I am not the same having seen the moon shine on the other side of the world.

-Mary Anne Radmocha Hershey
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Letter from the Editor

Passage, as a literary term, is an excerpt derived from a more expansive work. The selection reflects the essence of the larger piece through a narrow and focused lens. Likewise, a passage is a journey, a passing from one point to another. Together, these two definitions form the underlying principle of the Passage magazine, as they capture the individual and fleeting moments of study abroad. These transitory instances are best remembered for they are the elements evoked by certain sounds, smells, and sights. Passage, therefore, becomes a photo album, preserving the diverse, yet life-altering pieces of study abroad.

We all know how difficult it is to catalogue or offer a synopsis of study abroad, so multifaceted are individuals’ experiences. The following prose, poetry, and photos describe the passage of Kalamazoo College students through insights, interactions, and emotions experienced in another culture. While the moments may be brief temporally, they remain permanent fixtures and defining moments in the students’ lives.

The submissions included in this year’s magazine indicate a new trend in study abroad: to study beyond the boundaries of “western civilization.” Included within are anecdotes and snapshots from China, Thailand, and Japan; Ecuador, Australia, and Africa. As a result, the world truly does become our campus.

Alexis E. Ramsey
editor-in-chief
At the Chiang Dao Elephant Camp, elephants are trained to spray water at tourists when their picture is taken.

Stephanie Moses, Chiang Mai, Thailand
Week three in Quito. We’re all a bit more comfortable with the city now; it’s been several days since one of us has found herself wandering helplessly around El Centro. Our intensive Spanish courses have ended, and at last the real semester at the university has started. After a day of moving from bus to bus, trying in vain to enjoy the bad salsa music that blares from scratchy speakers, a stop at Café Lennon for a little "Love Me Do" sounds perfect before returning home for the day.

I am grateful to find my friends already seated and playing cards when I arrive. Since getting off the bus a half block away, I’ve been stopped by three different children, each with a more despairing look than the previous, trying to sell me things. Thus far, this has been my greatest challenge here in Quito: choosing between draining my bank account to buy something from each kid, knowing that my small contribution will do nothing to help them in the long run, or sucking it up, putting on my city face and ignoring every last one of them. I convince myself that I am in a transition period and buy a box of candy from a little girl with long braids and a baseball cap five sizes too big before stepping into the café.

I join my friends, and am dealt into a new game of Hearts. Everyone is excited about their classes and there is discussion about which professors will be good and which won’t. Our Spanglish is flawless.

I am doing well in the game of Hearts as I slide the Queen of Spades to my left. The sun is beginning to set behind Pichincha, my favorite time of day. For a moment, the sun spotlights a little boy just outside the café window. He cannot be more than three; his hair is messy and his nose is in bad need of a wiping. There is no sign of a parent or older sibling in sight.

Yet the boy does not share the look of hopelessness that his peers can never seem to erase from their faces. Instead, this boy is playing with a piece of string about a foot and a half long, probably something that he found in the gutter. In his tiny hand, however, it is no longer a piece of string that he holds, but instead a magic wand, a force field that shielding him from the rest of the world where he is homeless and hungry. His bare feet skip merrily along the pavement as the string is pulled over his head, along the ground, around a tree. As I watch from the window, I feel as though the string is attached to some organ deep in my belly and I want to cry. I have never seen such freedom, such happiness. The boy is soaring now, and as the sun disappears behind the mountain, he coasts off down the street, out of view.

My friends and I count up our scores and round up money to pay the cuenta. As we walk out into the street, I want to find the boy and thank him for taking me with him, for allowing me to forget for awhile. He is nowhere in sight.

As I walk home, I think about how much better the world would be if we all had a piece of string.

Stephanie Wilks
Quito, Ecuador
Moroccan man resting in the Fez medina.
Matthew Jaffe, Caceres, Spain
The days always seemed longer in China, and even though it was only late afternoon, it seemed like it was the middle of the night; the sun was already gone.

The bitter Beijing wind battered my face. Tiny specks of dirt were at war with the inner-workings of my eye. All I was worried about was getting a cigarette—it had been a long day.

Before I made it to the tobacco stand on the narrow street full of fruits, flowers, and pygmy dogs, I already knew she was there. Her cackle reached my ears from far away. "xiaojie" was her word of choice—and that’s where she got her nickname.

It was an oxymoronic nickname at that, for xiaojie means young lady. The woman we called xiaojie looked older than she probably was. Her face was like leather that had been left outside all winter, destroyed by wind and water. Her eyes were invisible through thick eyelids, her hands scorned by calluses thick and bruised by labor.

If I didn’t already know her, I would be scared. Rumor has it that she was inbred—her family was crazy. Sometimes she would stage dog fights in the back of her shop and laugh hysterically at the blood-bathed loser.
Before I told her what I wanted, she already knew and handed me the pack of smokes. She asked me in her cough-like Chinese melody, "Do you know what 'finished playing' means?" I didn't know how to answer. She then, with an imaginary rope, made the face of someone being hung and said, "It means you die!" and she cackled as if it were her last rite.

I handed her my money with an unsure grin. I think she felt sorry for me. She gave me my cigarettes and as I was walking away, she called me back.

She looked through her box of "things" for what seemed like forever and then, once found, she handed me a lighter. "This is a gift from me to you." Her voice could have been mistaken for an angel's.

Jeffery Lung
Beijing, China

The Great Wall of China.
Alana Askew, Perth, Australia
Gillian living one of her dreams on a sheep farm in South Western Australia. This 6 week old lamb was less-than pleased to be cuddled by numerous strangers.

Gillian Shaw, Perth, Australia
Mahinapua

Proud nations all drink together
at the end of the world. Germans, Danes, Italians,
wave after wave from the British Isles, the Dutch, the French,
a South American or two, the odd Korean,
milk-fed sons and daughters of Maggie and Ron;
please forgive me for leaving you. It is an excellent party

but I am weary from the road. The beach
would have to be black
in a place like this, volcanic remnants under the gray fire
curtain of Tasman air, above the liquid peaks of Tasman sea;
here, in the rain, it is quiet. It looks like nothing
I have yet seen in my life, and this means I feel
at home here. This

is understood, then, that
we will find places that make
sense in stormy weather. I have traveled far,
but I have lost nothing that I
would not have eventually given away
in time. Up ahead

there is a beached skeleton
of something monstrous from
somewhere wet and deep, and I am
walking alone to it, because
in Mahinapua, if you do not find
some comfort in monsters, there is
no comfort.

Sam Garman
Wollongong, Australia
I walked in slightly later than usual that hot Christmas Eve morning, and stood in the doorway for a little while, just watching. There were about twenty-five of them, boys and young men, all crowding in the cement classroom on the two wobbly wooden benches provided. All were enraptured with the Hollywood action-adventure movie playing on the slightly fuzzy TV screen in the corner.

One boy, of medium height, was not watching the flashing TV screen. He sat in the middle of the room, on the cold cement floor, awkwardly thumbing through "You Can Learn Math!" with sticky hands. His name was Gitau. His sweater was stretched out of any recognizable shape, and hung off one of his bony shoulders. Unheeding, he continued to look at the pages full of story problems and pie graphs. Sometimes, when the sound of punches or grenades became too loud, he would wander outside, taking with him the numbers and fractions. Yet, he always returned to the room where everyone still watched TV. Perhaps he needed the comfort of the familiar room; he had never been alone—but he was also loathe to leave this new mysterious world of knowledge unexplored.

After observing this unusual scenario, I fished in the plastic supermarket bag I carried, and found a pen which I quietly handed to him, wondering what would happen. I procured some cookies for the group and turned back to see how my small friend was doing, but he had disappeared. Afraid I might have embarrassed him, I held my breath as I stuck my head into the adjacent classroom. To my delight, there was Gitau, sitting on the only bench, head bent intently over his math book, studiously scribbling away. I approached quietly, lest I startle him from his efforts, asking if I could watch. He looked up at me and pushed the open book towards me. I sat down next to him with the
book between us, and observed his work—dots and lines imitating the bar and line graphs.

"Do you know what this is?" I asked, pointing to one of the graphs. He shook his head.

"Would you like to know?"

He nodded vigorously and pointed to number 37.

"Teach me this one." I gulped, for I had already correctly guessed that his math skills were not yet up to that level. Still, I spent the next hour simplifying and explaining the little dots and perpendicular lines. Halfway through the lesson Samuel, one of my favorites because of his quick mind and even quicker smile, came in out of curiosity. He stayed and, to my relief, helped me in explanations too complex for my Swahili. For a while I drew back and watched their dark heads bent together over the math book, pointing and scribbling, teacher and student. I smiled, then gently corrected an error in calculating the average amount of mangos sold at Farmer Kamou’s Shamba.

The rest of the festive day was spent with the boys noisily making Christmas decorations. Boys of all sizes jumbled and pushed around the classroom which had turned into a red and green fairyland with paper shreds flying everywhere and sticking to everyone. I hurried back and forth between the two strikingly different classrooms, torn between trying to keep some organization in the happy bedlam in one and the excitement of the realm of math in the other. A mind anxious to absorb knowledge is a rare gift in this rehabilitation center in northern Kenya. I didn’t want to waste it.

During the closing festivities, I tried to sneak out. I had already told the boys I would see them in two weeks. As I ducked out a small hand caught my shirt and I looked down to see Gitau pulling at me. I bent down and as he solemnly looked at me he used his best English to say,

"I like you, Mwalimu, because you teach me maths." I squeezed his hand and conquered the urge to catch him up in a crushing hug, then quickly walked away. My heart was pounding. He called me teacher.

Anna Fleury
Nairobi, Kenya

The playground at Fairfield Orphanage down the street from Africa University in Mutare, Zimbabwe.

Katharine Schulze, Mutare, Zimbabwe
Faeries

The one thing that Ireland should be famous for, but isn’t widely known until your first day there, are the roads. First of all, there are no directions. There is all of one street sign in Dublin, posted on the intersection of Dame and O’Connell streets, the largest intersection in town.

The sign reads "To the North, To the South, and To the West." Out in the country, don’t even think about trying to find your way. Luckily, the few signs that read things like, "Corofin, 8km" are written in both English and Irish, which gives you the unique experience of getting lost bilingually.

Once you do find your way around, the choice is which type of road to take, and you have one of three choices. The largest are the M’s, which are the Motorways. These are about a lane and a half wide for a two lane road. Then there are the N’s, the national routes. These are about a lane wide for a two lane road. And then there are the R’s, the rural routes, which are so skinny there isn’t room for two bicycles to ride comfortably next to each other, let alone our little blue Nissan Micra and a big German Tour bus.

It is true the roads in Ireland have gotten significantly better in the last ten years. The "Celtic Tiger" economic boom has turned Ireland into a technology hot bed, and Dublin doubled its size from 500,000 people to one million in the last decade, not to mention increased tourism. The European Union has also played a big part. Naturally, the government wanted to include the booming country in the EU, so they’ve given a lot of money to the government to fix the roads around the major cities of Dublin City, Galway City, Sligo Town, and so on.

However, there is one major town where road construction has been halted—Limerick City, in County Limerick. Limerick is just south of Shannon airport, where many people fly into, and it is also near the starting point of the Dingle Peninsula and the Ring of Kerry. But no roads are being fixed, and it’s all because of Eddy.

Eddy is a high school English teacher at Limerick Secondary School, and he’s a bit odd. He’s tall, has a big, bushy beard, and is convinced he can communicate with faeries. The flitty, flying kind. Students of his who I talked to say he would stop in the middle of class, look around, possessed, and start talking in low, low murmurs to some invisible being.

"What did you say? Stop the road? What road? Why should I do that?" he mumbled in front of his class one day a couple of years ago. And then the faeries were gone, and he went back to his lesson. But the voices, not unlike the "If you build it, he will come" command, haunted his dreams. He knew he was supposed to do something big, but he didn’t know what. He began to pull out all the maps he had of Limerick, of proposed widening sites for the roads and all the faerie country maps. His class was ignored, his wife and child were ignored, and then he figured it out. Right outside of town on the road to Bunratty was a hawthorne bush. And not just any hawthorne bush, for this bush was very important. It was the meeting place for the Kerry and Dingle faeries when they went to battle with the likes of Donegal and Clare, and without that meeting point, there would be no way that the Kerry and Dingle faeries could win on their own, and the tribes would be wiped out.

Eddy knew his mission. He drew up a petition, and went around town getting signatures.
A large campaign was started to get the petition signed and save the bush. A few months later he had over 5,000 signatures, and Eddy made a trip to Dublin to present the case of Limerick Faeries vs. the Irish Transportation Counsel to the Dublin government. The case was listed in papers all over the country, and not long after, the government pronounced its ruling. The road from Limerick to Bunratty would not be widened, and the bush would remain. Ireland is the only country I know to stop progress in the name of magic.

True story.

Allegra Lingo
Dublin, Ireland
October Ninth

Quiet. Absolutely. Except for the frosted wind and the click of my pen. I sit on a rock projecting from Mt. Olympus, looking off. My boots are scratched and my hair is whipping against my dirt-smeared cheeks.

We awoke before the dawn, her rosy-red fingers still clenched in sleep. Leah’s head rested on my shoulder, her hat pulled down across her eyes. I held part of Ryan’s scarf in my hand; we slept four to a bed in our tiny mountain cabin. All twenty-eight members of our expedition slept in the same room, which takes me back to the girl scout camps of summers past.

Donkeys bray, carrying the week’s supply of groceries to the camp: here there is no running water and limited electricity.

Today we reached the summit. We began the ascent at seven, the tree line fading into memory, and only jagged rock ahead. The landscape of Greece explains its mythology. From the moment my toes first pressed into Grecian soil, I knew why people used to believe that there were nymphs giggling behind the trees. I knew why streams were given personas. I began to wonder which laurel tree was Daphne. I’m sure the gods never expected to awake to a troop of Americans trying to harmonize Beatles songs.

As we march on, I begin to sniff the air for hints of nectar and ambrosia. We pass a rock emblazoned with the name of a man who fell. Did he feel as immortal as I did at this point? Is this symbolic?

Marc and I are the first to the top, behind Italian men whose conversation is more lyrical than ours. I touch the Greek flag and am overwhelmed as I survey the mountains, my eyes watering.

A mortal in realms immortal.
A girl on a voyage.
Unadulterated emotion.

This is what I contemplate as the sun completes his journey, sitting alone in the home of the gods.

Kathleen Anderson
Athens, Greece
Gretchen Beesing (left) and Emily Kolmodin contemplate the meaning of study abroad while in Pompeii, Italy. Photo taken by Jennifer Kryskalla.

Emily Kolmodin, Madrid, Spain
Made In America

If you decide to take a taxi, remember that the taxis in Thailand were made for Thais. One Thai person equals a quarter of an American. If a taxi driver will accept five of you, tell him he shouldn’t be surprised when it bottoms out. When people tell you that you are fat, don’t be offended. Let them grab your hands and remark on how chunky they are. Let them awe at the pale skin and don’t be surprised that they’re surprised that it doesn’t feel any different from theirs. Say freckles ten times over when they point at them and ask what they are—people in Thailand don’t have freckles. Wait for them to repeat it. Frefflas, they’ll say. Start telling people that they’re called frefflas.

Intensive Listening

You can repeat the same word five million times over, but if your tone is wrong, nobody is going to have any idea what you are talking about. When a Thai person repeats a word back to you and it sounds exactly like what you have been saying, it’s okay to think this in your head: "That’s what I said!" Many people in Chiang Mai speak English, which is a relief when you first get there. But after you’ve been there for a while, and people know that you speak Thai, you might not be sure what language they’re speaking. For example, my host mother took me to the King’s palace one day. We smelled all the flowers, commented on their beautiful colors and shapes and then she pointed to one and said "Drum-phet." "Drum-phet," I repeated, making sure I said it exactly as she did. She said it again and so did I. After that I looked at the flower and listened to what I was saying, then I realized that she was saying the English word for the flower—Trumpet. I was surprised at how many different flowers she could name in English, but you shouldn’t be surprised at what words people know. My host father, who had only said the word "key" to me in English before, suddenly one day asked if I was a democrat or a republican. "Yes. I like devil cake," I responded.
I worked at an AIDS hospice that serves tribal people. At first the people ignored me, another white person wanting to help. I was mainly there to be with the children: a seven-year-old, a three-year-old, and a two-year-old. Da, the seven-year-old, would always call me a visitor. The other children didn’t call me anything; they didn’t interact with me. I will always remember my last week there. Da calling me Pi-older sister. Mamooie calling me Ba-auntie and trying to help me sing Elvis while we both danced. I became part of many families while I was in Thailand: my original host family, the families I stayed with while on extended field visits, and my family at the House of Love. The intimacy, familiarity, attachment, and admiration I have for each and every one of my Thai family members will always be a part of me. They are the core reasons that Thailand holds such a place in my heart.

Stephanie Moses
Chiang Mai, Thailand
Between the Palais Universitaire and the river, L'Eglise de Saint Pierre rises to greet students in Strasbourg, France each morning.

Megan Bartlett, Strasbourg, France
The courtyard and main building at the Rheinische Friedrich-Wilhelms-Universität.

Melissa Rohde, Bonn, Germany
Exchanges

She was my shadow, me at age twelve. Only with glasses.
The day I arrived, she peeked at me from her bedroom doorway, blinking my way.
That night, we walked to the boulangerie to buy bread and she spoke at me.
I nodded as though I understood.
Smiles and nods, my French at first.
At dinner, we sat next to each other, our knees and elbows bumping over salad bowls and misheld knives.
A few nights later, she toddled Loic, the baby, into my room, plopping them both on the floor.
She asked about my C.D.s and shoes, wanting to borrow them both.

She corrected my French. I blushed and shut my mouth.
But she kept talking. Eventually, I answered back.

Knowing I was sad, she drew me a picture and placed a name tag on my door.
Blue and Pink, my favorite colors.

One evening, in the hush between bed and bathtime, she announced we were playing a game.
Clue-Cluedo. Everyone was there: Miss Scarlet and Mrs. Peacock, Colonel Mustard and Professor Plum.
On the board, the salon was crowded and everyone wanted the candelabra.
I didn’t win, in fact, I never won any game we played.
But the mantra, Mr. Green with the pipe in the study, I could recite in my sleep.

She was the one I told the first night I dreamt in French.
And she comforted me after my first French nightmare, me falling, screaming arrete, arrete, stop, stop.

When her Grandfather died, she cried on my shoulder and wiped her nose with my sleeve.

Some days I came home for lunch, the big sister coming to watch over the little sister.
I never cooked, she did. Instead, I played with the radio, telling her what American songs meant.
She laughed at my explanations.
The two of us would eat chocolate for dessert, melting it into fondue and dipping our fruit into the oozing liquid.

And we walked to school together some afternoons.
Along the cobblestones, towards the cathedral, quickly, quickly, we were always late.
And then she went straight and I turned left. À Bientot, Beatrice.

Alexis Ramsey
Strasbourg, France
A downtown street in Caen, France with the Cathedral de Saint Pierre in the background.

MaryJane Valade, Caen, France
Come, be my camera.
Let's photograph the night bazaar
the chubby tourists
touching fabrics,
pulling coins from their pockets.
Focus on the street children
cowering behind
the tents and displays,
palms touching
pleading for extra baht.
Now, on the street,
rain pelts the ground.
The tourists scatter.
Shift to a long shot
of a man buying a soft serve
at a neon McDonalds.
Happy families
with bright plastic bags
full of fake Prada purses.
A contrast
Little girls in tribal ensembles
Selling silver for pennies
Eating dried squid in the rain.
Cut.
Walk under awnings
Where small men shout about
sex shows and women for sale.
Pamphlets and posters
litter the ground
like body parts.
Now to the Thalat Sutep
for fresh supplies.
A flash of red, and
the roht dang screeches to a stop
to drop passengers,
splashing through puddles,
from last night's monsoon.
Drenching children on the sidewalks
who play with a ball made of wicker.
Enter the market, where
flies swarm
around vats of
Kao neao
Gai taught
Pahd paht.
Tables overflowing with
Som, dang mo, sapparoht.
Tamarind candy
sticking to wooden bowls
and paper sacks.
Tiny birds in
tiny baskets
are sold cheaply,
then set free,
carrying with them
a wish
or blessing.
To the village now,
to families
hunched over in fields
of mums, green beans,
opium, cabbage.
The children are dragging
huge baskets of greens
to the river
to wash them
to catch small crabs for dinner.
Back in the field hut,
the mother
skewers a frog and
turns it over the fire.
The father
stretches out on the straw mat,
lights a banana cigarette
and sleeps
while children cut
papayas, green beans
manao, and chilies
for som tum.
Trucks full of families
and baskets of food
thunder down the narrow dirt road
to the city,
to Chiang Mai.
As the sun comes up,
they gather at the market
with other families.
Being sold today are weavings, baskets,
fruit, candy, satchels,
far away from the happy tourists with
McDonalds’ cokes and tribal bracelets,
Dunkin’ Donuts and silk handkerchiefs,
pirated CD’s and wicker baskets.
The Western world
discovers "The Beach"
and Thai students
discover pop culture, shouting,
"USA – number one!"

A monkey at the Monkey Palace in Bali, Indonesia.
Alana Askew, Perth, Australia
The "I Wanna Go" Syndrome

While I am here there are so many places I want to go. I want to see the daibutsu in Nara, Mt. Fuji, and the rest of Tokyo. I also want to go to Okinawa and explore Kyoto. There are so many places I want to go. If I have the time and money I’d also like to go to Tokyo Disneyland, just to see. How in heaven’s name can I do all this? The answer (so far) is that I probably can’t. Granted, I’m going to Tokyo to spend some time with friends over winter holiday, but as for everything else it’s up to me. This involves independence (which is scary because due to linguistic difficulties, I can’t always get across my needs and thoughts to those who don’t speak English). This also involves lots of planning. At home I could deal with these factors much better; here I have problems. First, I am not a native speaker (by any means) of the language. Secondly, I am not a native reader (I’m pretty near illiterate). My lack of language skills cause problems because the maps tend to have lots of kanji on them, streets are usually unnamed, and I have trouble asking for directions or understanding directions given. It’s not that hard for someone here to be incomprehensible to me, all one has to do is use a verb, sentence structure, or word I don’t know. My syndrome is being moderated at least in some part by a strong dose of reality.

Leslie Knox
Nagoya, Japan

The entrance gates to the Temple of Heaven in Beijing, China.

Megan Featherstone, Beijing, China
Monsoon over Lake Biwa

Thunder broke the silence of the early afternoon as the sun disappeared. An ominous cloud swallowed all within sight, lightening became the sole form of light, which cut darkness like a sword.

Day became night, and I felt myself separate. I left my body in the room, becoming the words on the page. My eyes mirror the sky; I am one with the storm.

Flashback

Today is a regular day. I walk to class like any other student, then everything changes.

Maybe it is a feeling, a taste, a smell, a touch? I am somewhere else, back where I long to be.

The memories. My heart stops. I gasp. It is gone.

Bridget Bartosik
Hikone, Japan
Soy de

Soy de las arcadas de la Plaza Mayor. Soy del cortado y el asiento a la ventana de mi café favorito. Soy de las noches tardías y las mañanas tempranas. Soy del viento de un vagón del Metro,

que precisamente pasó. Soy de una sonrisa rara en la cara española. Soy de la personificación de la tranquilidad. Soy del viaje sin mapa. Soy de la curiosidad del peregrino. Soy de la definición


Soy de los amigos americanos en una tierra extranjera. Soy de la consciente letra de mi diario. Soy de la mente abierta a otra cultura. Soy de la Plaza de Cibeles, la Diosa de la cuidad.

Soy de la mesa de Aida. Soy del estilo clásico del chulapo y la manola. Soy de la expansión de la experiencia en vida. Soy de las palabras

A street scene in Porto, Portugal, taken from a castle.
Kyle Morris, Copenhagen, Denmark
A photo overlooking the river in Porto, Portugal. The photo was taken from one of the seven bridges that span the river.

Kyle Morris, Copenhagen, Denmark
I am from

I am from the archways of the Plaza Mayor. I am from coffee with warm milk, sipped at the window seat of my favorite café. I am from late nights and early mornings. I am from the rush of wind of a Metro train car that has just passed. I am from the rare smile on a Spaniard’s face. I am from the personification of tranquility. I am from the voyage without map. I am from the curiosity of the pilgrimage. I am the definition of something familiar. I am from the traditions of Thursdays. I am from the small comfort of English in the streets. I am from Sundays in the Parque del Retiro. I am from cigarette smoke in the prohibited zones. I am from moments of dependence in the Unknown.

I am from American friends in a foreign land. I am from the written conscious of my diary. I am from an open mind to another culture. I am from the Plaza de Cibeles, the Goddess of the city. I am from Aída’s table. I am from the class and style of the Spanish man and woman. I am from the expansion of life’s experience. I am from words lost in the translation. I am from the enjoyment of life within an adolescent democracy. I am from laughter that continues through tears of frustration. I am from the quill of Lorca. I am from the heartbeat of a city that never sleeps. I am from the desire to return tomorrow. I am from the desire to remain forever. I am from growing alone, from growing together, from growing, always. I am from personal triumphs. I am from the guardian angel that is Madrid.
Morning, Orkney Islands

On the morning of Samhain
the streets of Stromness glistened with rain
in the pink predawn.

Cold stones, pale in the sea mist,
wound downhill towards the wharf,
a narrow berth just wide enough
for four to walk abreast.

Barren islands, wind-scraped ancient face,
your sands older than our God,
how is it that your streets are of the same ceremony
as Maes Howe, Skara Brae, and the Ring of Brodgar?

I want to run around your ring three times,
anti-clockwise, just to see
if I become pregnant within the year,
to see if your gods are really five thousand years gone.

Silence, but the echo of our steps
reverberating against the dark passage,
like the morning waves on the bay
that reached the black horizon

There the sun rose
a glowing jack-o-lantern,
on the morning of Samhain.

Resting on the Mountain Trail,
Fort William, Scotland

Just ahead on the ben,
I see the sheep on the mountainside,
clinging to the deep purple heather like velcro.
I suffer to capture my breath
in the bitter, thinning Scottish air.
To my right,
over the weather-beaten boulders,
flows the mountain water,
which originates at the snowy summit
and cascades to the babbling reserve
at Ground Zero.
In the soft blue and green valley
the fog looms low,
hanging onto the sky just enough
to keep it adrift.
Below me sparkle the lochs,
as the commanding rays of the sun
pierce through the billowy thickness
that separates the earth from Heaven.
This freedom that no amendment can grant.
I have wasted my life.

Rebecca Swenson
Aberdeen, Scotland

Dawn Todd
Aberdeen, Scotland
A group of GLCA students, including Matt Jonovich, Rebecca Swenson, and Dawn Todd, hiking to the top of Ben Nevis in Fort William, Scotland.

Dawn Todd, Aberdeen, Scotland
Contributors

Kathleen Anderson is an English major with a deep affection for mythology. Since returning home from Greece, she has thought about it everyday, especially when working on the “Passage” magazine.

Alana Askew is an Economics major and Art minor. She spent her study abroad at Curtin University in Perth, West Australia. While on study abroad she traveled a bit through Indochina.

Megan Bartlett is a Political Science and Human Development and Social Relations double major. She studied abroad in Strasbourg, France. During her travels she visited Romania, returning there in the summer to complete her senior individualized project at a mission.

Bridget Bartosik is a Music major. She went to Hikone, Japan for study abroad and returned with the knowledge that Asian Music would forever be her passion, her musical life.

Dawne Bell studied abroad in Madrid, Spain for six months, living with the most patient of host mothers and the most unforgettable amigos.

Megan Featherstone is an English major who spent her study abroad in Beijing, China. Megan plans to return to China after graduation to perfect her Chinese language skills, to use in whatever career awaits her.

Anna Fleury was inspired to teach, due to her experiences in Kenya. She plans on returning to East Africa as a writer and a photographer. Her piece is dedicated to Albina, and of course, the boys who are its heroes.

Sam Garman is an English major from Richmond, Indiana. He studied abroad in Wollongong, Australia. While there, he had the opportunity to visit New Zealand, including a wide spot in the road called Mahinapua on the South Island’s sparsely populated west coast.

Matthew Jaffe is a Political Science major who studied in Caceres, Spain. While in Spain, he worked at Mi Casa, a retirement home for his ICRP. After the six months spent in Spain, Matt cannot wait to return after graduation.

Ruth Kleast is a Religion major with a concentration in women’s studies. She valued her time in Thailand, especially the field visits, because she experienced the country in a way a tourist never could. She can’t wait to return to Thailand and interact with the Thai people more.

Leslie Knox is a senior Human Development and Social Relations major with a concentration in African Studies. She studied abroad in Nagoya, Japan and conducted research for her Senior Individual Project in Kenya. Leslie feels that travel has broadened her view of the world and made her eager to see more of the world’s cultures.

Emily Kolmodin, is an English major who studied abroad at the Universidad Antonio de Nebrija in Madrid, Spain.

Allegra Lingo is an English major with a penchant for creative non-fiction. She studied abroad in Dublin, Ireland.
**Jeffery Lung** studied abroad in Beijing, China. After graduation, Jeff hopes to find a career in which he can utilize his Mandarin and continue contact with the Chinese.

**Kyle Morris** is a Human Development and Social Resources major who studied in Copenhagen, Denmark. There are many places she would like to return to, and many more yet to see.

**Stephanie Moses** spent study abroad in Thailand where she took part in sustainable development studies. As he Individual Cultural Research Project, Stephanie worked at the House of Love, an AIDS hospice for tribal people.

**Alexis Ramsey**, a History and English double major is proud of the “Passage.” She dedicates the magazine to her host family, the du Rostus, who made Strasbourg, France so perfect and to all the host families who made study abroad unforgettable.

**Melissa Rohde** is a History major with a minor in Political Science. Particularly influential in her study abroad experience was her ICRP at Haus der Geschichte de Bundesrepublik Deutschland, a museum which explores topics in German history after 1945. She hopes to continue her work with museums after graduation.

**Gillian Shaw**, her ultimate goes in life is to becomes a veterinarian, which was only strengthened by her time spent with sheep in Western Australia.

**Katharine Schulze** studied abroad in Mutare, Zimbabwe. She took courses in agriculture, theology, and African studies, while volunteering at an orphanage with 22 sweet, spunky children. She loved every minute.

**Rebecca Swenson** is an English and Psychology double major who studied in Aberdeen, Scotland.

**Dawn Todd** is a Biology major with a minor in Business. She studied abroad in Aberdeen, Scotland. Her future plans include getting a Masters of Health Service Administration.

**MaryJane Valade** as a wide-eyed sophomore spent three months in Caen, France and from there she saw the best of Europe. Now, as a tired senior, about to be thrown out into the world, she wishes she could back and experience it all again.

**Amanda Walters** went to Chiang Mai, Thailand with a great group of friends and had experiences she will never forget.

**Stephanie Wilks** is a senior Art Major with an English minor. She studied abroad in Quito, Ecuador.
The Passage  Editorial Board

Editor-in-Chief - Alexis Ramsey
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Front cover photo: Allegra Lingo, Dublin, Ireland: A fishing boat off Mykonos, Greece
Title page photo: Ruth Kleast, Chiang Mai, Thailand: Reflection of a field visit in Mae Taa, Thailand.
Photo of facing page by: Katharine Schulze, Mutare, Zimbabwe: A toddler in the Fairfield Orphanage Courtyard stands before the nursery door. Rarai Zvakanaka means ‘sleep well’ in Shona, a language spoken in Zimbabwe.
Back cover photo: Alana Askew, Perth, Australia: A coastal cliff in Kalbarri, West Australia.

Passage is a Kalamazoo College publication containing works 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 drawings for consideration.

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I am not the same having seen the moon shine on the other side of the world.

—Mary Anne Radmacher Hershey

Sleep Well