Waynessence, the literary magazine of The University of Akron Wayne College, is published for the campus community to provide an audience for aspiring writers and artists. All materials are published with the consent of the contributors, who accept full credit for their work. All rights to the writing and artwork presented here are retained by the authors/artists. Artists, photographers, and writers have produced their own work independently. Their proximity in Waynessence does not necessarily reflect the intentions of authors or artists.

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

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.

Flight
by Shea Stair
From the Editor

With each new semester and every amazing new edition of the Waynessence, I am stunned by the response from students, staff, faculty and the college community. You all continue to create such a wonderful magazine and I am honored to continue to be a part of it. Thank you to all who submitted this semester and congratulations to Jim Lawrence and Samantha Schabitzer, the cover winners.

Another reason for the success Waynessence has achieved is the advisors. John Lorson, with your eye for art and honest opinion of all things, you keep us on track each time. Dr. Susanna Horn, you have planted deep, sturdy roots which will continue to feed the success of Waynessence. I speak for all members past and present when I say thank you for your passion and knowledge that has not only kept Waynessence but also Poetry, Prose, and Acoustical Jam a success and Wayne College tradition!

Best wishes,
Theresa Rabbitts
Editor in Chief

Advisor’s Note

Beginning in 1999, I have had the amazing privilege of advising Waynessence. I have watched many students develop hidden talents and travel on in life as changed individuals. Theresa Rabbitts has been a regular contributor over the years, and of late she has served as our editor-in-chief, taking on the responsibility as needed and occasionally stepping aside to help a new student editor expand his or her talents – signs of a great future teacher, Theresa!

Since 2006, I have especially enjoyed the super-creative support of my co-advisor John Lorson – educator, writer, photographer, and humorist. You have given me great joy in the journey.

Waynessence has an amazing legacy. From its inception soon after the opening of Wayne College, Waynessence has remained the Essence of Wayne, acting as a mirror of its time, presenting poetry, prose, photography, and artwork that reflects the thoughts and experiences of students, faculty, and staff. With the creative suggestions of student editors and the use of technology, Carolyn Freelon has helped advance Waynessence beyond a mimeographed publication, adding color and special binding that presents our contributors’ work in the best light. Thanks, Carolyn, for your outstanding work, and for being Waynessence’s biggest cheerleader!

Like Wayne College, Waynessence is dedicated to student development and community connections. The students on the Waynessence staff actively participate in Wayne College’s numerous student and community activities. Moreover, for 23 years Waynessence has even sponsored its own event, “Poetry, Prose, and Acoustical Jam,” an annual College and community coffee house that reaches beyond Wayne’s doors.

Each semester ends with a new edition of Waynessence, released at an open-to-the-public “Publication Celebration.” This event, originated by a student editor, allows our readers and contributors to meet each other and discuss their works, further deepening our student-faculty-staff-and-community commitments.

In a sense, Waynessence embodies much of what is best about Wayne College, and it will always have a special place in my heart. As I retire, I wish a bright future to all of you who have experienced Wayne College – truly a place where student success comes first!

Dr. Susanna K. Horn
Co-advisor
From the Staff
Special Acknowledgments

- God
- Susanna Horn
- John Lorson
- Carolyn Freelon
- Interim Dean Dan Deckler
- All the Writing Instructors
- Sharon Ostroski
- SOPAC
- Everyone who submitted to Waynessence

Note: The Waynessence staff reserves the right to choose and edit written submissions as well as art and photography based on length, technical accuracy, and audience considerations.
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Samantha Schabitzer...Back Cover
Lost Portrait
by Christopher Seifert

Let me capture this image one moment in time
Once this parting shot is captured it remains immortal
Generations will perceive what this portrait destined
Since at the time I sought no fame or fortune
I only seized the moment for it was soon to perish
The final result not even a glimpse of actuality
For even my own eyes fail to paint this image
Its origins growing fonder with every passing stage
One may formulate that this moment bear a fable
Lest I assure this fable ceases to be solved
For what was merely one depiction has become anonymous

I wrote this for those times when you see a sight so powerful you can’t put into words what it means.

Jay Gatsby
by Samantha Schabitzer
An old and rusty truck that sits in the middle of a woods in Wooster
The Old Man of Fair Oaks Drive
by John Argabright

Today is the twenty-sixth of January and I saw something that was hard to believe. Granted it was fifty-three degrees outside, but there is a gentleman who lives on Fair Oaks Drive in Norton riding his tractor. It appeared he was mowing his lawn.

Does grass grow in Ohio during January? I noticed some of the neighbors’ curtains moving and a few doors opening a bit.

When asked about this, the gentleman laughingly explained. He was using his riding mower to pick up debris that had blown into his yard, also some twigs and branches that had dropped from his trees. That riding mower was saving wear and tear on that old man’s back.

Some of the events that have happened at this address have been very interesting. One cold day this winter he was seen walking around his house with nothing on but jeans, a tee shirt, and shoes. Seems he went out to get the mail and when he came back to the house, he opened the storm door too fast which pulled the main door closed and it locked. It wouldn’t have been a problem, but his wife was in the basement washing clothes and finally heard his yelling about the same time as the neighbors. On opening the door, she was greeted with that look that said, “What took you so long and don’t say a thing!” She tried to explain that the sounds she was making weren’t laughter but a spasmodic, muffled cough that was triggered by the cold air when she opened the door.

Well, he was at it again the other day. On a ladder, the old man was hammering a spike above the door of his tool shed to display an old washboard with other hanging antiques.

Unknown to him, hornets had a large nest on the inside of the shed at that very spot. Driving a nail into the siding brought an army of hornets to investigate this disturbance to their sanctuary. The old man, standing near the top of an eight-foot extension ladder, very engrossed in his project, was listening to music recorded on his MP3 player. He normally listened to music when he was working outside. When those hornets discovered this frightening disturbance, they attacked. He came off the top of that ladder and landed about six feet out in the yard, jumping while running and swatting bees. Neighbors happened to be out in their yards working and were watching it all. They told him they didn’t know what music he downloaded on that MP3 player, but they sure would like a copy of whatever it was.

This old man is an interesting person. He often is the entertainment of the neighborhood during the boring months of winter and some unexpected times during the summer.

He is a very friendly neighbor. Our street wouldn’t be the same without him.

A few comical happenings in my life at Fair Oaks in Norton, Ohio.
A Path of Shadow
by Scott Gold

Upon a hidden path of shadow
Through bitter clouds of gray
A bright, unbroken beam
Spills through in slim display.

A knight, with shining blade
Held skyward catching light
May ride alone in utter dark
Yet triumph over night.

Reflecting from his sword
Unquenched beams rebound
And in the midst of darkness
Keep his steed-steps sound.

Such knight, though utmost valiant,
Can’t hope to catch the brand
Of one whose soul, once embers,
Now blazes in its stand.

We, stumbling in this dimness,
Spot through the haze and rain
Her torch alight in heaven
And see how loss is gain!

Though eyes are brimmed and flowing
And heavy sobs are breathed,
Yet brightly shows the fire of she
whose spirit has been unsheathed!
My son sent me a picture of his beautiful sunrise in the Florida Keys – and this was my response.
Bernese Mountain Dog
by Marieca Harris
Painted in acrylics

Basenji
by Marieca Harris
Basenji, an ancient breed of dog. Painted in acrylics.
The Encounter
by Ruth Hale

I rode into the darkened wood
Just at the close of day
My steed coming to a sudden halt
For something barred the way

From out the shadows stepped a man
I shuddered, comely he was not
Distorted features and twisted limbs
Misfortune seemed his lot

I could not continue on my way
For the path was far from wide
Although I waited patiently
He did not step aside

He wore no shoes, his clothes were rags
Eyes glistening red in the waning light
He spoke no word; I felt alarm
For it was coming night

My steed, flanks quivering
Eyes rolling, wild with fear
Discerning innate malevolence
Unbound and very near

A cold wind rose; swaying frenzied trees
Leaves icy fingers scuffed my cheek
Startled, trembling with pounding heart
I heard my voice shout “Speak”

No answer to my query
It echoed through the wood
Now – the path was clear and open
Where once the specter stood

All was ominously silent
There was heard no single sound
Though the path, unhindered now
We took another way around

Masquerade
by Samantha Schabitzer
The Guardian
by MaryAnn Fear

Creator of the morning,
Protector of the night
Guardian of my fleeting hours
Through life’s perilous flight

My rebel soul forgets at times
The grace you rain on me
Open my eyes and let me see
What you paid to make me free

Never, never leave me
A sinner though I be
Give to me a contrite heart
My yearning soul to free

Forgive me my transgressions
In all the days I toil
My Rock, my Savior, my Shepherd
Anoint my head with oil.

Final Sunset
by Betty J. Rogge

My husband and I driving home spotted this small cemetery on a hill with an absolutely beautiful evening sky. I just had to capture the feeling of peace and calm.
When I was a boy, it was just life’s way
To be ‘barefooten’ by the end of May.
When I’d rise from my bed, the dress for the day
Would be OshKosh by gosh with bare feet displayed.

A little before dawn I’d rise from my bed
For chores to do and animals fed.
Then off to the woodpile or the garden I’d go
To either chop wood or the corn to hoe.

Mom’d wave her apron when time to eat.
Before you came in, better wipe your feet
On that burlap sack that lay by the door.
Don’t track that dirt on Mom’s kitchen floor.

When seated at the table, in our assigned chair
All heads would bow and after the prayer
T’was just, “toss me a biscuit. Pass the cream.”
My Mom’s table was a hungry man’s dream

T’was hard getting back into a working mood
With a tummy full from all that food.
I’d like to slip off for a time of rest.
Having tried that before, I now know best.

So, back to the woodpile or the garden I’d go
For more wood to chop or rows to hoe.
Working that farm was not much fun
But was work we shared that had to be done.

When I get big, one thing I know
Working a farm has got to go.
What can I do to get a rich fix?
I know! I’ll get into politics.

The way of summertime life when I was a
boy back on the farm.

Barefooten’
by John Argabright
Oh no, More snow!
by Betty J. Rogge

Our lawn ornament has struggled to keep his head above the snow this season. This was his reaction to the forecast of more snow.
My wife and I were invited to attend the ‘Simpfunny’ as guest of a prominent local couple. My first time attending a Simpfunny was very informative but also a little confusing.

The Simpfunny was scheduled to start at 7 pm. We arrived and were seated by 6:50. The musicians were already playing, and for the life of me I couldn’t understand what they were supposed to be doing. It seemed like they all had their own rendition of a song and each was in their own world playing it as they saw fit. I had a hard time following the music, but I let on like I was really enjoying it, just in case this couple looked my way.

Finally someone back stage, on becoming aware of what was happening, came out to a round of applause...Guess I wasn’t the only one confused at that point. This man waved his hands, getting their attention, and got all playing the same song together, and things really calmed down at that point.

The musicians seemed hard to control, but I couldn’t tell by listening because this man at times was frantically waving his arms at the musicians in trying to keep them together. At times some of them would play and some wouldn’t. Then others would quit and some would start in, taking their place.

I kinda’ felt sorry for the man. I thought he was doing a pretty good job. I think the audience felt the same way. At a break after a very, very, long musical piece, the audience gave this man a standing ovation. They also appreciated his efforts.

At the end, I thought someone should have looked for this man and told him how much his efforts were appreciated as one could see his efforts were very exhausting.

Now really...I thought if they sent all the musicians home but 1 violinist and brought in a guitar, a bass, and a banjo, we could have had a toe tappin’, hand clappin’, good ole hoedown.

Now that’s the kind of music that really unites not only the audience but also the fewer musicians involved.

I was thankful for the invite. Felt my social status was elevated a notch rubbing elbows with all those elite and attending a Simpfunny.

Just my thoughts.

Johnny Argabright

A comical description from an evening at a symphony.
Best Buds
by Sarah Carafelli

Taken at the Florida Aquarium
A Long Time Ago
by MaryAnn Fear

When I was a child a long time ago
Life was so simple. Oh, why did I grow.
I had no worries or problems to face
Each day I would go to my magical place.
I would sit for hours among the grasses and flowers,
The blue sky above me; the sun on my head,
A field of daisies would be my bed.
My dreams would take me far and away
Until my mother’s call at the end of the day.
I would go to sleep with my thoughts and my lore,
Oh, how I’d love to go back there once more.

Fawn in the Forest
by Breanna Marty
Dreams of Now
By Michael Schwartz

Floating, falling
Fleeting, flitting
Tiny motes of life

Empty reason
Softly calling
Sharp and hungry knife

Licking, biting
Cold and cruel
Pointless to our eye

Pain a blessing
Real and tearing
Breathe and breathe a sigh

Slipping, sliding
Gaping hole
Always, always true

Plunging deeper
Forget your soul
Find meaning in this too

Empty longing
Constant calling
Now to see again

Hope and pain
Now fall like rain
Find purpose now again

So speak of past
And present ends
Silent eyes behold

Life and love
My caring friends
A story never told
Life’s Decisions
by John Argabright

The girl of my dreams…in the seventh row
Sitting alone at the picture show!
Not an eight or a nine, but a ten…I know!
Be still my heart! Calm down…I say, Whoa!

This boy of fourteen a foray would make.
The seat by this girl sitting alone I would take.
Dressed in old denims and a ragged old tee’
And my heart beating vigorously…she could surely see.

I ventured forth and meekly sat down.
She looked at me smiling, not with a frown.
The most beautiful smile I had ever seen
Was on the face of this girl of thirteen.

Looking back on life and how time flew
As today I’m a man of seventy two
And my wife, not the girl from the picture show
Is the person that has set my heart aglow.

Pathways in life go in different directions.
Life’s path is a choice, at times with objections.
And that’s the reason, at this point I envision
Our choices of helpmates…very good decisions.

This is a poem about
my first love at the age
of 10 or 11 years old.

For His Light Has Arisen
by Otis Whitmore, Jr.

Photo taken at dawn from a backyard
and appreciated the beauty.
Colorful Bird
by Samantha Schabitzer
So I walk
And the Earth laughs under my feet
at my clumsy steps and stumbles
so I run
And the Earth cries beneath my feet
Because of my stomping footfalls
so I collapse
And the Earth sighs beneath my body
At my rapid breathing and sweat
so I notice
And the Earth never stops turning
I am ignored by birds and breeze and time
so I walk

El Gato: Muddy Cat on Black Car
by John C. Lorson

The work of the provocative feline artist,
El Gato, in a free-form mstyling of dried mud on
black clear coat.
My Wintry Table  
(Feeding my friends during the deep freeze)  
by MaryAnn Fear

Outside, I set a wintry table  
Where all could come and feast  
The yard snow covered and oh, so cold . . .  
Not fit for man or beast

The birds who opted to see it through  
Sit with feathers all afluff  
Watching, I worry . . .  
Will there be enough?

A deer came by in search of food  
Snow on his tawny flanks  
He raised his head and looked at me  
As if to say, “Hey, thanks”.

So many footprints in the snow  
Hunger has made the creatures bold  
There is no discrimination here  
All are welcome to the fold

And as the sun set, scattering gold  
I saw an angel sitting there  
Midst God’s many creatures  
Snow on her wings and in her hair

I like to think she’s always there  
In summer, spring and fall  
For surely love knows no season  
And grace is meant for all

So I go to bed – and sleep  
Knowing I’ve done all I’m able  
And that, out there, an angel sits  
At my wintry table
Many Branches by Gordon R. Beals

Later, gator
by Sarah Carafelli

Taken at Myakka River State Park in Florida.
Grumpy and Grouchy All Day
by Michael D. Schafer

I always wake up grumpy,
On the wrong side of the bed.
I put on my grouchy pants,
And place a black cloud over my head.

I eat ill-tempered for breakfast,
And down a cup of mean.
I’ll wrap myself in a bad mood,
Feeling atrocious in between.

I slam the door shut,
And head for the street,
Stomping and storming,
At everybody I meet.

I have lunch at Nasty McNasty’s
Because I loathe their food.
I’ll have a double order,
Of their steaming hot rude.

I can’t wait for dinner,
I’m having gnarly stew,
And to make it more repugnant,
A slice of gruff pie too.

Before I retire for the day,
And crawl into the sack,
I’ll eat crab apples by the dozen,
For a bedtime snack.

I’m a grumpy, grouchy person,
That’s how I go through the day.
If you should see me coming,
You’d better stay out of my way.

Mittens
by Vernon Virgili
My trip to Boston led to many fun pictures but this was one of my favorites.  

*Boston Boat Docks*  
by Breanna Marty
"A sight to see...worth clucking about,"
Said this barnyard Rooster to another.
There's a Dominiquer hen just down the road.
She's a beauty, I'm telling you brother.

What's so special about this hen,
As remembered from just passing by?
T'was her feathers!... Wow ... those feathers!
Just recalling them induces a sigh!

But t'was more than just her feathers...
T'was her demeanor that was appealing
If she'd look and just give you a simple 'cluck,'
A natural high would be the feeling.

Please allow me to brag a little.
She bid me a friendly adieu.
And this 'ole' rooster took a great big breath
For his very best Cock A Doodle Doo.

And if you don't understand this...
It's a rooster thing between us chickens.
We're discussing the present situations in life.
Just not enough chickens for 'pickins.'
This butterfly is one of the ornaments at Secrest Arboretum in Wooster. Although the original picture can stand on its own, I used Photoshop to add a dry brush effect making it look more like a painting.
You Can’t Fool the Tooth Fairy  
(A True Story)  
by Michael D. Schafer

You can’t fool the Tooth Fairy,  
Although Tylene tried.  
“I just lost a tooth,” she announced,  
Hoping nobody noticed she lied.  

“I hope the Tooth Fairy comes tonight,”  
Is what Tylene said,  
As she placed her “just lost tooth”  
Under the pillow on her bed.  

But that “tooth” wasn’t a tooth.  
That tooth was a fake.  
There wasn’t a real tooth there  
For the Tooth Fairy to take.  

Tylene crawled in bed that night,  
As sly as she could be,  
She was hoping to get some cash,  
By tricking the Tooth Fairy.  

That tooth under her pillow  
Was a fake in disguise,  
And to try to trick the Tooth Fairy  
Isn’t very wise.  

Early the next morning,  
After Tylene was awake,  
She found a note that read;  
“You can’t fool the Tooth Fairy.”  
And the money the Tooth Fairy left was fake.  

Capt. Klutz  
by Michael D. Schafer

Allow me to introduce myself,  
Capt. Klutz is my name.  
Being awkward and clumsy,  
Is my main claim to pain.  

I’m always falling down,  
And skinning my knees.  
I walk into doors,  
I run into trees.  

I bust my nose.  
I stub my toes.  
I trip and I slip,  
And down I goes.  

I toss and I turn  
And then fall out of bed.  
I’ll forget to duck,  
And then bang my head.  

I rap my fingers.  
I stove my thumb.  
I’m covered in bruises,  
As big as they come.  

I stumble and fumble,  
Then I moan and groan,  
A gluten for punishment,  
I’m injury prone.  

An accident waiting to happen,  
That’s the way my luck runs.  
If I was an area code,  
My number would be 911.  

I hurt myself again last night,  
Suffering scrapes and cuts  
And that my friends is why,  
They call me Capt. Klutz.
Macro Ice  by Breanna Marty

This is the better of a series of macro ice shots I took using my phone camera, many appear to look like plant fossils.
**Dawn**  
by MaryAnn Fear

Daylight comes quietly in the early dawn.  
As I say morning prayers, dark shadows move on.  
Sun’s rays seeking every crevice and glade,  
Stalking the last of the lingering shade.  
For a moment in time, the world seems to stand still.  
At one with creation, my heart feels a thrill.  
Nature awakes with the song of a bird,  
Daily life’s activities soon to be heard.  
As all of God’s creatures strive to survive,  
He watches closely as His earth comes alive.

**Trees in Yellow Sky**  
by Theresa Rabbitts
Lighthouse by Vernon Virgili
Pine  by Shea Stair

Taken on a bright, sunny, winter day in Wooster.
The Tiny Sprout
by Ruth Hale

With my rake, I cleared a spot
And there before my startled gaze
A tiny sprout with one eye open
Blinking in the sun’s bright rays
I scarcely could believe my ears
But I’m sure I heard him say
“I’m not yet ready to get up
So, please go away
It’s been a long hard winter
It sounded like a blustery riot
So if it’s not too much to ask
I’d like a little peace and quiet”
So with leaves I covered him o’er
And left him sleeping on the forest floor

The Resurrection of Color  by John C. Lorson
Melting of the snowpack in Johnson Woods State Nature
Preserve signals the rebirth of color into the world.
Come Back Soon: Bird in Flight  by Laura Wolf

Flight was taken at Wooster Memorial Park in Wooster.

Flight  by Shea Stair
Our Contributors

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Michael Schwartz pg. 14

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Macro Ice by Breanna Marty
A Little Paradise Out Every Window

Taken from inside abandoned Attalaya Mansion, Pawleys Island, SC.

by Jim Lawrence

Spring Girl
BACK COVER
by Samantha Schabitzer