sparkle of dew dissolved in victorious daylight. Nature’s day was his day. He had his own declaration to make. He would once and finally buy the farm.

Bristol Quackenforth stretched. He ached and groaned as he did. The motion was like a final salute. The master and maker of free fields and independent weather deserved some demonstration of respect. Bristol wondered if his would suffice. But he could not stop to linger, not in action or in thought. A moment of memory and admiration was over, like Sabbath dusk ends a day of rest. Buying the farm was at hand. Working time.

So it was, with the unclenching of zipper teeth down the front of his coat, Mr. Quackenforth stepped from outside into his apartment, out of his jacket and dress shoes and up to the counter to make his pig a meal. The fine leather jacket with the bright brass teeth, he draped over his television for whoever might dwell here after him.

This would be Trudeau's last “made” meal. After all, once let loose in a pen, meals would be proper pig-food, not from a skillet or a can. Bristol’s pig would have life as a pig was intended to have, not confined to a furnished, carpeted, heated and air-conditioned cage.

In fact, so it occurred then to Trudeau’s owner, there should be no confines of any sort. A pig ought to be a pig after all. If the farm had fences, they would have to go. Happy bacon must surely be better bacon!
Marathon, definitions:
In ancient Greece a town and site of battle so named during which the perilously outnumbered Athenians defeated the invading Persians sent into action by Darius and thus this victory allowed for the development of the glorious city-state that became the basis of Western Civilization. Perhaps there is something to defending one’s homeland. According to tradition, a Greek runner was sent from Marathon to Athens to proclaim the victory and thus ease the anxieties of the populace.

In America, a self-inflicted disruption of commerce, work schedules, and leisure activities, though the participants themselves should be lauded for their prowess and endurance, like those of us who have to bear with the obstructions of the thoroughfares and highways.

Said marathon may be enjoyed by some, profitable to a few, but for most of us who suffer in silence, the street closings are an inconvenience especially in view of the fact that our urban roadways are in a perpetual state of repair, or more accurately disrepair, despite the ubiquitous presence of orange barrels and road crews with matching vests. Allow a classicist for a moment to muse that the mother of all highways, the via Appia is still intact. To get back on track, so to speak, for some reason the streets near me have the perennial honor of providing the racetrack for the event from, as Tevye might have sung, “Sunrise...Sunset.”

For us, it is a Hobson’s choice. One can end up being imprisoned at home like an agoraphobic or a political prisoner under house arrest or be forced to decamp to a McDonald’s on the periphery before daybreak to nurse a coffee with the other dispossessed for the long wait until the authorities remove the barricades from these ersatz “Checkpoint Charlies” and it is possible to resume normal and necessary activities.

Another option requiring the skills and courage of a Magellan or Balboa (before whose gaze had set upon it, the Pacific Ocean had not existed) is to pursue an alternative route into terra incognita, a treacherous enterprise as even with map in hand and eyes on the road (or in my case more like the Cyclops) the desired route (pronounced like a type of vegetable, not a military disaster) may suddenly veer off right or left without warning, with a sign post equivocating like a Jesuit. As these events are most often held in the autumn, one might as well enjoy the view. In keeping with the beauties of this season, let me modestly propose an alternative scenario:

For those who want to participate in such a time-honored event and enjoy nature, there are roads of which are less traveled. For example, Wayne County would be a beautiful place to run.
You hurt me. You hurt me in an irreversible and irreparable way. You hurt me more than words could ever convey. Because of you I became a shell of a human filled with anger, fear, and anguish. You stole the light from my eyes. You stole my smile. You stole my childhood, my innocence, and for a long time, my joy. I withdrew into myself to try to find a safe haven from the world around me you destroyed. If I saw a picture of you I shattered and broke. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't see, I couldn't move.

Every friend I had deserted me because of you, they left me for dead. Every Single Day was a battle to leave the safety of my soft, warm, bed. I wished I was dead, to have died or never been born. I saw all the ways my family would have been better without me. I tried to end my existence more than once. It didn't work. I cried alone in the dark, suffocated by my mind and wishing for relief.

I saw her one time afterwards. Three years had passed and I was living a ghost of a life. I panicked. Instead of being excited to see my best friend, I was overthrown with terror for the fear you could be around. My reunion was ruined because of crippling fear. My lungs shriveled and my vision blurred. I hid under a coat till I could finally breathe again and by then she was gone. When I walked to the chair to tell strangers my side, time and time again I began to go numb. First my arms and legs, then my mind and heart, till I felt nothing at all and floated from place to place on a black cloud of death. I found retreat and solace among the many worlds of fiction.

Their paper heroes and written problems helped me escape reality enough to breathe. I was able to live another day and take another breath.

When I had to sit in the same room as you, I almost snapped. I couldn't look at you or I would have broken in half. You left and I was free at last. I thought wrong. You became a ghost haunting me every day, every waking moment, just waiting for a moment of peace to torture and to kill. You were the face of my nightmares and the source of the monsters in my dreams.

For six years I couldn't free myself from you, SIX years of my life, stolen by you. I could have spent that time doing anything in the world, but instead I was hiding from you and running from your shadow. On that day I ceased to be a child, I was also frozen in time as a ten year old. I became mixed up inside, trying to decipher my emotional age from my physical one.

I am finally able to live without fear of you. It took many years to free myself from your clutches. Now I can be whatever and whoever I want to be. I can be more than what you made me. But still, after all this time I wonder...

WHY ME?
What turned you to make that choice?
Why did you choose me?

Editor’s Note: The author has chosen to set the entire essay as centered text.
They whisper behind closed doors
Smiling faces with twisted looks
Their only wish is my sweet demise
  Oh, how ignorance is bliss
  To their tainted smile
To the futile and frivolous scheme
  They called their plan

TAINTED SMILE
by Nicolette Kaiser
In the deep dark
There is lots of fright
Many things happen in the terror of night
Ever wish someone was there?
When you’re scared you have many fears
You can find them anywhere
Shadows in the wall,
Monsters in the mirror.
Wish someone would really talk to you?
Someone you could relate to?
When you’re hurting, ready to cry
Someone to hold your hand, asking with you “why?”
So much pain, so much fear
We shed many a tear
Even though we try to do it right -
Sometimes, the goal, we lose sight.
When you’re scared you wonder if
there was a way out of this.
Hold your head up – have courage, be strong!
Walk through the dark, sing a loud song.
Will you walk through fire
to obtain your desire?
Will you endure it all
for the prize at the end?
Will someone ever hold you tight
Catching your tears, fighting your fight?
Though it seems impossible
trust – have hope – it’ll be all right.
When those old fears come up again
don’t shudder, don’t faint, don’t cry
You won’t fall down to the ground
if only through God’s strength you try.
Why does the dark bring your fears to mind?
You’re supposed to sleep – let your brain unwind.
Whatever you say your fear is,
Own it, call it by its name.
When you want to surrender that fear
Just want someone to say “I’m here”
Know that you’re never supposed to battle alone
have hope, have spirit, have grit.
Every story deserves a happy ending
Often wonder what yours will be?
Get rid of those old fears, let go of feelings
Never give up hope for your destiny.

FEARS
By Katie Simkanin

THE UNIVERSITY OF AKRON WAYNE COLLEGE
WRITING AWARDS WINNER
1ST PLACE

* Natural Blanket, Dan Thompson
COLLEGE
By Nicolette Kaiser

In so few days
I already feel the burden
Of responsibility
Weigh down my shoulders
As does these heavy books
But I stand strong
For the sake of knowledge, experience
And my future

HER BUTTERFLY
By Jessica Palmer

Sad eyes looking up at me,
Filled with darkness is all to see
Beyond them a story to tell,
Of a girl who’s going through hell

Her mother lays within a grave,
While her father doesn’t know how to behave
Abusive hands hit her face,
Emotionally she’s a disgrace

Terrified she runs and hides,
As he slams the door to go outside
All around it’s black and grey,
On a cold, hard floor where she lays

Memories play through her head,
Good times are forever dead
Cracks and scars cover her heart,
Barely holding on until it falls apart

Her life’s a scattered mess,
Why keep living she expressed
Tears stain as she cries,
Internally she starts to die

Neglected and unloved,
She prays to God who’s up above
Silence breaks within the gloom,
Flapping wings are in the room

Vibrant colors fill the air,
A butterfly in need of care
The left wing chipped at the top,
Astonished its flying hasn’t stopped

The right antenna barely hanging on,
But still living as peaceful as a swan
A creature’s life close to an end,
But giving hope is what it sends

In this darkness that needs a light,
Her new friend shines so bright
Bringing strength to her every day,
This butterfly will never go away

In times that start to get rough,
Her butterfly reminds her she’s so tough
Her gentle grandma takes her in,
While her father leaves for all his sins

The door opens up so wide,
But this time she won’t run and hide
Down the hall she starts to roam,
Smiling, to have a home
Oh Muse, inspire in me the skills to be worthy of my subject.

So much depends on the workings of fate: blind variation, the universe, random mutations in the genome, and statistical probabilities. The slightest detail can change a life. Since teaching has been so central to my life, those who walk into the classroom door can cause happiness or despair. Nevertheless, she who is the subject of this essay would argue that everything happens for a reason.

In a class comprised of College Credit Plus students and recent high school graduates, I had the good fortune to meet someone whom we call a returning student, although life itself has been her Harvard or Yale. She is the kind of student we all hope for and who best represents Wayne College, its raison d’etre: someone with skills wrought by experience coupled with compassion, the rare individual the Roman poet Horace would have praised for living an Integar Vitae, who now has a chance to focus on the fulfillment of a long-held ambition.

Where there is chaos, she creates order. Where there is need she provides succor. Where there is emptiness she supplies joy. Where there is want she shares what she has to human and animal alike, including a one-winged parrot who made a pilgrimage to her door.

As I walk the length and breadth of this sanctuary of learning in an idyllic pastoral setting, the friendliest, most welcoming, most accepting place I have ever been, she is the epicenter of efficiency and good cheer. Her presence glows not in reflected light but with an incandescence of her own, sui generis.

On a lighter side, she describes herself as a flower child, reflected not only in her distinctive sense of style in her apparel, but also a subscriber to the values, the sense of community, and the culture of the 1960s. I like to imagine her gone back in time driving a Volkswagen van reminiscent of the Partridge family that looks like it had just collided with a florist’s greenhouse packed with a group of joyful riders enthusiastically singing along with the music.

From ancient Ur to our own day, whether paid in barley grain or cash, taxes have made the world we know as civilization possible, though most would rather meet with Medusa and her snakes than the accountant, though often a necessity approached with trepidation.

As T. S. Eliot famously wrote: “April is the cruellest month.”

However, when she is vested with her degree and certification, this will be accountancy with a welcoming face and her characteristic compassion, humanity and skill, a wholehearted endeavor of the self.

Therefore to those who read these pages, if there is an award for our most outstanding student who has unstintingly done the most for others in her life, and who best exemplifies the worth, the values, the purpose of this campus in all aspects, she should wear the Laurel; if not, I propose its creation forthwith.

A note to readers. Please be patient with the style. I was exposed to Latin at an early age. For the ancients the language as in epideictic rhetoric should match the significance of the occasion.
HOLOCAUST POEM

By Katie Simkanin

Did you ever stop to give them a name and a face?
Did you ever think of them as humans, not caverns of empty space?
Did you ever stop to hear – hear each desperate cry?
Did you ever stop and truly see them on their way to die?

Could your heart reach out and feel their pain?
But you killed them, shot them, beat them with a cane.
How could your hearts have been so calloused, so cold?
You thought you could get away with it, their story never told.

You took their humanity, their status, their pride.
When it came time for them to die, there was no one by their side.
You stripped them, starved them, beat them; they walked in shame.
They had little more than prayer, less hope, and finally not a name.

You started up the gas chambers, shoved them inside.
The poison gas killed him and her, six million more beside.
You took their lives, threw their corpses into a fiery pit.
You ate away daily at their souls little bit by bit.

They struggled on, day after day not able to protest.
At the end of each long, hard day they were never allowed rest.
They came when you wanted, they obeyed at your call.
But they did not belong to themselves, always behind the wall.

You never thought how they might feel, persecuted for their faith.
The Jewish people are my own, the Lord Yahweh sayeth.
Before you go to persecute them, just think of Me above.
I will turn six million bodies each into a pure white dove.

Their memory lives on, their horrible, sad, dark fate.
Now as we walk through the iron Auschwitz gate.
We remember, we remember the hell you put them through.
We remember what you did to them because of being a Jew.
WHY YOUR REASON WAS

By Nicolette Kaiser

Why did you die?
Why did you not tend to your illness
Was it disregard
Was it skepticism
Was it fear of burden
You might have placed on others
Or the shame of limitations
What was it?
Why did you die grandpa?
I was only three.
All I know is your pictures and little memory from before
Your face is now a blur of white and peach skin
Wrinkles of your age catching up to you and undoing what was left
My great grandfather I know far more
Than you, my own grandfather
So what was your reason?
Midnight Mushrooms, Maureen Lerch

Spring Blooms, Tina Kilcullen
PARR FOR THE COURSE

By Bruce Crissinger

Obviously by this point in life I have had a long experience of learning, but what and how much have I retained over time? Some Plato, some of Aristotle’s Rhetoric, select periods of European history, and of course languages, German opera, and Lieder or German art songs from the Romantic period.

But in terms of English literature, what is most readily at my command even now? British poetry especially from the 19th century and Shakespeare, which may be credited to Dr. Parr, a one-time high school dropout who received a Ph.D. from Vanderbilt and became a Fulbright Scholar.

It was my good fortune that previous to my arrival, the university I attended had ample money (was there ever really such a time?) to “buy” faculty members from other schools. Consequently, though having a rural background on an Ohio farm, I could study with professors from Harvard, Princeton, and other distinguished institutions. Despite their idiosyncrasies, they all had exceptional academic backgrounds. Learning was not just a job; it was their life, as it has been mine. I shall not see their like again.

Dr. Parr’s teaching method was simple, straightforward, and suited me perfectly because I had a good memory. “You have to know the text, what the words mean, and some of the historical background.”

In evaluating one’s grasp of Shakespeare his tests consisted of who said what, to whom, in which scene, and the definitions of specific words. I struggled in other Shakespeare classes that focused on critical theory in the abstract. Dr. Parr would have said, “The play’s the thing. You have to know the play.”

In addition to Shakespeare, I still have Romantics such as Shelly and Keats, and the Victorians including Tennyson, Browning, as well as A. E. Housman well in mind. It would be fitting that everyone read Keats’ “Ode to Autumn” on a beautiful mid-October day.

Dr. Parr was an old-school, southern gentleman and admirer of women. But these attentions to women were all of the spirit and not of the body. As he himself said, “After two heart attacks (he was a life-long smoker), what do you have to fear?” For the full effect you have to imagine this said in the accent of those southern Democrat senators who were his contemporaries.

After class he would sit with us in a student lounge talking about studying the Italian Renaissance on site and attending Shakespearian performances in England, especially with such legendary performers as Paul Schofield and Lawrence Olivier. However he said, “Olivier got Othello all wrong.” Passionate about learning, I wanted to absorb every word from the old professor. Of the study of literature he said, “You have to know it all, from Beowulf to Virginia Woolf.”

I was amused to hear him talk about being in England and buying a copy of Lawrence’s Lady Chatterley’s Lover and smuggling it into the U.S. only to discover when getting off the plane it was no longer contraband. I should point out that LCL was the most notorious “dirty book” of its time, as Joyce’s Ulysses had been in the 1920s, though Lawrence’s work had many, many more readers. Today it might be almost seen as a YA title, Connie watching the waves lapping against the shore. Of course those who only read the underlined parts passed on from a friend missed the entire point of the work. Lawrence depicts the drastic changes in the U.K. as a consequence of The Great War (WWI), the aristocracy whose sons either lay in Flanders Field or severely wounded like Clifford Chatterley who faced a life as an invalid in a wheelchair, had been supplanted by the rise of the lower classes (literally and figuratively) represented by the character Mellors.

When I first studied with Dr. Parr (I had him for several classes and an independent study), the Franco Zeffirelli version of Romeo and Juliet with Olivia Hussey and Leonard Whiting had been recently released in the provinces. I went to see it as often as I could and, in those days, of course one had to go to a theatre. I even saw it at a drive-in movie theater. Was I the only one actually watching the movie? (Kids, ask your grandparents, make that your grandfathers, for an explanation.) I even got it on LP vinyl and played it over and over to the point I had memorized it. (An aside: Funny I can still recite whole passages of Shakespeare that I learned soon-to-be 50 years ago, but I don’t know where I put my phone 5 minutes ago. That’s why I have two so that when I lose one I can use the other phone to call it).

In future editions of Waynessence I hope to provide a few more profiles of professors and teachers whom I remember so fondly and of whom I remember so often even now. I wonder after 42 years of teaching if anyone remembers me—positively? I doubt it. There were giants in the earth then.
OVERCOMING FAILURE
By Katie Simkanin

Sometimes you gotta let the tears come, falling faster, faster, you feel the pain. Sometimes you gotta let the tears come, down in sheets and torrents of rain.

Sad, cold, and beat
You make your way up to your feet ready to try again.
Ready to try again.

 Darkness closes in, black in the feel of night
And you’re wondering, searching – will there ever be light?
I have tried and I have failed
And there’s nothing I can do about it ‘cept let it sail.

Why so much sorrow, sadness, pain?
Tears clear and wet just like the rain.
Heaven knows how hard I’ve tried again and again. Again and again.

Send off the failure into the night
It can’t keep me down anymore.
Failure sends me falling to the ground
but I’ll get up, look ahead, make no sound.

Sometimes, you gotta let the tears come falling faster, faster, you feel the pain.
Sometimes you gotta let the tears come
Down in sheets and torrents of rain.

I know I’ll fail so much here
So give me strength, Oh God, to face my fear.
Fear of failing; not doing it right - the things that cause me so much fright.

But go ahead and try to knock me down
Cause I know failing will only make me strong.
God be my strength and help me try
Cause I know to fail is to make me strong.
To fail is to make me strong.

* Peace and Quiet, Sarah Mullins
**DOG DAYS**

By Bruce Crissinger

With Sirius’ rising late July,
Oppressive heat and sleepless night,
Drenched sheets, the open window.
Outside beckons but for mosquitoes.
Languid we lie without exertion,
Welcome the slightest breeze or shade.
Life proceeds at a listless pace.
Late September come the rains,
Luxurious coolness, though
The death knell of the year.
Then a moment, just a moment’s
Nostalgia for summer’s grandeur.
Those beautiful days: October,
Splendid, brief as youth (or youth
As seen by age), as love, as happiness
We know will so soon end.
The garden lush at the solstice
Withers, dies just before
The ice and snow that cover all.
DER DOPPELGANGER
By Bruce Crissinger

Idly peering through a store window,
Unconsciously, I catch an image:
Hunched, uncertain, with a shuffling step,
A look between bewilderment and fear,
Mouth gap open as if in surprise,
I turn my head to see, but no one’s there.

Author’s Note: This is an allusion to a poem by
Heinrich Heine
and set to music by Franz Schubert

Editors Note: A doppelganger is a ghostly, or in some cases
a physical double of a living person.
SUBTERRANEAN CHAPEL
By Scot Long

It was one of those holiday weekends when everyone in the household was restless. After an unusually cold and bleak winter, spring arrived late with its only prelude being the starry white serviceberry blossoms beginning to appear along the country roads of north-central Ohio. So the family of four packed the van and headed out Saturday morning for warmer climes to the south. Although about a six-hour drive, Mammoth Cave in Kentucky would be a reasonable destination for the weekend trip. Yet, there was some ambivalence and guilt among family members over abandoning their Easter Sunday church service and fellowship of the congregation. After an hour of traveling past empty farm fields lined with bare trees and an occasional monotonous billboard, they all agreed to press forward.

As the family neared the caves region it was apparent that spring had arrived earlier in central Kentucky with forsythia bushes in bloom along with cheery daffodils and tulips all around. It was about dinner time and after visiting a local eatery featuring Southern home cooking, they piled into a rustic antique shop filled with a potpourri of treasures along with dripping stalactites above conical stalagmites and a few natural columns here and there. Ben and Emily were wide-eyed with wonder at all the sights and sounds as the family made their way through the half-hour tour.

Realizing that caves were only a little scary while offering an opportunity for new adventures, Emily was now ready to trek into the famous Mammoth Cave. Her mother was also somewhat apprehensive and felt a similar sense of reassurance after touring the smaller cave. The family of four became part of a group of about 20 visitors embarking upon a journey into the underground labyrinth and began walking at a downward incline through the historic entrance of Mammoth Cave because Sunday services were held here beginning about 1830 by Reverend George Gatewood, a Methodist minister,” he explained. “In those days oil lanterns were used to illuminate the way through the cave, so the congregation sat in mostly darkness.”

With the chapel being quite deep in the cave, the guide offered the group the opportunity to experience the concept of total darkness just for a few moments and upon eliciting no objections, he turned the very dim lights completely off. Emily held her father’s hand even tighter and whispered, “I can’t see anything at all.”

“Don’t worry,” he reassured Emily in a subtle voice. “The lights will be on again soon.”

For several moments a palpable awareness of total sensory deprivation hung over the visitors. No sound, no visible light, and no breeze to be felt; only the damp cool air pervaded the room. Then the guide broke the silence.

“What better place to be on Easter Sunday than in the cave’s chapel,” he announced. “Would anyone like to sing a hymn?”

At first no one spoke up. Then, as if scripted, a woman began urging her teenage son Carlos to volunteer. Reluctantly the young man agreed. With the lights still completely extinguished, the youth began to sing the Schubert classic Ave Maria in a most delicate yet captivating voice.

Other than the cool dampness of the air, no other perceivable sensation except the marvelous sound of each harmonious note resonated throughout the chamber and seized everyone’s attention as tour group members listened in awe to the young man skillfully modulate ethereal tones of Ave Maria, the quintessential Christian aria that honors the blessed Mary. Halfway through the song, the guide reintroduced soft background lights revealing astonished delight among shadowy faces.

Upon exiting the cave a little while later, members of the tour group joyfully recounted what they had heard. Among the heretofore strangers there was an appreciative consensus that the experience of listening to the solemn beauty of Ave Maria in the darkness of the cave was indeed a spiritual gift. This unique Easter Sunday would always be special among the many treasured holidays shared by the Ohio family.
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