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Certainly, travel is more than the seeing of sights; it is a change that goes on, deep and permanent, in the ideas of living.
- Miriam Beard

From the Editor . . .

Greetings to all Study Abroad Alumni, Friends and Supporters!

As a study abroad student in Nizhny Novgorod, Russia, one of my classes required that I keep a journal in order to demonstrate what I was learning outside of the classroom. That was my first time tracking what I was thinking about intercultural interaction and how it affected both the world and me.

Later, when I traveled around the world and as I lived abroad, I sent home stories about my time overseas—about what I was learning, anecdotes about unusual happenings, or tales of new ways of taking on daily tasks.

Those letters turned into several dozen stories about how living abroad has changed my life.

Similarly, many of our alums document their experiences in writing. The articles in this edition of The Peregrine describe CU-Boulder Study Abroad Programs alumni’s views of their time abroad, the sites and smells of other countries, the process of adapting to and accepting other cultures, and fulfilling childhood dreams by studying abroad.

If you took notes about what it was like to study in another country’s higher education system, or wrote pages about what was happening in your life as you moved overseas, we would love to hear about it.

As the new editor of The Peregrine, I hope we will be able to share with you stories from our alums that represent diverse interests and geographic locations, a variety of decades, and give expression to the many voices that have said “yes” to study abroad through the years.

Take a look at the box below and consider if you have something to share with your fellow study abroaders. We would love to hear from you.

Enjoy this edition of The Peregrine.

Kirstin Bebell
Editor

Do you have a story you want to share in The Peregrine?

The Peregrine is always looking for submissions. We love to receive articles from alumni about what their study abroad experience meant to them. We welcome articles (400 words or less is a good size) and 4-5 photos are great additions.

Suggestions for articles:
1) How did study abroad change your life? What role does internationalism currently play in your life?
2) How did you fund your study abroad experience? Did you receive a scholarship? How do you recommend that today’s students seek funds?

Please send questions or submissions to The Peregrine at: AlumniSA@colorado.edu
The Peregrine

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The Peregrine Editorial Team
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tributors to this edition of the
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publish a Peregrine.

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The Wilds of “Oz”
By Kaitlyn Curtin

On my five-month stay in Australia last Spring I discovered that Wollongong as crazy as it sounds actually does exist. The name Wollongong means, “sound of the sea” in the local Aboriginal lan-
guage. “The Gong” is a seaside town located south of Sydney on the coast of New South Wales. I studied at the Uni in Wollongong and spent weekends and breaks traveling the wide expanse of the country. My experience down under was unreal! I never thought I would take a Sydney Har-
bor cruise right beside the famous opera house, camp in the Outback next to raging bush fires, see a spider the size of a plate, go on a crocodile cruise on Mary River, bushwalk through the rainforest, watch a mob of Kangaroos in Hunter Valley, snorkel the colorful Great Barrier Reef, sail the Whitsunday Islands, lay on the famous Whitehaven beach or attend a Xavier Rudd con-
cert in Sydney. To my surprise I did all this and more!

There are many stories to tell from all my adventures in “Oz.” One experience I will never forget is my trip to Fraser Island, the largest sand island in the world, located off the coast of Queen-
sland. A couple friends and I booked a three-day, two night self-drive 4WD safari. You are pro-
vided with a 4WD vehicle, camping equipment, grocery list, suggested itinerary and map and are given the freedom to explore the island without a guide. My American friends and I were placed with British and Swiss group members and we soon came to call ourselves “The United States of Great Switzerland.” The three days became an ongoing comedy filled with laughter as this unlikely bunch of tourists tried to make our way around the sand beaches of Fraser Island. Dur-
ing our first night dinner barbeque, we encountered wild dingoes. It was one of those extremely Australian moments. We spent our days wandering the “sand highway,” visiting all the swimming holes, and bush walking to our favorite lake—Lake Wabby, which is located in an area of im-
mense sand dunes. The expedition was like a scavenger hunt to try and find the next spot on the map. We were not the best team for survival on a sand island, but we had a blast on our journey into the wilds of Australia.

Kaitlyn Curtin—University of Wollongong
Brittany Smith is a double major in International Affairs and Chinese who spent the Academic Year 2008-2009 in Nanjing, China on CIEE’s Intensive Chinese Language & Culture program.

The Colorado Springs native is interested in human rights for the poverty-stricken, and encouraging development through education. Ultimately, Brittany would like to start her own NGO that will provide necessary developmental materials to villages. Currently, Brittany is volunteering at a Chinese AIDS non-governmental organization in Beijing.

Brittany received a scholarship of $2000 from Study Abroad Programs. She has reported that “the SAP scholarship was integral to my study abroad experience. I am an in-state student, so going abroad is more expensive than spending a year at CU. [Editor’s note: Some study abroad program fees are less expensive than in-state tuition, and some are more expensive than out-of-state tuition.] The two thousand dollars made it so that my in-state tuition and my study abroad fees were more or less equal. It gave me the opportunity to relax and focus on studying and experiencing the culture, instead of worrying about how much I was spending, how would repay my parents, and what I was really going to face when I came back to the States. What I learned from studying abroad is an endless list that I am positive I still don’t know the full effects of. Not only did my Chinese improve leaps and bounds, but my cultural understanding of this amazing country increased ten fold. I realized that [China] will always be a part of my life, and with out my study abroad experience, that would not have been possible.

All photos courtesy of Brittany Smith.

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Study Abroad Scholarship Donations

Thanks in part to the generous support of study abroad alumni and other donors, International Education has been able to award scholarships to students with high academic merit and/or high financial need since 1982.

If you wish to make a donation to our scholarship funds to support students like Brittany Smith, please print this page and send it, along with your tax-deductible check, to the CU Foundation.

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4740 Walnut Street, Boulder, Colorado  80301
For 13 years, the St. Petersburg Language and Culture summer Faculty-led Global Seminar—led by Artemi Romanov—has been taking CU-Boulder students to the former Soviet Union to learn about the country and language that was for so many years a mystery. As Winston Churchill said, “Russia is an enigma in a riddle” and over the years, dozens of CU-Boulder students have had the opportunity to unravel the riddle. Steve Ramos gives the view of a student on the program, and Artemi Romanov discusses what it has been like to show students his native country over the years.

Golden Profit—Life with a Russian Host Family

By Steve Ramos

Like anyone else, I’d heard about Russians mostly from textbooks, having only met the ones in the Slavic department who have generously shared a priceless piece of their culture with me. Before going to Russia in 2004, I knew I would visit all the museums, attend world-class ballets and operas, and pay homage to Russia’s literary past. I, of course, was already convinced that literature had, in fact, remained in the past, and vestiges of its once glorious presence had to be sought with painstaking effort. After spending time in Russia, I understood that my earlier convictions were actually quite false. What has ultimately kept literature alive in Russia is the people, but more specifically, the family who kindly hosted me for six weeks in St. Petersburg.

Buses and Bliny

By Artemi Romanov

Translated by Kirstin Bebell

Today is the sixth day of our program in St. Petersburg. We are supposed to visit the Peter and Paul Fortress today and are to meet at the Sportivnaya metro station at 10:00. The 10 University of Colorado students are living in a variety of places in St. Petersburg in private apartments. Some students travel to our excursions via metro, some on trams. Both of these forms of transport seem unusual to the students. St. Petersburg possesses the world’s deepest metro -

Editor and translator’s note: In order to maintain the authenticity of the article, Russian terms have been left intact. Please see page 14 for footnotes.
This was the real India. There were no touts shouting out at you, although they did exist at the airports and train stations. No one tried to sell you cameras, memory sticks, or laser pointers as at the Taj Mahal. I can’t explain why I fell in love with the town because almost everything I saw and heard was grossly offensive to my senses. The cacophony from the street dulled my ability to think. The roar of people and animals bleating while the pulsing horns of motor vehicles, screeching and searing your ears as they laid on the horn only feet away from you obliterated any urge to think.

I reached the bank of the Ganges River to find several thousand people on the concrete steps. They watched the many boats on the river. Candles lit faces of the devout, causing shadows to dance across their fervent, contorted faces as they whispered incantations with their eyes closed.

A man invited me to his deck to watch the ceremony take place. Upstairs I found other tourists being coerced into buying a Mountain Dew in exchange for the view. I handed over rupees for my drink just as ethereal music began to ooze out of speakers on wooden poles. Long-haired shirtless men, their muscles taut and poised in the candlelight, began turning a multi-pronged torch in hypnotic patterns as the smoke curled in its wake. A soft, vaporous prayer drifted up to our rooftop from the Ganges below. I let the spirits and incense snake up my nostrils and I was lulled into a trance by the procession. My Mountain Dew can slipped out of my hand and fell to the ground.

The next morning, I eased myself into a boat filled with other tourists for a dawn observance of locals washing themselves and praying in the Ganges River. The water was filthy, a turbid greenish brown that according to my guidebook no longer contained dissolved oxygen. Only blind dolphins swam its currents.

Nonetheless, men and women dressed in the brightest of pinks and turquoise descended to the water, disrobed, and bathed themselves in the holy water. A man caught sight of us watching him bathe. His malevolent gaze made us feel like visitors to the zoo, snapping pictures of an exhibit. Then he broke out in great, booming laughter that spread across the water like shock waves. He scooped water and slapped it against his great belly, laughing throatily.

The other people kept snapping pictures but I felt disgusted in our behavior. Would I like it if someone led a tour of Europeans through my bathroom, watching me use Pert Plus 2-in-1 shampoo and conditioner, photographing my expert use of a loofah to get the hard to reach back spots?

I looked down the river, intently watching the procession of debris flow towards us. The sun’s rays began to light large swaths of the water and gilded the walls of buildings. Monks dressed in brilliant orange stood on precipices high above the water. To their left vendors hawked prayer beads and Buddha statues. Above them were faded advertisements for rooftop restaurants and silk emporiums. Occasionally a Hindustan Motors Ambassador car would roll to the edge of the docks. Their bulbous hoods and headlights resembled machine-like wraiths in the now vanishing fog. The rituals and relics of the past would be interrupted by the modern world. Pepsis alongside monks. Cars alongside cows. It was impressive that this ancient town where Buddha first preached had stayed pure before globalization this long.

continued on page 13
Welcoming Egypt
by Dee Zucco

I had a deep interest in Ancient Egypt as a child. I always wanted to see the pyramids. So when I decided I wanted to study abroad, I chose Egypt as my destination. As my departure date approached I read books about modern Egypt, Islamic religion, and Arabic language, but I had no idea what to expect. And with no expectations, I arrived ready to learn. Throughout my year in Egypt it felt natural to accept what came, leaving my comfort zone behind time and time again.

Egypt is full of such beautiful chaos. So many juxtaposed sights, sounds, and smells. Full of the breath of life and some of the most sincere people you will ever meet. There is a realness and a rawness to Egypt that cannot be described in words. I love Egypt so much that I have been back and I plan to always return. There are so many life-changing experiences I have had in Egypt that I could describe here. But what I want to write about now is a memorable lesson I learned about a simple frustration:

During my year studying abroad in Cairo I used to get frustrated at having the English phrase “Welcome!” shouted at me nearly every day. I have a particularly vivid memory of boarding the subway one hot afternoon. I squeezed into the crowded car next to a woman who was wearing the niqab, a type of woman’s veil that reveals only the eyes. Halfway through the commute, I looked over at the woman and smiled. Her eyes smiled back, and in a heavy accent she said, “welcome.” Although I responded graciously, I remember thinking “Arrrrg! I have been here nearly a year and I speak Arabic now… I wish people would stop saying ‘welcome’ to me in English as if I have just arrived!”

I returned to Egypt two years later to work on an independent research project in a remote village. Most of the village women wear the niqab veil, so I also wore the niqab during my stay there. Interestingly enough, there was an occasion when I was in transit between the village and Cairo and I needed to take the Cairo subway. I boarded the crowded car, wearing my niqab, and found myself standing beside a young woman who appeared to be American. How strange and exhilarating it felt for me to be the one behind the veil this time. Although the young woman could only see my eyes, I smiled at her. I could tell she didn’t realize I was also a foreigner… so, in my best Egyptian woman accent I said, “welcome.”

It was so simple, how had I missed it before? ‘Welcome’ is a common translation of the Arabic phrase ahlan wa sahlan. Egyptians say ahlan wa sahlan as a greeting, much like we Americans say ‘hey’ or ‘what’s up’ to one another. I laughed out loud there in the subway car as I understood that all the ‘welcomes’ I received during my year abroad in Cairo were actually kind, every-day hellos. And, it was an extra gesture of kindness for Egyptians to say this phrase to me in my own native language.

Looking from behind the veil I finally realized that no matter how much we think we have learned, sometimes it takes changing our perspective to truly understand.
Co-curricular Commitments

Weston Scott studied in Florence, Italy with Syracuse University for the academic year 2008—2009. In total, he has spent almost two years in Italy not only as a student of its culture and history but also as an intern at an organization that strived to eliminate a part of Italy's culture: the Mafioso. As Weston explains it, "A large part of fighting the mafia today is forcing people to realize that this criminal organization is nothing like the American films portray it as."

Exposure to the effects of Mafia-related activity in Italy led Weston to seek work as an intern in with the organization, "ARCI" (Recreational Association of Italian Culture). He spent weeks working in Corleone on a Sicilian farm taken from the mafia. (How is that for poetic justice: Corleone - The Godfather). Weston poignantly points out that he worked alongside Italian students who took a dangerous risk in publicly standing against the powerful mafia.

After his Sicily trip, Weston continued to work for ARCI in Florence helping with translation and at various community events. One of his major events, an "Apertivo of Legality" included a powerpoint presentation that informed the attendees about his work and what measures were being taken to encourage anti-mafia sentiment. This Apertivo, or "Appetizer" was especially significant because the pasta and wine that were served to the guests was produced on the farms that were confiscated from the mafia. Weston is hopeful his time in Italy helped provide a more realistic view of what the mafia really is.

Top left: Two Sicilian men from a village taken by the mafia
Middle left: Weston Scott on a Sicilian farm with Italian friends
Bottom left: Signs for the commune of Corleone
Above: Weston Scott with produce from the farm
Co-curricular Commitments

Angela Cotton spent the Fall 2008 semester in Florence, Italy, on the study abroad program offered through Syracuse University. She came away feeling that not only had she gained a study abroad experience, she had the best experience of her life. (We hear that a lot!) Angela describes her time in her host country as an incredible sensory explosion - the tastes, sights, smells; and she thoroughly enjoyed the relaxed lifestyle of the people.

Angela was also exposed to the Italian teenage culture when she participated in Syracuse’s long-standing Lettore per il Giorno internship. The internship offers an exchange between Syracuse students and teenagers at local Italian high schools. In this program, advanced Italian language students (like Angela) visit classes at a local liceo (high school) and give presentations in English, later giving the same presentation to Syracuse participants in Italian. Angela talked to a class of about 30 students in a fourth year English class at Liceo Galileo. She spoke about Thanksgiving in America and delighted the class with recipes infused with an Italian twist. We have included one of her recipes below this article.

Angela also remarked on the rigor of the Syracuse program and the tough classes she took. As she put it, study abroad is definitely about studying. Angela enjoyed being able to do an internship that enabled her to interact with young Italians in their academic setting, as well as attend lectures in a non-traditional setting: in front of centuries-old frescoes.

Ciabatta Stuffing with Chestnuts and Pancetta
Recipe courtesy Giada De Laurentiis

Ingredients:
- 6 tablespoons (3/4 stick) butter
- 8 ounces pancetta, cut into 1/4-inch dice
- 2 large onions, finely chopped
- 2 carrots, peeled and finely chopped
- 3 celery stalks, finely chopped
- 2 tablespoons chopped fresh rosemary leaves
- 3 garlic cloves, chopped
- 2 (7.4-ounce) jars roasted peeled whole chestnuts, coarsely broken
- 1/4 cup chopped fresh Italian parsley leaves
- 3 garlic cloves, chopped
- 2 (7.4-ounce) jars roasted peeled whole chestnuts, coarsely broken
- 1/4 cup chopped fresh Italian parsley leaves
- 1 pound day-old ciabatta bread, cut into 3/4-inch cubes
- 2/3 cup freshly grated Parmesan
- 1 cup (or more) canned low-salt chicken broth
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper
- 2 large eggs, beaten to blend

Directions
Preheat oven to 350 degrees F.

Butter a 15 by 10 by 2-inch glass baking dish. Melt 2 tablespoons of butter in a heavy large skillet over medium heat. Add the pancetta and saute until crisp and golden, about 10 minutes. Using a slotted spoon, transfer the pancetta to a large bowl. Melt the remaining butter in the same skillet over medium-high heat. Add the onions, carrots, celery, rosemary, and garlic. Saute until the onions are very tender, about 12 minutes. Gently stir in the chestnuts and parsley. Transfer the onion mixture to the large bowl with the pancetta. Add the bread and Parmesan and toss to coat. Add enough broth to the stuffing mixture to moisten. Season the stuffing, to taste, with salt and pepper. Mix in the eggs.

Transfer the stuffing to the prepared dish. Cover with buttered foil, buttered side down, and bake until the stuffing is heated through, about 30 minutes. Uncover and continue baking until the top is crisp and golden, about 15 minutes longer.
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Name that Flag . . .

“Ask me where I’ve been”—say the t-shirts that Study Abroad Programs (SAP) staff wear to official events. Students want to know how far our international experiences have taken us.

Below are the flags of all the countries that SAP staff have either lived or studied in. Bear in mind that this does not include all the countries we have traveled to.

How many flags do you know? (To assist you, the flags are in alphabetical order by country name.)

(Answers on page 13)

SAP Staff

Front row (from left): Janice Zinnecker, Ginger Ellison, Mary Dando, Sylvie Burnet-Jones
Standing (from left): Nate Frank, Cindy Kraft, Marie Cox, Liza Hensleigh, Cloud Baffour, Michal Pickett, Jeanne Marion, Sarah Westmoreland, Mark Holsclaw
Not pictured: Kirstin Bebell
Study Abroad Programs welcomes your submissions!
Please send your update to AlumniSA@colorado.edu.

2000s

AVINA, Russell (Monterrey, Mexico Summer 2001) Russell writes that he is a counselor, Spanish teacher and high school soccer coach at Cesar Chavez Academy in Pueblo, CO. He tells us that the study abroad program at CU Boulder has provided him with invaluable experience and many memories. E-mail: russell.avina@colorado.edu

BLACK-MALLON, Alisha (Cairo, Egypt Spring 2004) Alisha works at a Boulder-based NGO called the Abraham Path Initiative. She would welcome inquiries about the Initiative at alisha@abrahampath.org.

BULLION, Aubrey Durrence (Edinburgh, Scotland AY 2000-2001) Aubrey still lives in Boulder and is working as an employee benefits broker at MeyersDining Insurance. She continues to pursue her international interests through volunteer work with The Adelante Foundation, a microfinance organization based in Honduras. E-mail: aubreybullion@gmail.com

MCCABE, Christopher (Faculty-Led Japan, Summer 2002; Kansai Gaidai, Japan CY 2004). Chris writes that he got married in Japan and plans to live there for a few more years before returning to the U.S. for more school.

SWEET, Jessie (Edinburgh, Scotland Spring 2003) E-mail: jessiesweet81@hotmail.com

1990s


CASSIDY, Heather (Wollongong, Australia Fall 1999) Heather currently practices as an attorney in the U.S. Navy, in Washington D.C. She writes that: “I think back on my Wollongong experience often.”

HART, Ryan (SIT Nepal, Fall 1998) Following his graduation from CU in ’99, Ryan has spent his entire career living and working in Asia. Following a four year stint in Shanghai, China, where he worked for The Bank of Tokyo-Mitsubishi, Ryan moved back to Tokyo to take a senior level position with HSBC in Japan. Fluent in business-level Japanese and Chinese Mandarin, Ryan’s travels have taken him to nearly 45 countries around the world. E-mail: hart_r@hotmail.com

INGRAM, Meribethe (Bordeaux, France AY 1990-1991) Meribethe says that thanks to the University of Colorado’s Bordeaux program, she was able to teach French kindergarten for three years in the early 90’s. After teaching for nine years, she attended law school and worked for the Ohio General Assembly. She has a daughter, Anna Claire, and son, Steven. She would love to hear from friends from Bordeaux. E-mail: meribethe@columbus.rr.com

LOFTUS, Kevin M. (Guadalajara, Mexico Fall 1993) E-mail: kevin_loftus@hotmail.com

SANDOVAL (ACOSTA), Pam A. (Xalapa, Mexico, Spring 1995; Sevilla, Spain, Spring 1997) Pam works at the Colorado State Department of Education and coordinates the National Assessment Program for Colorado. She is the proud grandmother of ‘dos niñas bonitas.’ She writes that: “I utilize my Spanish skills daily and still live in the Denver area. My study abroad experiences have been instrumental in defining my positive outlook on life in general.” Email: pasandoval2000@yahoo.com
1980s

BARRICK, Kelly Brooks (Bordeaux, France 1987-1988) Kelly has lived in Hawaii for many years now. Kelly writes that scanning old Bordeaux photos into digital has given her an itch to know what some of the other program alums are up to and where they are. E-mail: barrick@cfht.hawaii.edu

BLACK, Doug (Regensburg, Germany AY 1989-1990), recently accepted a position with the City of Fort Worth in the law department. Doug is the labor relations lawyer with a focus on the collective bargaining contracts with the city's police and fire unions. Doug resides in Fort Worth with his wife and three children. While he hasn't been back to Europe since returning from Regensburg, he still gets an occasional opportunity to speak some Deutsch - and loves that he still can. Friends can find him on Facebook or at dougblack67@sbcglobal.net.

EIKEN, Charla Haase (Lancaster, England AY 1988-1989) E-mail: coloradoeikens@msn.com

COPELY, Julie Hewitt (Regensburg, Germany AY 1988-1989) E-mail: jaccop@aol.com

HANSON, Betsy (Elizabeth) Peterson (Regensburg, Germany AY 1981-1982) E-mail: betsyhanson@cox.net

JACKINS, Crystal (Bordeaux, France AY 1980-1981) Crystal is living in Bangor, ME and has been teaching French and Spanish for over 20 years. She also is a martial arts instructor and has been teaching Tae Kwon Do and self-defense classes in Maine and Nova Scotia. She has two boys, one a senior in high school and one at the University of Tulsa. They both speak French fluently and the older son just spent the semester abroad in Antibes, France. After 27 years, Crystal finally returned to Bordeaux, France for Christmas 2007 to visit her host family buddy, Mylene. She writes that: “This trip was awesome. New Year's Eve in Paris was cool too.” Crystal is planning to teach English overseas for a few years and would welcome any advice. E-mail: karate3@gmail.com

SHECHTER, Sonja (Bordeaux, France AY 1985-1986) Sonja is still living in London (since 1993) and has a daughter who is 5 years old. She still travels a lot, both for work and pleasure. She would love to hear from you. E-mail: sonja_shechter@yahoo.com

1970s

GALVIN, Greg (Bordeaux, France AY 1977-1978) Galvin is the Director of Equity Real Estate for Kansas City Life Insurance Company. E-mail: ggalvin@kc.rr.com

MCCUE, Edward (Regensburg, Germany AY 1974-1975) Edward’s career in acoustics consulting has been taking him around the world, but he always enjoy returning to his home and family in Boulder. E-mail: emccue@kirkegaard.com

ROSS, Susan (Regensburg, Germany AY 1979-1980) Susan Ross is Director of Global Programs at Daemen College in Buffalo, NY. After graduating from CU in 1980, she worked in Washington, D.C. and received an M.A. in German language and literature from the University of Maryland. She earned a PhD in Communication at Penn State University in 1992, and since then has worked as a professor and an administrator in communication and in international education in Austin, TX, Dubai (UAE), Monterey, CA, and now Buffalo, NY. She held two Fulbright grants, one as a student in Germany and one as a Lecturer in Pune, India. E-mail: susross9@aol.com

WILLIAMS, Karen Tatum (Regensburg, Germany 1970-1971) Fred and Karen Williams moved to Portland, OR in late 1983, just in time for their first ice storm! Karen writes that “Snow in Boulder and ice in Portland are different animals - there is often snow, then ice on top of the snow. It leads to lots of slipping and sliding, broken tree limbs, etc. And, of course, many Oregonians in the Willamette Valley don't know how to drive in snow or ice. We've been here ever since, and really love the idea that we can drive 60 miles west to the Pacific coast, 60 miles east to the Cascade mountains, south or north to smaller cities and towns with farm fields nearby. Although it rains here a lot in the fall, winter and spring, we don't have to shovel our rain!” E-mail: williams9068@comcast.net
Peregrine Postscripts

Are you in contact with an alum of your study abroad program?

Is that alum in contact with Study Abroad Programs at CU-Boulder?

If your fellow study abroader hasn’t sent us information on address or email changes recently, we would love it if you could pass along our greetings and interest in hearing about what is happening in the lives of our former students. Since we’re no longer sending The Peregrine via postal mail, we hope to collect as many email addresses as possible in order to better reach our alums. With the twice yearly editions of The Peregrine, we will continue our outreach efforts in order to contact more and more alumni whose lives have been changed by the experience of living in another culture, speaking a foreign language, or spending a semester concentrating on global studies.

Alumni updates and correspondence can be sent to us at AlumniSA@colorado.edu. We are always happy to get article submissions for The Peregrine, email address updates from alums, and just plain letters about what you’re up to. Thanks for passing the word along!

About the Authors

- Kaitlyn Curtin participated in an exchange with the University of Wollongong program in Australia, Spring 2007.
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- Steve Ramos studied abroad in Summer 2006 with Artemi Romanov. Artemi is a professor at CU-Boulder and leads the St. Petersburg Russian Language & Culture summer Faculty-led Global Seminar. Kirstin Bebell (translator) is a Study Abroad Program Manager at the University of Colorado at Boulder and serves as Editor of The Peregrine.
- Dee Zucco studied abroad at the American University of Cairo in Egypt, Academic Year 2003-2004. She went abroad again in the summer of 2005 on the Anthropology of Tibet: In Search of Shangri-La program.
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Modern India from page 6

India had beaten me down. My lungs ached for fresh air and my legs cried for rest. I had become disillusioned and wildly euphoric as the ancient world revealed itself to me only to be torn away by modern, American encroachment. For every soda thrust in my face, a religious appeal absolved me of my current world. I was coming to grips with the rise of India, and its desire for Western affluence. They may still take human propelled transportation, but they craved BMW’s and KFC. I don’t know if there is any place pure left on earth, air not reeking of exhaust or soft drinks. Reincarnation, believed fervently by the Indian people, a man told me near the Ganges, had people holding out hope to be flush with cash and possessions. He told me his brother strove to be a good man so the next time he could drive a Mercedes. I walked away happy, mournful and confused about what it means to be uniquely Indian, or American. If we all share common consumption habits, if we all drink the same drink, and eat the same bland food, what are we?

Name that Flag (from page 10): Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Costa Rica, Cuba, France, Germany, Ghana, India, Italy, Jamaica, Kenya, Mali, Mexico, Nepal, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Niger, Pakistan, Philippines, Russia, Rwanda, Senegal, South Africa, Spain, Sri Lanka, Switzerland, Tanzania, Tunisia, Uganda, United Kingdom

My year abroad changed my life. I’ll always be grateful I was able to go. ~Eleanor Clark, Italy 69-70 ♦ Overall, study abroad was a wonderful experience. I think it’s what you make of it and I’ve returned to the US a more mature, educated, confident person and I am grateful for that. ~Anonymous, Ghana Spring 2002 ♦ I have never learned so much about people and myself as I’ve learned here. I’ve learned something new everyday. ~Mary Tomlingson, Germany 86-87 ♦

This was the most well-spent time in my college career. Not only did I learn Chinese culture and language, but I learned a lot about tolerance towards others and how to be present in any given situation. ~Anonymous, China Fall 2002
Golden Profit from page 5

I was extremely pleased to find that my host family was a tiny artsy, intellectual bunch living on Sixth and Soviet street, a five minute walk from the historical Ploschad' Vostanija. Liza, their only daughter, was my age, but admittedly, far more precocious than I was in virtually all respects. She spoke three languages fluently, made the best, yet uncharacteristic, buterbrod on that side of Nevsky, and was a dedicated college student working at an upscale hotel (which no doubt made use of her incredible linguistic ability). When I arrived she had been reading from a high stack of books bearing the names of everyone from Aristotle to Sartre; it was evident that she studied philosophy, at times I noticed, grudgingly. In addition, she was an accomplished musician capable of strumming a guitar like her father Miroslav and singing like her mother, Irina. I knew little about Miroslav. Apparently the couple split years ago, but maintain a friendly relationship. Before Irina’s untold stage “crisis,” she and Miroslav made a living, composing accompaniments to some of the best poetry of the early 20th century. Poets like Georgij Ivanov, Marina Tsvetaeva, and Anna Akhmatova were sources of inspiration for Miroslav who wrote the music, and for Irina who sang the poems at various venues around St. Petersburg, most notably at “Brojadchaja Sobaka,” a place that had gained a certain literary status during what Slavists call “the Silver Age of Russian literature.”

I’m not sure how many other students profited, in the way that I did, living with a host family, but I definitely consider my experience extremely enriching. Not only was I introduced to Russian poetry, music, and Russian spiritualism (from my countless conversations with Irina who faithfully kept a book on Helena Blavatskaja in her bag), but I also began to see much clearer what had initially attracted me to Russia: a tireless love for the written word and an inherent willingness to share it with anyone who will listen.

Buses and Bliny from page 5

the tunnels have been laid at a depth of 50-70 meters underground. At the stations, one must descend along a very long escalator. Petersburg is also called the world’s capital of trams - there are about 70 routes for trams in the city. Students bought monthly transport passes and have unlimited access to the metro, tramvais, trolleybusy and buses in Petersburg. Two of the students, Jen and Patrick, prefer to walk everywhere and enjoy the views of Petersburg, even if they have to walk more than an hour in one direction.

I am waiting for students to arrive. The first to arrive to the excursion are Vivian and Rachel. They tell about what their host mothers fed them for breakfast. Usually this is yogurt, eggs and buterbrod, and also kasha and tvorog - the same things that Russians eat for breakfast. So far, no one has complained about the food. During the day, students got to the city’s cafes and restaurants. Vivian and Rachel have already fallen in love with Russian bliny. Like experts, they compare bliny from the Tere-mok cafe to those from Chajnaya Lozhka (a chain of pancake cafes), where you can order bliny with chicken, salmon, bacon and cheese, and also sweet bliny - with honey, smetana, jam, or whipped cream. Today I am planning to take the students to Kartoshka-Kroshka for lunch - an inexpensive cafe where more than 20 potato dishes, traditional Russian soups: borscht, okroshka, shchi, and also hot buterbrody are offered.

Footnotes—Spotlight: Faculty-led Global Seminars (from page 5)

- tramvai—a mode of transport similar to a city trolley
- trolleybus—a mode of transport involving a bus with springloaded trolley poles that draws electricity from overhead wires
- buterbrod—(from the German for butter bread) - an open-faced sandwich, usually with butter and cheese or a slice of meat
- kasha—a porridge usually make of oats, rice, or buckwheat
- tvorog—a most, creamy cheese curd often mixed with jam and sugar
- bliny—a traditional Russian pancake, generally made thin like a crêpe
- Teremok—literally.....
- Chainaja Loshka—literally “The Teaspoon”
- smetana—a type of sour cream, slightly sweeter and more creamy than American sour cream
- varenja—a homemade preserves
- Kartoshka-Kroshka—literally “The Potato Crumb”
- borscht—the most famous of Russian soups, made with beet, cabbage, and a variety of other vegetables, occasionally including meat
- okroshka—a Russian soup served cold with eggs, vegetables, and sausage
- shchi—a Russian soup made primarily of cabbage.