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
John Lorson
Carolyn Freelon
Dean Jack Kristofco
All the Writing Instructors
Carl Subich
SOPAC
Everyone who submitted to Waynessence

Editor’s Note

I have had such a positive experience at Wayne College, and Waynessence has only accentuated that positive! I am so lucky to have worked with Sue, John, and Carolyn so closely. I appreciate all of your guidance and support. Molly, Mikey, and Derek have played an essential role in the success of the Spring issue, I cannot express my gratitude enough. In addition, I would like to thank everyone who contributed their work to Waynessence. Without your effort and willingness to share, Waynessence would not be. I would like to encourage students and staff to continue to bring in fresh new ideas to keep Waynessence the outstanding publication that it is. Be a part of the Waynessence team by joining the staff, submitting your work, or both. I look forward to future issues of Waynessence and enjoying it from a new perspective.

Co-Advisors’ Notes

It has been a privilege to work with Wayne College students, faculty, and staff to produce another edition of Waynessence.

Danielle Sobczyk has been an energetic and loyal Waynessence staff member and a great editor-in-chief. She will be missed.

Molly Pierson’s two semesters with us were too short. Molly spearheaded what will probably become a Waynessence tradition – sharing the photographic talents of the College community by way of a Waynessence note-card fundraiser. Molly, I wish you well as you graduate from high school and go on to college.

I look forward to Mike Vamos’ return and continued involvement with Waynessence and other aspects of Wayne College.

Readers, may this edition of Waynessence make your summer more enjoyable. It is a fine representation of the talents of those associated with Wayne College! 

Susanna K. Horn, Waynessence co-advisor

There’s always risk involved in trying something new. Last semester we rolled the dice and went to a smaller, “hold-it-in-your-hand” format for Waynessence, and it was wonderfully received. Emboldened by this, the staff decided to deal the cards again, literally, and began producing Waynessence greeting cards as a fundraiser. Success again! This semester we’ve been abundantly blessed with the contributions of many, put forth for the enjoyment of all, but special thanks must go to the creative minds that bring it all together, our Editorial Staff: Danielle, Molly, Mikey, and Derek; and my co-advisor Susanna Horn. Thanks, also, to Carolyn Freelon, a true master when it comes to putting everything together on the page.

Danielle and Molly will be moving on to greater things next semester and will be greatly missed. I wish you all well and hope we see more of you. Finally, I look forward to Mike Vamos’ return and continued involvement with Waynessence and other aspects of Wayne College.

Readers, may this edition of Waynessence make your summer more enjoyable. It is a fine representation of the talents of those associated with Wayne College!

Susanna K. Horn, Waynessence co-advisor

Writers’ and Artists’ Biographies

Raquel Ball is married, fun-loving, and a second semester freshman majoring in nursing.
Wallace Ball lives in Wooster with his wife and children. He is majoring in Communications.
Gordon R. Beals of Dalton is a student at Wayne College taking classes in a variety of subjects.
Danielle Brown, Artist, Amateur, Immature, Acceptable.
Jean L. Calvert is a social work major, loves to write fiction and non-fiction, essays, etc. She is a Student Ambassador, is a member of the Psych. Club, Student Senate, and Distinguished Students program, is the mother of 6, grandmother of 6, and writes for the Wayne Mirror.
Chris Courtney of Wooster is a comedian/musician, majoring in history.
Emily Curie of Orrville, at 63 is finally learning how to use a computer. A cancer survivor, she appreciates nature, reading, and skateboarding out at the Y.
Melissa DeMiglio is a sophomore at Wadsworth High School.
Steph Durwin is a freshman at Akron High School. She likes to draw, play sports and write. Her poetry was read at Poetry, Prose and Acoustical Jam.
Carissa Engle is a 7th grader at Greene Middle School, participates in Power of the Pen, drums, plays the flute and piano, writes and scrapbooks in her spare time. She read her poetry at Poetry, Prose and Acoustical Jam.
Amanda Feaster is the Administrative Secretary of the Snuffer Learning Center. She holds a bachelor’s degree in English from Shippensburg University of Pennsylvania and advises the Student Senate and the Wayne Mirror.
Michelle C. Fisher of Orrville is a part-time student and mother of four, majoring in psychology.
Nicole Hall is a published author. She has self-published two non-fiction books on optimizing equine feed programs. She currently is attending Wayne College with aspirations of furthering her writing career.
Tawny Hanshaw is a freshman, clinical psychology major.
Anna Huszti of Copley is one of seven children, born into a Christian family and is majoring in dietetics.
Linda J. Joy is a freshman in college, who has three grown children and five grandchildren, majoring in social work at the present time.
Janet Keith is a Social Services Technology major with a goal to be an art (expressive) therapist.
Regina McLaughlin is a wife and mother of three. She is majoring in Mechanical Engineering and Secondary Education in math and science.
Ben Lorson is a 7th grader at Orrville Junior High where he participates in track and cross-country – but skateboarding is his real love!
John Lorson is an Admissions Counselor at Wayne College.
Joanne Murray of Sterling, a retired commercial artist, has recently begun a second career in writing.
Mark Solars is a teacher and house painter. He read his poetry at Poetry, Prose and Acoustical Jam.

Winter Treasure

by Gordon R. Beals
Downtown
by John C. Lorson

Self-Portrait
by Amanda Feaster

"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.
Supply and Demand

They plan the night before
The perfect outfit to impress the boss
They’ll be getting paid tonight
They check the mirror
To make sure that they look the part
They stroll down Wall Street
Looking for the office
That might as well be
The city dump
But at least they’re getting paid tonight
I guess the main objective is to
Give the customer what they want
To make a little money
To put some food onto the table
But it’s just too bad that
Before they can truly understand
The law of supply and demand
They must amuse some business man
Who told his wife that he must work overtime
Because when the supply is low and the
Demand is high; you can raise the market sales
But when the supply is high and the
Demand is low you have to make some sacrifices
It’s just supply and demand.

by Steph Durwin

The Bixx
by Danielle Brown
Steam

Mother billows.
Tendrils all directions,
Lesser plumes sprout,
Porch lights bud,
Streetlamps bloom with
100 million-year-old sunlight.

by John C. Lorson

Listening to the Coyotes Wail

What gets the dogs so riled at night
that they telegraph in barks?
I heard the sound at one a.m.
that started all the sparks—
A feral howl came from the south,
an answer from the east.
I understand what stirs the blood
of every sentient beast.

by Emily A. Curie

Steam

by John C. Lorson

Drink in the Sun

by John C. Lorson
Beyond the Windowpane

There’s a girl who sits below the window
Staring out at dull gray space
Wondering what it’s like to be
Free from this imprisoning place
She has no knowing of what’s beyond this glass
No knowing of the world

When others look at her through the windowpane
They only see her freckled face
And stringy dirty blond hair
They see her as an unwanted one
A one whom no one will care

But when she looks through the glass
She looks beyond the outward appearance
All her freckles and hair are pushed past
For her inward shines brighter than how she appears

So when she’s yearning for someone to believe in
She wipes the dirt and dust from the glass
And looks beyond the windowpane

by Carissa G. Engle

When that little boy came home as a man
I quickly realized
My little boy was still inside
that wonder of a man.

He picked up his own dirty, smelly socks
and could identify the vacuum cleaner
and even put it to good use.

My little boy is still alive
living inside that man
with an awesome sense of humor
and a contagious laugh
that still brings tears to my eyes
and aches to my sides.

My little boy never left.
He was just away
becoming the man he is today.

by Nicole Hall

The Boys Who Lived in Bubbles
by Regina McLaughlin

Untitled
by Danielle Brown
My Little Boy

It seems like just a week ago,
I said goodbye
to my little boy.
A little boy
that would be gone
forever.

A little boy
who picked the dandelions
in a bouquet
of yellow glowing
and counted his grandma’s teeth
over and over
and over again.

He was a little boy
who called one hundred dollar play
money
“one-de-O-de-O’s,”
A little boy
who had great love
for animals,
computers
and Legos.

A little boy
who had a great sense of humor,
but hated the sound
of his own laugh.

A little boy
whom everyone loved,
yet allowed
just a few friends.
My little boy was gone
forever
to serve his country
and defend.
He belonged to the U.S. Army,
trading that little boy
for a man.

My little boy
was gone forever
and I hated it
so much!

There was an empty place
inside me
that only he
could fill.

I missed the great pleasure
of picking up his dirty socks.
I missed
how he pushed my buttons
getting me so angry
that one of us
had to surrender.

I missed
watching my little boy
play with the kittens.
I missed hearing
the music he composed
with a rhythm and tone
that was never off key.

I dearly missed
staying up all night
talking with him,
sometimes giggling,
sometimes crying,
but always with him.

I missed my little boy.
I missed him
so much!
I missed my son,
but ever so proud
to be his mom.

My Little Boy

Continued on page 27

The Interplay of Dark and Shadow

This man, my father, so articulate, so cynical, so remote.
Going blind, no sight in the right eye now.
This man that loves music, movies, art, who knew Monty Python was cool before anyone else did.

When I was five, I thought Jackson Pollack’s art looked like what I did in kindergarten and
that Andrew Wyeth’s Helga was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen,
Because of my father, I knew these things; Mahler, Mozart, Beethoven, Rembrandt, Renoir,
Picasso, Dali.

A man who was a perfectionist, who guided planes to the ground for a living,
the best job on earth as far as I was concerned.

Needles in the left eye every four weeks,
“You know, Lorrie,” my dad told me, “that’s the moment of truth,
yes indeed, when that six inch needle goes in and you know, in the end, it isn’t going to do
a damn bit of good.”

My stepmother Marlene reads my letters to my father now, the letters he sends me don’t
have the neat penmanship that I’ve known all my life, the script has become shaky and
barely legible.

“On some days,” my father tells me, “I can still see some dark and shadow and the way the
light interplays with both. Soon it will only be dark, but I knew beauty in my life.”

My father’s blindness,
the unlikely catalyst for a strange, new bonding that we never had before.

I watch the sunlight streaming through my kitchen window, the interplay of the golden
light against the dark tiles, the shadows across the wood grain of the table, the unlikely
commonality of our parallel experiences, as perhaps we both see the same interplay,
A continent apart,
I send my “vision” to him, through him and back to myself, cycle of father and daughter,
circuit complete.

by Jean L. Calvert
Solitary Existence

I can teach myself, but I can’t learn what I do not yet know.
I can never give myself a second opinion, and I can never draw on another perspective.
While I can talk to myself, I can’t hold a conversation with myself.
I could never be enriched by my own differences.

I can’t be infected with my own contagious laughter or develop an “inside joke.”
I couldn’t be or have a very best friend, a confidante, a companion or a soul mate.
I could never feel the nervous anticipation at the thought of a first date with myself.
Never could I escort myself holding my own arm.

I can never hold and comfort myself watching a scary movie.
While I can look in the mirror, it cannot compare to hearing you tell me how beautiful I look.
By myself, I am not able to create the electricity felt just before a first kiss.
I could never flirt with myself or give myself an accepting wink.

I could never surprise myself with a wrapped gift.
I could never hide flowers from myself behind my own back.
Never will I be presented with a photograph enjoying a candle-lit dinner for one.
I cannot serenade myself with love songs.

I am unable to kiss my own lips.
I cannot make myself weak in the knees.
I cannot look into my own eyes or hold my own hand.
I could never miss myself.
I could never feel the longing and desire to spend time with myself.

I can never feel the excitement of a reunion.
I can never turn any one down with the words, “I am spoken for.”
I can’t lean on myself when I feel weak.
I can’t sneak up behind myself while standing at the kitchen sink.

Continued on page 5

Bearly a Tree
by Amanda Feaster
I could never fall in love with myself.
I can never be a crown upon my own head nor someone’s “better half,” “significant other” or “partner.”
I could never be in a strand of three cords.
I could never experience the miracle of two becoming one.
I could never feel a loving nudge when I snore in the middle of the night or fight myself for the blankets.
I will never experience the bliss of waking up in my own arms.
I could never experience spooning or wake myself up to breakfast in bed.
I could never snuggle my own face into my neck.
I could never whisper sweet nothings in my own ear or feel the warmth and tenderness of my own hand running the length of my body— from the back of my legs all the way up to the back of my neck in one single, solitary motion.
I can’t come home to myself after a long day at work.
I could never sit on my own lap.
I cannot remind myself of things long forgotten.
Without you, there is so much life I am unable to experience.
Can you see just how much I need you in this solitary existence?

by Nicole F. Hall 2004

Tea-light candles along with a special dinner.
It was getting late, and no one was quite sure what was going to happen the next day.
We hadn’t received any new snow. Was the school going to be open? All I knew at that point was I needed to feed my family. And indeed I did. I made some cheeseburgers and deep fried us some French fries, and I told my lovely wife, “Happy Valentine’s Day, baby…I love you.” And we went out for our romantic dinner on Saturday.

Although my romantic dinner wasn’t quite those in romantic novels, the romantic part of our evening was eating cheeseburgers, French fries, and having tea-light candles in the center of our dining room table.

At this point I am so glad that my wife loves me enough that even though I burn boiling water, she still knows I can somehow make things right.
Where was I going to get fresh vegetables in the middle of February in Ohio; especially with over a foot of snow on the ground? And besides, even if I did have a garden, the meteorologist said to stay indoors. So that idea was getting stressful. Finally, one of my kids suggested I go to the Food Network web-site and look for something nice there.

After looking on the Food Network Web site, I finally found some kind of chicken recipe that looked really first-class. It was from the show with Rachael Ray. Now, I thought, this should be easy. Rachael Ray makes her meals in 30 minutes, or at least she does on television. This was going to be easier than I thought. If Rachael Ray can make a meal in that amount of time, then I can make one of her meals the same way. In about a half an hour, my family was going to sit down and enjoy a homemade candelight dinner. I clicked on the ingredients list and started looking in our own kitchen for the items I needed: this alone exceeded my time limit because I had no idea where my wife keeps her spices, cooking utensils, and other items used for meals.

It had taken me almost 45 minutes to prepare this very delicious looking chicken. Finally, the end had come; my next step told me to put the dish in the oven. The only problem was I forgot to preheat my oven. So I had to wait at least 15 minutes for my oven to heat up to 400 degrees. Now I was looking at close to an hour on one of Rachael Ray’s 30 Minute Meals. The time had come; I slid the dish into the oven and closed the door.

Looking on my computer, I read the cooking
A Romantic St. Valentine’s Day Dinner

St. Valentine’s Day is a day of romance; yet, Mother Nature takes control and romance is created in the spur of the moment. I ask myself what could I possibly do that would be a romantic day for my lovely wife. On the eve of St. Valentine’s Day, I sat on the end of my sofa, watching the evening news while every few moments looking out the huge picture window in my living room, watching the snow fall nearly an inch an hour. So what could I possibly do for my wife on Valentine’s Day?

The scroll just came across the screen on the news that University of Akron Wayne College will be closed on Wednesday, February 14, 2007, St. Valentine’s Day.

Looking in my driveway, the running boards mounted on my Chevy Astro van are slowly disappearing into the quickly mounting snow. So, again I ask myself, do we risk the drive to a romantic restaurant, or should I assume the role of my wife and sneak off into the kitchen and make a romantic dinner? I was starting to get tired and started thinking, “I have all day tomorrow to worry about this.” Then I went to bed.

The next morning I woke to see the mass of accumulated snow; I flipped on the morning news to decide my unplanned day. “For the folks in Wooster, you will need to bundle up as well,” said the meteorologist. “It will feel like 10 below, and if you don’t need to go out, then keep your television tuned right here for all your local news and weather,” he continued. And that was all I needed to know for this very different St. Valentine’s Day. I really didn’t need to go out. According to the meteorologist, I should stay indoors. And for that, it also meant shoveling all of the snow from my driveway. At this point, I became conservative. “Why burn energy, when I can sit on the end of the couch and store it?” And that is what I did.

When the time came to decide dinner, I announced to my family that I was going to prepare a romantic dinner for all. A meal that was different, yet easy. I grabbed my laptop and took off into the kitchen. I was going to Google us a nice romantic dinner. After Googling the dinner ideas, I was starting to get very frustrated; all the recipes I found online called for fresh vegetables.

Continued on page 23

Mother

She used to be my window on the word, but as the blinds are being drawn, she is only my dictionary of old-fashioned terms, my recipe file, my personal Audubon Society, a packrat of mailed pleas for monetary contributions, and recently, a three-year-old throwing a tantrum for not being allowed to write her own checks. But still I’ll bring her flowers and French waffles and offer to do her laundry. After all, she was, and always will be my first home.

by Emily A. Curie
Illumination
by Michelle C. Fisher

ashamed
cast out in bone metal cold
where grief runs like a wolf,
you cannot hide the souls
who do the snake dance
along the sidewalks
or sleep under yesterday’s news
among the ruins
on this foreign soil.

there is a heart pounding
neither seen nor heard
along the shores of human suffering.
if a profit could be made
from poverty or despair
we would be rich,
and the poor would still be poor.

by Mark Solars

Time
Time is an un-renewable resource.
Time is the medium through which we have patience.
Time is the avenue for learning and growing.
Through time we learn the most valuable lesson.

“And yet I shew unto you a more excellent way."
Love God first, with all your heart,
All your soul, all your mind.
Without love we’ll never reach home.

Take the time God gives you before it’s your time to go.
“Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."
Heaven’s joys are timeless.
Eternity rolls on forever, knowing no time.

by Anna Huszti

No Evil
by Regina McLaughlin
The Outdoors
I feel best when the grass is my carpet,
When the blue sky is the ceiling.
I feel best when the wind is the air conditioning,
And the sun is the chandelier.

I feel best when a stump is my armchair,
When a log is my sofa.
I feel best when the birds are my music
And the squirrels are my live action show.

I feel best when I’m outside.

by Anna Huszti

A Boy Who Loves Life
A boy who loves life
He wonders why the sky speaks,
He hears music.
He wants it to last.

A boy who loves life.

He pretends it’s OK.
He knows it’s not.
He touches the globe with feelings of worry.
He is concerned for the future.
He cries of his prophecy.

He is a boy who loves life.

He understands that time is short.
He says carpe diem will soothe his sore.
He dreams that the fullest really is full.
He tries to reach peace of mind.
He hopes he can.

He is a boy who loves life.

by Benjamin J. Lorson

Snow On the Mountain
by Gordon R. Beals

I feel best when the grass is my carpet,
When the blue sky is the ceiling.
I feel best when the wind is the air conditioning,
And the sun is the chandelier.

I feel best when a stump is my armchair,
When a log is my sofa.
I feel best when the birds are my music
And the squirrels are my live action show.

I feel best when I’m outside.

by Anna Huszti

A Boy Who Loves Life
A boy who loves life
He wonders why the sky speaks,
He hears music.
He wants it to last.

A boy who loves life.

He pretends it’s OK.
He knows it’s not.
He touches the globe with feelings of worry.
He is concerned for the future.
He cries of his prophecy.

He is a boy who loves life.

He understands that time is short.
He says carpe diem will soothe his sore.
He dreams that the fullest really is full.
He tries to reach peace of mind.
He hopes he can.

He is a boy who loves life.

by Benjamin J. Lorson

Snow On the Mountain
by Gordon R. Beals
Sea of Grief

"It" arrived this morning, this thing I’d been anticipating
Brought with it no respite, just an ending of the waiting
I had thought that in its coming, there would be at least, relief
But I had not expected such a tidal wave of grief
I felt it crash upon me with a million pounds of force
And I am trapped within it, leaving nothing of recourse
But to let it drag me in its wake, to the depths of feeling hell
And to know I will submerge, and in time I will be well
Akin to a bottomless sea, is the agony I feel
But indeed it MUST be felt, if I expect to heal
Onto the murky floor, sinking deeper by the hour
Anchored by the weight of pain, and held against my power
Will I ever rise again to the surface up above?
Or am I doomed to perish in this space devoid of love
Will I drown in sorrow, in these algae-covered depths?
Or in the salty, tear-stained misery that always follows death
I will search this vast and endless refuse-laden grave
For all precious memories that I would wish to save
Like a buried pirate’s booty, awaiting its discovery
In that hidden treasure chest, I will seek recovery
I know even in this moment, this is not a permanent state
But depression, yet familiar, is a friend I’ve loved to hate
I will surf the crested waves of angst
And in its midst I will reflect and give thanks
For tranquil waters lying still beyond my reach
And sunlight of spirit shining brightly on the beach
Let me marvel at the beauty and exquisiteness of sorrow
While I pray with all my might that it be less tomorrow
Today this bitter woe is meant to cleanse my wounded soul
That in my future, on the horizon, I can again feel whole. End

I dedicate this piece to my most beloved granddaughter, Zoey Belle, who passed tragically on May 16, 2006.

by Joanne Murray
alone at Rocky Ridge Cabin, I was hoping to see a bear or mountain lion—at least an elk, but no such luck. At the cabin I felt less vulnerable because I could get inside the truck or cabin if approached by a bear. A few days earlier we did see a brown bear and also the tracks of a mountain lion in the snow, but today I don’t even see a squirrel, so for now, the hiking stick is good for balance.

As I walk south on the ridge I look up and suddenly see an outcropping of rocks—huge boulders and—I know immediately this in Sun Rock. I climb up—pulling myself using my hands and feet—finding the crevasses to get a foot hold. I sit down. “Be still,” I say to myself—listen to the sounds of nature—the scolding of chipmunks and squirrels. “Yes, I hear them but I can’t see them.” I think to myself. Sometimes hearing but not seeing produces anxiety and now I’m wondering—what’s up with these birds?

I’m sitting here taking in the spacious view to the west when suddenly I have a flashback to what happened yesterday. I walked into the newly remodeled kitchen at Chalet Emmental on the ridge of the main camp and there sat a squirrel. I chased it around, trying to catch it with a bucket, then with a towel, but it was too fast. Finally it ran in back of the refrigerator so I picked up my two way radio and called down to the men working on the water line, “Joanne to Ron, Joanne to Ron.” Ron said, “This is Ron.” “Help,” I called—“There’s a squirrel running around in the kitchen and I can’t catch it. Can you guys help me out?” “We’ll be right up,” he said. “10-4, and hurry,” I shouted. I closed the door to keep it confined to the kitchen. So, Ron, Ed, and Spike came carrying a 5 gallon bucket. It ran to the other side of the room and hid behind the stove. It would not come out. They used a broom handle, trying to poke it out, pulled out the

---

**Young As Spring**

_by Gordon R. Beals_

---

**Special Angel**

_by Linda J. Joy_

---

Continued on page 19
Destructive Visions

We were driving up the winding country road heading back home in upstate New York. It was a sunny spring day where the sun was warm, but the air still crisp and cool. In New York, the spring is usually pretty wet where the snow doesn’t completely melt, often until late April. We came up over a blind knoll to bear witness to a devastating fire that angrily churned and roared before us. It was moving swiftly across the land—gobbling up the vegetation to the left of our road and to the right. It was moving too fast and we just couldn’t keep up. As we continued to drive on, we saw the devastation the dreadful beast left behind. The blackened ashes from the dismal destruction. We were like emotionless zombies traveling through a ghost town—numb, empty and dark.

A little further up the road, we saw a patch of land that was only lightly tinged, resembling amber waves and, even in the midst of it all, there were sections still green and lush. Rekindled with hope, we were amazed that such a huge fire could be squelched so quickly and simply disappear with not even a wisp of gray evidence drifting in the air. A sigh of relief escaped us all. It was as if we had been holding our breath for miles and could finally fill our lungs again.

Shock, horror and sheer terror quickly surrounded us as we rounded the next bend. Just beyond, almost within reach, we saw more devastation lay ahead. The fire had not been squelched after all. The best we could figure was that it must have jumped or rolled right over some of the land almost as if something was protecting it. We knew the area very well and no source of water was ever there before, but there was definitely some sort of invisible shield that kept the land from burning. It was a sad day. So much was lost. It was an amazing and glorious day. So much was left unharmed. It was a terrifying day. It was The Day.

by Nicole Hall

My Hike to Sun Rock

It was a late summer afternoon at a church camp in Colorado. Cumulous billowing clouds dotted the sky and the sun was shining when I started my hike.

Sun Rock hike begins behind the boys bath house and Aspen Lodge. The first ascent is steep, but the protruding roots of the Colorado Blue Spruce make doable steps to climb. There is nothing to see but the thick jagged roots protruding out of the brown earth. Finally, the path is becoming level and walking is a delight. Along the trail I see various species of mushrooms. Agaricus Sylvicola that we see growing in the woodland areas of Colorado is right at my feet. It is most easily identified by its unique cog wheel veil. I also see several Hydnum Imbricatum (Hawk’s Wing.) They have teeth instead of pores under their caps. Soon I stop to take a photo of the Lobster Mushrooms (common name) that grow on the ground in the forests/mountains of Colorado. This is exactly what I had in mind to photograph mushrooms of various shapes and sizes. The article in The Gazette newspaper said, “This is a good year for mushroom hunting in Colorado. The rainy weather is perfect for growing this fungus among the green velvety moss.” “Sure enough, here they are!” I exclaimed.

I can feel my heart beating faster as I start climbing at an altitude of 9,920 feet. I am by myself, so I feel no pressure to keep up with a group. I can stop, take pictures, and go at my own pace. With camera in hand, I lie on the ground to get the best view. I will use the photographs as a guide for painting pictures of mushrooms after I return to Ohio. The trail is easy to follow. At times logs, sticks, and cairns point the way. A cairn is a man made pile of stones, which makes a good landmark when the trail becomes obscure. This is not a long hike. After about thirty minutes the trail is starting to level out and I find myself on top of the ridge. I continue to walk south, over rocks and branches crossing the trail. I am sure glad I could borrow my husband’s walking stick.

Before I left for my hike I said to my husband, Ron, (with tongue in cheek) “I’m taking your walking stick to fight off wild animals.” Yesterday when I was working

Continued on page 18
**Oval**

The Egg,
patch of grass and flower garden
inside the loop
of Grandma's drive,

Symbolic
of the chicken farm
and show birds
taken to county fairs,

Where the current collie,
always named Jumbo,
greeted us;

The place where
family pictures were taken;

Where we girls
practiced cartwheels;

Beside which cousins
piled into the bed
of Grandpa's old pickup truck
for a ride
that today would be condemned
as child endangering;

Around which was paraded
any uncle's new car purchase—

Except for the kitchen,
the yolk of activity
on a Sunday afternoon.

*by Emily A. Curie*

---

**One**

Revolution of the Son
Old time is gone
Savior is here
The tree grows
So that
He may work it
Carving
Cutting
Working
His Time is coming.
Realizing
His destiny
Spread the word
Word of love
Word of light
Traveled
Far and wide.
Violent critics
Angered by
His words
Drive nails thru
His body
Into wood
He once carved
Gave
His own life
For the people
Who drove nails in
Him

*by Benjamin J. Lorson*

---

**One**

Oval
The Egg,
patch of grass and flower garden
inside the loop
of Grandma's drive,

Symbolic
of the chicken farm
and show birds
taken to county fairs,

Where the current collie,
always named Jumbo,
greeted us;

The place where
family pictures were taken;

Where we girls
practiced cartwheels;

Beside which cousins
piled into the bed
of Grandpa's old pickup truck
for a ride
that today would be condemned
as child endangering;

Around which was paraded
any uncle's new car purchase—

Except for the kitchen,
the yolk of activity
on a Sunday afternoon.

*by Emily A. Curie*
El Gato
by John C. Lorson

I am the Alpha
And, I suppose, the Omega
Feline, hear me roar!

by John C. Lorson
El Gato

I am the Alpha
And, I suppose, the Omega
Feline, hear me roar!

by John C. Lorson

El Gato

Waterfall at the Brain Plaza
by Amanda Feaster

by John C. Lorson
Oval

The Egg,
patch of grass and flower garden
inside the loop
of Grandma’s drive,

Symbolic
of the chicken farm
and show birds
taken to county fairs,

Where the current collie,
always named Jumbo,
greeted us;

The place where
family pictures were taken;

Where we girls
practiced cartwheels;

Beside which cousins
piled into the bed
of Grandpa’s old pickup truck
for a ride
that today would be condemned
as child endangering;

Around which was paraded
any uncle’s new car purchase—

Except for the kitchen,
the yolk of activity
on a Sunday afternoon.

by Emily A. Curie

One

Revolution of the Son
Old time is gone
Savior is here
The tree grows
So that
He may work it
Carving
Cutting
Working
His Time is coming.
Realizing
His destiny
Spread the word
Word of love
Word of light
Traveled
Far and wide.
Violent critics
Angered by
His words
Drive nails thru
His body
Into wood
He once carved
Gave
His own life
For the people
Who drove nails in
Him

by Benjamin J. Lorson

One

Revolution of the Son
Old time is gone
Savior is here
The tree grows
So that
He may work it
Carving
Cutting
Working
His Time is coming.
Realizing
His destiny
Spread the word
Word of love
Word of light
Traveled
Far and wide.
Violent critics
Angered by
His words
Drive nails thru
His body
Into wood
He once carved
Gave
His own life
For the people
Who drove nails in
Him

by John C. Lorson
Continued on page 18

Destructive Visions

We were driving up the winding country road heading back home in upstate New York. It was a sunny spring day where the sun was warm, but the air still crisp and cool. In New York, the spring is usually pretty wet where the snow doesn’t completely melt, often until late April. We came up over a blind knoll to bear witness to a devastating fire that angrily churned and roared before us. It was moving swiftly across the land – gobbling up the vegetation to the left of our road and to the right.

It was moving too fast and we just couldn’t keep up. As we continued to drive on, we saw the devastation the dreadful beast left behind. The blackened ... from the dismal destruction. We were like emotionless zombies traveling through a ghost town – numb, empty and dark.

A little further up the road, we saw a patch of land that was only lightly tinged, resembling amber waves and, even in the midst of it all, there were sections still green and lush. Rekindled with hope, we were amazed that such a huge fire could be squelched so quickly and simply disappear with not even a wisp of gray evidence drifting in the air. A sigh of relief escaped us all. It was as if we had been holding our breath for miles and could finally fill our lungs again.

Shock, horror and sheer terror quickly surrounded us as we rounded the next bend. Just beyond, almost within reach, we saw more devastation lay ahead. The fire had not been squelched after all. The best we could figure was that it must have jumped or rolled right over some of the land almost as if something was protecting it. We knew the area very well and no source of water was ever there before, but there was definitely some sort of invisible shield that kept the land from burning. It was a sad day. So much was lost. It was an amazing and glorious day. So much was left unharmed. It was a terrifying day. It was The Day.

by Nicole Hall

My Hike to Sun Rock

It was a late summer afternoon at a church camp in Colorado. Cumulous billowing clouds dotted the sky and the sun was shining when I started my hike.

Sun Rock hike begins behind the boys bath house and Aspen Lodge. The first ascent is steep, but the protruding roots of the Colorado Blue Spruce make doable steps to climb. There is nothing to see but the thick jagged roots protruding out of the brown earth. Finally, the path is becoming level and walking is a delight. Along the trail I see various species of mushrooms. Agaricus Sylvicola that we see growing in the woodland areas of Colorado is right at my feet. It is most easily identified by its unique cog wheel veil. I also see several Hydnum Imbricatum (Hawk’s Wing.) They have teeth instead of pores under their caps. Soon I stop to take a photo of the Lobster Mushrooms (common name) that grow on the ground in the forests/mountains of Colorado. This is exactly what I had in mind to photograph mushrooms of various shapes and sizes. The article in The Gazette newspaper said, “This is a good year for mushroom hunting in Colorado. The rainy weather is perfect for growing this fungus among the green velvety moss.” “Sure enough, here they are!” I exclaimed.

I can feel my heart beating faster as I start climbing at an altitude of 9,920 feet. I am by myself, so I feel no pressure to keep up with a group. I can stop, take pictures, and go at my own pace. With camera in hand, I lie on the ground to get the best view. I will use the photographs as a guide for painting pictures of mushrooms after I return to Ohio. The trail is easy to follow. At times logs, sticks, and cairns point the way. A cairn is a man made pile of stones, which makes a good landmark when the trail becomes obscure. This is not a long hike. After about thirty minutes the trail is starting to level out and I find myself on top of the ridge. I continue to walk south, over rocks and branches crossing the trail. I am sure glad I could borrow my husband’s walking stick.

Before I left for my hike I said to my husband, Ron, (with tongue in cheek) “I’m taking your walking stick to fight off wild animals.” Yesterday when I was working

Continued on page 18
alone at Rocky Ridge Cabin, I was hoping to see a bear or mountain lion—at least an elk, but no such luck. At the cabin I felt less vulnerable because I could get inside the truck or cabin if approached by a bear. A few days earlier we did see a brown bear and also the tracks of a mountain lion in the snow, but today I don’t even see a squirrel, so for now, the hiking stick is good for balance.

As I walk south on the ridge I look up and suddenly see an outcropping of rocks—huge boulders and—I know immediately this in Sun Rock. I climb up—pulling myself using my hands and feet—finding the crevasses to get a foothold. I sit down. “Be still,” I say to myself—listen to the sounds of nature—the scolding of chipmunks and squirrels. “Yes, I hear them but I can’t see them.” I think to myself. Sometimes hearing but not seeing produces anxiety and now I’m wondering—what’s up with these birds?

I’m sitting here taking in the spacious view to the west when suddenly I have a flashback to what happened yesterday. I walked into the newly remodeled kitchen at Chalet Emmental on the ridge of the main camp and there sat a squirrel. I chased it around, trying to catch it with a bucket, then with a towel, but it was too fast. Finally it ran in back of the refrigerator so I picked up my two way radio and called down to the men working on the water line, “Joanne to Ron, Joanne to Ron.” Ron said, “This is Ron.” “Help,” I called—“There’s a squirrel running around in the kitchen and I can’t catch it. Can you guys help me out?” “We’ll be right up,” he said. “10-4, and hurry,” I shouted. I closed the door to keep it confined to the kitchen. So, Ron, Ed, and Spike came carrying a 5 gallon bucket. It ran to the other side of the room and hid behind the stove. It would not come out. They used a broom handle, trying to poke it out, pulled out the...
stove and took the front of the dishwasher off but could not find it. Ed had the “bright” idea of setting folding tables on their sides to make a runway from the kitchen to an outside door. That way the squirrel could get out by himself when he felt safe.

We left the building at lunch time when we heard the camp manager calling from the deck of his house—“I’m cooking brats on the grill. Come on down for lunch.” Yum… that sounded good. We soon forgot about the squirrel and headed on down for lunch.

Later, when we went back up to inspect the kitchen, there was no sign of the squirrel; so we presumed that he found his way out, along side of the turned over tables and on out the door.

Just as quickly as I digressed, my mind jumps back to the present. So I’m still sitting on the rock listening to the squirrels chatter and the unfriendly birds squawking. Perhaps the birds and squirrels are warning me about an approaching storm. Lightning is another hazard of hiking in the mountains late in the afternoon. Fear grips me as I see lightening off in a distance. The static electricity can make a person’s hair stand on end! Quickly, I grab my camera and climb down the rock, slipping and sliding as I try to get a foot hold. The wind has picked up, but I can’t resist taking one last picture of the golden yellow quaking Aspen leaves. By now the clouds overhead look dark and ominous. I continue to search out the path, hoping not to lose sight of it. On and on I hike and my steps are becoming faster to almost a jog. I’ve discovered that sound carries a long way off and can be heard in the distance. Soon, I hear the kids playing on the volleyball court. How good to hear the sound of voices! Through the trees I can see them now.

Our apartment comes into view and I see my husband looking out the window, waving to me. I wave back and shout—“I’m back!” “Good thing,” he said. “Look at it now.” To my amazement the ground is turning white from the soft hail that so often comes quickly in the mountains of Colorado. Soon the hail subsides, and as I gaze out the window, I see birds sitting in the pines, and I hear them singing. The squirrels are silently scampering about, gathering nuts for the coming winter. The clouds part— the sun is shimmering through the patches of deep blue sky, and in my mind I can catch sight of it shining down again on Sun Rock.

by Joanne Murray
The Outdoors
I feel best when the grass is my carpet,
When the blue sky is the ceiling.
I feel best when the wind is the air conditioning,
And the sun is the chandelier.

I feel best when a stump is my armchair,
When a log is my sofa.
I feel best when the birds are my music
And the squirrels are my live action show.

I feel best when I’m outside.

by Anna Huszti

A Boy Who Loves Life
A boy who loves life
He wonders why the sky speaks,
He hears music.
He wants it to last.

A boy who loves life.

He pretends it’s OK.
He knows it’s not.
He touches the globe with feelings of worry.
He is concerned for the future.
He cries of his prophecy.

He is a boy who loves life.

He understands that time is short.
He says *carpe diem* will soothe his sore.
He dreams that the fullest really is full.
He tries to reach peace of mind.
He hopes he can.

He is a boy who loves life.

by Benjamin J. Lorson

Snow On the Mountain

by Gordon R. Beals
Illumination
by Michelle C. Fisher

Ashamed

cast out in bone metal cold
where grief runs like a wolf,
you cannot hide the souls
who do the snake dance
along the sidewalks
or sleep under yesterday’s news
among the ruins
on this foreign soil.

there is a heart pounding
neither seen nor heard
along the shores of human suffering.
if a profit could be made
from poverty or despair
we would be rich,
and the poor would still be poor.

by Mark Solars

Time

Time is an un-renewable resource.
Time is the medium through which we have patience.
Time is the avenue for learning and growing.
Through time we learn the most valuable lesson.

“And yet I shew unto you a more excellent way.”
Love God first, with all your heart,
All your soul, all your mind.
Without love we’ll never reach home.

Take the time God gives you before it’s your time to go.
“Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.”
Heaven’s joys are timeless.
Eternity rolls on forever, knowing no time.

by Anna Huszti

No Evil
by Regina McLaughlin
A Romantic St. Valentine’s Day Dinner

St. Valentine’s Day is a day of romance; yet, Mother Nature takes control and romance is created in the spur of the moment. I ask myself what could I possibly do that would be a romantic day for my lovely wife. On the eve of St. Valentine’s Day, I sat on the end of my sofa, watching the evening news while every few moments looking out the huge picture window in my living room, watching the snow fall nearly an inch an hour. So what could I possibly do for my wife on Valentine’s Day?

The scroll just came across the screen on the news that University of Akron Wayne College will be closed on Wednesday, February 14, 2007, St. Valentine’s Day.

Looking in my driveway, the running boards mounted on my Chevy Astro van are slowly disappearing into the quickly mounting snow. So, again I ask myself, do we risk the drive to a romantic restaurant, or should I assume the role of my wife and sneak off into the kitchen and make a romantic dinner? I was starting to get tired and started thinking, “I have all day tomorrow to worry about this.” Then I went to bed.

The next morning I woke to see the mass of accumulated snow; I flipped on the morning news to decide my unplanned day. “For the folks in Wooster, you will need to bundle up as well,” said the meteorologist. “It will feel like 10 below, and if you don’t need to go out, then keep your television tuned right here for all your local news and weather,” he continued. And that was all I needed to know for this very different St. Valentine’s Day. I really didn’t need to go out. According to the meteorologist, I should stay indoors. And for that, it also meant shoveling all of the snow from my driveway. At this point, I became conservative. “Why burn energy, when I can sit on the end of the couch and store it?” And that is what I did.

When the time came to decide dinner, I announced to my family that I was going to prepare a romantic dinner for all. A meal that was different, yet easy. I grabbed my laptop and took off into the kitchen. I was going to Google us a nice romantic dinner. After Googling the dinner ideas, I was starting to get very frustrated; all the recipes I found online called for fresh vegetables.

Continued on page 23

Mother
She used to be
my window on the word,
but as the blinds are being drawn,
she is only
my dictionary of old-fashioned terms,
my recipe file,
my personal Audubon Society,
a packrat of mailed pleas for monetary contributions,
and recently, a three-year-old
throwing a tantrum
for not being allowed
to write her own checks.
But still I’ll bring her flowers
and French waffles
and offer to do her laundry.
After all,
she was, and always will be
my first home.

by Emily A. Curie
Where was I going to get fresh vegetables in the middle of February in Ohio; especially with over a foot of snow on the ground? And besides, even if I did have a garden, the meteorologist said to stay indoors. So that idea was getting stressful. Finally, one of my kids suggested I go to the Food Network web-site and look for something nice there.

After looking on the Food Network Web site, I finally found some kind of chicken recipe that looked really first-class. It was from the show with Rachael Ray. Now, I thought, this should be easy. Rachael Ray makes her meals in 30 minutes, or at least she does on television. This was going to be easier than I thought. If Rachael Ray can make a meal in that amount of time, then I can make one of her meals the same way. In about a half an hour, my family was going to sit down and enjoy a homemade candlelight dinner. I clicked on the ingredients list and started looking in our own kitchen for the items I needed: this alone exceeded my time limit because I had no idea where my wife keeps her spices, cooking utensils, and other items used for meals.

It had taken me almost 45 minutes to prepare this very delicious looking chicken. Finally, the end had come; my next step told me to put the dish in the oven. The only problem was I forgot to preheat my oven. So I had to wait at least 15 minutes for my oven to heat up to 400 degrees. Now I was looking at close to an hour on one of Rachael Ray’s 30 Minute Meals. The time had come; I slid the dish into the oven and closed the door. Looking on my computer, I read the cooking

Continued on page 24

Colonial Masterpiece
by Raquel Ball

Continued on page 24

Relax in Ontario! The Flavor of Turkey
by Danielle Brown
I could never fall in love with myself.
I can never be a crown upon my own head nor someone’s “better half,” “significant other” or “partner.”
I could never be in a strand of three cords.
I could never experience the miracle of two becoming one.
I could never feel a loving nudge when I snore in the middle of the night or fight myself for the blankets.
I will never experience the bliss of waking up in my own arms.
I could never experience spooning or wake myself up to breakfast in bed.
I could never snuggle my own face into my neck.
I could never whisper sweet nothings in my own ear or feel the warmth and tenderness of my own hand running the length of my body - from the back of my legs all the way up to the back of my neck in one single, solitary motion.
I can’t come home to myself after a long day at work.
I could never sit on my own lap.
I cannot remind myself of things long forgotten.
Without you, there is so much life I am unable to experience.
Can you see just how much I need you in this solitary existence?

by Nicole F. Hall 2004
Solitary Existence

I can teach myself, but I can’t learn what I do not yet know.
I can never give myself a second opinion, and I can never draw on another perspective.
While I can talk to myself, I can’t hold a conversation with myself.
I could never be enriched by my own differences.

I can’t be infected with my own contagious laughter or develop an “inside joke.”
I couldn’t be or have a very best friend, a confidante, a companion or a soul mate.
I could never feel the nervous anticipation at the thought of a first date with myself.

Never could I escort myself holding my own arm.

I can never hold and comfort myself watching a scary movie.
While I can look in the mirror, it cannot compare to hearing you tell me how beautiful I look.

By myself, I am not able to create the electricity felt just before a first kiss.
I could never flirt with myself or give myself an accepting wink.

I could never surprise myself with a wrapped gift.
I could never hide flowers from myself behind my own back.
Never will I be presented with a photograph enjoying a candle-lit dinner for one.

I cannot serenade myself with love songs.
I am unable to kiss my own lips.
I cannot make myself weak in the knees.
I cannot look into my own eyes or hold my own hand.

I could never feel the longing and desire to spend time with myself.

I can never feel the excitement of a reunion.
I can never turn any one down with the words, “I am spoken for.”

I can’t lean on myself when I feel weak.
I can’t sneak up behind myself while standing at the kitchen sink.

Continued on page 5
It seems like just a week ago, I said goodbye to my little boy. A little boy that would be gone forever.

A little boy who picked the dandelions in a bouquet of yellow glowing and counted his grandma’s teeth over and over and over again.

He was a little boy who called one hundred dollar play money “one-de-O-de-O’s,” A little boy who had great love for animals, computers and Legos.

A little boy who had a great sense of humor, but hated the sound of his own laugh.

A little boy whom everyone loved, yet allowed just a few friends. My little boy was gone forever to serve his country and defend. He belonged to the U.S. Army, trading that little boy for a man.

My little boy was gone forever and I hated it so much! There was an empty place inside me that only he could fill.

I missed the great pleasure of picking up his dirty socks. I missed how he pushed my buttons getting me so angry that one of us had to surrender.

I missed watching my little boy play with the kittens. I missed hearing the music he composed with a rhythm and tone that was never off key.

I dearly missed staying up all night talking with him, sometimes giggling, sometimes crying, but always with him.

I missed my little boy. I missed him so much! I missed my son, but ever so proud to be his mom.

The Interplay of Dark and Shadow

This man, my father, so articulate, so cynical, so remote. Going blind, no sight in the right eye now. This man that loves music, movies, art, who knew Monty Python was cool before anyone else did.

When I was five, I thought Jackson Pollack’s art looked like what I did in kindergarten and that Andrew Wyeth’s Helga was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Because of my father, I knew these things; Mahler, Mozart, Beethoven, Rembrandt, Renoir, Picasso, Dali.

A man who was a perfectionist, who guided planes to the ground for a living, the best job on earth as far as I was concerned.

Needles in the left eye every four weeks, “You know, Lorrie,” my dad told me, “that’s the moment of truth, yes indeed, when that six inch needle goes in and you know, in the end, it isn’t going to do a damn bit of good.”

My stepmother Marlene reads my letters to my father now, the letters he sends me don’t have the neat penmanship that I’ve known all my life, the script has become shaky and barely legible.

“On some days,” my father tells me, “I can still see some dark and shadow and the way the light interplays with both. Soon it will only be dark, but I knew beauty in my life.”

My father’s blindness, the unlikely catalyst for a strange, new bonding that we never had before.

I watch the sunlight streaming through my kitchen window, the interplay of the golden light against the dark tiles, the shadows across the wood grain of the table, the unlikely commonality of our parallel experiences, as perhaps we both see the same interplay. A continent apart, I send my “vision” to him, through him and back to myself, cycle of father and daughter, circuit complete.

by Jean L. Calvert
Beyond the Windowpane

There’s a girl who sits below the window
Staring out at dull gray space
Wondering what it’s like to be
Free from this imprisoning place
She has no knowing of what’s beyond this glass
No knowing of the world

When others look at her through the windowpane
They only see her freckled face
And stringy dirty blond hair
They see her as an unwanted one
A one whom no one will care

But when she looks through the glass
She looks beyond the outward appearance
All her freckles and hair are pushed past
For her inward shines brighter than how she appears

So when she’s yearning for someone to believe in
She wipes the dirt and dust from the glass
And looks beyond the windowpane

by Carissa G. Engle

When that little boy came home as a man
I quickly realized
my little boy was still inside
that wonder of a man.

He picked up his own dirty, smelly socks
and could identify the vacuum cleaner
and even put it to good use.

My little boy is still alive
living inside that man
with an awesome sense of humor
and a contagious laugh
that still brings tears to my eyes
and aches to my sides.

My little boy never left.
He was just away
becoming the man he is today.

by Nicole Hall

The Boys Who Lived in Bubbles
by Regina McLaughlin

Untitled
by Danielle Brown
Steam

Mother billows.
Tendrils all directions,
Lesser plumes sprout,
Porch lights bud,
Streetlamps bloom with
100 million-year-old sunlight.

by John C. Lorson

Listening to the Coyotes Wail

What gets the dogs so riled at night
that they telegraph in barks?
I heard the sound at one a.m.
that started all the sparks—
A feral howl came from the south,
an answer from the east.
I understand what stirs the blood
of every sentient beast.

by Emily A. Curie

Steam

by John C. Lorson

Drink in the Sun

by John C. Lorson
Supply and Demand

They plan the night before
The perfect outfit to impress the boss
They’ll be getting paid tonight
They check the mirror
To make sure that they look the part
They stroll down Wall Street
Looking for the office
That might as well be
The city dump
But at least they’re getting paid tonight
I guess the main objective is to
Give the customer what they want
To make a little money
To put some food onto the table
But it’s just too bad that
Before they can truly understand
The law of supply and demand
They must amuse some business man
Who told his wife that he must work overtime
Because when the supply is low and the
Demand is high; you can raise the market sales
But when the supply is high and the
Demand is low you have to make some sacrifices
It’s just supply and demand.

The Bixx

by Danielle Brown

No Evil

by Steph Durwin

The Boys Who Lived In Bubbles

by Regina McLaughlin

Writers’ and Artists’ Biographies

by Tawny Hanshaw

OVER STILL WATER

by Gordon R. Beals
"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.

Editor-In-Chief
Danielle Sobczyk

Editorial Staff
Molly Pierson
Mike Vamos
Derek Frautschy
Special Acknowledgments from the Staff

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

Editor's Note

I have had such a positive experience at Wayne College, and Waynessence has only accentuated that positive! I am so happy to have worked with Sue, John, and Carolyn so closely. I appreciate all of your guidance and support. Molly, Mikey, and Derek have played an essential role in the success of the Spring issue. I cannot express my gratitude enough. In addition, I would like to thank everyone who contributed their work to Waynessence. Without your effort and willingness to share, Waynessence would not be. I would like to encourage students and staff to continue to bring in fresh new ideas to keep Waynessence the outstanding publication that it is. Be a part of the Waynessence team by joining the staff, submitting your work, or both. I look forward to future issues of Waynessence and enjoying it from a new perspective.

Co-Advisors' Notes

It has been a privilege to work with Wayne College students, faculty, and staff to produce another edition of Waynessence. Danielle Sobczyk has been an energetic and loyal Waynessence staff member and a great editor-in-chief. She will be missed.

Molly Pierson’s two semesters with us were too short. Molly spearheaded what will probably become a Waynessence tradition – sharing the photographic talents of the College community by way of a Waynessence note-card fundraiser. Molly, I wish you well as you graduate from high school and go on to college.

I look forward to Mike Vamos’ return and continued involvement with Waynessence and other aspects of Wayne College.

Readers, may this edition of Waynessence make your summer more enjoyable. It is a fine representation of the talents of those associated with Wayne College!

Susanna K. Horn, Waynessence co-advisor

There’s always risk involved in trying something new. Last semester we rolled the dice and went to a smaller, “hold-it-in-your-hand” format for Waynessence, and it was wonderfully received. Emboldened by this, the staff decided to deal the cards again, literally, and began producing Waynessence greeting cards as a fundraiser. Success again! This semester we’ve been abundantly blessed with the contributions of many, put forth for the enjoyment of all, but special thanks must go to the creative minds that bring it all together, our Editorial Staff: Danielle, Molly, Mikey and Derek, and my co-advisor Susanna Horn. Thanks, also, to Carolyn Floodon, a true master when it comes to putting everything together on the page. Danielle and Molly will be moving on to greater things next semester and will be greatly missed. It has been a real pleasure getting to know everyone and work side-by-side to produce a publication we can all be proud of.

If you like what you see, tell us—better yet, join us! Share your ideas and you, too, can be a part of our next great season of change.

John C. Lorson, Waynessence co-advisor

Writers' and Artists' Biographies

Raquel Ball is married, fun-loving, and a second semester freshman majoring in nursing.
Wallace Ball lives in Wooster with his wife and children. He is majoring in Communications.
Gordon R. Beals of Dalton is a student at Wayne College taking classes in a variety of subjects.
Danielle Brown, Artist, Amateur, Immature, Acceptable.
Jean L. Calvert is a social work major, loves to write fiction and non-fiction, essays, etc. She is a Student Ambassador, is a member of the Psych. Club, Student Senate, and Distinguished Students program, is the mother of 6, grandmother of 6, and writes for the Wayne Mirror.
Chris Courtney of Wooster is a comedian/musician, majoring in history.
Emily Curie of Orrville, at 63 is finally learning how to use a computer. A cancer survivor, she appreciates nature, reading, and working out at the Y.
Melissa DeMiglio is a sophomore at Wadsworth High School.
Steph Durwin is a freshman at Jackson High School. She likes to draw, play sports and write. Her poetry was read at Poetry, Prose and Acoustical Jam.
Carissa Engle is a 7th grader at Greene Middle School, participates in Power of the Pen, draws, plays the flute and piano, writes and scrapbooks in her spare time. She read her poetry at Poetry, Prose and Acoustical Jam.
Amanda Feaster is the Administrative Secretary of the Smucker Learning Center. She holds a bachelor's degree in English from Shippensburg University of Pennsylvania and advises the Student Senate and the Wayne Mirror.
Michelle C. Fisher of Orrville is a part-time student and mother of four, majoring in psychology.
Nicole Hall is a published author. She has self-published two non-fiction books on optimizing equine feed programs. She currently is attending Wayne College with aspirations of furthering her writing career.
Tawny Hanshaw is a freshman, clinical psychology major.
Anna Huszti of Copley is one of seven children, born into a Christian family and is majoring in dietetics.
Linda J. Joy is a freshman in college, who has three grown children and five grandchildren, majoring in social work at the present time.
Janet Keith is a Social Services Technology major with a goal to be an art (expressive) therapist.
Regina McLaughlin is a wife and mother of three. She is majoring in Mechanical Engineering and Secondary Education in math and science.
Ben Lorson is a 7th grader at Orrville Junior High where he participates in track and cross-country – but skateboarding is his real love.
John Lorson is an Admissions Counselor at Wayne College.
Joanne Murray of Sterling, a retired commercial artist, has recently begun a second career in writing.
Mark Solars is a teacher and house painter. He read his poetry at Poetry, Prose and Acoustical Jam.

Winter Treasure

by Gordon R. Beals
As practice makes perfect, I cannot but make progress; each drawing one makes, each study one paints, is a step forward.

Van Gogh

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. Each spring, awards are given to the artwork or photographs that appear on the Spring Waynessence front and back covers.

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

“As practice makes perfect, I cannot but make progress; each drawing one makes, each study one paints, is a step forward.” Van Gogh
Front Cover
TRINITY
by Gordon R. Beals

Writers and Artists at Work
SPRING 2007

TRINITY
by Gordon R. Beals

Back Cover
OVER STILL WATER
by Tawny Hanshaw

1901 Smucker Road • Orrville, OH 44667
www.wayne.uakron.edu