Table of Contents

**Text**
7 Paloma Clohossey/Celebration in the Morning
8 Kristine Sholty/Parque del Príncipe
11 Maggie Jackson/Phantom Limbs are Called that for a Reason:
12 J. Cooper Wilson/Creéme/Believe Me
14 Kelsey Smith/Kibera
20 Mary Cocoran/Fear & Loathing in Dublin
23 Rachel Dallman/Florence
24 Rachel Titche/Egészségedre! (Cheers!)
26 Rachel Dallman/Impressions
28 Tyrice Fitzpatrick/Pura Vida
29 Brittnee King/Last Days, Chiang Mai
30 Brittnee King/Angkor Wat, Cambodia
31 Martha Cavazos/Last Day
32 Contributors
34 Special Thanks to...

**Photographs**
4 Adam Marshall/Reflections on Failure (Copenhagen, Denmark 2009)
6 Leo Reap/Fern, Unfurling
8 Allie Sachnoff/La Voz del Mar en Mi Persona Estaba
10 Rosanna Shoup/Alley Fruit Stand in Cairo, Egypt
11 Margy Brill/The Awakening of Loch Lomond
13 Hannah Jary/Rose of the West, *Eucalyptus Macrocarpa*
14 Paloma Clohossey/Maasai Woman
15 Kelsey Smith/Untitled
16 Cody Musselman/Sights and Scents at the Market
17 Leo Reap/Pure Bliss
18 Elsa Musko/Eiffel
19 Brianna Fowler/Untitled
21 Meghan Hiscock/ELTE Egyetemi Library Reading Room
22 Anna Cooperrider/Edinburgh Castle from J.K. Rowling’s Favorite Cafe
25 Meghan Hiscock/Coffee, Tea in Istanbul
27 Todd Richter/White Out, Braunfels, Germany
29 Martha Cavazos/Freedom
30 Hannah Guilford/Shards
31 Martha Cavazos/Final Sunrise
32 Annie Azrak/Painting over Cusco
34 Leeor Schweitzer/Untitled

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**Front Cover**
Todd Richter/Dracula’s Castle, Cruden Bay
Scotland

**Inside Front Cover**
Margy Brill/The Faerie Glen

**Cover**
Rosanna Shoup/Sunset Behind a Church in the Village of Taybeh, Palestine, West Bank

**Inside Back Cover**
Ellen Smith/Khom Fai

**Back Cover**
Elsa Musko/A Courtyard in Rome
After reviewing this year’s submissions, it has become clear that study abroad does not represent an individual’s experience in an individual location. Cooper Wilson ’11, a Spanish major who studied abroad in Hikone, Japan, wrote a Spanish love poem while abroad. Rachel Dallman ’11, who studied abroad in Madrid, Spain, was greatly influenced by her travels all around Europe, writing about her trips to the Duomo in Florence, Italy and the Musée d’Orsay in Paris, France. These individuals are perfect examples of what study abroad means to us at Kalamazoo College, and how the adjustment from one culture to another reflects another greater adjustment, a transformation from college student to global citizen.

The work of these individuals also proves that study abroad is about an individual’s opening up to something greater, whether it be a new country, new language, or the realization that the world is a larger place than we had ever imagined. After months of living abroad, what we bring back is not so much a concrete articulation of our experience but a series of concepts, opinions, and realizations about what we have learned from a place and what we will continue to learn from it after we are no longer there. This year’s Passage does not attempt to epitomize study abroad through a series of images and reflections. Rather, it seeks to speak for the complexity that study abroad truly is, and how it fits in our everyday lives. These images and reflections are the language of that great, abstract complexity, a complexity that encompasses (but is not limited to) notions of travel, discovery, and adventure. They put words and pictures to our greatest, most indescribable experiences. They put a face to study abroad.

Maris Cohen, Editor-in-Chief
Brianna Fowler, Photo Editor
Kailey Wolf, Copy Editor
Katy Sly, Design and Layout Editor
Say good morning to the milk on the stove.
Angry at being boiled too long, it grows a silky skin.
Good morning to the orange papaya,
meat sliced in long slick strips,
dark seeds scooped out,
now sitting by the sink like caviar.
Pineapple rounds lie imperfect with light brown
belly buttons at their edges. Thin shavings of melon,
translucent and tasteless, good morning.
To the mango as she is cut, diamond of these fruits,
cubed in her green skin with yellow splayed open,
raw and ready for your good morning lips,
good morning tongue, good morning tea bag steaming,
limp and used up in the cradle of a spoon.
No pensé que había pasado tanto tiempo en el parque. Vi como el cielo pasó de azul brillante a morado fosco, hasta se ha oscurecido en un violeta austero. La única luz venía de los pequeños faroles que bordeaban el sendero. Salí disparada por el sendero para sentarme en una colina, pero fui muy lenta. Aquí no habría nada que se pudiera hacer rápidamente en este país. La naturaleza española es muy diferente a la de los Estados Unidos. Allí, en mi estado de Michigan, todo es llano, aunque hay muchos bosques. Aquí pude ver una colina marrón después de otra, pero no hay ningún bosque. Vi el cielo y una vez más, observé los millones de estrellas en el crepúsculo sin límites.

En este momento la soledad me sobrevino como una brisa brusca. Empecé a pensar en la naturaleza de mi región familiar. Eché de menos la vegetación exuberante de Michigan. Quería ver los árboles de hoja caduca que olían como el otoño del bosque de mi patio trasero. Cerré los ojos. Probablemente era posible que cuando me despertase, las hojas cubrirían cada colina y el parque sería una escena de color rojo, naranja y amarillo. Posiblemente podría reconocer el olor a fresquito, y tendría la sensación de la llegada de la nieve.

Pero no fue así. Abrí los ojos y con un alma tranquila, me levanté y seguí en el sendero para volver a la ciudad, muy lenta, todavía andando debajo del crepúsculo.
I didn’t realize how much time I had spent in the park. I watched the sky pass from a radiant blue to a murky purple, finally darkening to an austere violet. The only light came from the globes of streetlights that flanked the path. I shot up from the bench where I was seated, headed towards a hill, but headed there very slowly. Nothing is done quickly in this country. The Spanish countryside is very different from that of the United States. In Michigan, everything is flat, but there are many forests filled with trees. Here there is one brown hill after another, but no forest in sight. I look to the sky one more time, observing millions of stars in the twilight without limits.

In this moment loneliness came over me like a sharp breeze. I thought of the countryside from my home. I missed the exuberant vegetation of Michigan. I wanted to smell deciduous forests, in the autumn, right from my backyard. I closed my eyes. Maybe it was possible that when I woke up, the leaves would cover each and every hill and the park would be a realm of red, orange, and yellow. Maybe I would be able to remember the brisk smell, and the anticipation of snow on the horizon.

But it was not so. I opened my eyes, and with a tranquil soul, I shot up and returned down the path towards the city, very slowly, still walking under the twilight.
Phantom Limbs are Called that for a Reason:
Maggie Jackson, Italy
Phantom Limbs are called that for a reason:
the ominous foreboding of that word,
the tiny curl of revulsion in your stomach lining—
that’s no accident.
You are not bothered by a dull ache
in the arm you left in Fallujah,
and blackened feet forsaken
somewhere in the Himalayas
don’t get chilly.
When I left, I couldn’t
make my heart come too.
It beats for me still, and pumps my blood,
and I exist—
but Maalox swallowed from across an ocean
will not stop its burning.
My eyes scratched themselves out of my head
just before I caught the plane,
and although I can read these words,
and look both ways
before stepping into traffic—
when I blink
or sleep
or sneeze
or pray,
I am haunted by sunlight on the Tiber.
Créeme

Si te dijera que eres bella,
¿me creerías?
En vez de decirte si te mostrara la belleza
para que puedas ver que es un espejo,
¿me creerías?

Si te dijera que brillas como el sol,
¿me creerías?
En vez de decirte, si te llevara al cielo
para que puedas ver que es tu hogar,
¿me creerías?

Si te dijera que eres la inteligencia,
¿me creerías?
En vez de decirte, si te leyera el gran saber
para que puedas oir que es tus dichos,
¿me creerías?

Si te dijera que eres la alegría misma,
¿me creerías?
En vez de decirte, si te mostrara mi sonrisa
para que pueda ver que calientas mi alma
¿me creerías?

Créeme porque hablo la verdad.
Believe Me

If I told you that you are beautiful, would you believe me?
Instead of telling you, if I showed you beauty so that you could see that it is a mirror, would you believe me?

If I told you that you shine like the sun, would you believe me?
Instead of telling you, if I took you to the heavens so that you could see that it is your home would you believe me?

If I told you that you are intelligence would you believe me?
Instead of telling you, if I read you all the great works so that you could hear that they are your sayings would you believe me?

If I told you that you are happiness itself would you believe me?
Instead of telling you, if I showed you my smile so that you could see that you warm my soul would you believe me?

Believe me, because I speak the truth.
As I walk to the border of Kibera, I can see no movement within the slum. It looks peaceful, uninhabited, and lifeless; a sea of corrugated rusted metal crammed tightly together. Then I hear life. Children playing, people yelling and even talking, all at once, I hear it. It sounds like I have stepped into a buzzing amphitheater. The people here are real and alive.

I go to the upgraded (decanting) site of the slum everyday to research the living conditions and interview its inhabitants, to ask them about the changes in their lives since moving out of the slum. The first thing I learned about Kiberians is that they are the friendliest people I have ever encountered. Their openness and generosity, despite having so little, have astounded me. I was immediately accepted into their home. My good friend, Florence, suggested that I come live with her. Florence is a superb English speaker and has translated the majority of my interviews (I can speak simple Swahili but have difficulty deciphering it when spoken. It is the same with the residents’ English skills). My other friends, Edwin and Rebecca, have each given me tours of the site and strive to help me with my research. Two days ago, Florence told me she is going to nickname her newborn Kelsey.

In the decanting site, the environment is clean – no “flying toilets” (The toilet-human ratio in the slum is about 1 to 50, so many times human waste is thrown out the window). Kibera’s foundation is built on trash and is very unstable. In the decanting site, however, women are happy to allow their children to play outside without fear of diseases from the sewage. Unfortunately, living in the site is damaging to the income of the displaced residents. Running a business is incredibly difficult, as the decanting site does not have the large customer base of Kibera. The majority of women set up small stands to sell vegetables, fruits, or other goods, but they are not permitted to move their business outside the decanting site, and no customers from the slum may enter the decanting site from outside. The government claims that the housing is only temporary, and it estimates that they will be able to move back to their homes in three years. But the government does not provide any nearby schools, and three years is a long time to go without education. The first thing I noticed were the children playing in the decanting site during the weekday afternoon. Since school is too far and too expensive, many children spend all day in the decanting site, playing amongst the metal, dirt, and rust.
All of a sudden it’s the end of April. In the last couple weeks, I’ve noticed that I’ve started to feel the rhythms here—of Trinity, of Dublin, of Ireland, even—and while I wouldn’t say I’m quite dancing, I’m certainly swaying slightly.

It might seem obvious or even inevitable that this would happen, but I know now what I didn’t know in September. I know when Frank the Friendly Security Guard is working, or when he’s worked the night before, by the pile of ash that accumulates on the steps over which he leans and chain smokes for the duration of his eight hour shift. He’s lovely and always happy to chat.

Regularly, I’m convinced to get out of bed when the Viking Tour Buses start their daily loops down Pearse Street, reciting to a boatload of horned-hat-wearing-simpletons the same speech they go through every day. “Oscar Wilde was born here, Pearse Street Dart Station is really old, to your left is Westland Row, look up and see Mary the Grouchy Pajama Wearing Viking shaking her fist menacingly,” etc. Don’t tell anyone, but my hostility could easily be swayed with a complimentary hat.

So, back to the things I’m going to miss about Ireland. Though it may sound insignificant, I’ve grown to love the fact that the “trash” option on my Gmail now says “bin,” and that the other day I unconsciously bought new bags for my “hoover.” Oh, and on that note, I’ve been meaning to tell anyone and everyone with a dirty kitchen that in the recent weeks of high-intensity studying I’ve found mopping particularly vile floors to be my personal fast track to nirvana… that and cleaning make-up brushes. Anywho, on the Ireland front, I’ll miss tea anytime and all the time, and I have already scheduled into my New York life time to schlep to the Butcher Block for digestives and buttons. Yum.

Tomorrow, I’m finally venturing outside of Dublin to meet up with Grandpa and Millie, who have been exploring the Irish countryside for the last couple days. They’ve hit Tralee and Dingle already, and so I’ll meet them in Galway for a whirlwind tour of the county, before we return to the big city on Saturday. More adventures for me please!

Looking forward to seeing so many of you so soon.
Fear & Loathing in Dublin
Chapter Five: Vikings & Gold Space Blankets
Mary Corcoran, Ireland
I want to wrap this place around me, this ancientness, these walls 
that have seen sun for hundreds of years. I want this oldness tight against me, 
but it feels loose, nothing more than dust motes in the air. I feel out of time 
here. I feel out of the world, out of the real and the solid. I wish I could take 
it with me, this place, put it somewhere for safe keeping, so I could take it out 
later, study it.

This all came up out of someone; these colors and these vaulted 
ceilings, like pieces of sky; these flickering lights and walls that split the world 
in two, that peel back slices of air and push them apart, until something 
different and story-book bright appears where nothing used to be. Something 
capped by gold and blue domes.

These wonders spilled from some dark hollow between a man’s 
bones and muscles, some hidden cavity where all his potential lies. They lay 
there, in someone’s dark and glistening insides; tiny cities of churches and 
statues, painting and palaces, waiting to spill out into the air, tumble through 
hands and agitated fingers. They spilled from the bodies of those who needed 
their insides to be their outsides. We carry cities in us; they glint off the 
underside of our skin, and twinkle with all they might be.
Egészségedre!

I cannot believe I have been here for six months. I mean I guess it’s five and a half, but still. It feels like I just got here but at the same time I feel like I’ve been living here forever. There are still so many new things that we discover all the time about our dorm, the city, the language, places to travel to, and other exciting things. But, we have our favorite cafes and our favorite places in the city and I have even planned a trip for people visiting! It’s weird to me that I know the city well enough to be able to show other people around.

When Anna was here she said that Budapest was her second favorite city (to London). She said that at first she wasn’t really excited to come to Hungary because she knew nothing about the city. Her motive was basically to hang out with me. But, that’s the thing about Budapest. It surprises you around every corner. You can be awestruck just standing on a bridge in this city. It surprised Anna and it surprised me. I have fallen in love with this city. I can’t imagine having to leave it in six days. No matter how many times I look at the city from the Liberty Bridge, or the Citadella, or even from the tram, I still marvel in its beauty.

Today I was on the tram, going to MATCH (a grocery store) to pick up some couscous for dinner. It was around three in the afternoon and the sun was shining brilliantly upon the buildings. It made me so upset to think that I had to go home and leave all of this behind. Budapest has become a home to me. It means more to me than K does. The people I’ve met here, the experiences I have had, the things I have learned, I know I have grown immensely from everything.

It’s strange, but my life in the US was put on pause when I came to Hungary and I started a new page of my life (which will definitely be put onto MANY scrapbook pages). In my head, everything at home paused too, even though I know that’s not true. Even though mine left off, everyone else kept going. But, there’s six months of emptiness for me at home. All the liveliness, vividness, happiness, sadness—real life has happened here.
To answer the question I know everyone is asking, no, I don’t want to leave Budapest. I don’t think I’m ready to leave yet. I know I’m not excited to leave and sometimes I get upset when I think about leaving, but I think going back home will be good. My feelings about leaving are really scrambled. I told Aunt Sharyl that I thought it would be more difficult leaving here than it was leaving home to come here, but I don’t know if that is true or not. When I came here I didn’t know anything about where I was going or living or the people I’d be surrounded with and call my family (obviously, everything turned out great). So, even though I don’t want to leave, it is comforting to know that I am going home to people who love me and care about me and a home (a real home and a new apartment at K which is going to be sweet).

Since I’ve just basically been repeating myself, I’m gonna wrap it up now. Hungary, I will miss you in all your funks and all your glory. USA, I’m coming back and I’m coming back strong. *Egészségedre!* (Cheers!)
(pronunciation: *Egg-esh-sheg-edra*)
Chalons en Champagne, December 2009

There’s French dust on my shoulders, and I feel like I’ve stepped out of my fold in the world to watch as another life, a stranger life, goes slipping by, smelling of bread and sparkling with champagne and Christmas lights. Seeing the world isn’t as terribly exciting as I thought it would be; wherever you go, there you are, and you realize you were always a part of this, even from the beginning.

Paris, December 2009

I feel like we share a secret, this art and I. They can see all that sparkles and all that glooms, and their eyes know what’s on the other side of the horizon. And so here we all are, them and I, drowning in this rattling world, gods of light and beauty, existing only in a frenzied breath.

Madrid, January 2010

I’m scared of the world now that I know what I can and can’t be in it. It is so much lonelier than I thought. You can get swallowed up in the bigness of it all. Something empty is just past the faces of all those painted women in the museums, and I need to let their expressions go. These are my bones, this is my body, these are my stories. I’m blazing towards something ahead of me, it’s everything, it’s the whole world, swelling before me, and I can see my life stretched out behind and ahead of me, it’s like a country lying below me.
I never thought being street savvy would matter outside Washington Heights. I just believed it would save my life. Buying a four-inch pocket blade -before any souvenir, gallo pinto, or schoolbook. I didn’t learn that stuff in college, not in private school. The roads of Costa Rica don’t really admire, or respect the liberal arts. Hell, The roads don’t even have names… So here, lost in translation

I smoothly transition from Fitz to Pepe. {sí, como la canción}
And I can’t help but to mull over how a first generation bilingual, goes from the hood to Central America. Not to mention that I’m black, matter of fact, I’m Brazilian. But while my ancestors are from overseas, we don’t speak No Portuguese. So in that case I’m Colombian, or Dominican -like Castro.

So here, I’m cloaked in a rugged, thuggish beard. My appearance hides My years, but not my skin color. The undeniable tone it seems Like all stereotypes are gone, nothing like home -so I can relax Until it is exposed that I am actually a Negro-gringo. Then suddenly the lingo is money, and it’s kind of funny Because they don’t even know I’m so damn broke, it’s no joke. The hysterical part: while money makes the world go ‘round, Americans Only revolve around dollars. Our lifestyle, our mindset is Your net worth is a representation of your true character, unluckily. Thankfully, I learned that an intangible personality can take you far Beyond the borders of expectation. I’ve been further than the sidewalk’s End. At last, a hoodlum set free, strolling into the real world.

*Pura vida* the real meaning is closer to “plenty of life”, “full of life”, “this is living!”, “going great”, “real living”, or “cool!” It can be used both as a greeting and a farewell, to express satisfaction, to politely express indifference when describing something or even to say “thank you”. The phrase has become widely known; this highly flexible statement has been used by many Costa Ricans (and expatriates) since 1956. Some foreigners view the phrase as an expression of a leisurely lifestyle, of disregard for time, and of wanton friendliness. However, Costa Ricans use the phrase to express a philosophy of strong community, perseverance, resilience in overcoming difficulties with good spirits, enjoying life slowly, and celebrating good fortune of magnitudes small and large alike.
I love coming to this market every morning. Everyday, it’s the same—the same bright colors, the same filthy, wet road, the same people running the same errands. But Gad Luuang is too vibrant to simply be the same, too constant in its movement. So, every morning something changes, as well. The scent of gasoline and dog waste is tangled in with something sweeter—fried bananas, freshly squeezed orange juice, wet dog.

I love the splash of movement in this market. Feet shuffle slowly to their many destinations, shop keepers keep still. Me, my legs lead me toward the small lot full of yellow trucks. Past frying chickens and cheap clothes, down the ramp, through the lot, past the trucks going to Mae Rim.

And into the one going to Doi Suket, going to the House of Blessing.
I am sitting in the ruins of some magnificent temple overgrown with trees of life. Roots squeeze and press through the tiny spaces between these giant stones, so that on top of and in between what was once strong, sturdy wall, solid floor, great trees now sprout out. I have never been here before. I have never tasted air like this, never heard these birds, nor seen this soil. I've never been here before, but I am now.

All around me are great gray boulders covered in rusty moss. The sun is sinking, casting perfect lighting. Just right shadows on the elaborate etchings in some of the still-standing stones. Birds call out, calm. And far off, into the distance, I can hear chanting.

We spent our first hour here climbing on top of all these ruins. Huge hills and mounds of tumbled walls, fallen in roofs. How can I share this with my loves? Maybe I’ll pluck some leaves from the ground.
I just finished the best possible last dinner in Thailand I could have possibly had. It felt like this heightened experience, too — one where I felt like I could taste everything, where I could watch every interaction with the food. We sat on a mat in the backyard and in the center were bowls of heaps of colors. I could smell the spice from them, I could feel the sun setting as we gathered around the array and I realized how familiar this felt. How normal it was to gather on a green a blue woven mat, centered with bulbous green vegetables and heaps and heaps of red pork and tomatoes, fried kitchen (K-F- Sue as my mom called it — her name is Sue), a fried fish, som tam, makewate (spicy veggie dip, chunky with crushed red peppers, tomatoes and other seedy, spicy goodies) and yellow curried mushrooms, tomatoes and chicken. Our plates had two scoops of rice from the pot that one family member scooped (always generously) for us and then we passed those around with spoon and fork. My mom thanked God and I couldn’t stop thanking God either. While she was praying and the food waited and she praised God for all of this detailed bounty in front of us, I overflowed. I could feel my gratitude oozing over in my heart: for the new family, here sitting around the food, for my friends who are comfort, for this delicious, always spicy, always surprising food. For sun setting over the city and mountains. For my comfort in this place that six months ago, I sat, feeling different — excited, but seeing so many days ahead. And for this wonderful, wonderful Earth.

After the prayer, everyone’s spoons scooped somewhere, never intersecting, everything working together over the Karen and Thai chatter, and they laughed — about what, I still don’t understand. As everyone still moved around the different plates, only scooping enough of the dish to make about two bites, always spreading it around the rice, I could hear sniffling from the spice. I have to say, I’m kind of in love with the burn and exhilaration that comes from this food. The snippets of pepper or the leaves you accidentally bite — jolting you like a shock. I like the challenge, the fun that comes from knowing what you are eating is a product of a zillion different leaves, branches and crushed pepper seeds. Detailed. We joked in Thai and talked about food in America. And I tell them it’s not like this. No way at all.
Annie Azrak / Biology major
Quito, Ecuador Long-term study abroad

Margy Brill / Anthropology and Sociology major,
Aberdeen, Scotland Long-term study abroad

Mary Cocoran / English major
Dublin, Ireland Long-term study abroad

Martha Cavazos / Anthropology and Sociology major
Chiang Mai, Thailand Long-term study abroad
Anna Cooperrider/English major
Aberdeen, Scotland Long-term study abroad

Paloma Clohossey/English Major
Nairobi, Kenya Long-term study abroad

Rachel Dallman/English major
Madrid, Spain Long-term study abroad

Tyrice Fitzpatrick/English major
San Jose, Costa Rica Short-term study abroad

Brianna Fowler/Art Major
Cairo, Egypt Long-term study abroad

Hannah Guilford/Anthropology and Sociology major
Kolkata, India Long-term study abroad

Maggie Jackson/English and Art History majors
Rome, Italy Long-term study abroad

Hannah Jary/Chemistry major
Perth, Australia Long-term study abroad

Meghan Hiscock/Studio Art and Art History majors
Budapest, Hungary Long-term study abroad

Brittnee King/English major
Chiang Mai, Thailand Long-term study abroad

Adam Marshall/Political Science major
London, England Extended-term study abroad

Elsa Musko/French and Economics majors
Clermont-Ferrand, France Extended-term study abroad

Cody Musselman/Religion major
Chiang Mai, Thailand Long-term study abroad

Leo Reap/Biology major
Chiang Mai, Thailand Long-term study abroad

Todd Richter/English major
Aberdeen, Scotland Long-term study abroad

Allie Sachnoff/International and Area Studies major
Santiago, Chile Long-term study abroad

Leeor Schweitzer/Political Science and International and Area Studies majors
Beijing, China Extended-term study abroad

Kristine Sholty/International and Area Studies major
Cáceres, Spain Long-term study abroad

Rosanna Shoup/Psychology and Religion majors
Be’er Sheva, Israel Long-term study abroad

Kelsey J. Smith/Art major
Nairobi, Kenya Long-term study abroad

Ellen Smith/Political Science major
Chiang Mai, Thailand Long-term study abroad

Rachel Titche/Psychology major
Budapest, Hungary Long-term study abroad

J. Cooper Wilson/Spanish major
Hikone, Japan Long-term study abroad
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