Stromatolites at Hamelin Pool along the coast of western Australia. They are some of the oldest relics of life on earth and survive in hypersaline waters.

Dromedaries at the Treasury of the rose-colored ancient city of Petra in Jordan.
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Photo by Ashley Loyd, Athens, Greece
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*Photo by Kendra Eberts, Clermont, France*
From the Editor

It is next to impossible to represent in its entirety the fleeting experience that we call Study Abroad here at Kalamazoo College. Images and written reflections help us evoke moments from our travels, but these remembrances are always partial and incomplete. Often, we turn these photos and poems from our journeys into tiny totems that embody a much larger reality – one that becomes more and more remote as time slips by. David MacDougall, a visual anthropologist, describes this phenomenon in terms of our relationships with the friends and families we meet while on study abroad; he explains that the actual subjects of our photos slip out from under the images they leave behind on the film. When we pose for a picture with our loved ones, the intense significance of the bond is so temporal that the photo we are left with cannot satiate our desire for connection. This disconnect – between subject and image, between reality and memory – becomes so great that our travel mementos begin to suggest only the extreme absence of the people and places we loved so dearly while studying abroad.

In an effort to confront this trend of estrangement, the editorial staff of this year’s Passage has tried to focus less on the beautiful scenery and famous monuments of our program sites and more on the Kalamazoo student and the relationships they built abroad, since this is closest to the reality of that experience that we can safely grasp without misrepresenting. With this stronger, more concrete point of reference, our faint web of connections to the places we once called home can hopefully stand stronger against the test of time.

Elizabeth Gillstrom, Editor-in-Chief
Andrew Ridella, K ‘07, learns about sea urchins from Nong Ruah during a course on island ecology in the Adang archipelago, Thailand.
Jane Claire Remick
Dakar, Sénégal

Jane Claire gets help with her make-up from her host sister.
Ajar
Kyle Shelton
Cape Town, South Africa

Khayelitsha’s streets are lined by doors
which suggest a passage to a sprawling existence
lying just behind their knobs.
These are doors without doorways
they lead to walls, not to space.
I never imagined that a door, a piece of fashioned wood,
would be able to mock,
there they are, laughing at the world.
They recline in that paint-chipping sun and smirk,
confident that no one can come or go without them.
The children pull them open and yell, sinathemba, we have hope
only to lose it in the face of their graffitied past.
The doors snicker condescendingly at the empty frames of shacks.
They guffaw at the obvious gaps
which can’t keep the weather out, or the heat in.
Kuyabanda, it is cold, the children say, kuyabanda qha,
it is only the cold.
They shiver in the night, dream of warm homes
with closed doors that keep the wind from their noses.
They wake from these dreams tired from sleep,
to an unhinged reality
of empty entries and pre-dawn mornings.

The children walk the streets of Khayelitsha,
they pass the lines of unattached doors and
stare longingly out of the corners of
their tired, dark eyes
at doors which greet them with smiles and ask,
How did you sleep, abantwana bam?
Warmly we hope?
The Referat may one of the most terrifying experiences one has to face while studying in Erlangen. A Referat is an oral presentation for the class, which may be required to last from 10 to 45 minutes. This presentation may be the only thing that will get you credit for the class. When a 45-minute presentation in German is the only thing standing between you and failing, it’s a daunting prospect. Speaking German in front of a room full of educated, young Germans who speak your language better than you could ever dream of speaking German is also quite terrifying. And you probably have to do more than one per semester. Could it get any worse than that?

When I found out that I had to do a short Referat for my American History Seminar (only ten minutes) I was terrified. I signed up to go on the second to last day, so I would have months to prepare. It did not get any less overwhelming. I went to go see my professor during his office hours. He was very friendly and nice, because as he knows, I’m the foreign kid. Straightaway he told me that he knew how hard it is to present in a foreign language, because he’d gone to the University of Maine for undergrad. To compensate for my lack of fluency in German, I could talk for fifteen minutes instead of just ten like everyone else. Well, that wasn’t exactly the kind of help I was looking for, but I accepted it graciously.

We tried to discuss my topic a little bit. I was struggling for words in German and amid the stuttering he smiled at me and suggested that I just say it in English. Frustrated, I blurted out, in English: “But that’s cheating!” He thought that was really funny. He offered me some guidance and gave me a topic that would come first chronologically, so I could present first on that day. He thought it would be “emotionally easier” for me. Then he sent me off to go spend another month worrying about the Referat.

On the actual day I was terrified. I had to talk for ten to fifteen minutes about Pontiac’s Rebellion. I’m an American History Major and I hadn’t even thought about Pontiac’s Rebellion since about eighth grade. Granted, most of the students in that room had no idea who Pontiac was, but as the token American, I felt like I was obligated to do a good job presenting the history of my country to them.

I had practiced the speech obsessively in my room, and it lasted about twelve minutes. When I read it in class, it was seven and a half. Basically my logic was, the sooner I finish, the sooner I can sit down and
everyone will stop staring at me. When I was done I asked if there were any questions and mumbled “hoffentlich nicht” (hopefully not) under my breath, which got a giggle or two. I sat down and waited for class to be over.

After the presentation a couple students near me approached me and started asking me about myself. They wanted to know where I was from and I told them. They said that my German was very good and they understood everything I had said... except when I was speaking in English. I had read a few quotes in English, which seemed to be the “cool” thing to do in an American history Referat. (You know, showing off your brilliant English skills.) I had thought that it would be a good idea for me to throw in a couple English quotes, because I’ve been speaking English way longer than these kids have, so I’m going to be brilliant at it, right? Wrong. I was really shocked that these American History majors (who were required to be fluent in English) had trouble understanding me. I had told them that Michigan accents aren’t supposed to be terribly strong compared to standard American English and they sort of smiled and nodded at me. I couldn’t do anything but shrug. I guess it’s comforting to know that my German is getting better, even though I still need to work on the English.
A peaceful view of Lake Albano; located just outside the small town of Castel Gandolfo, about 30 miles southeast of Rome.

Photo by Kate Boehm
Rome, Italy
Lunes, 28 de diciembre
“... y, como se sintieron tan cansadas mis amigas después del primer día, volvieron al refugio, dejándome sola allí en el parque. Yo reempaqué mi mochila – llevé la carpa y menos comida - y empecé solita la caminata de dos horas hacia el Campamento Italiano. Llegué a las 7 de la noche. Fue un sendero difícil con la mochila porque ya estaba cansada y me dolían los pies. Pero fue muy bonito y después de cruzar por algunos puentes impresionantes, llegué al campamento antes del puesto del sol. Había caminado al lado del Lago Skottsberg – a partir de la mitad del camino el sendero empezó a seguir la playa. Cuando llegué al campamento, encontré el único lugar disponible en el sitio para acampar. Armé la carpa y mi saco de dormir, colgué la bolsa de comida en un árbol, cené en la orilla del Rio del Francés, y entré en la carpa. Estiré mis músculos, y me acosté con toda la ropa puesta. Me sentí muy sola – acostada en mi carpa en el fin del mundo, millones de millas de mi casa...”

Monday, December 28
“...and feeling too exhausted to continue after the first day, my friends returned to the lodge, leaving me to myself in the park. I repacked my backpack – taking only the tent and less food than I had started with – and with that I took off solo down the path that ought to have brought me to Campamento Italiano in a few hours. I arrived at 7 p.m. The trail was steep, and felt even more difficult because my pack was heavy and my feet were already blistering. But it was beautiful, and after crossing a few incredible bridges, I finally arrived at the rugged site, just before sunset. I had walked along Lake Skottsberg – halfway down the trail it had begun to follow the shore. When I arrived at the camp area, I managed to find the last available spot. I set up my tent, hung my food sack in a tree, ate dinner on the shore of the river Francés, and crawled into my tent. I stretched out my muscles, and went to sleep still wearing all of my gear. I felt so alone – lying in the dark at the edge of the Earth, millions of miles from my home...”
I read a slightly trashy but delightful little book called *Shanghai Baby* the other day. The author, Zhou Wei-Hui, is one of a very few Chinese wealthy enough to begin considering what Bellow calls “the peculiar difficulties of abundance.” Her doe-eyed impotent boyfriend whom she loves dearly and her massively endowed stern Teutonic lover reminded me at once of the attitude of many Chinese people toward development: the push and pull between the soft familiarity and dearness of Chinese culture, and the promised barbaric satisfaction of liberal capitalism.

In Shanghai, you see old grandmothers peeling leeks by hand in the shadow of towering ultramodern skyscrapers owned by multinational banking, investment, and construction. A third player is Old Mao, Communism. Shanghai, as the historical center of foreign owned factories, is also the historical center of poor labor conditions and the Chinese left, and was the birthplace of the Communist Party. Climbing up from the subway to the center of Shanghai you see—flanked by Brobdingnagian shopping malls and populated by heavily branded bleached blonde teenagers—People’s Park, and People’s Square, where Madame Mao and the rest of the Gang of Four used to whip mobs of their loyal followers into paroxysms of revolution.

My friend and I squeezed out of the subway and pushed our way through the throng of buses, to the main gate of the park. On the way we were offered prostitutes five times and hashish twice. If you’ve got some money to burn, take it home right away. You’ve got three years to pay, but Satan is waiting his turn, as the Gram Parsons song goes. I don’t know how I feel about being demographed as a consumer of drugs and prostitutes. If I’m with a woman or a Chinese person, the pimps and the pushermen stay away, you know? Are there that many White Guys my age looking for that kind of trouble? We made our way in, avoiding the usual nominal Chinese park entrance fee (It’s the People’s Park, after all), and were immediately struck. The People’s Park is sprawling, smack in the middle of some of the world’s priciest real estate. All the same, it is a sanctuary. It follows Chinese principles of *feng shui*, (illegal “superstitious practice” outlawed by Party officials), which ostensibly bring luck, but also give the impression of a much larger space, and make spaces phenomenally relaxing. I never thought I could sit next to a babbling brook in the middle of a metropole, but there it is. Just when you think the place is out of contradictions...The Park has a web of winding paths hemmed by fragrant jasmine and tea bushes. It is luxuriously full of flowers, and is crisscrossed by flowing water.
The most memorable feature of the park, however, is the backdrop: one of the world’s most famous skylines, with suspended balls, saucers, and pyramids, all of the outward and obvious signs of material ascendancy. It makes one feel kind of like a fly on the rump of the rhinoceros of world capitalism. The Chinese, though, have always had an engineering talent for making visitors feel insignificant. Think of Tiananmen Square, the world’s largest open space. As we walked through the park, we happened upon a group of old men, engaged in the immemorial pastimes of old Chinese men: smoking, chatting, and Chinese chess. After we got used to the slightly slurred and sweetish Suzhou-Shanghai accent, we discussed comparative politics. Many Shanghainese are big fans of the United States, and foreigners in general. The city, after all, was originally created as a place for foreigners to conduct business, where our cultural and spiritual pollution could be confined. They say Americans are smart, and America is a great country. Why, might you ask? Because we’re rich! Weber never had such devoted disciples. The men were fun, though, and gave me a lecture about Chinese history. One told me the reason the Mongols never conquered Europe is that they arrived in Italy at the height of the Black Death, and turned back because no one wants to conquer a plague-ravaged Europe. I asked why he was mentioning the Mongols in Europe if he was talking about Chinese history, as they invaded and conquered China—they weren’t Chinese. He simply said that they were one of China’s great dynasties, and an important part of history.

The next day we ventured to a place described to us as a “must-see,” the Temple of the Town Gods. We went to the area that purportedly contained the temple, as well as some antiques markets, and found rows and rows of the standard tourist-aimed Chinese kitsch. Look, you can get your name in Chinese on a T-shirt! Or a hat with a pigtail on it! Who wouldn’t love one of those? Having given up on finding the Temple, we left this place, and ventured out to find the market. We did find an underground antique store, and left with some interesting but unremarkable items. Then, as we were walking down the street, a man approached us and asks whether we like antiques. “Sure!” we said, and he motioned us to follow him into an alley. He led us back through the cramped alley, with clothes hanging between the narrowly spaced buildings through the mysterious liquids flowing into the street from all kinds of openings, the whole time we were half expecting to be ambushed and kung-fu-ed into submission. The man opened the door with a creak and we entered his tiny one room apartment. Gesturing ahead excitedly, he threw open a sheet that divided the room into living and

continued
sleeping areas. He proceeded to his bed, and gleefully pulled out a cardboard box full of newspaper-wrapped objects from underneath it. It turns out they were all beautiful antiques, which he claimed were the 200-plus-year-old national treasure kind you can’t take out of the country. After some bargaining, of course accompanied by several terrible high-octane Shanghai-made Double Happiness cigarettes (try to refuse and he goes, come on, we’re friends! You don’t want my cigarettes?), we bought a couple anyway. A spicy bowl of noodles later, we headed back to our hotel.

We returned to the same place the following day, determined to find the Temple of the Town Gods that had eluded us the day before. We asked several people, and they kept saying, “It’s right there.” Finally, we asked a restaurant door girl (job is to stand outside the door and look pretty in a qipao Chinese dress), and she said, “It’s right next to you!” Following her slender index finger, we saw she was pointing to the street of kitschy goods that we had walked through at least six times the day before. Armed with this new conception of the place, we walked back through, realizing that the Temple of the Town Gods had been converted into Dairy Queens and places to buy pretend swords. Obviously the Town had acquired some new gods. What’s more, it really makes sense in the larger context of Shanghai. We then entered the three-story teahouse in the middle of the pond within the temple and sat down. In spite of the huge crowds, it was not an altogether unpleasant place for a quiet cup of tea. The two hundred year old building somehow eliminated the noise of the crowd, and we found a corner from which we could watch the bustle outside. On one wall of the teahouse hung photographs, depicting the teahouse’s changes over history and the bizarre temple-cum-marketplace springing up around it over the course of two centuries. Suddenly, the effortless gliding between teahouse and disco of Zhou Wei-hui’s young cosmopolitans made immediate, epiphanical sense to me. I realized that the enduring China is not in the temples, the gardens or the Forbidden City as we in the West often assume, but rather right there on the wall next to me. China remains a series of shifts and revolutions, and I was simply sitting smack dab in the middle of the current locus of change. I wondered what the next photograph would look like.
National Stadium with the Andes in the background, Santiago, Chile
(Chile v. Ecuador World Cup qualifiers)
Photo by Carrie McKey
Nairobi, Kenya
Ashley VanderHam with her host family taking a break from working at their organic farm in Mae Taa, Thailand.
Farah Pedroso, K ’07, at a corrida de toros (bullfight). ¡Guapa!
Path to the Matatu

Kirstin A. Pope
Nairobi, Kenya

I’m sure I can find my way to the matatu. Yet the back streets of Nairobi are all lined with the same stalls, the bright reds, greens, and yellows swallow the storefronts. I usually find my way by the city’s skyscrapers, but the buildings on this side of town are never more than three stories high. I push through the hundreds of black faces passing on the crumbling sidewalk. I must be too far south or maybe I haven’t gone back deep enough. I wait for an empty matatu to drive by, ‘westi kumi, kangemi bao, bao.’ I realize I’m crossing River Road. This can’t be right. I pass a vibrant music stall; plastic toys and cell phone accessories hang from its corners. Despite the familiar song, ‘Hey, sikilizenu,’ I’m lost. A young guy covered in sweat and dust passes, guiding an empty metal cart with peeling paint and a broken wooden floor. His body weight propels the cart; his feet barely skim the ground beneath him. The vivid, dense roads have become more dull, covered with gray soil and fewer hurried feet. I feel the 3000 shillings pinned inside my bra stick to my sweaty chest. Now, more faces. I can see the stream ahead that borders the one-room shacks with thin corrugated iron sheet roofs, lined with old plastic bags and maize husks. Boys clamber down the steep bank and wash in the muddy water. I follow a street up and to the left. A woman and man stand in the doorway of an unmarked stall. I glance towards them, avoiding eye contact, my eyes move across the man’s dark sweater. And it reminds me of a sweater my dad used to wear to church when I was small.

Photo by Rob Connor, Santiago, Chile
Lofted high above the morning traffic on her billboard, the jewelry model gazes down upon the hoarding through lids half closed, her lashes too heavy with mascara. Her skin is the polished and weighty yellow of a Durga idol, waxed and firm like a summer fruit, and her lips are slightly parted as two palms opening for prayer.

The worth of what she wears is crushing. The golden jewelry hangs heavy from her hair, ears, nose, and neck; the chains are metal strings of marigolds, and the bangles are worn like lustrous manacles around her delicate wrists.
No Foreigners Beyond this Point:
798 Factory Art District, Beijing, China
Civic murals in Sénégal, Jane Claire Remick

Anti-war graffiti in Quito, Emily Cornwell

Helicopter left by the Soviets during their occupation of Sarajevo. Now marked by graffiti, it sits next to the National Museum of Bosnia and Herzegovina, Andrew Bayci

West Bank Separation Wall, Bethlehem, Phil Taylor

Protests on the Free Trade Agreement (*Trato de Libre Comercio*-- TLC) in Quito, Sessily Watt

“Tiempo de Lideres Criminales” Time of Criminal Leaders.

“Tengo La Camisa negra” are the lyrics to a popular song by Juanes.

“Tiempo de Lagrimas Campesinas” Time of Farmer’s Tears.
Flamenco combines acoustic guitar playing, singing, chanting, dancing and handclapping. The dancers perform with passion and dramatic expression.
‘Hace 120 años había un grupo de familias Arias que todos comentaban que eran las brujas Arias. Eran famosas por sus maldades y sus cosas misteriosas. Ellas en noches de confusión, es la noche más oscura, que se llama la noche de confusión, en noches de oscuridad adoraban a un chivo. Alrededor de un árbol de aguacate, en un anejo que se llama Alauce, se reunían las brujas Arias. Hacían sus danzas. Entonces hacían la danza del Jai Jai. Entonces ahí hacían las peticiones porque era el demonio que estaba funcionando ahí. Entonces dice que empezaban a danzar y pasaba el tiempo iban más frenéticas. Cuando ya estaban en pleno frenesí entonces el chivo se levantaba y botaba la majada. Y las brujas recogían entonces eso se transformaba en dinero. Entonces ellas eran ricas. Y todas las familias que iban al contorno, a las que conquistaban, tonces decían que con eso compraban terrenos, compraban ganado y se hacían ricos. Cuando ellas tenían muchos problemas y ganaban juicios ilegalmente. Entonces ellas se ponían una pomada bajo las axilas entonces que decían “de villa en villa sin Dios ni Santa María” y volaban. Entonces ellas se iban a Quito, hablaban con los abogados y venían trayendo los escritos. Ese era el comentario de toda la gente del barrio no. Decían que cuando querían hacer caer a ellas, un campesino se ponía en cruz a lo que ellas pasaban y las brujas se caían al suelo (ella sonríe). Pero entonces habían un muchacho que oyó lo que hacían para volar, entonces dice que dijo {no} “de viga en viga con Dios y Santa María”. Entonces el saltó y se daba de botes (porque también le besó) Ellas le besaban al chivo. Esas muchachas, ellas le besaban al chivo. Entonces, el niño también le besó al chivo y entonces él como no oyó bien dice que dijo “de viga en viga con Dios y Santa María” entonces empezó a saltar y se daba de botes (se ríe y dice: por no escuchar bien las cosas), Esas eran las famosas Arias, eso decían las famosas Arias. Eso existe la historia, aquí en la historia de Minas.’
When I left for Australia my life was comfortable, predictable, and I was ready for something new. So when I flew out of San Francisco on the longest flight of my life, I decided that I was embarking on a journey, completely unaware of how it would change my life.

Of all of the memories, one will forever stand out in my mind. Having been down under since July, by the time my twenty-first birthday came around in November, I decided it was time to shake things up a bit again. After my last examination, I walked into the campus STA travel and booked myself on a backpacking trip through southern Australia. Little did I know that I was about to take the most amazing adventure.

A week later, I found myself climbing into a bus with twenty people I didn’t know and a crazy Aussie guide named Jules. About five hours later, when we were in the middle of the bush, singing along to the Sound of Music with Jules making mad turns and screaming “I’ve never taken this road before, hope it takes us where we need to go!” I felt like I was on a road trip with a bunch of mates that I had known forever.

Our group was made up of people from sixty to seventeen, from every corner of the globe. Some were at uni like me, others had been traveling around the country for six weeks, and the girl behind me had emptied out her bank account at home and hopped on a plane because you only live once.

That first day was spent hiking, serious hiking. By dusk we arrived at Halls Gap in the heart of the Grampians, and most of us were keen on sleeping on the bus. For some reason or another, we all decided to watch the sunset. Jules pulled the bus next to a giant rock and we all sat listening to music, sharing a bottle of wine and watching the sunset.

Regula, a woman on the tour from Switzerland turned to me and said, “This right here is what life is all about.”

And she was right. While the sunset was spectacular and the company the best I’ve ever been with, the most amazing thing struck me as the sun was setting behind the trees in the valley: all of us on that trip were on a journey, but somehow we had all managed to collide together, and in that moment, from wherever we were coming from and wherever we were going, we all just took a minute to take it in.
Three nuns enjoy gelato, the dense and flavorful Italian ice cream, outside Pascuchi’s, a local gelateria found a few streets off Piazza Navona in Rome.
Lauren does a handstand on a dune in San Pedro de Atacama.
Today is my father’s birthday; for it, I am making momo.

This basic, though time consuming, act makes me aware of how closely food is linked to memories. The simple work involved- making the fillings, preparing the dough, folding up the plump little packages- it calls up so many memories for me. The first day I tasted momo (with Meghan on the second floor of Ice ‘n’ Spice after we got our tickets to Varanasi); our farewell dinner on the roof; eating cold momo with Becky on the train to Darjeeling; Shotto-Daa, just because; countless incredible meals on both sides of the Himalayas. Crammed into a dark wooden booth at the Tenzing restaurant; over candle light in the Darjeeling evening; purring in the warm sunlight in McLeod Ganj; learning to make them with Sangye— I have eaten hundreds of momo by now. The best were at the empty little canteen in Mirik, freshly assembled and steamed in front of us by an enormous Tibetan woman in her “tent”. The biggest were the ones Meghan and I set upon in Delhi at the Wongdhen House, famished after a too long train ride down the mountains and across the Punjab.

Truth be told, I am nervous about these momo. I know that they will never live up to my memory, just like my chaa can never live up, no matter how many times I make it. Momo have already been deeply etched into my memory, and now they are as good as the memories have become- each bite recalls bits of golden sunlight, the sounds of my friends’ voices, cawing crows, and the whirl of a lazy ceiling fan.
Contributors

**Jeneil Bamberg** is an International and East Asian studies major, Chinese minor expected to graduate in June 2007. She is planning on disappearing into Europe/Asia/somewhere-that-is-not-here upon graduation, but will miss K in that mixed way that everyone does!

**Andrew Bayci** is a senior Chemistry major who studied abroad in Budapest, Hungary (BSCS) and had the opportunity to visit cities in Eastern Europe that many people never think of traveling to; these pictures are from a weekend train trip to Sarajevo.

**Bridgett Blough** studied abroad short term in Madrid, Spain. She lived with a madre in the heart of the city for three months. To conclude her foreign study she traveled to Italy and Greece for two weeks with her family. She is an Economics and Business major with an Art minor and is also on the varsity volleyball team here at K.

**Lauren Bloom** is currently a senior at Kalamazoo College, majoring in international area studies and Spanish. Her parents love to camp and backpack, and have passed that bug along to her. As a junior, she spent seven months in South America-five months studying in Santiago, Chile, and two months traveling in other countries. She plans to return as soon as possible...

**Kate Boehm** is a senior English/Art double major with a concentration in Media Studies. She studied abroad in Rome, Italy.

**Alaina Brinley** is a senior majoring in Biology. In her spare time, she takes part in the Kalamazoo College Cheerleading team, Student Commission, Sisters in Science, Frelon, and the Senior Grad Committee. She loved Kenya and would like to return in the future.

**Brenden Butler** is a chemistry major who studied abroad in Perth, Australia.

**Kimberly Carsok** is a senior from Grand Haven, Michigan, whose majors are German and Economics & Business. She studied abroad on the long-term Erlangen, Germany program in 05-06. She plays on the golf team and volunteers for K-Crew. She would love to live in Germany again and hopes to get a Master’s in International Business after she graduates from K.

**Rob Connor** is a senior Physics major who studied abroad in Santiago, Chile.

**Emily Cornwell** is a senior Biology and Spanish major interested in veterinary medicine. She studied abroad in Quito, Ecuador.

**Burt DeWilde** is a senior Physics/Spanish major with a minor in Math. He studied abroad in Cáceres, Spain.

**Kelsey Fowler** has gotten quite the taste of world travelling and feels blessed with all of the adventures that have crossed her path. She hopes that she can continue such experiences in the future. In her free time she is an Economics major and Art minor.

**Kendra Eberts** is a senior Art History major who studied abroad in Clermont, France.

**Sarah Fuhrman** is a Political Science major, Theatre Arts minor. She fell in love with India while on study abroad in Kolkata, India, and plans to return as soon as she can afford the plane ticket.

Senior **Elizabeth Gillstrom** was overjoyed to return to India, the site of her original study abroad program, to produce a movie for her SIP. She hopes to further interrogate the complexity of her experience there after graduation.
Erin Kelley participated in the short term study abroad program in Oaxaca, Mexico, where she found inspiration in all the beautiful places and the wonderfully inviting and warm people, especially her host parents and her students from San Jose del Magote.

Ashley Loyd is a Religion and Classical Studies major. She studied abroad in Athens, Greece where she fell in love with the Greek people, language and culture. She is especially interested in the intersections between the state, the church and violence against women, and plans to return to Greece to work with and study international social justice issues affecting women.

Carrie McKey is a Psychology major who chose to live and attend university in Nairobi, Kenya for study abroad. Her photographs represent excursions from the city.

Whitney Nielsen studied abroad in Erlangen, Germany, and misses it more every day. She is double majoring in History and German, and plays trombone in the Jazz and Symphonic Bands at K.

Chelsea Phelps is a senior with a major in English with an emphasis in writing, and a minor in Art. She studied abroad in Wollongong, Australia.

Kirstin Pope is an Anthropology/Sociology major. She lived and studied abroad in Nairobi for six months and enjoyed her time in Kenya so much that she returned for two months in the summer with Cailley Frank-Lehrer to shoot their documentary SIP entitled "In the Hands of the Women."

Jane Claire Remick is an Anthropology/Sociology major who studied abroad in Dakar, Sénégal for nine months.

Jesse Sampson, 22, is a Michigan native and member of the Kalamazoo College Class of 2007. Sampson fulfilled the study abroad component of his personalized ‘K’ plan in Beijing, China. He enjoys travel, language, and forcing his loved ones to listen to soul music with all of the sublimated evangelical zeal of his Episcopalian upbringing. He also makes a mean risotto.

Alana Schaffer is an Art and Art History major who studied abroad in Thailand and looks forward to more adventures in both the U.S. and abroad.

Kyle Shelton is studying History, English, and American studies. He studied abroad in Cape Town, South Africa for almost eight months.

Kate Swope (known to all her friends by both first and last name) is a Psychology and International Area Studies (concentrating in Latin America) double major. She went on study abroad to Quito, Ecuador for six months.

Philip Taylor is a senior Comparative Religion major who studied abroad in Turkey and conducted SIP research in the Northern Galilee in Israel. More than anything else, study abroad gave him a profound sense of physical smallness in the world.

Jessica Tesoriero majors in French and Political Science, and she studied abroad in Dakar. She says of her Sénégalaise waa ker “namm na leen lool,” and would like to add a big ierrejeff waaye to everyone who made the trip a great experience.

Ashley VanderHam is a Biology major with a concentration in Environmental Studies who studied abroad in Chiang Mai, Thailand.
Passage Editorial Board

Elizabeth Gillstrom, editor-in-chief
Alana Schaffer, layout editor
Chelsea Phelps, photo editor
Sarah Fuhrman, copy editor

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Front cover photo by: Kelsey Fowler, prayer candles burning at Cathedral de la Santa Creu i Santa Eulalia (aka “La Seu”) in the Gothic district of Barcelona. The cathedral was named after Barcelona’s patron saint Eulalia who was tortured to death in the fourth century for her religion.

Title page photo by: Burt DeWilde, Plaza Mayor, Spain.
Back cover photo by: Elizabeth Gillstrom, Kolkata carnival.

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Passage is a Kalamazoo College publication containing writing and photography by students who have participated in the study abroad experience. The magazine circulates to students and their parents, alumni, friends of the College, prospective students, and members of the Kalamazoo College community. Students are invited to submit prose, poetry, photography, and artwork for consideration.

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Stromatolites at Hamelin Pool along the coast of western Australia. They are some of the oldest relics of life on earth and survive in hypersaline waters.

Dromedaries at the Treasury of the rose-colored ancient city of Petra in Jordan.