Passage
2004-2005
I soon realized that no journey carries one far unless, as it extends into the world around us, it goes an equal distance into the world within.

~Lillian Smith
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Letter from the Editor

In a time when what our world needs most is peace, we have the responsibility to do what we can to bring exactly that to the world. Kalamazoo College students have the honor and privilege to go out into the world to learn what we can from cultures across the globe and enrich our lives—and the lives of others—with this knowledge upon return. We each have a unique experience that challenges, energizes and changes us. And with this change, we can bring peace to the world in whatever capacity we choose to do so—and we must.

I recently came across an anonymous quote that represents what I learned from my time abroad: “Our first task in approaching another people, another culture, another religion is to take off our shoes, for the place we are approaching is holy. Else we may find ourselves treading on another's dream…” Pieces of writing and photographs students chose to submit to the Passage represent the holy places they encountered; recognizing these places by living in another culture and returning with a greater understanding of how we fit into a larger world is the first step to peace. What we’ve learned on study abroad will stay with us forever; may we impact the world with the tolerance, respect and love we’ve gained.

_Amani_, (“peace” in Kiswahili)
Sarah Clancy, Editor-in-Chief
Sadie takes a break in “La Mariscal,” a region within the city of Quito.
Sadie Gallop, Quito, Ecuador
Aby et L’Etrangère

Scene 1

My new host sister, Aby, locked and unlocked the gate six times, screaming directions in loud, slow French. As she turned the heavy key again and again she shouted, “You must always lock the gate! Always! There are thieves! You must not forget!”

“D’accord, d’accord. Je comprends.” I nodded and told her I understood as I fumbled with the sticky lock myself. I wanted to show her I could unlock it so that I could go to my room and stare hard at the whitewashed walls, pretending to unpack.

On my first night in Aby and Mère Sakho’s house, Aby kissed me on the cheek, minutes after we met when I handed her a box of chocolates. I clumsily explained that they were made in my hometown, à Detroit. Was she glad to meet me? Was she angry?

My room was detached from the rest of the house, down a long hallway along a coarse yellow wall, ten feet up. I had my own separate entrance, about which Aby told me, “You are completely free! You can come and go as you please! But always be sure to lock the gate!”

Scene 2

After a few weeks I caught on to Aby’s pattern of daily greetings. Every morning as she rushed to leave for work and the maid put my coffee and baguette breakfast on the outdoor table, Aby said, or, rather, recited, “Bonjour. Tu a bien dormi?” asking how I had slept. And in the evening, “Bonsoir. Tu a passé une bonne journée?” And that was all. Just “hello” and “how have your recent hours been?” I tried to ask other questions, like what she did at work and what she thought of local news topics, but all of her answers were vague. It seemed the only time Aby didn’t shout was when she watched the popular Brazilian soap opera, Sécrets de Famille, dubbed into French.

Aby and her elderly mother roared with laughter and praise at my paltry Wolof successes. When I first learned the words, I responded to a “how are you?” question in French with the Wolof response, “Maa ngi jî fii rekk.” I am here only.
Scene 3

I toyed with the possibility that Aby hated me. Once, in a shouted conversation with her mother, I heard her say the words Etats-Unis, jîgéen, kii and tubaab. That’s United States, girl, this one here and white person, in a derogatory sense. It was the first time I had heard her say that last one. Tubaab, like children mocked on the street, like men sometimes hissed when I walked alone downtown.

On a funnier note, she and her mother must have thought I was so stupid. In the beginning I couldn’t understand noisy, exaggeratedly slow French; I slouched and stared at the table; I ate like an overly delicate lizard; I read the dictionary in the living room while the family was over; and my Wolof stopped getting better after a while.

Scene 4

Aby was shouting even though her pretty cousin was in town from Côte D’Ivoire. I forget her name but remember that she was small and fashionable, dressed in a navy blue knit dress and gleaming gold jewelry. I greeted her warmly (maybe too warmly? Did Aby get jealous?). Aby’s cousin grew up in Dakar but had been away for almost twenty years. To my delight, she had forgotten Wolof, so I got to hear Aby speak French for a change.

From my room, through the window that separated me from the porch and half-outdoor table where they were sitting, I could hear Aby shouting. She spoke the same as she always did, irritatedly, forceful, booming. But she was not talking about me, or tubaab or les Américains. She wasn’t complaining about me or work or how expensive the western-style grocery store is. She was shouting to her pretty expatriate cousin, “But you’ve got to know, if you’re going to make couscous, that there are two sauces! Two sauces! A very light sauce and a very concentrated sauce! Nowadays, people make only one sauce, but you must make two! Deux sauces!” Her cousin was quiet but agreed. I matched her fierce tone to her mundane topic, hearing her at last.

Andrea Swalec
Dakar, Sénégal
I imagine sometimes that I am huddled in Sol, ripe with peddlers and tourists, where I can nearly taste the sweat of Madrid’s youth rummaging through shops, playing the accordion in alleyways, crying out for a spare Euro.

I was thousands of miles away when I heard how they’d pumped the veins of this city full of titadine, gutted her body. Masked strangers left few clues among the wreckage.
I saw shards
of her sticking out
of cracked pavement,
dangling from power lines,
crumpled and singed and wrapped
in human skin.
I thought of la gente - how I’d never really
known them, only
as close as a yanqui could get.
Yet I still grieved as the detonators vaporized
footprints and fingerprints
I’d left months ago in that station,
the foreign bodies who had pressed against mine
in the metros.
I watched
as they carried those very bodies,
tangled in shiny gold fabric
and pools of blood,
out the doors of each train
peeled back to the plastic rind.
This was Atocha -
a place I’d jog by. Once,
I stopped to browse stands at a local flea market,
fingering the same shiny fabric
sewn into bolsas and camisas,
yawning through the relaxed boredom
of another Spanish day.
I didn’t know
the value
of that chaste, golden cloth.
The dunes of southeast Australia.

Katherine Allen, Perth, Australia
An Australian market.
Kat Burgett, Perth, Australia
Being American

I threw my exhausted body into a corner seat of a fast train headed for Germany. I put my CD player on, closed my eyes and leaned my head against the window as we began to speed away from Prague.

We stopped somewhere near the Czech and German border. New passengers boarded.

Two men took seats next to the American friend I was traveling with and myself. They were in their early thirties, dressed in button-down woven shirts and jeans. Both had black hair and brown eyes. They smiled happily as they spoke to one another loudly in German.

The suspicious eyes of Polizei officers began to browse the train.

I dug through my backpack for my passport, anticipating the arrival of the customs officers in our area of the train.

“Where are you from?” one of the men asked me in German, curiously looking down at the little blue book I held in my hand.

The men followed my answer with the series of questions about the United States that I had become accustomed to answer while I was traveling: What state do you live in? What’s the weather like there? What do you think about your president?

I began to feel curious about these men, though. They spoke perfect German, but their accents were unfamiliar. I politely asked what country they were from.

“Asia,” one man said, smiling.

“What country?” I persisted.

“China,” he said, still maintaining his mischievous grin.

“Korea,” he said. “Thailand.” India, Russia, Saudi Arabia, Jordan…

I probably should have stopped questioning him, but I couldn’t. I was intrigued by what he was hiding from me.

“Where are you from?” I asked again.

I was ready to give up, when the man paused.

“Afghanistan,” he mumbled. Throwing his hands in the air, he quickly added, “Don’t be afraid!”

His comment was followed by an awkward silence shared between two Americans and two Afghans. My friend and I looked at each other, shocked, confused, sad. We laughed uncomfortably. The Polizei officer walked over and glanced at my passport. I gazed up at him with wide eyes, but he turned his back without a word. Quickly moving on to the next person, he left it up to me to figure out what he thought about my nationality, as the train rolled over the German border.

Chelsea Phillips
Erlangen, Germany
Matt Harding and Andrew Rogers with life-size ceramic bears in Berlin.
Andrew Rogers, Bonn, Germany
P’ Toto, member of the Thailand program staff, sifts rice in a Karen village.

Phee suea


Kao jai mai,
tdawn rao deuan len duay gan nai ba fun tamai phom jawng-mawng meun gan phee.

Phasa Thai, phee pen mai kwam kreung phee suea, bang-yang bplian-blaeng mai jak ha kwam suay, gam lan gawng-reua-rop.

Kao jai, mee tee nee,
phom doo tee ter; dae ter mai chai hen phee glua, tao-nan, mai chat mawk gam lan raw pheua jat tee payn-din mai.
Ghost Shirt
Ghost shirt float above city where family sit flooring -
eatrice. Ghost shirt float above forest where fruit grow tall,
not famous. Ghost shirt float above island ing-sink sea warm.
Enter heart mind?
At time we walk play
togetherness in forest dream why
I stare sameness ghost.
Language Thai, ghost is meaning half
ghost shirt, something change
new from find beautyness,
ing-fleet.
Enter heart mind, have at here,
I watch at you, but
you no true see ghost scary, amount that,
not mumble clear mist ing-wait for touch
at solid ground of Earth, nation, country new.

Butterfly
Butterfly floats above a city where a family sits on the floor
eating rice. Butterfly floats above the forest where fruit grows tall,
and quiet. Butterfly floats above an island sinking in a warm sea.
Do you understand,
when we walk
together in the dream forest why
I gaze like a ghost?
In Thai, ghost is half
the meaning of butterfly, something turned
new from finding beauty,
transient, here but fleeting.
See, here it is,
I look towards you, what
you see is no apparition, just
mist and haze waiting to settle
on new land.

Tyler Pray
Chiang Mai, Thailand
This poem was inspired by the little alcove at the base of the sanctuary of the Virgin Mary who sits atop San Cristóbal Hill watching over Santiago. People come from all over Santiago and Chile on pilgrimage to light a candle and pray. When their prayers are answered, pilgrims return to the sanctuary to install a small plaque thanking the Virgin for favor granted.

Poem and photo by
Shelby Butler, Santiago, Chile

arriba del cerro

velas gastadas
piernas de peregrino
piernas cansadas

gracias Virgencita por favor concedido

sanatorio
de mascotas y almas
santuario

gracias Virgencita por favor concedido

llamas cálidas
esperanza nuestra
Amor brillante

gracias Virgencita por favor concedido

on high

spent candles
pilgrim legs
tired legs

thank you Mary for favor granted

sanatorium
of pets and souls
sanctuary

thank you Mary for favor granted

warm flames
our hope
brilliant Love

thank you Mary for favor granted
Houses of kapadokya in central Turkey.

Peter Lewis-Lakin, Turkey
Le Nonne Romane

Tree trunk legs
sheathed opaquely
shoved into square-toed shoes,
tan leather—weathered—
walking the hills and stairs.

Chunky black beads
squeeze her neck
leaving due euro red imprints
in sun spotted skin—only four feet tall—
rooted into the streets.

Eternal City

At first, my finger explores my kneecap
as a tourist examines the hills of Rome –
seeing the flowers and buses, perhaps,
but ignoring moving flesh, searching for ruins, bone.

Too much sun, too tall buildings
thick legs lumber,
elephants among the crowds,
formidably parting a path—scuzi—
swaying along the sidewalks.

I was beautiful once, sapling curves,
Long brown hair, tan skin, thin ankles
Fitting perfectly into pointy high-heels
Una bella ragazza...

...now stunted.
Legs holding like columns, rounded,
persisting among the crowds
and time—trapped—
ages of decay on display.

Sarah Mayville
Rome, Italy

Lisa Findley
Rome, Italy
Global Graffiti

“Strike” posters in Bogotá, Colombia.
Sadie Gallop
Quito, Ecuador

“No war will give you victory!”
Sarah Mayville
Rome, Italy

A section of the Berlin Wall.
Chelsea Phillips
Erlangen, Germany
As I stood looking out over the cliffs, with the wind blowing at my back, I realized that for the first time in my life I was alone. In a foreign country without the comforts of my family and friends, and without the familiarity of Michigan. I felt the awkwardness of the unknown and at the same time I felt the amazing power of knowing I would make it on my own and everything would be okay.

Kate McCracken
Aberdeen, Scotland
On a Ferry to Dublin

So where have I really been?

Stranded in Frankfurt,
and saved by the kid in my philosophy class.
Landing in Amsterdam,
and avoiding the import-export men.

Turned away from the Louvre,
and saving the children down Champs-Elysees.
Drinking scotch out of a glove in Paris
and avoiding M 80s the French threw.

I recall,
how waiting around made my split end mind sink down.

Stranded with Italians in Torino,
and wandering alone in Rome,
living off bread
and a Japanese food Christmas.

Losing my mind up north,
and finding it on my way back.
Traipsing through Camden town,
and meandering cautiously around council homes.

I remember,
how loving and running felt the same when the bus was driving away.

And these dreams
are poetry in motion
and unspoken ghouls,
better lives,
candy offered from a grandmother’s hand.

And these memories
turn corners carefully,
slip through nights as thin as silk,
stroll down the long dark of Roman streets,
trip over damp feelings hung tense on clothesline thoughts.

Jacob Condon
Aberdeen, Scotland
I Didn’t Know

I knew. I knew beggars and cripples would line the street, half-starved children weaving their way past them as their battered coffee cans faintly jingled at their sides. I knew that after a night of intense rain I would see people struggling to put their cardboard box homes back together, their actions practiced and habitual. I knew I’d be eating with my hands around a large bowl on the floor, a staple diet of fish, rice, potatoes and bread and bread and more bread. I knew I’d walk to school with sweat dripping down my face, trying to breathe through my mouth in an attempt to avoid whatever smell was accumulating in unison with unidentifiable trash on the edge of the streets. I knew I’d live with a large Muslim family and that my father would more than likely have multiple wives. I knew I’d sit in Wolof class daily, struggling to simply understand the French used to explain this unwritten African dialect. I knew I wouldn’t be able to drink the water, have to remember to take malaria medication every day at 6pm precisely, have to use a hole in the floor covered in porcelain as a toilet, be forever on guard for petty theft, etc., etc., etc. I knew.

I didn’t know that the Senegalese people would be some of the most giving individuals that I’ve ever met, no matter how little they have. I didn’t know how the beggar children would smile and laugh as if their collection cans were filled to the brims. I didn’t know that the thought of bread and nutella chocolate spread would make my mouth water. I didn’t know that I’d get used to the water dripping from my forehead into my eyes or that my nose had the ability to adapt. I didn’t know how patient my family would be as I struggled through broken Wolof and developing French. I didn’t know what amazing teachers existed in a country that has a 27% literacy rate. I didn’t know how I’d speed walk from my house to the local cyber-cafe to read the never-ending words of support sent from home. I didn’t know my family would boil water every day for me to drink, that my medicine-taking memory was impeccable, that the hole in the ground was not that intimidating, that I’d only use my money belt when I went downtown, that I’d eat some of the best mangoes here that I’ve ever tasted in my life, that the people here take more showers than most Americans, that Senegalese hip-hop music is amazing, that bargaining is actually more like entertainment than it is a hassle... I didn’t know that the whole time, I didn’t know at all.

Jenny Miller
Dakar, Sénégal
Quito, I admit, you’ve shocked me. You are
Thousands of miles away from my element.
Perhaps you don’t surprise yourself
The way you obviously surprise me. Worse,
You might be numb to it all. When the
Woman I see every day sets her four year
Old child on the sidewalk so that she
can go sell candy to cars stopped at the
Eloy Alfaro – Granados red light,
Do you even feel half as worried
As I? How sad does that make you?
There are times I wonder if it makes
Lucio happy, some on the job training...

Now, I don’t want to be pessimistic Quito,
I find you beautiful in the moonlight,
And often I’ve danced with Cantuña in
The rain. I know that I’m an outsider
Looking in, but there are people here that
Desire change, I see them daily, they pass me
On the street, and sit with me on the bus.
Yesterday, I almost stood up to rally some
Troops and take back the Plaza Grande,
But I realized it was never mine, it was
Yours Quito, you just don’t know how to fight.

15h43 25°

Joe Asteriou
Quito, Ecuador
Confidence

Our group was to travel to Nürnberg for the day and visit the house of the artist, Albrecht Dürer. While we were exploring the display of Dürer’s previous works, I came to a room where a woman who, by the style of her old-fashioned dress, I assumed was an employee. She was using a printing press to create ink replicas of Dürer’s most famous pieces. I tried to observe from the opposite room without catching her eye and to avoid a potential conversation, yet still find out exactly what was happening in this room. I was hoping that someone else would walk in the room and ask what she was doing, and if perhaps these simple ink pressings were free to be made by the public. No luck. I was definitely not about to pass up a chance at a free souvenir.

It was at this point that I decided to go for the plunge and go ask her if I was allowed to make an ink pressing to take home with me. It wasn’t until I began to formulate the question in my head that I realized that I had no clue how to express what I wanted to say with the minimal art vocabulary that I possessed. The question that was quickly created was something like, “Sind diese Bilder kostenlos und könntest ich ein Stück zum mitnehmen machen?”

The funny thing about the derivation of this question was that I was using what I was taught to say when I wanted “one of something” at the bakery. I had no idea if this phrase could be taken from the request for one pastry item taken “to-go” to the matter of whether one art piece would be available to be made and then taken home to keep. There was only one way to find out.

The worst part about finding the nerve to ask a question in German was that there were so many things that could go wrong. I had a million possible pitfalls running through my head. Verb first. Subject second. Next clause, modal verb first, subject, predicate and infinitive at the end. Don’t forget to accent the use of the conditional verb so that she knows you are being polite. Make sure the formal pronoun is used because you have never met her. Concentrate on the German accent so that she doesn’t assume you are American and ask you about George Bush. I took a deep breath and asked. She was unexpectedly friendly and helpful. She answered, explaining that the pictures were free and that every visitor was allowed to make one to take as a souvenir. I thanked her and started to prepare my picture to be pressed.

It took me a few minutes before it hit me that I had asked a question, was understood, also comprehended the answer and then followed through with an action! The picture I made would forever hold a special memory of this significant progress that I was making. My confidence in this country leaped to a new level to where I felt as though I could accomplish anything.

Kelly Roshon
Erlangen, Germany

University of Bonn building.
Matthew Harding, Bonn, Germany
La Paz Waterfall Park and Gardens, Heredia, Costa Rica.
Alexandra Lett, San José, Costa Rica

A unique view of the Pantheon.
Sarah Mayville, Rome, Italy
The Killing Fields

Seventeen kilometers south of Phnom Penh
dry rice paddies turn to fields riddled with pits—
former mass graves—the former resting place

of thousands of Cambodians. Their teeth
now strewn like cigarette butts—
knocked from mouths with blood and spit,
or sand worn out of parched skulls. Bits of faded
clothing come up through the ground
at one time bathed in the blood

of the tortured. Femur, vertebrae and tibia,
three years dead gathered in stumps, the elbows
of trees who witnessed the slaughter. Many buried

truncated, destined by religion to wander forever,
looking for their heads. Pol Pot ordered
the Khmer Rouge to kill all those with education,

anyone who dared challenge the regime.
But those killings are over now,
those graves have been unearthed—

their bones lain with more respect, anonymous skulls
stacked seventeen stories high telling the tales
of their deaths—the hole made by a rifle, Parietal bones

crushed by a hoe, the smooth valley made by a hatchet
or machete—deaths at the hands of a faceless comrade,
dark hair cropped short, black pajamas, tell tale red

and white checked kroma. Their tire-tread footprints
have been washed away by tears of survivors and the bile
that rises to the back of the throats of those who walk
between the graves today.

Alasun Schrecengost
Chiang Mai, Thailand

“Roadside orthodoxy” on the island of Euboea.
This particular offering is to St. George.
Anna Wolf, Athens, Greece
An Email Home

Sometimes I feel like Europe is stuck in the eighties. But it isn’t all bad hair and bad music—there are some very “French” things that I’m quickly falling in love with...

The idea of hour-and-a-half lunches would never fly in the States. And closing shop for lunch? Unheard of! The patient, carefree attitude of the French allows for this kind of luxury.

Those who can afford clothes dryers in the States would never take the time to hang wet clothing on a line above the tub or out the window to dry like my host family does. I won’t have the option of a half-hour-long shower to warm me in winter—water here is far too expensive for that. But if I get sick and need to see a doctor, not only will he or she come to the house, but I could probably pay for the visit in pocket change.

The bus system actually works. Bread, baked daily, costs only 80 eurocents for a two-foot-long baguette. Dogs here are smaller, but they follow their humans without leashes. The TGV, or “fast train,” breaks down often in intense heat but its speed remains a technological wonder.

The roads are small—some the size of U.S. sidewalks it seems—and never straight. No road ever has the same name for more than two blocks, but you can walk these brick roads, spotted with dog poop, and all of a sudden a 13th century cathedral pops into view.

The city suffers from severe air pollution from the Michelin tire factories. Tiny red-tiled roofs climb the side of the mountain, each building housing up to five factory-working families. These “cities,” as they are called, are not known for incredible security or incredible happiness, but yards are well-kept and tiny colorful square gardens dot the slope with a little bit of sunshine.

People don’t typically smile at each other in the street, or chat up strangers in elevators or in line at the grocery store as often happens in the States. But they are pleasantly surprised to hear an American try out her French “r” sound. Big, burly men walk down the street carrying ladders or operate large construction equipment speaking one of the most beautiful languages I’ve ever heard with unbelievable grace.

The small conveniences that France deprives me of are no match for the beauty that surprises me at every step.

Caitlin Cornell
Clermont-Ferrand, France
Me Enamoré

My passage was an unexpected one. I ventured to Costa Rica anticipating an adventure. I planned to see every fragment of beauty that country had to offer and along the way meet countless new individuals—each of whom would have a brief yet uniquely life-changing impact on my life. I dreamed of hiking, beaches, rainforests, and late nights at the bar...a foreign endeavor so intensely interesting that upon my return, my Costa Rican anecdotes would astound anyone who listened.

This is not to say my six months in Costa Rica lacked versions of this anticipated excitement. In my time there I climbed volcanoes, soared through rainforests, paddled my way through roaring rapids, and of course spent countless nights bailando to “Cara Luna” with a cold can of Imperial firm in my grasp.

But these faster-paced moments were by no means the essence of my passage. My journey was instead much slower, much deeper and much denser than I had ever imagined. My true passage did not happen in a fury; rather it began as my relationship with those around me began to flourish into something incredible. My passage through Costa Rica began the moment I fell in love.

I fell in love with my madre, a woman of wisdom and compassion, who dedicates an infinite amount of energy to the welfare of her family without sacrificing any part of her sense of self and independence…I fell in love with my primas, whose young and tireless enthusiasm shines through in everything they do…I fell in love with every member of my familia—a kinship that adores one another so sweetly and so candidly…I fell in love with a boy—a divine soul whose deep sincerity and tender passion has enlivened a part of my heart that I never knew existed…I fell in love with my goofball maes from Jaco…the marathon-runner who gave me discounts at the Mercado…my friend at the gym who always insisted on giving me Spanish lessons…

I never could have predicted my most cherished memories of Costa Rica to be so quiet, but when you love the people you are with, abandoning them to reach yet another tourist destination seems ludicrous. When you love the people you are with, careful conversations over rice and beans, watching cheesy novelas, helping a prima with her English presentation, shooting pool in a local bar, going on a first date to an awful American movie, and watching the sun set over the lapping waves of the mar become far more appealing than any other adventure. These are memories that are nestled so comfortably in my soul. When I reflect on my time in Costa Rica, I think not of an exhausting foreign adventure, but instead, I think of home—a place so familiar, so tranquil, so comfortable, and so full of unanticipated and extraordinary love.

Joanna Tzenis
San José, Costa Rica
The elephants of Samburu National Park.
Lauren Stockdale, Nairobi, Kenya
Roma

Another woman who lies down with arms stretched to each lonely side. I walk over her everyday, C.ne Gianicolense,

her crucified legs, her slightly bent knees where she becomes Viale di Trastevere. Il numero Otto tram runs her veins, crosses the bridge at Ponte Vecchio.

She is humiliated and offered no bandage. Her secrets have been forced from her underbelly, repeated in every language. she is no longer il grand'impero,

but she still watches her name, written everywhere: S.P.Q.R.; given for the people. And for all this rape, she is mostly warm days.

Tiffany Antor
Rome, Italy

Side chapel of St. Peter's Basilica.
Tiffany Antor, Rome, Italy
Thailongboats, traditionally used for fishing, now service tourists to and from Lipe Island off the southern coast of Thailand.

Kate Vickery
Chaing Mai, Thailand

(left) Students’ feet on Tortuga Beach in the Galápagos Islands.
Sarah Scott, Quito, Ecuador

(below) Trinidadiand beach view.
Megan Johnson, St. Augustine, Trinidad
Luo children on the shore of Lake Victoria.

Sarah Clancy, Nairobi, Kenya
It’s waking up to the sound of raindrops
hitting the tent flaps and praying that
the tarp over your packs held up.

It’s finding out that they didn’t and packing
soggy clothes crusty with sand, layer
upon layer smelling like sea water.

It’s waiting for the rice to boil and staring
at the endless sky meeting the ocean, both
blue and black and angry.

It’s scooping rice soup into Tupperware,
shoving it into your daypack and hauling
everything down to the boats on the beach.

It’s hearing the growl of the long-tail boats,
watching as their motors cut through
the rain-kissed waves one at a time.

It’s pulling out the rice soup, still steaming
in the cold rain, biting down on an unspoiled
piece of ginger that explodes and stings your tongue.

It’s watching the island grow smaller and smaller,
the beach already melting into the ocean, the trees
a black green, bent over from the weight of rain.

It’s wishing out loud to turn around, go back for
a few more weeks, as you twist your neck to see
the vanishing island until it aches.

It’s her arm draped casually around you as she
watches, too. It’s something I hope you never
master, she whispers.

**Julie Faust**
*Chiang Mai, Thailand*
Katie Allen had a wickedly fabulous time in Perth, Australia! She is a health science major, headed to Greece to be certified as a sailing instructor and then intends to spend a year teaching sailing somewhere in the world.

Tiffany Antor is an English/creative writing major with a concentration in women’s studies and classical studies. She studied abroad in Rome, Italy where she managed to pick up a startling amount of Italian and fell in love with her imperial boyfriend, Augustus.

Katie Aronson is a Spanish major and sociology minor. Her six-month study abroad in Santiago, Chile was the inspiration for her Senior Individualized Project on collective memory in Chile after the military government.

Biology major Joe Asteriou studied environment and ecology in Quito, Ecuador. He summarizes his experience with the phrase, “Ecuador, sigue no más.”

Kat Burgett went to Perth, Australia for her study abroad experience. She is a health science major, headed to Wayne State School of Medicine and specializing in Emergency Medicine. She credits her time in Australia and Southeast Asian cultural research project for her understanding of alternative medicine today.

Shelby Butler is a Spanish major with a concentration in Latin American studies. She lived and studied for a full year in the sprawling and beautiful metropolis of Santiago, Chile. Her junior year was an exciting time of reflection and personal growth in her faith, courage, and independence.

Sarah Clancy, as a future high school English teacher, looks forward to sharing her insights from and the experiences of her time in Nairobi, Kenya with her future students to promote cultural awareness and a more global perspective.

An English major with a writing concentration from New York City, Jacob D’Amour Condon spent his entire junior year abroad in Aberdeen, Scotland.

Caitlin M. Cornell, an international and area studies and French double major, spent her six months on study abroad in Clermont-Ferrand, France. She returned to Clermont for six weeks during the following summer to intern at a center for the blind as part of her Senior Individualized Project for the French department.

Julie Faust, an English major concentrating in creative writing, spent six months studying in Chiang Mai, Thailand.

Lisa Findley is a English/creative writing major with concentrations in classics and women’s studies. For six months, she studied art history in her favorite city - Rome. She hopes to enter the publishing world and never stop traveling.

Sadie Gallop is a Spanish major and anthropology minor who spent an academic year in Quito, Ecuador. She has already returned once and will travel abroad again upon graduation.

An economics major, Megan Johnson was able to experience for herself the dynamics of a third world country in both Trinidad and Tobago. The calendar of the short-term program also allowed her to compete on the varsity swim team for all four seasons of her college career.

Kevin Kaneshiro has spent much of his K College career in Asia, including nine months in Japan and various summer study seminars in Hong Kong, Macao and Taiwan as well as China. He is an international and area studies major.

Merideth Lacina is an economics major, art minor who studied abroad in Madrid, Spain. Her time in Europe ignited her passion for art and gave her an expanded view on life and how to really live it.

Alexandra Lett, an human development and social relations major, studied abroad in San José, Costa Rica. She still keeps in touch with all her friends and host families and completed her SIP there as well. Her experience was particularly meaningful because it brought her back to her cultural and ethnic roots as a Colombian.

A history major, Peter Lewis-Lakin studied abroad in Turkey.
Rachel Mallinger studied abroad in Chiang Mai, Thailand, which developed her interest in environmental studies and sustainability. She is a biology major.

An English major with a concentration in classical studies, Sarah Mayville completed a long-term study abroad program in Rome, Italy. She hopes to return to Rome someday for amazing pizza, gelato and getting lost on the random, winding cobblestone streets of the city.

Kate McCracken, a health sciences major, studied abroad in Aberdeen, Scotland, which fueled her desire to travel.

Jenny Miller studied abroad in Dakar, Sénégal, where she spent six months attempting to dance mbalex, drinking lots of attaga (three rounds of Sénégalésc tea) and interning at the International Refuge Center of Dakar. She is an international and area studies major with a focus on African studies as well as a French minor.

Julia Morillo is a psychology major who studied abroad in Rome, Italy.

Chelsea Phillips is an English and German major and studied abroad in Erlangen, Germany. Her experience abroad formed the most influential lessons she learned from her education and she hopes to travel to Europe again after graduation.

Laura Poskey is an art major, business minor who spent six months in Scotland.

Tyler Pray studied in Chiang Mai, Thailand. Breaking from an English major and two minors, business and music, he studied development and Thai culture and language in the land of smiles. The experience gave him a sense of international belonging and plenty of ideas to begin to understand the world.

Andrew Rogers lived and studied in Bonn, Germany during his junior year. He is an economics and business major and a political science minor.

Kelly E. Roshon is a chemistry major and German minor. She completed her foreign study in Erlangen, Germany, a small town just outside of Nürnberg.

Alasun Schrecengost studied abroad in Chiang Mai, Thailand and further developed her interest in her major of human development and social relations.

A Biology major, Sarah Scott studied abroad in Ecuador.

Lauren Stockdale studied abroad in Nairobi, Kenya and had the opportunity to climb Mt. Kilimanjaro while there.

Andrea Swalec spent six months in Dakar, Sénégal, studying African literature, becoming a persistent bargainer and eating whole fish. At K, she has an English major with a writing emphasis, nearly a French minor and a women’s studies concentration. Next year, pending grant approval, she will live in Morocco, French Guiana or France, inch-Allah (“God willing”).

Holly Taylor is an English major who studied abroad in Madrid, Spain. She enjoyed spending time with her host mother, Juanita, improving her Spanish language skills and developing connections between home and host cultures which she later explored in her writing.

Joanna A. Tzenis, an human development and social relations major, studied in Costa Rica for six months. Costa Rica remains a constant part of life, due in part to the fact that she stays in touch with her friends and family there.

Kate Vickery, a sociology & anthropology major, studied abroad with the International Sustainable Development Studies Institute in Chiang Mai, Thailand.

Classics major Anna Wolf spent six months in Greece.
Passage Editorial Board

Sarah Clancy, editor-in-chief
Kate Vickery, layout editor
Jenny Miller, photo editor
Chelsea Phillips and Lisa Findley, copy editors

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Front cover photo by Sarah Clancy: Massai Morans (coming of age men), Massai Mara, Kenya
Title page photo by Julia Morillo: a Venice canal, Venice, Italy
Inside front cover photo by Chelsea Phillips: Tower Bridge, London, England
Inside back cover photo: Katie Aronson: Llamas at the Incan ruins at Sacsaywaman in Perú, Santiago, Chile
Back cover photo by Kevin Kaneshiro: A Shopper’s Paradise, Hong Kong

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