Michelle Backus is a junior at Orrville High School.

Gordon R. Beals of Dalton is a student at Wayne College taking classes in a variety of subjects.

Jean L. Calvert is currently enrolled in the Social Services Technology program. She loves to write fiction and non-fiction. Enjoys horror movies, reading and music.

Heather DeMali of Marshallville is a postsecondary junior majoring in Biology and minoring in Spanish.

Gino DeVirgo is a single father of a wonderful, charming 7 year old boy and a proud member of NORML debating or changing to a Psych major.

Kevin Engle is the Assistant to the Dean at Wayne College.

Derek Frautschy is this year’s winner of the Waynessence cover contest.

Jacqueline Gutierrez of Glenmont is an employee of an automotive interior manufacturer and mother of three. She is majoring in business management.

Angela Lilley of Holmesville works at Frito Lay and is the mother of one. She is an engineering major for now.

Ben Lorson is the son of John and Kristin Lorson. He is in the 6th grade at Oak St. school. He has been skating for 5 years.

John C. Lorson is a Wayne College alumnus of the early 1980’s who has recently returned to the school as an Admissions Counselor working with adult and non-traditional students. Husband to one, father to many and brother to many, many more!

Celesta Miller is a senior at Orrville High School.

Pamela Roeper of Medina is a junior at The University of Akron majoring in English.

Ashley Rohrer uses her spare time to listen to music, write poetry and go to concerts.

Jena Smith is a senior at Orrville High School and a postsecondary student at Wayne College.

Jeannette Thompson has won 2nd place in this year’s Waynessence cover contest.

Tabitha Vendler is a licensed child care provider and the mother of two, majoring in psychology.

Trisha Wiles is a senior at Orrville High School. She is the daughter of Jeff and Lisa Wiles and is involved in cheerleading, NHS, Student Council, Honor Roll and Spanish Club. She will be attending Ohio State in the fall.

Russ Wilson lives in Copley and on Kelley’s Island with his family, which includes 3 dogs and 3 cats. He is Coordinator of Academic Advising at Wayne College.

“As practice makes perfect, I cannot but make progress; each drawing one makes, each study one paints, is a step forward.” Van Gogh
Special Acknowledgments from the Staff

God, for guiding us
Susanna Horn
Carolyn Freelon
Dean Jack Kristofco
Carl Subich
All the Writing Instructors
SOPAC
Everyone who submitted to Waynessence

Editor's Note

I would like to thank everyone who helped out with publishing Waynessence this semester, Sue for her guidance and much more, Carolyn for her artistic designs, Ayanna for becoming a new member and helping so much, and Danielle who has so kindly accepted the position of Editor for next semester. The years that I worked on helping publish Waynessence, I have met so many new people, and had a great time with them. I'm sure Danielle will make an excellent Editor!!! Thanks again, everyone, and I will miss you all!

Advisor's Note

This semester’s edition of Waynessence is a tribute to the talent of our students, faculty, and staff. Thanks to all who contributed!

Special thanks to Jazmin Vaughn for her leadership as editor-in-chief these past two semesters. Best wishes as you continue your studies!

Ayanna Clark and Danielle Sobczyk were Jazmin’s faithful assistants. I look forward to working with them again next semester.

And to our readers . . . please consider joining the Waynessence staff this fall. Perfect punctuation is NOT a requirement!

And I Keep My Eyes Closed

by Trisha Wiles

I close my eyes
And instantly
I am gazing into your eyes.
Lost and drowning in your stare.
The window is yawning;
Your warm breath lingering about my neck.
I shiver.
Alone in this room;
Your hands caress my waist so lightly. So very lightly.
The pen dances as
Your lips gently graze my mouth.
You kiss me.
The page is full.
And I keep my eyes closed . . .

What was once there

by Jena Smith

I hear your voice
it pierces my heart.
I see your face
and it’s just not the same.
The love and compassion has been replaced
with hate and accusations,
Why is it like this?
Why did it have to happen?
Your touch is no longer there.
I feel cold and alone.
I sit and pray for the day,
the day that all of this will go away
Why is it like this?
Why did it have to happen. . .?
Why?
Why?

Milkweed

by John Lorson

I hear your voice
it pierces my heart.
I see your face
and it’s just not the same.
The love and compassion has been replaced
with hate and accusations,
Why is it like this?
Why did it have to happen?
Your touch is no longer there.
I feel cold and alone.
I sit and pray for the day,
the day that all of this will go away
Why is it like this?
Why did it have to happen. . .?
Why?
Why?
Christmas morning everyone wakes early, eager to open presents. No one seems to remember, or perhaps they do not care, about the horrific ordeal we went through the day before. Patrick, my eight-year-old son, wakes. He meets me in the living room bundled in his Blues Clues blanket and hooded sweatshirt. He looks at his empty stocking hanging lifeless on the wall. “I did not get to fill it with chocolate cars and Santas, peppermint sticks, and other goodies, but it is still filled with love,” I sadly explained. “That’s okay, Mom. I didn’t need that stuff anyway,” Patrick replied with a smile.

We all sat down around the tree as normal. We gave thanks to God for all that we had and wished him a happy birthday. Briana, my thirteen-year-old daughter, read a passage from the Bible, and we all wished Nathan a happy birthday.

Despite all of the challenges that were before us, we managed to celebrate and even enjoy Christmas in its primitive state.

"Art is not what you see, but what you make others see." – Edgar Degas

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.
Eleven o’clock, twelve o’clock, one o’clock—would this work day ever end? The last day of work before the biggest holiday of the year is the longest day of the year.

Going through my mind, making a list, I have to decide what to do after work and what things to do on the eve before Christmas. I figure it out down to the last detail and collapse on the couch to catch the late night news. Falling in and out of consciousness, I vaguely remember Dick Goddard talking about an upcoming storm moving into the viewing area late night early morning. I am satisfied that we will have a white Christmas after all. I click off the television and go up to bed.

I wake up. My nose is ice cold, and my toes are frozen. The house is filled with an eerie silence. The house is pitch dark. I realize the electric has gone out, rendering the furnace a useless piece of machinery like an abandoned pile of scrap metal. In the near distance I could hear the sound of loud, cracking noises from outside.

As I light the kerosene heater that is used for daytime heating, the room lights up with a flickering orange glow, like embers of logs on a dying fire. One by one I light oil lamps, transforming my house into the Ingall’s house on Little House on the Prairie.

“Crack!” There it was again. Taking my flashlight outside, I point it in all directions, hoping to find the source of the mysterious, cracking noise. Trees and phone poles were snapping like wishbones at Thanksgiving. Yet the ground was sparkling like a diamond. The tree branches are frozen waterfalls. A peculiar, beautiful winter wonderland slowly unfolds. Nathan, my twelve-year-old son, wakes from his slumber. Nathan, his nose rose-petal pink, asks me to turn the light on. I go to the kitchen and I feel a gentle shake. From beneath heavy eyelids I could see the tired eyes of my husband. It was my turn.

Once upon a Kickflip
Ben Lorson

As we sit in the family room not wandering far from our temporary comfort zone, I take advantage of this special time. No one has any other plans. We enjoy the most memorable family day we have ever had. Laughing together we play Mad Gab, coming up with ridiculous answers to questions we are asked. We sing Christmas songs to the battery operated radio that keeps us up to date on the latest power outages and bad estimations of when the power will come back on.

Dinner comes, still no electric. I decide to cook hot dogs on the heater. It is not something I would dream of doing under normal circumstances, but today is anything but normal. Cooking hot dogs on a heater and eating potato chips was special today. I am thankful to have what I have and happy that I have someone to share it with.

As bedtime upon us, my husband Eddie and I take turns pulling guard duty over our makeshift fireplace. I go to bed, and he stays up to make sure the heater does not malfunction and cause a fire in the house. Morning draws closer, and I feel a gentle shake. From beneath heavy eyelids I could see the tired eyes of my husband. It was my turn.
LOOKING THROUGH THE ATTIC FOR THINGS TO PUT IN THE GARAGE SALE, I FOUND A SMALL BOX TAPED SHUT, SEALED AGAINST TIME. OPENING IT MADE THE HAIR ON MY NECK STAND ON END AND GAVE ME GOOSEBUMPS. INSIDE WAS A PLAIN WHITE ENVELOPE, SIMPLY ADDRESSED DAD. I HAD WRITTEN IT TO MY FATHER WHILE HE WAS RECUPERATING AFTER HAVING PART OF HIS LUNG REMOVED: CANCER. IT TOOK ME A MINUTE TO BUILD UP THE COURAGE TO READ IT.

John,

I know you are wondering why I am writing this now. I figured you could not get up and walk away or turn up the volume to drown me out. I know that we have never had the traditional Father-Daughter relationship. Mom used to refer to it as "birds of a feather," but I was nothing like you. I try to see the good in people and ideas regardless of their station in life. I try to appreciate other opinions and not think they are ignorant or stupid because they don't agree with mine.

I put forth effort to get to know and understand you not just as my father but as a person: the photographer, the chef, the stationary fireman, the mountain man born a few hundred years too late. Unfortunately, whenever I tried to ask questions you would stamp out to your camper or turn up the volume on your ham radio, leaving me feeling utterly stupid and useless.

I have tried for over twenty years to understand you and make a relationship work, to no avail. I am writing this now because I have to. I only hope that you can understand why I say this in closing. I know you are my father, but I can not say you are my friend.

Just, Angela

After reading the letter, I realized he had been gone for almost ten years, and I still don’t know how to feel. I continued to sift through the pieces of his past: Beautiful pictures of Lake Erie sunsets taken by a man who called his daughter a tramp because she wore make-up and heels to homecoming; a tattered copy of Alaska Jack Sourdough cookbook with the pancake recipe on page 112 belonging to a man who loved to cook but would call you a hog for eating or stupid for not eating; the plaque from the steam boiler at the Ohio Veteran’s Home that a talented man ran for all those years; the copy of the obituary for the man whose funeral I never went to, dated October 8, 1995. I could not bring myself to walk into that funeral parlor even after an 18-hour drive from Wisconsin to Pennsylvania. I sat on the hood of my truck smoking cigarettes and shaking like a leaf. A few people stopped to offer their condolences. A few said they would miss the old man and his cooking, but most just nodded acknowledgement and kept on walking. I could not even attend the graveside service. Instead, I sat in my truck at the bottom of the hill and waited for everyone to leave. After everyone had left and before they lowered the blue metallic coffin that held the body of the man I called my father into the ground, I walked up, placed my hand on it and said goodbye. Later, Mom told me the service was inappropriate and people said good things about John. I could understand that, even though I did not want to accept it. Didn’t these people remember he was the one who broke my mom’s nose over wanting him to set up my new swing set before I got home from school? This was the man who choked me over the banister of our side porch with all the motorists on Milan Road watching. He had put on such a good front. He would take mom and me fishing once in awhile, but then he complained the whole time we were there. It was too cold; it was...
too hot; the fish weren’t biting; we made too much noise. He always made me feel like I did not know how to fish, even though I could bait my own hook and cast my own line. I do remember him taking me to ride the ponies at the local riding stables. He used to complain that they were too expensive, but for whatever reason he took me. I had on purple pants and white shirt, and I had a great time. I managed to do something right, I stayed on the pony! He took pictures, but I do not remember if he ever got them developed. He was funny about groceries, too. My mom would take him shopping when he got to the stage he could not drive, and he would have to pick out things just for himself. They were his teabags and his cookies, and trust me, he would not share. He had to put them away, actually hide them, in the cupboard. It still does not make sense to me.

My mom made excuses for him: “It was just the way he was raised,” she would say, or “He was the same way with your brother.” My favorite was and still is: “He was wonderful with you before you could talk.” My conscience built a wall up against him: I went to homecoming and had a wonderful time; I got a job working with all kinds of different people; I managed to get good grades in school despite being called stupid or just plain dumb. My heart ached to be loved by him: I wanted to be in those beautiful pictures, I wanted to learn how to cook sourdough, but most of all I just wanted to hear him say “I love you.”

I don’t know if he ever read the letter, but what mattered was I had written it. As I wiped a single tear from my cheek, I took the letter, folded it neatly, and put it back in its envelope. With the envelope inside, I placed the box back in its place and turned off the light. It will not be missed.

---

So Much Easier Than Letting Go

by Trisha Wiles

You have become a person that I scarcely know.

Pick up the phone - Voice filled with skepticism...doubt...worry...weakness...Pain.
The phone: our favorite form of torture.

Fully conscious,
I keep pushing you...

Toward God only knows what...
And Why?

Give.
Pull back.

Give
Pull back.

...That is the name of our little game.

"Who will be the weak one today?" we ask ourselves
and (silently) one another.
Who will call?
Who will cave?
Who will pick up that phone?

Today - no one. Today - silence.

But, instead, I pick up this screaming pen.
Therefore - I am the weak one
...today.

We shall play again tomorrow though. As we always do.
This voiceless game we know so well, but refuse to admit.
Yes, we shall play again tomorrow.
And tomorrow, I will (again) try so desperately hard to win.
Once Upon a Kickflip
by Ben Lorson
Age 12

Skateboarding is the best thing in the world
From heel flips to front lips
From nose to tail
From stairs to hubbas
From Andy Mac to Erik E
Everything is,
In my terms awesome!
From security guard to cop
From karma to Smuckers
From dawn to dusk
Skateboarding is awesome.

Fresh Out of Hope
by Pamela F. Roeper

My guardian angel has cement wings.
His arms tattooed, his halo sports dings.
Reckless and careless, I storm through it all.
My angel stands smoking,
watching me fall.
Dark red panties beneath his pure white gown.
Thick soled Doc Martens® blood faded brown.
I complained to heaven, but got the voice mail.
My angel starts laughing, fingers curling his tail.
Of earthly pleasures the praises he sings.
My guardian angel has cement wings.

My Little Devil
by Jeannette Thompson

This poem was presented by Ben Lorson at Poetry, Prose and Acoustical Jam on February 23, 2006, at Wayne College.
A Form of Life
by Michelle Backus

It is a way to relieve
The past, the emotion, the memories
A way to venture, into a time
A stand still
Where words flow
From heart
To life
And in a way, becomes both
And more.
A moment it may take
A lifetime to understand
The true understanding
Of a life
That takes the form
Of our lives.
Dark and morbid it might be.
Bright and cheery it could be.
A difference there will always be.
Of what our hearts have to say.
From the mind to
Our flowing words
We share what the heart has to say.

Let the racket do the work
by Jena Smith

Another day,
another chance to give it my all.
Who knows what the results may be.
I have all the day's stress,
all the day's worries,
all the day's thoughts . . .
I can take them with me,
or leave them behind.
They can help me in my challenge,
or hold me back.
Either way we must start.
I take the court,
nerves are high,
I wish I knew how it was going to end.

I must let my racket - my ability
do the work.
Here I go . . .
games go by,
this is easier than I thought.
Wow,
Nice one!
I've won!
My challenge is complete.

Chandamned
by Gino DeVirgo

Once in a time of pain and sorrow
The devil looked up from below
And fell in love with an angel above
Whose soul was as pure as the snow

The only way he could reach her
Was to leave his hell behind
So he left a fortress of solid hate
Except for that in his mind

Her perfection brought peace he'd never known
But there was a price to be paid
For when she fought his hidden hells
Her light began to fade

So the devil gave her all his love
And cursed the day he was born
Told back his face of evil
Hid behind his mask to mourn

And on the darkest nights she cries
When all his demons weep
He tells her rhymes of angel's times
Until she's fast asleep

Once she’s safe inside a dream
Safe from the mask’s unholy sight
He whispers he’ll always love her
Then fades back into the night
Saturday morning walkin three dogs around the sparklin pond rememberin Dylan singin "Standin by God's river my souls beginnin to shake" when joyous sight two young boys fishin coz I believe it went real bad back when that electric-cord mouse got more exitin to them ten-year-old kids than a field mouse streakin cross the kitchen floor to escape fall's cold coz now all the kids are inside all the time with monitor screen dead eyes carpal tunnel wrists virtual senses fat bellies skinny imaginations an Souls lacking with no wonder of Nature a new age existence less than real life in a universe of technology and if all the parks keep him empty all the time they'll probably sell them to Best Buy or Blockbuster in the righteous name of Eminent Domain but ever sadder my dogs still hear them train sirens ring and run to see but there's never any kids outside anymore to run with them.

The American Dream
by Jean L. Calvert

I grew up in an environment that did not foster dreaming about anything, let alone forming an idea of what the American dream should be. Later, in an abusive first marriage, I dreamt of escape for my children and myself. The involvement of friends and strangers in my personal situation revealed to me a different side of what the “American dream” meant to some very good people who had helped me, and in essence contributed to an epiphany of who I should become and what I would later do with my life. Over time, my personal opinion of what the American dream should be has changed and evolved right alongside with who I was becoming.

To become the person that I am now, I had to totally believe in freedom from oppression and the idealistic concept of the “American dream.” Through sheer force of will I gained my freedom to be who I wanted to be, to work where I wanted and choose my career path. I acquired the inner power to live a life of relative safety, self-respect and to have some of the things that people take for granted. Taking these individual freedoms for granted, many Americans have never experienced true oppression and total control that many people around the world live with everyday. In my everyday living I haven’t had to deal with existing in a war-torn environment, genocide, dictatorships or violations of basic human rights, but I have lived with fear, anger, mistrust, physical and verbal abuse and abject terror, day in, day out. This half-life kept my idea of what the American dream was very far out of my reach. The “American dream” seemed like a distant vision, as remote and alien as my chances of, to give an example, walking on the dark side of the moon. This alien concept became more familiar to me as I became stronger and the idea eventually became bigger than just my tiny personal vision of what it should be. The concept of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness certainly fit what my idea of the American dream could be. A bright glimmer of what the American dream should be began to shine in my mind and heart.

In the past the American dream meant to me perhaps having a happy family, a husband who didn’t drink and a little house we could call our own. Over the years this vision transformed into the concept of helping others, whether they were better off than me or not. This is the mission of social work. The mission of social work as quoted by the NASW (National Association of Social Workers) is: “To promote or restore a mutually beneficial interaction between individuals and society to improve the quality of life for everyone.” As a social worker, I could begin to learn how I could improve the quality of life of the people that I came into contact with.

My major being social work, I became more aware of the social problems in this country and on a global scale. I felt that I could give something back to the community to help repay the many kindnesses I received from people trying to help me break free.

Coming from my background I felt that I could do this very well, maybe having special insights that would help me to understand people’s problems and issues. Most of my clients could, with a little help, realize their strengths and perhaps achieve their own version of the “American dream.” In social work we call this the “strengths perspective.” We concentrate on empowering people to change their lives instead of treating them as though they have a disease and we need to “cure” them. In the old days this was called the “medical model” in social work practice. When I received all the help that enabled me to become “empowered” to change my life, this was a clear example of the American dream being realized.
The Finest Listener
by Celesta Miller

You sit beside me. . .
so quiet,
so still.
Thoughts are racing
through my mind.
I'm going to use this opportunity
to tell you how I feel inside.
Gently I touch you
leaving words where our skin came together
in a rhythm that beats with my heart.
I feel relief.
that you know
my deepest feelings.
Because I can trust you.
above anyone else.
"Thank you," I whisper.
And still I am shocked
that you do not reply.
You are the finest listener.
Perhaps incapable of
anything more

My dear paper.

Pony Express
by Kevin Engle

For me and other folks I know, the American dream is not about getting things without working for them or getting ahead by screwing people over, but having a happy and productive life. The American dream for me and many others is to be able to live on minimum wage, pay my bills on time, get an education, and eventually work in the field of practice that I choose. I selected social work for so many reasons that were in large part influenced by traditional American values and morals. These influences included the Christian-Judeo concepts of caring for all of humanity and putting others needs above my own. Helping people to recover from addictions, reuniting families, improving conditions in nursing homes, helping terminally ill people die with dignity, and teaching people valuable coping skills to live in our modern society are some of the many and varied goals that social workers strive to achieve, but are not limited to. This is what I feel personifies the clear ideal of what the American dream has been and should be about now.

In conclusion, I believe that our concept of what the “American dream” has changed over the generations, but a part of me hopes that some of the original tenets, values and concepts have remained intact to show us the way. Hopefully, as a social worker, I can uphold the original values of what the American dream meant to our ancestors and I can project what these values should and could mean in our society today, and the Social Workers’ Code of Ethics strongly resembles traditional American mores and values that the American dream should uphold. The mission of social work literally is the “American dream” for me.

Sheltie in the Shade
by Kevin Engle
One thing I’ll never forget is the time we sat on the ocean’s shore
While the sun slowly melted into the silhouette of the land.
There were two sides of that long, narrow strand of beach
And two directions in which we could choose to
fix our gaze.
If I were alone I would most certainly have turned to face the west
And saw a sunset in the same manner as a thousand times before.
If not for you. Because of you, I turned to the east to
find a deepening sea of blue
Stretching from the waves to the stars in shades I’d never even dreamed.
Blue slowly filling the universe like ink dripped into a jar of warm water.
Or a brushstroke of cobalt watercolor drawn smoothly across a canvas of sky.
Many have turned from the sunset hoping only to catch a moon on the rise
Many, but not you. You were drawn there only by the blue.
And you took me with you.
“What It Means To Be An American”  
by Jean Calvert

If you would stop a person randomly on the street and ask them what it meant to be an American, the answers would be as varied as the people themselves. In the aftermath of 9/11 the definition of what it means to be an American has been redefined. My own personal belief has been redefined, so now it includes the concept that being an American is a birthright, but that privilege can also be earned. This birthright proclaims that we are the greatest nation on Earth and that our president holds more power than any man on Earth. At least that’s what most Americans believe. Our people enjoy and take for granted freedoms other countries have never experienced. Men and women fought for the constitutional rights that we so naively take for granted. Most people never reflect on the fact that these rights came at a very high price indeed.

September 11, 2001, brought out a tremendous surge of patriotism not seen since World War II. The outpouring of manpower, money, and humanitarian efforts showed how people set their personal differences aside, pulled together towards a common goal and supported their fellow Americans. This brought forth a tremendous surge of patriotism. This flood of patriotism showed the world a unified American front not seen in decades. Red, white, and blue pins, bumper stickers, car window magnets, t-shirts, and flags were proudly displayed. It is bitterly ironic that it took such a horrifying tragedy to take place in order for the value of “What it means to be an American” to hit home.

Men and women are willing to give their lives if necessary to protect their homeland. Our country enjoys freedoms that have been protected and upheld by the military. In third-world countries or dictatorships, people are subjected to ... have to endure. As a whole, the American people enjoy more prosperity and opportunities than anywhere else in the world.

9/11 showed that this comfortable level of security that we take for granted everyday can be ripped away in a heartbeat. We gasped in stunned disbelief as we watched the Two Towers fall. It was a mind-bending realization that terrorism of such magnitude could happen on home soil. Even after the World Trade Center bombing, this concept did not sink in or stay with us. As a nation, we watched the dazed survivors stumble from the dusty rubble, and it seemed surreal and impossible. The known victims and their families almost became our own as their stories unfolded before us. Day after day we watched the heroic rescue efforts and through video footage relived the tragic deaths of the rescue workers.

This terror and tragedy had such a dramatic impact on our collective consciousness that people not even there experienced nightmares, panic attacks, and feelings of impending doom. The feeling that our rights, security and freedom could be taken away with such deadly swiftness brought into perspective the value “what it means to be an American.”

As Americans we can expect certain inalienable rights. We expect to be free to claim our right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We can change our jobs, lifestyles, marry, and worship where we want without much interference. Everyone has a chance, not always equal, but a chance nonetheless.
Purpose?
by Jena Smith

I can’t take it.
There’s no point anymore.

The tears have dropped
and there is nothing else left.

My heart broken and shattered
just lies within me.

I walk with no purpose . .
I talk, I eat, I live . .
with no purpose.

What’s the point anymore?

If you need me I’ll be sitting
here -
waiting . .
But not for long,
for I can no longer take this,
this pain I have
within me.

White Magnolia
by Gordon R. Beals

Burst of Spring
by Gordon R. Beals
River of Life
by Heather DeMali

Life is a river.
Always changing direction,
Sometimes unsure,
Yet going with the flow.
The river twists and changes and so does life.
The river makes its own path.
The river is full of life,
Life is a precious gift.
Life is a river it can be long or it can be short.
A river’s current is life,
It can be harsh or it can lead to endless possibilities.
Life is driven.
The current is a type of motivation.
Finding the path is the easiest,
Follow the heart of love and desire.